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Vol 1

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# JOHN OLMSTEAD'S NEPHEW.

BY

HENRY WILLARD FRENCH,

AUTHOR OF "THE COLONEL," "THE LANCE OF KANANA,"  
"OUT OF THE NIGHT," ETC.

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# LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## JOHN OLMSTEAD'S NEPHEW.

### CHAPTER I.

ON the night of the 5th of December, 1882, the first fierce storm of the winter was raging in Brooklyn.

The wind howled and shrieked, and drifting snow clung in crusts on the windows. But the fire burned furiously in John Olmstead's library, where he sat in a comfortable arm-chair, his slippered feet on the fender, supposed to be listening while his nephew, Robert Stanton, read aloud to him.

The old man was called "crusty" at large, and crusty he surely was. He stood well up among the wealthiest men in Brooklyn, and, having been a widower almost all his life, he had become so thoroughly accustomed to his own way that he had outlived even the passing suggestion that there could by any possibility be any other way.

He was supposed to be listening. His eyes were fixed in a fierce, determined stare upon the glowing coals. His forehead was furrowed. His right hand wandered restlessly over his left arm and shoulder, as though seeking the seat of something that was out of order there.

He was supposed to be listening, but he was not listening. His mind was working back some two-and-twenty years, on a night very much like this one, only later in the winter, when he sat before the fire in that same library and read a letter disclosing, to his horror, the fact that he had a two-year-old nephew.

Then it took another jump backward, indefinitely, and he thought of the mother of the boy, his only sister Mary. From childhood he had supported her; but when his beautiful young wife died and he really needed a sister to help him manage his grand home, Mary deliberately deserted him to marry a farming fellow from away in some romantic, unknown obscurity,—a fellow whose only prospects lay in a few miserable, mortgaged acres.

It was made all the worse by the fact that Mary had stubbornly refused to marry Thaddeus Braddon, John Olmstead's best friend, who had been her devoted lover from girlhood, who was then in the West, coining a great fortune, ready to return to Brooklyn to live the moment Mary said the word.

John Olmstead remembered how he had spoken his mind to Mary, and how the only effect it had was that never another word did he hear from her or her husband till the letter that came on that stormy night, twenty-two years before, written by the selectmen of the unknown obscurity, announcing that his sister had died two years and her husband a week before, leaving nothing but debts and one male child, two years old, named Robert Stanton. It notified him that the child would be held for a limited period subject to his order, and, in default, would be advertised and manipulated as town's poor.

Of course the "thing," as John Olmstead called it, was brought to his Brooklyn mansion and properly cared for, but he had conceived such a dislike, at the start, that Robert Stanton grew up and actually left for college before the lack of him about the house opened his uncle's eyes to the fact that under his supposed dislike there had sprung up a great, unreasoning, unbounded fondness for the boy.

From that moment there was nothing too good for his nephew, in the old man's estimation, and the happiest days he had known since his wife died were when Stanton came back, after graduating from the Law School, settled down in the old home, and opened an office in New York.

The young lawyer was not a model done in wax, but a very fair result of the conditions under which he had been developing. He was rugged, honest, and refined. He had not the remotest idea of the meaning of such words as self-denial or self-sacrifice, or of such a quality as patience in suffering or adversity.

The utter lack of feminine influence about the house left the genial and social side of his nature wholly undeveloped. He thought society a bore, and society thought him cold and proud. Unlimited financial resources overburdened him with persistent friends till he easily fell into a way of holding every one at arm's length and constantly pushing, lest they should come too near and annoy him.

He was generous because it was agreeable. It relieved him of a surplus that would otherwise have been burdensome; it rid him, quickly and easily, of disagreeable things in the line of philanthropic tramps. Wholly unwitting, he won for himself a reputation for phenomenal liberality, which, connected with his many conflicting characteristics, produced the universal conviction that he was sure to develop into a prodigy of genius.

His habits were scrupulously circumspect, chiefly, no doubt, because any others would have forced him, more or less, into some sort of society; and underneath it all were sound, native common sense and a rare adaptability to his profession.

Thus far the only disagreeable phase of life to which he had been obliged to submit was his uncle's determination that he should marry, which effectually established in him a determination never to do any-

thing of the kind. It was not conscious stubbornness. It was simply unbroken nature, instinct.

This was the path over which the old man's thoughts were wandering while his right hand wandered over his left arm and shoulder and sometimes down along his left leg and knee.

Stanton noticed the inattention, and once or twice glanced up, between the lines. He fancied his uncle was not feeling well, and would have been glad to offer some relief, but perfect health was the one thing upon which John Olmstead prided himself and which it was never safe to question. His one boast, always pushing his fingers through his white hair, was that he had never consulted a physician in his life.

The tall clock in the corner began striking ten, and the clock in the great tower, a few blocks away, joined it, a single stroke behind. One was regulated by John Olmstead, the other by the official time-keeper, and for more than twenty years they had told the same story as they were telling it to-night.

Stanton paused for an instant, glanced at his uncle, dropped his book, and sprang to the arm-chair.

The old man's face was flushed. His forehead was wet. He was awake, but he breathed like one sleeping too heavily. In a wild stare his eyes were fixed on his left hand.

With his right hand he clutched the sleeve of the left arm, lifted it a little way, and let it fall, muttering,—

“Dead, Robert. Dead.”

Stanton rang for Sam, the general man-servant, whispering, “Dr. Morton, Sam. Be quick.”

Sam staggered out into the raging storm, his mind struggling with the fact that the master was ill, much as his body struggled in the drifts. He was trying to do two things at once, which was always too much for him, and between the two he blundered, and rang the bell at the door of the Rev. Dr. Borden's home.

John Olmstead was not a communicant, but he was a highly valued and respected supporter of Dr. Borden's church. The good doctor opened the door himself. Sam shouted, from the storm, “Mr. John Olmstead is sick, sir. Come quick.” Then, discovering his mistake, he started away, without a word of explanation, to summon Dr. Morton.

A single glance told the physician why he had been called. He asked a few questions, chiefly to test the mind and the face-muscles, looked into the patient's eyes, and, kneeling, began to manipulate the left leg and arm.

“Well?” said John Olmstead, impatiently.

Dr. Morton did not stop his examination, but spoke slowly.

“I should say it was a slight stroke of apoplexy, probably caused by an immaterial hemorrhage on the brain. There is still sensation here. I think it will steadily return, and in two or three weeks you will——”

He was testing the pulse in the right wrist. Quickly he followed it to the elbow, and his face changed as he uncovered the patient's chest and began a careful examination about the heart.

"Well?" Olmstead muttered, nervously.

As though thinking aloud, being called upon for an opinion before it was fully formed, the physician replied,—

"There's an enlarged area of heart-dulness and an accentuated second sound and murmur. I'm afraid the apoplexy came from heart disease and arterial degeneration. Are you under treatment for your heart?"

"Never had a doctor in my life," John Olmstead muttered.

"Your heart must have given you a great deal of trouble."

"Never troubled me at all."

"No shortness of breath?"

"Of course. I'm growing old."

"Haven't you had to sit down after climbing stairs?"

"I'm too heavy for stairs. I gave up leaving the ground-floor, long ago, unless there is an elevator."

"Doesn't excitement give you palpitation?"

"Sometimes. I smoke too much."

"Cold feet?"

"Only recently."

"Cough?"

"Of course, when I am out of breath."

Dr. Morton sat down facing the patient, with his back to the fire.

"Every one has weak points, Mr. Olmstead," he said. "Yours is your heart."

"Do you mean that I'm in a condition where I might go without warning?" the old man asked, nervously, seeming suddenly to grasp the situation.

Dr. Morton watched his face thoughtfully for a moment, and answered,—

"Yes."

"Robert," Olmstead called, in a weak, trembling voice, "go for Judge Russell. Bring him back with you at once."

"Is my mind right? Can I make my will?" he asked, as soon as Stanton left the room, and, being reassured by the physician, he sat in silence till Judge Russell came and they were left alone together.

"I should have taken your advice," he began, "but fortunately it is not too late. I hoped that Robert would marry first and that the other one would die. Don't mention the other one's name in the will. Say ten thousand dollars to the next heir after Robert, if he will surrender all claims and those papers."

He paused for a moment to gather strength. Slowly he mentioned some minor bequests, three men to act as trustees, and added, "Let the rest be held in trust for Robert for ten years. Let him have the use and income, and if he marries let it all be his at once."

"If he should not marry in the ten years——" Judge Russell asked.

"He will, he will," Olmstead exclaimed. "He'll not be such a fool. If he don't—if he don't care for me or the money, then let it go where it will. The other one can't get it if he signs off for the ten thousand, and I don't care who else has it if Robert don't want it. Write quickly. I'm not well. I feel afraid."

The rest returned and did what they could for the patient while Judge Russell wrote. The storm was still increasing, and to add to it the fire broke out which destroyed the great building supporting the tower with the clock which had so long kept pace with the clock in Olmstead's library.

Thousands must still remember how the hands of that clock moved steadily while all the building beneath it was wrapped in flame; how the great bell rang, clear and loud, above the storm, above the roaring and hissing of the water, above the groaning and throbbing of the engines and the shouting of the men; how it struck the hour of midnight, like a grand, triumphant peal, less than two minutes before the roof and the walls fell in with an awful crash, stopping the wheels but leaving the tower with its burden still standing, like a grim minaret rising out of the ruins; for there was something ghostly in those long black fingers that for days remained there, solemnly pointing to two minutes past twelve.

The engines were heard above the storm, in the library, and the glare tinged the curtains closely drawn over the long windows; but the fire received little attention from the anxious ones gathered there.

When the writing was finished, Olmstead read the will, and, in a more natural voice, remarked,—

“It is correct. Give me the pen.”

The Rev. Dr. Borden signed as the first witness, and a moment later Judge Russell handed the pen to Sam.

Sam was unused to writing. The solemn scene, the intense excitement, a vague sense of responsibility, bewildered him, and he made slow work at it. Judge Russell could hardly endure the delay. He had left his wife with a sick child at home, without so much as telling her that he was going out. He glanced at his watch as he handed Sam the pen.

“Great heavens! it's twelve o'clock. Hurry, man, hurry,” he whispered.

Sam tried to hurry, and was so much the slower in consequence. The tall clock and the clock in the tower were striking. He nervously fingered the pen till they had ceased. Stanton was kneeling by the arm-chair, holding his uncle's hand. Dr. Borden stood behind the chair, with a word for comfort or courage when it could be spoken.

As the last stroke sounded, Olmstead turned his head, resting on the back of the arm-chair, till his eyes looked up at the portrait of a beautiful woman, hanging above the fire, and slowly he repeated,—

“Twelve o'clock, and all is well.”

At last Sam finished writing. Judge Russell bent over him, took the pen, wrote for an instant, and—

Suddenly the room seemed to vibrate and shudder. The dull outlines of the windows glared brighter than the lights of the library. The awful crash of the falling walls and the shriek of the crowd about them sounded. Judge Russell caught up the will and hurried from the house. Stanton felt a twinge contract the hand he was holding: forgetting the years that had made a man of him, he laid his cheek upon it.

Dr. Morton glanced at the patient's face, reached his heart, waited a moment, and, laying his hand on Stanton's shoulder, said,—

"My friend, it is over. He is gone."

Reverently Dr. Borden repeated the dying words,—

"Twelve o'clock, and all is well."

## CHAPTER II.

THE natural adjustments which time brought about had little comfort for John Olmstead's nephew. The one disagreeable feature in the past which he had not been able to put away was his uncle's determination that he should marry. Now the whole world seemed to have risen up to carry on the argument.

It was natural enough that social attention should be more drawn to him than ever, and especially to be expected that the trustees, Judge Russell and Dr. Borden, knowing of the condition hanging over him, should lose no opportunity to present such of their friends as might aid him to meet it. Stanton failed to grasp the natural philosophy of it, however, and simply realized a state of things that was intensely disagreeable. The fact that his uncle, being dead, was yet speaking, only held him the more firmly in instinctive resistance, and where John Olmstead's arguments failed there was little hope that the rest of the world could succeed. The only result was that Stanton shrank more and more from society, and delved deeper and more earnestly in his profession.

It was an excellent thing for his progress at the bar, and he really began to develop into what every one had predicted,—something of a prodigy. Straightway it began to be commonly acknowledged that he was one of the shrewdest cross-examiners in the State. It only tended, however, to make society more charitable with his eccentricities and more relentlessly adoring.

A weak man would have yielded at once; a strong man never. Stanton was neither. He had elements of strength, but he was not strong.

After five years of it he said to himself, "I believe that the only way to make life worth living is to have a wife to attend to the social side. There's no sense in a social side, anyway. What does it amount to? But it is, and apparently it is something that always will be. I can't attend to it. But I'm always expected to, and evidently I've either to keep on making excuses or making myself miserable, all my life, or else to find a wife who will attend to it for me."

Obviously he had not the faintest conception of what the agony was all about, nor had his uncle's will anything whatever to do with his considerations. They were carried on upon lines of pure and unadulterated instinct,—just as a young duck pokes its flat bill about in a stupid search for the delicious mud which it has never seen nor heard of, except in the sweet babble of some soft nursery clucking over its pipped egg.

"I wonder how the thing should be brought about," Stanton muttered, as he lay on the sofa in the library, smoking and dreaming.

Even then the innocently stupid fellow did not dream that he was doing precisely what every one was bent on having him do; if he had, he would not have done it. In fact, he never even fully realized how the thing was done, it was so quickly and easily accomplished when once he turned his attention that way. But that was immaterial. It was surely done. He unquestionably became engaged, and it was a great relief to him to know and to have others know that so much progress at least had been made towards the relief from society which he sought.

The really strange thing about it was that it was a love-match. At least the Lombards all said so, and every one admitted that they were the last people in the world to be influenced by any man's millions,—which proved to be the case, a little later.

The immediate effects of the engagement were not in precise line with the final results he sought, but he reasoned with himself, "I suppose it's a fellow's duty to the lady he's to marry to go with her into society, just as it's his duty to stay with her at home after they're married;" so the poor, deluded fellow honestly, earnestly, and patiently plunged into a grand whirl of social life at Miss Lombard's side, only longing to have the transition state over with, that he might arrive at the stage where he could be let alone.

Stanton had hardly adjusted himself to this when another disagreeable feature presented itself. Young Lombard, his future brother-in-law, was a client of his whom he had always considered an ideal business man; but it suddenly appeared that he was also an ideal society man. It was simply a side of him with which Stanton had never chanced to come in contact. He insisted upon putting him up at two fashionable clubs.

"I'm already a member of the professional club, over in the city," he said. "That has some point to it. But what's the sense of a social club?"

"It's a good place to meet the fellows and kill an hour or two of an evening, now and then," Lombard urged.

"But I haven't half time enough as it is, without killing any," Stanton objected. Still, he allowed himself to be put up. There was really no help for it; it occurred to him, too, that there was a certain undefined duty which a fellow owed to the brother of a lady he was about to marry; and Lombard took it upon himself to see that, after he was once well inside, he was not allowed to become a dead letter.

"It's astonishing what a difference it makes with a fellow whether it's business or society he's at," Stanton reflected, as he watched young Lombard, at the clubs. "He has a wonderful facility in adjusting himself and permeating everything. I haven't a bit of it. But it's something a man ought to have, I suppose, especially if he is about to be married. If I could only be let alone, I should rather like to drop in here occasionally and look on. I might pick up some of that facility myself, in time."

The thing which he abhorred most intensely and received most

abundantly was flattery. Next to that he disliked being questioned. It is often the case with an expert at cross-examinations.

One evening at the club Stanton was fortunate enough to meet a man who was not a bore. His name was Richard Raymond. He was engaged in the insurance business in the far West, and knew the country, even to the Pacific coast, with all the wonders and treasures of its vicinage, as well as Stanton knew New York or Brooklyn. He gave him more entertaining and valuable information in five minutes than he had often obtained at the club in an entire evening.

He knew Stanton, too, and said some very clever things about him, but he said them in such a clever way that they were not at all offensive. He didn't stop the moment he had said them and bow and smirk and wait on a broad grin till Stanton had succeeded in saying something equally silly in contradiction or reciprocation.

Stanton smiled as he sat contentedly listening, and commented with himself, "If he were to digress to insurance, now, and ask me to take out a policy in one of his companies, I presume I should do it." But Mr. Raymond did not digress. He hardly mentioned insurance again. Speaking of minerals, however, he said that he had brought on a fine collection; it was at the hotel, and if Stanton cared to walk home that way and stop for a moment he should be glad to show it.

The collection proved thoroughly entertaining, and when, in the course of conversation upon it, the subject of California wines was touched, it appeared that Raymond had brought on some choice samples of these too, in proof of a pet theory that with proper care in preparation, and proper age, the vineyards of the Pacific could be made to rival the vintage of the world.

While he was speaking of it he poured out a glass of the wine. This was a little different; for among other social habits which Stanton had never contracted was the habit of drinking.

"I have very rarely tasted wine, and should be no judge," he said, in an effort courteously to decline; but when Raymond gently but firmly insisted, it occurred to him that there was something of a social duty in accepting hospitality, after he had been accepting so much other entertainment, and he drank the wine, much as he would have taken out a policy in one of the insurance companies.

Unacquainted as he was with wine, Stanton was forced to admit that it was a wonderful product. Before he realized what he was doing, he had lighted a fresh cigar and made himself comfortable in one of Raymond's upholstered arm-chairs.

It seemed but a moment later when he opened his eyes with a start and a confused chagrin at the conviction that he had actually dropped asleep while Raymond was talking; but his eyes once open rested full upon Sam, who was laying his morning mail upon his dressing-case, and over Sam's shoulder upon the clock, which declared that it was after ten.

Six days out of seven Stanton entered his office on the stroke of nine, and this was not the seventh day.

Seeing that Sam had noticed his open eyes, he simply remarked, "I am ready for my bath, Sam;" but when the man went out to pre-

pare it, the young lawyer rose slowly and stood looking into his own face in the mirror, as though he might learn from it something which he very much wished to know.

"Society!" he muttered, in unutterable disgust, and began slowly poking the letters about that he might read the postmarks.

It is pleasant to have broad shoulders upon which to lay the burden of our shortcomings, even the overloaded shoulders of Society.

One letter attracted his attention, more from its weight than from the fact that the handwriting was Miss Lombard's. It had evidently been delivered by messenger. He opened it mechanically and held in his hand Miss Lombard's card and their diamond engagement ring,—nothing more.

"Is it broken, I wonder?" he muttered, slowly turning the ring over, before it dawned upon him that it was the engagement, not the ring, which was obviously the broken thing.

A creature of instinct, following instinct, he stretched himself, yawned, and went into the bath-room, saying to himself, "Thank heaven, there'll be no more society, no more clubs, no more wine, for me."

As Sam was leaving the bath-room, Stanton turned upon him and asked, abruptly, "Was I brought home drunk last night, Sam?"

Too sharp a question or command had always bewildered Sam, and always would. A man often speaks the truth when he is bewildered. Sam muttered, "Yes, sir," and then wished he had denied it.

"Did the Lombards bring me home?"

"Yes, sir," said Sam; and, as there was nothing more, he went out to kick himself about for the rest of the day.

At the office Stanton found a letter from the elder Lombard. He half expected it. He swung his chair into the best light and made himself secure in the seat before he opened it; but it was very short. He read,—

"DEAR SIR,—After the disgraceful exhibition which you made of yourself at our home last night, my daughter wishes me to say that love or respect from her would be no longer possible. Kindly allow all intercourse with our family to cease with this letter. We require no explanation and would accept no apology."

Slowly tearing it in pieces, Stanton said to himself,—

"I rather like that letter. It's very much to the point, and there's no ambiguity; but I wish I knew how I got myself to his house and what I did there. I probably shall know, some day, and things will adjust themselves. They always do."

They did adjust themselves, but not precisely as he anticipated. The first intimation of an adjustment came to him through the newspaper, in the announcement of the marriage of Miss Lombard and Mr. Richard Raymond.

He thought of the glass of wine, and with a shudder sprang to his feet.

Presently he was restlessly pacing the room, muttering, "Absurd. Simply impossible. Why shouldn't he marry her if he wants to? Why shouldn't she marry him? He can tell her more in ten minutes

than most men could in an hour. She'd have been bored to death shut up with me. Upon my word, I believe it was fortunate all round. I've had enough of society. I'm satisfied. I've come near enough to marriage to know that I'm not adjustable. It's an excellent place to stop."

Thereupon he stopped walking, tried to stop thinking of that glass of wine, and, having at last fully made up his mind about marrying, he expressed it so plainly to the trustees, the judge, and the clergyman, when they attempted to renew their effort, and, indeed, to society at large, that the hint was finally taken. He was set down as incorrigible, and John Olmstead's will went out of sight and out of mind.

Stanton realized that the time was coming when some distant relative of his uncle's would appear and claim the property, and he was quite content that he should have it.

"I'd like to keep this house, because it's home," he said to himself. "But that can easily be arranged. It is neither modern nor well located to tempt one who has recently come into a large fortune. I will lay aside enough to purchase this property, and they can have the rest."

With that he dropped the entire matter, to rest until he should receive notice that the term of his possession had expired, leaving the income from the estate, as deposited for him by the trustees, to accumulate for the future purchase.

Life actually began to assume for him a certain degree of serenity. He read of the sudden death of Mrs. Raymond in the far West, and honestly felt sorry for her husband; but a little later the serenity was sadly and suddenly disturbed by a confession from a client for whom he had been doing some charity work in the courts.

In his own rough way, the fellow tried to return the favor which Stanton had been doing him by confessing that, some years before, he was in charge of the furnaces of a hotel when, late one night, a guest called him up to his room, showed him a man helplessly drunk, gave him fifty dollars and a glass of brandy, and secured his services in carrying out a little joke. The joke consisted in taking the man to the engine-room, covering him with dirt and dilapidating him generally, then taking him in a carriage to a certain address and leaving him in the hands of the master of the house, with the message that he had been dragged out of a fight in a low dance-hall and had given that number when asked where he should be taken.

"And you was him, an' I done it," the man ejaculated, coming laboriously to the end.

Not a muscle of the lawyer's face moved till he had locked the door behind his penitent client. Then, with his fists clinched and crowded into his pockets for safe-keeping, he walked slowly up and down the room.

For the first time in his life he knew what anger—hatred—meant.

If Richard Raymond had come into his office he would have killed him.

A new sentiment had taken such entire possession of him that for

a time he had absolutely no control over himself, and the only good fortune of it was that he fully realized the fact.

He walked and walked and struggled with himself for hours, before he dared unlock that door. At length the anger was driven into his heart, but it only waited,—a most disagreeable companion,—waited for its victim.

Late in the fall he saw him, for the first time, walking slowly, on the opposite side of Broadway.

With his fists clinched, his heart throbbing, his teeth ground hard against each other, Stanton ran across the street.

He was utterly unconscious of what he even wished to do when they should meet; but they did not meet. Raymond was nowhere to be seen when he reached the pavement. He was glad of it afterwards.

"Broadway would have been a bad place to do anything," he muttered, as he walked away; and thereupon he asked himself, for the first time, what it was that he proposed to do. To his surprise, he found the solution extremely difficult.

It was still unsettled when, a few weeks later, he walked up the stone steps of his home, late in the afternoon, to find Sam waiting at the door.

Sam had grown gray in the service of two generations, and was more closely identified with that house than the young master, in his own estimation at least.

His face was even whiter than his hair as he labored through the information that an officer had invaded the sacred library and had calmly taken possession of everything in the name of a new heir.

"It's only a matter of form, Sam," Stanton remarked. "I had forgotten it, but this is the day that my rights expire. I shall purchase this house, however, and everything will go on as usual."

He waited a moment in the hall, to calm himself, for in spite of his prearranged plans there was something, either in the suddenness of the announcement or the manner of it, which disturbed him. It was the one spot in the world that was dear to him; the one place he loved; the one corner he held sacred. It was invaded by an officer, another, who for the moment, at least, had an undeniable right.

He entered the library. A man rose and handed him a legal document.

He turned to the light and opened it. One instant his eyes rested upon the paper. Then it fell from his hands. For a moment he stood there, motionless; then, leaving the paper on the floor, he turned from the library without a word, left the house, and like a drunken man staggered down the street.

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### CHAPTER III.

THERE were only two words on the paper which Stanton saw. It was covered with writing, but he saw only two words,—the name of the claimant,—Richard Raymond. He didn't know where he was going, but realized, at last, that he was again in his office; though by

this time the great building was almost deserted and the cold December twilight was growing into night.

The very impotency of his rage made it more intense and bitter, and the last development added fuel in the obvious fact that it was not even love for the woman which had tempted the man, but a plot, from the beginning, a plot to secure the property; a plot which had been carried out. Robert Stanton had silently, helplessly walked out of his own library and his own house at the command of Richard Raymond, peacefully surrendering all to him.

He thought of the revenge he had been planning.

"He is prompt," Stanton muttered. "My possession does not expire until midnight. Hm. What of it?"

A little later he repeated, "Ten years ago to-night," and the spirit which came with the thought softened the hard lines on his face for an instant.

"If I were to marry before midnight he'd lose it now."

For a moment he walked more rapidly, then stopped short.

"Ask a woman to marry me within six hours, to save a fortune? I think not.

"If I had only a few hours more I might do something, but now——"

He stopped again, this time before the window, and stood looking out over the flickering and flashing lights. He didn't see them, though. He was thinking of his uncle, for the hard lines left his face again.

"Twelve o'clock, and all is well," he repeated, and, suddenly turning from the window, left the gas burning and the door unlocked and hurried away.

Dr. Morton looked up anxiously as Stanton entered his office a little later. His face was deathly pale. Without noticing the physician's extended hand, he asked,—

"Do you recall my uncle's death?"

There was but one construction which a physician could place upon such a combination of incidents, and he replied, in a soothing tone,—

"Certainly, Mr. Stanton, certainly. Be seated, sir. It was a trouble which is unmanageable only in advancing years. It was——"

"Do you remember the night and all the incidents?" Stanton interrupted.

"Why, yes, yes. It was the night of the storm and the fire. I remember, certainly."

"And the moment of his death?" Stanton asked, hurriedly.

"I don't know—let me see. There was the stroke of apoplexy, and later the heart-failure——"

"The storm——" Stanton began.

"Was only an incident, Mr. Stanton. Matters had simply reached a crisis and waited an excuse. Had the heart trouble been taken in time——"

"You are sure that the death was not from the apoplexy?"

"Positively. In spite of thousands of reports to the contrary, it is a law that never has been and never will be violated that a man

cannot die of simple apoplexy in less than forty-eight hours after the shock."

"Then the immediate cause of his death was——"

"Heart-failure, Mr. Stanton. Nothing else. It was simply the crash of those falling walls. Up to that moment he was improving. It made even our strong hearts stop for an instant. Have you noticed anything in yourself making you fear inherited tendencies?"

"Nothing whatever. You must excuse me. I am in haste," Stanton replied.

"Your face was very pale when you came in. Now it is painfully flushed. You should keep an eye on the action of your heart, and——"

"I will bear it in mind," Stanton replied as he left the office.

He stopped next at Mr. Borden's, but the clergyman was away, and there was no time to lose. He hurried on to Judge Russell's.

"Hello, Stanton," the forgiving old man exclaimed. "It's years since you've honored us with a social call. Come out in the sitting-room. The wife's there by an open fire."

"Not to-night, judge," Stanton said, with something almost a sigh. "I'm out of hours, but I must consult you professionally. It's about the date of my uncle's death."

"Why, goodness, man, I don't remember exactly, this minute. I have it at the office, and can give it to you the first thing in the morning. Or send over and get the date of the will. He died the same night, you know."

"I have the date of the will. What I want is what you personally remember."

"Hm. Well, I remember the storm and the fire, that night. My Ruth was very sick, and the wife was with her when you came for me, and I went with you without so much as telling her, not thinking I'd be gone a half-hour; but it was after twelve before I left your house. I left suddenly when those walls fell in. The fire was near us, and I knew the wife would be frightened. Why, I didn't even know of your uncle's death till the next morning. But, if the date of the will and the storm and the fire are not enough, look up the death certificate. My memory wouldn't help anything."

"The date on the death certificate is the same as the will,—December 5, 1882," Stanton replied.

"Well," the judge muttered. "And—Stanton! For heaven's sake! That was ten years ago to-night! Oh, Stanton, are you crazy?"

"I think not," said Stanton.

"You are! You are!" cried the judge. "Do you know that some one else will claim the property?"

"The papers were served to-day."

"Do you know who the claimant is?"

"I met him once, a year ago," said Stanton. The judge was too excited to see the muscles of his face contract.

"Met him once, did you?" the judge almost shouted, with a sneer. "Met him the time he walked away with your wife, did you? Well,

sit down, young man, and keep quiet. I have something to say to you. I'm pledged to your uncle never to speak, but I will. You deserve it. Your uncle and your mother were turned out of their home when your mother was only a child, to make room for a daughter born to their step-mother. They never saw their father again, or their half-sister; but years afterwards a fellow named Raymond—the father of the one you met—settled down on John Olmstead, calling himself his brother-in-law, loafing on him, living on him, cheating him, even forging his name time and again. Why, for the last ten years of his life John Olmstead couldn't be forced to repeat the name of Raymond. But this son, by some rascality, got hold of some papers that were frauds from the beginning, only there was no way to prove them so except by bringing into court the life-history of your uncle's wife, and he would never hear of that for a moment. He let them bleed him instead.

"Now your uncle loved you and did everything in his power for you. He wanted you to marry, and he had a right to. It was common sense, and it wasn't common sense for you to stick it out this way. When he died he left you everything, on the one condition that you would marry within ten years. No man could have been left freer to take his time and make his choice. He left this Raymond ten thousand if he'd give up those papers and sign off his claim. But he wouldn't take it. He was playing for the whole. No one else thought you'd be such an eternal fool as to stand out for ten years against your uncle's wishes, your friends, and common sense.

"He kept his eye on you, and when you did almost blunder into marrying he deliberately walked off with your wife. He didn't want the woman. Oh, no. Lombard thinks he already had another wife, out West. At all events, before she'd been out there long she wrote back that she'd made a terrible discovery and was coming home at once. She never reached home. Young Raymond was not with her when she started, but his father followed her. She died, suddenly, on the way. No one found out what it was that she discovered, but Lombard satisfied himself that she was murdered, and that it was the old Raymond who did it. He disappeared, and nothing could be found of him till it was told that he died, a year or more ago, in California.

"Now the son comes up for his reward, and you have paid it."

With a savage grunt Judge Russell rose, stuffed his hands deep into his pockets, and stood glaring at John Olmstead's nephew.

Slowly Stanton rose too, and, speaking deliberately, replied,—

"You knew that I was ignorant of this, but you expected me to follow a course, because you saw the reason for it. If I had known, before, what you have kindly told me now, I might have done very differently. I am accustomed to weigh important questions for myself and to act upon my own judgment, not on the judgment of others; and if you would find the real cause for this property's going into the wrong hands, look for it in the obnoxious persistency of those who attempted to drive me into marriage when the only rational ground which they could urge or I could see was the securing to myself of John Olmstead's millions. It was not a way that it pleased me to

make a fortune. And now, Judge Russell, if we have each of us spoken plainly enough to be understood, I am anxious to revert to my original question: Can you recall any further minute detail concerning my uncle's death?"

"No, I cannot," replied Judge Russell. "And it would not make a whit of difference if I could. It was the night of the 5th of December, 1882. There's proof of it which no testimony could shake. The law is against you, and it's your own fault."

"I came on a question of facts, not of law," Stanton remarked, calmly. "How do you know that my uncle was alive when you left the room?"

"I heard him speak while your man Sam was writing his name. I remember looking back to see if he was calling me."

"It may seem strange to you, Judge Russell, but the incidents of that night were painfully impressed upon my mind. I remember that you looked at your watch at about that time. Do you recall it?"

"Certainly. It was just as I was handing Sam the pen. I remember it well for the shock it gave me to find that it was so late. It was precisely twelve o'clock."

"You are sure of it?"

"Of course. I even remember, now, wondering if something was not wrong with my watch, and that the clock began striking while I was looking. With the first stroke Sam jumped. He was taking the pen, and between us it fell on the paper. You'll find the blot it made right over the name of the first witness. Look, and you'll see that I have a good memory."

"You are correct about it, sir; and it stands this way," Stanton said, speaking slowly. "While you were handing Sam the pen you know that the clock and your watch agreed that it was twelve. Later, while Sam was writing, you are confident that you heard my uncle speak——"

"Stanton! By all that's great! It was the *sixth* of December when he died!" Judge Russell cried.

"I thought that your memory could shake the evidence," Stanton replied.

"Oh, Stanton, make the most of it. You've a chance yet," said the judge, grasping his hand.

"The time is short," said Stanton. "I'm going by myself to think it over. Only one thing I can say to you, Judge Russell: I would rather not live to hear the clocks strike twelve to-morrow night than fail to foil the plans of Richard Raymond."

#### CHAPTER IV.

TUESDAY, December 6, 1892, the morning edition of the *New York Herald* contained sixteen pages, which is fifteen more than the average mind can benefit by attempting to absorb, of any daily newspaper.

In an obscure column, under the head-line "Personal," there appeared, among others, this advertisement: "A young man wants a wife. Must marry Tuesday. Answer before noon. Malcolm. Herald. Up-town."

A messenger-boy waited to receive the replies, find the applicants, and direct them to call in person at the office of Robert Stanton, legal representative of this indefinite Malcolm.

It seemed well arranged and promising, and as Stanton entered his office that morning, after an unsatisfactory night at a hotel, a smile of sad satisfaction lifted his upper lip from the tips of his excellent teeth.

He touched the bell, and his office-boy, not over-bright, appeared at the inner door connecting the private room with the main office. There was another door, marked "Private," leading from the inner office directly into the hall.

"Some women may call to see a Mr. Malcolm," he said. "I represent his interests. You are to show them in one at a time, in the order of their coming. When I have done with one I will ring. Don't let another come in till you hear the bell. See?"

Not a muscle seemed to move in the blank, stupid face, as the boy muttered "Yesser" and closed the door. Then, however, a great grin instantly divided his face and his eyes opened almost too wide for his head to hold them. He dropped into his chair, and, clutching the office copy of the morning *Herald*, he quickly hunted up and read again a little two-line advertisement: "A young man wants a wife. Must marry Tuesday. Answer before noon."

"Gee whiz!" he muttered. "A weddin' in de fam'ly. An' ter-day's Tuesday, or I'm a sinner. Hi! but here's No. 1. Cracky, she's a corker. He's struck it rich, sure 'nough."

Instantly he pulled every atom of expression out of his face. Approaching a woman hesitating in the open door, he said,—

"Good-mornin', um. Lookin' fur de Mr. Malcolm as adetised in de mornin' Herald, um? Right dis way, um. He's a-waitin' right in here."

He opened the door of the private office. The lady timidly entered. He closed the door again, and with a broad grin retreated to his chair to wait for the next and listen for the bell.

Inside, the two faced each other for a moment in bewildered silence.

Each naturally looked for something of a wolf at the opposite end of such an advertisement, and each was naturally perplexed at the excellently adjusted sheep's clothing.

Stanton was the poorest possible judge of woman if she was out of the witness-stand, and he was too thoroughly bewildered to be half so good a judge as usual. He saw a face the like of which it seemed to him that he had never seen before, with keen, quick eyes, lips curving scornfully yet almost ready to laugh, and something about it which frightened him.

He was so thoroughly bewildered that when the woman recovered sufficiently to remark, "This is Mr. Malcolm, I believe?" Stanton hesitated, hung his head, and, looking at the floor, replied,—

"Why, yes—or, rather, no, not exactly."

It was an excellent reply.

"Oh, indeed. I didn't suppose that you were exactly Mr. Malcolm," she exclaimed, with a pointed twist to "exactly." "But you are the one who wrote the advertisement, exactly, aren't you?"

"Why—yes, madam, I did write it," he replied, with marked accent on the "write."

Her eyes sparkled. Her head was thrown back. Her lips were surely laughing, but the curve of scorn was better defined, too, and made him detest himself without in the least realizing why.

With an excellent imitation of his "write," she said,—

"It doesn't matter, after all, sir, who did the writing. You are the man who thinks that he wants a wife, I'm sure."

The tips of Stanton's teeth appeared under his moustache as he replied,—

"I am."

It was not even a professional smile, but very like the smile of a school-boy who is about to be flogged and is trying to keep back the tears as long as possible.

"You seem to me to be ashamed of it," she said.

"A little. Yes."

"Do you wish that you hadn't advertised?"

"On some accounts I begin to."

"Do you want to take it back?"

"Not exactly."

"You do really want a wife, then?"

"Yes."

"Is it a question with you of home or of money?"

"Money."

"Are you looking for a rich wife?"

"No. The poorer she is the better."

This was the first redeeming feature that Stanton had been able to bring out, and he did it so vigorously that the lady hesitated an instant. He took advantage of the pause to reverse the order of exercises, relieving himself of the disagreeable task of answering questions by asking them himself.

"I presume, madam, that you called in response to the advertisement?"

"I called to see you concerning it, yes."

"You are looking for a husband?"

"I was more looking for the man who thought he wanted a wife."

"Are you prepared to marry at once?"

"Oh, dear! that depends."

"Upon what, madam?"

"Why, the man, of course."

"Do you want money?"

"Oh, no, indeed. I could easily support a husband."

"A protector?"

"Not a bit."

"An adviser?"

"If I did, surely I know better than to marry a lawyer."

"Ever married before?"

"No, sir."

"Been deserted, betrayed, anything of that——"

"Never."

Stanton changed the subject.

"Want to be sure of having 'Mrs.' on your tombstone?"

"Not unless I've given it a good trial first on my visiting-cards."

"I don't believe that you really want a husband at all."

That was a mistake. Stanton saw it in an instant; but it was too late, for the lady had seen it too and taken advantage of it.

"Isn't it because you don't really want a wife at all, yourself,—a real wife?"

"Practically, perhaps."

"And yet you must marry?"

"Before midnight, to-night."

"You are a lawyer?"

"I am."

"You look like an honest man."

"I try to be, so far as it is compatible with my profession."

"You surely wouldn't intentionally wrong a woman?"

"No, madam."

"You are in some legal tangle that can be settled only by your having a wife at once?"

"Precisely."

"You want her for a specific, legal purpose, and then you have no further use for her?"

"Yes."

"What do you propose to do with her then?"

"I supposed that such an advertisement would call out individuals to whom a large sum of money would be ample compensation for the services required."

"You propose to pay her to act as your legal wife, to meet some law, and then to sink into oblivion?"

"I imagine that such an arrangement would be pleasanter than the possession of a husband, without money, to some women."

"Pleasanter than the possession of some husbands and their weight in diamonds, to any woman."

"Than myself, for example. Yes, madam."

"But it's not a high grade of courtship, is it?"

"No, madam."

"And you don't expect to secure a woman worthy to be a wife."

"No, madam."

"You know that you are casting pearls to swine, yet you seem to ignore the possibility that they will trample them under their feet and turn again and rend you."

"Possibly I had not thought far enough into the future."

"Surely you'd not respect the woman who sold her life to the bondage of a wife without a husband, in exchange for your gold?"

"I should hardly need to respect her."

"Would you respect yourself, moving about as a man in the world,

with a woman of whom you were ashamed living somewhere as your legal wife?"

Stanton had reached a point of desperation. He rose from his chair as he replied,—

"Madam, your line of argument is correct. I appreciate it and agree with it; but don't carry it on any further for a moment, or you will shake me from my position, when perhaps I had better not be shaken. Allow me briefly to lay before you the incidents and arguments which brought me to act as I did. Possibly you may then agree with me. At least I am convinced that I shall value your opinion."

The story was told, and came to an end with a sigh and the remark,—

"I vowed, last night, that, if I could prevent it, Richard Raymond should not have the property. The possibility of reaching some one through such an advertisement presented itself. I simply realized that, with no desire to marry, I was sacrificing nothing, and hoped to find a woman similarly situated, to whom an abundance of money would be a blessing sufficiently appreciated."

The lady's eyes had lost their sparkle, but not their fire. Her lips had lost their color and their smile and curves of scorn. They were firmly pressed together, and there were strength and character in them.

"Sir," she said, hardly above a whisper, "you really have no right to place such a condition before a woman and ask her judgment. By nature she is turned too easily to sympathy or prejudice to be held responsible for her opinion in such a case."

"At least you mean that you appreciate my position?"

"Yes."

"And my desire to accomplish the end in view?"

"Yes."

"Surely you would not advise the risk of life-long misery to the woman, regardless of myself, in an attempt to secure what you call a real wife on such short notice?"

"No."

"Very well. That is where I stood, with the only means to accomplishing the end the condition that I be married before midnight."

"Then, sir——" She hesitated. Her eyes were fastened on a spot in the rug. He waited, feeling his heart beating, and wondering why. A moment, and she added, "It shall be done."

"Madam——"

"Don't speak to me, please," she said, lifting her hand without raising her eyes. "I am only a woman, and there are reasons why this touches me deeper than I wish. I know of one who will serve your purpose perfectly. You can trust her. She will neither fail nor deceive you; but I know that there is a condition she will require. Give me your promise that you will accept it, and I will send her to you."

"What is it?" Stanton asked.

"I cannot rightly put it for her. She will have to tell you for herself after she has performed her part."

"But suppose it were something that——"

"I will be responsible that you can easily perform it, without em-

barrassment, and that it shall in no way touch your pride, your name, your home, or your fortune."

"That is more than I ask, madam. However, I agree to accept the condition, and will see to it, also, that my obligations are properly met."

"Never mind: just write down what you will need to know. Her name is Esther Thorndike. She was never married. She was born of honest American parents in Albecco, Colorado, December 1, 1867. Her good name is without a blemish. She will meet you at the main entrance to this building at nine o'clock to-night. You can trust her."

How much later Stanton never knew, he started like one waking from a dream.

He knew that she was gone. He had seen her go. She left the room by the private door opening on the corridor: yet he read again the paper lying on his desk to convince himself that it was not all a dream.

"Esther Thorndike," he repeated. "Squint-eyed, one-legged, hunch-backed—something of the sort, I suppose; but what does it matter? It's a rather good idea. She was a remarkable woman. The most remarkable woman I ever met. She must have come for this Esther Thorndike at the start. If I hadn't been a fool I should have known that she never came on such an errand for herself."

He looked at his watch with an exclamation of surprise, caught up his hat and coat and hurried towards the door, bethought him of a word to his office-boy, turned quickly and opened the other door, then started back with a veritable gasp, and stood shaking.

The boy had tilted his chair against the door, the better to protect the entrance to his master's sanctum while waiting for the sound of the bell. The sudden opening of the door sent him headlong into the private office.

Stanton did not notice it, but in speechless, nerveless consternation stood looking across the room, where, against the wall, in the order of their coming, the boy had arranged a dozen applicants.

They were young and old, white and—and there was one black one among them.

At the head of the line stood a bedizened duchess from back of Green Street. She was a scarred and brazen veteran. At the other end stood a young girl, her eyes on the floor and her cheeks flushed with shame as she crouched away from the rest.

"Good-mornin', Mr. Malcolm," said the duchess, stepping forward. "You've got a good show to pick from, and you'd best be about it, for her that's to be merred the day orter be gettin' her togs on P.D.Q."

"Ladies——" Stanton gasped, and then he stopped to shudder.

He would have begun in almost any other way, but he remembered that they were all there upon his invitation; there as his guests; there to consult with him about becoming his wife. He was too recently under the philosophy of his first caller not to appreciate the situation.

"Ladies," he said again, "you must excuse me. I have already made my selection." And in the simple instinct of self-preservation he pushed the door to and locked it, for the duchess, with clinched

fists and purple face, was approaching him. Having locked the door, he turned and fled.

Going down in the elevator, he overheard a whispered conversation between the operator and a neighbor's office-boy.

"Dat's him. Dat's de Malcolm. Catch on? I show'd yer de ad."

"Come off. His'n name's Stanton. He's some. Whatcher givin' us?"

"S'pose he a jay, ter hook his own name to a gag like dat? He's him all de same, an' don'tcher furgit it. Oh, but de gang o' doves I've took up!"

Stanton left the elevator almost on a run, and pushed into the crowd, but the boy seemed still following him. He was sure his eyes were fixed on him. He knew his feet were close behind him. He almost thought that he could hear him saying to every one he met, "Dat's him. Dat's de Malcolm. Catch on?"

Till now Raymond had not entered into his calculations. Suddenly, while pushing his way through the crowd, it occurred to him as a most reasonable thing that he might have discovered his error and be on the alert.

"If he should 'catch on,' he could easily stop the best plans I could lay, till after twelve o'clock, at least," he muttered; and, with that thought connecting the two, the phantom boy behind him suddenly became a spy of Raymond's, following him to the registrar's. He changed his plans, hurried to Jersey City, and even took the precaution to engage the services of an obscure clergyman whose name he chanced to know.

"Fool," he muttered, on the way back. "He'd think of Jersey City as quickly as I did. I'll throw him off the track."

To do this he made the record in New York, and, the idea still progressing, continued the plan by securing a permit from the Brooklyn office, and then began the arduous task of waiting till eight o'clock.

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## CHAPTER V.

FOR a man who has never had the leisure to appreciate the uses of a social club, absolute inaction, on the very verge of intense action, is intolerable torment. Thinking of anything was utterly out of the question. He did not dare to return to his office. He was afraid of the elevator-boy. The sun was never so procrastinating. He dined slowly and mechanically at the city club, and still it was not time. He ordered a carriage and drove to the main entrance of the office building. Still there was time; but there might not be later, and, to avoid unnecessary delay or conversation at the last moment, he carefully instructed the driver that when he returned and entered the carriage he was to start at once, without a word, and drive as rapidly as possible to the ferry.

"When we reach the other side I will tell you further where to go," he said, and turned away; and still there was time to kill.

The driver laid the instructions away in the vacant corner of his brain where he stored such things, and forthwith went to sleep.

Stanton shrank into the darkest corner of the gloomy entrance and went on waiting.

The shrinking was only a matter of instinct. His course and his chances had appeared more and more doubtful with each half-hour. There's nothing like immoderate waiting to make a coward of a man; and, besides, it began to appear quite possible that if John Olmstead could speak he would say, "Let the other one have it, Robert, rather than try to save it in such a way as this."

For the hundredth time he tried to fashion Esther Thorndike,—the poor deformed creature who was to throw herself away just to serve his purposes.

"Confound it, it's a shame," he muttered. "I've been a blind, selfish brute. I'll tell her so, when she comes, and send her away again. It must be eight o'clock. Ha! there's the clock striking, at last. She's late. Women are not to be trusted, anyway. I——"

A messenger-boy touched his arm, repeating the name "Malcolm?" in a questioning way, and holding out an envelope.

With a shrug of his shoulders the young lawyer took it and turned it slowly over in his hands. There was no doubt about whom it came from or that she was not coming herself. He forgot that a moment before he had been earnestly planning to set her free at once, and, muttering a fragment of the lines containing "Women and the fools who have faith in them," he actually put the envelope in his pocket, unopened, and was turning away, when the boy asked him for the answer.

"Answer?" he remarked, looking down in surprise. Then he slowly drew the letter from his pocket again, and, retreating farther into the shadow, opened it, lighted a match, and read,—

"Mr. Raymond is in a carriage round the first corner. He was following yours when you came. His driver sits where he can see it. If I shall come at once, send me word by the bearer. If not, I will wait where I am till he is away. E. T."

With a low whistle Stanton returned to the messenger and asked, "Do you want to take a ride?" The boy grinned, and he continued, "Here's a dollar for your time. Get into that carriage as quick as you can and slam the door after you, but don't speak to the driver. When he stops on the ferry and asks you where to go next, tell him to drive back to the stables and that I will pay him in the morning. See?"

The boy saw, for he was in the carriage in no time. The door closed with a bang that thoroughly woke the driver, whose educated brain caught up the thread precisely where he had dropped it. Before his eyes were well open, the blankets were off the horses, the whip had cracked over them, and they had started most satisfactorily.

Stanton watched them from the shadows. A moment later the tips of his teeth appeared under his moustache as a carriage came from the side street and followed his own with the messenger-boy.

"Dat's him," he muttered, and was still looking after the lost inter-

est, when another hand touched his arm, and another voice, softer than the messenger's, repeated,—

“Mr. Malcolm?”

It was a time of swift vicissitudes for one guided by instinct. In the first quiet thoughts of his waiting he had honestly determined to give up the plan for the sake of her who was to be the sacrifice. A moment later he was turning away, disgusted that he had ever thought of trusting her. It took but a touch of opposition, in the shape of Raymond round the corner, to determine him to carry out the plan at all hazards. Now the determination vanished in an instant, whether because the sacrifice stood before him or because the way was clear of opposition, and he replied,—

“I was, this morning, but I am ashamed of it. My name is Stanton,—Robert Stanton.”

“Mine is Esther Thorndike. My friend explained to me what is required, and I am ready to act for you.”

The young lawyer hardly realized what she was saying. He was looking for the deformity. It required but a moment to decide that at least it was not in her body. Whatever was wrong was surely under the veil. He could not even see the outline of the face.

She stood as if waiting for a reply, but he was not aware that she had asked a question. He tried to recall what she had said, and then took refuge in expressing his compunction.

“I've begun to realize that my plan was a very cold-blooded and selfish idea, and I've grown heartily ashamed of it,” he said.

“A plain business bargain is hardly open to sentiment,” she replied, quickly. “I am quite ready, and if you are we had better start.”

“Yes, but my carriage. It has just gone with your messenger-boy to Jersey City.” He paused as his ear caught a low laugh tinkling under the veil. It was contagious. He was smiling too as he continued, “Shall we have another carriage and go on, risking a meeting? It seems cowardly to run from any one, but there are many detestable things which he might do that would delay us till after midnight, in spite of anything but common law, which would be to degenerate altogether. I hate to run the other way, but perhaps it would be wiser, to-night, to go to Brooklyn instead. Does it matter to you?”

“Dr. Atwood is my pastor, and I would rather not go to him. But to any one else. Yes. I think it would be better to go to Brooklyn,” she said.

“The Rev. Dr. Borden was a witness to the will. It might save publicity, in a legal way, afterwards, to have him also perform the ceremony.”

It occurred to Stanton that this was really a remarkable idea, and he was wondering that it had not occurred to him before, as the lady replied,—

“I know just where he lives, and perhaps it would be better that we should not go together. I will be there as soon as you.”

She had hardly ceased speaking when she literally disappeared. Stanton looked after her for a moment, and the tips of his teeth appeared as he muttered,—

"She'll be there some time before me, at that rate. To say the least, she's not a cripple." Then he followed her.

On the way conflicting sentiments so thoroughly disturbed his first impressions of that new idea that by the time he arrived at Dr. Borden's he heartily wished himself anywhere else in the world, and it appeared the most fortunate thing that the good doctor was attending a conference in lower New York and could not return before ten.

"Judge Russell drew the will, and is anxious to see it carried out. Doubtless he can perform the ceremony. He will be the best one in the world," Stanton remarked, with a vivid thrill of self-congratulation that he had escaped the first idea and hit upon the second.

They walked together to the judge's house, which was so near that there was really no time to reconsider on the way; but Judge Russell and his wife were out, and the servant did not know when they would return. They went in and waited till after ten.

The lady talked incessantly, upon subjects which had always interested him, and more than once Stanton found, to his astonishment, that he was laughing heartily at her wit and joining eagerly in arguments, frequently with the conviction that he came out of them overmatched. He wondered that he was not bored, and said to himself that if it were not for the business ahead of him he should count it one of the pleasantest evenings of his life. Sometimes it occurred to him that he would have been fortunate if he had made the bargain for a real wife, instead; only how could he have known in advance? Yet underneath it all his other mind was entertaining conflicting sentiments about the advisability of securing the services of Judge Russell, after all. There were certain social complications which might result, later on, which would not threaten if Dr. Borden performed the ceremony. Besides, twelve o'clock was creeping dangerously near, and at last he suggested that they go back to Dr. Borden's.

In all his life he had never been of so many minds; but the lady concurred with each as though it were the wisest possible suggestion, and they returned. Sober thought would have helped him, but ideas came in the abstract and in utter confusion, piling one on another. If Dr. Borden had returned, doubtless Stanton's first impulse would have been to turn and run. But Dr. Borden had not returned. It roused in him simply a determination to find him before it was too late.

Absolutely nothing occurred to him but to go at once to New York and hunt him up.

They went by the ferry, as nearer their destination and less conspicuous, and a curiously safe feeling crept into Stanton's heart as he walked by Esther Thorndike. He only realized it, just as he had realized that she entertained him at Judge Russell's. He had no time for more than that among the crowding of conflicting sentiments concerning the business in hand, but he remembered the impression afterwards, and better appreciated it.

Among the thoughts that came to him was one picturing his condition at that moment had it not been for his first caller,—had he been forced, for instance, to select the bedizened duchess for his bride, or the runaway school-girl.

His heart went out in an unaccountable fashion to Esther Thorndike. He wanted to grasp her hand and thank her for saving him from that. He did not venture quite so far; but he spoke to her that he might at least hear her voice in reply. It was like water to the thirsty. He wondered what it could be that was wrong with the hidden face. He was sorry for her,—very sorry; and he resolved that as soon as this business was settled he would show her his gratitude and appreciation in a very substantial way. Indeed, he had reached a point where he was almost ready to declare that she should not sink into oblivion at all, when the boat touched the New York side, and she proposed remaining in the ferry waiting-room, that she might be near at hand when he wished her without hampering his search.

An hour later he came hurrying down the walk alone, his face expressive of failure.

Esther Thorndike was waiting at the gate. He knew her in an instant, but before he could speak she laid her hand on his arm, saying,—  
 “Hurry. He just passed me. He is on this boat.”

Again a strange feeling crept over him, which he remembered afterwards.

As the wheels started, Esther Thorndike entered the ladies' cabin, and on the other side Stanton greeted the clergyman with the question,—

“Do you remember my uncle's last words, Dr. Borden?”

Early in the morning the good doctor had heard that the property was taken from his young friend and parishioner. It fell like a heavy weight upon his heart, and all day long his mind had been upon the death-scene, with the dying words its salient feature. Instantly he repeated them: “Twelve o'clock, and all is well.” “But, Robert,” he said, anxiously, “what does this mean that I hear about the property?”

“A mistake,” Stanton replied, hurriedly. “It is for me to correct it if I can, and I can do it with your help. I did not like the way the property was left, and did not care to redeem it. Only last night I learned the reasons for my uncle's wish that I should keep it, and I resolved to do so if I could. I cannot explain it better now, but I will satisfy you fully later. The seizure of the estate was made according to the death certificate, which was dated December 5; but the physician has acknowledged that he was wrong, and, as you know from those last words, my uncle did not die till after twelve o'clock. It was upon the 6th. If I am married before midnight to-night, I shall carry out my uncle's wishes.”

“But the wife, Robert?” the good doctor said, lowering his head to look over the top of his glasses, as was his wont in moments of emergency.

“She is waiting in the ladies' cabin. We have been searching for you all the evening,” Stanton replied.

“A good wife is better than riches, but a poor wife turns heaven into hell. I am sure your uncle would not have the property preserved at the risk of a sacrifice,” the doctor said, a little doubtfully.

“She is very much too good for me, in any case,” Stanton said,

taking out his watch,—a legal trick which rarely fails to distract the attention. Involuntarily Dr. Borden looked at his own watch, and his thoughts turned upon the time.

"It is eleven twenty-five, Robert," he said. "Too close to the last moment. Too much like a death-bed repentance. But we can make it by taking a carriage directly to the house. Have you the papers ready?"

Stanton handed him the Brooklyn permit. He glanced at it and said, "Esther Thorndike, Brooklyn. It's a good name, Stanton. Whatever there is in a name I don't know, but there's something; and that is a good one. But I don't seem to remember it. Where does she live?"

"She attends Dr. Atwood's church," Stanton replied, with some hesitation. He was not an expert at answering questions, especially when he had something to conceal, and from the doctor's tone it was evident that if he knew the facts his assistance would be doubtful.

"Yes, but her home?" Dr. Borden said.

There was a wild cry, forward. Some one was overboard; and it was not surprising that Stanton's first thought was of Esther Thorndike.

Instantly leaving the doctor, he pushed his way frantically through the ladies' cabin till he found her, and, laying a trembling hand upon her shoulder, said,—

"Thank heaven! I was afraid that it was you, and that I had driven you to it. I've been blind to every interest but my own. I want you to ask whatever it is that you are to ask of me, and I will do it, and a great deal more, if I can, and we will let this miserable business drop right here."

"I am not troubled, sir," she replied, quietly. "Unless you are afraid to trust me, the end that you wish to accomplish is worth more than any sacrifice which I am making, and ought not to be abandoned."

Afraid to trust her,—to trust Esther Thorndike? In his present condition that idea struck him as so unjust to the woman before him that it instantly threw the other thought from his mind, and he exclaimed, "Of course I trust you."

"Then we will carry out your plan," she said; and as the excitement forward became intense, they turned their attention towards it, and for a time neither spoke.

Some poor creature had gone into that icy water in search of the friendly hand of Death; but he was dragged out again at last and carried in triumph into the opposite cabin, to be forced again into the miseries whence he had tried to fly.

"A life saved. A grand omen for those about to marry," Dr. Borden exclaimed, coming upon the two. "And this is the lady? I thought so. I've a great instinct. I congratulate you heartily upon your husband. I've known him from a baby. He's of the salt of the earth. I've congratulated him already, for Esther Thorndike is a grand good name. When I know you better I shall congratulate him again. But, Stanton, I must have a word with you."

"Don't hesitate, doctor. Miss Thorndike understands the predicament," Stanton replied, quickly, touching his companion's arm to prevent her turning away; and for the instant he realized a thrill of pride and satisfaction in the thought that she was there and that she understood. He felt safer than when he was alone with Dr. Borden. He remembered it afterwards.

"It's only about the worldly side of this matter, Robert," the doctor said, hurriedly. "A good wife is more than a thousand fortunes. You will be amply the gainer; but I'm afraid you will have to let the fortune go. You see, we ran with the tide after that drowning man, and have drifted against the New York piers, well up the river. It will be some minutes before we get out; for we're wedged behind a long tow. It is now only seventeen minutes before twelve."

Stanton put his hand to his forehead and staggered back.

In the last four-and-twenty hours his mental and physical being had been tortured and dragged about in most unaccustomed ways. He had been ready to yield of himself, but to be driven to it at the last moment was too much. Esther Thorndike called him to himself by gently touching him and asking,—

"Why shouldn't we be married right here?"

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#### CHAPTER VI.

"MARRY us here, doctor," Stanton said, gathering himself together.

"It could be done," replied the clergyman, easily entering again into the worldly wisdom of the transaction. "No one is aft on this side. Not a soul need be the wiser. I have two friends aboard who will stand as witnesses. But to think of my marrying John Olmstead's nephew on a ferry-boat! And hold on, Robert. How about the license? This is New York, and the permit is for Brooklyn. You know the importance of the case and whether there's any law to conflict."

"It wouldn't matter, but this is for New York," Stanton replied, calmly enough so long as he was upon a point of law, at the same time handing the clergyman his third paper.

"Good boy, Robert!" the white-haired saint exclaimed, slapping his friend on the shoulder. "Trust a lawyer for doing the thing brown. Just take your wife back to the most quiet corner you can find, and I'll join you with my friends in no time."

Again Stanton was trembling so that he could scarcely move or speak; but there was little need, for the clergyman was well alive, now, to the worldly wisdom of the case. The witnesses were hardly introduced when he began, from memory, the marriage ceremony, holding his watch before him as though it were his Book of Prayer, while his lips flew with the second-hand.

The wheels started, but his lips only moved the faster, under the full sense that millions of money hung upon them, and he cut and abridged the ceremony without consideration for anything but the law.

He hardly waited to catch the first faint sounds of response, much less to judge from them what of doubt or fear or uncertainty the voices might portend.

In thinking of it afterwards, Stanton often shuddered as he realized what the result must have been had the clergyman been in his own quiet home. Even if the matter could have been brought so far as the ceremony, Stanton himself would have failed there, over and again, under any circumstances but the present, with the din and excitement and demoralizing haste that obliterated every feature by the way in the struggle for the end.

The awful meaning of those words, rapidly and almost unintelligibly as they were spoken, came to him even now with overwhelming force, and struck him dumb with terror.

"Now join hands," Dr. Borden repeated, and, hardly giving them time to obey, he continued, "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder. I pronounce you man and wife."

Then came the repetition of the sacred names, followed by a moment of reverential silence, broken by the good doctor's cheery voice, devoid of the faintest professional accent, exclaiming,—

"Gentlemen, your watches. The exact time is a matter of the gravest importance."

"Three minutes of twelve."

"Two and a half is all, I think."

"Two, gentlemen. Two. Precisely two. Rely upon my watch. It is two minutes before twelve, this 6th day of December, 1892. Two minutes is enough, gentlemen. It is enough. And let me tell you that this is the second time that one and the same fortune has been rescued, as by a miracle, by the space of two minutes one side or the other of twelve o'clock. But, bless my soul, Mr. and Mrs. Stanton, forgive me. My heartiest congratulations and best wishes. May you——"

Fortunately the boat struck the pier, and the good doctor had all that he could do to keep his feet. Stanton could not have listened to much more.

As they parted in the waiting-room, the clocks struck twelve, and for his last words Dr. Borden repeated,—

"Twelve o'clock, and all is well."

From the moment when the ceremony began, Stanton had acted only mechanically. He had heard the clergyman say, "Join hands," and involuntarily extending his own, which was cold and trembling, he saw a white hand come from under the cloak to meet it. He saw a diamond flashing on one of the fingers. He even saw that the diamond was beautifully set in pearls. He felt a strange thrill as the warm, firm hand touched his own.

Then he heard those words,—fearful words they seemed to him,—  
"Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

He tried to cry out to stop, to save the brave little woman by his side from such an awful bond; but before he could utter a sound the rest of the sentence was spoken, and John Olmstead's millions and the woman by his side were his forever.

He would have given all those millions, and all that he had beside, to set that little woman free. How he pitied her and despised himself as they stood alone, man and wife together, in the ferry waiting-room!

"This is a case where I can congratulate you, too," she said, "and then I must go at once. It is so much later than I thought it would be."

"Go?" Stanton muttered. "Go where? Didn't you hear him? 'Whom God hath joined together'?"

"You are overwrought to-night," she replied, gently. "It will be different in the morning. You will remember, then, that it was only a plain business bargain, clearly understood and fairly carried out. A wise end has been accomplished, and I am perfectly satisfied."

"I do not want to remember that it was a bargain," Stanton exclaimed, struggling to rouse himself. "It was the meanest of self-interest in me, and simply unheard-of generosity in you. Forgive me. Come with me now and be my real wife. I am not worthy of you, but I will do my best to——"

"Why, sir, not half an hour ago you said you trusted me. If I was worthy of your confidence, surely I shall not be false to our compact, for your sake, any more than for my own. Here is the card of a banking-house in New York. If there are any papers requiring my signature, send them addressed to Esther Thorndike, in their care, and they will be forwarded to me at once. If no harm will result from it, I think I shall go abroad, with friends who are to leave a week from to-day. I wish that you would go away, too, for a while, even to Florida or California. You don't know how many uncomfortable things will come up for you to face if you remain here. Promise me that you will go."

"Why, certainly, if——" The incongruity of following instinct and saying "if you wish it" checked him. He waited a moment, and added, falteringly, "I should like to go with you." It was not necessary to see her face to know that a decided negative was coming, and before she could speak he added, "At least you will let me send you the money for your trip?"

"Certainly not, sir. That was not the bargain which we made," she exclaimed. "You forget that, except for this legal matter which you have to settle, we are each of us precisely what we were an hour ago. We neither of us wished to marry any one, and, to accomplish a wise end, we went through a ceremony the only result of which upon ourselves is that we, privately and secretly, know that now we cannot marry. That is all, and it was no sacrifice to either of us. I know well enough that we shall each of us respect the other's position, and that unless one of us should change and wish that we might marry there will never be a sacrifice. I assure you, I have a great deal more money than I can ever bring to use, in all my life."

"At least, madam, there was to be a condition, and you have not named it," Stanton muttered.

"I do not need to, now," she replied, turning to go.

"It was not that way in the bargain," Stanton said, and the tips of his teeth showed under his moustache. This time it was more like

the smile of a boy who has been already flogged, and smarts, and still is doing his best not to cry.

For a moment she hesitated, then, turning with a quick motion, as if to have it soon over with, she said,—

“It was only that you promise me that, except where this business demands it, you will never, in any way, in public or private, admit to me or to any one that you ever saw or heard of me.”

“Why, madam?”

“That was a part of the bargain.”

“Not speak to you or write to you?”

“Never. I should never respond, if you did. Wasn't that the wife you wanted and the wife I promised to become?”

“Madam, I was a detestable fellow to suggest it. God grant that some day you may come to think better of me and forgive me!”

“Don't put it so,” she said. “I am bound to do my part, and you are bound to do yours. Such a condition will help us both. How could I possibly have anything to forgive? With all my heart I am glad that I was able to help you in thwarting one who would have wronged you. You have done more than that, and avenged a wrong he did you long ago. Listen. I am going to trust you with a secret which would place me helplessly at your mercy if you chose to take advantage of it to discover me.” She stepped nearer, took his hand in hers, and, leaning forward, added, in a low tone, “You have married the affianced bride of Richard Raymond. The engagement was broken this afternoon.”

Before he realized that she was going, Stanton stood alone. Hundreds were passing, but he was alone. Later the waiting-room was almost deserted, but he was no less or more alone. The night watchman stopped before him again and again, and at last, assuring himself that at least the man was not drunk, he shook him gently and asked if he was ill.

Stanton looked up, thought for a moment, and answered, “No.” Then he looked up at the clock. It was after two. With a start he turned away, and went back to New York and to his office.

It was a relief to the night-man to have him out of the waiting-room. It was a relief to Stanton to be in that great empty building.

He had fought a battle and won a victory. His accounts with Richard Raymond were settled. There was no more anxiety, no more anger. He was free to think of the past, the present, and the future, and all three centred in Esther Thorndike, the affianced bride of Richard Raymond, his wife. He remembered each of those sentiments and sensations, and in memory they became, or seemed to become, more real, deep, and intense. But the more he thought, the more the mystery grew, and the morning sun streaming into his office window found him as helplessly entangled as ever.

He recalled her warning of horrors he would have to face, when the first of them appeared in the person of the office-boy. He was too full of curiosity to contain himself, and ventured a question distantly relating to a wife. For the first time in Robert Stanton's office an office-boy received an almost savage rebuke.

The next came in the form of a press reporter asking for an interview. Being abruptly refused, he proceeded very calmly to lay before the lawyer an array of facts and fancies relative to the subject, which were simply bewildering to one who thought the secret was all his own.

With a broadening smile of satisfied insinuation, the scribe closed his note-book, remarking,—

“There’s stuff for a racy half-page there, and a rousing card for me for an exclusive. I didn’t want to take up your valuable time, of course, but you’re sure to be interviewed by every reporter in town before to-morrow, and it may save you something to give me your side at once. At any rate, a man of your prominence ought to have an opportunity to speak in a matter like this, and I thought I’d just run in and see if you wanted to say anything, before making it up for the noon edition.”

For a time Stanton had been writing. Now he blotted two papers, took them up, wheeled his chair about, and sat facing the scribe. The smile quivered like a lamp-flame in a breeze. Stanton sat silently watching him for a moment, and with a twitch about the lips the smile went out. Then, speaking very slowly, the lawyer said,—

“There are some mistakes in what you have rehearsed, and also some distorted facts, which were obviously given you by a man named Raymond, with the evident intention of injuring a woman. It would prove a serious matter to the journal which published them. Personally, the truth is at the service of the world if any journal wishes to retail it, and for what I have actually done I am ready to take the consequences. For what you and your paper do you must accept the same. If you wish to publish your story and to add an interview with me, there you have it. It is all I have to say. But for the woman in question I have a word for you which is not an interview. It would be possible to keep within the bounds of the law, in such an article as you propose, and yet do an incalculable injury to a woman whom no one but Richard Raymond could wish to harm. Here is my check, to bearer, for five thousand dollars. Use it as you see fit. One year from to-day I shall be here in this office, if I am alive. If in the mean time there has not a word appeared in any New York or Brooklyn paper connecting the woman you mention with the story you have rehearsed, come to me on that day and I will honor this other paper, which calls for ten thousand dollars more.”

The interview was at an end, but the scribe hesitated. First he tore from his note-book a dozen pages, remarking, “I’m sure it’s an exclusive so far, sir, and that’s all I have.” Then he laid the second paper on the notes, adding, “If I succeed you will not forget. That paper might fall into other hands and make you trouble, in some way. I hope I shall be back in a year.”

With that he went out; but he was hardly gone when the trustees appeared, as full of curiosity as the office-boy. They were handled almost as roughly, however, and quickly subsided to the business in hand.

Dr. Borden had hurried to Judge Russell with the official news, and the two had notified the trustees, only to find that Raymond too

had discovered the facts and been there before them. He had withdrawn his claim and applied for the ten thousand dollars under the terms of the will.

It was easily arranged for them to retain their charge of the property for another year, as Stanton briefly informed them that he should be away. They left with much better feelings towards the young lawyer than they had possessed for years; for Charity and John Olmstead's millions were old associates.

It was late in the evening when Stanton returned to his home for the first time in two days that seemed longer than a lifetime.

Dr. Borden had been zealously spreading the news of the marriage, as any one but Stanton would have anticipated. The card-table at the door was covered with congratulations and inquiries. The good doctor had made an earnest search for information concerning Esther Thorndike, too, and, finding her one of the best unknown individuals in all Brooklyn, he had left a note for Stanton ominously requesting a call from him at his earliest convenience.

Thus everything warned the poor fellow of the increasing horrors he must face. He reached his home longing for nothing so much as rest, but in less than an hour he was on his way to a hotel in New York, having left instructions with Sam and his wife to pack for him such things as would be necessary for a journey and forward them to his office, then to discharge the servants, close the house, and remain in charge of it till his return.

The dearest associations of his life still clung as tenderly as ever to the grand old-fashioned mansion, but it had suddenly lost all sense of home. A new longing had taken possession of him, filling the great house with emptiness, in spite of logic to the contrary. He could not solve it, and only realized that it drove him, disappointed and desperate, from everything that had satisfied him; while every expression of that longing centred in thoughts of the veiled face, the music of that voice, and the touch of that warm, soft hand, with its diamond set in pearls.

These new thoughts brought no comfort, however, for they always came to the same conclusion,—a shuddering realization of the chains of the condition which bound him, never to recognize or communicate with his wife.

With all the rest, his office and profession became intolerable. The sooner he could abandon them and get away the better. He secured the services of a young friend in the profession to occupy his office; and to enable him to forward any mail he hastily prepared an itinerary for a journey of one year, bringing it to a close then simply because he had agreed to meet the reporter in that office on the 7th of December, 1893. At the time he could not realize that the hour would ever come when he should wish of himself to return.

Many a time he found cause for gratitude to that cold list of dates and places, binding him, as it did, to something or other, restraining him from ignominious retreat and surrender to—nothing.

Had he desired, he could easily have learned as much as he wished of Esther Thorndike. Indeed, it was difficult to hold gratuitous in-

formation away; but with a keen native sense of honor, greatly overstrained and intensified as it was by the strange circumstances, he felt that it would be the height of disloyalty for him to permit himself to know anything beyond what Esther Thorndike had herself communicated.

The day of her departure found him as ignorant as ever, and only so many days deeper in the new sentiments and their attendant morbid desperation.

Shortly after the hour for the sailing of the day's steamers a messenger-boy brought him a card bearing the words, "May the best of life be yours, always. Earnestly your friend, ESTHER THORNDIKE."

One who has watched on a stormy night and seen the full moon burst suddenly from an unlooked-for rift, transfiguring everything, filling all nature with life, grandeur, and wonderful beauty, may understand, perhaps, the effect of that immaterial message coming into the troubled heart of Robert Stanton. But he who has watched longer, till black clouds filled the break, and with a sigh, a groan, nature sank back again into the stormy night more desolate even for the glorious glimpse, may feel, in analogy, the overwhelming force of the realization which followed, that the moon which shone with such refreshment for a moment was even then hidden by the black waves of the Atlantic, and that every fleeting second was bearing her farther and farther away, to set beyond the clouds, beyond the possibility of even one more passing glimpse.

The memory of one week before came back to haunt him as night gathered. Involuntarily he was living it all over again. Step by step he seemed forced to follow it, and every step was bereft of all but bitterness,—bitterness and utter loneliness.

Even the discovery that it had been such strength and comfort to him to know that she was as near as Brooklyn filled him with dismay. The wild, uncontrollable, almost incoherent ramblings of his mind startled him. His plans were methodically laid for his departure the following day, but inaction was unendurable. It was very unlike John Olmstead's nephew, but it only made matters so much the worse that he fully realized the fact. In a struggle to escape he started that night for California.

By degrees the strange week sank into something like the memory of an ugly dream. Often he seemed to himself to be still dreaming. As the train rumbled on he sometimes tried to rouse himself, with a vague sense that if he succeeded he should discover that it was all only a dream. Yet as often as he made the attempt he shuddered lest he might succeed; for in it there was something more real than reality as he knew it, and even at that moment he would not have had it all a dream.

The man on one side of the two-line advertisement and the man on the other side were two painfully distinct and different creatures. The change was not agreeable. It resulted in no end of misery, and nothing else; yet in the midst of the misery there was something so agreeable and beautiful that nothing in the old life could compare with it.

If the turning of his hand would have taken him back again to

the time before that advertisement appeared, he would not have turned his hand.

If he could only have understood himself it would have been very different. But he did not understand. However much or little Robert Stanton knew, he certainly did not know that the new sentiment possessing him was Love.

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## CHAPTER VII.

Now Thaddeus Braddon, the rejected lover of Stanton's mother, and John Olmstead's best friend, was a very rich man in the far West, even when Mary Olmstead married her farmer; and he kept on piling up a fortune there till 1870.

He lived chiefly with a married sister, the wife of the famous Captain Thorndike, in Albecco. He was living with his sister when the daring captain was shot, on the plains, in 1868.

If ever a woman died of a broken heart, it was Captain Thorndike's wife. If ever an orphan girl was well disposed of, it was Captain Thorndike's baby Esther when the dying mother consigned her to the care of her brother Thaddeus.

He knew very well that he ought to have a wife to help him along with the baby; but that was one step he would not have taken if all the orphans in the world had been left on his hands.

As a girl, as a maiden, as another's wife, and now over in the spirit-land, he had loved one and only one, and he proposed to continue to the end. In default of this, however, he lavished every thought and precaution possible upon his niece.

She called him "Papa" from the first lisping words she spoke, and loved him even more, perhaps, than she could have loved a natural father and mother combined.

No legal steps were ever taken. Thaddeus Braddon was prone to be a law unto himself. He simply accepted her as his daughter, and that settled it. There was no attempt at concealment, but the world at large soon forgot that she was not actually his daughter, and by the time they came East again and settled in Brooklyn they had very nearly forgotten it themselves. To her best friends she was Esther. To every one else she was simply Miss Braddon, daughter of Braddon of Braddon & Burr ridge, one of the strongest banking-houses of New York.

Braddon started the bank, originally, simply as an occupation for an active mind, but it soon became one of the most important factors of Wall Street. To him that had been given, and Braddon's wealth and influence constantly increased.

Esther developed into one of the rare and beautiful victories which the East and West combined have sometimes won, and took a position in society fully up to her proud father's ideal.

She was so important in her home and so enthusiastic in reform and philanthropic societies that she might never have thought of marrying at all had not her father occasionally dropped some sugges-

tion about the necessity of some one to lift the cares of home and business gradually from his aging shoulders.

He spoke carelessly, at the best, with a vague thought, in a general way, of John Olmstead's nephew; but his words made such an impression on his loving daughter that in time she came to consider the selection of a husband as the most imperative necessity of her life.

Under such circumstances the selection was no easy matter. Human nature repelled her from each offer as it would not have done had she been free. She had become vindictive with herself for being so critical and keeping her father so long without the helping hand which he had asked her to provide, when, by the luck which seems to follow some men, Richard Raymond appeared upon the scene.

He came out of the West to watch the last months of that time-limit safely expire. He smelled the bait of wealth behind the heiress, and for incidental occupation he plotted what he or any one would doubtless have pronounced a fated game.

He had nothing to lose, and, with the barest possibility, why should he not have ventured? It was beyond doubt that this time he was free to take a wife, and it was a game at which he was well trained. Nevertheless it is quite probable that Richard Raymond was the most surprised of any when he found himself accepted and the prospective heir to Thaddeus Braddon's wealth, to add to what now amounted almost to the certainty of John Olmstead's millions.

Miss Braddon was not a little surprised, herself, and not especially well satisfied. It had been a rather desperate leap with her eyes shut. The gallantry, intelligence, and tincture of the West about the man pleased her. The rest was a sacrifice for her father.

To Braddon it was a thoroughly disagreeable surprise. He could read men too well to be deceived, though he tried hard to convince himself that it was only prejudice.

"It's all an old man's jealousy," he frequently said to himself. "If Esther loves him, what right have I to stand in her way with any of my whims?"

He knew better than to hint at this distrust to Esther, and silently sacrificed his own wishes to hers.

All three would have been doubly surprised had the reality of each heart been readable.

In the secret of his closet Braddon berated himself mercilessly that the right man had not been introduced.

"It's all my fault, yes, all of it," he muttered; for he and John Olmstead had instantly renewed their boyhood friendship. They were like school chums again for a while, and only they two knew why it was that after Robert returned from college Braddon never entered Olmstead's house again till he came to the funeral.

"I couldn't stand it, Jack. I'd make a fool of myself if I met him. He's the very picture of his mother," Braddon said, and Olmstead understood. The result was that Stanton knew Thaddeus Braddon only as every one else knew the brilliant, white-haired financier, as "Braddon of Braddon & Burrige," and had never spoken to him.

The old man knew the young lawyer through and through, how-

ever. He had sacrificed a lifetime to his love for the boy's mother, and the boy was as like her as two drops of water from the same spring. His interest in him was something phenomenal, and when Stanton began his rapid strides towards fame there was no mortal half so proud of him as Braddon of Braddon & Burr ridge.

When alone with Esther he sometimes dropped a word about John Olmstead's nephew, and for long she knew him by no other name. He did it with studied carelessness, but in woman's eyes there is a microscopic lens for mental and sentimental work passing all understanding.

Before Braddon considered that his daughter had heard of the young man often enough even to have his existence impressed upon her, she had come to the conclusion that behind John Olmstead's nephew lay the secret why her father had never married.

Once Esther thought to please her father by suggesting that he bring the young lawyer home to dinner, but it was received with such unexpected opposition that it was never repeated.

Frequently and intensely Braddon regretted that opposition. "I was a fool. She took me by surprise," he would say to himself. He said it most vigorously after Richard Raymond came into prominence. He even tried to bring it about that Esther should repeat the suggestion. She was never before so slow of comprehension, but, hint as he would, she never repeated it.

On the evening of the 5th of December, 1892, Braddon was late and hurrying home to dinner. One of the trustees of the Olmstead estate, in passing him, briefly reported that the nephew had forfeited his rights and that another heir had filed his claim. It was merely an item of news that might interest the banker, as a good portion of John Olmstead's millions was held by Braddon & Burr ridge.

The two parted at once, and each went his way, but the banker's cheeks were flushed and his eyes flashed under his white brows. His blood boiled in spite of the years that should have cooled it.

"It's a regular Olmstead trick," he muttered. "He's a fool. No, he's not. Confound him, I respect him for it. I believe his mother thought that I insulted her by throwing a fortune in her face and asking her to change her mind. She said so by marrying a poor farmer. If I'd stayed poor I believe she would have had me; but I never saw it in that light till this minute. This is precisely the same thing over again. Bless the boy!"

By the time he reached his home he was sufficiently calmed to hide his excitement, but still sufficiently excited to be very glad they were to sit alone at dinner.

He heard Esther talking, and smiled when she smiled, but paid little further attention. She was recounting a meeting of her reform club, that day, at which she had been elected chairman of the executive committee.

Braddon nodded approvingly.

"For shame, papa!" Esther exclaimed. "How young and unfitted I am for such a position! If I can do the every-day work of the committee I shall be glad. At least I'm determined to try and do my

share. There's one thing in which I think I can accomplish something. They brought up the subject of a horrible system of matrimonial advertisements in the daily papers. I'd no idea that there was such a thing at all; but you don't know, papa, how horrible it is. A member read some advertisements she had cut out this very morning, and it seems there are the same kind in almost every day. She told of some that she had investigated in the past, and of criminal as well as moral wrong connected with them. I am to look up such cases as I can, and to engage a lawyer, at the club's expense, to punish crime where I find it. When I'm well posted I'm going to see the editors of the newspapers about it, too."

By this time Braddon was paying the utmost possible attention.

He cared no more for matrimonial advertisements than he did for John Olmstead's millions. It was John Olmstead's nephew he was thinking of. The moment there was a pause he said,—

"See here, Esther; the idea is all right, but it is risky business for the shrewdest man to try and handle criminals. You want the best lawyer you can secure, and you want him at the start. Otherwise you'll drag your club into no end of trouble; for even criminals have certain rights, which they understand better than you, and which it is dangerous to meddle with or ignore. Now, the first thing you do, you go to John Olmstead's nephew. I believe he's the best lawyer of his age in the State. He'll tell you he's too busy to give the matter attention, but don't let him slip. Ten minutes of his brain-work is better than an hour from most. Take him on philanthropy. I understand it's something of a hobby with him. Don't you offer to pay him, or he won't look at you. He can earn ten times all that your club will pay with half the work you will require, but he's forever throwing away good business to give his time in charity. Call it charity. See? And if that don't work, try moral reform. He's head and front in a dozen moral reforms. And once you've secured him you're all right."

Following this advice, Esther cut from the next morning's papers all the obnoxious advertisements she could find. She read them over with a shudder of horror that men and women could be so base and depraved. One in particular, signed "Malcolm," fastened itself upon her mind. Thus armed, she started, early, to consult that prodigy of genius and brilliant leader in philanthropy, charity, and morality, John Olmstead's nephew.

She knew him well enough by sight, and doubtless Stanton had frequently heard her name and even seen her during the brief period when he was most in society. He might almost have seen her yesterday, and forgotten. There was a strong similarity among women as he saw them. He never tried to remember unless they were in the witness-stand.

As Miss Braddon stepped into the elevator the operator was showing another boy an item in the morning *Herald* which intensely amused them both. Always interested in what interested the young, she glanced over their shoulders, to find them absorbed in the advertisement signed "Malcolm." She remembered it well, and a new horror chilled her to

find that even boys found entertainment in the pernicious matter and from it formed their notions of what real life would be for them too, when they were old enough to enter in.

As she crossed the hall to Stanton's door, she whispered, indignantly,—

“Malcolm. Herald. Up-town.”

She paused timidly upon the threshold, fully aware of the importance of the man she was about to approach, when the office-boy came forward, remarking,—

“Good-mornin', um. Yer lookin' fur de Mr. Malcolm as addessed in de mornin' *Herald*, um? He's right in here, um.”

Before she could collect her thought, the door of the private office had been opened, she had entered, and it had closed again behind her. It was all in an instant, and Esther Thorndike Braddon was face to face with John Olmstead's immaculate nephew—otherwise Malcolm.

Her first thought was to get herself instantly away. The next suggested that she be very sure, first, that she was right, then fly to her father with news of the clay feet of his idol. Then a vein of amusement crept into the situation, and when she found that she was mistaken for an applicant her woman's wit suggested that she had a glorious opportunity to investigate, draw him out, preach him a sermon that should wither him with shame, then tell him who she was, why she came to him, and what every true woman would think of him.

Upon this plan she began operations, and she carried out the plan—almost to the end. The end itself was not quite what she had planned. She went directly to her father. She told him about the will, with its time-limit and forfeiture, of which he already knew; about the mistake in dates, of which he did not know; about Richard Raymond, which did not greatly surprise him; about Stanton's determination to retain the property, of which he highly approved; about the matrimonial advertisement and the plan for a limited alliance, which certainly did not affect him as Esther had feared it might; about—last of all she pulled together all her courage, drew a long, quivering breath, and, with fear and trembling as she thought of what she had done, began—about what her angry, indignant, sympathetic heart had prompted her to say and do to help John Olmstead's nephew and punish Richard Raymond. With wet cheeks she looked up to her father for his verdict.

If Thaddeus Braddon could have been left alone for the next five minutes, he would have given half his fortune; but he was not left alone. Esther's anxious, troubled face was right before him. He saved the half of his fortune, but he ran a great risk of internal combustion of some kind, which might have been much worse.

He did his best to look serious and grave while she continued,—

“You know, papa, I didn't really want to marry Mr. Raymond at any time. I never wanted to marry any one, and I never shall want to. It will not matter at all if I am bound in this way so that I can't. Don't you think I did right, papa?”

“Perfectly right, Esther,” Braddon said, solemnly. “I will look into this matter of Raymond at once, and if the half is true I will have a word with him. He will not annoy you after that. Any ar-

rangement you have made with John Olmstead's nephew will be perfectly safe and honorable, rest assured. Now do you go right home and rest till the time comes. Marrying is a tough pull on the nerves, however you do it, and you'll need all your strength. I'll tell you what we'll do, Esther. You go through this thing like a major. The chances are he'll offer to give up a dozen times before you see the end, for he'll think it's hard on you; but don't you let him do it. Don't let anything slip so that the boy will drop his fortune into Raymond's hands after all; and when it's settled you and I will take that trip to Europe we've been talking about. We'll start one week from to-day, if you see this thing through all right. Now run home,—that's a good girl."

At last he was able to lock the door of his private office and be alone. It was none too soon. Thaddeus Braddon, the white-haired head of Braddon & Burrige, sank into the nearest arm-chair, helplessly convulsed.

Clasping his own hands, lacking the visible hand of his old friend to clasp, he shook them with cordial energy, gasping, between the uncontrollable paroxysms,—

"Oh, Jack, dear old boy, Jack, did you ever hear of such luck in all your life? Mary's boy, Jack, and my Esther! Why, it's almost as good as if Mary was to come back herself and marry me. Oh, Jack, Jack, Jack! And just to think! the two little fools don't know what they're doing, or they'd both of them kick over the traces and balk like a pair of mules."

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#### CHAPTER VIII.

THADDEUS BRADDON'S best developed faculty was that of holding his peace and letting matters take their course, especially where women were concerned. It was enough for him that the two who represented all the world to him were well married. He started for Europe with his daughter, and Stanton reached San Francisco none the wiser for what the old banker knew.

The young lawyer had almost a week to dispose of before the sailing of the steamer. The thought of it was horrible. He knew no one. He did not wish to know any one. If he had seen a familiar face approaching he would have fled from it.

He was unknown in California, and the common civilities accorded to a stranger were responded to by him so coldly that they were rarely repeated. Very soon he found himself in his ideal condition of being let alone. And yet it was not ideal.

He called in vain on common sense to help him. He upbraided himself. He denounced himself. "I'm making an idiotic fool of myself," he groaned. But between fact and philosophy the unfortunate shuttlecock was mercilessly battledored, while a very common disease developed, in accordance with very well known laws.

If he could only have realized that he was desperately in love, the case would have promised much more satisfactory recovery. He

insisted upon considering his symptoms the upheavals of remorse for having cruelly wronged a woman. He felt that she must despise him.

He knew that she was his wife.

A few business telegrams arrived, and were quickly answered. A few friendly inquiries were forwarded, and were utterly ignored. A letter came from Dr. Borden, requiring a reply, and Stanton struggled with it.

The good doctor wrote,—

“MY DEAR BOY,—I trusted you that night, and I trust you still, but I am greatly troubled by reports and lack of facts. If you led me into marrying you to a blank, simply that you might secure your uncle’s fortune (however wise that step might be), you betrayed my love for you. It was a crime. If she was a woman whom you are ashamed to acknowledge, I have still done you an injury rather than which I would willingly have sacrificed both my hands.”

“I shall land in the insane asylum before that steamer starts,” Stanton groaned, as he walked the room with Dr. Borden’s letter in his hand.

Passing a mirror, he paused, folded his arms, and stood, for a time, calmly looking into it.

“Robert Stanton, you’re a disgrace to humanity,” he muttered. Throwing himself down at the table, he wrote to Dr. Borden,—

“I am leaving for Japan, and must answer you briefly. You did not marry me to a blank or to a woman I am ashamed to acknowledge. She was precisely what I represented, a true woman, and I would that I were as worthy of my wife as she is of me.”

With a thrill of supreme delight Stanton hailed the first motion of the wheels as the steamer started, but it was of very short duration.

He looked about the deck with a shudder. It was crowded with the promiscuous company always to be found on the Pacific.

Before the land had disappeared Stanton discovered that it had been all a mistake to imagine that the starting of the steamer would better his condition. It had only changed it for the worse.

As the dark fringe sank into the eastern horizon he clutched the rail, by pure muscular resistance to prevent himself from leaping into the water; not to suicide, but in an overwhelming desire to get back again to that fading fragment of America.

The thought of imprisonment in that steamer while she crept over the thousands of miles of blank ocean was more horrible than anything he had suffered on the land.

“Oh, Stanton, you fool!” he gasped. Turning his back upon the east, he walked deliberately up to a company of passengers and began conversation with one of them.

Before the sun had set the second day the passengers generally had discovered that there was entertainment wherever Stanton chanced to be, and that he was always the centre of it.

There is a wide diversity of taste and sentiment upon those steamers, yet no one seemed to take exception to the New York lawyer.

“He’s the jolliest fellow I ever met,” said a somewhat wayward government clerk to two or three near him, when a week from shore.

"Don't often find a jovial chap like him on board, that's a fact," replied a purchasing agent.

"He is a great addition to our company," said a venerable returning missionary, whose only objection to Stanton was that such men spoke well of him.

"Jolly? Jovial?" the captain of the steamer repeated, as his gray eyes wandered down the deck to where Stanton, as usual, was the centre of a merry, laughing company. "Either I don't know what those words mean or I don't agree with you. We've been out for a week, but that man hasn't smiled since he came on board."

It was difficult to believe, but the three watched and waited, only to discover that the captain's eyes were sharper than their senses.

He was the source of many a merry peal of laughter, but he never smiled, and the fact sank into the missionary's heart. He knew that there was something wrong with a man who never smiled. He set himself to investigate, in the hope that he might render some assistance, and came, very correctly, to his preliminary conclusions. Then he tried to secure an interview, but Stanton was never alone.

In reality the young lawyer had simply discovered that of all disagreeable things which he would instinctively put away he was himself the most disagreeable, and in a choice of evils he was putting himself away by keeping others about him. Many a troubled soul had done the same before, but he knew nothing of such sentiments, either in himself or in others.

At last the missionary succeeded in finding Stanton alone on deck early one morning. He made a few preliminary remarks concerning the human duty of bearing one another's burdens, and said,—

"You have more friends on board than any of us, yet you seem to me to be in need of a real friend and to lack one. I wish that you could accept my sacred office, rather than its unworthy holder, and give me your confidence."

"Do I act like one depressed?" Stanton asked, absently.

"You do, sir, and you are," replied the missionary. "You are the life of the steamer, but your own heart is not in it. Do not be angry, sir. Remember that my only desire is to serve you. Let me even say frankly that you have seemed to me like one struggling with an unfortunate love-affair. Am I not correct?"

"You are correct," said Stanton.

"I am sorry, very sorry," the missionary replied, with a look and voice saying plainly that he too had suffered, long ago. "Was she unworthy?" he asked, gently.

"She was exceptionally worthy," Stanton said.

"That is something to be thankful for," the missionary exclaimed, glad to find something consoling. "It is well that you do not repent having cast your pearls to swine."

"I am thankful," Stanton replied, with more energy than had been in his voice for many a day. He was looking backward.

"Does she love another?" the missionary asked.

"No."

"There again you are fortunate. Surely you must still have hope."

"I have."

"Good. Keep it. Hope deferred makes the heart sick, and your heart is sick. I knew it. But hope is the anchor to the soul, after all. Don't let the anchor go. Was there opposition?"

"No."

"Sometimes a little opposition is really a necessary stimulus. Why did she refuse you?"

"She did not refuse me."

"Can it be that you are so sensitive as to suffer all this simply for some fancied lack of reciprocation in her face?"

"I never saw her face."

"My friend, you astonish me. I've heard of matches made by correspondence or by mutual friends, but I never believed much in them. Tell me of this one. Was it by writing?"

"I never wrote to her. I never saw her handwriting but twice."

"Then the mutual friends who have brought about this suffering must have a weight of responsibility."

"We have no mutual friends," said Stanton.

"Sir, you amaze me. Who and what can this woman be?"

"She is my wife," said Stanton.

"Sir, you are jesting."

"Sir, I am not jesting. You appealed to your position for the right to ask me such questions as you chose. I have answered each truly, so help me God."

"Sir, you bewilder me. You astound me."

"Sir, the same conditions have perplexed, amazed, bewildered, and astounded me too, quite enough to account for any slight depression which may have attracted your attention. It must be obvious to you that little benefit can be derived through conversation, where the immediate effect upon you is the same as the more deliberate effect on me. I trust that you will respect what to me is a very painful subject, and never refer to it again."

Whatever the conclusions at which the missionary arrived, they were surely not unkind, for during the last dinner on board he rose at the table and cordially thanked Robert Stanton, Esquire, on behalf of the passengers, the officers, and the crew, for his unflinching cheerfulness and his untiring good offices to all, making the voyage so much pleasanter and making them all better for his being among them.

The sentiments were incomprehensible and intensely disagreeable to Stanton, and yet there was something in them which set him thinking and gradually opened his eyes.

"It was small thanks to me," he said to himself, as he thought the matter over on shore. "I never exerted myself in that way before, simply because I never had a right good selfish incentive. Misery drove me to it, but it surely did make others happier. I believe it was the first time in my life that I ever attempted to make others happy, and it surely made me less miserable, too. There's an idea there that is good straight philosophy. If I think continually of myself, I've no time to think of others. If I think sometimes of others, I've less time to think of myself. I brought myself into a fine con-

dition, thinking only of myself. It is high time I took the hint. I don't wonder Esther Thorndike didn't want me, but it may be, if I make myself a different man, that I may yet be worthy of her as a real wife. I will try."

Instantly the world about him began to assume an attractiveness which only his office and profession had ever possessed for him before.

He found humanity an intensely interesting study the moment he looked upon it as anything but a means to professional comfort. More than that, he was astonished to find it instantly reciprocative. Giving, it was given unto him, till he had more abundance of precisely the same commodity which he endeavored to impart.

His enthusiasm for the new idea constantly increased as he went on through the Orient, following the itinerary, date for date, with careful precision. Increasingly the new theory worked wonders with the world as he saw it and as it saw him.

He was passed along from friend to friend, by letters and telegrams in advance of him, till it soon became evident to him that there was no possibility of taking the initiative, and that at the best he was only reciprocating. Strangest of all to him, he found himself enjoying the condition, especially each opportunity to reciprocate.

He was conversing with a Brahmin scholar, in Delhi, when the argument turned upon the value of men.

"Surely we are all but atoms," said the pundit. "We are aiding to the ultimate if we make men happier and better, and we retard the progress of things when we wrong ourselves or others. An atom is of value to the ultimate, and to itself only as it is of value to others. The men who built these walls, thousands of years ago, aided to the ultimate. Do not you?"

"I hardly know," said Stanton. "Of late I have been trying to follow vague hints, at least, in that direction; and I confess if I had known, long ago, what I was losing by not following them before, I should not have lost so much."

"Happiness is the highest state attainable," said the pundit. "It is the highest conception of which the mind is capable, and the time to be happy is surely now. There is but one way to be happy, and that is in making others so."

Stanton grasped his companion's hand as he replied,—

"That is neither pagan nor Christian. It is simply Truth."

Even in the heart of Persia—even in Bagdad—he found himself making friends, appreciating them, and pained at parting. They were new and delightful sensations. Even the pain was a counter-irritant that served a good purpose.

In Bagdad he found a young Persian, Shiekali, educated in Europe, who met him when the steamer arrived, warned of his coming by friends in India. He proved not only a most agreeable host, but a profound antiquary, who was just pushing forward to completion his discovery that the base of the great river wall on the old Bagdad side of the Tigris was laid of Babylonish brick.

One of these bricks was discovered while Stanton was in Bagdad, bearing the imprint of Nebuchadnezzar, proving the city to be of far

greater antiquity than modern historians had been ready to admit, and identifying it as the site of the Bagdad mentioned in the Assyrian geographical catalogues of the days of Sardanapalus.

At first it seemed of little consequence or interest to Stanton ; but Shiekali had a faculty of enriching a subject the moment he touched it, and before he left Bagdad Stanton was not only an enthusiastic admirer of the Persian and his theories, but an ardent participant in his researches.

“What fabulous resources for enjoyment are within our reach in every direction, if our eyes are only open to them !” he exclaimed. “And yet I came within a hair’s breadth of living my life out and dying in the theory that the only interesting thing in the world was a question of law.”

At last he reached Jerusalem,—poor Jerusalem !—when she was staggering under the Christian orgies of Passion Week.

It is a pity to see Jerusalem then, and Stanton sat in silent disgust in the gallery of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, looking down upon the mob of fanatics, and wishing himself back in heathendom, when suddenly his thoughts flew far away to his office in New York on that morning of December 6.

He heard the voice of his first caller, speaking. He saw her eyes, bright, flashing, beautiful.

He had thought about that day as little as possible of late. It was by no means forgotten, nor was his struggle to become worthy of the end in view one whit abated, but thoughts of the past still roused only the morbid sentiments he was struggling to dispel.

Again and again he tried to put the memory out of his mind, but he saw only those eyes. He moved restlessly, and involuntarily looked across to the opposite gallery.

She was there.

Her arm rested on the rail, her cheek on her hand. Her head was bent forward as though she had been watching the rioters, but her eyes—as plainly as though they two had been alone, he saw that those beautiful eyes were fixed on him. For the moment he could not move. Then, either because she saw that he was looking or because she did not see him at all, her eyes turned slowly to the crowd below.

Instantly he rose, and as quickly as possible made his way to the opposite gallery.

She was no longer there.

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## CHAPTER IX.

“If she recognized me at all, she surely saw that I was coming, and left to avoid me,” Stanton said to himself as he looked in vain along the gallery. “And really, now, I don’t blame her for not running to meet the fellow for whom she found a wife. I hope I shall be able to show her some slight improvement if ever we do chance to meet.”

With that he dropped the subject and went on with his itinerary ;

but the incident had roused in him an intense longing for home, which grew stronger and stronger the more he tried to shake it off. He faithfully obeyed his mute director, following its commands through North Africa and Europe, till months later he was strolling through the Place de la Concorde with a prominent Parisian, congratulating himself that only Spain and Italy remained before him.

The obelisk attracted his attention, and he paused as a hieroglyphic carried him away to his friend in Bagdad.

Suddenly her face shut out the obelisk. Her voice drowned all other sounds. Her eyes flashed in his thoughts.

With the quickness of reflex action he turned, as a pair of fiery cobs dashed past him towards the Bois de Boulogne.

She was driving them. Beside her sat a white-haired man, and even in the first shock Stanton realized that he had seen his face before. Behind them sat the footman.

Her eyes met his in one flash of recognition, but before he could move she was gone. He stood silently watching while the carriage disappeared between the marble groups. Only vaguely he realized that the Frenchman was saying,—

"So you know her. Happy man! But you cannot win her, nor can any one else. They say she has the wealth to purchase a prince, but she is always beside her father. She has beauty to capture anything, but she will look at nothing. There are noblemen without number who would give their titles for such a glance as you received. Happy man! How I envy you!"

Stanton winced as he thought how he had questioned that woman, in his office, less than a year before.

"How she must have laughed at me, even if she did pity me and provide me with a wife!" he thought, as they walked away. The idea grew and developed, till he said to himself, "I'm under no obligations not to see this woman. She came to me without an apology, when she had business. I will go to her. I'll tell her I am determined to be a different man and make myself worthy of a real wife. She helped me to win Esther Thorndike's assistance. She may be willing to help me to win her love."

He finally recalled the father's face as that of Thaddeus Braddon, of Braddon & Burridge. One of the last victories he had won at the bar was an almost hopeless case against Braddon & Burridge. Stanton had noticed only the junior partner in the court-room, but Braddon was there, and chuckled in a most unaccountable way as John Olmstead's nephew twisted his witnesses about till they said precisely what they did not mean and the case went against him in spite of glaring facts to the contrary.

Stanton easily learned the location of their lodgings. He found the place the next afternoon, and learned from a servant that Mr. Braddon and his daughter had left Paris quite suddenly and unexpectedly that morning, even forgetting to tell him where they were going or when they would return.

The tips of his teeth showed under his moustache as Stanton walked slowly away, saying to himself,—

"So she did know me, and there's no doubt she intends to avoid me. Well, I'll not keep her away from Paris, right in the height of the season. I'll leave myself in the morning. But we shall meet some time, my beauty, on this side the ocean or the other; and when we do I have a word to say to you. I'm ashamed of the man you knew me, but I'm not ashamed to look you in the face and tell you so. You are my only possible means of reaching Esther Thorndike, and you must help me. You must. That's all there is to it."

Stanton took pains to have definite statements appear, in the two journals which all Americans read, that he had left Paris for Spain and Italy, whence he should sail for America late in November, without returning to the capital.

"If we meet again it will be your own fault, now, and you will have to listen to me. See?" he observed; but the weeks slipped away without such an incident, and he found himself in Naples upon the eve of sailing for home.

Home?

How he had longed for that time to come!

Now it suddenly appeared to him that he had no home.

The stately, old-fashioned mansion that he loved would be well aired and warmed to receive him on the 6th of December, for he had already sent the order to Sam and his wife. But was that all there was of home?

The good old couple would welcome him back,—back to sleep and bathe and breakfast. But even that would increase their cares, and necessitate more servants in the house to annoy them. It could not prove any real pleasure to them.

"What is there, after all, in this going home that I've been longing for?" he asked himself, and the loneliness in him answered, "Nothing."

He was sitting at one of the little tables, smoking, in that wondrously picturesque garden stretching between the broad and beautiful Chiaja and the incomparable Bay of Naples.

San Martino looked down from the hill behind: Capri lay a bright dot on the blue water, and flashed, as the sun went down, like a diamond set in a mirror of ruby and sapphire. The black murderer of Pompeii and Herculaneum drew a royal Tyrian mantle about his rugged sides and shrank away in the deepening gloom till only his grim, lava shadow stood in the gloaming against the sky, under the eternal pillar of smoke, and down the long garden ten thousand lamps flashed out, enhancing its marvellous beauty.

Even the waiters seemed happy as they dispensed the delicious creams and fragrant coffee to those sitting at the tables. From the grand pavilion one of the finest of Italian orchestras rendered such music as might almost have thrilled the frozen souls of the marble gods and goddesses.

In the extravaganza of dreams Robert Stanton dreamed, not of the home that would be, but of the home that might be. He dreamed of Esther Thorndike there, his wife,—his real wife.

Suddenly the banker's daughter usurped the place, and the home changed to his office. He heard her voice. He saw her eyes.

"She is here," he muttered, and, turning as though some one had spoken, he looked, as he knew that he should look, directly into her eyes. And yet it caught his breath, and for a moment he could not move.

Her father was beside her, at one of the little tables. He was listening to the music.

She seemed unconscious, almost as though asleep and dreaming, dreaming some delightful dream from which it would be cruelty to rouse her.

For a moment Stanton's very life seemed to stand still,—as a boat at the vortex of the Norwegian pool stops for an instant, shudders, draws back a handbreadth, then plunges and is engulfed. And the whirling pool was those flashing eyes.

It would have been easy to make the plunge. It required a super-human struggle to drag himself back from the spell.

"This is not asking her to help me win my wife," he muttered. Grinding his teeth, he deliberately lifted his hat. Then she woke with a start. For a moment she looked at him irresolutely. Her head inclined just perceptibly, and she looked away.

That alone would not have caused Stanton to hesitate, but his heart was throbbing. His muscles were quivering. He did not dare to trust them.

"Not here. It is too public," he said. "But to-night,—to-night, before I sleep, I must see her."

It was impossible to sit there, yet he would not have her think that she drove him too easily. Slowly he settled his bill, and very slowly made the usual preparations for departure; but when, at the last moment, he glanced towards her again, the face was still turned away from him. She was talking with her father.

With a troubled sigh he walked slowly away. It was not encouraging.

A hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a voice said,—

"Beg pardon, sir; my name's Braddon,—Thaddeus Braddon, of Braddon & Burrige, bankers, New York. You know the firm. You won a case against us a year ago. We were right, and you knew it, but you twisted our witnesses about till every one of 'em was ready to swear that he had never spoken the truth in all his life. Never mind. It was business, and it was worth all it cost to see you do it; only I want you on the other side next time.

"Your name's Stanton,—Robert Stanton. You're my old friend John Olmstead's nephew. Your mother was an Olmstead,—Mary Olmstead. I used to know her. Used to think she was an angel. Think so still, even if she did refuse to marry me. It almost killed me at the time, and it's almost killed me ever since. You look just like your mother, and, if you don't mind, I'd like to shake hands with you.

"Good gracious, man, it takes me back again to—— Confound it, I'm pretty old for tears. I say, my daughter's here with me. She's my sister's child. I took her when her father and mother died. Oh, I never married. No, indeed. Seems you and she have met before.

She caught sight of you here and sent me after you to ask if you wouldn't come round and dine with us to-night. Dinner's in one hour. Private lodgings. All alone. No form. Here's the card. And, I say, you'll excuse me now, won't you? I must be getting back to her, or she'll say I'm growing old and take too long at doing errands. One hour. Don't forget. Glad to have met you, sir. Hope to see more of you." And he was gone.

Stanton watched as he disappeared in the crowd, and, with a half-sigh, half-smile, remarked,—

"If she thinks he is growing old she's mistaken."

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## CHAPTER X.

IF the meeting had been the working out of his own plans, Stanton would have carried his message on his tongue. As it was, he held it more in deference, waiting for an opportunity that was slow to come.

"Your trip has changed you till I believe your friends at home will hardly know that it is really you," Miss Braddon said, in response to a passing compliment. "You wouldn't have said that a year ago. You'd just have looked me over solemnly, and remarked, 'Hm. You must have been out of doors. You have freckles on your nose.'"

"I certainly had a vast collection of disagreeable traits," Stanton replied, seeing his first opportunity. "I've discovered some of them and been making a struggle to dislodge them. I'm glad if you see a change, for you knew me at my worst, and I'm heartily ashamed of it. Any change at all must be for the better."

"Oh, Mr. Stanton, what an idea!" she exclaimed. "Of course I knew you at your worst, but, truly, that worst was so much better than the best I ever knew of hosts of people who think themselves very good, that I have always considered you a remarkably model man. Papa says it's all because you're an Olmstead and couldn't be anything else. And don't you think we're all of us a little ashamed every time we look back? I am. If I weren't I shouldn't think I was making any progress."

"You're comforting, to say the least," Stanton replied, and was going on to press the opportunity, when Miss Braddon interrupted,—

"We saw by the paper that you were soon to leave for home. What a lion they will make of you!"

"Of me?"

"Certainly."

"Why?"

"Because you deserve it, of course."

"Deserve what?"

"To be lionized."

"For what?"

"Now, Mr. Stanton, if I didn't know you I should think all sorts of things; but instead I'll begin and tell you all about what you know just as well as the rest of us, only you don't see it in the same light.

Didn't you make a great hero of yourself when your steamer was captured by pirates in the Gulf of Siam?"

"Indeed I did not, Miss Braddon," Stanton exclaimed, and his cheeks flushed. "I swung a rusty sword in the faces of a few Chinese cowards, and they ran without a scratch. That was heroism indeed."

"Of course I don't know all the particulars, but I'm sure the King of Siam thought so, or he wouldn't have decorated you with an order. The New York papers thought so, or they'd not have printed so much about it. The British government thought so, or it would not have remembered it till you reached London, two months ago, and presented you with a medal. But how was it about your being almost killed by a tiger, in India, while saving the life of a little native girl? There was a story printed about that, too."

"I was hardly hurt at all," Stanton replied, thoroughly confused. "I simply wanted the tiger's skin as a memento, and I have it."

With a merry laugh Miss Braddon replied, "How fortunate for the little girl that that was just the tiger whose skin you wanted, and that you wanted it at that very moment when it was about to kill her! But what papa thought most of was your address before the Historical Society of London, when you gave them an old Babylonish brick. He said he couldn't see how a lawyer could possibly know so much about antiquity."

Vainly Stanton endeavored to take another step towards the end he had in view. Before the evening was past Miss Braddon had invited him to drive with them to Vesuvius the next day, and to sit in their box at the opera in the evening.

The second day was a failure, like the first, so far as the message was concerned; while with every atom of manhood in him Stanton struggled to hold himself back from what he knew would be a fatal plunge into that bewildering pool.

Why should she fascinate him till his heart and brain reeled? No woman had so much as attracted him before; and now, of all times, when it must not be!

"Is it because she knows that I am married and thinks herself safe?" he asked himself. "I hope she is safe. If not, surely I am not worthy of Esther Thorndike's love. I don't know. Sometimes when she looks at me that way, as though she were ready to put her arms round my neck, I feel as if I could throw away everything to run to her. It would be throwing away everything, and I will not do it."

Then he thought of ignominious flight, but there was just one day left before his intended departure from Naples. He determined to see it to the end, true to himself and to his wife, and if he still failed to find the opportunity to give her the message he would at least conduct himself in such a way that he might write it in a letter and send it to her after he was gone, asking her to deliver it.

He even decided to take the initiative, and invited the banker and his daughter to spend the last afternoon in a sail to Capri.

At the very last moment Mr. Braddon declared that he did not much like the water, and decided to remain at home. A cold shiver

crept over the young lawyer as he heard the announcement; but Miss Braddon had no intention of abandoning the trip on her father's account.

With grim determination Stanton clutched the door of his heart that nothing should open it. It was a very new experience.

Miss Braddon had never made herself so beautiful before. She had never been so entertaining. The boatman was accustomed to carrying lovers to Capri. Of all the world the Bay of Naples is the place for them. It is the beautiful home of love.

If Stanton had sought for opportunities to say, "I love you," they were without number; but to deliver his message was utterly impossible.

The sails were filling to return when Miss Braddon said, abruptly,—

"Mr. Stanton, you are not really so happy as you wish to seem. I wonder if you would tell me why."

"It is because I am not satisfied," he replied, as abruptly.

"I was afraid, at the time, that it would prove an irksome bondage, and I am very sorry," she said, as though in all their conversation they had spoken of nothing else but that one subject which had not once been mentioned.

"You were mistaken," Stanton replied, calmly.

Like a flash the dark eyes turned on his.

"Do you mean that it is not irksome?"

"Not in the way you mean," Stanton said.

"I hardly understand you."

"Yet I very much wish that you did."

"Why in particular?"

"Because through you is my only hope of being understood where, of all, I am most anxious to be understood."

"Do you mean with Esther Thorndike?"

"Yes."

"Why, you have never even mentioned her name."

"If I were not bound by a condition that is a most irksome bondage, I should have gone to her, direct, long ago, instead of living in the hope that in some way I might reach her through you."

"What would you have me say to her?"

"Tell her that I am trying to be a better man than when she saw me, and ask her to give me freedom from the chains she bound, and let me, as a man, come to her, as a woman, and try to win her love."

"Truly, Mr. Stanton, you astonish me. Is that what you have been thinking of, all these days?"

"I could have had but one other thought."

"What thought?"

"To win your love."

"And that you do not care for?" she asked, almost sadly, trailing a rope in the water.

"That is not the question."

"It is for me, if I love you."

Stanton turned, slowly, till his eyes rested full upon hers. His

face was very pale. It was more than he had ever dared to dread. He knew that it meant death,—death to the hopes he had fostered and the dreams he had dreamed, death to his self-respect, death to his future. Yet he could most easily have said,—

In a look if death there be,  
Come, and I will look on thee.

His lips moved slowly, but they moved steadily, with all the force of his will behind them, as he replied,—

“Any living man who had the right would be a blind fool not to love you and long for your love.”

“But you have not the right?”

“No.”

“Because you have a wife?”

“Yes.”

“But do I not understand the arrangement, and does not Esther? And if you asked her do you not think that she would agree to some arrangement that would set you free?”

“After she has seen me and known me, if she cannot love me and be my real wife, and if for herself she wishes to be free, she can say so. It is her right.”

“Is it because you have discovered that you really want a wife, a real wife, and your sense of honor forces you to hold the place open for her?”

“I think not.”

“Surely you don't mean that you think you love her?”

“I don't know.”

“Did you ever see her face?”

“Never.”

“Have you ever learned much about her?”

“I know absolutely nothing but what she and you have told me.”

“Well, if you were not bound in honor to her, surely for that one meeting you would not still be thinking of her.”

“Or perhaps we might have met again and again, as the result of one meeting, had it not been for that binding. At all events, for that meeting I am indebted to you, and by your help I hope to meet her again.”

“Surely you do not think she loved you, Mr. Stanton?”

“I hope that she will love me, some day.”

“Has no one tempted you to let slip such a slender thread as that?”

“It must be stronger than it seems, for no one has tempted me,—no one but the woman to whom I have come for help to win my wife.”

The boat was close upon the landing-stage. The carriage was already waiting there. As they stepped on shore Miss Braddon turned abruptly, and said,—

“If you and Esther should try to be more to each other, and fail, it would be worse than it is now. You cannot possibly be sure that you love her. I will tell her all I know, but let it rest this way. You said that you were to reach home on the 6th of December. It is the

first anniversary of the marriage. Think it over till then. If you feel as you have said to-day, send some flowers to papa's bank for her that day. If you find that you have a single doubt, oh, I beg of you, for her sake, not to do it. She will think it over too, and if the flowers come to her she will send some message to your home in Brooklyn, telling you what she feels in her heart is best. If you do not send the flowers, it will only be that you wish to be honest and true. If she returns some message which you do not wish, remember it is because she too is trying to be honest with herself and you.

"Now, don't think it rude in me. I am only a woman, and I want to be alone. You have said good-by to papa. Please let me say it right here; and may the best of life be yours always!"

Before he could speak, she was gone. Stanton stood in bewildered astonishment and watched the carriage drive away.

At least she was not angry. She did not look it. Yet the carriage disappeared and she had not looked back.

Her last words were still ringing in his ears as Stanton took a worn card from his pocket and read, "May the best of life be yours, always! ESTHER THORNDIKE."

He replaced it with a troubled sigh and turned his face towards America.

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## CHAPTER XI.

ON the afternoon of the 5th of December, 1893, Stanton stood upon the wharf at New York.

He went first to a florist's. Then, repeating Miss Braddon's words, "I want to be alone," he went to a hotel and took a room without registering.

It was a useless precaution, however, for the morning papers announced his arrival in a way to indicate Miss Braddon's prophecy correct.

His office was besieged when he reached it in the morning. He was astonished that business-men could be so cordial. In spite of every effort, it was noon before he reached his home, where Sam and his wife made their timid greetings as expressive as they dared.

They were amazed by the hearty response they received, for since his baby days they had never known the young master say so much and say it so kindly to them.

There were many messages and cards of welcome. Dr. Borden had already called, and left word that he should call again. The good man might chide his friend if he thought him in the wrong, but he was enough of a true man to be all the more his friend for that.

One envelope Stanton caught eagerly from the pile and with it hurried to his room. There he opened it, and in blank astonishment stood staring at the card it contained.

Across the centre was the name "Esther Thorndike." In the corner was Mr. Braddon's home address, and above the name was written, "Jeremiah 40: 4."

"She might have said what she had to say without the help of Jeremiah," he muttered, and, folding his arms, stood looking down at the little card as it lay on the table. It must have been for some time that he stood there, and the knife was cutting deep, for tears glistened in his eyes, when a tap on the door roused him and Sam's white head appeared.

Sam had come with a simple message from his wife concerning the hour when the master would have the first meal served; but the sight of the master's face obliterated it, simple as it was, and to an incoherent effort on Sam's part to say something Stanton replied,—

"Bring me a Bible, Sam."

Sam's wife stood anxiously waiting at the foot of the stairs, for she proposed to have that first meal the masterpiece of her life.

"He don't seem to want to eat, M'ria," Sam said, when he was safely landed at the bottom. "His arms was folded and his hair standin' up, and when I asked him how 'twould be 'bout eatin', says he, 'Bring me a Bible, Sam.' Now, do you go fish one up, M'ria, an' fish it lively; for he didn't look like he cared to wait for one to grow out in the garden."

The good woman knew the locality of everything in the house except the books. Books without pictures had no charms for her.

It happened, however, that there was one Bible, a colossal affair, overburdened with illustrations, resting upon a plush cushion, under embroidered velvet, in the library. In calmer moments she might have recalled the whereabouts of some smaller copy, for there were Bibles enough about the house; but her mind was centred on soups, broiled chicken and condiments, pies, cakes and puddings, with bread turned upside down in the oven for just a last touch of brown on the bottom. She recalled only this one copy, and started for it at a rolling waddle which really was not resultant in such rapid transit as her ordinary gait, but was more in harmony with the general idea of haste.

She dusted the huge volume with her apron and came back to Sam, bending under the burden.

"'Nough of it, such as 'tis," Sam muttered, as he climbed the stairs.

Stanton met him at the door, stared for an instant, then clutched the book, laid it on the bed, and bent eagerly over it, while Sam stood speechless in the open door.

When the verse was found, Stanton unconsciously read aloud. The print was colossal; in common, instinctive consistency, a silent perusal would not have coped with it.

When Sam returned to his waiting wife he said,—

"Now, M'ria, you mark my words. What with wanderin' in godly parts, 'mong pirates an' tigers an' heathen kings an' old bricks, as you've read about in the papers, that young man has gone daft. He just made them leaves fly till he struck what he wanted, an' then he read out to me 'bout chains an' Babylon an' Christopher Columbus, an' up he jumped and down them stairs an' out doors like a rat with a cat behind."

"Sho, Samuel!" his wife said, struggling to be calm. "Might be

you was a leetle daft yourself. Christopher Columbus ain't one o' the Bible folks. You know that, Samuel."

"I'm not so sure I do, M'ria," Sam said, doubtfully. "I know he come on later, but I have my doubts if he didn't take his name out of the Bible, same's I did. He read it all out plain, and the very last was Christopher Columbus. Book's open just as he left it, M'ria. You just go see."

M'ria climbed the stairs and studied and studied till she came to the verse which Sam recognized.

"That's it! That's it!" he exclaimed. "Now begin back and read it all."

So M'ria read, slowly and solemnly, as was befitting one who could not read well at the best, and was reading from the Bible:

"And now, behold, I loose thee this day from the chains which were upon thine hand. If it seem good unto thee to come with me into Babylon, come, and I will look well unto thee; but if it seem ill unto thee to come with me into Babylon, forbear: behold, all the land is before thee: whither it seemeth good and convenient for thee to go, thither go." But there was never a word concerning Christopher Columbus at the close, and the good wife remarked, as many and many a time she had done before,—

"Samuel, I told you so."

In the mean time Stanton had crossed the city of Brooklyn and found the door of Thaddeus Braddon's mansion opened for him by the banker's daughter, even before he rang the bell.

He never knew precisely what took place, but he always remembered the flash of the diamond set in pearls, and the words,—

"I didn't want to love you. I didn't want to love any one. I ran away from you in Jerusalem and Paris, for, until you bowed to me in Naples, I felt sure that you must have found out who it was, and I knew that if you looked into my eyes they would betray me and you would know that I—that I was only a woman and I loved you."

THE END.

## THE EASTERN SHORE.

**T**HAT division of Maryland which is known as "The Eastern Shore" contains no vast extent of territory, and it is peopled by no immense multitudes; no great historical event has occurred there; it has not had the fierce light of publicity turned upon every happening within its borders; it is not a state; it is not an empire; it has no gold- or silver- or coal-mines, no oil- or gas-wells; and it has no imperial possibilities. It is not the centre of the world; no large metropolis exists upon it, and none ever will exist there.

Nevertheless it is a famous region; its local name is known to most of the intelligent citizens of the United States, and the place indicated by the title is at once understood. It has a greatness of its own, and has claims upon public attention. Its situation is interesting; its population has a marked character; its products are valuable, and are in demand everywhere in this land, and in many places outside America; and its fame is great, because of the sensations it provides for the palates of men. No district in the ancient world was more justly celebrated for provisions for pleasing the epicure than this territory, which is sometimes thought of as a mere sand-bar. The grapes of Ephraim or the onions and garlic of Egypt were not more famous among the Jews, or the wheat-fields of Egypt among the Romans, or the eel- and mullet-ponds of Lucullus, or the wines of Falernia, among the same people, than some of the products of this region are among moderns.

"The Eastern Shore" lies, like an arm thrust up by the ocean, between the Atlantic and the Chesapeake Bay; around it break the surge and thunder of the sea; and ocean's breezes sweep perpetually over it. It is a sand-bar, but it is something more; it is a garden, and an orchard. Nature seemed unkind when she strewed this sand upon clay without stones; but she repented, clothed it all in verdure, made it yield almost every fruit, vegetable, and berry in profusion and of finest quality, filled even the swamps with cypress, cedar, and pine, stored the streams with fishes, filled the waters along the coasts with shell-fish, crustaceans, and valuable finny creatures, sent flocks of birds into the fields and woods, and flights of wild fowl upon all the waters. But, despite the fame of its products, the Eastern Shore is one of the less well-known portions of our country. Few persons have any accurate conception of it or knowledge of its characteristics; they have only a vague impression that it is a noted place from which many table delicacies come.

Yet it is an interesting region. It is a part of the Chesapeake and Delaware peninsula, which contains an area of six thousand square miles, bounded on the north by the State of Pennsylvania, on the east by the Delaware Bay and Atlantic Ocean, and on the west by the Chesapeake. Its length is about two hundred miles, and its greatest breadth seventy, while its narrowest part is fifteen. Of this territory

the Eastern Shore of Maryland comprises four-ninths, Delaware three-ninths, and the Eastern Shore of Virginia two-ninths.

Its local name is no recent invention ; it was baptized so long ago as to give its title, as things go in America, a quite venerable antiquity. In a letter written by Lord Baltimore, dated October 23, 1656, he says "his lordship requires his said lieutenant and Council to cause the bounds thereof to be kept in memory, and notoriously known, especially the bounds between Maryland and Virginia, on that part of the country known there by the name of the Eastern Shore."

Some persons have an impression that this region is a confusion of swamps and sandy deserts ; but in fact a large part of it is in many respects an earthly paradise. To a certain extent isolated by its geographical position, it is nevertheless connected with the outer world by first-class railways and daily lines of boats. Its relative seclusion is the explanation of the development of marked characteristics among many of its people ; there the breath of modernism has heretofore only begun to modify long established customs and habits. This is therefore an excellent place to study fixed types of character, and to examine survivals from the past.

The population was originally almost entirely English, and the settlers belonged largely to the class of gentry ; the estates are still called "manors" and "houses," and the customs are largely English. The language of the better classes is quite Elizabethan, and the libraries contain chiefly English classics ; the proverbs on the lips of the people are those of the days of Shakespeare. The superior homes are large and spacious, surrounded by trees, and the inhabitants bear marks of culture and refinement.

The most picturesque estates are to be found on the smaller islands, chiefly on the Chesapeake side. There is something fascinating about islands ; to own one, to have a stately mansion upon it, to be surrounded by a lovely family and numerous servants, to have one's rich fields yield abundant food, and his woodland material for fires, to have the surrounding waters supply fish, oysters, clams, crabs, terrapin, ducks, and wild fowl, to have one's own quail, rabbits, grouse, and woodcock, to have one's own boats for sailing and for reaching the mainland when desired, is indeed to realize a dream. The islands of the Chesapeake have given opportunities to a dozen or twenty families to establish such homes as we have indicated. Byron used to say that he hoped some day to purchase one of the islands in the Grecian Archipelago and there to establish his household gods. Truly the Greek islands have attached to them a history and a romance of incomparable interest ; nevertheless, while those of the Chesapeake cannot rival those famous ones, they possess a charm of their own.

The railway accommodations on the Eastern Shore are now of an excellent kind ; the necessity for rapid transit in shipping fruits and vegetables from this garden spot, which adds so large a contribution to the markets of several great cities, has developed this industry. The peninsula is netted with railways branching from the main line, which bisects it from north to south. Six millions of consumers, within twenty hours' distance from the lowest point of the peninsula, await the

products of this fertile territory. Railways and steamers put the farmers and fruit-raisers and fishermen in quick contact with the markets. There is scarcely a region in the United States of equal extent that possesses so large a proportion of cultivable land. The marshes along the Atlantic have other uses than the yield of harvests, and are not unprofitable to their owners, as they afford opportunities for the slaughter of wild fowl. Even the swamps are valuable, since from them are derived cedar, cypress, and pine. The upper portion of the peninsula possesses a heavy and gently rolling soil, which is covered with fine farms, superior forests of oak and chestnuts, and is admirably adapted to growing the cereals. Other portions have a lighter soil, especially suited to fruits and vegetables; this region furnishes a large share of its own fertilizers, in great deposits of green-sand and shell marl. Lime is also abundant, derived from the vast Indian shell-banks which are found along most of the waters; new oyster-shells also furnish a part of the fertilizer. The soil of the peninsula is underlaid by a substratum of clay; such land is easily cultivated, and is suited for early fruits and vegetables.

One-half of the counties of the Eastern Shore have heavy crops of wheat, which yield as much as the best wheat counties of Pennsylvania; corn of superior quality is grown in nearly every section, while oats, rye, and barley flourish. Peas, tomatoes, white and sweet potatoes, turnips, asparagus, beans, in fact, all the principal vegetables, there reach their highest perfection. Fruits of a superior quality are raised in endless variety; the fig and the pomegranate ripen in the open air in the extreme southern counties, while in other sections peaches, pears, apples, plums, cherries, apricots, and quinces flourish wonderfully. Watermelons, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, currants, cranberries, and whortleberries are also shipped to the cities in immense quantities. Grape culture has recently become a leading pursuit.

In this region the peach is cultivated to a larger extent and with greater success, both as to quality and as to quantity, than anywhere else in the world. In 1875 the peach crop was the largest known on the peninsula, and there were then carried over one railroad and its connections nine thousand and seventy-two car-loads of peaches. In 1882, with a smaller but still large crop, the same railroad carried five thousand and eighty-two car-loads. In the former year there were also carried on this line nine hundred and five car-loads of berries. These figures represent millions of baskets of peaches, and a great many millions of quarts of strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, whortleberries, cherries, currants, and gooseberries. At the same time we are to remember that at least an equal amount of peaches and other fruits was shipped by boat, or used in the canneries or evaporating establishments.

The waters of both shores abound with life in various and useful forms. Shad- and herring-fisheries are numerous. In nearly all the waters are to be found in great abundance rockfish, sturgeon, sheep's-head, trout, and so forth. The extent of the oyster-beds in the peninsula is about five thousand three hundred and seventy-three square miles, giving occupation to more than ten thousand hands afloat. Besides six hundred dredging vessels, averaging twenty-three tons each,

there are two thousand canoes, which take about five bushels each daily by tongs during seven months of the year. The product is not less than ten million bushels, worth in first hands five million dollars. Hard and soft crabs, turtles, and terrapin are plentiful nearly everywhere. Wild fowl are found in wonderful variety of numbers and quality on the Atlantic shores. The choicest game-birds in the world are here. Inland, woodcocks, partridges, snipe, wild pigeons, rabbits, and squirrels abound. The climate is a happy mean between the tropical and the temperate. The soil seldom freezes to a greater depth than six inches; ploughing in December and January is quite common. The planting and ripening seasons of the lower parts of the peninsula are two weeks in advance of those of New Jersey, and four or five weeks earlier than those of Pennsylvania.

To the angler this region offers great attractions. Here are found in abundance the rockfish, the black bass, the white perch, the yellow perch, the moccasin, and the pike, in fresh waters, while in the salt waters the sheep's-head, the weak-fish, the Southern sea-trout, the croaker, the Spanish mackerel, and the blue-fish exist in great numbers. For the gunners there are the canvas-back duck, the redhead, the mallard, the summer duck, the green-winged teal, the long-tailed duck, the black duck, the buffel-head, the tufted duck, the golden eye, the shoveller, the pin-tail, the blue-winged teal, the snow goose, the Canada goose, the sheldrake, the brant, the dusky duck, the scaup duck, and the bald pate. Here are to be had the long-billed curlew, the short-billed curlew, the straight-billed curlew, the red-backed snipe, the willet, the red-breasted snipe, the long-shanked snipe, the yellow-shanked snipe, the tell-tale godwit, the turn-stone, the ash-colored sandpiper, the purre, the black-bellied plover, the red-breasted sandpiper, the woodcock, the quail, the English snipe, the clapper rail, and the reed-bird.

Any account of the Eastern Shore would be incomplete without some mention of the diamond-backed terrapin, which has been awarded the palm for delicacy and general excellence, and which when averaging over six inches across his under-shell is worth up to seventy dollars per dozen, when in season. Forty years ago these terrapins were wonderfully abundant, but they had not then come into general appreciation. The first really large catch was credited to John Ethridge, of Body Island, who in ten days' fishing caught over two thousand terrapin, and sold them in Norfolk for about four hundred dollars. This was the birth of the terrapin industry. He at once returned to the spot and dug out two thousand more, which he sold in Baltimore for three hundred and fifty dollars. These sales became known, and the extermination of the wild terrapin commenced, so many being obtained that for some winters they were sold at Southern points for two dollars a dozen. Eventually artificial propagation came into vogue as a staple industry. The largest and most important farm is on the Patuxent, and consists of a salt-water lake which has been surrounded by a high fence to keep out the musk-rats and foxes, these being the chief enemies of the terrapin.

The wild terrapin are difficult to catch. The hunting of them is

done in the summer and fall; the hunters dig long shallow ditches on the marshes and flats, and when the tide gets low they scratch the bottom with rakes until it is covered with a muddy paste. When the tide comes in it brings a few terrapin, who find the soft bottom and realize that they have discovered a good place to burrow and spend the winter; each tide brings more, and the mud is kept soft betweentimes. When winter comes the hunter goes down to his preserve with a huge pitchfork, and pushes it into the mud till he strikes something, and in case he judges it to be a terrapin and not a stone, he digs it out and puts it in his basket. All through Maryland and Virginia the darkies are to be seen day and night on the marshes, armed with long, light, iron rods, probing for terrapin. As the weather becomes cooler, the hunter takes large quantities of brush and makes a fire over the place where he knows the terrapin are buried. The terrapin imagine that spring has come, and crawl out to be captured.

The Eastern Shore produces more table delicacies than any other region of equal area; and it is claimed that a family may there enjoy the luxuries of life cheaper than elsewhere, and that the really poor man can live on the peninsula for less than anywhere else, save perhaps in parts of Asia. The poorest inhabitants of the peninsula are colored people. The rural negro there probably averages annually for his work less than two hundred dollars in cash, and many earn less than one hundred and fifty dollars a year, while others do not make one hundred dollars in cash. Nevertheless the negro of the peninsula is seldom without the means of appeasing his hunger and of clothing himself comfortably. The winter is always short and usually mild, while fuel is extremely cheap, and in many parts to be had for the gathering. It has been estimated by those familiar with the country, and upon a basis of the cost of a slave's keep in the old days, that a man may supply his needs on the peninsula for about sixty dollars a year. I quote an authority which states that a cabin and a little patch of ground can be rented for twenty dollars a year. One thousand herring can be bought for fifty cents, and cured and barrelled for fifty cents more, making one dollar in all. One hundred and eighty pounds of pork, at six cents a pound, cost ten dollars and eighty cents; eight hundred pounds of corn meal can be had for ten dollars; coffee, sugar, and tobacco can be supplied for six dollars, and clothing for fifteen dollars; total, sixty-two dollars and eighty cents. The man also cultivates his patch for vegetables and feeding chickens. There is many a negro family living in just this fashion.

The children provide wild berries as summer luxuries, and in good years peaches may be had for the asking. In summer the children wear little clothing, and in winter the cast-off rags of their parents suffice. If the family lives along a strip of salt water, there may be had crabs, clams, oysters, free. The nearest forests and the shores of the river and bay furnish fuel. But there are many there who live on even less than sixty dollars in cash per year; these hunt and fish throughout the year, find a bed in some other man's cabin, pay for it in proceeds of rod and gun, and wear some white man's cast-off clothing.

But these negroes are not notable only for having so nearly solved

the problem of living without money : many of them are singular in everything that concerns their personalities and their conduct. It is worth while to see them drive into one of the villages, say on a Saturday, when the country-people are gathering to do their shopping. One will see many an old negro come driving in at a snail's pace, clad in ill-fitting garments too big or too little, of any color or no color, ragged and patched. He slouches on the seat of his tumble-down wagon, as if it were too much trouble to sit erect, or as if he were about to fall over into the bottom of the vehicle and go to sleep. His steed is a mule, small, bony, starved-looking, wabbling in gait, a very caricature of his kind. One expects him every moment to stop and go to feeding on the grass that grows near the gutter. The wagon rattles from afar ; every bolt and screw is loose, the wheels seem about to fall entirely off ; the sideboards sway, and the seat moves from side to side, apparently at the peril of the occupant. The harness is composed largely of rope and twine ; the lines are innocent of all accusation of being leather. One would be willing to risk his life on a venture that such a team would never get down the street to the hitching-place by the pump ; but the zigzag journey is safely made with no sign of anxiety on the part of the driver. And he hails his lounging comrades on the pavement with a guffaw that can be heard a mile off ; the voices of the ill-clad but happy group sound mellow and sweet and good-natured, as they chaff one another. These voices are the very expression of the happy-go-lucky, idle, easy, careless life of these people, too indolent to sound all the syllables of their words. Yet they are happy ; to see and hear them one would think there was no to-morrow, nothing to be done in the world, and no such thing as care upon earth.

There yet remain a goodly number of the old-time slaves, some of them of extreme age. Here and there among them is a locally celebrated character : one of these, who figures in George Alfred Townsend's story of that region, "The Entailed Hat," still lives. He is called Sampson, and is distinguished for having captured the last deer known on the Eastern Shore. He accomplished this feat by running it down ; the race lasted all day, and the pursuer was assisted by the fact that there was snow on the ground, and ice on the ponds and streams that the deer crossed. We found this old man living in a cabin a few miles from Snow Hill, near an old iron-furnace which once belonged to the man who had been his master. The yet powerful-looking but grizzled and bent old black lived in a room without any article of furniture but a bench. The day was bitterly cold, in the midst of winter, and he had a very feeble fire of wood in the open fireplace. The cracks between the boards in the floor measured an inch or two each, and the winter air rushed up, chilling us. But Sampson said he did not feel the cold, that at night he drew his bench up near the burning logs and threw the only blanket he owned over him, and slept without suffering in the worst weather. He was then above eighty years of age, lived alone, and no one seemed to know how he kept soul and body together ; but he seemed happy, and told us about his youth and the escapades of his master with great glee.

Marked characters are also still to be found among the white people. The isolation of the region in former times tended to the development of these; and even now there are portions of the Eastern Shore, remote from railway lines, where friction with the outside world has not had an opportunity to rub off the peculiarities of many of the home-staying portion of the population. Here are to be found men who talk in their own way, dress to please themselves, deliver such opinions as experience may have driven into them, and wear their characters on their sleeves regardless of the rest of the world. They are racy, fresh, interesting, unconventional, original. One can see such persons on the fishing-shores, by the ducking-shores, among the oyster-beds, or in the cypress-swamps. Strange, uncivilized, rude, crude, yet kindly and interesting specimens of our varied humanity they are. Such men are rapidly disappearing, and the younger generation is conforming more and more to the standard of similarity which civilization presents.

Here and there are to be found men who bear on face, form, and manner the stamp of the old Eastern Shore aristocrat. These are well fed, prosperous, with an air of good breeding, of command, and of conscious superiority. They still wear the slouch hat, keep the coat open, and show a wide expanse of fine linen shirt-front. They are genial, hearty, hospitable, and proud. The Eastern Shore has its own share of bright-eyed, fresh-complexioned, cheery, spirited girls, who outrival their peaches in color and perfection.

The homes of the aristocrats are filled with old things, old silver, old china, old pictures; the lawns have old boxwood hedges and old trees. The villages are chiefly of a very old-fashioned kind; one seems to have stepped out of the present into a remote past, when he visits portions of the Eastern Shore.

One can get some idea of the influences that have been at work there from the names of places. Here are the names of the counties: Worcester, Somerset, Dorchester, Talbot, Caroline, Queen Anne, Kent, Cecil, names great in English history, and Wicomico, recalling the aborigines. Its rivers are Chester, Wye, Elk, Sassafras, Nanticoke, Choptank, Pocomoke, Wicomico, Manokin, and the bay on the ocean side is called Sinepuxent; most of these also recall the aborigines. These aborigines had permanent settlements or villages near the water-side, where they cultivated the soil and raised corn, beans, tobacco, and other crops; it is evident that they appreciated their advantages in the way of vegetable produce. All down the bay there are shell-heaps, often from six to fifteen feet deep, relics of the Indian oyster-feasts.

A leisurely pilgrimage over the Eastern Shore will well repay the observer of things American. The deep, dark cypress-swamps contrast vividly with miles of peach orchards, sandy marshes with fields of finest vegetables, cereals with sedge-grass. Endless numbers of coves and estuaries indent the shores. The sleepy, old-fashioned villages invite to dreams, by their quietness and quaintness. The ocean lashes one beach, and the gentle tides of the Chesapeake lap the other.

*Calvin Dill Wilson.*

## A DETECTIVE WHO DETECTED.

## I.

IT sometimes seems to me as if Nature had a keen sense of humor, and loved now and again to play little jokes upon her victims. We are apt to think of Nature as stern, majestic, unrelenting, pitiless. But is she really so? Animals have no sense of humor, so it is said, although I have seen a dog play tricks upon a cat that set a whole room-full of people in a roar of laughter. These, however, were clowns' farces, while Nature plays serious jokes. For instance, is it not an exquisite joke to implant in the bosom or the brain of a man born to play the melancholy Dane the notion that he is really fitted to do the comic policeman and convulse the audience by sitting down in his wife's pumpkin pies? That used to be the height of the comic man's comic achievements when I was a boy. I have seen even Warren do it at the Boston Museum I don't want to say how many years ago. Nature gives a man the physical and mental outfit for an undertaker, and at the same time a drop of poison which impels him to play the clown. This is her little joke. It is a despicable trick both upon the man and upon the community called upon to witness his misfortunes. I speak somewhat feelingly because I am only too sure that Nature played a little joke upon me when she filled me with the idea that I was born to be a detective, whereas, as a matter of fact—but that is my story.

I was still a very young man, as are most men when the detective fever seizes them, at the time I entered the employ of the *Morning Gazette* as reporter. I had no advertised and acknowledged specialty. I felt myself a journalist, and everything pertaining to journalism was my field. Nevertheless, if there was one thing I hoped and perhaps prayed for, it was that some tremendous crime might come to light through my exertions. When the police of New York, or perhaps of the country, or even of the continent, or of two or three continents, acknowledged themselves beaten and baffled, I should proceed to delve and think until the criminal was landed in jail solely through my delving and thinking. Such things had happened.

There was a reporter named Bangs on a Philadelphia paper who had achieved fame and fortune by tracking a supposed murderer for three months, night and day: that he nearly succeeded in getting the wrong man hanged was his—the reporter's—misfortune, and not his fault. His newspaper acknowledged his enterprise and rewarded it. He got it into his head that a certain man, who happened to be perfectly innocent, was a criminal, and having formulated a brilliant theory he worked it out so well, he piled his damning evidence so high and found so many facts to fit his theory, and if they didn't fit made them fit, that, as I say, he came near hanging his victim, and thereby won the admiration of the whole newspaper profession of his town. This splendid achievement led, of course, to emulation. For a long

time all the Philadelphia reporters went about with the idea that every stranger they met was a deep-dyed villain, and worked upon the theory that all men were guilty until they had been proved innocent.

Another noted case occurs to me: that of a reporter—this time from Boston—who stood one day at the ticket window of a railway station buying a ticket for the suburb where he lived, when another person asked for a ticket for Quebec in so peculiar a voice that the reporter's detective instinct began to work. The man's hand shook so as he held it out to receive the ticket that the big diamond on his little finger gleamed all the more. Between his feet he hugged a fat valise. Everything pointed to the defalcation of at least a million,—nervous man, ticket for Canada, big diamond, fat valise. The train was to start in six minutes. The reporter wrote a hurried note to his chief telling him that if a big bank defalcation came to light that evening he had the man and was going to track him to his lair.

He managed to get a berth near his victim, who snored for eight hours,—probably a ruse,—while the reporter remained on the alert. When they reached Quebec the man turned out to be the clerk of a big jewelry firm: he had been to Boston to buy diamonds, and was perhaps nervous about thieves. That reporter went home feeling that he had done his duty; for if there had been a defalcation that man must have been the defaulter. It is of such stuff that detectives—especially newspaper detectives—are made: men who stop at everything and can make something out of less than nothing.

To return to my own adventures in this exciting field, I was highly delighted when one day the managing editor of the *Gazette* called me into his room and closed the door.

"Mr. Seymour," he said, "you may not happen to know it, but the *Gazette* has recently been imposed upon in a most shameful manner. Did you read the story in last Sunday's supplement called 'Daisy's Quest'?"

"Of course," I returned. I made it a point never to omit a line of the *Gazette*. "I thought it was a first-rate story,—the best we have had, to my thinking, in months."

"Just so, Mr. Seymour. Unfortunately, it was not new. It was stolen from an English magazine of forty years ago. One of our old subscribers brought in the very book containing 'Daisy's Quest,' word for word, but with another title. Now, Mr. Seymour, we paid fifty dollars for that story. That is not the worst of it. We have another story from the same scoundrel, accepted and paid for. As you know, we do not usually pay for stories until after they are published; but in this case the alleged writer said he was leaving the country and would sell both cheap if they were taken at once. We took him up, and he—took us in. Now, do you think you can find the rascal if he is still in this country?"

"Well, certainly I can try. What sort of a man was he?" I asked.

"Ah, that is another difficulty. I have never seen him. All our business was done by mail. Here is the address to which the letters and finally the money were sent. That is all you will have to work

upon. Stop—here is one of the man's letters; you may need it; and here is the book from which 'Daisy's Quest' was copied. Report to me if you discover anything." And the great man, for managing editors are great men to reporters, rang his bell to signify that the interview was over.

My first detective job! I had had three years of journalism, and had found it commonplace work. Here was my reward. Fame was within my grasp. But was it? I read the letter in my hand:

"SIR,—I beg to submit to you as editor of the *Gazette* the enclosed stories, in the hope that they will be found suitable for your columns. As I expect to leave soon for England, it would be a convenience could you pay in advance of publication for one or both of the papers here offered. The usual rate of compensation paid by the *Gazette* will be satisfactory.

"Very truly yours,  
"JAMES G. DANDERS,  
"318 East Thirteenth Street."

So much for the letter. The book was an odd volume, dated 1848, of an English magazine, *The Londoner*, long since dead. Such was my material.

Obviously my first lead was to go to the address given and inquire for James G. Danders. The place proved to be a cheap saloon. The barkeeper knew but little of Danders, who came there only for his mail and at long intervals; for the last fortnight he had not been there at all. Evidently Mr. Danders had covered his tracks. For all I knew, he might be sending out more stolen stories from the saloon on the next corner. I drank some beer, more because I wanted to pump the bartender than for inspiration.

"What sort of a man was Danders?" echoed the bartender, in answer to my question. "Well, not a man that you would take much notice of: small young fellow, perhaps twenty-five years old, reddish hair, chin-whiskers, rather seedy dress. When he came he'd sit there of an evening reading the papers till closing time. Never had much to say, and never made no friends. But he paid for his beer like a man."

This last comment may have been a reminder that I had not paid for my beer. I paid, and took a ten-mile walk to think the problem over. Surely some ideas would come in the course of ten miles. I went up Fifth Avenue to the end of the Park and down along the west side. It was a cold, blowy day in early May, and I felt chilled when I reached my own part of the town under the shadow of the Jefferson Market building. I knew that my own room would be chilly, and so cast about me for some warm and pleasant place where I might rest and turn over in my mind the few, very few, ideas that my ten-mile tramp had brought up. They hardly deserved to be called ideas: I was about as much in the dark as when I started out. So far as I could see, my only chance of finding Mr. Danders was to become an *habitué* of the saloon in Thirteenth Street. The notion was not a

pleasant one. It might be days or weeks before Danders appeared. Or, again, he might not appear at all. He might have been telling the truth when he wrote that he was about to sail for England. This detective business was not all it had been cracked up to be.

Somewhat disheartened, I turned into the second-hand book-shop of my old acquaintance Samuel Terrill, whose knowledge of books—old books—is, or rather was, for he passed over to the great majority last year, something extraordinary. He could do more wonderful things with books than Professor Herrmann with a dozen eggs and a new silk hat. He professed to know ten thousand books by their shape and weight. That is, provided they were old books; for new books had no value in Terrill's eyes. New books, he was wont to say, lacked character.

One day a friend of mine who wasted his substance at book auctions was passing Terrill's shop, carrying under his arm some prize that he had just bought; it was rather a rare book,—a copy of the first edition of Lamb's "Farewell to Tobacco," printed in London in 1828.

"Struck a prize?" growled Terrill, glancing up from his seat near the open door.

"Yes," said my friend; "and I'll bet you a dollar you can't tell what it's a book you don't often see."

"Ah!" said Terrill, taking the parcel and feeling the book inside. "Will you give me a dollar if I tell you the name in three guesses?"

"Done," said my friend.

Terrill turned it over, weighed it in his hand, squeezed it in all directions, smelt it. Finally,—

"If it isn't the third edition of Byron's 'Bride of Abydos,' it's the first edition of Lamb's 'Farewell to Tobacco.'"

Ever since I had heard this remarkable story it had been one of my amusements to test Terrill's knowledge in a variety of ways, sometimes with success, sometimes without. The wizened old fellow now glanced at the book under my arm.

"It's not a find," I said, in answer to his glance. "It's only a bound volume of an old magazine."

"Ah, yes," said he, undoing the paper and looking at the book. "It's a rare book all the same; I didn't know there was another copy in the country outside of the Manhattan Library."

Some customers came in, and I passed out to think over this new lead. So the only other copy of this book was in the Manhattan Library. Then whoever had copied "Daisy's Quest" must or may have done so at the Manhattan Library, unless he or she had a private copy of the book, which was not likely.

In half an hour I was at the library, where my story was told to the head librarian, who was quite a friend of ours and more than willing to help the *Gazette*. The system pursued at the library made it easy to find out when a book had been used, and by whom. Every reader had to fill up a blank card with the name of the volume wanted and sign it. Each day's cards, several hundred in number, were preserved. It would be a matter of time and patience to wade through this mass, beginning a few days before Danders's letter to the *Gazette* and going

back, but this was one of the tests of a born detective; he ought to shadow a man for months without complaint, go without food or sleep for a week,—in fact, make a perfect martyr of himself and enjoy it.

The librarian was willing to allow me to search the cards for what I wanted, and I began work at once, sticking to it until the closing gong rang through the building. In the three hours so occupied I went over the cards of two weeks without finding that any one had called for the *Londoner*. It was quite possible that there might be other volumes of that copy floating about the city; the rascal who called himself Danders might have picked one up for a few cents. I went home in a disconsolate mood, going a mile out of my way to stop at the saloon in Thirteenth Street, where my barkeeping friend told me that Danders had not reappeared.

“I’ll give five dollars to get a two-minutes’ glance at Danders. There’s my address. Send a messenger for me when Danders comes, and the money will be yours.”

The man understood. Walking home, an idea came to me. If the Manhattan Library’s copy of the *Londoner* for 1848 had been used within a month or two, the dust on it would not be so thick as upon volumes that were never disturbed, say the volumes of that brilliant periodical the *Congressional Record*.

A good night’s sleep put new heart into me, and before the doors of the library opened I was there. So were eight or ten other eager workers, evidently professional readers, to whom the Manhattan’s books were tools. One man, whom I recognized as a designer of theatrical costumes, told me he came to look for ideas in the great art works of France and Germany, and seldom came away from his day’s work without sketches enough to provide a whole burlesque company with costumes; which, however, to those who know the sort of costumes affected by burlesquers, is not, perhaps, saying much. Several of my companions on the steps might have been students; one was a tramp, who wanted a day’s rest in a comfortable chair; and another, with whom I scraped acquaintance a day or two later, was a clerk in a big publishing house.

One figure in the little group particularly interested me, that of a dark young girl, apparently not more than eighteen or nineteen years of age, who seemed out of place among these workers. There was nothing of the student about her, and not much of the worker; her dress was extremely neat, and, to my inexperienced eyes, even fashionable. Slender, dark, quiet, decidedly pretty and decidedly a lady, her one idea seemed to be to get into the library as soon as possible and without attracting attention. It was something of a surprise to me to note later in the day that this young woman, instead of poring over a novel, was copying extracts from volumes almost as big as herself.

Nine o’clock struck, the big doors of the library swung open, and our little group, now numbering at least a score of persons, filed in and scattered. I took up my pile of cards where I had left off, and went at it pending the arrival of the librarian. That gentleman smiled at my suggestion to examine the copy of the *Londoner* for 1848, but good-naturedly led the way to an alcove in the second story. In

the semi-darkness I almost ran over a young fellow carrying an armful of books, one of the attendants of the library. The particular copy of the *Londoner* was found, and no second glance was needed to show that it had been taken down more recently than any of its fellows upon the same shelf. Plainly it was worth while to keep on with my search among the cards.

When noon came I stopped, tired and hungry, having gone back a full month without finding what I sought. As I crossed the main hall of the library to leave for luncheon, the young girl I had noticed at the door was carrying one of her big books back to the desk. She staggered under the weight.

"Will you allow me to help you?" I whispered, for loud talk is forbidden inside the library. And, taking her smile as an answer, I took the book and carried it to the desk.

"Thank you," she whispered, and was gone.

I met her again on my way back from luncheon. I was so tired with my morning's work that I ventured upon a little stroll towards one of my favorite haunts in the Bowery, a book-stall where I had sometimes found treasures. Hope deferred, says the poet or somebody else, maketh the heart sick; and my hopes had been aroused and deferred several thousand times that morning. Upon every card I took up I had hoped to see "*Londoner Magazine, 1848*," and I had seen nothing of the kind. The sleuth-hound within me was tired out. Another day of it, and I should ask to have some one else detailed to find Mr. James G. Danders. It was in this despondent frame of mind that I began to turn over the pile of old books exposed upon a sidewalk stall, and it was only when I happened to interfere with the delvings of a neighbor in the same box that with a start of pleasure I recognized the girl whom I had helped in the library an hour before. She made no pretence of ignoring me; on the contrary, she smiled in the pleasantest manner, and in five minutes we were talking books with all the friendliness of old acquaintances. She was as clever and interesting as she was pretty. And she was almost as fond of old books as I was.

"I suppose you wonder why I work so hard there," she said, as we strolled back towards the library.

"Not at all," said I, wondering all the more, and waiting with some curiosity for the explanation that would now be forthcoming.

"My father is an invalid," she went on, with a sigh and the first shadow I had seen on her face. "He is almost blind, owing to an accident, and cannot see well enough to go about the streets. Nevertheless he writes a great deal. So that when he needs to consult a book at the library, which is about every day, I have to be his representative, copying what I think will be of value to him. Often I find that I have wasted my day, as I am not scholar enough to know exactly what my father wants and what he doesn't want. First I copy the table of contents of the book and take it to him. He goes over it and marks the chapters he wants. The library rule is not to allow a book to go outside of the building: if the directors knew how many hundreds and thousands of useless pages I have copied from

their dusty old books in the last two years, and how many headaches their rule is responsible for, I really think they would make an exception in my favor."

"What particular field are you interested in?" I asked. This was deep upon my part, for with that information I could find out from the cards the name and address of this interesting young person. I had never laid eyes upon her before nine o'clock that morning, and yet, somehow, I felt a strong disinclination to lose sight of her. She might disappear and leave no more trace behind her than that wretch of a Danders had done.

"I read chiefly books concerning the Inquisition. My father is writing a book upon the history of the Spanish Inquisition."

We were at the library the next moment, but as we went in she gave me permission to carry back to her table the ponderous tome I had already helped her with. When that was done I went back to my work with redoubled interest. If the cards told me nothing about Danders, they would tell me something else I was almost equally eager to know. Before I had been at work for twenty minutes something happened that highly amazed me. Upon one and the same card was all the information I looked for. This card told me that on March 23 of that year Miss Ellen Robertson, of 118 West Thirtieth Street, had taken out Limborch's "History of the Inquisition," London, 1731; also Cardozo's "History of the Spanish Inquisition," Madrid, 1807; and also—could I trust my eyes?—the *Londoner* for 1848!

## II.

For a few moments I sat dazed at my discovery. That, however, was no state of mind for a detective, especially for a detective who had detected something. What was I to do? Denounce this young girl as a possible thief to the library authorities? Such a course would put an end to her chances for copying any more English stories for American newspapers; but it would mean disgrace, and in all probability it would not result in recovering the one hundred dollars that the *Gazette* had lost. Moreover, the more I thought of the girl and her pleasant ways, the less I liked the idea of accusing her of wrongdoing. I pondered the problem for a good hour. Danders's note was in my pocket. It was some encouragement to find that the handwriting was not a bit like the fine feminine scrawl of Miss Ellen Robertson. It was perfectly possible that this copy of the *Londoner* might have been taken out by another person, Danders, for instance, as well as by Miss Robertson. With this theory in view I went manfully to work at my cards again, and so thoroughly convinced myself that such must be the case that when my friend the librarian passed my desk at closing time, and asked me whether I had found my man, I was weak enough to say, No. According to the strict terms of the inquiry, I had not found my man: it was a woman. I came across several more cards bearing Miss Robertson's signature and a request for the *Londoner* of 1848: evidently she had used the volume almost every day for a week. That evening I kept away from the *Gazette* office in order to

avoid the questions I should have met there, for I had reported that I was examining the cards in the Manhattan Library. Thus does conscience make cowards even of successful detectives.

The next day I put in eight hours' work at my bundles of cards, going back half a year. Apparently no one else had touched that number of the *Londoner* or any other number of that magazine. I reviewed the evidence as detectives are wont to do in books. Here was a young woman engaged from morning till night in copying from the *Londoner* of June, 1848. "Daisy's Quest" had been stolen from this book, and according to Terrill, an expert, it was unlikely that there was another copy outside of that library to be found in the country. No other person had taken the book out.

Nevertheless, before any accusation could be made, it would certainly be necessary to connect Miss Robertson with Danders. That might not be easy. Puzzled and sick at heart, I was leaving the library at four o'clock, when at the door I found Miss Robertson gazing out into the rain with dismay. I had purposely avoided her during the day, contenting myself with making sure that she was at work as usual. It was impossible to avoid her now, for I had an umbrella and she had none. Perhaps, after all, a detective ought not to neglect this opportunity to know more of Miss Robertson. So I offered to take her to her car. Her manner was a trifle stiff: perhaps she had noted and resented my studied avoidance.

"Let me see,—you will have to take a Sixth Avenue car," said this particular detective, in his stupid way.

"Why, yes; but how did you know that?" said Miss Robertson, her curiosity getting the best of her displeasure, if there had been any displeasure. Perhaps it was only my conceit that gave birth to this latter fancy.

I have always been considered a fairly ready liar, but for a few seconds I stumbled. I could not tell her that I had her address carefully copied into my note-book. I suppose it was newspaper instinct that prompted me to say,—

"I happened to see you take a Sixth Avenue car last night as I was going home."

"That's very strange," said the girl, looking up at me with a twinkle that even the shadow of the umbrella could not eclipse, "for I walked all the way home last night."

I was enough of a liar to see my way clear now.

"Really! Then it must have been some one very much like you, and some one who came from the library. Then perhaps you do not take the Sixth Avenue car after all?"

"Yes, I do. I live in Thirtieth Street. But before I take my car I have to stop on Sixth Avenue at a book-store where I ordered some writing-paper for my father last night. The rain has stopped, so that I needn't trouble you to go out of your way any farther."

"It is not out of my way. Besides, it might rain again."

So we went on towards Sixth Avenue and then turned up-town. In less time than I can write it, and by what magic I hardly know, I had wholly forgotten that Miss Robertson was probably a criminal of

a mild type and I the sleuth-hound on her track, the avenger. She had very pretty ways—for a criminal. And she talked more to my liking than any other girl I had met in years, or before that.

"There's the sort of rain costume you ought to have," I said, pointing to a draped wax figure in the brilliantly lighted show-window of a great shop,—a woman in a long mackintosh, holding an open umbrella in the face of a supposititious rain-storm. It was the regular rainy-day exhibition of that particular shop.

Miss Robertson paused and looked at the display with interest. There were also costly gowns and fine furs in this same window show-case, which was as big as some drawing-rooms.

"Yes, that is very nice," she said, with something of a sigh. Evidently the sight of so much silk and satin made her envious.

"Why," I asked, "does every woman sigh deeply as she turns away from such a display or from a jeweller's window? Five women turned away from that window in the last three minutes, and every one of them gave a deep sigh as she did so."

"Did I sigh too?"

"You were the fifth."

"It was not covetousness that made me sigh," she said. "It was the sight of that umbrella held against what was supposed to be a driving storm. Have you ever noticed how easy it is to run into a lamp-post or into another person when you carry an umbrella in that way? Of course you have. My poor father made that observation several years ago, and was unfortunate enough to devise a remedy."

"Unfortunate?"

"Yes. Do you remember my mentioning, the day we first met, that my father's eyesight had been almost destroyed by an accident? One night during a storm, when people staggered blindly along, their umbrellas held straight in front of them, a woman put the point of her umbrella into my father's eye. At the time he thought but little of the matter, but some nerve was injured, and he has been almost blind ever since. That is nearly three years ago. While laid up, he invented a way to prevent such accidents. He proposed to sew an eye-glass into the umbrella, so that a person could look ahead and avoid any obstruction."

"Not a bad idea, I should think. I suppose he patented it and lost a pile of money: inventors always do."

"Yes, he lost more money than we could afford, making experiments, and I did my best to spoil a dozen fine umbrellas—we had quite a lot of them—by cutting holes in them and sewing in bits of glass that wouldn't stay in place after all."

"But the patent? Why couldn't he sell that for lots of money?"

"The patent? Oh, he never got a patent. It seems that some one took a patent on the same idea more than forty years ago. It cost papa about four hundred dollars to find that out. Patent lawyers are expensive. Poor papa! Between the Spanish Inquisition and his patent umbrella——" And a sigh finished the sentence.

"Did he show his idea to any umbrella-makers?"

"Oh, yes. But when he found that he couldn't get a patent he

lost heart and put the dozen umbrellas away in a corner, each umbrella with a big hole but with no glass as yet. That's why I have no umbrella to-day."

"Blessed invention!" I ventured, and I really meant it.

Miss Robertson flushed slightly.

"You wouldn't say so if you knew what it has cost us."

"I know an umbrella-maker," I went on. "He's an intimate friend of mine. Do you think your father would object to my taking one of his sample umbrellas to my friend? Patent or no patent, it might be worth something. You might at least get your four hundred dollars back again."

"You are very kind. I will speak to him about it. Here is my street: good-night, and thank you."

I was loath to let her go.

"Suppose I ask your father at once: would that do any harm?"

Miss Robertson's pretty brow contracted for a few seconds. "I think not," she said, finally, and we went on. "My father is a little peculiar. Illness has made him so; if he is a trifle brusque, you must put it down to the whim of an invalid."

We stopped at an old-fashioned, comfortable house of the plainer sort, and Miss Robertson opened the door with a latch-key. After climbing two flights of stairs I was ushered into a plainly furnished but exquisitely neat and clean room. There was a lamp on the table, under the light of which an old woman sat sewing. Before a grate fire sat a man who must have been an exceedingly handsome fellow in his youth. Even at sixty-five his white hair and bushy beard and eyebrows gave no sign of illness, for his complexion was as rosy as that of a child, and as his keen ears detected the step of a stranger there was almost the elasticity of youth in the way he stood up and, holding to the arm of his chair, waited for explanations.

Miss Robertson nodded to the old woman and kissed her father.

"Papa dear, here is a gentleman who wants to talk to you about your work.—By the way, it has just occurred to me that I do not know your name. This is terribly improper, is it not?" She smiled as she took her father's hand in hers and gently patted it. The old man waited silently.

"You see, papa dear, this gentleman has been very kind in helping me at the library; and to-night, as I had no umbrella and as it was raining, he insisted upon bringing me home."

"You are welcome, sir.—Ellen, has the gentleman a chair?" And until he heard me sit down the old man remained standing. "You wish to see me about my book on the Spanish Inquisition. Are you a publisher?"

"No, no, papa dear. It's about the umbrella that Mr.—" and again she paused.

"Seymour," I said,—"James Seymour."

"—that Mr. Seymour wishes to see you. On the way home we happened to see something that suggested our patent to me, and Mr. Seymour knows an umbrella-manufacturer who might be interested in the matter, even if nothing more came of it."

While her father pondered she said to me, "We speak of it as our patent, although, as I told you, we have no patent."

"I could take my friend one of your umbrellas this evening," I said. What awful lies we detectives have to tell!

Miss Robertson looked at her father.

"You are very kind," said the father. "The trouble is, Mr.—  
Mr.——"

"Seymour," the girl prompted.

"Ah, yes, thank you, dear—Mr. Seymour—you are very kind, but we have not one umbrella fit to show. My daughter has not succeeded in sewing the eye-glass piece in so that it holds its place when the umbrella is opened and closed."

"I can easily finish the one I began last," said Miss Robertson, "if Mr. Seymour could wait for a few moments."

"Most certainly I can," said I, perfectly happy, and willing to wait all night if necessary, "and——"

Here I stopped to listen to a queer noise or succession of noises coming through the half-closed door of the next room. It was the sort of sound that is made by a pump when sucking air instead of water, or by a person in great distress from asthma.

"That's Mrs. Wiggins," said Miss Robertson, jumping up. "Please excuse me for a moment." She left the room, closing the door after her. I had hardly begun to talk with Mr. Robertson before she came back.

"Mrs. Wiggins says that supper will be spoiled unless it is eaten at once—this minute. And, as it will take me a good many minutes to make that umbrella presentable to a real umbrella-manufacturer, may I ask Mr. Seymour to take supper with us?"

Before the father could add his request I had assented, without attempt to hide my pleasure.

"It is ready now, and on the table," she went on, ushering me into the next room, which proved to be a tiny room even for three persons, —so small, in fact, that every time Mrs. Wiggins appeared from the kitchen Miss Ellen had to rise and move her chair to let her in.

"This room often reminds me," said Miss Robertson, "of the lady who closed her first visit to a New York flat with the remark, 'Well, now that I have seen all the closets, where are the rooms?' She must have come from Virginia, our old home: we have big houses there. But if it is a closet or no better, it's our own. With Mrs. Wiggins——" here the same curious sound as of a pump in distress made itself heard—"that's Mrs. Wiggins now;" and Miss Ellen jumped up to allow that singular old woman to come in with a dish of roasted rabbit.

When the door closed after her, "Mrs. Wiggins has her peculiarities, as you may observe," said Miss Robertson, laughing. "That peculiar snort of hers is something I can't understand, except as a signal to open the door. You see, I have to get up every time the door is opened; and as Mrs. Wiggins usually has her hands full of plates or carries a tray, she cannot knock."

"And to kick she is ashamed; or perhaps she feels that it would be undignified," added Mr. Robertson, with a smile.

"So she snorts," said Miss Ellen.

"And she can also cook," said I, for the rabbit was excellent and cooked to perfection. Roast rabbit was something that I had not tasted since I came from the country.

"I really don't know what we should do without her, papa dear. —You see," turning to me, "she stays in the room with my father a great deal of the time while I am away, so that she can get him whatever he requires."

And so we chatted throughout the meal, with but one shadow upon the feast. I felt that I was a traitor. Here I was eating and enjoying the bread of these good people and meanwhile plotting their ruin. Another week's acquaintance with the Robertson family, and I should be ready to throw the *Gazette* overboard and help the criminals to escape. After the meal was over and Mrs. Wiggins had snorted at the kitchen door for the last time and gone home, we sat down by the fire, and while Mr. Robertson gave me a somewhat rambling account of his researches upon the Spanish Inquisition—at least it seemed rambling to me, perhaps because of a disturbing vision upon the other side of the fireplace—Miss Ellen worked deftly at one of the famous umbrellas, and I talked as cleverly as I knew how, trying to divide my remarks between the Spanish Inquisition and the patent umbrella. Very much too soon those deft and dainty fingers had finished their task.

"There," exclaimed Miss Robertson, with an accent of triumph, interrupting her father's graphic description of the persuasive effects of thumbscrews as manipulated by the Spanish Inquisitors, "I do believe practice makes perfect. If that eye-glass falls out, I shall be surprised. Nevertheless, Mr. Seymour, you can tell your friend that this is the work of a beginner. By the way, it's my old school umbrella."

I tested the work and shook the umbrella up and down. It had been so long since I had had a taste of anything like home life, and this little glimpse of a home had been so grateful to me, that I was sorry to find that the glass held in place. It might be a long time before I was invited to sit before that fire again. Half-past eight rang out from the little clock on the mantel-shelf. I had no further excuse for staying.

"Whether or not I succeed in convincing my friend of the value of this great invention," I said, getting up, "I must thank you both for a pleasant evening." And I told them something of my boarding-house life, the only one open to a young man who comes from the country to make his way in the great city. In return they told me something of their old home in Virginia.

"Come again as soon as you can and let us know the result," said the old man, rising to bid me good-by. Miss Robertson said nothing, but her dark eyes beamed kindly.

"I suppose that you are in business here," continued the father, "although you are neither a publisher nor an umbrella-maker."

He paused, and during the pause an idea came to me. Suppose I told them that I was upon the staff of the *Gazette*. If they had any guilty knowledge of "Daisy's Quest," surely something of the guilt

would show. It was an idea worth acting upon, but even as I determined to carry it out I also resolved that rather than bring trouble into that home I would throw the whole business up and report that the man who stole "Daisy's Quest" had gone to Australia.

"You are neither a publisher nor an umbrella-maker?" he repeated. I gathered myself for the blow.

"No," I said, as calmly as I could, gazing at the fire, "I am simply a reporter for the *New York Gazette*." Then I watched to see how they took the blow. Neither father nor daughter seemed to be in the least impressed. Not a muscle of the old gentleman's face moved. The daughter raised her eyebrows and said, "Ah!" with a smile. That was all.

Probably the late M. Vidocq would have discerned black guilt and the writhing of a guilty conscience in this behavior, or at least the hardihood of the brazen criminal. But decidedly I was no Vidocq, for I saw nothing but innocence. I was very young.

### III.

I had not told an unblushing falsehood when I had said that I knew a man who made umbrellas. To be precise, I knew a man who sold umbrellas, for I had bought umbrellas from him, and for aught I knew he might make them himself or at least have them made for him. But it was too late to hunt him up that night. I went home hugging that precious umbrella, her umbrella and her work, and laid it on the table in my little room while I thought over the situation. Within the last six hours the situation had altered with a vengeance. Six hours before that I had been intent upon running down the person who had victimized the *Gazette* to the extent of one hundred dollars. And now I was intent upon shielding that person, or some one whom I supposed to be that person, from the results of her misdemeanor.

At times I could not bring myself to the belief that she could be the guilty one. Looking at that umbrella, her umbrella, her school umbrella, I cudgelled my brains for explanations and excuses. They were rather unsophisticated people, this father and daughter, and perhaps they had done this wretched thing when hard pushed for money, and without a realization of its heinousness. Some excellent people, women especially, saw nothing wrong in cheating the government by smuggling in laces and gloves—rather the contrary; they boasted to their friends of their success. Perhaps Miss Robertson saw nothing worse in getting the best of a newspaper. Such an achievement gave evidence of a moral bluntness which I could not associate with her; and yet—and yet—the evidence was certainly against her. But was it? After all, what did my precious evidence amount to? It was not enough to convict a professional thief, to say nothing of this young girl. With this comforting reflection I went to bed, to dream that the heavens rained fire and brimstone and that my only defence against the downpour was that umbrella,—her umbrella.

As it would be necessary to have some sort of story ready for Miss Robertson when I met her at the library the next morning, I left

my boarding-house early and stopped at the shop of my umbrella-dealer. In a dozen words I told him the story and showed him the umbrella. He smiled good-naturedly.

"It doesn't seem a bad idea to you, Mr. Seymour," said he, "but to any one in the trade it's absurd, for a number of reasons. In the first place, you could never make a water-tight joint where that glass is fitted in; there would always be a leak there. If that was not enough to damn it, people would not carry such an umbrella, because other people would look after them and perhaps laugh; then the glass would prevent the umbrella being furled up into the tight thin roll that fashion demands; finally, no one would pay a penny more for an umbrella with an eye-glass in it than for one without. If any one wants to sell you the patent, avoid it as you would the plague. It's a capital idea—to let alone."

There was nothing more to be said, and I walked on to the library hugging that umbrella. With all its faults, it was still precious. At the doors I met Miss Robertson, who had evidently been on the watch for me.

"Well," she said, her eyes dancing with eagerness, "was your friend enthusiastic?" How could I dash her hopes?

"He said it was a capital idea," I replied. She saw that I was not full of hope. "But he suggested weak points," I went on. And gradually I told her the whole story. She made a brave show about it, but her eyes were dim with a suspicion of tears.

"What does one man's verdict amount to?" I said, as cheerfully as I could. "Probably this particular manufacturer is an idiot."

"You said that he was an intimate friend of yours, didn't you?" and there was a ghost of a smile.

"Of course," I said, only too happy to see the mist of tears disappear; "but he may be an idiot all the same."

"Oh, I'm afraid not. You see, two umbrella-dealers to whom papa spoke said about the same thing, and declined to go into the matter even to the extent of making a few such umbrellas. To tell the truth, I had no very great hopes, and it is better to know the facts. Poor papa! I must do a good day's copying to console him; he was more sanguine than I. Thank you all the same, Mr. Seymour. I'm sure you have done your best."

With her sunniest smile she tripped into the library, and was soon engrossed in her work. There was a boy from the *Gazette* office waiting for me with a note from my chief. Another bother was in store for me. I was needed for a hurried expedition to a political convention in Boston, and Burton, the managing editor, wrote that he had decided to put a professional detective on the matter of "Daisy's Quest" and release me from the job. Would I be so good as to write out what I had accomplished in running down the thief, if anything, and turn it into the office before I left town? it might be useful to the detective in question.

Here was a pretty pickle! Unfortunately, I had told Burton that I was searching the cards of the Manhattan Library for any person who might have taken out a copy of the *Londoner* for 1848. My

friend the librarian would give the detective the same information. Without a doubt the man would go over those cards again, would find Miss Robertson's name, and she might be accused of the theft. What was to be done? I pretended to read a book while I thought it over. Luncheon-time came, and I had decided upon a course. I should tell Miss Robertson the whole story. On their returning the one hundred dollars, the *Gazette* would, with my influence, take no further steps in the matter. If she could not return the money, I could and would.

When the noon bell rang I carried Miss Robertson's books to the desk for her and begged for a few words with her on her way to lunch.

"About the umbrella?" she whispered.

"No; about a more serious matter."

Miss Robertson looked startled, but said nothing.

It was an ideal spring day, and the air was like a breath of heaven after the tomb-like atmosphere of the library. We strolled along the old-fashioned street in which the library is situated. It was a hard matter to begin. Miss Robertson said but little, waiting, somewhat uneasily, for me. I plunged in, and I take some credit to myself for the delicacy with which I did it. I began the story just as if she had nothing to do with it. I told her how I had been asked to trace the person who had palmed off an old story upon the *Gazette*, how I had heard of a copy of the *Londoner* in the Manhattan Library, and had finally discovered the card bearing the name of the person who had last taken out that copy of the magazine. Miss Robertson had the valuable faculty of assuming interest in a story whether or not she felt any; her eyes grew big with excitement as I reached the climax. We had forgotten all about luncheon. What an actress she was! Not a tremor of fear, not even a blush!

"And you actually found the card, Mr. Seymour! Well, do go on: what was the name upon the card?"

"Yours," I said, slowly. I had to be cruel, to be kind.

"Mine!" she exclaimed, with a puzzled smile.

"Unfortunately, yes." My manner was grave. Her smile flickered and died out. Then a suspicion of the truth dawned upon her.

"Well—but—then if my name was upon that card—then you suspect—that I cheated your newspaper!"

She had stopped walking, and was very pale. But her dark eyes flashed.

"Oh!" she went on, without giving me time to answer, "how could any one suspect me of such a thing? You don't know me, but you might have known that I— This comes of making acquaintances in the street!"

Her tone was bitter, and her eyes flashed scorn. She grasped the iron railing in front of a house, as if to keep from falling. I began inwardly to curse myself for having even dared to suggest her guilt by my looks, if not by my words. But I found my tongue.

"Miss Robertson," I said, hurriedly, "you say that I do not know you. I know you well enough to have wished with all my heart and soul to be of help to you. I have not said that I thought you guilty of any wrong, or that I even suspected you. But here is your name

coupled with this wretched case. In another hour I shall have left the city and a professional detective will be placed upon the case. He will find this peculiar evidence. You can imagine what you might have to face and what I wanted to spare you. You may have made my acquaintance in the street, but, believe me, I have done you no harm. Everything I have seen about you I have liked—very much—too much for my own peace of mind. If we meet again——”

“Will you kindly leave me?” she said, coldly. “I must go back to my work. I—never want to see you again.”

“I am going,” I said, “and it is not probable that we shall meet again. I am not given to intruding myself. But if we do meet again, try to believe that the young man whom you met in the street did his best to do you a kindness. I may be a fool, but I wanted to help you. Good-by, and forgive me.”

I had not gone a dozen steps when she stopped me.

“Mr. Seymour,” she said, quietly, and with a vast dignity for so young a girl, “you may be right; perhaps I ought to thank you. But I can’t—you ought”—here there was a suspicion of a sob—“you ought to have known. I can forgive you only when you find the thief you are looking for. My father will never forgive you.”

She turned away with the air of an offended queen. But I fancied I caught the echo of another faint sob, and that fancy was of extraordinary comfort to me for the next fortnight.

I am afraid the *Gazette* got but indifferent service out of me during those next few weeks. I went to the Boston convention, and while I listened to speeches, dull and otherwise, my mind was in the Manhattan Library. As to what happened during my absence of course I knew nothing. When the convention was over and I could get back, my first question to Burton, made with as indifferent an air as I could muster, concerned “Daisy’s Quest.”

“Oh,” he replied, “we gave it up. That detective merely wasted a week. It was throwing good money after bad.”

I breathed more freely, and for a few days tried to make myself believe that I had dismissed Miss Robertson and “Daisy’s Quest” from my mind. Secretly, I knew better. For a week I kept away from the neighborhood of the library. Then one day I really had occasion to consult a book that I knew was there and nowhere else; so I resolved to go. Surely I had the right to do so, and it would be idiotic to allow a morbid memory to interfere with my business or even my pleasure. So I went. It was just before the noon hour. There she sat as usual, her eyes fastened upon her work. When the bell rang a greasy-looking chap in green goggles and with a sickly grin carried her books to the desk for her; and she thanked him with a smile.

Probably she was a good deal of a flirt. And probably I was not the only young man whose acquaintance she had made in the street. I got away before she saw me. Another week passed. Life had lost its savor. It was of no use trying to deceive myself. Perhaps the best thing to do was to take up my detective business again. I had made so brilliant a success of it already! But that was the only avenue towards a reconciliation. She would forgive me when I found the thief

of "Daisy's Quest." But where should I begin? It looked hopeless, and it might take months—or years. Meantime that greasy fellow in the green goggles would be making headway; slowly, perhaps, but the turtle got there in the end.

Suppose I did take up "Daisy's Quest" again and gave all my spare time and money to the enterprise, what were my chances of accomplishing anything? If I gave years to it, Miss Robertson might at least give me credit for devotion to the cause; I might, and probably would, grow thin and haggard—that might touch her. But, again, I might devote no end of time and money to the case, and Miss Robertson be no wiser and no better for it in the end. I still had her umbrella: that was some comfort. If I could only take it back to her I should be willing to undergo some of the choicest tortures of the Spanish Inquisition. The more I pondered the less light I saw ahead of me.

I was at the lowest ebb of courage and hope, and seriously thought of boldly calling at Miss Robertson's house to return that umbrella, for life of the kind I led was not worth living, when something occurred. Upon getting home to dinner one night I found a dirty scrap of paper with these words scrawled upon it:

"I can tell you where Danders is to be seen.

"JAMES SULLIVAN, Bartender at 318 East Thirteenth St."

My brain was on fire in a minute. All the whiskey in Sullivan's saloon could not have made it work at a quicker pace. No dinner for me that night. In ten minutes I had found a cab and was bowling along to 318 East Thirteenth Street. I found my barkeeping friend exasperatingly cool. I had expected to find him eagerly waiting for me. On the contrary, I had to introduce myself and refresh his memory with that five-dollar bill before he could remember much about Danders. Yes, Danders had turned up again, but not in that saloon. Sullivan had met him at the saloon of a friend of his in Twenty-Second Street near Ninth Avenue, and upon making inquiries had discovered that he (Danders) was accustomed to spend most of his evenings there.

Off I started for Twenty-Second Street. It was past eight o'clock when I sauntered into the saloon with as good an air of indifference as I could summon up. Was Danders there? A dozen men were in the saloon, some playing cards, some reading the papers or gossiping. In one corner was a man whose face was strangely familiar to me. I sat down before a glass of beer and while pretending to read a newspaper studied Danders. It was Danders without a doubt,—“a small young fellow, reddish hair, chin-whiskers, seedy dress:” he filled Sullivan's description. But where had I seen him before? I have a capital memory, and was able to reconstruct gradually the scene in which Danders had played a part in my life. It was in some gloomy place. The light was bad. The man was carrying something in his arms. But what? Ah! I had it now. It was a load of books. Then the truth flashed upon me. Danders was the clerk at the library whom I had met in the alcove when I had gone to look at that copy of the *Londoner*. My work was done. I finished my beer and went to the house of my friend the librarian, getting his address from the directory.

"Can you tell me whose handwriting that is?" I asked him, producing Danders's letter to the *Gazette*.

"Certainly," said he, without a second's hesitation. "It's the writing of Jameson, the man who has charge of the magazine department of the library."

Then I told him what I had learned.

"I never fully trusted that fellow," was my friend's comment as he agreed to meet me at the library the next morning.

When I got there he was already in his private room, and before him was the famous card bearing Miss Robertson's name.

"I'm afraid that you don't half know your business, Mr. Detective," said he, with a smile.

"I'm afraid not," said I.

"Take another look at that card, and tell me if you discover nothing peculiar."

"Yes," said I, a new light breaking in upon me. "The words 'Londoner, 1848,' are in imitation of the rest of the handwriting of the card, but are by another hand."

"Of course," responded the librarian. "Now that we know the truth we are wonderfully sharp, are we not? Those words are in Jameson's hand disguised to imitate Miss Robertson's handwriting, which covers the rest of the card. Here is Jameson's last report to me of the condition of his department. Look at the capital J in his signature and the capital J in June on that card. The reason for all this is clear. Our men are forbidden to take books from the shelves except upon the written order of visitors. But they can read the books returned during the day and need not put them back on the shelves until evening. In order to keep that copy of the *Londoner* while copying the stories sold to the *Gazette*, Jameson put it down at the end of Miss Robertson's list for the day. Observe that on all these cards of Miss Robertson's the *Londoner* always comes last."

The case seemed clear enough.

"I have sent for Jameson," continued the librarian. "Here he is now."

The interview was a painful one. The fellow confessed in an abject manner and begged for mercy. He had needed the money for debts, and would refund it at once if allowed to go. I consulted by telephone with Burton, and that afternoon Jameson paid back the hundred dollars and left the library forever.

When that part of my work was finished I went over to where Miss Robertson was putting up her papers for the day. The young idiot in green goggles was preparing to grin and carry her books to the desk. She started and flushed as I approached her chair.

"Will you allow me to help you with these books?" said I, as if nothing unpleasant had ever happened between us. "I have something to tell you when we get outside."

"Have you found the thief?" she answered, gravely.

"I have," said I, barely able to conceal the note of triumph in my voice.

When we reached the street I told her all.

"I am glad for your sake," she said. "You have recovered your hundred dollars." She was still a deeply offended divinity.

"The hundred dollars? That was of no importance. I should have given ten times the sum to win the privilege of taking back your umbrella and to hear you say you forgive me. In time I shall hope to make your father forgive me too."

"My father—knows nothing of this wretched blun—business. I never told him that his daughter had been suspected of theft."

"Then may I take back your umbrella this evening? You said that when I found the thief you would forgive me. You have a great deal to forgive. The best of us may blunder, Miss Robertson. You must not expect too much of a young man whose acquaintance you made in the—library."

"Very well," she said, simply, and the shadow was lifted.

Shall I go on? Is it worth while? Friends of ours sometimes speak of the wonderful success of newspaper men as amateur detectives. Then my wife smiles quietly. But I think that I also can afford to smile. You would think so too if you knew her.

*Philip G. Hubert, Jr.*

## IRRIGATION FROM UNDER GROUND.

The Lord shall comfort all the waste places. For in the wilderness shall water break out, and streams in the desert; and the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water. He will make the desert like the garden, and the desert shall rejoice and bloom as the rose.—ISAIAH.

**T**HERE are three sources of water-supply in the arid region of the United States: the first is precipitation immediately from the clouds, the second drainage from the mountains through the streams, and the third the underground flows. The scope and character of the first and second have been quite fully explored, and are, with some definiteness, estimated and understood. But the third, for a long time regarded as of slight consequence, but now by many believed to be the most important of all, is as yet so little known that there is not a single treatise upon the subject. Prior to 1890, as Richard J. Hinton well says, "this field of hydrological engineering was almost untouched by the scientific engineer. The nature, character, and extent of underground water-supply are subjects to which very little systematic attention has been given in the past, either here or elsewhere in the world."

Nor, indeed, since 1890 has the pursuit of the knowledge been prosecuted by the fitting authorities with that assiduity and comprehensiveness of grasp which the gravity and vital import of the problem demand. During that year was undertaken, under direction of Congress, a survey of the district embraced between the 97th and 105th meridians of longitude,—a scope of about one-fourth the arid region; but since that time nothing further officially has been done. That survey was probably as superficial a one as could possibly have been made in such a field. But sixty days of time were allowed to the investigation, and only fifteen thousand dollars were used to sustain the

cost. Still in some fashion the geologists and engineers did scramble over six hundred and fifty-eight thousand square miles of country, making, as they say, "only a preliminary survey;" yet the results of that inquiry revolutionized the opinions which had been theretofore held upon the relative importance of the underground flows to the redemption of the sterile surfaces above them and to the reduction of a climate parched with excess of drouth to a degree of agreeable salubrity.

It was found that nearly the whole of the district explored was underlaid with sheets of water; not one sheet, nor two, but often three sheets, imposed one above the other, intercalated with strata of impervious rock. In writing his report upon this discovery, as the phenomenon exists in Nebraska, Professor Hicks of that State said, "The underflow along the incline bodies of porous rocks is undoubtedly a more important source of moisture than are all the rivers which enter the State." Though the inquiry was not pushed farther west than the eastern foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, yet from data gathered and observations made in this field, from the reports of geologists and engineers in the employ of the States which spread over the area untouched by the scientists at Washington, from records of well-borings therein, and from such observation as I have been able personally to make, it is possible to view the phreatic permeation of the entire arid country with an eye somewhat to the system of its arrangement, its potential future development, and the place it will hold as a contributing source of the conversion to industrial uses of such lands of the region as are susceptible of being brought under subjection through the agency of applied moisture.

In its widest scope, the arid region of the United States comprises half the territory of the entire country; for to so great an extent must irrigation be employed either as a primary or a secondary factor in the cultivation of crops. From about the 96th to the 99th meridian there is a strip of about two hundred and fifty miles in breadth which Major J. W. Powell calls the "sub-humid" tract. Within it there is an annual precipitation sufficient to insure crops, but the precipitation is so disproportionately bestowed, and at such irregular intervals throughout the year, that the seasons of successful farming are interspersed with long and disastrous droughts; reliance, therefore, upon moisture directly falling from the clouds is extremely hazardous, and, unsupplemented by waters from stream distribution, it is not generally reposed.

But west of the 99th and east of the 121st meridian, throughout the whole breadth of the country, from Canada to Mexico, there is a district in which nothing needing moisture greater than that required by the artemisia or the cactus can be planted and grown. It is a region aggregating about one million three hundred and forty thousand square miles, a territory larger than Arabia, as large as and not more arid than the combined areas of Persia and India, with their united populations of two hundred and fifty millions of human souls.

Saving the eastern boundary of this domain, its topographical character is extremely broken. Upon the east a vast flank of gently sloping plains incline from vertebræ of mountains and move swiftly on into the valley of the Mississippi; to the west it is a mere jumble of steep

and saucers, a region of peaks and depressions, valleys from which mountains are always in sight.

In this country the annual rainfall is greater in the north than in the south, greater in the high areas than in the low-lying surfaces. The cause of this is obvious when one reflects upon the physical phenomenon which produces this arid state,—a fact and a cause not generally recognized by those living within the territory, and often overlooked by those who should know better, as witness the experiments of a few years ago in the endeavor to precipitate moisture in these parts from a cloudless sky. Yet the cause of our Western aridity is very simple, and may be readily understood.

The continent of North America is entered on two sides by great oceanic warm currents. On the eastern side the Gulf Stream moves out of the Gulf of Mexico and up along the coast of Florida, diverging off Hatteras, but its influence is felt still farther to the north. The other current comes in upon the extreme northwest, and washes the seaboard States of Washington and Northern Oregon, extending across the border and up into British Columbia. These equatorial currents are the tracks along which move the moisture-laden winds; they are the cyclonic belts, the oceanic areas, of the barometric low.

These currents of water-bearing winds hang close to the surface of the warm streams along which they travel and from which they absorb their food-supply; and compatibly with the trend of the streams themselves they are directed at all times from the west toward the east. Now, if our western coast were a low flat plain, we should have no difficulty with aridity in the interior; but such is not the case. Instead of low levels we have high mountains bordering all our west coast contour; the Cascades, the Sierra Nevada, flank the sea from north to south along the whole expanse of the country; they slope toward the ocean, but their summits are high in the cold ether of the heavens. When these low lagging water-soaked winds push in upon the continent, they are met upon the threshold by vast rearing elevations which force them to carry their burdens at once into higher strata of the atmosphere. As they crawl these slopes and strike the cold air above, the warmth is instantly wrung out of them and they are clapped together in a pressure of condensation; they divest themselves of their vapors, lose their humid holdings, and fly across the snowy crests as cold and nearly dry winds.

From thence on, the flight of these winds is across a succession of mountain eminences, upon all of which they leave some of the little moisture which they rescued from the cloud-wringing process upon the coast ranges, until they strike the Rockies; here, among the loftiest altitudes yet encountered, they deposit the last vestige of their oceanic absorption. Thence onward they raise their temperature and drink up rapidly from whatever water surfaces they find to attack, quickly refilling their parched atoms from the rivers and great lakes, sending back under-currents to precipitate and refresh as far to the west again as the 99th meridian.

Thus it can be seen that our arid region is such from a defect in nature,—if it may be so regarded,—and it must be considered with this

physical fact in view. We cannot get more water from the clouds than the mountains receive for us, and study of this area should be devoted to the waters which are at all times within it, how they lie and in what they are contained, and by what means they can be secured, controlled, and applied.

The meteorological and terrestrial phenomena of this country are very strange and striking. The general aspect of the entire domain is one of desolation. This is oppressively so where the landscape is ridged by high bare rocks and unrelieved by any cultivation of the levels. Vast dust-colored prairies, furzy with the brush of sage, bound away as far as the eye can reach. From these arid plains rivers suddenly rise, flow along for a few dozen miles, and then as suddenly disappear. There is ample annual rainfall in all parts of the district to secure the growth of crops, for nine acre-inches of water delivered just at the proper periods would insure successful farming; but the rainfall is mostly in the winter season, and for eight or nine months there is an almost unbroken duration of cloudless skies. When precipitation occurs in the north it is frequently congealed into hail, which pelts the ground with such violence that cultivated vegetation is beaten down, rent, and destroyed. In the south, rain falls often in the upper air, but seldom reaches the earth; it is disseminated in vapor and driven back by the furnace heats which arise from the ground; then it will gather in the skies and suddenly, perhaps in the night, it will fall as in a sheet, making a great destructive deluge called a "cloud-burst," which cuts channels, strews boulders, and lays waste wherever it spreads. In the north and upon the summits of the southern mountains, where the surfaces are cool, water will fall copiously enough, often in the form of snow; and upon all mountains above nine thousand feet in height there are snow-fields which extend from that eminence as far as the mountains rear. There are peaks among the Rockies fourteen thousand feet above the sea; and of such altitudes five thousand feet, from the crest downward, are storage reservoirs of congealed moisture to be liberated in due course, and in due course to be replenished, in endless succession. In the height of the long drought the region is swept by heated winds which burn and blast and shrivel; at other times during the same season the dancing air is disturbed by dust-whirls, which spin singly or in company, often moving like a battalion of infantry over a wide valley or a broad plain. Occasionally, on the eastern side, these vortices become tornadoes which connect the earth and sky like a giant hour-glass, and so stagger and roar, whirling about the centre with a velocity of eight hundred miles an hour, tearing along a path at a speed of almost a mile a minute.

It is not supposable that, with water supplied to all the otherwise arable land in the arid region and the soil brought under cultivation, all of these queer phenomena would cease; but certainly the most of them would do so. The winds could not thereby be induced to bring more moisture over the tops of the Cascades, but they would find a cool surface upon the levels when they reached them that would allow the deposit of whatever precipitation they had to yield directly upon the ground. Cool breezes would supplant the heated winds, and there

would be a broad and generous humidity where now there is such perennial parching drouth.

The aqueous vapors of the skies condensing mostly above the mountains, and their deposits accumulating thereon, those accumulations are melted into streams which flow away from the mountains, traverse the valleys and plains, and proceed to the sea. Accordingly this region is threaded with rivers. Some of them are large, as the Missouri, the Columbia, the Colorado, the Snake, the Arkansas, the Platte, and the Rio Grande, but thousands of them are small streams, their channels laid toward the larger ones, many being perennial, others filling only in seasons of rain.

Over the beds of these wide water arteries which roll their contents into the sea there annually flow to waste many thousands of cubic inches of the vitalizing fluid so oppressively needed to its ultimate drop in this vast anhydrous sweep; and it would perhaps be premature to discuss means whereby water might be induced from other and not altogether apparent sources, while so much that is visible and at hand is suffered to escape without avail. The arid region ought to be a region of great artificial lakes; the natural reservoirs of the snow-caps should be supplemented by man-made reservoirs at the mountains' feet. This precious liquid should be under the control of man. Nature has done much for us to modify the error of which we accuse her; it remains for ourselves to supply the rest. The cañons in the mountains' arms need only to be walled on their faces to effect great pockets which would fill with water from the melting snows, and so the wherewithal to quicken much of the cultivable land within the country could at all times be present.

But such investigations as those undertaken in 1890, and the authorities to which I have previously referred, show us that that which flows upon the surface of this district is but the minor body of water within it. There are facts which leave us little room for doubt that the great volume of moving water in the arid West is not embraced by the banks of its streams, but that it exists beneath the surface of the earth, that these sub-surface reservoirs must first be filled before the exterior plane will shed water, and that the fluid which flows to waste is the surplus which will not infiltrate into the porous substances beneath.

Throughout, the whole country is underlaid with immense strata of rock, whose mass is sufficiently dense to resist the superimposed pressure, yet whose structure is so cellular as to permit the ready seepage of water through its aggregate. These rocks are sedimentary, and belong mostly to the sandstones. They are never metamorphic, such as granite or the schists, and rarely are they limestone. This latter class of rock may occasionally permit the flow of water through its body, because of fissures which allow the fluid to run in channels or veins; and sometimes the rock substances become so dissolved by water that great subterranean caverns are formed, as is the case in Kentucky; but generally limestone as a water-bearing rock is unreliable, even where fissures exist. If the movement of the water is obstructed, it will deposit calcareous matter, and so fill the tubes and close them.

But the sandstones are the real water-carriers, and, except in very limited areas, they are everywhere to be found,—everywhere, I believe, over the earth's surface. Of these great petrological sponges, the deepest lying in the arid region are the Trias. They lie at a depth of perhaps three thousand feet, and on account of their depth they are not very available for water extraction. The expense of penetrating the superimposed strata is such that the well would add a cost to the land usually greater than the productive value of the whole when the bore was completed; and if the water did not rise far up in the pipe there might be presented annoying problems of pumping. But it is usually not necessary to sink to the Trias, for above that, and generally at from three hundred to five hundred feet beneath the surface, lies a great sheet of friable rock, a member of the Cretaceous, called the Dakota sandstone. Its texture is so loose, its interstices so large, that water will flow through it with considerable, though unascertained, velocity; and though it has never been punctured farther than a few inches, yet it has always responded to these perforations with the most generous flows. This vast water-fat slab is one hundred and fifty feet in thickness, and is nearest the surface in the Dakotas. Thence it bevels downward very gradually, and passes under the surface of Nebraska, a large part of Colorado, and far down into Kansas. It is estimated that its area is two hundred and sixty-eight thousand eight hundred and sixty-five square miles, and it is believed to be traceable over a territory five hundred and fifty miles in length by seven hundred miles in width.

In Kansas the surface-water rock is a Tertiary grit. It is composed mainly of dark red feldspar pebbles in a mortar of sand and lime, and it has a thickness of from twenty to one hundred feet. It underlies a loess-like, almost impervious deposit called Tertiary marl, which is spread upon it to a depth of from twenty to two hundred feet, and which holds down the percolating water within the lower rock. This water-soaked stone, with its clay cap, spreads through Southwestern Kansas, Eastern Colorado, Western Nebraska, and large areas of New Mexico and Texas. It is reckoned that its field is about one hundred and fifteen thousand square miles. Many of those peculiar rivers which rise from unapparent sources have their heads in it. The marl has in such places been eroded to a thin film: through this the water has broken, corroded a channel in its saturated rock, and flows on until the marl thickens again, when the water sinks under it and disappears, continuing its course under ground through the permeable beds. Such streams as the Republican, Arickaree, Smoky, Solomon, Prairie Dog, Saline, and Cimarron have their rises in this grit; some of them succeed in getting their waters into larger streams and thus carried to the ocean, while others, after proceeding a few miles, sink into the ground in the remarkable manner I have described.

West of the Rockies there is a great deposit of water-bearing sandstone called the Laramie. It is from two thousand to five thousand feet thick, and it stretches through most of Montana and parts of Wyoming and Utah. Similar sandstones underlie Idaho, Eastern Washington and Oregon, Nevada, Southern Utah, and Arizona. In

most of Arizona the river phenomenon is enlarged to the scale of lakes, some of them of large dimensions, while bored wells give artesian flows similar in character to those developed east of the Rockies.

The water-supply of these beds all comes from the mountains. The great distributor to the most of them is the chain of the Rockies. These mountains, like the other important ranges in the West, have risen, and their high peaks are Archæan. The rock formation lying lowest pushed up, bulging the various outer layers of the earth's skin, until finally it has broken through and gone far out above them. A great fracture has been made in the earth's crust, and a long wedge of the interior substance has risen out of the depths and ascended high in the cold sky and hardened there. The lips of this wound, on both sides of the central tongue, expose the foliated character of the earth's structure. The strata have been broken and left standing flexed abruptly upward against the sides of the tongue. Often the topmost strata have slid down the synclinal curve or basin thus made, and then the bent edges stand a little distance away from the mountains and form foot-hills. The intervening declivity between the upturned edges of the beds and the base of the Archæan tongue are filled in with débris, the result of degradation of the rocks on both sides of the chasm.

From this, therefore, it can be seen that these saturated sandstones have their edges directly in the regions where lie the great reservoirs of congealed water, the mountain snows. Sometimes the snows cover the edges of the strata; at other places the water drains from the frozen zone down the high granites until it strikes the sandstones, and is then absorbed, sucked up, and drawn off. When these stones are filled, as I have said, the water will run over their edges and find its way into the streams to be carried off.

The lowest member of pervious sandstone must, of course, lie upon some impervious rock. But intercalated between this and the porous stratum above are impermeable beds, generally of clay, and above the porous rock there are similar beds. These non-saturable strata perform a highly important office in the scheme of phreatic flows. From the sides of the mountains the strata dip toward the valleys, so that for long distances the water moves upon a grade much lower than its head. If the entire series of strata, from the surface down to the metamorphic rocks, were pervious, the water would run upon the plane nearest to the level of its head, and, unless the flow were lessened or stanchèd, it would not sink into the rock beneath. Under such an arrangement the great purpose of nature in holding water in the arid region would be defeated, for the water would quickly rush from the mountains to the sea, and would all be lost.

But the dense and occluded beds superimpose the loose and granular ones; and, thus held down and imprisoned, the water is transported hundreds of miles from its mountain source. When these clay or shale beds are punctured by the drill, and the fat, water-reeking rock beneath is touched, the water will rise in the bore to a height level with its source; and, as the arable lands generally lie in the valleys upon a plane lower than this, the liberated waters will, under hydrostatic pressure, shoot up in a column above the surface of the land. This is

the principle of the artesian wells, and a recognition of this principle divides the water-bearing strata into two classes, namely, the artesian and the non-artesian deposits. The artesian rock invariably lies deep. The Trias, the Dakota sandstone, the Laramie, are artesian. Bores in these rocks spout water sometimes over sixty feet in the air, as is actually the case where the Dakota sandstone has been tapped at Woonsocket, South Dakota; and in many places the subterranean force throws the column in a jet twenty or thirty feet above the orifice. Wherever these rocks have been penetrated, they invariably raise their water to the surface and respond with a generous yield.

But the non-artesian deposit does not raise its water, and the wells must be pumped. The fact that the water does not mount in the tubing is not an evidence that the supply at the bottom is meagre. On the contrary, it is rarely so; it is generally there in great abundance. But the lack of hydrostatic pressure means that the water-bearing deposit lies shallower than such absorbents as the Dakota sandstone, and, so lying, the motion of the water through them is much more gradual. I have said that after the strata were turned sharply up by the rise of the mountain granites the topmost members sometimes slid down along the others toward the troughs of the curve thus made. If this change had not occurred, their edges would have been highest upon the mountains, though farthest away from the mountain summits; as it is, the lower members are highest, as they are also closest lying to the summits, and the topmost strata lie lowest down toward the valley. Their edges are therefore not turned upward so abruptly as the deeper layers, and water entering them has no such down grade upon which to run. It is on this account that water runs through them at a less rate of speed than it runs below, and, though they may not be capped with impervious material, it will still keep to the body of the deposit and not run along the top.

But these surface water-carriers are also frequently mere masses of silt thrown down by the action of glaciers or other eroding forces, and, as they rest on impervious rock, they are simply great sand-filled cisterns of water. These are the most commonly used subterranean water sources in the arid West, and their waters are of all the most accessible. They can be reached by either shaft or tunnel, and often at slight expense. Many deserts in this country are simply fills of this kind, in which the water lies too deep for capillary attraction to draw it to the surface, but which, opened by the work of a few days, would reward such industry with abundance of the fluid. The whole of California is a succession of these aqueous earths, and Utah is much the same. In the latter State there are eighteen hundred wells, and in the former three thousand, which are drawing their supplies mostly from these sources.

Twenty-five years ago it was popularly believed that the population of Los Angeles, California, could never exceed twenty thousand, as the apparent available water-supply would not sustain a larger number of people. The city lay on the banks of a small creek, which issued from the mouth of a valley that has an area of three hundred square miles and is surrounded by low mountains, which give it a watershed of five

hundred and thirty-two square miles. The normal flow of the creek is one hundred and ten cubic feet per second. As the city grew in size and it became apparent that the limits of its capacity would soon be determined unless a supply of water more copious than that afforded by the creek could be secured, the sources of this perennial stream were explored and the subterranean gravels of its rise most diligently probed. It was found that the whole of this valley, called the San Fernando, was a storage reservoir, and that the twenty-seven annual inches of rain which fell in the mountains, and the fifteen inches which found its way into the valley, accumulated there in a sort of underground lake; yet the surface of the soil gave no indication that water was contiguous. The glacial drift of which this valley land is composed lies to a depth of one hundred and sixty feet, and the standing pool of water within it has a perpendicular measurement of from twenty to fifty feet. By these investigations it was demonstrated that from the source of this valley and its catchment basin alone there was water at hand ample to supply a population of three hundred thousand souls.

And what has been demonstrated to exist in the San Fernando valley is repeated in valleys all over the arid West. Thousands of these natural water-pots exist, locked in the arms of great mountains with bare glistening teeth, the levels torrid with dancing heat, the scene tawny, arid, and wild. Sink a hole and shake the handle of a pump, and pure, potable, crystalline water gushes forth to refresh the soil, to vitalize the vegetation and turn the dull dun green.

But the query rises, does the water which enters these stones and sands remain there, or does it proceed somewhither, and are those bodies veritable channels for conducting the fluid from its mountain repositories—where? As I have said, science has thus far paid but the most meagre and superficial attention to these underground waters, and this question I have never seen discussed. Unquestionably, however, the waters are moving, and, like the flows upon the surface, they are proceeding to the sea. A notable evidence of this is the fact that the subterranean waters along the lower border of the arid country lie very much nearer the surface than is the case in the States above. Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona are meshed with streams which break out upon the surface and flow on in the beds of rivers to the gulfs. Water is attainable at a depth of from ten to fifteen feet over enormous areas. At San Antonio, springs yield twelve million gallons daily; at Wetherford, in Parker County, a single well gives one million gallons daily; Marion has a well which gives two million gallons daily; while in New Mexico a spring forms a river fifty feet wide and yields five hundred and nineteen million gallons daily. At Raton, New Mexico, springs and a well give a daily yield of two hundred and thirty thousand gallons; at Phoenix, Arizona, the town is supplied by wells which furnish four million gallons daily. Almost everywhere underground water may be had in abundance; yet this is the part of the district farthest from the path of cyclonic disturbances, where aridity attains its maximum, where the rainfall in the valleys measures but three inches annually.

Why then is it that here the sands and strata are so impregnated

with water? Plainly, it would seem, it is because the saturable lithological structure is made the conduit through which pass the aqueous accumulations from the north to their destination, the ocean,—a wise provision of nature, to pour into the part of the district having the least precipitation from the clouds the abundance gathered from those parts where the rainfall is comparatively bounteous. That the water which moves through these rocks finds its way into the ocean there is no doubt. Fresh water is common enough in the Gulf of Mexico, where it is found oozing from the floor twelve hundred feet below the surface. On the southwest coast of Persia—the hottest region of the Eastern hemisphere—a numerous population draws its water for domestic uses from submarine springs, the fluid being secured by native divers. In the Persian Gulf, as in the Gulf of Mexico, the fresh-water fountains have their source in the water-carrier rocks which convey the liquid from the mountains far in the interior of the country.

The practical utility and benefit of these water rocks and deposits in the arid region are enormous and wholly inconceivable. There are at present in this expanse about twenty thousand wells, which irrigate about one hundred thousand acres, and no less than one hundred cities and towns get their supplies of water wholly from these sources. And yet at no place, save Denver, where the first underlying water-bearer has been tapped and where nearly every large building has its well, has the supply been apparently affected. As a system of distribution, these movements of water in the earth have certain peculiar advantages. The fluid does not flow, as upon the surface, in narrow channels from which it must be intercepted by canals and often conducted long distances at great expense to the place of consumption; it spreads in broad underlying sheets, and costs nothing to carry it to the spots where it is needed. The water does not evaporate on the way: the method seems to be nature's plan of conserving a fluid in a country where it is scarce and where its uses are so vitally necessary to man.

Development of such water is only in its most tentative stages, yet, so far as it has proceeded, abundant success has rewarded the experiment. That it has been woefully overlooked by science and those authorities from whom it should have received attention has been copiously confessed; but withal there is not a doubt that it is the chief water-source of the arid West, and that in the future growth of this part of our country it will continue one of the first of the problems for study.

*John E. Bennett.*

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### CHRISTMAS GOLD.

"IT was early in the fifties," said my host, leaning back in his veranda chair, and letting his eyes wander complacently over a wide stretch of pasture-land which extended almost as far as we could see, dotted here and there with flocks of sheep that looked like white patches in the sunny distance. "It was early in the fifties. Ah, you

new-comers have no idea what the words mean to an old stager like me. It was in the first days of the great gold rush, when half a dozen half-built streets were Melbourne, and half of the houses were public houses. The gold fever had fairly set in, and everybody had gone mad with the excitement. Dozens of ships lay at anchor in Hobson's Bay with nobody but the officers on board. Drays and horses stood idle for want of drivers, and shops were either closed altogether or kept open by their owners without assistance. Doctors, lawyers, school-masters, clerks, and even parsons, had thrown up their billets and started to look for gold. The cry was gold,—nothing but gold. Men sought gold, and fell exhausted on the way to the diggings; they found it only to die by hundreds on each field while they grasped it in their fevered hands. They sought it, they fought for it, they robbed and murdered to get it; they starved and died with hands that almost touched it, and they died and never knew.

“I was young then, and had only just arrived. I had no friends in the colony, but on the voyage, with youth and hope for capital, I had got engaged to a girl who was coming out with her father and mother and six young brothers and sisters. They were going to farm, though they had very little money, and I was going to be a clerk, as I had been in England. In twelve hours after we landed I had changed my mind. I would make my fortune at the diggings, and in a few months would be rich enough to marry Maggie, and even to help her family. So at least we planned it, Maggie and I. We were both young; the future was all before us; and the golden haze of the Australian sunshine—never so golden as then—cast its witchery over all. We parted. There were some tears, I think, but there were more hopes; hopes that looked so vivid that it was hard to distinguish them for hopes only. Maggie's father wanted to come too, but he was sickly, and his wife wouldn't hear of it, so I went alone.

“I had been on the diggings five months, and had had only middling luck. I fell in with a mate in a queer way,—I'll tell you about that another time,—and we had tried two rushes before we settled to work at Monkey Creek, but even there our luck was bad. We saw men pick up gold like beans within a few yards of our claim, while Jim and I, doing our best, could barely make tucker; but then, it's true, we saw men work as hard as we did, close by, and hardly get the color. No, we weren't among the lucky ones, but we were better than a good many, and we had an ounce or two in the bag that Jim kept in his belt by night and day. The mails to Monkey Creek were far from regular, but when they did come I always heard from Maggie. After the very first the news wasn't hopeful. Maggie's father was ill, and they couldn't even try farming till he got better; and in the mean time what little they had was being eaten up.

“It was two days before Christmas when the gold escort on its way to Bungaroo turned a few miles aside to leave a mail at Monkey Creek. It was getting on for sundown, so of course everybody knocked off work to go for letters. I waited only long enough to wind Jim up out of our shaft with the windlass, and then I started off for the post-office tent. There were plenty there before me, and it was a good

hour before it came to my turn. There was a letter from Maggie,—the first I had had for three weeks. I opened it eagerly, only to find it full of bad news. I had seen that things were going wrong before, but this time she had broken down. Poor Maggie! her father was dying, and the money was all spent. She wrote bravely still, but I thought of all the plans we had made, and my eyes filled with tears.

“I went straight back to our tent. ‘Jim,’ I said, ‘I’ve got to go to Bungaroo.’

“Jim was cooking our supper, but he looked up. ‘Halloo!’ he said, ‘what’s the shindy?’

“‘I’ve had a letter, Jim,’ I said, ‘and they’re in trouble down there. I must send her my share of the gold.’

“‘Right you are, mate,’ said Jim, slowly. ‘We’ll divide it.’

“We had our meal in silence. I was thinking how very little I should have to send Maggie, and Jim, as usual, said nothing. ‘Now, mate,’ he remarked, when we had finished, ‘let’s have a look.’ He pulled his belt round and produced the little leathern bag which looked so wofully empty. There evidently wasn’t much in it. Jim spread out a piece of paper and emptied the contents of the bag upon it, and we both stood looking at the little heap of dust and small nuggets that represented all we had to show for nearly five months of hard work.

“‘Look here, mate,’ said Jim, without looking up, ‘are things bad down there?’

“‘Pretty shady, Jim. The old man’s dying, and there’s six little ones.’

“‘And yours?’ Jim asked.

“‘Well, yes,’ I said; ‘but she’s never been used to hard work; and, besides——’

“‘And ye don’t like to think of her a-doin’ of it, neither, mate. And right you was, too. Now look here: this ain’t worth dividin’. Let’s keep one nugget for tucker, and you take the lot.’

“‘Jim!’ I exclaimed, springing to my feet, ‘you’re something like a mate.’

“‘Oh, gammon!’ said Jim; ‘that’s nothin’ atween mates, that ain’t. I ’ain’t got a girl myself, but if I had I wouldn’t like to see her a-doin’ of chores, not me.’

“My eyes grew very misty as I wrung Jim’s rough hand, but no more was said. Jim picked out one small nugget of perhaps half an ounce, and put the rest of the gold back into the bag, which he pushed across to me. ‘It’s a longish tramp to Bungaroo, mate,’ he said: ‘you’d best be off by daybreak.’ I only nodded as I put the little bag containing our joint resources into my pocket.

“It was early on Christmas Eve when I started. The camp was astir, but the noise of the day’s work hadn’t yet begun, and the smoke of nearly a hundred fires cooking breakfast went up in thin blue curls into the sunny morning air from the camp. My heart felt light as I picked my way between the claims that seamed the gully that morning. I didn’t forget that there was trouble down in Melbourne, either, but the feeling that I could do something to help them, and the thought that Maggie would know that she had somebody to rely on, were up-

permost in my mind. It wasn't much I could do, indeed, but, thanks to Jim, it would tide them over the pinch, and surely luck would come soon.

"I had never been to Bungaroo, and it was nearly thirty miles off, I had been told, so I stepped out briskly. It wasn't much of a road, either: anywhere else it wouldn't have been called a road at all. There was a horse-track that crossed the ridges and plunged into the gullies at the best spots for crossing the streams, though that didn't matter much now, as they were all drying up in the heat of the early summer. Now and then the track ran through the bush-land where the gum forest ran down a spur from the big range on the right and pushed a tongue out into the plain below, but the track was mostly open. Tall grass in tussocks encroached upon the path, bright wild flowers blazed and sparkled at the edges and waved on the banks of the streams, where the white or lilac wattle shook its tremulous leaves over the trickling water and dropped its bright flowers by thousands on the dazzling pebbles of snow-white quartz that paved its bed. I had walked for some hours before I saw a single human being. Now and then in the forest a parrot would call harshly from among the branches; now and then a little bandicoot would scud swiftly across the track; but for hours they were the only living things I saw.

"It must have been nearly midday. For something like half an hour I had been climbing the slope of a steep ridge, and it was with no little sense of relief that I saw below me a shady gully, through which, even from where I stood, I could fancy I heard the gush and gurgle of running water. I thought it would be a good place in which to make my simple meal of mutton and damper-bread, and it was with a lighter step that I made my way down the slope towards the spot which promised me both rest and refreshment. As I reached the bank I found that the same idea had occurred to somebody before me, and it was with no small feeling of satisfaction that I heard the customary greeting, 'Halloo, mate!' come up to me from below, as I made my way down to the stream. In another minute I had joined the first-comer, and in less than five we found ourselves on the friendliest terms, discussing the news of the various diggings within thirty miles or more, with which my new acquaintance seemed to be more than usually well acquainted. I was young and foolish then, or perhaps I should have been more cautious and less confiding, but, as it was, I fancy my companion knew by the time our simple meal was finished almost as well as I did myself the reason of my journey to Bungaroo, and the fact that I had my little capital about me. He was pleasant company, and when we started again I was glad to find that he too was going to Bungaroo, as I knew that his society would go far to lighten the journey.

"I was not mistaken in my expectation, and I hardly noticed how the time was slipping by until at last the sight of the sun sinking level on the western horizon reminded me that I had expected to reach Bungaroo before dark. My new companion assured me we had still several miles to travel, but suggested that we could cut off nearly half the distance by taking a path which led through the bush and

would bring us there before it was dark. He said he had gone by this track more than once and knew it well: so I was glad to accept his proposal. We turned aside from the path we had followed, and crossed two or three low ridges, and then we plunged into the forest along what looked like a cattle-track. It was already growing dusk under the thick shadows of the gum-trees, and, as my guide even now seemed little disposed to hurry himself, I pushed ahead in my impatience and took the lead.

“‘Come on,’ I exclaimed, as I stepped out briskly down a slope that led to a wide bottom in which even in the fading light I could make out the gleam of the white quartz pebbles that marked a dry watercourse. ‘Come on, mate, or we shan’t get in before dark after all.’ As I spoke I sprang across the belt of round white stones through which there still trickled a feeble stream, and began to ascend the bank on the other side, followed by my companion. He had come after me at my summons, and was now close behind. I was busily looking to my steps and trying to follow the track through the gathering shadows, so I didn’t look behind me, but I could hear his footsteps crunch on the pebbles, and I could even hear his short breathing as we climbed the steep bank and entered the dim avenue of trees. Here I could no longer be sure that I saw the track, and I turned half round to ask him if he was sure he knew the way. He was close upon me when I turned, and my first quick glance caught sight of his arm uplifted over his head, while his hand seemed to grasp a large white pebble that gleamed faintly in the fading light. Even in that half-light I thought I read murder in his eyes as they seemed to glare at me out of the shadows. I started back with a quick exclamation of surprise and alarm; my heel caught upon something,—probably the root of a tree; I staggered and fell backward. I felt myself go; I felt my head strike against something, and then I lost consciousness.

“I must have fallen heavily. When I came to myself I lay for some time utterly confused and helpless, with no distinct idea of where I was or what had happened to me. Gradually sense and memory returned. Gradually, very gradually, I think, I began to remember that last scene,—the deadly face, the uplifted hand, the dull gleam of the stone, and then the start backward and the sense of falling. Little by little it came back to me, dim and vague at first, and then more clearly, till suddenly its full meaning seemed to burst upon me in a moment, and with a cry that made the dim arches of the forest ring again I started up and looked around me. It was night. There was a strange, gray, pallid light which stole dimly through the trees; there was a dull, ghostly reflection that seemed to come up from the hollow below: it was moonlight. The echoes of my sudden cry had died away, and now the silence was profound. I put my hand to my head and tried to think. My treacherous companion had left me without carrying out the threat I had read in his eyes. I felt tremulously for my little bag. I felt again: it was gone.

“I sprang to my feet and hurried madly through the woods, conscious only of some wild idea of overtaking the robber. On, on I

went through the dim arcades of the silent forest. My footsteps crunched the broken twigs and the dead leaves; my eyes strained fiercely to catch a glimpse of the villain who had robbed me. On and on, a dull heavy pain at my heart, a fierce inarticulate desire for vengeance parching my lips and making my eyes smart and burn, and behind it all a dim vision of Maggie far away in Melbourne and in want, and the shadow of my mate Jim as he gave me his share of our hard earnings to help her.

“On and on, under the dark canopy of leaves, past the long rows of straight gray trunks, through the still night air of the forest, heavy with the aromatic scent of the eucalyptus leaves. How long I went on, or how far, I cannot tell, but at last I began to go down-hill, and suddenly the trees ended on a slope. Before me there was an open space, and beyond that the forest again. I stopped and looked around. In front, on either hand, and behind me it was trees,—nothing but trees. From behind me I could hear the soft stirring of the leaves just moved by the night-breeze; from below there came up a soft gushing noise that spoke of water, and the sound made me feel for the first time that I was parched with thirst. I ran down the slope; I reached the shallow watercourse, with its bed of white pebbles; I knelt, and drank deeply of the little stream that murmured as it forced its way among them.

“When I had drunk I sat on the bank to recover myself, and then it was that the full misery of my misfortune seemed for the first time to come home to me. I clinched and shook my fists in impotent rage; I believe I tore my hair as I cursed the greedy robber who had betrayed me. Where was I to go? What was I to do? I was here, helpless and penniless, and there was Maggie in Melbourne, it might be half starving. And Jim—what would Jim say?—Jim, who had given his all to help me. I started up again wildly; I gazed round me on every side, but where was I to go? Around me on all sides lay the forest, wild, pathless,—the Australian bush, with all its deadly sameness. I ran down the course of the stream till the forest closed in upon it once more. It was madness to go on; it was despair to stand still. I threw myself on my face upon the ground; I buried my head between my arms; I believe I burst into a passion of tears. Gradually the despairing sense of utter helplessness grew benumbed; gradually my perceptions grew more and more confused: I sank to sleep.

“I awoke with a start. It was the loud, harsh scream of a cockatoo that had roused me. I opened my eyes. The bright hot morning sun was shining full in my face as I lay. I sat up and looked about me. And then it all came back,—the wrong, the misery, the bitter disappointment; and with it came the remembrance, which somehow made its bitterness seem more bitter still,—it was Christmas day. The happy memories of other Christmas days came back and mingled strangely with the misery of this. For a while I sat idly there, and as I sat my fingers were engaged unconsciously in pulling up the grass and flowers at my side. Again the cockatoo screamed, and I came back to the wretched present once more. What was to be done?

Well, at any rate I must make a start; I must try to find my way out of this place.

"My fingers still toyed idly with the grass and flowers as I looked on every side for some sign to indicate which direction I should take. At last I decided that I had better follow the course of the stream, and had turned to recover my feet, when my eye caught sight of the hole I had torn in the sod as I uprooted the grass. It was bigger than I should have expected, and on looking closer I saw that the sod was only a thin covering of earth over what looked like a heap of pebbles. There was something about the stone on the top that attracted my attention as I glanced into the hollow I had made. It might have been that its shape was less regular than the rest; it might possibly have been the absence of the white gleam of the regular quartz pebble to which I was so well accustomed: who can tell? I hadn't much curiosity about it, but it was just sufficient to make me kick it with the iron-shod heel of my boot. It sounded dull, and I noticed that my heel didn't glance off as I expected. I stooped more closely; I kicked it again. No, it was not quartz, whatever it might be. As the thought passed through my brain, a wild possibility seemed to flash upon my mind. I fell suddenly on my knees beside it. I seized it with my fingers, I wrenched and tore at it, I scraped the earth away from it with my nails, I struggled, with momentarily increasing excitement, to tear it from the ground. My nails were broken, my fingers were bleeding; I neither noticed nor felt it, for gradually, little by little, it yielded to my efforts and came slowly out of its bed. It was gold!

"The revulsion of my feelings was almost too great, and it was some time before I could recover from the shock of the discovery or let myself really believe in my good fortune. At last I convinced myself, however, that it was real, and then I wrapped it in my handkerchief and set off down the creek. I must have wandered some distance, for it took me many hours to find my way to Bungaroo, yet I was unconscious of feeling either tired or hungry. The afternoon was well advanced when I reached Bungaroo at last, and I went straight to the bank agent with my nugget. He grumbled a good deal at being disturbed on Christmas day, but at last he took it and weighed it.

"'Eighty-four ounces,' he said, as I stood beside him trembling with excitement; 'eighty-four ounces, at three pounds seventeen and sixpence, that'll be just three hundred and twenty-five pounds ten shillings, and a very pretty nugget it is, too. There's a receipt for it: you can look in to-morrow morning and get the money.'

"Ah, I've had many a slice of luck since then, and some of them a good deal bigger than that, but never one that was as welcome as that find of Christmas gold."

As he spoke, a French window was pushed open from within, near where we were sitting, and a very handsome old lady stepped quietly out on the veranda. My friend's face lighted up with a smile as he saw her. "Maggie," he said, "I have just been telling Hall how I found the Christmas nugget."

*Owen Hall,*

## TO-DAY IN THE BIBLE.

**Y**ESTERDAY, to-day, to-morrow, and forever are largely one and very much the same. "There is nothing new under the sun." We talk of evolution; but act and fact show forth only devolution, or (at most) revolution. We move, but do not advance; we rise, but only to descend. The thoughts, as well as the hairs, of our heads are all numbered,—ay, ticketed and labelled. "The thing that is is the thing that hath been;" the newest is the oldest; and all originality was exhausted, even in sin, by the first comers. Time is a clock which goes round and round, continually repeating itself, but making no new revelations. Invention and discovery are merely blind stumblings upon what was lost or forgotten. Creation is wholly beyond us; our only miracle is a resurrection of the dead.

The old Adam predominates in every man, and the oldest woman and the newest are as like as two pins. Eve's first complaint was that she had nothing to wear, and her first care was to provide herself with clothing,—to pique curiosity by concealment, as much as to allure by adornment. The old Satan tempted the old woman; the old woman tempted the old man; and this old story is only repeated in our latest fact and fiction. While we are lost in wonder and dismay at the airs and accoutrements of our modern belles, the prophet Isaiah informs us that the daughters of Zion in his day were not lacking in either style or equipment. He says of them that they are "haughty, and walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet. . . . In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the ear-rings, the rings, and nose-jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping-pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils."

Turning to Ezekiel, we cannot refrain from smiling when he tells us that high head-gear and balloon-sleeves were so prevalent in his time that he had to denounce them fiercely. He cries, "Woe to the women who sew pillows to all arm-holes, and make kerchiefs upon the head of every stature." He adds that they did these things to "hunt souls." Chips of the same block, the women of every age, alleged "weaker vessels" though they were, have steadily held their own way, equally regardless of priest and prophet as of press and pulpit. Yet Isaiah plainly told them they were bringing upon themselves by their conduct a day of wrath, wherein "seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, We will eat of our own bread, and wear our own apparel; only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach." That day, judging from all social statistics and all the signs of the times, is rapidly approaching, in spite of the Edmunds statute, and yet

the sex are still rushing to their doom with giddy and characteristic heedlessness!

The subsidiary humor in these prophetic allusions to women and their fashions cannot escape attention, especially where Ezekiel (balloons being then forgotten) calls the bloated sleeves "pillows,"—they being probably stuffed with feathers, as the similar sleeves of our grandmothers certainly were. The humor of old Isaiah (grim as it may be) swells and growls with every added item of his long inventory of feminine array and raiment. And, notwithstanding its solemn style and the obvious effort of all the translators to suppress everything like levity in the original, there is still a good deal of humor in our King James version of the Bible. The history of Jacob is full of diverting, if questionable, sharp practice, but we laugh with joy when Laban bites the biter, palming off Leah upon him for Rachel, and making him serve seven years more for the latter. Succoth refused to give bread to the followers of Gideon, and jeered him; and in Judges we are quaintly told that Gideon "took thorns of the wilderness and briers, and with them he taught the men of Succoth," as a modern mother of the people "teaches" her errant boy with a rod. In Judges, too, Samson propounds his riddle to the men of Timnath: "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." His wife wept the answer out of him, and disclosed it to the men of Timnath; whereupon Samson said, "If ye had not ploughed with my heifer, ye had not found out my riddle." One of Job's friends calls him "a man full of talk;" and, replying to these friends, Job says, "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you."

Doctors of medicine are no new subjects of cutting remarks. In II. Chronicles it is recorded of Asa that, being diseased, "he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers." To the same effect we find the following in St. Mark: "And a certain woman had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." In II. Samuel, "Michal the daughter of Saul came out to meet David, and said, How glorious was the king of Israel to-day, who uncovered himself to-day in the eyes of the handmaids of his servants, as one of the vain fellows shamelessly uncovereth himself!" And in I. Kings, when the prophets of Baal prayed in vain for fire, Elijah mocked them: "Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must not be awaked."

In Hosea we are told that the idolaters added insult to injury in their treatment of the true Israelites, crying out, "Let the men that sacrifice kiss the calves." The wit and humor, as well as the invective, of the New Dispensation were showered upon the scribes and Pharisees, as witness this description of them in St. Matthew: "They make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garments, and love the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues, and greetings in the markets, and to be called of men Rabbi, Rabbi." Again, "Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel."

In considering To-day in the Bible, there are many cases where it is difficult to decide whether To-day is derived from the Bible or whether both are not derived from the same sources. The heart of man, the way of the world, the mutations in nature and in human affairs, have all existed from the earliest ages, and have all followed the same or similar lines from the first; and it would be a very old story indeed merely to show that the course of events is pretty much the same in all eras. For instance, the Israelites, or some portion of them, were continually on a "strike" about something or other; the sons of Samuel (judges in Israel) "turned aside after lucre, and took bribes and perverted judgment;" David took Uriah's wife, and had Uriah assassinated; "current money" (silver) is mentioned as early as Abraham; and we are assured in II. Chronicles that "silver was not anything accounted of in the days of Solomon." The Scriptures are full of such declarations as these: "Money is a defence;" "Money answereth all things;" and in St. Matthew, Christ himself relates the parable of the laborers in the vineyard, in illustration of the eternal dispute about time-work and wages. The dissatisfied laborers urged that they had "borne the burden and heat of the day," and the hirer responded (as usual), "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?"

But we need not fill ourselves with the east wind over these endless controversies. There is enough to amuse, interest, and instruct us without going beyond the ordinary walk, talk, and conversation of every-day life, of which much comes to us from the Bible itself, or from the vernacular English speech and custom that prevailed when the King James version of the Scriptures was made, and when our forefathers were embarking for these shores.

It is from Genesis we learn that woman was made for man's "helpmeet;" that she is "bone of his bones and flesh of his flesh;" and that "in the cool of the day," as the Lord walked in the garden after the transgression of Adam and Eve, he banished them from Eden, and declared to them, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread. . . . Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." In Genesis, too, we find these current expressions: His countenance fell; am I my brother's keeper? there were giants in the earth in those days; pitched his tent; the set time; lifted up her voice; good speed; gave up the ghost; gathered to his fathers; full of years; sold his birthright; "the voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau;" made an end; break the yoke from your neck; said in his heart; he lighted upon (found); face to face; held his peace; heard say; not in me; bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave; his life is bound up in another's; the fat of the land; unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.

The foregoing are fixed idioms and sayings in our common speech, used by almost everybody without the slightest notion of their origin, and very rarely are any of them consciously quoted (as from the Bible) by anybody. The same may be said of most of those yet to be cited, as the following from Exodus: Made their lives bitter (embittered their lives); spoil the Egyptians; slow of speech and of a slow tongue; spokesman; the tale of bricks; in evil case; set his heart; the finger

of God ; in very deed ; darkness which may be felt ; not a hoof left ; this selfsame day ; homeborn ; a high hand ; on a smoke (as mount Sinai "was altogether on a smoke") ; make good (restore) ; a stiff-necked people ; visit their sins upon them ; know by name.

The prevalence of scriptural words and phrases by no means argues (as already hinted) any general familiarity with Holy Writ. On the contrary, there is a lamentable neglect of the Scriptures, even if we estimate them at only their literary and historical value. Recently a gentleman of some note exhorted his friends to "hold up his hands" in the cause he was advocating. An opponent jeered him for using what he called "a nonsensical phrase ;" for his part, he preferred that his friends should hold up their own hands and strike out with them in his behalf. And thereupon there was much ignorant whooping and laughing, even the gentleman who used the allusion being himself unacquainted with its significance. Now here both speakers (men of standing) and the mass of their hearers exhibited an ignorance of the Bible that could not have been found among our school-children forty years ago. The reference is to an incident (as related in Exodus) of the battle between Joshua and Amalek in Rephidim : "And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed : and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed. But Moses' hands were heavy ; and they took a stone, and put it under him, and he sat thereon ; and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side ; and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun. And Joshua discomfited Amalek and his people with the edge of the sword."

From Leviticus we have these : Hard by (in the sense of near to) ; the common people ; goeth upon all-four ; bear grudge ; eat your fill ; set face against you ; and "the sound of a shaken leaf shall chase them ; . . . they shall fall when none pursueth."

Numbers furnishes these examples : Taken with the manner (caught in the act) ; out of hand (outright, at once) ; breach of promise ; take too much upon you ; heard tell ; anger was kindled ; every man for himself ; be sure your sin will find you out ; at unawares.

In Deuteronomy we find these : Brought us word ; a byword ; as the stars of heaven for multitude ; to his face ; setteth light by (depreciates) ; as the apple of the eye.

From Joshua come these : Our life for yours ; clean over (entirely over) ; made as if ; hewers of wood and drawers of water ; as the sand upon the sea-shore in multitude ; stricken in years ; for a certainty ; the way of all the earth.

From Judges : I put (or took) my life in my hands ; smote them hip and thigh ; right in his own eyes ; as one man ; at a hairbreadth ; down to the ground.

In Ruth : Her hap ; to light on (find, discover) ; under whose wings ; how the matter will fall ; ho, such a one.

No little jest, considering the parties to it, is related of Hannah and Eli, in I. Samuel. Hannah was praying for a son, in the temple, and Eli was there as officiating priest : "And it came to pass, as she continued praying before the Lord, that Eli marked her mouth. Now

Hannah, she spake in her heart; only her lips moved, but her voice was not heard: therefore Eli thought she had been drunken. And Eli said unto her, How long wilt thou be drunken? put away thy wine from thee." In due course of time Hannah became the mother of Samuel, and she brought him to the temple to serve with Eli.

From the same book (I. Samuel) come these gleanings: Pour out the soul; make the ears tingle; every whit; the earth rang; quit yourselves like men; turned into another man; we will show you a thing; took and went; Saul eyed David; was much set by; sounded him; the business in hand; David exceeded; such and such a place; in a manner; played the fool; the stuff (goods and chattels).

To II. Samuel we are indebted for these: Thy blood be upon thy head; passing the love of woman; light of foot; break of day; manner of man; such a dead dog; play the man; put words in her mouth; keep house; a wench; the wings of the wind; David's heart smote him.

It will be noted that many of the expressions already cited (as also of those to follow) are chiefly used by the "common people,"—the illiterates; and I do not think these people got these idioms and sayings from the Bible, either directly or indirectly, but from the same well from which the translators of the Bible drew, the popular speech of England at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The masses, indeed, are as little familiar with the Scriptures as they are with Shakespeare's plays or any other of the Elizabethan or Jacobean literature.

I. Kings furnishes some striking examples: The eyes of all Israel are upon thee; sleep with his fathers (in death); prove with hard questions; eyes set; thus and thus shalt thou say; went for his life (in great haste); a still, small voice; the battle was joined; and one said on this manner, and another said on that manner. From II. Kings: Death in the pot; bringing up (as of children); to cut short; lay hands on (to seize); as the manner was; set thine house in order; turned his face to the wall (to die); as touching.

The following come from I. Chronicles: By name; by tale (or count); had a name among, or for; kept close; understood the times; double heart; made a name; put to the worse; magnificent; be doing; glistening; over and above all; full of days, riches, and honor. From II. Chronicles: Can skill to cut, etc. (as we now hear, "he skills it wid de fiddle," etc.); was minded; in such sort; laughed to scorn; shame of face; stand to it.

Ezra contributes these: Lift up the face; confusion of face; and from Nehemiah come these: Had a mind to; an open letter; cast down; lay hands on (to strike). "The wise men which knew the times," and "he thought scorn" (disdained), are in Esther.

The following are taken from Job: Skin for skin; past finding out; clean hands (innocence); as for you all; I have made my bed ("and must lie on it," we add); I am gone (or, as we sometimes hear, "I'm a goner," or "I'm gone up"); with the skin of my teeth; the root of the matter; he had the earth (as, we "want the earth"); and now am I in their song, yea, I am their byword; to spit in my face;

in his own eyes; full of matter (in the Baconian sense of "a full man").

From the Psalms: The light of thy countenance; upon his own pate; his doings; the lines are fallen to me in pleasant places (and our folk-talk has "hard lines" for ill luck, or hardship); men of the world; high looks; they shoot out the lip, they shake the head; my cup runneth over; out of mind ("out of sight, out of mind"); usward; my heart is inditing a good matter; my tongue is the pen of a ready writer; words smoother than butter; men of low degree and high degree; holpen (for helped); this and that man; as a tale that is told; to stick (remain steadfast); break the head; turn upside down.

In Proverbs we have "stricken thy hand with a stranger," in the same sense in which it is now proposed to "strike hands" on a bargain. In the same book are these: Shall smart for it; hope deferred maketh the heart sick; every fool will be meddling; the borrower is servant to the lender; riches make themselves wings; an evil eye; wise in his own conceit; the legs of the lame are not equal.

These are selected from Ecclesiastes: All the rivers run into the sea; there is no new thing under the sun; to everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven; a living dog is better than a dead lion; the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; a bird of the air shall carry the voice ("a little bird told me" is one of our commonest sayings); where the tree falleth, there it shall be; man goeth to his long home; of making many books there is no end.

"I am sick of love" (love-sick), says Solomon in his Song.

Isaiah has these sayings: The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; take away thy tin (Query: doesn't "tin" here substantially mean money, as in our current slang?); beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; grind the faces of the poor (as it is still said that one "has his nose to the grindstone"); a live coal; head and tail, branch and rush; the Lord sent a word into Jacob; the four corners of the earth; afore; to summer and winter upon them; here a little and there a little; I will work, and who shall let it? (This sense of "let" is still retained in the frequent phrase "without let or hindrance.")

"Oh," exclaims the prophet Jeremiah, "that I had in the wilderness a lodging place; . . . that I might leave my people, and go from them! for they be all adulterers, an assembly of treacherous men." Cowper, in "The Task," obviously imitating the prophet, says,—

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
Some boundless contiguity of shade,  
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,  
Of unsuccessful or successful war,  
Might never reach me more.

The following also come from Jeremiah: The bruit; can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? a terror to thyself and to all thy friends; at hand; settled on his lees; a mighty expert man; delicates (for delicacies).

Ezekiel has the following: A wheel in the middle of a wheel (or "a wheel within a wheel," as we say); in the dark; thou art contrary; thou art thy mother's daughter (so like her); as I saw good (as I pleased); men of the common sort; "thou hast clapped thine hands and stamped with the feet, and rejoiced in heart,"—statements that show how little our demonstrations of approval and applause vary through the ages.

"Woe worth the day" is found in Ezekiel; and it occurs frequently in English poetry and elsewhere. In "The Lady of the Lake," Sir Walter Scott makes the hunter say over his dead horse,—

Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,  
That costs thy life, my gallant gray.

In Daniel we find "aforetime," and it is said of Daniel's accusers, when they were thrown into the den of lions, that the lions "had the mastery of them, and brake all their bones in pieces or ever they came at the bottom of the den." The people still use "or ever" for before.

"Lay it to heart," says Malachi.

In the New Testament many of the expressions of the Old Testament are repeated. These, however, need not be cited again here. From St. Matthew we gather: One jot or one tittle; an eye single; no man can serve two masters; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof; judge not; with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again; neither cast ye your pearls before swine; sheep's clothing; a tree is known by its fruits; built upon the sand; out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh; a prophet is never without honor save in his own country, and in his own house; blind leaders of the blind; signs of the times; get thee behind me, Satan; a millstone about his neck; what God hath joined together let no man put asunder; the first shall be last, and the last shall be first; standing idle in the market-place; the burden and heat of the day; many are called, but few are chosen; entreated them spitefully,—a use of "entreat" yet common among the people, who also prefix "en" to many words to which it does not belong now, if it ever did; entangle him in his talk; unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's; the law and the prophets; strain at a gnat and swallow a camel; wars and rumors of wars; let this cup pass from me; the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak; never a word; Pilate . . . washed his hands; cast the same in his teeth.

In St. Matthew it is said that Moses commanded to "give a writing of divorcement," and to this day many of the people believe that a husband can yet put away his wife thus, or even swap or sell her. It cannot be doubted that many actual transactions occur under this belief, as authentic cases are now and then reported.

From St. Mark: To blaze abroad the matter; it was noised; beside himself; this ado ("to-do" is the popular form to-day); shake the dust from your feet (in departing from an inhospitable or otherwise unworthy house or city); the string of his tongue; beforehand.

From St. Luke: Physician, heal thyself; keep it close; he that is not with me is against me; having put hand to the plough, look not

back; the laborer is worthy of his hire; safe and sound; give an account of thy stewardship; though one rose from the dead; take hold of his words; if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry? he made as though.

From St. John: An Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile; men loved darkness better than light, because their deeds were evil; troubled the water; what and if; he is of age, ask him; he shall speak for himself; the poor ye have always with you; the which; for all there were so many.

It seems that Christ himself was regarded generally as an illiterate, having had no schooling; in St. John we read, "And the Jews marvelled, saying, How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" Speaking of St. John calls to mind old St. John's Church, Richmond, where Patrick Henry made the famous speech in which he said there were those who cried, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace;" but the quotation is from Jeremiah.

Hurrying through Acts, we make these gleanings: All the kindreds of the earth; the head of the corner; boasting himself to be somebody; which knew not Joseph; the lively oracles; neither part nor lot; God is no respecter of persons; come to himself; set eyes on him; the ends of the earth; held with; lewd fellows of the baser sort; turned the world upside down; other some; the times of this ignorance God winked at; took upon them; this thing was not done in a corner; let her drive (as a ship in a storm); under color as though.

From Romans: He staggered not at the promise; if so be; short work; I magnify mine office; heap coals of fire upon his head; honor to whom honor; build upon another man's foundation; these parts (this region),—a phrase in the mouths of all the people.

From I. Corinthians: A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump; all things to all men; as one that beateth the air; all in all; all one as if; through a glass, darkly; no uncertain sound ("for if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?"); speak into the air; evil communications corrupt good manners; one star differeth from another star in glory; of the earth, earthy. These come from II. Corinthians: This same; contrariwise; known and read of all men; the earnest (of a bargain); unequally yoked together; forty stripes save one; such a one; a thorn in the flesh; spend and be spent.

From Galatians: Fallen from grace; such like; overtaken in a fault; thinks himself to be something, when he is nothing; whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. From Ephesians: Fellow-citizens; rooted and grounded; the inner man; carried about by every wind of doctrine; eye-service; wickedness in high places. From Philippians: How it will go with me; beware of dogs; whose god is their belly, whose glory is their shame; yoke-fellows; an odor of a sweet smell. From Colossians: Fruitful in every good work; the hope of glory; bowels of mercy; a shadow of things to come.

The last must have been in the mind of the author of "The Pleasures of Hope" when he wrote the following lines in "Lochiel's Warning:"

'Tis the evening of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.

From I. Thessalonians: Once and again; as a thief in the night; prove all things; hold fast that which is good. From II. Thessalonians: If any would not work, neither should he eat. From I. Timothy: Vain jangling; contrary to sound doctrine; old wives' fables; tattlers and busybodies; the love of money is the root of all evil; vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called. From II. Timothy: Itching ears; do thy diligence to come. From Titus: Unto the pure all things are pure.

From Hebrews: A little lower than the angels; while it is called to-day; to come short; have need of milk, and not of strong meat (a somewhat soured lacteal sarcasm); a gazing-stock; faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen; he, being dead, yet speaketh; as good as dead; a cloud of witnesses; entertained angels unawares; a labor of love.

From James: A double-minded man; how great a matter a little fire kindleth. From I. Peter: All flesh is as grass; the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit; the weaker vessel; seek peace, and ensue it; the answer of a good conscience; the quick and the dead; at hand; charity shall cover the multitude of sins. From II. Peter: Cunningly devised fables; make merchandise of you; speak evil of dignities; natural brute beasts; wells without water. From I. John: The lust of the eyes and the pride of life; bowels of compassion; perfect love casteth out fear. From Revelation: I turned to see the voice; rule them with a rod of iron; broken to shivers; thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot; went forth conquering and to conquer; the four winds; the voice of many waters.

After all, my selections are comparatively few, and probably ill chosen; but even these go to show an intimacy of feeling, thought, and speech between To-day and the Bible that demands more attention than it receives, at least from the laity. It is not merely interesting, but it is important, to "search the Scriptures," even if for no more sacred purposes than literary recreation and edification.

An old story, illustrating the extreme ignorance of the Scriptures and of scriptural things that prevails in some quarters of the land, has recently aroused discussion through a version put forth by a distinguished English visitor. The story (purporting to tell of an American citizen who had not yet heard of the death of Christ) has been denounced as incredible in itself, and the visitor has been severely censured for seriously repeating it. But, a hundred years ago, when the people were more familiar with the Bible than they now are, the Rev. Freeborn Garrettson, a father of American Methodism, recorded the following in his autobiography: "I met a man one day, and asked him if he was acquainted with Jesus Christ. 'Sir,' said he, 'I know not where the man lives.' Lest he should have misunderstood me, I repeated it again, and he answered, 'I know not the man.'"

*William Cecil Elam.*

*DRUGGISTS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.*

LIKE the beginning of every other art, that of pharmacy is shrouded in mystery. The distinction now made between the physician and the druggist, the one a student of physiology, anatomy, hygiene, and medicine, and the other a compounder of drugs, was not very sharply defined in the earlier days of medicine, and we consequently find persons who combined both professions. Not that they knew very much about the body or its ailments. In most cases, tradition had handed down certain drugs and herbs as corrective of numerous abnormal physical conditions. These they prepared for their patrons: so that, after all, they were not physicians, but druggists.

Religious incantations for a long time formed the principal resource in treating diseases. Litanies were chanted while remedies were applied. The cuneiform inscriptions of Assyria contain many interesting references to charms and incantations. They give also an inkling of the kind of prescriptions that were then current. For example, one designed to correct a "diseased gall-bladder which devours a man's heart" is to consist of cypress extract, goat's milk, barley, ox and bear flesh, and the wine of the cellarer. This is directed to be prepared by a certain medical specialist, who is clearly a pharmacist or druggist and would be so called to-day.

In Egypt, pharmacy appears to have been practised at a very early date. Ebers informs us that one branch of the priesthood of Isis was proficient in the art. To these the prescriptions of the physician-priest were sent to be filled. This physician-priest attended the sick, and was accompanied by a chanter of litanies and charms. It may be remarked, in passing, that more dependence was placed upon the invocations and incantations than upon the medicine administered.

These facts make it apparent that medicine, pharmacy, and religion were closely commingled. The priests regarded the practice of pharmacy as their special prerogative, and looked with jealousy upon all who sought to obtain a knowledge of this branch of the healing art. The Greek legend of Prometheus gives an insight into this idea. Prometheus, it appears, wrenched fire from Zeus's hands and presented it to mortals. The gods became angry and determined upon revenge. Hephæstos was ordered to form a woman of irresistible attraction. This resplendent being, who was named Pandora, was led to earth and given to Epimetheus, the brother of Prometheus. Pandora presented her possessor with a box as a gift from the gods. As Epimetheus lifted the lid, there burst forth wailings and lament, hunger, want, distress, sickness, and suffering immeasurable and indescribable. The poor man became terrified, and attempted to close the box. But the damage had been done. Hope, which was the last to leave the box, had been caught by the lid, and "thus the only consoler of man ever afterward presented herself to him in a sadly distorted condition." The result of the opening was that disease stalked abroad throughout the land.

Prometheus, by order of Zeus, was chained to the most desolate rock in the Caucasus.

After the lapse of ages, a certain god named Æsculapius took pity on man, and taught him the art of healing by the administration of the products of the apothecary's skill. Æsculapius, one legend tells us, also raised the dead, and thus excited the wrath of Pluto, who found that his territory was not becoming as quickly populated as it might. He complained to Jupiter, who cut the Gordian knot by killing Æsculapius. The latter's medicines were prepared by Hygeia, his daughter or wife, who is portrayed as youthful and handsome, clad in a long flowing robe. She might not inappropriately be termed the goddess of pharmacy.

The legend of Prometheus and Æsculapius shows very clearly that among the earlier races the art of healing, of which the apothecary's skill has always been an important part, was regarded as a prerogative of the gods. Hospitals were built in honor of Hygeia; and, although the products of the pharmacopœia were administered, the cure or improvement of the patient was always considered as a manifestation of the grace and power of the goddess, rather than as the effect of the medicine. It is easy to discern that under conditions such as these the druggist's art could not advance very rapidly. Nor did the spread of Christianity affect matters: instead of appealing to Hygeia, the aid of the Virgin was invoked, and cures that were manifestly the result of the intelligent administration of drugs were almost invariably ascribed to the help of the Holy Mother.

Among the Hebrews, the art of the apothecary is spoken of very early in the Old Testament. The Jews were apparently far advanced in studies of this nature. The Chinese, too, appear to have early imbibed a taste for the druggist's skill. Ching Nong, a contemporary of Menes I. of Egypt, is said to have been a proficient pharmacist, skilled in decoctions and extracts. The following interesting description of a Chinese prescription is given in a German work on the subject:

"The prescriptions furnished by the native doctors, which are usually written upon Chinese letter-paper and a foot in length, contain only a list of the names and quantities of the medicines required, with concise directions for their preparation, no date or signature being appended. The clerk weighs out the ingredients and places them separately upon a large sheet of paper, going over them carefully afterward to prevent any possible mistake. A hand balance (*litang*) is used, consisting of a decimally graduated ivory rod, from one end of which a brass scale-pan is suspended by silk threads. The smaller kind weigh from one *li* to five and one-half *leung*, or Chinese ounces, and are remarkably accurate. Some are powdered in the upright iron mortar (*chung hom*), and others in the porcelain mortar (*lui un*); certain roots and seeds are roasted in a pan, while others are steeped for a few moments in Chinese rice spirits. The package of medicine is carried home to be boiled, and the infusion taken at one dose by the patient. Some Chinese prunes (*hak tso*) are usually furnished, to be eaten at the same time. The prescription, of which no record is kept, is returned with the medicine." The Chinese, in fact, appear to have antedated

the modern drug-store by centuries. It is also stated that they understood homœopathy long before the light of Hahnemann burst upon the world.

In Hippocrates (B.C. 460-370) pharmacy and medicine, which had begun to diverge, were again combined, for the great physician carried his drugs with him and mixed them there himself. His influence in this direction was potent, for it soon became fashionable in Greece and Egypt to be both physician and apothecary.

The druggist was introduced into Rome about one hundred and eighty-seven years before the Christian era. An epidemic was then raging in the Eternal City, and the services of one Arcagathus, a Greek, were solicited by the Romans. Arcagathus came to Rome, and was presented with a drug-store and a surgery. He practised medicine, pharmacy, and surgery, but the use of the knife had an indefinable attraction for him. The result of this predilection was that he operated so frequently as to arouse popular indignation, and was compelled to flee the city. He was succeeded by others, all more or less eminent as druggists, most of them coming from Alexandria, long the seat of pharmaca learning. Galen (Claudius Galenus), the great physician of the second century, whose influence is felt in medicine even to-day, and whose theories maintained undivided supremacy for nearly fourteen hundred years, was pharmacist, physician, botanist, and surgeon, and is on record as keeping a drug-store at Rome. He differed from the druggist of to-day, who is a compounder under a physician's direction, in that he was an original investigator.

The Arabians early initiated themselves into the mysteries of the druggist's profession, and, absorbing the best of all existing systems, soon dominated the field. Pharmacy owes to them its greatest impetus. They held the healing art in high esteem, and it is said that Mahomet himself had a predilection for the study of this branch of medicine. Through them the field of the apothecary was greatly extended. They recognized the separation of medicine and pharmacy as early as the eighth century, and established it by law in the eleventh. Their drugs came from Italy, and they had establishments for dispensing medicines at Cordova, Toledo, and other large towns in Spain, then under their dominion. These establishments, we are told, were under severe legal restrictions. According to a law passed in 1233, every physician was required to give information against any druggist who sold "bad medicines." The pharmacists were divided into two classes: first, those who sold simple medicines and preparations, and whose establishments were in reality grocery-stores, spice-shops, and candy-shops, or all three combined; and, second, those whose business consisted in scrupulously dispensing the prescriptions of the physician. The latter class resembled the druggists of to-day.

No record of a drug-store appears in Germany prior to 1267, when we find one at Münster. Apparently it was not an over-popular institution, for it took eighteen years for a similar establishment to make its appearance, this time at Augsburg. In 1318 a pharmacy was established at Hildesheim. This remained the property of the church there until 1365, when the city took control and began to dispense drugs.

Although no record appears of other drug-stores in Germany during the Middle Ages, it is probable that they existed. A parchment ordinance of 1350 of the city of Nuremberg shows clearly that the separation between medicine and pharmacy must at this time have been recognized. It ordains that the druggist shall conscientiously fill all written and verbal orders according to his best ability; that he shall use none but pure drugs; that he shall treat rich and poor with equal courtesy; that he shall be modest in his charges, and not demand more than he needs to feed and clothe himself and those dependent upon him, allowing a reasonable advance on the price of the drug as a compensation for his services. We find also at this time a record of a woman druggist. On an ancient memorial of an apothecaries' guild at Ulm is a record as follows: "In 1383 died Margareta, Hainczen Winkel's daughter, apothecaress." The woman is pictured as standing on a dog, regarded as an unclean beast during the Dark Ages, this position indicating that she has trodden all carnal and earthly desires under foot. Field pharmacies were established in Germany in time of war towards the end of the sixteenth century. At this time the business of the druggist changed considerably; he ceased to be a retailer of sugar, spices, and confections, devoting his attention to his drugs. His education was still largely based on his trade experiences, although those who adopted the profession were obliged to possess a rudimentary knowledge of Latin. The apprenticeship lasted from five to six years, and at the end of this time the apprentice was by his master created a journeyman. The journeyman apothecary was usually obliged to pass an examination before the Decanum Collegii at the time of applying for a situation. The duties of a drug-clerk were embodied in the following regulations:

"Every journeyman apothecary shall take an oath that he will faithfully serve, not only his master, but also the members of the community at large. That he will prepare all medicines *secundum artem*, and of pure drugs, whether they be such as are annually examined by the authorities or not. That he will dispense no poison, opiate, or emmenagogue without the knowledge of the master, nor endanger the life of any one by his carelessness. That he will not deliberately change a physician's prescription, and will abstain from excessive indulgence in intoxicating drinks, and will at all times set a good example to the apprentice. That he will not leave the shop without the knowledge of the master, and particularly will not absent himself at night. That he will be devoted to his master, to the *Visitatori Medico*, and to each of the doctors of the incorporated *Collegio Medico*. He shall swear that he will do all this according to his best ability."

On assuming control as a proprietor, the druggist was required to pass another examination. Apothecaries ranked with the third estate. When, in the seventeenth century, it became customary in Germany for them to take an academic course, they claimed to rank with the learned class, and emphasized this by wearing "caput-coats" and sabres. Tradespeople were not allowed to wear sabres: hence the police interfered and suppressed this demonstration of their budding

greatness. Upon this the apothecaries of Nuremberg petitioned the Council, stigmatizing as injustice the action taken against them. They referred to the fact that in other cities, such as Frankfurt and Ulm, while tradespeople were debarred from the wearing of sabres, apothecaries were allowed to do so. "This is no more than just, since many have matriculated at universities, some have attended academies, and others have even graduated as doctors. This injunction," they further say, "rests all the more heavily upon us, when we consider that our profession is not a trade, but is in reality a free art."

This petition, the results of which are not recorded, demonstrates that the social position of the pharmacists was then somewhat disputed in Germany, when contrasted with that of the learned and the tradesmen. The satirists began to make them the subjects of ridicule. In a work published in 1699 the author says, "On the whole, the druggists cannot be too highly praised, and, if it were possible, their glory should be written in lines of potable gold, which they know how to prepare so skilfully. Their daily life also is for the most part religious and faultless. Still, one also finds some who have many 'scruples' in their shops, but never allow scruples to interfere in their dealings with their fellow-man. They boast of having in stock all kinds of Medicamenta, such as Emollientia, Resolventia, etc., but more frequently one finds there Fallentia; that is, superannuated species, that are more harmful than beneficial to the patient. This results from a habit they have of buying at a cheap price goods that have been kept in stock at some grocer's from time immemorial. Then you will frequently meet with a druggist who has spent his entire apprenticeship behind the mortar, and knows nothing about any 'crout' (herb) excepting it be the 'sour' kind, which he will recognize when it is cooked with a saddle of pork."

Another satirist displays a similar sarcastic feeling towards them. In his book, published in 1643, he says, "The drug-shops are veritable arsenals, and the keepers thereof, the druggists, are gunsmiths in the service of the Medicis. For," says he, "everything you find in their shops reminds one of war and war-implements. There is, in the first place, the mortar, with its very appropriate name, which seems to barricade and break down the gates of the human system. The syringe, when it projects the enema, may be likened unto a pistol. The pills are the musket-balls. The Medicamentia purgantia are the genuine fire of purgatorium; the barbers are the devils, and the drug-shop is a diminutive hades, whilst the patient represents the poor lost and condemned soul. The druggists display in their shops slips of paper covered with strange and wonderful hieroglyphics. The directions on these papers are usually preceded by 'Rec.,' which in fact stands for per decem, and means that one prescription out of ten may help, or, more properly speaking, that of ten patients one may escape. They are called patients when they get into the hands of the fraternity, for from that moment they are condemned to suffer all the tortures of the damned.

"Furthermore, we meet with the word 'Ana,' which little word we derive from the French 'Asne' or 'Ane' (ass, fool), but really

originates from Anna, the son of Zibeon, who invented the mule whilst herding his father's jackasses in the desert; and what word could more appropriately serve as an affix to a prescription than 'Ana,' since it takes but a careless ass to deprive an honest man of health and life? And then come the 'Drachmæ,' 'Unciæ,' 'Scrupuli,' 'Grana,' . . . which have the shape of snakes, scorpions, and blind-worms, or at least are possessed of their venom. And all these beautiful things so comfort the patient that his soul would almost take flight at sight of them. And then they apply such outlandish Indian and Turkish names to their simples and other foul herbs that one would imagine they intended to conjure old Satan himself. Such names, for instance, as Opoponach, Tregoricarum, . . . which, upon close examination, prove to be every-day parsley, cornflower, sanicle, houseleek, tamarisk, juniper, red, white, and yellow carrots, and the like. They call beans and lentils by such strange names to tempt the patient's curiosity and induce him to pay an extra price for the same. Their mixtures are frequently so loathsome as to taste and odor that one would expect to see the worst disease leave the body in haste to escape the contamination. After considering this matter in all earnestness, I have come to the conclusion that all this mourning and lamenting we are obliged to bestow upon the dead is really ushered in by the death-knell of the pestles on the walls of the apothecaries' mortar, and only ceases with the requiem and the sounding of the church bell."

In spite of all this bitter sarcasm, the German appears to be a born pharmacist. Even in America the majority of druggists are German, or of German descent. Their painstaking habits and their native skill appear to make them peculiarly qualified for this calling.

In 1295 a drug-store, the property of a corporation, was established at Brussels. This corporation possessed a spacious hall for its affairs, a seal, statutes, and a chapel. Divine service was performed each day, and new members were admitted frequently. It became fashionable to belong to the guild, and the aristocracy of the city made a point of being largely represented among its members. As a consequence, the corporation became possessed of great wealth, and the records of the city show that it frequently contributed large sums of money for patriotic and charitable purposes. When the first drug-store originated in Belgium is not known, but at the beginning of the fourteenth century the apothecary was apparently held in high esteem. In 1582 the profession in that country had become overcrowded, and an act was passed that no one should open an apothecary-shop who had not previously studied pharmacy during three years, adduced theoretical and practical demonstrations of his capability and knowledge, and taken the oath of the body corporate. In 1683 medical practitioners were forbidden, under heavy penalties, to dispense drugs. At this time the profession appears to have been overcrowded in both Belgium and Germany, for in the latter country it was ordained that no new drug-stores should be established, either in addition to those already existing or in place of those that became extinct.

King Edward III. of England in 1345 gave to Coursus de Gangland, a London apothecary, a pension of sixpence a day for having

helped his majesty with drugs while the latter lay ill in Scotland. The separation of the apothecary and the physician must have occurred early in England, for we find no record of pharmacists combining both employments. That the public suspected the druggist and the physician of giving and taking commissions is shown by the following verses from the "Canterbury Tales," in which Chaucer remarks about his doctor,—

Full ready had he apotecaries  
To send him drugs and lectuaries,  
For each of them made other men to winne,  
Their friendship was not new to begin.

Grocers and druggists were at this time legally united in England by act of Parliament. The druggists of the period made a point of decorating their shops with strange animals, forms, plants, and curiosities. Stuffed reptiles appear to have been the favorite means of fantastic decoration. Shakespeare, fifty years later, in "Romeo and Juliet" speaks of a drug-shop in a familiar passage :

I do remember an apothecary,—  
And hereabouts he dwells.

During the seventeenth century the druggist came to America, and closely followed English precedents, modifying them, however, by the practice of the Indians with whom he came into contact. Quack apothecaries began to spring up in the new land, and in 1636 the colony of Virginia passed a law which among other things regulated the prices and fees of the druggist. At this time it was fashionable for the druggists to practise surgery in addition to pharmacy, and the Virginia colony contained a large number of people who were proficient in both professions. In Massachusetts the business was largely in the hands of Indians, schoolmasters, old women, and teachers. The Salem witchcraft delusion retarded the spread of the druggist for some time in the Bay State, for the popular impression fastened on the apothecaries a suspicion that they sold the potions that were supposed to produce the spells. Among those who suffered persecution at this time, mixers of medicines appear to have been prominent. The drug-shop had not yet become a distinct institution; it was usually a branch of the grocery or spice business. In 1647 one Giles Forman, of Boston, had, however, firmly established himself as devoting special attention to pharmacy. In 1646 the first distinctive drug-store in America was opened in Boston by William Davies. No doubt more reliance was placed on drugs then than now, when people are beginning to recognize the large part that fresh air, dietetics, and other hygienic measures play in the successful treatment of disease.

The colony of New Jersey, then under the Duke of York's government, in 1664 passed laws regulating the practice of pharmacy and prescribing certain penalties for injuries occasioned by the mistakes or carelessness of the druggist. This appears to have been the first attempt in America to hold the druggist accountable for the proper preparation of his drugs.

The social status of the druggist in some of the American provinces during the early part of the eighteenth century is shown by the fact that Governor Hunter, who presided over the destinies of the colony for the decade ending 1719, was a druggist. John Johnstone practised pharmacy at Perth Amboy early in the eighteenth century. He was very active in public service, and occupied several important positions: some of his descendants still continue to practise pharmacy. The first patent medicine is said to have been called "Tuscarora Rice," sold as a "consumption cure" by Mrs. Masters in 1711. She erected a large factory in New Jersey, and probably inaugurated the patent medicine trade in the United States. Under the act of 1772 most of the drug-stores were compelled to be run by licensees, while the general merchants were allowed to sell the crude drugs.

The druggist of the present time does not differ greatly from his brother of the eighteenth century. The extensive use of proprietary medicines, especially in America, has, however, decreased his prescriptions; but at the same time these proprietary medicines are sold through him, and sell so largely that he does not complain. While a useful and able member of the community, the pharmacist of to-day is not an original investigator or a prescriber, and limits his efforts to filling the prescriptions that are sent him by his friends the physicians. Every year he becomes a greater adept in his art, which with the course of time has come to be considered a branch of trade rather than a profession, while the druggist is looked upon in the light of a skilled laborer. The most successful druggist of the present time is not he who mixes his drugs most skilfully, but he who has the business capacity to make his shop profitable to him. It is often the druggist least skilled in the art of pharmacy that possesses this capacity.

It is not unreasonable to believe that, as humanity progresses in its knowledge of hygienic living, a subject in which great interest is being taken to-day, the drug-shop will be in less and less demand, until, after the lapse of ages, it may become entirely extinct. Until that time the druggist will continue to ply his calling, alleviating by his drugs the ills of a too rapid civilization, in which men have no time to rest and repair their wasted energies, but simply patch them up by the use of the apothecary's wares. And because of this the druggist will for a long time remain an important member of any community in which he chooses to establish himself.

*Oscar Herzberg.*

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### CHRISTMAS EVE AT BILGER'S.

**H**ALF a dozen unshaved, red-shirted miners were gathered about the dingy counter at Bilger's, the one store in camp. It was Christmas Eve, and they wanted something extra for their dinner on the morrow,—just to keep them in mind of the day, they said. But there was little novelty in the forlorn remnant of cans upon the shelves, or in the half-empty barrels and boxes under the counter and

massed in the corners of the room. One man found a stray box of sardines, and took possession of it with the remark that, while it was not "Christmasy," he could have the satisfaction of knowing he was eating the only sardines in camp; another drew out a can of "Boston Baked Beans" from behind a squadron of tomatoes; while a third, of a more investigating and determined turn of mind, hunted among the boxes and barrels until he actually discovered a can of Cape Cod cranberries.

This brought the entire group of Christmas hunters into a compact, envying circle; and while they were anxiously debating the pro and con—especially the con—of a division of spoils, the door opened quietly and a stoop-shouldered, watery-eyed man entered.

"Have you got any . . . toys?" he asked, hesitatingly.

The storekeeper stared; and unanimously, as though by preconcerted arrangement, the group around the canned representatives from Cape Cod turned and stared also.

"Any what?" the storekeeper asked, blankly.

"Toys," the man repeated, looking at the encircling faces with abashed embarrassment; "things to play with, I mean, like the children have at Christmas. You see," with a curious mingling of apology and pride in his voice, "my little ten-year-old boy came in on the stage just now,—clean from his grandma's, back to Missouri. I've been sendin' for him these two year, but couldn't seem to get to it till I struck a vein last month." He lurched heavily against the counter; his watery eyes began to fill, partly through his condition and partly from some long dormant tenderness which was beginning to reawaken. "The boy's consider'ble childish," he went on, rousing himself a little at the consciousness of being listened to by men who usually passed him without recognition, "an' sets store on things to play with. So, bein' it's Christmas, an' he jest comin', why, I thought mebber I'd better hunt some toys."

"Of course," cried Dobson, the sheriff, heartily; and "Of course," "Of course," came promptly from the rest of the group.

And then they looked about the store inquiringly, eagerly, in search of something that would please a ten-year-old boy who was childish. But there was little they saw; only huge miners' boots, pyramids of picks and shovels and blankets, barrels of flour and beans and pork; and on the shelves tobacco and canned goods, and a small assortment of earthen and tin ware; and then, at the far end of the store, a bar for the accommodation of those who were thirsty.

There were no dry and fancy goods and notions upon the shelves, no show-cases upon the counter, no display in the one dingy window. Such things would begin to make their appearance only with the coming of the first woman, and that was not yet.

"Rather a slim show for playthings, Dobson," said the owner of the cranberries, after a fruitless search with his eyes from one end of the store to the other. "Don't s'pose a pack o' playin'-cards would do?" as his gaze paused hopefully on an extensive assortment of that popular article. "They has pictures on 'em."

"Wouldn't do at all," answered Dobson, decidedly. "They ain't

moral; an' the first kid who patronizes us has got to be brought up in a moral way.—Say, you," to the watery-eyed man, who was edging towards the bar at the far end of the store, "none o' that!"

"None o' what?" asked the weak man, querulously. "I ain't steppin' on your toes."

"No, but you are on the kid's. See here." His voice had an incisive ring which had made many stronger men tremble. "You ain't walkin' the same line you was twenty-four hours ago. Then you was a poor no-'count drunkard, who'd a right to dig his grave without opposition from nobody; now you're markin' out a trail for that kid to follow. See? Me an' my friends here 'ain't no call to interfere between father an' son," dropping his voice to an easy, familiar tone, and placing his hands encouragingly upon the tremulous shoulder, "so long as the father makes a good deal; but when he slumps,"—his voice was still soft, but the steely glint returned to his eyes,—“then me an' my friends step in. Sabe? Bein' the first kid in camp, we've constitooted ourselves his guardians,—just like every man in the place will do soon's they hear of his bein' here. S'long."

He turned back to his companions. The watery-eyed man, after one long, wistful, farewell glance towards the bar, resumed his fruitless search of the goods. There was nothing now to divide his attention; he knew the men with whom he had to deal, and realized that henceforth the bar was to be as far removed from him as though a wall of granite intervened. But, to his credit be it said, even with the realization came a new firmness to his lips and a new steadiness to his eyes.

"What's that on the top shelf?" he asked, suddenly.

"That? Oh, that is—I dunno," hesitated the storekeeper, as he took down the object in question and examined it critically. "It got in with some goods a year ago, an's been up there ever since."

"Why, you chump!" cried the cranberry owner, derisively, "not to know a jumpin'-jack when you see one! I've bought lots of 'em to home for the children. See?" and he pulled a string which sent the acrobat tumbling up over the top of his red pole. "Just the thing for the kid."

"Just the thing," repeated the watery-eyed man, drawing a small bag of gold dust from his pocket; "it'll make the boy laugh."

As he was going out, the owner of the cranberries stepped up to his side.

"Here, take this along with you," he said, relinquishing the can to which he had been clinging so fondly; "it'll help to make out a Christmas for the boy."

"And this, too," "And this, too," added the owner of the sardines and the owner of the baked beans; and then Sheriff Dobson pushed before them and slipped something bright and heavy into the hand which held the jumping-jack.

"It's a nest-egg for the kid," he said, gravely. "Now you better go home an' fill up his stockin'; an' to-morrow you can tell him merry Christmas from us all."

*Frank H. Sweet.*

## WOLF-CHILDREN.

Come on, poor babe:  
 Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens  
 To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,  
 Casting their savageness aside, have done  
 Like offices of pity.

*Winter's Tale, Act II., Sc. 3.*

THE adoption of human infants by wild and carnivorous quadrupeds has obtained more or less credence among the vulgar from the earliest ages, and, while such to-day are for the most part pooh-poohed as idle tales, the sceptics have little idea of the evidence that has been offered in substantiation thereof.

Half a century ago the iconoclast who would have dared question that Romulus and Remus owed their nurturing to a she-wolf would have been laughed to scorn by most lovers of the classics. Twenty-five years later the animal was substituted, on the part of tutors, by a woman named Lupa,—a most inglorious conclusion, derived solely from imagination. To-day the tendency to ignore all sentiment causes such ideas to receive scant courtesy, and when sentiment is introduced as evidence it is met by the undeniable statement that the same miracle is accredited with preserving the lives of many gods and heroes of antiquity. Consequently, if a single case of a child being fostered and reared by animals can be substantiated beyond question, the result will be to rehabilitate as history much literature that, solely on this account, has been relegated to the realm of fiction.\*

Setting aside the traditionary and doubtful tales of "wild men" that enter into the folk-lore of every portion of the globe, the earliest definite and circumstantial account I have been able to unearth regarding so-called "wolf-children" is from the pen of no less distinguished a personage than Sir Roderick I. Murchison.† Unfortunately, however, this is not the evidence of an eye-witness, but is taken from the private journal of the Honorable Francis Edgerton, Post-Captain in her Britannic Majesty's Navy, who in turn derived it orally from Colonel (late General) Sir William Sleeman. Captain Edgerton is thus responsible for accounts of no less than five children whose nurturing and upbringing by wolves he accepts as genuine; two of these he personally saw, and (as he believes) definitely verified the mode and circumstances of their capture. Practically the same accounts appear as part of a pamphlet, now out of print, and long very scarce, printed anonymously at Plymouth, England, in 1852, by Jenkin Thomas,‡ a copy of which is in the Zoological Library of the Natural History

\* Kipling's folk-tales of the jungles of Hindostan have apparently excited new interest in this subject.

† *Annals and Magazine of Natural History for 1851, Second Series, volume viii., page 153.*

‡ *An Account of Wolves Nurturing Children in their Dens. By an Indian Official.*

Museum at South Kensington (London), on the cover of which appears an endorsement by the late Colonel Hamilton Smith, as follows :

“This account, I am informed by friends, is written by Colonel Sleeman, of the Indian Army, the well-known officer who had charge of the Thug and Dacoit inquiries, and who resided long in the forests of India.” Later, *The Zoologist*\* rescued from oblivion by reprinting the major portion of this unique publication. It should here be noted also that the author appeared anonymously, because, for state reasons, his “Report of a Journey in Oudh,” of which the material in this pamphlet formed a part, was not permitted to be published until 1858. In 1859 this monograph met the eye of Professor Max Müller, who, judging from his utterances in *The Academy*, did not hesitate to give it full credence, though at the same time he strongly urged upon sportsmen, naturalists, and district officials the “desirability of carefully investigating upon the spot the probability and possibility of such cases being true.”

Captain Edgerton, whom Sir Roderick Murchison quotes, says, “Two of the King of Oudh’s *sowars*,† riding along the bank of the Gumpjtji, saw three animals coming down to drink. Two were evidently young wolves, but the third was as evidently some other animal. The *sowars* rushed in upon them and captured all three, and to their great surprise found that one was a native boy; he was on all-fours like his companions, had callosities on his knees and elbows, evidently caused by the attitude in moving about, and scratched and bit violently in resisting capture. The boy was brought to Lucknow, where he lived some time. . . . He was unable to articulate words, but had a dog-like intellect; could understand signs, and so on. . . . There was another more wonderful but hardly so well authenticated story about a boy who could never get rid of a strong wolfish smell, and who was seen not long after his capture to be visited by three wolves, which came evidently with hostile intentions, but, after closely examining him, seemed not in the least alarmed; they played with him, and some nights afterwards brought their relations, making the number of visitors amount to five, the number of whelps the litter he had been taken from was composed of.” Also Professor Müller relates a tale from Sir William Sleeman’s pamphlet of a trooper who, passing along the banks of a river at noon, saw a large bitch wolf leave her den, followed by three whelps and a small boy. “The latter moved on all-fours, and when chase was given ran as fast as his companions, having no difficulty even in keeping up with the old one.” All re-entered their den, but with the aid of people summoned by the trooper were dug out and the boy secured. The latter was true to his upbringing,—“struggled hard to dive into every hole or den he passed, and exhibited great alarm in the presence of adults, but would fly at and endeavor to bite children.” Cooked meat was rejected with disgust, and he was “delighted with raw flesh and with bones, cracking the latter with his teeth and hiding them under his paws after the manner of dogs. He could

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\* Third Series, volume xii., No. 135, March, 1888, page 87.

† Native cavalrmen.

never be made to speak, and no sounds could be got from him but an angry snarl or growl." He was some time held captive by the Rajah of Harunpur, but was afterwards placed in charge of Captain Nicholetts, an English officer of the First Regiment of Oudh Local Infantry, who carried him to Sultanpur. This gentleman's evidence, as subsequently furnished General Sleeman, corroborated all the foregoing, and the additional statement is made that the lad "once ate half a lamb (raw) without any effort." Clothing he would not wear, and a quilted cotton wrap given to protect him from the cold was torn up and partially devoured. He died in August, 1850, after three years of captivity, at which time he was apparently about twelve years old. "He had never been known to speak, smile, or laugh; formed no friendships or attachments; seemed to understand little of what was said to him, habitually ran on all-fours, and his elbows and knees were calloused, presenting a leather-like consistency."

Captain Nicholetts discovered a second wolf-boy in November, 1850, which he ordered sent to General Sleeman, but before this could be done the creature escaped to the jungle, and was never again captured. This lad was said to have been taken in 1849 near Chupra, and was claimed to have been identified, by means of scars, as the son of a woman of the neighborhood from whom he had been stolen by a she-wolf six years before; he was caught in company with three whelps and their mother.

Another case is cited on the evidence of His Royal Highness the Rajah of Harunpur, but the account adds nothing new, save that he was captured in 1843, and had short hair all over his body, which disappeared after he had been taught to eat salted food. This, or perhaps another, was vouched for by Colonel Gray (and his wife) and all the European officers of the First Oudh Local Infantry.

Still another case rests on the evidence of Zulfukar Khan, a respectable land-owner of Bankipur, and is that of a boy carried off when in his sixth year, but rescued four years later, who could never be brought to speak, "though in a measure he could be communicated with by signs." One more, which is accredited to General Sleeman, but does not appear in his pamphlet, or perhaps is another version of one of his narrations, primarily rests upon native evidence, and contains the statement that "he walked on all-fours, ate like a wolf, and smelled like a wolf; he was treated kindly, and, though taught to walk uprightly, could never utter a word, but seemed to have some understanding of signs."

Mr. Erhardt, Superintendent of the Mission Orphanage at Secundra, is accredited with the following:\* "We have had two such boys here, one brought March 5, 1872, who was found by Hindus who had gone hunting wolves in the neighborhood of Mynpuri; he had been burned out of the den, and had scars and wounds still on him. In his habits he was a wild animal from every point of view; drank like a dog, and liked a bone and raw meat better than anything else; would never remain with the other boys, but hide away in a dark corner;

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\* Proceedings of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, No. 6, June, 1873, page 128.

clothes he tore up into fine shreds. He was only a few months among us when he got a fever and gave up eating, and, though we kept him for a time by artificial means, he eventually died. Another boy, now with us, is but thirteen or fourteen; has been here almost six years; has learned to make sounds whereby he freely expresses anger and joy, but cannot speak; work he will at times, a little, but he likes eating better. His civilization has progressed so far that he likes raw meat less, though he still picks up bones and sharpens his teeth on them. Neither of these are new cases, however. At the Lucknow mad-house there was an elderly fellow who had been dug out of a wolf's den by a European doctor, when, I forget, but it must have been a good number of years ago. The facility with which these wolf-boys get around on four feet (hands and knees) is surprising. Before they eat or taste any food they smell it, and, when they do not like the odor, throw it away."

In *The Zoologist* for June, 1888,\* Mr. Norman Traup, of the Mulla-Kutyoor Tea-Estate, Lockington, Kutyoor, Kumaon, North-West Province, asserts regarding the case first mentioned by Max Müller that when a child living with his father, Robert Traup, who commanded the Second Oudh Local Infantry, he constantly saw this wolf-nurtured lad. "He was then in charge of Major N. P. Orr, or Major Douglas Bunbury,—I think the former. Major Orr is still living in London, somewhere about Kensington, or Norwood, and Major Bunbury at Inverness, N.B."

Also Mr. Greig, late of the 93d (Sutherland) Highlanders,† declares that when his regiment was marching towards Bareilly in 1858, after the taking of Lucknow, he saw at Shahjehanpur an individual "said to have been, when a child, taken away from his village by wolves, brought up by them, and to have lived with them for several years. He appeared to be about twenty years of age; his body was covered with short brown hair; his powers of speech extended to nothing beyond low grunts, and he could not be induced to wear any kind of clothing. . . . Whenever he saw raw meat he rushed for it and devoured it greedily. The story was that he had been ridden down and caught by a native after a long chase, and that he did not run on his feet like a human being, but on all-fours like an animal."

The Assistant Commissioner at Sultanpur in 1860-61, Mr. H. G. Ross, recalls the police bringing in a child about four years old that "sat up like a dog, both arms straight down in front, his hands flattened out on the ground, and his legs drawn under him," which was declared to have been recovered from a wolf's den. The poor creature "moved with a hop like a monkey, with his hands always on the ground; gave vent to snarls,—sounds not actually barks like a dog, but between a bark and a grunt; would not accept cooked, but ate raw meat ravenously. Every one considered it a clear case of wolf-child. He certainly was not an idiot, for after being tamed he was sent to school, and eventually became a member of the police force."‡

\* Third Series, volume xii., No. 138, page 221.

† *The Field* (London), October 12, 1895, No. 2233, page 619.

‡ *Ibid.*, November 9, 1895, No. 2237, page 786.

The foregoing is further corroborated by Mr. H. D. Willock, of the Bengal Civil Service,\* who also in 1858 saw another wolf-boy, "to all appearances about twenty years of age, in manners and habits a mere animal; was dumb except for grunts; wore no clothing except a rag which had to be tied about his waist; invariably crawled, the skin of his knees being hardened like leather; at night lay cuddled up on straw, a blanket placed for his use being disregarded, no matter what the temperature might be."

Mr. H. B. Neilson, who has taken considerable interest in this subject, recently published a paper thereon in the *Badminton Magazine*,† wherein he relates the case of a wolf-child, "reported many years ago in *Chambers's Journal*, who was captured in the Etuah District near the banks of the river Jumna," and after a time restored to his parents, who, however, "found him very difficult to manage, for he was most fractiously troublesome,—in fact, just a caged wild beast. Often during the night, for hours together, he would give vent to most unearthly yells and moans, destroying the rest and irritating the tempers of his neighbors, and generally making night hideous. On one occasion his people chained him by the waist to a tree on the outskirts of the village. Then a rather curious incident occurred. It was a bright moonlight night, and two wolf cubs (undoubtedly those in whose companionship he had been captured), attracted by his cries while on the prowl, came to him, and were distinctly seen to gambol round him with as much familiarity and affection as if they considered him quite one of themselves. They left him only on the approach of morning, when movement and stir again arose in the village. This boy did not survive long. He never spoke, nor did a single ray of human intelligence ever shed its refining light over his debased features." Mr. Neilson also adds that a *jemidar* ‡ told him that when he was a lad he remembered going with others to see a wolf-child which had been netted. Some time after this, "while staying at an up-country place called Shaporecoundie, in East Bengal," he remarks, it was his "good fortune to meet an old Anglo-Indian gentleman who had been in the Indian Civil Service for upwards of thirty years, having travelled about during most of that time, and from him I learned all I wanted to know of wolf-children; for he not only knew of several cases, but had actually seen and examined near Agra a child which had been recovered from the wolves."

Regarding the boys at the Secundra Orphanage, Mr. V. Ball, M.A., of the Indian Geological Survey,§ says one was brought into a magistrate's court along with the body of an old bitch wolf and two whelps, and "he was at the time a perfect *janwars*,|| went on all-fours, and refused all food save raw meat." The second boy, he adds, "was captured in company with two whelps; appeared to be about ten years of age; and, though his hands were tied together, he was so wild and

\* The Field, January 11, 1896, No. 2246, page 36.

† February, 1896, vol. ii., No. 7, page 247.

‡ Native officer in the Indian army, having rank as a sub-lieutenant.

§ *Jungle Life in India*, page 454 *et seq.*

|| Wild beast.

fierce that he tore his captor's clothes and bit him in several places." He several times gnawed his bonds and nearly made his escape. "The odor from his body was very offensive, and he was rubbed with mustard soaked in water after the oil had been taken from it, in the hope of removing the smell; but, although he was forced to feed upon vegetable food, this never left him. One night while the boy was lying under the tree two wolves came up stealthily, touched him, when he got up, and, instead of being frightened, put his hands upon their heads and began to play with them. They capered around him, and he threw leaves and straw at them. Being driven off, they returned again and began to play. The second night three wolves came; a few nights later four. They licked the boy's face with their tongues, and he put his hands on their heads. He was subsequently identified by a woman as her son by marks of an abscess on his chest and a scar on the forehead. An attempt was made to teach him to wear ordinary clothing, but neither threats nor beatings succeeded. He instantly disencumbered himself when alone, but replaced again when discovered, and to the last destroyed or injured by rubbing against trees or posts when any part of his body itched."

Thus it will be observed that in some particulars all cases of so-called wolf-children agree wonderfully; and all, including the one Mr. Ball gives a drawing of in his "Jungle Life in India," seem to have been incapable of speech and in the habit of going on all-fours. Some are said to have had a wolfish smell, but, as Mr. Theobald, of the Geological Survey of India, remarks, "it would have been more satisfactory if there was some definite evidence forthcoming how far this could have been affected by a good washing." One suspicious fact is that one or two of the best authenticated cases are of children declared to have been smoked out of a wolf's earth, and the scars of the burns on their bodies held to be demonstrations thereof: such a process is one that would scarcely result in actual injury. Also there are other suspicious points attached to all these tales, not the least of which is that the majority came from Oudh; another, that all the children have been of the same sex,—viz., males: a careful search of the literature of the subject fails to find a single instance of a wolf-reared girl, which, however, Mr. Neilson endeavors to explain on the theory that infant girls "quickly break down under the strain of so terrible an existence:" he adds, "A little girl of eighteen months, stolen from a Hindu's hut not twenty yards from my bungalow, was never recovered."\*

It might be said that the nourishing of children by wolves presents a certain amount of possibility, as well as a guise of probability. Reasoning from analogy, one can imagine an infant seized by a she-wolf to provide food for her whelps. If neither parents nor young were immediately pressed by hunger, the babe might remain unmolested for hours, or the whelps amuse themselves by simply licking its sleek, oily body, since Hindu mothers daily rub their boy babies with some native vegetable oil with a view of assisting their muscular growth and de-

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\* Badminton Magazine.

velopment. Hearing the sounds made by his companions drawing nourishment, it is reasonable to believe the babe would instinctively seek to appropriate to itself a teat, when one or two feedings, coupled with the fact that it would speedily acquire the lupine odor, would go a long way towards securing the good will of the parent. Further, the maternal instinct is strong in all animals, even to the upsetting of natural fierce and carnivorous proclivities, and once the alien had partaken of the breast an affection therefor would develop, more or less permanent in character: thus, kittens have been adopted by bitches, both that have and that have not been deprived of their true progeny; cats in like manner have adopted young puppies, squirrels, rabbits, and even reared young rats to maturity.\* Again, young wolves in captivity are, as a rule, as playful as puppies, it being only with age that they develop the ferocity characteristic of the race.

Native evidence, however, for the most part must always be open to suspicion. Mr. Wigram † in 1872 made several inquiries regarding children reputed to have been brought up by wolves, and of five so claimed three proved to be merely idiots who had been found by the police warden, and the only reasons for assuming that they had been among wolves were bestial habits and the common belief in wolf-children. After searching the evidence regarding the two that had been under the charge of the Secundra Orphanage, he pronounces it "of no value." Again, Mr. A. F. Mackenzie, ‡ while at Agra in October, 1893, drove out to Secundra, saw a so-called wolf-boy, and purchased his photograph, also a book which purported to narrate his life. The story was that in 1867 some natives came upon the child and a she-wolf, both of which disappeared into a cave and were subsequently smoked out; and the child being captured on Saturday was named after that day of the week (Sanichar). "He was eventually tamed, and when I saw him was deaf and dumb. He had a wild look about him, but his appearance quite belied his history; although half-witted, he fully appreciated the value of a rupee, and was very fond of tobacco." This plainly was not the boy described by Mr. Erhardt in his letter before cited, and consequently must have been a later capture.

Mr. Theobald § pertinently calls attention to the fact that the reception of wolf-children at the Secundra Orphanage at different times "appears to have created no more surprise than the delivery of the daily supply of butcher's meat; and as for attempting any inquiry into the evidence, which at the time might have been forthcoming, the idea apparently never entered into the minds of the missionaries who have these institutions in charge, nor does it appear that any rigorous attempts to sift the evidence regarding the previous history of these cases were made by the civil officers of the district."

It will be observed that the evidence is to a considerable extent conflicting and uncertain. Personally I may be permitted to express doubts

\* A cat that has reared a young rat never offers to molest her foster-child, even though constantly hunting others of the same species.

† *The Field* (London), October 19, 1895, No. 2234, page 636.

‡ *Ibid.*, November, 1895, No. 2237, page 745.

§ *Geological Survey of India.*

as to the correctness of the conclusions drawn by those in the affirmative; the best of men are prone to error; and yet I must admit being fairly staggered by the force thereof, particularly as it seems to be well borne out by zoological parallels. Again, the negative lacks that directness that is *per se* convincing,—an element that certainly should be expected, since it is for the most part offered at second-hand, and admittedly by people who have no familiarity with natural history, no special knowledge of the jungle or of jungle tribes, who are inclined to believe with the Psalmist that “all men are liars,” and who refuse to afford any weight whatever to folk-lore; and their contention is, moreover, too true, that the average native of India is ever on the alert to exhibit the wonderful to the *Sahib*, and noway particular how or where, so long as a reward is secured. I cannot, therefore, endeavor to judge critically, and consequently am obliged to leave the verdict with each individual reader.

George Archie Stockwell.

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### SOME BOTANIC GARDENS.

NATURE in her wise distribution of plants adapts herself to the soil and climatic conditions of each region, and between the tropic scenes, where lavish feasts of bright flowers, balsamic herbs, gorgeous trees, and delicate palms are spread in wanton profusion, and the snow-bound Arctic belt, with its few hardy creepers and lichens, all grades and varieties of vegetable life welcome the curious eye of the traveller. In journeying north or south from the equator toward either pole, following in imagination the proverbial “bee-line,” the discovery of nature’s method of adaptation appeals to the mind, and as one species after another dwindles into insignificance and finally disappears entirely, to be replaced by more hardy orders, the mind is tempted to speculate upon the wisdom of an all-providing Creator. But the picture of this changing scene, this shifting kaleidoscope, this grand expansion of the idea that the flowers and fruits must adapt themselves anew to each recurring season, can be viewed only in the imagination, or in miniature. It is in this latter condition that a substantial knowledge of the question can best be obtained by the general public.

Out of the mist and uncertainty of their mediæval surroundings two botanic gardens emerge, swelling in size and value as the years roll by, and arrogating to themselves all the credit and virtues of the others. The Jardin des Plantes, of Paris, and the Kew gardens, of London, had their early beginnings in the seventeenth century, and, while the gardens of Padua, of Pisa, and of Bologna were dying of neglect and inattention, the attractions of the two new ones blossomed and matured into the ripe fruit of to-day. Both of these gardens flourished mightily because royalty smiled upon them, and later because the era of science and natural history had dawned. Their beginnings were similar to those of the hanging gardens of Babylon: the whim of a ruler established them. Florists as we have them to-day were then unknown, and the voluptuous queen who wished a few choice flowers for her hair or dress

might sigh in vain for them. Couriers could be despatched to the ends of the land for her floral bouquet, but meanwhile she had to wait, unless some obscure owner of a choice plant came forth to sacrifice her possession to the gratification of her ruler. Queen Elizabeth received many such voluntary contributions of flowers from her subjects, but the uncertainty of the time, manner, and quality of the flowers was irritating to a Queen of the English. In the winter the wild flowers of the fields and gardens withered, and the flower-loving queen felt the loss more keenly than those less favored with the fortunes of life. With the wealth of an imperial nation at her back, she could not command the choice of flowers that a day-laborer can obtain to-day.

Out of this royal necessity grew the most famous garden of the world. With her own hands Queen Elizabeth laid out the grounds that were to produce and fructify the flowers for her drawing-room. She started to raise flowers for her own personal gratification, and ended by producing flowers and plants for the millions. No single desire of an impetuous queen ever yielded better fruit. On Queen Elizabeth's little flower-garden the nation gazes to-day with national pride. Its original purpose of supplying the royal table with cut flowers is still observed, but that is a small incidental feature of the Kew. The garden belongs to the nation, and it is the nation, the ignorant and unlettered as well as the wise and studious, that enjoys its fragrant flowers, its graceful trees and palms, and its balsamic herbs and plants.

The visitors to the Kew gardens never tire of the fine walks between rows of magnificent century-old trees, and of rare sights of landscape-gardening that have been developed by the experience of ages. Here the cedars of Lebanon flourish by the side of the famous English yew, whose strange, fantastic, artificial cultivation produced the unreal scenes for the artist half a century ago, pictures of which are still extant in old prints. The flora of the tropics contrast their beautiful forms with the sturdier trees and plants of the temperate zone, and delicate hot-house plants, representing the highest culture that modern science has produced, tell the long story of careful selection and improvement that have evolved them from the wild beauties that grow by their sides. Natural embankments and picturesque nooks containing half the plants indigenous to the British Islands have been enhanced in loveliness by the skill of the landscape-gardener, and the students of botany who have a sense of the beautiful as well as the useful in nature cannot fail to have their zeal quickened by the surroundings. Here is a miniature botanic world in itself. What the traveller experiences in journeying from the equator to either pole across many weary miles of unpleasant country is here spread out as a feast for the millions. Nay, more, what the traveller would fail to see in the odd corners of the world, where his line of travel would not touch, the poor peasant, the idle tramp, and the unlettered farmer can view at their ease and leisure.

The territory of the Kew, covering three hundred acres, is crowded with all the odd, beautiful, and rare plants and trees of the world, arranged and classified, grouped and named, so that the veriest student of nature can look and learn. Attempts to represent the natural surroundings of the plants from the various parts of the world add fresh-

ness and homeliness to the scene. Distinctively American plants, flowers, and shrubs are grouped in this great arboretum as naturally as if they were flourishing in their native homes, and the setting of the scenery requires no explanation. It is as characteristic of our land as the Chinese pagoda in the southern part of the garden is typical of the Orient.

While acres of fertile soil are covered with all the plants that can stand the English climate, there are others from more sunny climes that must have the protection of glass and heat. The palm-house, which accommodates the ferns and palms of priceless value, is three hundred and sixty-two feet long, one hundred feet broad, and sixty-six feet high. It is the largest and most elegant structure of its kind, fitted up with all the modern inventions to make plant life strong and vigorous. A spiral staircase conducts the visitor to a high room or platform where all the exquisite greenery and graceful forests of plants can be viewed. The view is a glimpse of fairy-land,—a veritable illusion of the senses,—a midsummer night's dream. In summer and winter the delicate inmates of this house expand their showy leaves and tendrils, luxuriating in the warmth and moisture artificially supplied, and demanding only an even temperature in return for their exhibition. Some of the palms in this house tower fifty feet above the ground, and even then constant pruning is required to keep them within bounds. Their value is almost priceless. Similar specimens of the rare palms could not be obtained for money.

The Winter Garden is no less enticing than the palm-house, and for that matter the water-lily pond in summer, and the orchid-house and rose-house in winter, are equally beautiful and full of wondrous products of the skill of man and nature. The Winter Garden was built in 1865 at a cost of thirty-five thousand pounds, and contains under its spacious roof all the tender plants of the temperate zone. The main building is two hundred and twelve feet long, but with the wings and recent additions its total length is five hundred and eighty-two feet, and its width one hundred and thirty-seven feet. This extensive structure in winter is a bit of summer suddenly unfolded before the eye. One steps from the cold, bleak, snowy gardens outside into a land of sunshine and flowers, where the air is fragrant with the odors of a million flowers and brilliant with all the delicate colors known to the artist. One must wonder what Queen Elizabeth would think of this voluptuous floral scene could she return to London to search for the few flowers that she reared in her little garden. What changes Science has created in a few centuries! What marvels of growth nature has been forced to yield to the cunning of man!

One leaves the Kew with regrets, and with a lingering love for its shady walks and flowery nooks that must long dwell within the memory; but for the sake of comparison it is necessary to take the departure for the continent while the impression is still fresh and vivid. A scientific study of the plants should be left for a more convenient time. No one could enter systematically upon the work without abundant time, for there are over one hundred thousand different kinds of flowering plants, and twenty-five thousand cryptogamia, besides thousands

of other classes and subdivisions of plants and trees. The work of even studying the broad classifications would involve labor that the average traveller, no matter how enthusiastic a botanist, would hardly have at his command.

On the Continent the chief botanic garden is the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, founded in 1634, and developed in two hundred years into one of the largest schools of natural history in the world. The student is more in evidence here than in the Kew. He mingles with the visitors on every side, with his books and cap and gown to distinguish him from the average attendants. If the Kew is the great Mecca for men of science, the Jardin des Plantes is the home of fashion and of students. Paris is nothing if not fashionable, and this is reflected even in its great botanic garden. In the warm season fashion swarms through the walks and drives of the garden, drinking in the loveliness of the scene and the fragrance of the flowers. There are popular sections of the garden where the senses of sight and smell are specially appealed to, and one may visit these without experiencing any intrusion of science. Although every shrub, flower, and tree has a label attached with some scientific Latin name on it, the casual visitor is scarcely conscious of it.

This garden, like the London Kew, started in a small way to supply the sovereign with flowers and plants, and after it had attained fair proportions a systematic attempt to place all the wild plants of France in it made it of value to students and men of science. Succeeding these wild growths came the medicinal and economic plants, not only of France, but of the whole continent of Europe. The collection is not so extensive as that found in the Kew, and there is no herbarium and library of equal importance to the scholar. But when beauty alone is considered, it has no superior, and probably no equal. The flowers are arranged for effect as well as for study. The garden is made attractive to the general public at all times, and it is patronized so well that all Paris goes to the Jardin des Plantes on every pleasant day. Its popularity accomplishes one of the chief objects of a botanic garden. It teaches the public lessons of true beauty, and familiarizes even the poorest and most degraded with the artistic forms of nature. It brings home to every student of the city and its suburbs concrete examples of studies. Every wild and cultivated form of plant and tree described in his botany can be examined and studied at close range. The professors of natural history make use of the garden daily, and their classes are taken forth into the open air to examine the plants. Under their wise direction the students in botany obtain a more orderly and lasting impression of the flora of their own country and of the world than could be made possible by any other system.

The botanic garden at Berlin and the Vienna Schönbrunn are inferior to the Jardin des Plantes only in the number of plants. Their origin is of later date and of a different character. They were established as adjuncts to the universities, the same as a medical or a chemical laboratory, but through successive improvements and extensions they have attained a much wider value. The general public find in them all the floral wonders and beauties of other gardens. The Schönbrunn, named from the palace of the Austrian emperors, has the

additional attractions of fine statuary, broad squares and plazas, beautiful fountains (*schöne Brunnen*), and a menagerie. The German and Austrian university students are compelled to spend a certain number of hours each week in those botanic gardens. They must puzzle out their lessons amid the trees and flowers, and discover and analyze the plants given to them each day. They are brought into close contact with nature in this way, and when they attend the lectures they must show what they have learned from the concrete objects provided for them in the gardens. As a rule, the German and Austrian students are very familiar with plants and flowers, and this system of education accounts for it. Moreover, the study of a subject is apt to engender a love for it, and never was the truth of this more forcibly exemplified than in the Germans and Austrians. No other nations of the world show a greater fondness for flowers, plants, and trees, and this national trait has been nourished, if not actually created, by the botanic gardens and the system of study and communion with nature.

Nearly every considerable city and university town of Europe possesses a botanic garden of greater or less importance. Edinburgh has a garden of exceptional value, considering the small funds allowed for its support. It was founded in 1680, and it has been used chiefly as an adjunct to the botanical class of the university. In recent years its scope has been broadened, and efforts are being made to give it a more popular character. The lack of funds has been the only drawback to the garden, for among its directors some of the most eminent botanists of the world have been numbered. The Glasnevin at Dublin is of less importance than the Edinburgh garden, but its usefulness to the university students cannot be questioned. Its functions are broadened each successive year, and in proportion to the size, wealth, and prosperity of the city of Dublin its rank is high.

Florence and Copenhagen have magnificent botanic gardens that attract the students and visitors in overflowing numbers. In the former place the luxury of the climate makes it possible to care for a greater variety of plants at less expense than in any of the other cities named. Here only the tropical plants require the protection of glass in winter, and when once started in the gardens they continue to flourish for ages with but little attention. On the other hand, the garden at Copenhagen must have an enormous glass house, or all except the very hardy varieties of plants and trees will perish in the winter.

The climate is such an important factor in the construction and maintenance of a large botanic garden that the traveller is not surprised to find more magnificent collections in a small tropical city than in the capital of some great nation situated in the northern latitudes. This accounts for the existence of the extensive botanic garden in the city of Calcutta, and also in several other large cities of India. British influence has had much to do with the success of the Calcutta institution, but the fine climate has been the chief factor in deciding its fate. The flora of India is extensive, and of a character that is astonishing to the rest of the world. Most of the luxuriant growths will not thrive in other climates or under artificial conditions, and they reach their fullest development in the great garden of Calcutta. Here they live

out of doors, forming scenes of natural beauty unexcelled in the world. From a picturesque point of view the Calcutta botanic garden acknowledges no superior, but from the general student's point of view it is inferior to many others, as its collection consists chiefly of the flora of India and not of other countries.

The botanic garden of Sydney, New South Wales, owes its great glory and picturesque loveliness to its favorable situation and the remarkable climate of the country. The Bay of Sydney is one of the prettiest harbors in the world, and its waters wash against the very walls of the botanic garden. All the products of this grand new country grow in luxuriant splendor in the great Sydney garden: tall palms that excel in size and form those of our own tropical America, roses and lilies that rival the beauty of the California flowers, maples and birches of the temperate zones, and palmettoes and bamboo forests of the equatorial climes, all blended in exquisite disregard of botanical zones. Above all, summer skies and a sun of unequalled splendor smile in perpetual glory, making life in the garden a scene of enchantment for lovers and students.

In the tropical countries of America several similar magnificent possibilities of great botanical gardens are found, rich in all that makes a great garden, except the technical training and the skilled scientific classification and arrangement of plants. In Spanish America there are many private collections of plants that almost reach the dignity of botanical gardens, but they can hardly be called national or even city technical botanic schools or gardens. In the British West Indies there are three botanical gardens of fair pretensions. One is located at Castleton, on the island of Jamaica, about nineteen miles from Kingston, on the outlying hill-slopes of the Blue Mountain Range. There are from forty to fifty thousand trees, shrubs, and plants collected in this garden, representing everything which grows in the West Indies, and many types that have become nearly extinct. This tropical Kew was carefully planned, and scientific skill is shown throughout the arrangement of the beautiful orchids, countless ferns, palms, and roses, and the economic plants and herbs, such as tea, coffee, cacao, sugar, vanilla, nutmeg, clove, black pepper, cinnamon, sarsaparilla, rubber, dye-woods, and nux vomica. No finer educating influence could be exerted upon the inhabitants of the island; but, after all, the garden appears to be chiefly valuable in acquainting visitors with the resources of Jamaica, and in supplying the governor and the wealthy landowners with choice specimens of flowers and plants.

Near Georgetown, in British Guiana, there is a series of gardens covering one hundred and fifty acres, which in a sense could be interpreted as a botanic garden. These gardens have been established by British residents, and they partake more of the character of the London Kew, while on the island of Martinique the French have attempted to establish another *Jardin des Plantes*. In some respects both of these gardens are more gorgeous than their prototypes in the mother-countries, for they have the advantage of situation and climate and a grand tropical flora at their very doors. Havana has a botanical garden surrounding the Captain-General's country seat, and visitors to

Cuba find this one of the chief attractions on the island. Its alley of palms is one of the most beautiful tropical scenes of its kind in the world. But the lack of special scientific training makes all these botanic gardens of little practical value. Outside of Chili and the Argentine there is hardly a single technical school of modern agriculture in South America.

At Rio de Janeiro there are two beautiful collections of plants, known as the Passeio Publico and Acclimation Square, and at Pará there is a magnificent tangle of tropical plants which is locally dignified as a botanic garden. The national treasury of Brazil provides twenty-four thousand dollars a year for the maintenance of a botanical garden at Rio de Janeiro, which is without a scientific school or equipments necessary to make such an institution of any particular value.

The Argentine Republic has two scientific agricultural schools, but they have failed yet to attain any great beneficial results for the country, and no extensive botanic garden has been built up as an adjunct to them. Higher scientific education has received more attention in Chili, and Santiago has one of the loveliest and most artistic pleasure-grounds in the world. The botanical gardens which surround the Quinta Normal and the Exhibition Palace contain a large collection of plants, well classified and arranged. The national treasury appropriates twenty thousand dollars for flower-shows and botanic exhibitions, and at the Quinta Normal there are classes in scientific forestry, agriculture, and botany. In Concepcion there is another agricultural school, and a small attempt at a botanical garden. Chili is thus the foremost country of South America in arranging and classifying her flora, and her progress in all the sciences is far more rapid than that of her sister republics. Most of the South American countries are in urgent need of scientific schools to teach their inhabitants the value of their natural resources and industrial opportunities. When science has awakened the slumbering ambition of these countries, the world will look to them for the finest, noblest, and most valuable collections of plants, trees, and flowers, for there, under a warm sun and in a climate that knows no winter, nature luxuriates in wanton profusion.

Mexico has its plazas and alamedas, beautiful and graceful in their foliage and blossoms, but they cannot be termed botanic gardens, any more than Central Park of New York or Fairmount Park of Philadelphia. The Shaw Botanical Garden at St. Louis and the Harvard Arboretum at Cambridge are the only two collections of plants and trees in the great, populous, prosperous, ambitious United States that are worthy of this name. Excelling in all the products of the soil and mines, we are yet far behind the other nations of the world in collecting, arranging, and classifying them. Our scientific schools and museums are entering the front ranks of those of the Old World, but our botanic gardens have been sadly neglected. The beginnings of a garden in New York that may become the pride of the nation are now permanently established, and if its growth is in proportion to the other institutions and enterprises undertaken by the metropolis it will undoubtedly justify the expectations of its founders.

*George Ethelbert Walsh.*

## CANUCK AND RAOUL.

September 4, 1884.

THE air is just beginning to grow cool now, but the windows are so tiny that I make the remark rather as an act of faith than anything else. This little room holds all the heat of noonday and more. I am sitting on the bed between the two windows in search of a draught,—a remarkably unsuccessful quest, I may mention in passing. I can't imagine why it should be so hot in September. There is a rising-sun bedquilt on the bed,—I never met one before, out of a story,—and one little pillow with three feathers inside it. The mirror is hung so high that I can't even see the top of my head (I shall never know how my hair looks), and there isn't any wash-stand. The wash-basin and pitcher are on a chair inside the door. The pitcher holds about a quart, and the chair wobbles if you touch it. So much for my surroundings.

The school is half a mile away. Mrs. Forbes has three children young enough to come under my guidance; they are extremely fat, and inclined to be impertinent. The family here consists of Mr. Forbes, who is old and stout and easy-going; Mrs. Forbes, who is younger and thinner and who works a great deal too hard; the three children before mentioned; Jerry, and the hired boy. Jerry does not go to school. He is about fifteen, and has presumably "finished his education." The poor little hired boy seems to be a sort of Ishmael. He looks about fourteen, and is called "C'nuck," in reference, I suppose, to his Canadian origin.

He sits at the table and stares at me with large eyes under a shock of heavy hair. Beside him the heir to the house of Forbes chatters unceasingly. Jerry does not stare at any one. His glance, though frank, is ceaselessly roving; he looks from one face to another with the *aplomb* of the born talker, seconding his words with his eyes, with little emphatic nods and winks. Jerry puzzles me. He seems to me a boy without moral sense, without a conscience, or anything to which you can appeal. He teases the poor little hired help in a way that would be unmerciful, if mercy and unmercy weren't alien words to apply to him. His scorn is perfectly unserious, and not in the least spiteful, but it is real. You can see that he regards Canuck with a boundless contempt. The younger children take their cue from him, and they are spiteful little things. Poor Canuck never has a word of common good-fellowship addressed to him. He is made in everything to feel himself an alien.

But he has "for their scorn his hate's retort," which consists of a long black venomous glance full in the eyes of his tormentors. It is like a blow, but they never seem to notice it. I was seated next him at dinner to-day,—my seat was changed on account of an unexpected guest,—and I said to him, with my prettiest manner,—

"I have been in your beautiful country. Aren't you very homesick away from it?"

He turned and looked at me with a glance of measureless surprise, finding his words with an effort.

"I have been long away," he said.

"And so you're accustomed to it?"

He looked down.

"No," he said.

"Hey! what's that, C'nuck?" said Jerry from the other side. "You mustn't let your tongue run away with you, you know. 'Twon't do! Once I knew a boy——"

Here began one of Jerry's interminable yarns, and I escaped as speedily as possible. If there is in the world another such incessant talker as Jerry, I sincerely hope that it is not my fate to meet him.

7th.

There is one possession of the Forbeses' which I envy them. It is a certain little horse behind which Jerry took me for a drive to-night. He is a Canadian horse,—Mr. Forbes bought him at a sale,—and he is certainly the dearest little creature that ever lived. He is brown and dappled and fat; his name is Raoul. He is also extremely ill-behaved; he ducks his head and plays in harness; he shies elaborately at weeds, and has a particular distaste for turkeys, while in the presence of anything really unusual and supposedly alarming he exhibits an indifference that is positively impudent. Infinite indulgence in all sorts of naughtiness seems to delight his little soul. But I think in the presence of real danger no horse could be safer. He has so fine a courage, and, if I'm not mistaken, so deep a devotion to his friends, to those who love and trust him, that he would stay by them to the last moment and try to bring them safely through any peril.

When we came in, Gabriel (I have learned that that is Canuck's real name) was standing by the gate watching for us, or, more properly, only for Raoul. He came forward to take him by the head, and pushed up his mane, murmuring some indistinct words that seemed to indicate a boundless lovingness.

When Jerry had helped me out—I am training him in ways of politeness, to which he appears much a stranger—I also went around to Raoul's head and patted his nose.

"Isn't he a dear little horse?" I said.

Gabriel's eyes were shining.

"Ah," he said, "he is a prince among horses. Look how he knows me."

Raoul was rummaging in his master's pockets with his soft little fawn-colored nose. I call Gabriel his master instinctively, though he really belongs to Mr. Forbes. Jerry came up too, and, elbowing the other out of the way, hit Raoul clumsily across the face.

"I d' want him to learn that trick," he said, with his aggressive good nature. "He's bad enough as 'tis. Can't hardly drive him now."

"He never does it for you," said Gabriel, in a low tone, stepping back. He whistled softly. Raoul, turning his head, whinnied as softly in answer. Jerry stopped "unhooking" to laugh.

"Where d'ye learn to talk horse, C'nuck?" said he. "Guess he takes you for another horse, 'count o' that mane."

20th.

To-night, by way of a brief escape from this too pervasive family, I went over to "the old Duncan place," going through cornfields and finding it fantastically romantic among its rose-bushes in the moonlight. There is a wide green yard at the back: I crossed it, stepping up on the rickety boards of the old veranda with a queer little shiver. I think there is nothing more solemn than moonlight streaming through the bare windows of a deserted house. In the old living-room it lay along the floor in great still shafts of light, on which the climbing roses clustering outside cast the shapeliest little shadows. Dear little homely pink roses! the moon changed them to pale spirit-flowers, and their fragrance seemed mysterious.

It was so still that I could hear them laughing down at the Forbeses', and could catch sounds of life from another house far across the fields. Suddenly it dawned upon me that I was not alone. Something moved inside the moonlit room, which my startled glance took to be the figure of a man. For a moment I was awfully frightened, but I saw then that it was only Gabriel, crouched upon the floor in the shadow, his head leaning against the wall. He had not heard my footstep, and when I spoke to him he turned with a great start and a cry. Then he got up slowly and advanced into the moonlight.

"It is you, ma'm'selle," he said. "I had thought that the good priest called me. It was so he spoke, gentle and soft. Are you alone, ma'm'selle? Is there no one with you?"

"No; I'm quite alone. I like to come over here in the moonlight, it's so awfully pretty. This old house has been deserted a long time, hasn't it?"

"But yes, ma'm'selle, a long time. There is nothing here now but silence. I come here to pray to the holy saints. It is my oratory."

I looked at the child in amazement.

"You haven't lived long in New Jersey, have you, Gabriel?" I said.

"Only two years. Before that I lived far away from here, in my own country, in our village, where my uncle's house was, next door to the good priest. But my uncle died, and everything was sold,—everything. And a Yankee bought my poor little horse and took him away. And I followed him. I followed him on foot, and I stole rides for him, and I found him,—and lost him again,—for a long time, for months, and at last I traced him here. Ah, ma'm'selle, that was like heaven! It was in haying-time, and they were willing enough to take me for help. And then I wanted to stay on all the time, but Mr. Forbes said he had no use for a boy all the time, and I begged and begged. I said that half of the year I would work for nothing. And so I do; but I spend nothing of my wages. I save and save, and some time I buy him back. He is mine now, but I wait and wait. I will wait a thousand years."

"Well, he's worth waiting for," I said. "He's a dear little horse. I don't wonder you love him."

"Yes, and, look you, ma'm'selle, *now* he is well treated. They are kind to him. So I wait. But the day that he is ill treated, that day he disappears from their knowledge, and they guess not what became of him, till by and by some mail brings the pay for him, when I have earned it. But I take him first. He is mine."

"Oh, Gabriel," I cried, "you mustn't make such plans. No matter how Raoul is treated, he isn't yours till you have paid for him. And, anyway, he won't be ill treated as long as he stays here."

Gabriel had come out on the veranda, and as I spoke a team clattered by, the horse's swift trot breaking at times into a gallop. There is a large pear orchard between the house and the road, so one cannot from the veranda catch even a glimpse of the passer-by; but Gabriel fiercely exclaimed,—

"That is Jerry, taking him out again. Making him go like that! He's only too ready. Bon Dieu! how do I bear it!"

I felt uncomfortable, because I know Jerry often gets too much to drink when he goes off to the village, and of course Gabriel knows it too.

I sit here writing and feeling worried. Jerry has not come back. I can hear Gabriel walking about down in the yard. That boy has such a fearful temper concealed (not very well) under his darkling exterior, and I am afraid that some time he will lose his self-control and do something awful. In spite of being worried, I am extremely sleepy. I hope I shan't wake up when Jerry comes home.

*21st.*

There did something happen last night, and it woke me up very effectually. Jerry came in about one, singing and shouting and whipping his horse. I don't know precisely what did occur, but I know those boys had a tremendous fight, and that Jerry evidently had much the worst of it. They must have fought very quietly not to have aroused any one. It was a fierce and silent battle, and soon over. When I looked out, Jerry was lying on the ground, perfectly motionless. Gabriel was standing by his horse's head, with his face hidden in Raoul's thick mane. He began taking him out at last, never casting a glance in Jerry's direction. He took him to the barn, and, though I wasn't asleep when the room was gray with daylight, I didn't hear him come in. I sat there watching Jerry's figure and wondering whether I oughtn't to call somebody: I was afraid he was dead. But at last he sat up, and a few minutes after I heard him come in below, and so concluded that he was all right and would discover the fact for himself later. This morning he appeared with a large bump on the side of his forehead, and, on being questioned by his mother, said that he got it "playin' with a wild cat." But he didn't look at Gabriel, so suspicion wasn't aroused in that direction.

Mrs. Forbes laughed, and said she guessed fighting was the wild cat, and she wished he'd quit such goings-on, anyway. Jerry looked at me and then at Gabriel with his irrepressible wink. He doesn't seem to bear the least malice. He followed me down through the yard as I started for school, and informed me at the gate that C'nuck was

quite a fellow. "Strong! Well, I guess!" he said, screwing up his face expressively. "I guess I'll fight shy of him after this. He's a regular tiger. 'Most killed me last night."

This incident, which has increased his respect for Gabriel, has only made his good nature more rampant. But Gabriel's expression is deadly.

*24th.*

Last night it was so warm that I sat up by the window, trying to get a breath of air, long after every one was in bed and supposedly asleep.

It was lightening in the west. There was a big storm rolling up, and now and again a little frantic breeze would rush in and rattle the paper window-shades. Then it would be still again, awfully still. The darkness between the great pale flashes was a horror of stillness, filled with the deep muffled threat of the far-away thunder.

It came swiftly nearer, and the lightning grew sharper. Once, looking out, I saw that the trees along the lane had their leaves all tossed up the wrong way in the strong hot wind which was blowing in great fierce gusts as yet undashed by rain-drops. And in the same instant I saw that under the trees Gabriel was leading Raoul in the direction of the road. It took me only an instant to realize what he was doing, and then, with some wild idea of saving him from that crime, I began throwing on my clothes. I had been sitting by the window in my night-gown. It was like one of those horrible dreams when you are trying to get ready and get away before something happens, the way the thunder rolled up and the dry wind swept through the room, while I hurried into my dress and tried to open the door without any noise. I got down-stairs, but when I opened the outer door I thought for a moment that I couldn't go any further. The lightning showed how the trees were tossing in the great wind from the south, and I could hear the long, dry, tortured rustle of their sun-scorched leaves. But the next moment I was out in it, and after that it wasn't so bad. When one is all blinded and deafened and stunned, one can follow one's little fixed idea, aware only of that in a world of chaos.

My fixed idea was to cut across through the big peach orchard and reach the road at the same time that Gabriel arrived there; something seemed to tell me that he would take that road. I ran, dodging the peach-trees, and the wind ran with me. It seemed as if the thunder and the first great swift-blown rain-drops joined the chase; I felt like a helpless animal being hunted to death by some all-powerful sportsman whose animosity it cannot understand. At last I reached the fence and stood breathlessly leaning on it, listening, if one can be said to listen when one's ears are deafened by wind and thunder, for the sound of Raoul's hoof-beats along the road. They came at last in a lull of the storm, and I climbed the fence and scrambled down the bank just in time to stop them as they passed.

I remember catching Raoul's halter, forcing him back so suddenly that he reared, and crying to Gabriel I know not what wild words,—

pleadings, warnings, commands. I remember saying, "You *must* not! You *must* not!" over and over again, while the wind blew my words I know not where, and the rain choked me in their utterance.

I only know that at last Gabriel turned back, and we all returned in silence, down the road and up the lane, amid the great drowned flashes of lightning and the continuous roar of the thunder.

How we got into the house, Gabriel and I, without any one's having discovered our absence, is a wonder; but the Forbeses are not timid about storms, and there was no one up.

I have felt all day the exaltation of the rescuer. Gabriel looks at me strangely, as if wondering whether that wild scene last night were not a figment of his own imagination, and at times I ask myself if I too did not imagine it.

*October 4.*

It was the last storm of the season. To-night it is very still and cold. I have just come in. For an hour I have been standing beside the great unsightly heap of earth that marks the spot where Raoul lies buried. It seems too strange even now to write it. Jerry took him out the evening after my interference, and he ran away, colliding with another team and hurting himself beyond all helping. Day before yesterday they shot him. Poor little Raoul!

I know that I did right in bringing Gabriel back that night. It is a mean sense of right that can hold up its head only when right is successful. But it makes me cold with a sense of my own responsibility. I remember that Raoul did not want to turn back. He followed Gabriel, as he always did, but with whinnying reluctance. Perhaps his little sagacious soul had a deep presentiment of evil. If there be any creature gifted with the second sight it should surely be the horse, with that weird intelligence beyond the reach of ours to fathom or control.

The air was full of a faint smoky mist. Far across the fields the lights began to twinkle, now in one house, now in another. The corn-shocks assumed mysterious shapes through the dusk; the small moon began to brighten. It was very cold. I stood there trembling, and at my feet the great fresh mound spoke of the bitterness of mortality for those left behind, though it was not my loss that it recorded.

Suddenly I was aware of the figure of Gabriel standing at a little distance from me, with bowed uncovered head; his small worldly possessions were in the bundle which he carried suspended from a stick across his shoulder. I went toward him, and he looked up at me with a slow smile.

"Are you going away, Gabriel?" I said.

"Yes, ma'm'selle," he said. "I go back to my own country. I go back to the good father of our village. He will tell me what to do. I had forgotten the holy Church, and I am punished."

He held his head erect. His eyes shone in the faint moonlight. His face was very pale.

"And—you forgive Jerry?" I said.

"It was the hand of God," he said, in his clear, solemn tones.

"Jerry was his vile instrument. I have forgiven him. I go, ma'm'selle." He held out his hand. "Dieu vous garde."

"Good-by, Gabriel," I said. And then he turned to the grave.

"Adieu, mon pauvre bon garçon," he said, with unutterable tenderness, his voice breaking. "Dormez bien."

He knelt down. I walked away, pausing when I reached the fence to look back. He had risen and turned to go; his figure had an indescribable desolation in the lonely cornfield. Then I saw that this impression was shared by another than myself. Jerry had come up through the peach orchard and stood leaning on the fence a little way below me. His eyes were fixed on Gabriel's figure, and after a moment I saw him brush the back of his hand across his eyes. So I suppose that even in Jerry there is something to which you can appeal. But that question doesn't at present interest me.

QUEBEC, October 4, 1894.

To-day my cousin took me for such a charming drive to a little French village on the flats, the most picturesque place I have seen in years. I was waiting outside the quaintest little shop for Marie (she was on some impossible quest within), when I saw across the street a little tableau that arrested my roving attention and caused me to look twice. Two priests had stopped to speak to a little wizened countryman in a peaked cap, who seemed to have some tale of trouble to pour into their sympathetic ears.

The elder one stood intently listening with a fine courteous sympathy beginning to appear on his reticent old face; and the countryman's horse, a little, muscular, ill-fed creature, with a large head and a shaggy mane, held his ears back as if listening too, and with small patience. It was then the incident occurred which first caught my attention. The younger priest stepped forward to the horse's head, and gave very softly a little persuasive whistle. It seemed a queer thing for a priest to do, and it brought me a sudden memory of something, I couldn't for a moment tell what.

"Take care, Father Clement," said the little man, speaking in French. "He is one good horse; he can work; but he will bite."

"He will not bite me," said the young priest, smiling a little, and he put his arm over the horse's neck, softly patting it with his delicate fingers. He had a face of extraordinary strength and beauty, with scarcely a reminiscence, unless it were in the dark piercing glance, of poor little Gabriel's lowering countenance. But, strangely enough, I knew suddenly who it was.

Marie came flying out of the shop just then, recollecting, as she said, that she was in a tremendous hurry, and we drove away. She knows every one here, and as we passed the little group they gave us a courteous greeting, the young priest looking up with a glance of absent politeness while his hand lingered lovingly in the little horse's heavy mane. He did not recognize me in the least: I suppose I have changed a good deal in ten years.

But he has not forgotten Raoul.

*Elizabeth Knowlton Carter.*

## FROISSART.

EVERY one reads Froissart, but every one does not know that he reads the famous chronicler. Monsieur Jourdain was "le plus obligé du monde" to the Master of Philosophy when the latter explained to him that he had been speaking prose for more than forty years, and it is a delightful surprise to discover oneself to be better educated than one imagined. This rare sensation would be felt by many if they should open Froissart's Chronicles, for they would find that, instead of being shamefully ignorant of this classic of chivalry, they had in fact been brought up on it and knew it by heart. Stories which we will always know, and which we have known so long that we cannot remember the first hearing, are his. Generations of historians have retold them more or less well, inasmuch as they have followed the original more or less closely; and, while Froissart has been given due honor in parentheses and foot-notes, his most famous passages have become public property to such an extent that they have almost attained the height of popularity, and, like the wise rhymes of Mother Goose, lost their pedigree. So it is that to many the kindly chronicler is an unknown benefactor, a kind of fairy godmother or rich uncle, who has been sending them good things all their lives. You remember when you were a child, playing with a famous toy,—it came from him; and afterwards, and again, and again,—all those splendid presents came from Froissart. Agnes Strickland, Dickens, Macaulay, Green, were often but his willing messengers.

Froissart's Chronicles are to be read for pleasure. As soon as the thickness of the volume begins to afflict the reader, as soon as he is aware of a desire to count pages, let him close the book. Conscientiousness in reading is a mistake. It is not worth while to bore oneself reading Froissart, for he gives nothing if he does not give pleasure. Sydney Smith said that he had been able to extract from Hallam's "Middle Ages" a great deal of information unalloyed by a single grain of pleasure. Such a charge will never be made against Froissart's Chronicles, but rather complaint of the contrary evil. The thistle does not bring forth figs, and it is equally true that the fig does not produce thistles. One must not go to Froissart for facts. That dry and prickly crop, dear to certain wise and long-eared animals, can be found elsewhere. There are in his book little mistakes and big mistakes. The white fib and the black lie walk hand in hand with truth. There are inaccuracies that irritate the patient, plodding student, who is anxious to pile date upon date and to weave the branches of many genealogies. However, as Professor Woodrow Wilson has said, truth is not concrete, but abstract. It does not consist merely in correct statements of events nor in an accurate chronology. In his proudest moments Froissart liked to call himself an historian, but it is as an irresponsible romancer that he is at his best. He is not a scientist, but an artist, and shows his time *à travers une personnalité*.

He shows it as he saw it, and Froissart was no more philosophical, no more far-seeing, than an ordinary mortal. He was not wiser than his fellows, but more gifted. He was not one of those unfortunate beings who are born out of due season, but was comfortably at home in his century and shared even its superstitions.

The sacred origin of the "sainte ampoule" and of the oriflamme were facts to him, and the capture of the Château d'Éuif by necromancy was authentic history. He did not doubt that certain words had the power to stanch bleeding, although he himself did not happen to know the magic charm. No child could tell a fairy-story more gravely than he, and a king's dream was as important to him as if he could, Joseph-like, make his fortune by it. He delighted in the marvellous, and loved to believe that enchanted animals roamed the woods and that familiar spirits hovered in the air. To some sober and precise minds this intrusion of fancy into the realm of fact appears an impertinence. They like to know what they are reading, and prefer to have their Hans Andersen and their Roland bound separately.

True credulity is the height of politeness. It must have been very pleasant to tell stories to Froissart and to have seen him accept them without any sceptical shrugs or nods of semi-conviction. No one ever heard him deducing this because of a man's point of view, or that because of general inability to tell the truth. "Sainte Marie," he said to Sir Espaing de Lyon, "how agreeable your words are! And let me tell you that none of them will be lost;" and he hastened to write them all down exactly as he had heard them.

No doubt he was often imposed upon. No one distrusts Froissart's sincerity, but his stories sometimes do not "carry firm conviction to our hesitating hearts." While at the court of the Count of Foix he heard the tragic story of the death of Gaston, the son of the count. The boy's throat was cut by his father. Froissart, however, seems to have had no difficulty in believing that the unfortunate occurrence was purely accidental, and that the Count of Foix was overwhelmed with grief at the untimely death of his heir. Froissart probably saw no reason to think otherwise, for did not the count shave his head, clothe his retainers in black, and bury Gaston magnificently? The sceptical mind is more impressed by the knife in the father's hand than it is by the tears and mourning robes. To open a vein by an awkward slip of the hand is extraordinary carelessness. Then, besides, it is not comfortable to have a sharp knife put to one's throat. It is true that the robber maiden in the Snow Queen used to tickle her favorite reindeer in that way: so perhaps it was a usual caress with the stormy count.

Froissart had this story on what he considered the best authority. It was told to him at the court of Foix by an ancient dependant of the house. This gives an insight into the chronicler's method of valuing evidence. "Of course the story is true," he would argue; "the old squire who told it is a life-long servitor of the Count of Foix, and is, of necessity, well informed." A more subtle mind would have drawn a different conclusion, and would have suspected the story to be the court version of an ugly mystery, a clumsy contrivance foisted upon

his plate-lickers by a feudal tyrant. It was a story fit for servants, and it was all very well for them to hear it, believe it, and repeat it. That was their business, but it was not Froissart's business. The free, wandering chronicler could refuse or accept it as he pleased; and if he chose to record as history a bit of inconsistent special pleading, it was simply because he believed it to be true. He was able to believe many things.

The amiable chronicler was prone to accept great men at their own valuation, and to judge lightly from the outside. He showed men as they appeared, or even as they wished to appear. It was a pleasure to him to describe the king's hat and cloak, or the expression of his countenance, and he did not puzzle himself as to what might be in the king's mind. He did not aim to unlock the secrets of the heart. He was one of the populace, for whom the drama of public life is carried on, the type for whom imperial robes are draped, the man to whom appearances are enormously imposing. It would have been impossible for him to have unclad royalty in his imagination and beheld it a pitiable naked mortal, no taller nor broader than the rest of mankind. He never beheld, as did Solomon or Thackeray, lackeys riding gayly in the saddle while princes footed in the dust. He could not have recognized either the one or the other in disguise.

Froissart borrowed frankly from Jean le Bel the episode of Queen Philippa and the citizens of Calais. It is a beautiful and dramatic story, exactly suited to the taste of the chivalrous chronicler. It never occurred to him that perhaps it was too dramatic. When King Edward frowns, he is struck with terror; he trembles while the knights intercede with the relentless conqueror, and he is in a transport of gratitude and relief when Queen Philippa saves the citizens.

It may be that it all happened exactly that way, or it may be that the affair was a little drama managed by King Edward to point a political moral. The king's anger seems somewhat affected. The fact that some ships of Calais had injured English trade does not seem an adequate reason for his being in such a tremendous rage with a few miserable, half-starved citizens. The moment of triumph is not the moment in which to grind the teeth with ill temper. Edward was not a cruel man, and it seems more probable, but less exciting, that he knit his brows and ground his teeth and called for the headsman while playing a part. He would have liked to pose as a terrible and vengeful conqueror. Calais had withstood him for a year, and he wished to do something that would convince the cities of France that resistance to his summons was extremely dangerous. He did not thirst for the blood of the citizens, and, if Queen Philippa had not been there to beg them off, it is very likely that he would have yielded to somebody else's prayer for mercy. A tableau such as the king arranged might have added greatly to the terror of his name and have been of real use to him in his campaign. Froissart was one of those who were properly impressed.

Froissart was as easily satisfied about the causes of events as he was about the motives of men; and so, again, when he explains a political situation, we can look scornfully down from the heights of

modern investigation upon this poor, well-meaning chronicler, who did not even know his own time. It is hardly convincing to be told that the insurrection of the Lollards was caused by "the great ease and abundance of good things which the common people of England enjoyed;" nor does the cruel war of Jacques Bonhomme seem to have been caused by a superfluity of riches and comfort. What is known of the lives of the laboring classes in those days does not confirm this reasoning as sagacious. This is history seen through a strong personality.

Froissart did not love all sorts and conditions of men. His sympathies were not with the tiller of the soil nor the sleek burgher, but with the soldier and the knight. "It was a great pity," was about as much as he could bring himself to say when considering the sack of a fine city or the destruction of the harvest of a province by a company of glorious bandits. He loved the sight of an army ready for battle. The embroidered banners and shining spears were a thousand times more beautiful to him than any waving stalks of grain, and "the sweet season of summer" meant to him the time "when it is good to make war and to camp in the fields." He spoke with sincere feeling when he said that the sight of the fleet at Bruges was enough to cure a man of toothache. His point of view was aristocratic. He delighted in camps and courts, and had seen or known in his day more than two hundred princes. It was hard for him to believe that a man who looked noble and who spoke courteously could do a cowardly or a dishonorable action. Froissart was not a snob. He did not meanly admire mean things. He loved lords and knights because he credited them with certain high virtues, and he loved those virtues wherever he found them.

Being a literary man, he had not much opportunity to display martial ardor, but it is evident from his book that he possessed many of the qualities which formed his admirable recipe for a gentleman. He was cheerful and kind and courteous,—courteous even when in the practice of the ungracious business of a reporter. "I should like to know it very much, that is, if it pleases you that I should know it," was his insinuating phrase when eager to learn a state secret or a bit of court gossip. He always felt a kindly pity for the defeated, and liked to follow the example of the Black Prince and give the chaplet to the unfortunate. So it is that in describing a battle he is specially careful to mention the feats of arms accomplished by the losing side. "They fought boldly," he will say, "but could not obtain the victory. And the opposite side also did well." In his first book he followed the Chronicle of Jean le Bel very closely, but he exercised a kind discretion in modifying the sharpness of that bold critic. Froissart did not like to copy the insinuation that the Duke of Brabant was never ready for a battle. It was not a nice thing to say about a man. Nor did the gentle chronicler care to accuse the Pope of pride and vainglory, or King Philip of a dastardly love of ease. Froissart was not the man to repeat a whisper of scandal about the Queen of France, and he was filled with righteous wrath at the dishonoring story about Edward III. and the Countess of Salisbury. He never liked to write about anything disagreeable, and it was hard for him to push his pen along to record a story of treachery or disgrace.

The amiable chronicler found the world a pleasant place, and he thought there never had been a more interesting or agreeable time than that in which he lived. "For I came into the world with marvellous deeds," he wrote. Jehan Froissart, native of the good and fair city of Valenciennes, arrived just in time to see the exploits of the French and English wars; and he believed the Count of Foix when the latter said that there never had been a period so glorious with noble deeds as the fifty years that the chronicler had known. It is pleasant, while heartless decadence is the fashion, to turn back to this cheerful historian, who had a happy faith in his own time. It is a poor spirit which is content to acknowledge that everything is slipping down-hill.

His cheerfulness was a kind of philosophical gayety, like that of the jolly miller who lived by the river Dee. Froissart too worked from morn till night, and if he did not sing he did something very like it. His business was his pleasure. He did not bore himself in making his book, for, as he said, "it is so delightful to hear and to record." To listen to a stirring story over a bottle of good wine was not a hard duty. He loved to visit courts, and an illuminated copy of his history or a book of verses made him everywhere a welcome guest. On his journeys he nearly always had the fortune to fall in with some distinguished knight or herald, who could tell him agreeably the legend and history of the towns and castles which he passed.

It was natural to Froissart to look on the bright side of things. The horrors of war did not appall him. He knew that fire accompanied the sword, but his mind was fascinated by the glory of the chivalrous game. It is possible in reading his Chronicle to forget the misery and cruelty of the Middle Ages, and to remember only the bravery and courtesy that flourished then. He could write an amusing poem when he lost his last florin, and could comfort himself with philosophy when his beloved patroness, Queen Philippa, died. "There is no death that one must not pass over and forget," he wrote, after recording her last words and her many virtues. He was one of those lucky mortals who have no talent for making themselves or others miserable. He bore his own misfortunes uncomplainingly, and exercised even greater patience in regard to the afflictions of others. He did not distress himself at the privations of the soldiers, remarking, cheerfully, "the greater part of them did not eat every time they thought of eating," or, "they got nothing at the first assault excepting a few blows."

His philosophy was brave; he told young squires that when they were vanquished in a skirmish or battle they should be pleased with the adventure that fortune sent them, whatever it might be. "For," he argues, "it is necessary in an affair of arms that there should be some dead and some wounded and some taken prisoner; and as soon as one arms oneself and goes forth to the combat, one does not expect anything else." To lose sometimes was part of the game, and if a squire wished to go through a campaign with a whole skin, Froissart would advise him to stay at home.

Like Thackeray and Lamb and other men who have written with distinctive style, Froissart was not afraid of being considered trivial. In describing a secret attack upon a city, he mentions slyly that the

stoutest of the soldiers were chosen to be disguised as monks; and he does not think it uninteresting to relate the reason that Colars d'Aubrecicourt gave for not joining a skirmishing party. He was advised that he was too young to go on such a daring adventure, so he told King Edward very seriously that he could not find his helmet. When Laurent Fogaça related to "old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster," the story of the battle of Aljubarrota, he rattled off a long list of high-sounding Spanish names,—Radiges de Valeronciaulx, Ruy Mendiges de Valconsialx, Pouvasse de Coigne, and others even more magnificent. The duke burst into a hearty laugh. "My lord, why do you laugh?" asked the Spaniard. "Why?" said the duke. "There is reason enough. I have never heard in all my life so many mighty names, nor such strange ones." The world changes wonderfully little. It is not difficult to imagine a modern Englishman laughing with the same surprise at the absurd foreign sounds. Froissart appreciated the value of such familiar details, and contrived with them to make his book lively and intelligible.

"There is no sword so sharp as hunger," is one of Froissart's phrases; and he uses "furred hat" for the man who wore it, exactly as "bigwig" is used some centuries later. When he found a good word, he had no objection to using it twice. So he often says, to describe the closeness of a siege, that a bird could not have left the place without permission; and to show the haste of a party of horsemen he writes, "Then the horses learned that the spurs were good for something."

His sarcasm was too cheerful to be sharp. He did not mean any harm when he said that some Frenchmen surrendered at Poitiers as soon as they were within seeing distance of an Englishman; nor was there any spite in his brisk epitaph on one Crokars, a brigand, "I do not know what became of his property, nor who got his soul."

It is with the same playful malice that he describes the cause of Philip van Arteveldt's lack of success as a general. Arteveldt "was not very subtle in war," he writes, "for in his youth he had not been educated in the art, but had been taught to fish with a rod for fishes in the river Lis and in the Scheldt. He was very skilful in doing that, and well he showed it when he was before Oudenarde, for he never could take the city."

It is almost witty sometimes to be in a good humor, and Froissart's irony proceeded from his persistent cheerfulness. His good things are precisely what may be termed pleasantries, being the overflow of a happy heart. At the siege of Hennebont the French threatened that if any man showed himself on the walls they would cut off his head after they had captured the town, and that they would cut off the heads of all the other citizens "for love of him." This merry misnaming of hate is very like the grim wit of "*pour encourager les autres.*"

Froissart was a great *raconteur*. He could tell a story in the simplest, most straightforward fashion, or he could manage a complicated plot and arrange a dramatic surprise. The story of Gaston of Foix is a sample of the chronicler's most artful manner. Pages before

he begins the story he prepares his reader for it. With apparent simplicity he describes his own persistent desire to know the fate of the young son of the count. He inquires of the knight with whom he is travelling in Foix ; but the knight changes the subject or puts him off, telling him the matter is too sad to be discussed. Thus in one way and another he increases the mystery and hints at the tragedy, until the reader's curiosity is duly excited. At last Froissart hears the story and in turn relates it. He tells, in a pleasant, quiet style, of the domestic troubles of the count and his wife, of their separation, and of Gaston's visit to his mother and uncle. Then, suddenly, in the middle of this simple narrative, he puts in a piece of fine sensationalism. The uncle gives Gaston three gifts, "and the last gift he gave him caused the child's death." This mysterious warning is thrilling, and is intended to be so by a deliberate artist.

Froissart never finished his *Chronicles*. He wrote and rewrote, added and altered, as long as he lived. There are several versions of most of his books, and when he had "time to write briefly" he composed an abridged *Chronicle*. Yet during all the time he spent upon his work he never forgot the initial purpose of his undertaking. He wrote of the brave, so that others might be inspired to be brave. His book was intended to cultivate prowess. Courage was to his mind a saving grace, and he urged young squires to exercise and perfect themselves in this high quality. Dr. Johnson thought of it as did Froissart, and said, in a phrase very different from the simple style of the chronicler, "Courage is a quality so necessary for maintaining virtue that it is always respected, even when it is associated with vice."

"Be brave" was Froissart's text, as "Be wise" was that of Comines. Comines wrote of prudent men, that others might learn prudence. Princes should read history, he argues, so that they may learn how certain kings have preserved their kingdoms, avoiding war and outwitting their enemies. They should take warning from the lives of others and not allow themselves to be duped. Comines says, "He was the wisest man I knew, and the one who managed his affairs best ;" and Froissart, "He was the bravest man, and thought least of his own safety." Success was more of a gauge with Comines than with Froissart ; for a man may be brave and unfortunate, —in fact, courage is most admirable when it is displayed in a lost cause,—but prudence is not prudence unless it be so named by success.

Froissart had the same pleasant confidence that Horace had, that he was leaving behind him a monument more enduring than brass. "I know well," he wrote, "that when I am dead and turned to worms, this history will be in great favor." He had enjoyed writing it, and he was sure others would enjoy reading it.

*Emily Stone Whiteley.*

# A TROOPER GALAHAD.

BY

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "THE DESERTER," "FROM THE RANKS,"  
"A SOLDIER'S SECRET," "SERGEANT CROESUS," "CAPTAIN CLOSE,"  
"RAY'S RECRUIT," ETC.

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# LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1898.

## A TROOPER GALAHAD.

### CHAPTER I.

"LIFE is full of ups and downs," mused the colonel, as he laid on the littered desk before him an official communication just received from Department Head-Quarters, "especially army life,—and more especially army life in Texas."

"Now, what are you philosophizing about?" asked his second in command, a burly major, glancing over the top of the latest home paper, three weeks old that day.

"D'ye remember Pigott, that little cad that was court-martialled at San Antonio in '68 for quintuplicating his pay accounts? He married the widow of old Alamo Hendrix that winter. He's worth half a million to-day, is running for Congress, and will probably be on the military committee next year, while here's Lawrence, who was judge advocate of the court that tried him, gone all to smash." And the veteran officer commanding the —th Infantry and the big post at Fort Worth glanced warily along into the adjoining office, where a clerk was assorting the papers on the adjutant's desk.

"It's the saddest case I ever heard of," said Major Brooks, tossing aside the *Toledo Blade* and tripping up over his own, which he had thoughtfully propped between his legs as he took his seat and thoughtlessly ignored as he left it. "Damn that sabre,—and the service generally!" he growled, as he recovered his balance and tramped to the window. "I'd almost be willing to quit it as Pigott did if I could see my way to a moderate competence anywhere out of it. Lawrence was as good a soldier as we had in the 12th, and, yet, what can you do or say? The mischief's done." And, beating the devil's tattoo on the window, the major stood gloomily gazing out over the parade.

"It isn't Lawrence himself I'm so—— Orderly, shut that door!" cried the chief, whirling around in his chair, "and tell those clerks I

want it kept shut until the adjutant comes; and you stay out on the porch.—It isn't Lawrence I'm so sorely troubled about, Brooks. He has ability, and could pick up and do well eventually, but he's utterly discouraged and swamped. What's to become, though, of that poor child Ada and his little boy?"

"God knows," said Brooks, sadly. "I've got five of my own to look after, and you've got four. No use talking of adopting them, even if Lawrence would listen; and he never would listen to anything or anybody—they tell me," he added, after a minute's reflection. "I don't know it myself. It's what Buxton and Canker and some of those fellows told me on the Republican last summer. I hadn't seen him since Gettysburg until we met here."

"Buxton and Canker be—exterminated!" said the colonel, hotly. "I never met Buxton, and never want to. As for Canker, by gad, there's another absurdity. They put him in the cavalry because consolidation left no room for him with us. What do you suppose they'll do with him in the —th?"

"The Lord knows, as I said before. He never rode anything but a hobby in his life. I don't wonder Lawrence couldn't tolerate preaching from him. But what I don't understand is, who made the allegation. What's his offence? Every one knows that he's in debt and trouble, and that he's had hard lines and nothing else ever since the war, but the court acquitted him of all blame in that money business—"

"And now to make room for fellows with friends at court," burst in the colonel, wrathfully, "he and other poor devils with nothing but a fighting record and a family to provide for are turned loose on a year's pay, which they're to have after things straighten out as to their accounts with the government. Now just look at Lawrence! Ordnance and quartermaster's stores hopelessly bogged—"

"Hush!" interrupted Brooks, starting back from the window. "Here he is now."

Assembly of the guard details had sounded a few moments before, and all over the sunshiny parade on its westward side, in front of the various barracks, little squads of soldiers armed and in full uniform were standing awaiting the next signal, while the porches of the low wooden buildings beyond were dotted with groups of comrades, lazily looking on. Out on the greensward, broad and level, crisscrossed with gravel walks, the band had taken its station, marshalled by the tall drum-major in his huge bear-skin shako. From the lofty flag-staff in the centre of the parade the national colors were fluttering in the mountain breeze that stole down from the snowy peaks hemming the view to the northwest and stirred the leaves of the cottonwoods and the drooping branches of the willows in the bed of the rushing stream sweeping by the southern limits of the garrison. Within the enclosure, sacred to military use, it was all the same old familiar picture, the stereotyped fashion of the frontier fort of the earliest '70s,—dull-hued barracks on one side or on two, dull-hued, broad-porched cottages—the officers' quarters—on another, dull-hued offices, storehouses, corral walls, scattered about the outskirts, a dull-hued, sombre earth on every

side ; sombre sweeping prairie beyond, spanned by pallid sky or snow-tipped mountains ; a twisting, winding road or two, entering the post on one front, issuing at the other, and tapering off in sinuous curves until lost in the distance ; a few scattered ranches in the stream valley ; a collection of sheds, shanties, and hovels surrounding a bustling establishment known as the store, down by the ford,—the centre of civilization, apparently, for thither trended every roadway, path, track, or trail visible to the naked eye. Here in front of the office a solitary cavalry horse was tethered. Yonder at the sutler's, early as it was in the day, a dozen quadrupeds, mules, mustangs, or Indian ponies, were blinking in the sunshine. Dogs innumerable sprawled in the sand. Bipeds lolled lazily about or squatted on the steps on the edge of the wooden porch, some in broad sombreros, some in scalp-lock and blanket,—none in the garb of civil life as seen in the nearest cities, and the nearest was four or five hundred miles away. Out on the parade were bits of lively color, the dresses of frolicsome children to the east, the stripes and facings of the cavalry and artillery at the west ; for, by some odd freak of the fortunes of war, here, away out at Fort Worth, had come a crack light battery of the old army, which, with Brooks's battalion of the cavalry and head-quarters, staff, band, and six companies of the —th Infantry, made up the garrison,—the biggest then maintained in the Department immortalized by Sheridan as only second choice to Sheol. It was the winter of '70 and '71, as black and dreary a time as ever the army knew, for Congress had telescoped forty-five regiments into half the number and blasted all hopes of promotion,—about the only thing the soldier has to live for.

And that wasn't the blackest thing about the business, by any means. The war had developed the fact that we had thousands of battalion commanders for whom the nation had no place in peace times, and scores of them, in the hope and promise of a life employment in an honorable profession, accepted the tender of lieutenantcies in the regular army in '66, the war having broken up all their vocations at home, and now, having given four years more to the military service,—taken all those years out of their lives that might have been given to establishing themselves in business,—they were bidden to choose between voluntarily quitting the army with a bonus of a year's pay, and remaining with no hope of advancement. Most of them, despairing of finding employment in civil life, concluded to stay : so other methods of getting rid of them were devised, and, to the amazement of the army and the dismay of the victims, a big list was published of officers "rendered supernumerary" and summarily discharged. And this was how it happened that a gallant, brilliant, and glad-hearted fellow, the favorite staff officer of a glorious corps commander who fell at the head of his men after three years of equally glorious service, found himself in far-away Texas this blackest of black Fridays, suddenly turned loose on the world and without hope or home.

Cruel was no word for it. Entering the army before the war, one of the few gifted civilians commissioned because they loved the service and then had friends to back them, Edgar Lawrence had joined the cavalry in Texas, where the first thing he did was to fall heels over

head in love with his captain's daughter, and a runaway match resulted. Poor Kitty Tyrrell! Poor Ned Lawrence! Two more unpractical people never lived. She was an army girl with aspirations, much sweetness, and little sense. He was a whole-souled, generous, lavish fellow. Both were extravagant, she particularly so. They were sorely in debt when the war broke out, and he, instead of going in for the volunteers, was induced to become aide-de-camp to his old colonel, who passed him on to another when he retired; and, when the war was half over Lawrence was only a captain of staff, and captain he came out at the close. Brevets of course he had, but what are brevets but empty title? What profiteth it a man to be called colonel if he have only the pay of a sub? Hundreds of men who eagerly sought his aid or influence during the war "held over him" at the end of it. Another general took him on his staff as aide-de-camp, where Lawrence was invaluable. Kitty dearly loved city life, parties, balls, operas, and theatres; but Lawrence grew lined and gray with care and worry. The general went the way of all flesh, and Lawrence to Texas, unable to get another staff billet. They set him at court-martial duty at San Antonio for several months, for Texas furnished culprits by the score in the days that followed the war, and many an unpromising army career was cut short by the tribunal of which Captain and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Lawrence was judge advocate; but all the time he had a skeleton in his own closet that by and by rattled its way out. Time was in the war days when many of the men of the head-quarters escort banked their money with the beloved and popular aide. He had nearly twelve hundred dollars when the long columns probed the Wilderness in '64. It was still with him when he was suddenly sent back to Washington with the body of his beloved chief, but every cent was gone before he got there, stolen from him on the steamer from Acquia Creek, and never a trace was found of it thereafter. For years he was paying that off, making it good in dribblets, but while he was serving faithfully in Texas, commanding a scout that took him miles and miles away over the Llano Estacado, there were inimical souls who worked the story of his indebtedness to enlisted men for all it was worth, and, aided by the complaints of some of their number, to his grievous disadvantage. He came home from a brilliant dash after the Kiowas to find himself complimented in orders and confronted by charges in one and the same breath. The court acquitted him and "cut" his accusers, but the shame and humiliation of it all seemed to prey upon his spirits; and then Kitty Tyrrell died.

"If that had only happened years before," said the colonel, "it would have been far better for Lawrence, for she conscientiously believed herself the best wife in the world, and spent every cent of his income in dressing up to her conception of the character." Once the most dashing and debonair of captains, poor Ned ran down at the heel and seemed unable to rally. New commanders came to the department, to his regiment, and new officials to the War Office,—men "who knew not Joseph;" and when the drag-net was cast into the whirlpool of army names and army reputations, it was set for scandal, not for services, and the old story of those unpaid hundreds was enmeshed and served

up seasoned with the latest spice obtainable from the dealers rebuked of that original court. And, lo! when the list of victims reached Fort Worth in the reorganization days, old Frazier, the colonel, burst into a string of anathemas, and more than one good woman into a passion of tears, for poor Ned Lawrence, at that moment long days' marches away towards the Rio Bravo, was declared supernumerary and mustered out of the service of the United States with one year's pay,—pay which he could not hope to get until every government account was satisfactorily straightened, and this, too, at a time when the desertion of one sergeant and the death of another revealed the fact that his storehouses had been systematically robbed and that he was hopelessly short in many a costly item charged against him. That heartless order was a month old when the stricken soldier reached his post, and then and there for the first time learned his fate.

Yes, they had tried to break it to him. Letters full of sympathy were written and sent by couriers far to the north; others took them on the Concho trail. Brooks and Frazier both wrote to San Antonio messages thence to be wired to Washington imploring reconsideration; but the deed was done. Astute advisers of the War Secretary clinched the matter by the prompt renomination of others to fill the vacancies just created, and once these were confirmed by the Senate there could be no appeal. The detachment led by Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Lawrence, so later said the Texas papers, had covered itself with glory, but in its pursuit of the fleeing Indians it had gone far to the northeast and so came home by a route no man had dreamed of, and Lawrence, spurring eagerly ahead, rode in at night to fold his motherless little ones to his heart, and found loving army women aiding their faithful old nurse in ministering to them, but read disaster in the tearful eyes and faltering words that welcomed him.

Then he was ill a fortnight, and then he had to go. He could not, would not believe the order final. He clung to the hope that he would find at Washington a dozen men who knew his war record, who could remember his gallant services in a dozen battles, his popularity and prominence in the Army of the Potomac. Everybody knows the favorite aide-de-camp of a corps commander when colonels go begging for recognition, and everybody has a cheery, cordial word for him so long as he and his general live and serve together. But that proves nothing when the general is gone. Colonels who eagerly welcomed and shook hands with the aide-de-camp and talked confidentially with him about other colonels in days when he rode long hours by his general's side, later passed him by with scant notice, and "always thought him a much overrated man." Right here at Fort Worth were fellows who, six or seven years before, would have given a month's pay to win Ned Lawrence's influence in their behalf,—for, like "Perfect" Bliss of the Mexican war days, Lawrence was believed to write his general's despatches and reports,—but who now shrank uneasily out of his way for fear that he should ask a favor.

Even Brooks, who liked and had spoken for him, drew back from the window when with slow, heavy steps the sad-faced, haggard man came slowly along the porch. The orderly sprang up and stood at

salute just as adjutant's call sounded, and the band pealed forth its merry, spirited music. For a moment the new-comer turned and glanced back over the parade, now dotted with little details all marching out to the line where stood the sergeant-major; then he turned, entered the building, and paused with hopeless eyes and pallid, care-worn features at the office doorway. His old single-breasted captain's frock-coat, with its tarnished silver leaves at the shoulders, hung loosely about his shrunken form. The trousers, with their narrow welt of yellow at the seam, looked far too big for him. His forage-cap, still natty in shape, was old and worn. His chin and cheeks bristled with a stubby grayish beard. All the old alert manner was gone. The once bright eyes were bleary and dull. Neighbors said that poor Ned had been drinking deep of the contents of a demijohn a sympathetic soul had sent him, and half an eye could tell that his lip was tremulous. The colonel arose and held out his hand.

"Come in, Lawrence, old fellow, and tell me what I can do for you." He spoke kindly, and Brooks, too, turned towards the desolate man.

"You've done—all you could—both of you. God bless you!" was the faltering answer. "I've come to say I start at once. I'm going right to Washington to have this straightened out. I want to thank you, colonel, and you too, Brooks, for all your willing help. I'll try to show my appreciation of it when I get back."

"But Ada and little Jim, Lawrence; surely they're not ready for that long journey yet," said Frazier, thinking sorrowfully of what his wife had told him only the day before,—that they had no decent winter clothing to their names.

"It's all right. Old Mammy stays right here with them. She has taken care of them, you know, ever since my poor wife died. I can keep my old quarters a month, can't I?" he queried, with a quivering smile. "Even if the order isn't revoked, it would be a month or more before any one could come to take my place. Mrs. Blythe will look after the children day and night."

Frazier turned appealingly to Brooks, who shook his head and refused to speak, and so the colonel had to.

"Lawrence, God knows I hate to say one word of discouragement, but I fear—I fear you'd better wait till next week's stage and take those poor little folks with you. I've watched this thing. I know how a dozen good fellows, confident as yourself, have gone on to Washington and found it all useless."

"It can't be useless, sir," burst in the captain, impetuously. "Truth is truth and must prevail. If after all my years of service I can find no friends in the War Office, then life is a lie and a sham. Senator Hall writes me that he will leave no stone unturned. No, colonel, I take the stage at noon to-day. Will you let Winn ride with me as far as Castle Peak? I've got to run down and see Fuller now."

"Winn can go with you, certainly; but indeed, Lawrence, I shall have to see you again about this."

"I'll stop on the way back," said Lawrence, nervously. "Fuller promised to see me before he went out to his ranch." And hastily the captain turned away.

For a moment the two seniors stood there silently gazing into each other's eyes. "What can one do or say?" asked the colonel, at last. "I suppose Fuller is going to let him have money for the trip. He can afford to, God knows, after all he's made out of this garrison. But the question is, ought I not to make poor Lawrence understand that it's a gone case? He is legally out already. His successor is on his way here. I got the letter this morning."

"On his way here? Who is he?" queried the major, in sudden interest. "They didn't know when Stone came through San Antonio ten days ago."

"Man named Barclay; just got his captaincy in the 30th,—consolidated out of that, of course."

"Barclay—Barclay, you say?" ejaculated the major, in excitement. "Well, of all the——"

"Of all the what?" demanded the colonel, impatiently. "Nothing wrong with him, I hope."

"Wrong? No, or they wouldn't have dubbed him Galahad. But, talk about ups and downs in Texas, this beats all. Does Winn know?"

"I don't know that any one knows but you and me," answered the veteran, half testily. "What's amiss? What has Winn to do with it?"

"Blood and blue blazes! Why, of course you couldn't know. Three years ago Barclay believed himself engaged to a girl, and she threw him over for Winn, and now we'll have all three of them right here at Worth."

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## CHAPTER II.

IN spite of what Colonel Frazier could say, Captain Lawrence had gone the long and devious journey to Washington. Those were the days when the lumbering stage-coach once a week, or a rattling ambulance, bore our army travellers from the far frontier to San Antonio. Another trundled and bumped them away to the Gulf. A Morgan Line steamer picked them up and tossed and rolled with them to the mouth of the Mississippi and unloaded them at New Orleans, whence by dusty railway journey of forty-eight hours or more they could hope to reach the North. The parting between Lawrence and his tall slip of a daughter and boisterous little Jimmy was something women wept over in telling or hearing, for only two looked on, well-nigh blinded,—Mrs. Blythe, who had been devoted to their mother, and old "Mammy," who was devoted to them all. A month had rolled by, and the letters that came from Lawrence from San Antonio and Indianola and New Orleans had been read by sympathizing friends to the children. Then all awaited the news from Washington. Every one knew he would wire to Department Head-Quarters the moment the case was settled in his favor; but the days went by without other tidings, and the croakers who had predicted ill success were mournfully happy. February passed, March was ushered in; orders came transferring certain portions of Frazier's big command, and certain new officers began to arrive

to fill the three or four vacancies existing, but the new captain of Troop "D" of the cavalry had not yet appeared. His fame, however, had preceded him, and all Fort Worth was agog to meet him. Brooks knew but a modest bit of his story, and what he knew he kept from every man but Frazier, yet had had to tell his wife. The Winns were silent on the subject. Winn himself was a man of few intimates,—a young first lieutenant of cavalry,—and the tie that bound him to Lawrence was the fact that he and Kitty Tyrrell were first-cousins, their mothers sisters, and Winn, a tall, athletic, slender fellow, frank, buoyant, handsome, and connected with some of the best names in the old army, was one of the swells of his class at the Point and the beau among all the young officers the summer of his graduation,—the summer that Laura Waite, engaged to Brevet Captain Galbraith Barclay of the Infantry, came from the West to visit relatives at that enchanting spot, spent just six weeks there, and, after writing letters all one month to close her absent lover's eyes, wound up by writing one that opened them. She was a beautiful girl then; she was a lovely-looking woman now, but the bloom was gone. The brilliant eyes were often clouded, for Harry Winn was "his aunt Kitty all over," said many a man who knew them both. Their name was impecuniosity. That Mrs. Winn could tell much about the coming captain letters from other regiments informed more than one bright woman at Worth; but that the young matron would tell next to nothing, more than one woman, bright or blundering, discovered on inquiry. Only one officer now at the post had ever served with Barclay, and that was Brooks, who became tongue-tied so soon as it was settled beyond peradventure that Captain Galbraith Barclay from the unassigned list had been gazetted to the 12th Cavalry, Troop "D," *vice* Lawrence, honorably discharged. But Brooks had letters, so had Frazier, from old officers who had served with the transferred man. Some of these letters referred to him in terms of admiration, while another spoke of him unhesitatingly as "more kinds of a damned fool" than the writer had ever met. Verily, various men have various minds.

Presently, however, there came a man who could tell lots about Barclay, whether he knew anything or not, and that was one of the new transfers, Lieutenant Hodge by title and name. Hodge said he had served with the 30th along the Union Pacific, and had met Barclay often. In his original regiment Mr. Hodge had been regarded as a very monotonous sort of man, a fellow who bored his hearers to death, and the contrast between his reception in social circles in the regiment he had left, and that accorded him here at Worth so soon as it was learned that he knew Barclay, inspired Mr. Hodge to say that *these* people were worth knowing; they had some life and intelligence about them. The gang he had left in Wyoming were a stupid lot of owls by comparison. For a week Hodge was invited to dinner by family after family, and people dropped in to spend the evening where he happened to be, for Hodge held the floor and talked for hours about Barclay, and what he had to tell was interesting indeed; so much so, said Brooks, that some of it was probably a preposterous lie. To begin with, said Hodge, Captain Barclay was rich, very rich, fabu-

lously rich, perhaps; nobody knew how rich, and nobody would have known he was rich at all, judging from the simplicity and strict economy of his life. In fact, it was this simplicity and strict economy that had given rise to the belief that existed for a year or two after he joined the 30th that he was hampered either with debts or with dependent relatives. Relatives they knew he had, because sisters sent their boys to visit him at Sanders, and he took them hunting, fishing, etc.; from these ingenuous nephews the ladies learned of others, nephews, nieces, sisters, cousins, aunts, who wrote long letters to Uncle Gal, and the mail orderly said he left more letters at Captain Barclay's quarters than at anybody's else. So Fort Sanders dropped the theory of debts and adopted that of dependants, and that held good for the first year of his service with them. He had joined from the volunteers, where he had risen to the grade of major. He was "pious," said Hodges,—wouldn't drink, smoke, chew, play cards, or swear,—thought they ought to have services on Sunday. He left the roistering bachelors' mess soon after his reaching the post, and had ever since kept house, his cook and housemaid being one old darky whom he had "accumulated" in the South during the war,—a darky who had been well taught in the household of his old master, and who became extravagantly attached to the new. Hannibal could cook, wait at table, and tend door to perfection, but he had to learn the duties of second girl when his master joined the 30th in far Wyoming, and that was the only time a breach was threatened. Hannibal's dignity was hurt. He had been body-servant in the ante-bellum days, butler, cook, coachman, and hostler, but had never done such chores as Marse Barclay told him would fall to his lot when that reticent officer set up his modest establishment. Hannibal sulked three days, and even talked of leaving. The lieutenant counted out a goodly sum, all Hannibal's own, and told him that he would find the balance banked in his name in the distant East whenever he chose to quit; then Hannibal broke down, and was speedily broken in. All this had Hodge heard when the dames of Sanders and those of Steele or Russell were comparing notes and picnicking together along that then new wonder of the world, the Union Pacific. But all this was only preliminary to what came later.

Little detachments, horse and foot, were scattered all over the line of the brand-new railway while it was being built; every now and then the Indians jumped their camps and working-parties, and in the late fall of '67 Barclay had a stiff and plucky fight with a band of Sioux; he was severely wounded, but beat them off, and was sent East to recuperate. Now came particulars Hodge could not give, but that letters could and did. It was while Barclay was convalescing at Omaha Barracks that he met Miss Laura Waite,—a beautiful girl and a garrison belle. She was ten years his junior. This was her first winter in army society. She had spent her girl years at school, and now was having "simply a heavenly time," if her letters could be believed. Her father was a field officer of cavalry with rather a solemn way of looking at life, and her mother was said to be the explanation of much of his solemnity,—she being as volatile as he was staid. She too had been a

beauty, and believed that beauty a permanent fixture. But Laura was fresh and fair, sweet and winsome, light-hearted and joyous, and the father for a time took more pride in her than he did in his sons. Major Waite was in command of the cantonment from which the relief party was sent when the news came that Barclay and his little detachment were "corralled." Major Waite became enthusiastic over the details of the cool, courageous, brainy defence made by the young officer against tremendous odds, covered him with all manner of thoughtful care and attention when he was brought into the cantonment, then, when the winter soon set in and the camp broke up, and Waite went back to Omaha Barracks, he took Barclay with him to his house instead of the hospital, and the rest followed as the night the day.

Barclay spent a month under the major's roof, won his esteem and friendship, but left his heart in the daughter's hands. If ever a man devotedly loved a beautiful, winsome young girl, that man was Galbraith Barclay; if ever a girl's father approved of a man, that man was Barclay; and if ever a man had reason to hope that his suit would win favor in a father's eyes, that man was Barclay; yet it did not. Major Waite's reply to the modest yet most manful plea of Lieutenant Barclay to be permitted to pay his addresses to the major's daughter surprised every one to whom Mrs. Waite confided it, and they were not few. The old soldier begged of the younger not to think of it, at least just yet. But when it transpired that the younger had been most seriously thinking of it and could think of nothing else, then the major changed his tune and told him what he did not tell his wife; and that only became known through the father's own intemperate language long months after. He told Barclay he knew no man to whom he would rather intrust his daughter's happiness, but he feared, he believed, she was still too young to know her own mind, too young to see in Barclay what he saw, and he urged that the young officer should wait. But Barclay knew *his* own mind. He was able, he said, to provide for her in comfort either in or out of the army, which few possible aspirants could say. He would listen to no demur, and then at last the father said, "Try your fate if you will, but let there be no thought of marriage before she is twenty,—before she can have had opportunity of seeing something of the world and of other men,—not these young whippersnappers just joining us here."

It was a surprise to him that Laura should accept Mr. Barclay. She came to him, her father, all happy smiles and tears and blushes, and told him how proud and glad a girl she was, because she thought her lover the best and noblest man she ever dreamed of except her own dear old dad. For a time Waite took heart and hoped for the best, and believed her and her mother, as indeed they believed themselves; and when Barclay went back to Sanders at the end of January he was a very happy man, and Laura for a week a very lonely girl. Then youth, health, elasticity, vivacity, opportunity, all prevailed, and she began to take notice in very joyous fashion. She did not at all recognize the doctrine preached by certain mammas and certain other damsels, that she as an engaged girl should hold aloof now and give the other girls, not so pretty, a chance. The barracks were gay that winter:

Laura danced with the gayest, and when Barclay got leave in April and came down for a fortnight he found himself much in the way of two young gentlemen who danced delightfully, a thing he could not do at all. Yet he had sweet hours with his sweetheart, and grew even more deeply in love, so beautiful was she growing, and went back to Sanders a second time thinking himself happiest of the happy, or bound to be when, in the coming autumn, he could claim her as his own. But Waite was troubled. He was to take the field the 1st of May; his troops would be in saddle and on scout away to the west all summer long; his wife and daughter were to spend those months at the sea-shore and in shopping for the great event to come in November. He had a long, earnest talk with Barclay when once more the devoted fellow came to see the lady of his love on the eve of her departure for the East, but Barclay looked into her radiant, uplifted eyes, and could not read the shadow of coming events, of which she was as ignorant as he. In May he led his men on the march to the Big Horn, and in June she led with Cadet Lieutenant Winn the german at the graduation hop at West Point. Then Winn was assigned to duty, as was the custom of the day, one of two or three young graduates chosen as assistant instructors during the summer camp. He had an hour to devote to drill each morning and a dozen to devote to the girls, and Laura Waite, with her lovely face and form, was the talk of the brilliant throng of visitors that summer. She and her mother returned to the Point as guests of some old friends there stationed, a visit which was not on the original programme at all. Winn took the girl riding day after day, and to hops week after week. The shopping for the wedding went on between-times, and Winn even escorted them to the city and took part in the shopping. In fine, when November came, in spite of the furious opposition of her father, in spite of his refusal to attend the ceremony or to countenance it in any way, Winn, *vice* Barclay, honorably discharged, appeared as groom, and bore his bride away to a round of joyous festivities among army friends in New Orleans and San Antonio before their final exile to the far frontier. From that day to this no line had ever come from the angered and aging man, even when Laura's baby girl was born. Funds he sent from time to time,—he knew he'd have to do that, as he told her mother and she told her friends,—and then, just as more funds were much needed because of pressing claims of creditors whose bills had not been paid from previous remittances, Winn being much in the field and Laura becoming disburser general in his absence, the major suddenly died, leaving a small life insurance for his disconsolate widow and nothing to speak of for his children. They had sucked him dry during his busy life.

The Winns did not invite Mr. Hodge to dinner, and were not bidden to meet him. Laura was still in light mourning for her father, and for days she really heard very little of Hodge's revelations regarding her discarded Wyoming lover. It was through the nurse-girl, an old soldier's daughter, that she first began to glean the chaff of the stories flitting from house to house, and to hear the exaggeration of Hodge's romancings about Captain Barclay's wealth, for that, after all,

proved the most vividly interesting of the travellers' tales he told. Barclay proved to be, said Hodge, an expert mineralogist and geologist, and this was of value when a craze for dabbling in mining stocks swept over Sanders. Barclay, who lived so simply in garrison, was discovered (through a breach of confidence on the part of the officiating clergyman, that well-nigh led to another breach) to be the principal subscriber to the mission church being built in Laramie City. It suddenly became known that Barclay had a balance in the local bank and reserve funds at the East, whereupon promoters and prospectors by the dozen called upon him at the fort and strove to induce him to take stock in their mines. Nine out of ten were sent to the right-about, even those who called his attention to the fact that Colonel This and Major That were large shareholders. One or two he gave ear to, and later got leave of absence and visited their distant claims. He was out prospecting, said Hodge, half the time in the fall of '68. The ventures of the other officers seemed to prove prolific sources of assessments. The Lord only knows how much fun and money the mine-owners of those days got out of the army. But they failed to impress the puritanical captain, and by the summer of '69 they ceased to do business in his neighborhood, for before sending good money after bad, officers had taken to consulting Barclay, and many an honest fellow's hoarded savings were spared to his wife and children, all through Barclay's calm and patient exposition of the fallacy of the "Company's" claims.

Then, said Hodge, when Channing, of the 27th, was killed by Red Cloud's band back of Laramie Peak, and his heart-broken widow and children were left penniless, somebody found the money to send them all to their friends in New England and to see them safely established there. And when Porter's wife was taken so ill while he was away up north of the Big Horn, and the doctor said that a trained nurse must be had in the first place, there came one from far Chicago; and later, after Porter reached the post, overjoyed to find his beloved one slowly mending and so skilfully guarded, the doctors told him she must be taken to the sea-shore or the South, and, though every one at Sanders knew poor Porter had not a penny, it was all arranged somehow, and Emily Porter came back the next winter a rosy, blooming, happy wife. No one knew for certain that all the needed money came from Barclay, but as the Porters seemed to adore him from that time on, and their baby boy was baptized Galbraith Barclay, everybody had reason to believe it. If Mrs. Winn ever wanted to experience the exhilaration of hearing what other people thought of her, she had only, said Mr. Hodge in confidence, to turn Mrs. Porter loose on that subject.

Then, too, said Hodge, there was Ordnance Sergeant Murphy and his family, burned out one winter's night with all their savings, and the old man dreadfully scorched in trying to rescue his strong box from the flames. It must have been Barclay who looked after the mother and kids all the time the old man was moaning in hospital. They moved him into a newly furnished and comfortable shack inside of a fortnight, and the Murphys had another saint on their domestic calendar, despite the non-appearance of his name in the voluminous

records of their Church. All this and more did Hodge tell of Barclay, as in duty bound, he said, after first telling what other fellows long said of him,—that he was close and mean, a prig, a namby-pamby (despite the way he fought Crow-Killer's warlike band), a wet blanket to garrison joys, etc., etc.; and yet they really couldn't tell why. He subscribed just as much to the hop fund, though he didn't hop,—to the supper fund, though he didn't sup,—to the mess fund for the entertainment of visiting officers, though he didn't drink,—to the dramatic fund, though he couldn't act,—to the garrison hunt, though they said he couldn't ride. But he declined to give one cent towards the deficiency bill that resulted when Sanders entertained Steele at an all-night symposium at the sutler's and opened case after case of champagne and smoked box after box of cigars. "It was a senseless, soulless proceeding," said he, with brutal frankness. "Half the money you drank or smoked up in six hours could have clothed and fed all the children in Sudstown for six months."

"Lord, but they were mad all through," said Hodge, when describing it. "There wasn't a name they didn't call him all that winter."

"And yet I hear," said Mrs. Tremaine, a woman Fort Worth loved and looked up to as the —th did to Mrs. Stannard, "that for a long time past they have called him Sir Galahad instead of Galbraith."

"Oh," said Hodge, "that's one of old Gleason's jokes. He said they called him 'Gal I had' when he went to Omaha and 'Gal I hadn't' when he got back,"—a statement which sent Major Brooks swearing *sotto voce* from the room.

"I don't know which I'd rather kick," said he, "Hodge or Gleason. I'd rejoice in Barclay's coming if it weren't—if Lawrence were only here, if Winn were only away."

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### CHAPTER III.

AN unhappy man was Major Brooks that gloomy month of March. The news from Washington *via* Department Head-Quarters was most discouraging as to Lawrence. He was both looking and doing ill. It seemed to "break him all up," said a letter from a friend in the Adjutant-General's office, that so few could be found to urge the Secretary to do something for him. What could they do? was the answer. Admitting that Lawrence had been grievously wronged, "whose fault was it?" said the Secretary; "not mine." He had only acted on the information and recommendation of officers to whom this work had been intrusted. If they had erred, he should have been informed of it before. "How could you be informed," said the Senator who had championed the poor fellow's cause, "when you resorted to a system that would have shamed a Spaniard in the days of the Inquisition, or the Bourbons with their *lettres de cachet* and the Bastille?" No one dreamed that Lawrence was in danger until he was done to death, and so, out of money, out of clothes, out of hope, health,

and courage, poor Ned was fretting his heart out, while tender women and loyal friends were keeping guard over his shabby army home and caring for his two motherless lambs away out on the far frontier, awaiting the day when he should be restored to them.

It did not come, nor did Lawrence. An old comrade of the Sixth Corps, a gallant volunteer brigade commander, then in prosperous circumstances at Washington, had given him the shelter of his home, only too gladly keeping him in rations and cigars, as he would have done in clothes and pocket-money, but he shook his head at whiskey. "For God's sake, Ned, and for your babies' sake, leave that alone. It can't help you. You never were a drinking man before. Don't drink now, or your nerve will give out utterly." This and more he urged and pleaded, but Lawrence's pride seemed crushed and his heart broken. Legal advisers told his friends at last that restoration was impossible: his place was filled. He had only one course left if he would listen to nothing but restoration to the army, and that was to accept a second lieutenantancy and begin over again at the bottom of the list. They broached it to him, and he broke out into wild, derisive laughter. "Good God! do you mean that a man who has served fifteen years in the army, fought all through the war and served as I have served, must step down from the squadron captaincy to ride behind the boys just out of the Point? be ranked out of quarters by my own son-in-law the next thing I know! I'll see the army in hell first," was his furious reply.

"No, Ned, not hell, but Texas. Take it; go back to the line, and once you're back in the army in any grade we'll legislate you up to the majority you deserve: see if we don't."

But Lawrence had lost all faith in promises, or in Congressional action. He turned in contempt from the proposition, and in early April came the tidings to San Antonio that he was desperately ill.

Meanwhile Mr. Hodge had lost the *prestige* of his first appearance at Worth, and fell into the customary rut of the subaltern. People found him as monotonous as did the martyrs of the Upper Platte, and, from having been the most sought-after of second lieutenants, he dropped back to the plane of semi-obscurity. This was galling. Hodge's stock in trade had been the facts or fables in his possession concerning the absent Captain Barclay, whose present whereabouts and plans were shrouded in mystery. A rumor came that he had decided not to join at all; that he was in Washington striving to arrange a transfer; that his assignment to the regiment and to the post where he must meet the woman who had jilted him for a cavalry subaltern was something unforeseen and not to be tolerated. The muster roll couldn't account for him other than as permitted to delay three months by Special Orders No. So-and-so, War Department, A.G.O., January 25, 1871. This gave Hodge unlooked-for reinforcements. A fortnight passed in March without a bid to dinner anywhere, without a request for further particulars as to Sir Galahad. So long as that interesting personage was expected any day to appear and answer for himself, it behooved Hodge to be measurably guarded in his statements, to keep within the limits of his authorities; but one day there came a letter

from a lady at Department Head-Quarters to Mrs. Brooks, and before Brooks himself was made aware of the contents, he being at the club-room playing "pitch" and therefore beyond the pale of feminine consideration, the news was going the rounds of the garrison.

Mrs. Pelham, who was spending the winter in Washington, had written to an old and devoted friend of Major Waite's some very interesting news about Captain Barclay. The captain was in Washington a whole week, but had not called on Mrs. Pelham, though she had done everything she could think of for him when he was wounded. (The Pelhams were then at McPherson and near old Waite's summer camp, but no one ever heard of her ladyship's ever taking the faintest interest in Barclay until after he developed into a mine-owner and had been jilted by Laura Waite.) But let Mrs. Pelham talk for herself, as she usually did, as well as for every one else. "He spent the first week in February here, leaving just before poor Captain Lawrence came. No wonder he didn't wish to meet him! And Mrs. Waite was there, buttonholing everybody to get her pension increased, and wearing the costliest crape you ever saw, my dear, and—think of it!—solitaire diamond ear-rings with it! She had a room in a house where several prominent Congressmen boarded, and was known as 'the fascinating widow.' She sent to Barclay,—would you believe it?—and begged him to come to see her, and he *actually did*; and Mrs. Cutts, who lives in the same house, told me that you ought to have seen her that day,—no solitaire ear-rings or handsome crape, mind you, but tears and bombazine; and Mrs. Cutts vows that he gave her money. That woman is angling for another husband, and has been ever since poor Waite's death, and if anything were to happen to Mr. Winn it's just what Laura would be doing too. It runs in the blood, my dear. You know, and I know, that all the time she was at Omaha Barracks and the major in the field, she—a woman with a grown son and a graduating daughter—was dancing with the boys at the hops and riding—yes, and buggy-riding—with bachelors like those wretches Gates and Hagadorn." Buggy-riding was the unpardonable sin in Mrs. Pelham's eyes, she being "too massive to sit in anything short of the side seat of an ambulance," as said a regimental wit; and Mrs. Pelham looked with eyes of disfavor on women who managed to "keep their waists" as Mrs. Waite did.

"But let me tell you about Captain Barclay," continued the letter. "General Corliss called to see me two evenings ago and said he heard that Barclay was actually a millionaire,—that he had large interests in Nevada mines that were proving fabulously rich. You can understand that I wasn't at all surprised to hear that the general had intimated to Mr. Ray, of his staff, that it would be much better for him to go and serve with his regiment awhile. Ray wouldn't be an acceptable son-in-law; he has no money and too many fascinations, and there are both the Corliss girls, you know, to be provided for, and Miranda is already *passée*, and Ray has resigned the place, and the place is vacant, for—would you believe it?—they say the general tendered it to Barclay, and Barclay declined. Why, when we were all at McPherson there wasn't anything satirical the Corlisses didn't say about Barclay, and

now that he has money they bow down to and worship him." ("Something Mrs. Pelham wouldn't do for the world," said Mrs. Brooks to herself, with an odd smile.) "And when the general was asked about it yesterday he couldn't deny having made the offer, but said the reason Captain Barclay declined was that he would very probably resign in a few weeks, his business interests being such as to render it necessary for him to leave the army. So, my dear, you won't have the millionaire in Texas, after all, and I fancy how deeply Laura Winn will be disappointed. No matter how much she cares for her husband, she wouldn't be her mother's daughter if she didn't try to fascinate him over again."

Fancy the comfort of having such a letter as that to read to an appreciative audience! Mrs. Brooks fled with it to Mrs. Frazier, who thought it ought not to be read,—it was too like Dorothy Pelham for anything. But Mrs. Brooks took and read it to neighbors who were chatting and sewing together and had no such scruples. And that night it was dribbling about the post that Barclay had decided to resign, had refused a detail on the staff of General Corliss: somebody else would get Ned Lawrence's troop. Brooks heaved a sigh and said to himself he was glad of it, and the women heaved a sigh and wished he might have come, if only for a little while, just to make things interesting: "it would be such a novelty to have a millionaire mine-owner in garrison and actually doing duty as a captain of cavalry." Finally they began to wonder what Mrs. Winn would say now, she having had nothing at all to say.

That very evening it chanced to occur to Mr. Hodge that he had not returned Lieutenant Winn's call (by card,—the cavalryman having dropped in when he knew the new arrival to have dropped out), and when Hodge presented himself at the Winns' (he had spoken of his intention at mess in the presence and hearing of the negro attendant, who had mentioned it without delay to the Winns' colored combination of cook and serving-maid, who had come over to borrow a cup of cooking sherry, it being too far to the sutler's, and that damsel had duly notified her mistress of the intended honor), he was shown into the dimly lighted army sitting-room, where, toasting her feet before the fire, sat dreaming the young mistress of the establishment, who started up in apparent surprise. She had heard neither the step nor the ring. Very possibly she was dozing, she admitted, for baby was sleeping aloft and her husband was gone. She was attired in a silken gown that Hodge described somewhat later at the major's as "puffically stunning,"—a garment that revealed the rich curves of her beautiful throat and neck and arms; women who heard wondered why she should be wearing that most becoming evening robe when there was not even a hop. She looked handsomer than the gown, said Hodge, as she rose and greeted him, her cheeks flushed, her eyes languorous and smouldering at first, then growing slowly brilliant. She apologized for the absence of Mr. Winn. He was spending much time at the office just now. "He is regimental commissary, you know, or at least he has been," she explained. Hodge knew all about that, and he also knew that if what he heard about the post was true it would have been better had Winn

spent more time at the office before. Then Mrs. Winn was moved to be gracious. She had heard so many, many pleasant things of Mr. Hodge since his arrival. She was so honored that he should call when he must be having so many claims on his time, so many dinner-calls to pay. She and Mr. Winn were so sorry they had been unable to entertain Mr. Hodge, but, until the cook they were expecting from San Antonio came, they were positively starving, and could invite no one to share their scraps. "That cook has been expected a whole year," said other women, but Mrs. Winn paraded him as the cause of her social shortcomings as confidently as ever. Then Mrs. Winn went on to speak of how much she had heard of Hodge at Omaha,—dear Omaha. "What lovely times we had along the Platte in the good old days!" Hodge blushed with joy, and preened and twittered and thought how blessed a thing it was to be welcomed to the fireside of such a belle and beauty and to be remembered by her as one of the gay young bachelors at Sidney. "Such wicked stories as we heard of you scapegraces from time to time," said she, whereat Hodge looked as though he might, indeed, have been shockingly wicked, as perhaps he had. Indeed, she feared they, the young officers, were "a sad lot, a sad lot," and looked up at him from under the drooping lashes in a way that prompted him to an inspiration that was almost electric in its effect on him. Hodge fairly seemed to sparkle, to scintillate. "Sad! We were in despair," said he, "but that was when we heard of your engagement—oh, ah, the second one, I mean," he stumbled on, for it would never do, thought he, to mention the first.

But he need have had no hesitation. Laura Winn had heard from other and obscurer sources something of the rumors floating over the post that very day. She had planned to drop in at the colonel's, where the Fraziers entertained at dinner and music that very evening, in hopes of hearing accidentally something definite, for Winn was one of those useless husbands who never hear anything of current gossip. But women might not talk if they thought she wished to hear, and fate had provided her a better means. She saw here and now the opportunity and the man. It was Hodge who had told so much that was of vivid interest to her. It was Hodge she had been longing to meet for days, but Winn had held him aloof, and now here she had this ingenuous repository of Barclayisms all to herself until Winn should return; the chance was not to be lost.

"I love to live over those dear old days when I was a girl," she said. "Friends seemed so real then, men so true, life so buoyant. Sometimes I find myself wishing there were more of the old friends, the old set, here. We seem—so much more to each other, don't you know, Mr. Hodge?" And Hodge felt sure "we" did, and hitched his chair a foot nearer the fire.

"Of course I was younger then, and knew so little of the world, and yet, knowing it as I do now—I can say this to you, you know, Mr. Hodge,—I couldn't to another soul here, for you were *of us*, you served with father's column" (Hodge's service was limited to playing poker with "those wretches Gates and Hagadorn" and others of Waite's command on one or two memorable occasions, and the resultant

hole in his purse was neither as broad as a church nor deep as a well, but 'twould serve). "I've often felt here as though I would give anything to see some of the dear old crowd; not that people are not very, very lovely here, but, you know, we army friends cling so to the old associations." And now the beautiful eyes seemed almost suffused, and Hodge waxed eloquent.

"I am thrice fortunate," said he, recalling the lines of his Maltravers, "in that I am numbered among them." And now, like Laura, he looked upon Worth as cold and dormant as compared with the kindling friendships of the distant Platte.

"Indeed you are!" said she. "You bring back the sweetest days of my life, and some of the saddest. I have no one to speak to me, you know,—of course—until you did a moment ago. Tell me, is—is his life so changed as—they say it is?"

"I never saw a man so broke up," he responded. "He never smiled after you—after—after it was broken off, you know." Barclay's smile was as rare as a straight flush anyhow, he admitted to himself, but the assertion sounded well.

"And—of late—what have you heard of him?" she asked. And Hodge poured forth his latest news, and added more. He, too, he said, had had a letter from an intimate friend. Captain Barclay had declared that the assignment to the Twelfth Cavalry was impossible, Texas was impossible. His business interests would necessitate his declining if, indeed, there were no other reasons. General Corliss had tendered him the position of aide-de-camp and made Billy Ray of the —th resign to make way for him, and the moment Barclay found that out he went to Ray and told him the whole business was without his (Barclay's) knowledge, and sooner than displace him he would refuse. "Yes," said Hodge, "that's the way my friend heard it from Ray himself. Now, if Barclay could only get a detail on McDowell's staff in California it would have suited him to a tee; then he could have looked after his Nevada interests and his Wyoming pensioners too."

Did Mr. Hodge know surely about Mr. Barclay's wealth? Was it all true? he was asked.

Oh, yes, there wasn't a doubt of it, said Hodge. It was just another of those cases where a man had money in abundance, and yet would have given it all, he added, sentimentally, but here she uplifted rebukingly her white, slim hand,—or was it warningly? for there came a quick footfall on the porch without. The hall door opened sharply, letting in a gust of cold night wind, and, throwing off his cavalry cape with its faded yellow lining, Lieutenant Winn strode through the hallway into his little den at the rear.

"You will come and see me again," she murmured low, while yet the footsteps resounded, "it has been so—good to see you,—so like old times. We'll have to talk of other things now. Mr. Winn doesn't like old times too well."

But Mr. Winn never so much as looked in the parlor door until she called to him. Then, as she saw his face, the young wife arose with anxiety in her own.

"What is it? Where are you going—with your revolver, too? Mr. Hodge, dear."

"Oh-h! Beg pardon, Mr. Hodge. Glad to see you," was Winn's distraught acknowledgment of the presence of the visitor, as he extended a reluctant hand. "My sergeant can't be found," he went on, hurriedly. "They say he's gone to Fuller's ranch, and it may be all right, but the colonel has ordered out a patrol to fetch him back. Don't worry, Laurie; I may have to ride out with it."

And hurriedly he kissed her and bounded down the steps.

For a moment she stood in the doorway, the light from the hall lamp shining on her dusky hair and proud, beautiful face, forgetful of the man who stood gazing at her. Then with a shiver she suddenly turned.

"It's the second time that Sergeant Marsden has been missed in just this way, when he was most needed, and—it's so imprudent, so—and my husband is so imprudent, so unsuspecting. Mr. Hodge," she cried, impulsively, "if you've heard anything, or if you do hear anything, about him or Mr. Winn, be a friend to me and tell me, won't you?" And there was nothing Hodge would not have promised, nothing he would not have told, but the door of the adjoining quarters slammed, an officer came striding along the porch common to the double set, and the clank of a sabre was heard as he neared them.

"Winn gone?" he asked. "Don't worry, Mrs. Winn. We'll overhaul that scoundrel before he can reach the settlements, unless——"

"But what is wrong? What has happened, Mr. Brayton?" she asked, her face white with dread, her heart fluttering.

"My Lord, Mrs. Winn, I beg your pardon! I supposed of course he had told you. Marsden's bolted. Colonel Riggs, the inspector-general, got here to-night with Captain Barclay, instead of coming by regular stage Saturday, and Marsden lit out the moment he heard of their arrival. Of course we hope Winn isn't badly bitten."

But her thoughts were of another matter now. "Captain Barclay," she faltered, "here? Why, I—I heard——"

"Yes," shouted the young officer, as he went clattering down the steps. "'Scuse me—I've got to mount at once," as an orderly came running up at the moment with his horse. "Riggs has come, post-haste, only Barclay and one man with him besides the driver. It's lucky that Friday gang never got wind of it."

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#### CHAPTER IV.

FOR forty-eight hours Fort Worth was in turmoil. To begin with, the sudden, unheralded advent of a department inspector in those days meant something ominous, and from Frazier down to the drum-boys the garrison scented mischief the moment that familiar old black-hooded, dust-covered spring wagon, drawn by the famous six-mule team, came spinning in across the *mesa* just after retreat, no escort whatever being in sight. Cavalrymen had trotted alongside, said Riggs,

from two of the camps on the way, but they had made that long day's drive from Crockett Springs all alone, trusting to luck that the Friday gang, so called, would not get wind of it. Just who and how many constituted that array of outlaws no man, including its own membership, could accurately say. Two paymasters, two wagon-trains, and no end of mail-stages had been "jumped" by those enterprising road agents in the course of the five years that followed the war, and not once had a conviction occurred. Arrests had been made by marshals, sheriffs, and officers in command of detachments, but a more innocent lot of victims, according to the testimony of friends and fellow-citizens, never dwelt in Dixie. Three only of their number had been killed and left for recognition in the course of those three years. One only of these was known, and the so-called Friday gang managed to surround its haunts, its movements, and its membership with a mystery that defied civil officials and baffled the military. Escorts the size of a cavalry platoon had been needed every time a disbursing officer went to and fro, and a sizable squad accompanied the stage whenever it carried even a moderate amount of treasure. At three points along the road from the old Mexican capital to the outlying posts, strong detachments of cavalry had been placed in camp, so that relays of escorts might be on hand when needed. At three different times within the past two years, strong *posses* had gone with the civil officials far into the foot-hills in search of the haunts of the band, but no occupied haunt was ever found, no band of any size or consequence ever encountered; yet depredations were incessant. The mail-stage came and went with guarded deliberation. The quartermaster's trains were accompanied by at least a company of infantry. The sutler's wagons travelled with the quartermaster's train, and the sutler's money went to San Antonio only when the quartermaster and commissary sent theirs, and then a whole squadron had been known to ride in charge. Anything from a wagon-train down to a buckboard was game for the gang, and soldiers, ranchmen, and prospectors told stories of having been halted, overhauled, and searched by its masked members at various times, and, whether found plethoric or poor, having been hospitably entertained as soon as robbed of all they possessed. Only four days before Riggs made his venturesome dash, three discharged soldiers, filled with impatience and whiskey, had sought to run the gauntlet to the camp at Crockett's, and came back, in the robbers' cast-off clothing, to "take on" for another term, having parted with their uniforms and the savings of several years at the solicitation of courteous strangers they met along the route. Nothing but an emergency could have brought Riggs, full tilt, for he was getting along in years and loved the comforts of his army home.

Emergency it was, as he explained to Frazier instantly on his arrival. The general had indubitable information that ranches to the south had long been buying government stores, bacon, feed, flour, coffee, etc. The source of their supply could only be the warehouses at Worth, and Marsden was a "swell" sergeant, whose airs and affluence had made him the object of suspicion. Those were the days when cavalry regiments had a commissary, but Congress did away with the office, and

Winn, whom an indulgent colonel had detailed to that supposedly "soft snap" when regimental head-quarters were stationed at Worth, had been left there with his bulky array of boxes and barrels when the colonel and staff were transferred to a more southern post, the understanding being that he was to turn over everything to Frazier's new quartermaster as soon as that official should arrive. Frazier's appointee, however, was a lieutenant from a distant station. The War Department had not approved the appointment when made. Correspondence had been going on, and only within the week was notification received that the choice was finally confirmed and that Lieutenant Trott would soon arrive. Meantime Winn remained, but the stores were going. Somebody had money enough to bribe the sentries nightly posted at the storehouse at the northern corner of the big rectangle, and wagon-load after wagon-load must have been driven away. Outwardly, as developed by the count made early on the morning following Riggs's coming, all was right, but a veteran cavalry sergeant scoffingly knocked in the heads of cask, box, and barrel, and showed how bacon by the cord had been replaced by rags and boulders, sugar, coffee, and flour by bushels of sand, molasses and vinegar by branch water, and tea and tobacco by trash. "Two to three thousand dollars' worth of rations gone," said Riggs, at noon, "and the devil to pay if Winn cannot." Vain the night ride to Fuller's ranch in search of Marsden. That worthy had long since feathered his portable nest, and on one of the quartermaster's best horses had left the post within the half-hour of Riggs's coming, no man knew for what point after once he crossed the ford. Hoof-tracks by the hundred criss-crossed and zigzagged over the southward mesa. Thick darkness had settled down. Fuller's people swore no signs of him had been seen, and, though patrols kept on all night, poor Winn came back despairing an hour before the dawn to face his fate; even at noon he had hardly begun to realize the extent of his overwhelming loss.

"Go home and try to sleep," said the colonel, sadly, to the dumb and stricken man. "You can do no good here. I'll send the doctor to you."

But Winn started up and shook the old fellow's kindly hand. "I cannot go. My God! I must know the whole business," he cried. "I cannot sleep or eat a morsel."

"Whatever you do, don't drink," said Riggs, in not unkindly warning. "Go and see your wife, anyhow, for an hour or so. She has sent three times." But words were useless. Sympathetic comrades came and strove with him and said empty words of hope or cheer,—empty because they knew poor Winn had not a soul in the world to whom to look for help. Kin to half a dozen old army names, it helped him not a whit, for no one of them was blessed with means beyond the monthly pay, and some had not even that unmortgaged. Twenty-five hundred dollars' shortage already, to say nothing of the cash for recent sales, and more, no doubt, to come. The very thought was ruin. Refusing comfort, the hapless man sat down at his littered desk, stared again at the crowded, dusty pigeon-holes, and saw nothing, nothing but misery, if not despair.

Brayton went over at luncheon-time and begged a word with Mrs. Winn. She peered over the balustrade from the second story, with big, black-rimmed eyes, but could not come down, could not leave baby, who was fretful, she said. Oh, why didn't Mr. Winn come home? What good did it do to stay over there and worry? When would they get through? Brayton couldn't say, but Winn couldn't come,—felt he must stay at the office; but if Mrs. Winn would have some tea and a bite of luncheon prepared, he, Brayton, would gladly take it over. Yet even this friendly office seemed to bring no solace. Winn barely sipped the tea or tasted the savory broth. Frazier and Riggs went out to luncheon, leaving him still seated at his desk; and their faces were black with gloom when they reached the colonel's door. Winn's most distressing plight, following so shortly after the dire misfortune that had happened to Lawrence, would have saddened the whole garrison and tinged all table-talk with melancholy, but for the blessed antidote afforded in Captain Barclay's sudden and most unlooked-for coming.

And what a surprise it was! All one afternoon and part of one evening had Fort Worth been telling that Captain Barclay had refused the assignment to a regiment and post where he must meet Laura Winn; that he had resigned rather than encounter once more the woman who had played him false; that he was too wealthy to care to bury himself in this out-of-the-way hole in Texas anyhow; and even while they were talking, all unheralded, here he was. The major's hospitable doors opened to receive him within ten minutes of his dust-covered advent, and only by hearsay all that night could the garrison know of his presence. One small sole-leather trunk, with the traveling-bag, rifle, field-glasses, canteen, and lunch-box, constituted all the personal luggage of the new arrival. It could not even be said that any one outside of Brooks's had even seen him, so coated with dust were the contents of that old spring wagon when unloaded at the colonel's steps; and many a woman hastened to her door on the following morning, attracted thither by the announcement that Captain Barclay was on the major's porch.

There, with his host, he stood for quite a while, the major pointing out the landmarks along the westward range, and indicating, apparently, other features in the landscape. One or two officers, hastening by, raised their caps or ran up the steps and shook hands with the new-comer, but he was presently summoned in to breakfast, and neighbors could only say he was not very tall, not very stout, not very slight, not very anything. Captain De Lancy, who had had three minutes' conversation, said he "seemed pleasant," but that was all. Mrs. De Lancy was confirmed in her preconceived opinion that men were owls, because her husband was unable to add to the military descriptive list of brown eyes, brown hair, brown beard and clothes, any of the particulars she sought. He couldn't tell whether Barclay had fine teeth or good complexion, what his mouth was like, whether he had nice hands and voice. Indeed, he couldn't see why Mrs. De Lancy should be so anxious to know. Not until towards noon was any reliable particular concerning Captain Barclay passed along the

line. Then the domestic bulletin dealt out the fact that the millionaire mine-owner wore a flannel shirt and a silver watch, which information was distinctly disheartening.

But that evening, while the colonel and other officers began calling at Brooks's to welcome formally the unexpected addition to the commissioned force, Mrs. Brooks was able to slip out and over to her crony Mrs. De Lancy, and in ten minutes she had an audience, married and single, that gladdened her heart. She could and did talk almost uninterruptedly for over an hour. Arriving dames or damsels were signalled not to interrupt, and, joining the circle, patiently withheld their questions until she paused for breath; and then what every one seemed to want to know was, had he said anything or asked anything about Mrs. Winn? He had. He expressed the utmost sympathy with poor Mr. Winn. He told Major Brooks of a similar experience that occurred in the —d Cavalry only the year previous, and how it would probably take the defrauded officer years to square the account. He most delicately inquired as to the general health and well-being of Mrs. Winn, whom he had had the pleasure, he said, of meeting several years before; but more particularly he had asked about Lawrence, and Lawrence's children, and who was in charge of them; it was evident that he was deeply concerned about them and most anxious to meet Captain and Mrs. Blythe.

"Well, that's one thing at least in his favor," was the verdict; for throughout Brooks's battalion, as it was then called, or squadron, as we should call it to-day, there existed an indefinable feeling of antagonism towards this stranger within their gates, thus coming to usurp the place Ned Lawrence held in their hearts and homes, if no longer on their rolls. Some one slipped out and brought in Mrs. Blythe, for whose benefit Mrs. Brooks not unwillingly went over all she had told about Captain Barclay's queries as to the children and their benefactors; and that sweet, tender-hearted, motherly woman ought to have softened to him, but didn't. "He could have heard it all at San Antonio for the asking," she declared. "But he didn't stop two days at San Antonio," explained Mrs. Brooks. "The moment he heard that Colonel Riggs was going on by special ambulance he begged to be allowed to go with him, and Riggs couldn't see a way to say no, and later confessed he was very glad he had said yes."

"Brooks, you were all growling at the idea of having any outsider, much less a doughboy, take Lawrence's place," were the bluff old veteran's exact words; "but you mark what I say. I was rather prejudiced against this young fellow myself, and it has just taken this jolt together from San Antonio to satisfy me he is grit to the backbone, and you are in big luck to get him."

At least a dozen men called at the major's that evening to pay their respects to the new comrade. It was long after taps when the last one left, but, almost to a man, they gathered at the club-room later to compare notes. Hodge, of course, had called among the first, his claim of intimate or at least old acquaintance rendering it necessary. Barclay's brown eyes certainly lighted at the sight of the face he had known in the far northwest; he chatted for a moment with the in-

fantryman, and expressed his pleasure at meeting him again. Then Blythe entered, with his grave, massive face and courteous yet reserved manner; and Brooks spoke of the fact that Barclay seemed to shake hands more earnestly with him than with any of the others, and to look at him oftener, though striving to slight no one. They sat there, as men will at such times, somewhat awkwardly, only one speaking at once, and generally the same one. Hodge, for instance, had much to say and many questions to ask about fellows he had known in Wyoming, and when he left and others came in, three or four went at the same time, having sat stolid listeners, calmly studying Barclay with their eyes and finally saying good-night, and "hope to see you when you get settled," etc.

They were talking of him at the store, and wondering when and where he would settle, and whether he would take Lawrence's quarters, and what would then become of Ada and little Jim, who with old Mammy still occupied their rooms there and had all the furniture as poor daddy left it, but who went over to the Blythes' three times a day to take their rations with their army chums and playmates the little Blythes. "What a godsend it would be if he would buy poor Ned's books and furniture!" said De Lancy. "It would yield enough to send those poor babies home."

"Home," said Blythe, sadly: "what home has a child whose kith and kin are all of the army? They have neither home nor mother."

But no man made the faintest comment on facts the women remarked instantler, that Barclay's watch was only silver and his guard an inexpensive little cord or braid of fine leather, worn about his neck; that his travelling suit was of rough gray mixture, and his shirt a flannel *négligée*. But then, as Mrs. De Lancy explained in extenuation of their blindness, he had donned his uniform by the time they called that second evening, and it became him very well.

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## CHAPTER V.

A WEEK went rapidly by. Captain Barclay had gone on duty, and Mr. Brayton, his sub, had not yet "sized him up." Lieutenant Trott, the new regimental quartermaster, had arrived by the Saturday's stage, and was ready to receipt to Lieutenant Winn for all property he had to turn over; but Winn had broken down under his weight of woe and taken to his bed. From Washington came tidings, telegraphed as far as San Antonio, that Lawrence was slowly mending and would soon be sitting up. Mrs. Winn, absorbed in the care of her suffering husband, had accepted no invitations, but the many sympathetic women who called to ask if there were not some way in which they could be of aid reported her as looking feverish and far from well. Some of them had ventured to speak of the new arrival, and, though her ears were evidently open, her lips were closed. That she was willing, if not eager, to hear anything they had to say or tell about Captain Barclay was all very well as far as it went, but what some of her visitors most desired

was to hear what she had to say about him : as she would say nothing, one or two had resorted to a little delicate questioning in the hope of drawing her out. Mrs. Faulkner, a young matron of her own age and previous social standing, an army girl like herself, and for some time her one intimate friend at Worth, went so far as to ask, " You used to know him very well, did you not ? " and was checkmated by the answer, " Not well enough to talk about, " which answer Mrs. Faulkner pondered over and considered deliberately and inexcusably rude. With the kindest feeling for her in the world, as all the women avowed, and no animosity whatever towards Barclay over and beyond that feeling on poor Colonel Lawrence's account, there was the liveliest interest at Worth as regarded Mrs. Winn and Captain Barclay in seeing what they would do ; and, to the disappointment of all Fort Worth, they had done nothing.

Barclay promptly returned the calls of the officers who had called upon him, and had done all proper homage to the wives of those who were possessed of such blessings, but there were still certain quarters where his face or his card had not been seen : at Captain Cram's, for instance, because that warrior was on scout and couldn't call, ditto his lieutenant ; at one or two of the new and unpolished pillars of the temple, because they had not known enough or had been too shy to call ; and at Winn's, because that officer was ill of a fever and could not call. There was another set of quarters in which he had not yet set foot,—Ned Lawrence's ; and that was the house most people expected him to visit first.

Nor did he remain at Brooks's. The major's house was big, but so was his household. " You have a vacant room here, Mr. Brayton, " he said, the third day after his arrival, as he dropped in at his subaltern's. " It may be a month before I get shaken down into place. I dislike to disturb women and children, and so have decided to ask you to let me move my cot and trunk in here awhile and to propose my name at the mess. " And Brayton, blushing at the realization of the fact that the furniture in the room referred to consisted solely of some chairs, a square pine table covered with a cavalry blanket, with a cigar-box half full of smoking-tobacco, another half full of white beans, and a pack of cards for its sole ornaments, nevertheless bravely ushered his new captain into the bower, and Barclay looked neither surprised nor satirical at the sight. " We sometimes play a mild game of draw here, sir, " said downright Brayton, " which accounts for the appearance of things ; but my striker can clean it up in ten minutes, and you are most welcome. "

" It won't put you out in any way ? " asked Barclay, without the comment of an uplifted eyebrow on the evidence adduced.

" Not so much as poker, if it does at all, " said Brayton, promptly. He was determined his captain should know the extent of his frailties at the start.

Barclay smiled quietly and turned to the boy with liking in his eye. " I'm hardly ten years your senior, Brayton, " said he, " and so shall not preach, but I believe we can put that room to a little better use. "

The next day he took his seat at the bachelors' mess, where a dozen officers were congregated, all of them but two his juniors in rank. The sideboard was lavishly decked with the indispensables of that benighted day. The old-timers and the new took their antepandial cocktail or toddy, and hospitably invited Barclay to join. Barclay smiled gratefully, but said he had "never yet got in the way of it, somehow," nor did he more than sip at the Bordeaux which the presiding officer ordered served in honor of the occasion. The mess was rather silent. Most men seemed desirous of listening to Barclay when he spoke at all. They knew every twist and turn of each other's mode of speech by that time, and could repeat verbatim every story in the combination. Barclay might have something new; but if he did he had no chance. Captain Follansbee took and kept the floor from first to last. He was airing his views on the subject of consolidation, reorganization, and purification as practised at the War Department, a topic which the others considered inexcusable, not so much from the fact that it must be most unpalatable to Captain Barclay, a beneficiary of the business, as it turned out, as because Follansbee had worn them all out with it weeks before.

And, to everybody's surprise, so far from seeming annoyed or embarrassed or bored, Barclay led him on from point to point, and, even after coffee was served, sat an apparently absorbed listener, for by that time Follansbee had absorbed most of the claret and was dilating on the matter with especial reference to the case of Colonel Lawrence. Later that evening Barclay spent an hour at the Blythes', and two days after he and Brayton dined there.

It was a seven-o'clock dinner. The doctor and his wife, Major and Mrs. Brooks, Miss Frazier and Miss Amanda Frazier, were the other guests. Those were the days when officers of all grades wore epaulets when in full uniform, but, except in one or two swell messes, full dress was not considered requisite for either dinner or hops. The men wore the uniform frock-coat with shoulder-straps; some few privileged characters even dared to appear in a sack-coat with white tie. Such a thing as the evening dress of civil life was unknown at a military post, and unowned in the fighting force of the army, outside, perhaps, of the artillery. The doctor was a privileged character, a man who said what he thought and did what he thought right; and when Mrs. Blythe, glancing out of her parlor window, saw their favored friend and medical adviser coming along the walk, his hands deep in his trousers-pockets and himself in a fit of abstraction and a new sack-coat, while the partner of his joys and sorrows chatted briskly with the Frazier girls, Mrs. Blythe called up-stairs to her massive liege lord, "Wear your blouse, dear; the doctor has on his;" whereupon Blythe slipped out of the uniform coat of formal cut and into the easy sack, and came trotting down the creaking stair in time to welcome his guests. Brooks, Barclay, and Brayton, who came later, were in the prescribed regulation dress, whereat Dr. Collabone exclaimed, "Hullo! Now that's what I ought to have done, if I'd had as much regard for conventionality as I have for health. Gentlemen, do you know you simply invite an apoplectic seizure by sitting down to dinner in a tightly buttoned

uniform coat? It is barbarous. There ought to be a regulation against it."

It was observed that while the doctor included all three of the cavalrymen in his remarks he looked at and apparently addressed only one, Captain Barclay, whose uniform coat was brand-new, very handsomely cut, its buttons and shoulder-straps of the finest make and finish, whereas the doctor's were tarnished, if not actually shabby. Brooks frowned, and Brayton looked embarrassed lest Barclay should take it amiss; but that officer remained smilingly interested, and in no wise troubled. The Frazier girls giggled, and Miss Amanda was proper to assert that for her part she loved to see the officers wear the proper uniform, and she wasn't alarmed about apoplexy; whereupon Collabone smiled benignly and said, "What did I tell you about the danger of tight lacing?" Amanda couldn't bear the doctor. Her elder and primmer sister only half liked him. Many of the women thought him brusque and rude, but officers and men and mothers of families swore by him, and children adored him. A childless man himself, he seemed to keep open house for the offspring of his comrades. They swarmed about his quarters at all hours of the day. They invaded his parlor, overflowed his dining-room, and ruled his kitchen.

A kindly and placid soul was Mrs. Collabone, a woman who had few cares or perplexities, and these she promptly turned over to her broad-minded, broad-shouldered liege for final disposition, as serenely confident of their speedy dissipation as she was of the prompt conquest of any and all the manifold ills to which childish flesh is heir by that practitioner's infallible remedies. Children ran loose in those days in Texas; and so they ought to, said Collabone. "Savage races are the only scientific rearers," he maintained. "Boys or girls, they should be burdened with but a single garment, or less, from the time they're born until they're eight or ten, and meantime they should be made to eat, sleep, and live out-doors." He preached for children regularity in matters of diet, prescribed four light meals a day, practised heterodoxy, and distributed bread and milk, bread and syrup, bread and jam, cookies, corn dodgers, and molasses candy, morning, noon, and night. Aunt Purlina, the fat and jocund goddess of the Collabones' kitchen, had standing orders on such subjects, and many a time had the post surgeon to wait for his own refreshments because "the kids" had possession of the premises. There was never a worry along officers' row when children strayed from home. "Oh, they're over at the doctor's," was the soothing response to all queries. The doctor's big yard was the garrison playground; for, when a soulless, heartless, childless, wifeless post commander, Frazier's predecessor, had dared to prohibit the use of the parade-ground for croquet, hop-scotch, marbles, or "Tom, Tom Pull-away," it was Collabone who rigged up swings and giant strides at his own expense and without the aid of the post quartermaster, and sent away to New Orleans for croquet sets for the exclusive use of the youngsters. It nettled inexpressibly the field officer commanding. He took it as a rebuke from his junior, and took it out in a course of nagging and persecution at the doctor's expense, that roused the energies of the entire post. Frazier was sent from Concho to supersede

the objectionable lieutenant-colonel, who thereupon declared his intention of moving the doctor out and taking his quarters; but a courier galloped all the way from Worth to the camp at San Patricio, whither the department commander had gone a-hunting, and another got back in the nick of time with orders for the devastating officer to move to the cantonment on the Pecos, the worst hole in all Texas, as reported by the department inspector. The children had won the day.

At the very moment when the party took their seats at Blythe's, the children of that establishment and their friends the Lawrences were holding high carnival at the doctor's, Aunt Purlina and the colored maid vying with each other in efforts to stuff them to repletion. Over this uproarious feast presided the tall slip of a damsel with whom poor Ned had parted so mournfully when he went away in February. Ada's was the only face in all the merry party that seemed to have known a trace of sorrow. Her big, dark, mournful eyes and shaggy hair, her sallow face and shabby frock, twice let down and still "skimpy," told a pathetic story. Thirteen years of age, the child had already seen much of anxiety and trouble,—much, indeed, beyond the ken of many an elder; and the week going by brought hour after hour of nervous wear and tear, the cause of which only one woman knew, and strove in vain to banish. Ada shrank with actual dread and repulsion from the thought of having to meet the man who had come to take her loved father's place.

Thrice had Barclay spoken to Mrs. Blythe of a desire to see the children of Colonel Lawrence; now he felt confident that he knew the cause of her evasion, and pressed no more. But all through dinner, even while speaking in the low, somewhat measured tones habitual to him, he lost no talk in which the children were mentioned; and at Blythe's they were never forgotten. It was not long before he discovered that the Blythes and Lawrences—the young people—were at the doctor's, Ada presiding. Indeed, with much gusto, almost as soon as soup was served, Collabone began telling of her matronly, motherly ways. Half an hour later a messenger came to the door and asked if Dr. Collabone would please step over and see Mrs. De Lancy a moment. "Tell her I'll be there in just one hour," said the doctor, looking at his watch. Then he added, for the benefit of the party present, "There's nothing in the world the matter with Mrs. De Lancy, and by that time she'll have forgotten she sent for me." Ten minutes later came another call. It was the Collabones' domestic this time. "Little Jimmy's cut his hand, and Miss Ada can't stop the bleeding." "Say I'll come instantly," said he, springing from the table and making his excuses to the lady of the house.

Barclay's face shone with instant sympathy and interest. Dessert was nearly over. He turned to the motherly woman whose own gentle face betrayed her anxiety.

"Will you think me very rude?" he said. "You know I do not smoke, and I do want so much to meet those children. I feel that Ada purposely shuns me, and this is an opportunity not to be lost. May I be excused? I will soon return." Mrs. Blythe's eyes were eloquent as she bade him go.

Three minutes later he softly entered the doctor's sitting-room. There in a big easy-chair sat a tall, sallow-faced, tumbled-haired girl, holding in her arms a burly little fellow whose frightened sobbings she had at last controlled, and who, with only an occasional whimper, was now submitting to the doctor's examination and deriving much comfort from his professional and reassuring manner.

"Why, this is no cut at all, Jimmy, my boy. The reason you bled so much is that you are so uncommonly healthy and full of blood. This won't keep you out of mischief six hours. Hold the basin steady, Purlina. Kick all you want to, Jimmy. Don't you dare to laugh, Kittie Blythe. Well, if here isn't Captain Barclay too come in to see you! Here is the little wounded soldier, captain. You had your arm in a sling six long months, didn't you? The Sioux did that for him, Jimmy, and you've only got to be done up in a bandage till to-morrow night. Let Captain Barclay hold you? Indeed I won't. He doesn't know how to hold little boys—like Ada. He's got no little boys, nor big Ada either. Bet your boots he wishes he had, Jimmy." Thus the doctor chatted as he bathed and bandaged the pudgy little fist, while Jimmy lay, half relieved at the rapid termination to his woes, half resentful they should be declared so trifling, and, with eyes much swollen with weeping, critically studied the new captain's appearance and gave token of modified approval. But Ada's white lids and long dark lashes were never once uplifted.

Presently Collabone pronounced everything doing finely, and said he'd go and see Mrs. De Lancy. "You tell them there's nothing much the matter, will you?" he said to Barclay.

"I will—when I get there," was the smiling reply; "but I'm going to tell this little fellow a story first about a Sioux baby boy I knew in Wyoming, and his playmate, a baby bear." And, with wondering, wide-open eyes upon him, Barclay seated himself close to Ada's chair, while the doctor stole silently away.

Half an hour later, when he returned, a circle of absorbed listeners was gazing into Barclay's face. Ada only sat apart, and little Jimmy's curly head was pillowed on the story-teller's breast.

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## CHAPTER VI.

TEN days passed. Barclay had become an institution at Fort Worth, yet opinions were as divided and talk of him as constant as before he came. First and foremost, he had met Mrs. Winn, and his demeanor on that presumably trying occasion had proved a distinct disappointment. Winn was recovering health, if not spirits. A stage-load of officers and ladies had come from the cantonment to spend forty-eight hours, and a big dance was prescribed for their benefit. Mrs. Winn danced divinely, and never looked so well as when with a suitable partner on a suitable floor. Those were the days when we raved over the "Mabel," the "Guards," the "Maude," and the "Hilda" waltzes, Godfrey's melodious creations,—when the galop and

*trois temps* were going out, and we "Boston dipped" to every tune from Pat Malloy to Five O'Clock in the Morning, and the Worth orchestra was a good one when the first violin wasn't drunk, a condition which had to be provided against with assiduous care. The party arrived during one of his lucid intervals, and the adjutant promptly placed the artist under bonds to shun the cup until after the guests had gone; then he could fill up to his heart's content and no fear of a fine. Winn couldn't attend, but Laura was looking wan and sallow. She needed air and exercise, and her husband urged her to accept Mr. Brayton's escort and go; so did Collabone; so did her own inclination. Superbly gowned and coiffed and otherwise decorated, she went, and her entrance was the sensation of the evening. It was long after ten when she appeared. The hop was in full blast; the big room, gayly decorated, was throbbing with the rhythmic movement of the closing figure of the Lancers. Almost everybody was on the floor, for energetic were our dancers in those by-gone days. Just as the music came to full stop, and with joyous laughter and merry words of parting the sets broke up, the women and girls, middle-aged or young (they never grow old in the army), clinging to their partners' arms, fanning, possibly, their flushed faces, were escorted to their seats, and the floor like magic was cleared for the coming waltz. The group at the flag-draped entrance parted right and left, making way for a young officer in cavalry uniform at whom nobody so much as glanced, because of the tall and radiant woman at his side, on whom all eyes were centred. "Look at Laura Winn," was the whisper that flew from womanly lip to lip. "Isn't she simply superb?" "Look at Mrs. Winn," muttered many a man, his eyes lighting at the sight. "Isn't she just stunning?"

And then people began to hunt for Barclay.

He was standing at the moment talking quietly with Mrs. Frazier, who was making much of the young captain now, and was accused of having hopes of him on account of her eldest darling, who had dined by his side three different times at three different houses during the week, and was therefore said to be "receiving considerable attention." But the hush of laughter and miscellaneous chatter almost instantly attracted the matron's attention. She glanced at the door, gasped involuntarily, and then as suddenly turned and narrowly watched him, for he too noted the lull in conversation, and, slowly facing the doorway, saw before him not ten paces away the woman who was to have been his wife, gazing straight at him as though challenging him to look and be blinded, as blinded by her beauty he had been before. She was only a young, immature, untaught girl then, ignorant of her powers. Now the soft bloom was gone, but in its place there lurked among the tiny threads of lines or wrinkles just forming at the corners of her brilliant eyes, and in the witching curves about her mobile, sensitive, exquisite lips, a charm beside which her virgin graces were cold and formal. She had been what all men called a wonderfully pretty girl. She was now what many women termed a dangerously beautiful woman, and she knew it well. When we had no one especially selected to "receive" in those days, it was a sort of garrison custom

for everybody to present himself or herself to the wife of the commanding officer, in case that official was so provided. Mrs. Frazier was seated in plain view of the queenly creature who, having advanced a few steps beyond the portals and the loiterers there assembled, now halted, and like some finished actress swept the room with her radiant eyes, as though compelling all men, all women, to yield to her their attention and regard, and then, smiling brightly, beamingly (dutiful Brayton guided by the pressure of her daintily gloved hand), moved with almost royal grace and deliberation to where Mrs. Frazier sat in state; and the first lady of the garrison rose to greet her.

Unsuitable as is the full uniform for cavalry purposes to-day, it was worse in 1870, when our shoulders were decked with wabbling epaulets and our waists were draped with a silken sash that few men wore properly. But whatever might be said of Sir Galahad's shortcomings as a boon companion, or of his severely simple and economical mode of life, there was no manifestation of parsimony in his attire. No man in the room was so well uniformed, or wore the garb of his profession with better grace. He who came in a flannel shirt and a rough gray suit, with a silver watch and leather watch-chain, appeared this night in uniform of faultless cut and fit, with brand-new glittering captain's epaulets, while his sash was of the costliest silk net, of a brighter red than generally worn,—most officers appearing in a stringy affair that age and weather had turned to dingy purple. On his left breast Barclay wore the badge in gold and enamel of a famous fighting division in a gallant corps; and such badges were rare in the days whereof I write. Moreover, though neither a tall man nor a stalwart, Captain Barclay was erect, wiry, and well proportioned, and his head and face were well worth the second look every one had been giving this night. "The Twelfth have been swearing like pirates at having another doughboy saddled on 'em," chuckled Captain Perkins, himself a doughboy. "Begad, the Twelfth has no better picture of the officer and the gentleman than this importation from the Foot." But no one spoke with the thought of being heard as Laura Winn finished her greeting to Mrs. Frazier. Every man and woman was intent only on what was coming next, although many strove to speak, or to appear to listen, to their neighbors. Charlotte Frazier actually rose from her seat and stepped out into the room that she might have a better view.

And Barclay would not have been the observant man he had already shown himself to be had he not known it. His color was a bit high for one whose face was ordinarily so pale, but he stood calmly erect, with an expression of pleased contemplation in his fine eyes, waiting for Mrs. Winn to finish the somewhat hurried yet lavish words that she addressed to Mrs. Frazier; then she turned effusively upon him.

"Captain Barclay!" she exclaimed. "How very good to see you here! and how glad we all are to welcome you to the Twelfth! Mr. Winn and I have been in despair because his illness has kept him a prisoner. Indeed, I doubt if I should have left him at all to-night but for his positive orders—and the doctor's; then, of course, I much wanted to see you—too."

She had begun confidently, even masterfully. She looked him with

determined effort straight in the face at the start, but her confidence flitted before a dozen words were said. Her voice faltered before she had half finished, for Barclay's eyes frankly, even smilingly, met hers, and with ease and dignity and courteous interest all commingled he had bowed slightly over her hand, lowered it after a brief, by no means lingering, pressure, and stood, merely mentioning her name, "Mrs. Winn," and, as was rather a way of his, letting the other party do all the talking. It was a godsend to Laura Winn that the waltz music began at the next instant, for his nonchalance was something utterly unexpected. Oh, how dared he look so calmly, indifferently, forgetfully, almost unrecognizingly, into her eyes, and stand there so placidly, when her heart was fluttering wildly with nervous excitement, her words coming in gasps!

"Oh, Mr. Brayton, how heavenly!" she exclaimed. "Don't let us lose an instant of that waltz." Over his glittering shoulder she beamed in parting a bewitching smile, levelled all at Barclay, and glided away, a floating cloud of filmy drapery, a vision of flashing eyes, of flushing cheeks, of dazzling white teeth gleaming between the parted rose-leaves of her mouth, of snowy shoulders and shapely arms, of peeping, pointed, satin-shod feet, the handsomest creature in all that crowded room, and the most dismally unhappy. She had met him in the witnessing presence of all Fort Worth, and all the garrison saw that she had sustained a crushing defeat. She who was to have been his wife and had duped him, she who had looked to subjugate him once more, was duped in turn, the victim of her own vanity.

"And to think," said Mrs. De Lancy, "she only changed her half-mourning a month ago, and now—in full ball costume!"

Fort Worth didn't stop talking of that episode for all of another week, and that, too, in the face of other interesting matter.

To begin with, Sergeant Marsden had disappeared as though from the face of the earth. Whither he had fled no man could say. No settlement worth the name had not been searched, no ranch remained unvisited. Fuller's people would not shield the fugitive, for Fuller, as the post sutler, suffered equally with Uncle Sam from the sergeant's depredations. Settlers and ranch people who bought of the latter cut into the business of the former, and Fuller would most gladly have had him "rounded up" long weeks ago; but Marsden and his few confederates in the garrison had admirably covered their tracks, and the indications of declining trade that had roused the sutler's suspicions led to no arousal of vigilance within the sentry line: wherefore Fuller's heart was hardened against the post commander and the erstwhile commissary, and this, too, at a time when the latter stood in sorest need of financial help. The extent of poor Winn's losses and responsibility was now known: so far as his commissary accounts were concerned, not a cent less than three thousand dollars would cover them. The quartermaster was out a horse and equipments, and several confiding enlisted men and laundresses were defrauded of money loaned the dashing sergeant. Uncle Sam, be it known, has summary methods as a bill-collector. He simply stops his servant's pay until the amount

due is fully met. Winn's total pay and emoluments as computed in '70 and '71 would barely serve in two years to square himself with his exacting Uncle. Meantime, what were wife and baby and other claimants to do? What was he to live on, and so insure payment of which his death would destroy all possibility? Crushed as Winn was, there were men and women who roundly scored his wife for appearing superbly dressed at the first ball graced by the presence of her discarded lover. Yet had she stayed away, their disappointment would have exceeded this disapprobation. Collabone said his patient suffered from a low fever, which the unprofessional found difficult to understand, in view of Mrs. Winn's diagnosis, which declared it alarmingly high. Certain it is that he kept his room until four days after the evening of the ball; then he had to turn out and face the music, for orders came from "San Antone."

Then, too, came another invoice of interesting matter to Fort Worth, and it must be remembered that, in the narrow and restricted life of the far frontier, interest existed in matters that seem too trivial for mention in the broader spheres of the metropolis. The invoice was an actual and material fact, and consisted of a big wagon-load of household goods consigned to Captain Barclay, accompanied by a dignified Ethiopian and two very knowing-looking horses that had many of the points of thoroughbreds. The quartermaster's train under proper escort had made the long pull from Department Head-Quarters, and all unannounced came these chattels to the new troop leader. The very next morning, which was a Sunday, when Brooks's four troops formed line for inspection in the old-fashioned full dress of the cavalry, the men in shell jackets and plumed felt hats, the officers in long-skirted, clerical-looking frock-coats, black ostrich plumes, gold epaulets, and crimson sashes, there rode at the head of Lawrence's old troop a new captain, whose horse and equipments became the centre of critical and admiring eyes the moment it was possible for his comrades to leave their commands and gather about him. Very few officers in those days possessed anything better than the regulation troop bridle and raw-hide McClellan saddle, which with their folded blankets satisfied all the modest requirements of the frontier. The light-batterymen indulged in a little more style and had picturesque red blankets to help out, but even they were put in the shade, and came trotting over during the rest after Brooks had made the formal ride round to look at the general appearance of his command. All hands seemed to gather in approbation about Barclay's charger. The horse himself was a bright, blooded bay, with jet-black, waving mane, tail, and forelock, superb head, shoulders and haunches, and nimble legs, all handsomely set off by a glistening bridle with double rein, martingale, glossy breast-strap and polished bits, curb-chain, bosses, rings, and heart, with the regimental number in silver on the bosses and at the corner of the handsome shabraque of dark blue cloth, patent leather, and the yellow edging and trimming of the cavalry. "The only outfit of the kind at Worth," said Brooks, emphatically. "And yet, gentlemen," he continued, seeing latent criticism in the eyes of certain of the circle, "it's all strictly in accordance with regulations, and just as we used to have it in the old days before the

war. I wish we all had the same now. I haven't seen a Grimsley outfit since '61."

"Grimsley it is," said the veteran captain of the light battery. "Mine went to Richmond in '61 with what we didn't save of our battery at First Bull Run."

"Grimsley it is," said his junior subaltern. "If Sam Waring could only see that, he'd turn green with envy to-day and borrow it to-morrow." Whereat there went up a laugh, for Waring was a man of mark in the queer old days of the army.

Then of course every one wanted to know, as the cavalcade rode from the drill-ground up to the post, where Barclay had bought his horses, and some inquired how much they cost; and to all queries of the kind Barclay answered, with perfect good humor, that he had ordered the equipments of the old firm of Grimsley, still doing business in St. Louis, as it did in the days when Jefferson Barracks and Leavenworth and Riley were famous cavalry stations in the '50s; the horses he had bought of a family connection in Kentucky, and had given seven hundred dollars for the pair.

"See here, Hodge," growled the old stagers as they clustered about the club-room, sipping cooling drinks after the warm morning exercise, "what's all this you've been telling us about Barclay's inexpensive, economical, and skimpy ways? He's got the outfit of a British field-marshal, by gad!"

But Hodge was too much concerned and confounded to speak. "It's more'n I can explain," he said. "Why, he wouldn't spend ten cents in Wyoming."

And yet, had Hodge only known it, Barclay's infantry outfit was of just as fine finish and material, as far as it went, as these much more costly and elaborate appointments of the mounted service. Everything connected with the dress or equipments of his profession Barclay, who would spend nothing for frivolities, ordered of the best furnishers, and no man ever appeared on duty in uniform more precise or equipments of better make.

Of course the club-room was not the only place where Barclay's really bewildering appearance was discussed. Among the officers there were many who growled and criticised. It was all right to have handsome horses, if he could afford it: any cavalryman would try to do that, was the verdict. "But all these other jimcracks, they're simply moonshine!" And yet, as pointed out by Major Brooks, it was all strictly according to regulation. "Damn the regulations!" said Captain Follansbee; "they're too expensive for me." And, take it all in all, the feeling of the mess was rather against than with Barclay: he had no business wearing better clothes or using better horse-furniture than did his fellows. Follansbee went so far as to tackle Blythe on the subject and invoke his sympathy, but that massive old dragoon disappointed him. "Barclay's right," said he; "and if the rules were enforced we'd all have to get them."

"But they cost so much," said Follansbee.

"Not half what you spend in whiskey in half the time it would take to get them here," was the unfeeling rejoinder.

Mrs. Frazier and Mrs. De Lancy, however, wished the captain had brought an easy open carriage with driving horses instead of saddlers. It would have been far more useful, said those level-headed women. And so it might have been—to them.

But in the midst of all the talk and discussion came tidings that amazed Fort Worth. Ned Lawrence was actually on his way back to Texas,—would be with his precious babies within the fortnight,—would reoccupy his old quarters for a while at least as the guest of the usurper, for they had been formally chosen by Captain Barclay, to the frantic wrath of Ada when first she heard the news,—wrath that sobbed itself out in the lap of her loving friend Mrs. Blythe, as the motherless girl listened with astonished ears to the explanation.

“So far from raging at him, Ada, you should be thankful that your dear father and you and Jimmy have found so thoughtful and generous a friend as Captain Barclay. If he had not chosen your house, Captain Bronson would have done so, and you would have had to go. As it is, nothing of yours or your father’s will be disturbed.”

And sorely tempted was the enthusiastic, tender-hearted woman to tell much more that, but for his prohibition, she would have told; and yet she did not begin to know all.

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## CHAPTER VII.

WITHIN the fortnight came poor Ned Lawrence back to Worth, and men who rode far out on the Crockett trail to meet the stage marvelled at the change three months had made in him. He had grown ten years older, and was wrinkled and gray. Winn was of the party, and Winn, who a month gone by was looking haggard, nervous, miserable, now rode buoyantly, with almost hopeful eyes and certainly better color than he had had for months, despite the fact that he had lost both flesh and color during his illness. Something had happened to lighten his load of dread and care. Something must have happened to enable Lawrence to take that long, long journey back to Texas. Fort Worth indulged in all manner of theories as to where the money was coming from, and Barclay, of course, was suspected, even interrogated. The frankest man in some respects that ever lived, Captain Galbraith Barclay was reticent as a clam when he saw fit to keep silent, and men found it useless to question or women to hint. As for Winn, he had but one classmate at the post, Brayton, who had never been one of his intimates at the Point, and, being rather, as was said, of the “high and mighty,” reserved and distant sort with the subalterns he found at Worth on joining three winters before, Winn had never been popular. Lawrence was his one intimate, despite the disparity in years. And so no man ventured to ask by what means he expected to meet the demands thus made upon him. The board of survey ordered to determine the amount of the loss and fix the responsibility had no alternative. Winn and his few friends made a hard fight, setting forth the facts that the count had been made every month as required by orders

and regulations, and that except by bursting open every bale, box, and barrel, and sifting over the contents, it would have been impossible to detect Marsden's methods. On some things the board was disposed to dare regulations and raps on the knuckles, and to let Winn off on several others; but what was the use? "the proceedings would only be sent back for reconsideration," said their president; and as it transpired that Winn had not exercised due vigilance, but had trusted almost entirely to his sergeant, they decided to cut the Gordian knot by saddling the young officer with the entire responsibility, which meant, sooner or later, a stoppage of nearly three thousand dollars of his pay.

It is a sad yet time-honored commentary at the expense of human nature that the contemplation of the misfortunes of our fellow-men is not always a source of unalloyed sorrow. There was genuine and general sympathy for Lawrence, because he had been poor and pinched and humbled for years, had worn shabby clothes, and had sought all possible field duty, where "deeds, not duds," as a garrison wit expressed it, seemed to make the man. He had frankly spoken of his straits and worries to such as spoke to him in friendship, and this, with his deep and tender love for his children, and his capital record as a scout leader, had won over to him all the men who at one time were envious and jealous and had cherished the linesman's prejudice against the fellow whose duties for years had kept him on the staff. The women were all with him, and that meant far more than may seem possible outside the army. There was many a gentle dame in the old days of adobe barracks who could be an Artemisia in the cause of a friend.

No one knew just what object Ned Lawrence had in coming back to Dixie. Every one knew he had indignantly refused the second lieutenantancy, despite the fact that one or two men with war service and rank almost equal to his own had meekly accepted the grudgingly tendered commission, and others were said to be about to follow suit,—all, presumably, with the hope that their friends and representatives in Congress assembled would speedily legislate them back where they thought they belonged. No one knew where Ned Lawrence had made a raise of money, but raise he certainly had made, for, to Blythe's indignation, there came a draft of one hundred dollars to cover the expenses, he said, of his children and old Mammy and to pay the latter some of her wages. The balance he would settle, he wrote, when he arrived. Blythe would far rather he had waited until his accounts were adjusted; then, if Lawrence were in funds, Blythe could have found no fault with this insistence on at least partially defraying the expenses incurred in providing for the little household. Lawrence hoped to have his accounts adjusted, his letter said, and he had reason to believe, from what friends in Washington told him, that he would find his successor willing to receipt to him for missing items, trusting to luck and the flotsam and jetsam of the frontier to replace them in course of time. Lawrence, indeed, was curious now to meet and know Captain Barclay, for he had been told many things that had gone far to remove the feeling of unreasoning antagonism he had felt at first.

Only one thing did he say to Blythe that threw light on his future plans. "I am dreadfully sorry," he wrote, "to hear such ill tidings

about Harry Winn. I was always fearful there was something wrong about that fellow Marsden, and sometimes strove to caution him,—I, who could not see the beam in my own eye,—I, with two scoundrels in my orderly-room, trying to warn him against the one in his! Winn is a proud, sensitive, self-centred sort of fellow, whom wealth perhaps might have made popular. He is no better manager than I. He has a wife who could never help him to live within his means, as poor Kitty certainly tried to do with me.” (Oh, the blessed touch of Time! Oh, the sweet absolution of Death! Kitty was an angel now, and her ways and means were buried with all that was mortal of her.) “And, worse than all, poor Hal has no one, I fear, to help him now, as—I write it with blinded eyes, dear Blythe—it has pleased God I should find in many friends in the days of my sore adversity,—you and your blessed wife, and the colonel, and Brooks,—even rough old Follansbee and our dilettante De Lancy, and that inimitable Collabone. My heart overflows, and my eyes, too, at thought of all you and they have done and said and written for me and mine. And here, too, where in my bitterness I thought I was deserted of all, here is gallant old Front de Bœuf (you remember how we swore by him in the Valley after Davy Russell was killed). He has housed and fed and nursed and cared for me like a brother, and Senator Howe and even old Catnip—God bless him!—have worked hard for me; and, though my soldier days seem over for the time at least, my stubborn spirit has had to surrender to such counsellors and friends as they have been to me. They all say Congress will surely put me back next winter, and meantime ‘Buffstick’ says I’m to have a salaried position in a big company with which he is associated, and to begin work as soon as my health is re-established and my accounts straightened out.”

“Who is Buffstick?” queried Mrs. Blythe, at this juncture.

“Buffstick? Oh, that was our pet name for Colonel Dalton, of the —th Massachusetts, Lawrence’s friend and host in Washington; a magnificent fellow, dear, with a head and chest that made some lover of Scott liken him to Front de Bœuf,—out of ‘Ivanhoe,’ you know. But he was a stickler for neatness in dress and equipments, and his regiment called him Buffstick, and grew to love him all the same. He commanded a brigade after Cedar Creek, and now,—just think of it!—he’s a capitalist.”

“Does he know Captain Barclay, do you think?” she asked, after a reflective pause.

“I’m sure I don’t know. Probably not,” was the answer. “They never served in the same part of the army. Why do you ask?”

“Oh, I was wishing—I couldn’t help thinking—how much Mr. Winn needed some good friend, too.”

“Winn and Lawrence are very different men,” said Blythe, gravely. “Lawrence has made friends, while poor Winn has only enemies, I fear, and, really, none worse than himself.”

Mrs. Blythe sighed as she turned away. It was much as her husband said. The Winns had come to the regiment after a round of receptions, dinners, and dances in their honor all the way from Washington to Worth, and had “started with a splurge,” as the chroniclers

declared. Laura's gowns and airs and graces won her no end of prominence, but very few friends. Winn's "high and mighty" ways, so they were termed by all the garrison, in which at that time only two or three West Pointers could be found, had alienated all the subs, most of the seniors, and many of the women. Their extravagance during the first year of service, the explanations and excuses tendered by Laura in the next, and Harry's increasing moodiness and distraction, served only to widen the breach. Men and women both, who began by envying, turned to openly decrying. Cutting things were said to Laura, whose mendacities provoked them. Sneering or at least suggestive things were often said in presence of Winn, if not exactly to him; for there was one quality about the swell the garrison had to respect,—his cheerful and entire readiness to fight on very small provocation, and those were the days when the tenets of the "code" were not totally forgotten, and there still remained in the army a sentiment in favor of the doctrine of personal responsibility for disparaging words. There would be fewer courts-martial to-day were there more of it left. But when women heard the stories about the big bill at the sutler's and others that came by mail, and made little icy comments about some people being able to afford much more than *they* could, Laura laughed off the allusions to their superior style of living by stories of an indulgent papa, until papa's death left her without further resource from that quarter. Then she set afloat a fabrication about a doting aunt of Harry's who had no children of her own,—an amiable old widow who was to leave him all her money. He did have an aunt of that description, but she didn't have the money, and there were men who were malicious enough to refer in Winn's presence to their wish that they had wealthy fathers-in-law or doting dowager aunts, thereby giving some other fellow a chance to say, "And so does Fuller, no doubt."

Indeed, so practically friendless were the Winns that among nine out of ten families along officers' row there was a feeling of lively curiosity to note the effect of this supposably crushing blow on the unhappy pair, and a consequent sentiment, only partially veiled in many cases, of keen disappointment when the news flew around the garrison that Mr. Winn had announced his readiness to meet the demand in full.

"Why, it can't be true," said many a woman. "I'll believe it when I see the money," said many a man. "Do you suppose—he could have accepted it from—Captain Barclay?" asked, in strictest confidence, Mrs. De Lancy of Laura's erstwhile intimate, Mrs. Faulkner.

"Not *Harry* Winn, probably," answered Mrs. Faulkner, in confidence equally inviolable, "but——" and the pause that followed was suggestive. Follansbee and Bellows bolted down to the sutler's with the surprising news, wondering if Fuller could have been ass enough to advance the money. There was a time when he would have done so, perhaps, for he was one of the first to be enthralled by young Mrs. Winn's grace and beauty, and lavished presents upon her—and upon Winn, of course—for a month, until Winn put a stop to the presents and Mrs. Fuller came post-haste back from San Antonio and put a stop

to other manifestations. But Fuller had long since become estranged from the Winns,—the presentation of his bill at inopportune times having later widened the apparent breach. His jaw fell and his mouth opened wide when he heard the news, for Fuller had begun to believe that he would never get his money, and resented it that Uncle Sam should be luckier.

"Send up another 'bill rendered' by Ikey to Mr. Winn this afternoon," he bade his clerk, as the investigators departed to follow other clues. Fuller had gone down into his pockets, unbeknown to the post, and had actually pressed on Lawrence a loan of three hundred dollars, and bade him come for more when that was gone, but not a cent would he put up for Harry Winn,—not he; "the damned supercilious snob," was what Fuller now called him, not so much because he thought him a snob or supercilious or even deserving of damnation, as because he had allowed himself to be robbed of three thousand dollars' worth of goods that might otherwise have been purchased of him, Fuller, for double or treble the money. No, plainly, Fuller was not the angel that had come to the rescue of Winn, nor could Follansbee or Bellows or the rest of the fellows find out who had. The mystery of Gilgal was outdone. Even Frazier and Brooks did not know, and when some one, possibly Mrs. Frazier, suggested to the colonel that as the commanding officer he really ought to know, the colonel did send for his new quartermaster and say to him, "Mr. Trott, as you are to receipt to Mr. Winn for the money value of his shortage, it would be well to be very circumspect. He probably cannot have that much in currency here. How does he propose to pay it?"

"I don't know, sir," said the man of business, promptly. "He says he will be ready to cover the entire amount on or before the 20th of May. I didn't like to ask him where it was to come from."

Neither did Frazier, despite no little prodding at home. Only one man ventured to speak of it to Winn, and, the resultant conversation having been variously and exaggeratively reported, the truth should here be told. It was at the club-room, which, for the first time in weeks, Mr. Winn entered. He asked for Major Brooks, and, finding him absent, turned to go out with no more than a nod to the party at the poker-table. That party was made up mainly of the class that was numerous in the army in those days and is as rare as an Indian fight now. The least responsible among them at the moment was Lieutenant Bralligan, ex-corporal of dragoons, who could no more have passed the examination exacted of candidates to-day than a cat could squeeze through a carbine. "Hwat d'ye warrnt of the meejor, Winn?" he shouted. "Sure ye've got permission to ride out wid us to meet Lawrence."

Winn vouchsafed no answer. Bralligan and he were things apart, a reproach to each other's eyes, and the evil blood in the Irishman, inflamed already by whiskey, boiled over at the slight. "It's Barclay ye're looking for, not Brooks!" he shouted, in tempestuous wrath. "Faith, if ye want anything out o' the Quaker, let yer wife do the——"

Instantly a brawny hand, that of Captain Follansbee, was sprawled

over the broad, leering mouth. Instantly there was a crash of chair-legs hastily moved, of grinding boot-heels as men sprang to their feet, of poker-chips flying to the floor,—a sound of oaths and furious struggles, for two of the party, with the attendant, had hurled themselves on the half-drunken lieutenant and were throttling him to silence, while Captains Bronson and Fellows sprang to head off Winn, who with blazing eyes and clinched fists came bounding back into the room.

“What did that blackguard say?” he demanded. “I did not catch the words.”

“Nothing, nothing, Winn, that you should notice,” implored Bronson. “He’s drunk. He doesn’t know what he is saying. He’s crazed. No, sir,” insisted Bronson, sternly, as Winn strove to pass him. “If you do not instantly withdraw I shall place you under arrest. Be sure that this poor devil shall make all reparation when he’s sober enough to realize what has happened. Go at once.—You go with him, Fellows.”

And so between them they got Winn away, and others soused Bralligan with *acequia* water and locked him up in his room and had him solemnly sober by afternoon stables, while, vastly to their relief, Winn with two or three cavaliers rode away at three o’clock to meet Ned Lawrence somewhere afar out on the Crockett trail. Greatly did Follansbee and Fellows congratulate Bronson, and Bronson them, on the fact that they had happened to be looking on at the game when Winn happened in and Bralligan broke out; for thereby they had stopped what might have been a most tremendous row. “All of which mustn’t be known to a soul,” said they.

But Bralligan’s voice was big and deep. It was one of the causes of his unhallowed preferment in the days when second lieutenantcies were showered on the rank and file the first year of the war. Bralligan’s taunting words, only partially audible to Winn as he issued from the front of the building, were distinctly heard by domestics lying in wait for a chance to borrow of the steward and pick up gossip at the back. By stables that evening the story was being told high and low all over the post; even the children heard with eager yet uncomprehending ears; and so it happened that just as the drums of the infantry were sounding first call for retreat parade, and the women-folk were beginning to muster on the porches, and the warriors of the Foot along the opposite side at the barracks, and as Captain Barclay, a light rattan stick in his hand, came strolling back from stables, Lieutenant Brayton at his side, little Jim Lawrence made a dash from a group of children, and, in the full hearing of several officers and half a dozen women, a shrill, eager, childish voice piped out the fatal words,—

“Uncle Gal—Uncle Gal—what did Mr. Bwalligan mean by telling Mr. Winn to send his wife to you for money?”

Laura Winn herself was on the nearest piazza at the moment, stunningly handsome, and posing, evidently for a bow from her next-door neighbors as they came by. She and every other woman there distinctly heard the words and marked the effect.

Sir Galahad's face flushed crimson. He caught his little friend up in his arms and held him close to his burning cheek. "Hush, Jimmy boy. He meant nothing, and soldiers never repeat such nonsense. Run to sister Ada and help her get everything ready for papa's coming. Think, Jimmy, he'll be here by tattoo." And with a parting hug he set the youngster down at his door-step and started him on his way. Then, courteously raising his cap to the gathering on the nearest porch, and noting, as did they, that Mrs. Winn had disappeared within her hall, Barclay quickly entered his own portal, and nabbed Brayton as he was making a palpable "sneak" for the rear door. The youngster found escape impossible. Will he, nill he, the boy told the story as it had been told to him, Barclay standing looking straight into his eyes, as though reading his very soul, yet never saying a word beyond the original, "You heard what Jimmy said. It is another instance of 'out of the mouths of babes and sucklings,' Brayton. Now, tell me exactly what you know."

It was a warm May evening. A hot southwester had been blowing from the broad valley of the Rio Bravo, and the few men in the club-room at nine o'clock were demanding cooling drinks. Bralligan was there, looking somewhat solemn and sheepish. He knew that nothing but the presence of senior officers had prevented a serious fracas as the result of his asinine bray that morning, but, now that Winn was out of the way and the matter in the hands of his captain, he had no dread of the thrashing he deserved, and was disposed to an exhibition of bravado. A drink or two added to his truculence, as well as to his desire to resume the game interrupted that morning. There were always in those days a few reliable gamblers at the big frontier posts, and presently Bralligan, in his shirt-sleeves, was contemplating a sizable pile of chips and bantering a burly captain to "see his raise," when suddenly he became aware of a distracted look in the eyes of the group about the table, and, glancing towards the door, his own blood-shot orbs lighted upon the trim figure of Captain Barclay, standing calmly surveying the party,—Barclay, who never smoked, drank, or played cards, and who was reported to have started a movement for prayer-meetings among the enlisted men. His very presence in that atmosphere was ominous, especially as the gaze of his usually soft brown eyes was fixed on Bralligan. One or two men said, "Good-evening, captain," in an embarrassed way, but the Irish subaltern only stared, the half-grin on his freckled face giving place to an uneasy leer. On a bench to the left of the entrance stood a huge water-cooler, with gourds and glasses by its side. Underneath the spigot was a big wooden pail, two-thirds full of drippings and rinsings. Without a word, the new-comer stepped quietly within the room, picked up the bucket, and, striding straight to the table before Bralligan could spring to his feet, deftly inverted the vessel over the Irishman's astonished head, deluging him with discarded water and smashing the rim well down on his unprotected shoulders. An instant more, and Bralligan sent the bucket whirling at his assailant's head, which it missed by a yard, then, all dripping as he was, followed it in a furious charge. Sir Galahad "side-clipped" with the ease and nonchalance of long but

unsuspected practice, and let fly a white fist which found lodgement with stunning crash straight under the Irishman's ear, felling him like an ox.

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CHAPTER VIII.

AND so Ned Lawrence got back to Worth to find it far livelier than when he left it. The stage with its joyous escort had come trundling in just before tattoo, and first and foremost the returning wanderer was driven to his own doorway and left for half an hour with Ada and Jimmy—the one sobbing with joy, the other laughing with delight—on the father's knees. Then Mrs. Blythe stole in to bid them to the waiting supper, and, pending Lawrence's reappearance somewhere along the line, the officers gathered in low-voiced groups discussing the startling event of the evening. Bralligan, raging for the blood of the double-dashed, triple-adjectived hound who had assaulted him, had been lugged home by two or three of his kind, consoled by Captain Mullane with the assurance that he'd see that the preacher gave him full satisfaction in the morning, for, with native love of a ruction, Mullane stood ready to bear the subaltern's challenge, even though his better nature told him the ducking was richly deserved: with Irish honor in question, Mullane was for fight. Frazier and Brooks, of course, said the seniors present, must not be allowed official knowledge of what had taken place, though in those benighted days of magnificent distances from the centre of civilization and the exploring grounds of reporters of the press, many a stirring row was settled without its ever being heard of beyond the limits of the garrison in which it occurred. Captain Barclay, contenting himself with the one blow, despite an unchristian impulse to follow it up with a kick at the sprawling figure, had stood calmly by when Bralligan's associates lifted him, half stunned, to his feet, then, addressing himself to Mullane, with just the least tremor in his voice and twitching to his muscles, remarked, "Of course you know what led to this, sir. If your lieutenant desires to follow it up, you can find me at my quarters." Then, looking very deliberately around upon the little circle of flushed or pallid faces,—there were only five officers present,—he slowly turned, walked away, and shut himself in his room.

A light was still burning there when Brayton tiptoed in at half-past ten. He, with several other cavalymen, had been sitting in the major's parlor, listening to Lawrence's tale of his experiences in Washington. Winn had rejoined the party late, and one glance at his face was enough to tell Brayton that somewhere he had heard of the fracas at the club-room. Brayton's boyish heart was bubbling over with pride and delight in this new and unlooked-for side to his captain. Every day of his service with that officer only served to strengthen the regard and admiration Brayton felt for him. Barclay had made no pretence of being a cavalryman on the strength of his assignment to that arm. He started with the assertion that he had everything to learn, and then surprised his subaltern by an extensive knowledge of

what we then called "the tactics." He was certainly not as much at home in saddle as on foot, and did not pretend to be, but he was by no means a poor or ungraceful rider. He had a light, gentle hand, at least,—a thing much harder for most men to acquire than a good seat. He was very cool, just, and level-headed with the members of the troop, not a few of whom thought to "run it" on the "doughboy" captain; but all such projects had flattened out within the fortnight after his coming. Barclay might not know horses, but he did know men, and the first sergeant was the first to find it out,—the new captain calmly and almost confidentially pointing out to him, after ten days of apparently casual glancings over the mess-room and kitchen, that the men were not getting their proper allowance of coffee, and that the savings made on the rations did not all go where they belonged.

"Boy an' man, sorr," began Sergeant Sullivan, oratorically and with fine indignation, "I've sarved in the dragoons or cavalry the best fifteen years of me life, and this is the furrst time me honor's been called into account. I shall tindher me resignation at wanst."

"I have had its acceptance in contemplation for some days, sergeant," was the calm response. "But first we'll overhaul the accounts."

"Currnel Larns's, sorr, would niver have treated an ould soldier in this way."

"That, I fear, is true," was the imperturbable response, "and as a consequence the colonel appears to have been robbed right and left,—your own name being brought into question. That will answer for the present, sergeant."

And when the troop heard that Denny Sullivan had been "broke" and was to be tried by court-martial for thieving, great was the comment excited, and the men began to wonder what manner of doughboy was this, after all, that had come to them,—the doughboy that ould Denny had so confidently counted on running to suit himself. But this didn't begin to be all. A very acute trailer was Galahad. Those were days in which only a subaltern, and not always even a subaltern, was expected to appear at morning stables; but the new captain liked to rise early, he said. He was up with the sun or earlier, and hoof- or wheel-tracks about the stables before the herd was led forth to water never escaped his attention, yet apparently never excited remark. Within the third week, however, another non-commissioned officer was suddenly nabbed, and so was a wagon-load of forage, going off to a neighboring ranch at four o'clock in the morning. Meantime the men noted that their coffee and rations were better and more bountiful, and soldiers are quick to receive impressions that come by way of the stomach. "The new captain is knocking out the old abuses," said they, and it was wonderful how soon the ex-doughboy made his way into their good graces. There had been some disposition on the part of the wits in other companies to refer to Barclay's men as "The Parson's Own" when it was announced that the captain had attended the chaplain's evening service, but even that was beginning to die out, when all of a sudden it was noised abroad this evening that the redoubtable Bralligan had been felled by a single blow of that Quaker fist.

Brayton was fairly quivering with excitement this night of nights,

and could not sleep. He longed to see his captain and hear his version of the affair, but the door was tightly closed instead of being invitingly open, and he dared not intrude. Not one word had been said about the matter at the major's, but Brayton knew it would soon be known even to the officer in command. So long, however, as it was not reported to him officially, Frazier would probably let the affair take its course. Bralligan deserved the knock-down, and doubtless would be glad enough to let the matter end there. But, thought Brayton, if he should demand satisfaction, and Barclay's religious or conscientious scruples were to prevent his acceptance, "*then* comes my chance," for the youngster himself proposed to take it up. He had no scruples. He had been longing for a chance to kick that cad Bralligan for over a year, and after all it was Barclay that got it.

Eleven o'clock, and Barclay's light still burned. Eleven-thirty, and still, reading or writing, the captain seemed occupied in the old poker room, and the door remained closed. Once or twice Brayton heard him moving about, and in his own excitement and interest the boy found it impossible to think of anything else. Twelve o'clock came. He was beginning to undress and prepare for bed, still uneasily watching the light shining through the crack of the door, when his straining ears caught the sound of a footfall underneath his window. It opened on the yard, and the sill was only five feet or so above the ground. A hand was uplifted without and tapped gently on the sash, and as Brayton drew aside the curtain Harry Winn's face was revealed in the moonlight.

"Come to the porch in front," he muttered low. "I must speak with you."

Brayton was out on the dark piazza in half a minute. He found Winn nervously pacing the boards.

"I told my wife I had to come out and think quietly awhile," he said, as he extended a hand to his silent classmate. "She heard of this—this damnable business almost as quick as it happened. That girl of ours hears everything and tells anything. There's no doubt about it, I suppose. You were there? You heard it at once, didn't you? What does—*he* say?" And Winn's nod indicated that he meant Barclay.

"Nothing," said Brayton, briefly. "I haven't seen him——"

"But he's up. The light's in his window. He's writing—or something. Look here, Brayton, you know what's got to come of this. That damned Irishman must challenge him, or be cut and kicked about by all his kind in the cavalry. It isn't Barclay's fight; it's mine. The more I think of it the more I know that, contemptible a blackguard as Bralligan is, he is still an officer of the regiment. He has been knocked down, and has the right to demand the only satisfaction there is for a blow. You know it as well as I do. What I've got to do right here and now is to take that fight off Barclay's hands, and you've got to help me."

"S'pose he don't want it taken off his hands," said Brayton, sturdily. "He told him plain enough he was ready to meet any demand——"

Winn reddened even in the pallid moonlight. "I say no man in this garrison fights on my wife's account except me—or with me. They're up with Bralligan now, two or three of them, and I want you to go there with me at once as my witness. I mean to cowhide him to-night. Then if he wants a meeting in the morning, I'm his man." And as he spoke Winn thrashed nervously at the railing with the stout whip he carried in his hand.

"That won't fix it," answered Brayton, "and you ought to have sense enough to know it. Barclay has the precedence. The Mick couldn't challenge you until he'd fought him—or been refused a fight. You go to bed, Winn," and Brayton spoke even lower. "Your wife must have heard you just now, and first thing you know Barclay will hear you, and"—with almost comical irrelevance—"you don't want to meet him this way, when you haven't even called on him."

Winn reddened again. There was a tinge of bitterness in his tone as he answered,—

"Don't trouble yourself about Mrs. Winn's hearing. She's placidly asleep—long ago. As for my not calling, you know I've only been out of my bed three days or so, and Captain Barclay must understand that a man burdened as I have been is in no mood for social observances. This is all begging the question. You're the only man I can ask to be my second. Finish your dressing now and come."

"Winn, I won't do it," said Brayton, with flat-footed decision. "This is my captain's affair, and, from what I've seen of him since he joined, I'm bound to say what's his is mine. Besides, you've got no business mixing up in the matter. You've got your wife to think of, and you've got that commissary business to straighten out. Barclay and I have no encumbrances of either kind." At the moment, I fear me, the young gentleman could have added, "Thank God!" for, with all his appreciation of the physical perfections of his classmate's wife, Mr. Brayton was keenly aware of her many extravagances.

"Of course I've a wife," answered Winn, hotly. "It's because of her I feel bound to take this up. As for that commissary money, every cent will be here to square the shortage, whether I am or not. I'll tell you what others— No! I can't even tell you, Brayton. But an old friend of my father's has offered his help. Now, once more, will you come or not?"

"No, Winn. You know well enough I'd see you through if— Hush! There's Mullane and some one else coming out of his quarters now."

"Then, by God! I'll go alone," exclaimed Winn, "and it's got to be done before they get away." And he would have gone springing down the steps, but Brayton seized and held him.

"For God's sake, Harry, be quiet to-night. Don't go near him. Quiet, man! Can't you see? Those fellows are coming this way now!"

True enough, Mullane and his companion, who had issued from the fourth set of quarters down to the left, turned northward the moment they reached the walk, the moonlight gleaming on the buttons of their uniform frock-coats, but the sight and faint sound of scuffling

on Winn's porch seemed to attract their attention. They stopped as though to reconnoitre, and just then the front door of Brayton's hall opened wide, and, with the broad light at his back, Captain Barclay stepped quietly forth.

"Brayton," he said, "you left the door ajar, and it was impossible not to hear the latter part of this conference.—Mr. Winn, I presume," he continued, with calm, courteous bow, as the two young men, unclasping, turned and faced him. "I infer that you purpose going to Mr. Bralligan's quarters—now. Let me urge that you do nothing of the kind. Brayton is right. I see that, late as it is, some of their party are moving this way. Pray remember that as yet this is entirely my affair."

There was no time for other answer than a bow, a mumbled word or two, an embarrassed acceptance of the hand extended by the captain. Just as he said, Mullane and his friend were coming rapidly up the walk. They passed the Winns' gate, entered that of Brayton, and then it appeared that Mullane's friend was the ubiquitous Hodge, that Mullane was manifestly in his glory, and that both were perceptibly in liquor.

"Gentlemen," said the doughty captain, halting at the foot of the steps and raising his forage-cap with magnificent sweep, "gentlemen, I am the bearer of a missige from me frind Mr. Bralligan. Have I the honor of addressin' Captain Barclay?" Fondly did Mullane imagine that he impressed his hearers as did Sir Lucius O'Trigger; and much did he remind one of them, at least, of Captain Costigan of blessed memory.

"This is Captain Barclay," that gentleman answered, in low tones, with a smile of amusement at Mullane's grandiloquent prelude, yet stepping quickly forward to meet the envoys. Winn could not but note that the captain's movement accomplished at once two objects. It left him and Brayton in the shade; it kept Mullane and Hodge in the moonlight and off the steps. "Pardon my suggesting that a lady sleeps in the front room aloft there, and that you speak low, so as not to disturb her. Where is your message?"

This was trying. Mullane loved his chest tones as he did his whiskey. His low voice was apt to be thick and husky and unimpressive, and to-night he was over-weighted with the sense of the gravity and importance of his mission, if with nothing else.

"Sorr," he said, with another flourish of the cap, "in accordance with the practice of gentlemen in the old arrumy, I am the bearer of a verrbal missige——"

The Quaker captain had already amazed the old dragoon sergeants by the intricacy and extent of his knowledge of their manners and customs. Now came a surprise for the officers.

"Pardon my interrupting," he said. "I do not assume to instruct in such matters, but there is manifestly only one kind of message 'according to the customs of the old army,'" and here he smiled quietly, "that should come from Mr. Bralligan now, and it must come in writing. I decline to recognize any other." Here Brayton nudged Winn approvingly, but the subalterns maintained a decorous silence.

"I've niver hurr'd of a challenge being refused on that account," said Mullane, majestically, "and if me wurreds are not sufficient, here's me friund Mr. Hodge——"

"Your words are not brought into question, Captain Mullane, but the manner of your message is. Let your friend put it in writing, and it will be received. Good-night to you, sir."

And, to Mullane's utter amaze and confusion, quickly followed by an explosion of wrath, Captain Barclay coolly turned and walked within-doors.

"Hould on dthere!" cried Mullane, as he started to spring up the steps, but Brayton stepped in front of him, and Hodge nervously grabbed his arm. Neither knew much of the "code" of the old days, but each had learned that Barclay rarely made a mistake. Winn, too, tall and strong, stepped in front of the angry Irishman as he broke out into expletives. "No more of that here, captain," he cried, forgetful of any consideration of rank. "This noise will wake the post. Rest assured your principal will get all the fight he wants;" and then, with growing wrath, for Mullane was struggling to come to the steps, "so will you, by God, if you advance another foot."

"Winn—Winn, for heaven's sake, I say!" cried Brayton, seizing the uplifted arm. "Go home, Mullane. Damn it, you're in no shape to handle such a matter to-night. Go home, or I swear I'll call the officer of the day. He's coming now!" he exclaimed; and it was true, for the sound of excited voices had reached the adjoining quarters, and out from the doorway, sashed and belted, came the massive form of Captain Blythe, his sabre clanking on the door-sill. Out, too, from Winn's hallway shot a broad beam of light, and hastening along the porch came a tall, graceful form in some clinging rose-tinted wrapper, all beribboned and fluffy and feminine. The men fell away and Mullane drew back as Mrs. Winn scurried to her husband's side and laid her white hand on his arm. Forth again on the other side of Winn came Barclay, and his deep tones broke the sudden silence.

"Captain Mullane, leave this spot instantly," he ordered, stern and low. "I'll answer to you in the morning."

"Come out of this, Mullane," demanded Blythe, striding in at the gate. "Delay one second, and I'll order you under arrest."

Up slowly went Mullane's cap with the same incomparable sweep. "In the prisince of leedies," said he, "I'm disarrumed. Captain Barclay, I'll see ye in the marrnin'."

But when the marrnin' came both Mullane and his principal, beside bewildering headaches, had graver matters to deal with than even a very pretty quarrel.

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## CHAPTER IX.

FROM the night of her brilliant appearance at the garrison ball, not once had Mrs. Winn an opportunity to exchange a dozen words with Captain Barclay. Her husband, as has been said, had failed to call on his new next-door neighbor, although Winn had been well enough to

be about for several days, and until he did call it was impossible for Barclay to enter their doors, and expedient that he should avoid Mrs. Winn wherever it was possible to do so. This might not have been difficult, even though the same roof covered both households,—that of the Winns on the south and that of the Barclay-Brayton combination on the north side,—but for Laura Winn herself, who seemed to be out on the porch every afternoon as the captain came walking back from stables; and the women who were apt to gather at Mrs. Blythe's at that time declared that there was something actually inviting, if not imploring, in the way Mrs. Winn would watch for him, and bow, and seem to hover where he could hardly avoid speaking to her. Three times at least since that memorable party had she been there "on watch," as Mrs. Faulkner expressed it, and though his bow was courtesy itself, and his "Good-evening, Mrs. Winn," most respectful, and even kindly, if one could judge by the tone of his voice, not another word did he speak. He passed on to his own gateway, Brayton generally at his side, and his stable dress was changed for parade uniform or dinner before he again made his appearance.

After the manner of the day, most of the cavalry contingent stopped in at the club-room on the way back from evening stables. Brayton used to do so, but, though no one could say his captain had preached to him on the subject, some influence either of word or of example had taken effect, and the young bachelor seemed entirely content to cut the club and the social tittle, and to trudge along by his new companion's side. They had been getting "mighty thick" for captain and second lieutenant, said some of the others; but, serenely indifferent to what others said, the two kept on their way.

"Thought you were goin' to wear mournin' for Lawrence the rest of your natural life, Brayton; and here you are tyin' to Barclay as if Lawrence had never lived," said Mr. Bralligan, only a day or two before Lawrence's return, and Brayton started almost as though stung. What Bralligan said was not half as ill grounded as most of his statements, and Brayton was conscious of something akin to guilt and self-reproach. In common with most of the regiment, he had felt very sore over Lawrence's going. He had been much attached to that gallant and soldierly captain, but now that another had taken his place, and he could compare or contrast the two, the youngster began to realize with something like a pang of distress—as though it were disloyal to think so—that in many ways Barclay was "head and shoulders" the superior man. Lawrence never rose till eight o'clock except when in the field. Lawrence rarely read anything but the papers and interminable controversies over the war. Lawrence, despite the claims of Ada and little Jimmy, often spent an evening at the club, and always stopped there on his way from stables. Lawrence never studied, and off the drill-ground never taught. Indeed, almost all the drills the troop had known for months and months Brayton himself had conducted. No wonder the boy had wasted hours of valuable time. No wonder there was a little game going on among the youngsters in Brayton's "back parlor" many a day. He had simply been started all wrong.

But even before Barclay's books were unpacked the new captain had found means to interest the young fellow in professional topics that Lawrence had never seemed to mention. Barclay had evidently been taking counsel with progressive soldiers before joining his new regiment, had been reading books of their choosing, and among others was a valuable treatise on the proper method of biting horses, and he found that here was a matter that Lawrence and Brayton had never thought of and that Brayton said was never taught them at the Point,—which was strictly true. To the amaze and unspeakable indignation of Denny Sullivan, who was soon to be overhauled on graver points, the doughboy had taken his lieutenant from horse to horse in the troop as they stood at rest during drill, and shown him at least twenty bits out of the forty-five in line that were no fit at all. He showed him some that were too broad from bar to bar and that slid to and fro in the tortured creature's mouth; others that hung too low, almost "fell through;" others whose curb-chain or strap, instead of fitting in the groove, bore savagely on the delicate bones above it and tormented the luckless charger every time his rider drew rein. Barclay gave the boy his own carefully studied hand-book; not another cavalry officer then at Worth had read it, though several had heard of it. The youngster was set to work fitting new bits by measurement to the mouth of every horse in the troop.

Then Barclay drew him into the discussion of the cavalry system of saddling as then prescribed,—the heavy tree set away forward close to the withers,—and Brayton could only say that "that was tactics and the way they'd always done it." But Galahad pointed out that the tactics then in use were written of a foreign dragoon saddle with a long flat bearing surface. It was all very well for that to be set as far forward as it would go, because even then the centre of gravity of the rider would be well back on the horse. "But," said he, "you take this short McClellan tree, place that away forward, and then set a man in it; his centre of gravity will rest in front of the centre of motion of the horse,—will throw the weight on the forehand and use up his knees and shoulders in no time." This, too, set Brayton to studying and thinking, while Mullane and Fellows declared Sir Galahad a crank, and even Brooks and Blythe, wedded to tradition, thought him visionary. Then when the books came, Galahad unpacked, and just where the poker-table used to stand it stood now, but it was covered with beautiful maps of Alsace and Lorraine, and Galahad's desk with pamphlets sent him from abroad, the earliest histories of the memorable campaign about Metz and Sedan. The next thing Brayton knew he was as deeply interested as his captain, and, lo, other men came to look and wonder and go off shaking their heads,—those of them who were of the Mullane persuasion sneering at those "book-generals," while others, like Blythe, pulled up a chair as invited and followed the junior captain through his modest explanation with appreciative eyes. Those were days when there was all too little time for study and improvement, thanks to the almost incessant Indian scouting required; but here was Worth, a big post, and here was a four-troop battalion with a gentleman and not a bad soldier at its head, and

it had not occurred to him to teach them anything or to require of them anything beyond the usual attention to stables, troop-drill, and an occasional parade. If his men were reasonably ready to take the field in pursuit of Kiowa, Comanche, or horse-thief, and to furnish escort for ambulance and train when the disbursing officers went to and fro, that was all that could be expected of him or them in those halcyon days. And now "this blasted doughboy substitute" had come down here and was proposing to stir them all up, make them all out "so many ignoramuses," said Mullane. "Bedad, the thing is revolutionary!" And that was enough to damn it, for revolution is a thing no Irishman will tolerate, when he doesn't happen to be in it himself.

Still another thing had occurred to make Barclay something apart from the bachelors. No sooner had his modest kit of household goods arrived than the unused kitchen of Brayton's quarters was fitted up; Hannibal was ensconced therein; a neat little dining-room was made of what had been designed for a small bedchamber on the ground-floor, and Barclay amazed the mess by setting forth champagne the last evening he dined there as a member, and then retired to the privacy of his own establishment, as he had at Sanders. The Winns' housemaid had of course dropped in to see how Hannibal was getting along, and dropped out to tell her discoveries, which were few. Then Brayton found the mess saying things about Barclay he could not agree with, and he, too, resigned and became a messmate of his captain,—a change for the better that speedily manifested itself in the healthy white of his clear eyes and a complexion that bore no trace of fiery stimulants such as were indulged in elsewhere. Then there was talk of others leaving the "Follansbee family" and asking to join at Brayton's, and this gave umbrage to Erin as represented in the bachelors' mess. And so an anti-Barclay feeling had sprung up at the post, among the unlettered at least, and these were days in which the unlettered were numerous. "Sorry for you, Brayton, me boy," grinned the senior sub of Fellows's troop. "It must be tough to come down to this after Lawrence." And he was amazed at Brayton's reply.

"Tough? Yes, for it shows me how much time I've wasted."

"Wait till we get Galahad out on the trail wid his new-fangled bits and seats," sneered Mullane but a day or two before. "That'll take the damned nonsense out of him. Faith, whin he goes I hope I may go along too to see the fun."

And, sooner than he thought for, the Irish captain had his wish.

One o'clock had just been called off by the sentries, and the moon was well over to the west, when the door of the major's quarters was opened and he with his lingering guests came forth upon the broad piazza, the red sparks of their cigars gleaming anew as they felt the fan of the rising breeze. Clear and summer-like as was the sky, there was a reminder of the snow-peaks in the wings of the wind, and Lawrence huddled his old cavalry cape about his shoulders as he faced it. He was talking eagerly, perhaps a little bombastically, of this great new mining company in which Buffstick was prominent as a director. He was full of hope and anticipation and disposed to patronize a trifle his friends who, wedded to the humdrum of the army, were

debarred from so fine an opportunity of making money in abundance. So many of the number were going to do so much in the same way when first they left us for the broader paths of civil life.

"I tell you, Brooks," he said, "I wouldn't take ten thousand dollars cash this night for my chance of making twice that sum within the year. Buffstick turns everything he touches into gold."

"Wonder if Barclay knows these mines," said De Lancy, reflectively, flipping the ashes from the end of his cigar. "He has never opened his head about his mines to a soul. We don't know where they are."

"I don't know," said Lawrence, briefly. Even yet the mention of Barclay chafed him a bit. "I know this, though, that that company wouldn't offer me any such salary as twenty-five hundred dollars a year just to boss their men, unless there was big money in it somewhere. It's the first time I ever knew what it was to be indifferent to the coming of the paymaster. By the way, he ought to be here day after to-morrow, or to-morrow night in fact; it's long after twelve now. The escorts were warned as we came along."

"I think it a mistake," said Brooks, gravely, "to let any one know beforehand when the paymaster is to start. That Friday gang probably musters a hundred by this time. It's where all our thieves and deserters go. I haven't a doubt your old sergeant has joined them by this time, Lawrence. I believe that's where Marsden's gone, and that we'll hear from them in force again before we're a month older. They've kept reasonably quiet all winter, but June isn't far off. I'm blessed if I would want to make that trip from San Antonio with forty thousand dollars in greenbacks with less than a big troop of cavalry to guard it."

"He's got more money than that this time," said Lawrence. "Most of these men have four months' pay due them; so have the cavalry along the route. He has two other posts to pay. Hallo!" he cried, breaking suddenly off, "what's all the light about down at the sutler's? Here comes the sergeant of the guard."

Running diagonally across the parade, the moonlight glinting on his buttons and accoutrements, an infantry non-commissioned officer was speeding towards the quarters of Captain Blythe, near the upper end of the row; but, catching sight of the group at the major's, he suddenly swerved and came straight towards them, springing over the gurgling *acequia* and the dusty roadway and halting at the gate.

"What is it, sergeant?" asked two or three voices at once.

"I was looking for the officer of the day, sir. Is he here?"

"Over at his quarters, probably. What's amiss?"

"There's two of Fuller's men in, sir, from Crockett,—just about played out. They swear that not an hour after sunset the whole Friday gang—it couldn't have been anything else—came a-riding out from the foot-hills over towards the Wild Rose and kept on to the southeast. They saw the dust against the sky and hid in the rocks away off to the east of the trail, and they swear there must have been fifty of 'em at least."

He had hardly time to finish the words when the sutler himself

came galloping over the parade, "hot foot," on his wiry mustang, and drew up in front of the gate. "Has the sergeant told you?" he asked, breathlessly. "It's Reed and his partner,—two of the best men on my ranch,—and they can't be mistaken. You know what it must mean, gentlemen. The gang is after the paymaster, and I think Colonel Frazier should know at once." No wonder Fuller was breathless, bareheaded, and only half dressed. Anywhere from thirty to forty thousand dollars might be diverted from its proper and legitimate use if that Friday gang should overpower the guard and get away with it. His coffers were filled with sutler checks redeemable in currency at the pay-table, as was the vaunted way of the old army. It was a case of feast or famine with Fuller, and he poured his tale into sympathetic ears. Brooks himself went over to the colonel's, and found that weasel of a chief already awake. Mrs. Frazier didn't allow galloping over her parade in the dead of the night without an attempt to detect the perpetrator. That vigilant dame had more than once brought graceless skylarkers to terms, and the *quadrupedante putrem sonitu* of Fuller's mustang represented to her incensed and virtuous ears only the mad lark of some scapegrace subaltern, who perchance had not been as attentive to 'Manda as he should have been, and she was out of dream-land and over at the window before Fuller fairly drew rein.

"What is it, Brooks, me boy?" asked Frazier from his casement, as did gallant O'Dowd of his loyal Dobbin. "I'll be down in a minute." By the time he reached the door Fuller had hurried up his stiff and wearied scouts, and in the presence of a little party of officers the story was told again, and told without break or variation. There was only one opinion. The scattered outlaws had easily got wind of the coming of the paymaster with his unusual amount of treasure, and, quickly assembling, they were heading away to meet him far to the southeast of the big post, very possibly planning to ambuscade the party in the winding defiles of the San Saba Hills. Not a moment was to be lost. For the first time the full weight of his divorce from all that was once his profession and his pride fell on Ned Lawrence, as for an instant the colonel's eyes turned to him as of old,—the dashing and successful leader of the best scouts sent from Worth in the last two years. Then, as though suddenly realizing that he had no longer that arm to lean on, old Frazier spoke:

"Why, Brooks, you'll have to go. I can't trust such a command to Mullane, and it'll take two companies at least."

And twenty minutes later, answering the sharp summons of their veteran sergeants, the men of Mullane's and Barclay's troops were tumbling out of their bunks and into their boots, "hell-bent for a rousin' ride," and the old captain of Troop "D" was saying to the new, "Captain Barclay, may I ask you for a mount? I've been longing for two years past for a whack at this very gang, and now that the chance has come I cannot stay here and let my old troop go."

And all men present marked the moment of hesitation, the manner of reluctance, before Barclay gravely answered, "There is nothing at my disposal to which you are not most welcome, Colonel Lawrence; and yet—do you think—you ought to go?"

"I could not stay here, sir, and see my old troop go without me," was the answer.

Few were the families at Fort Worth that were not up and out on the piazzas or at the windows to see Brooks's detachment as it marched away in the light of the setting moon just as the stars were paling in the eastern sky; but the merciful angel of sleep spread her hushing wings over the white bed where two children lay dreaming, and never until the troopers were miles beyond the vision of the keen-eyed sentries did Ada know that the loved father, restored to her but a few hours before, was once more riding the Texan trail, soldier sense of duty leading on, and God alone knowing to what end.

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#### CHAPTER X.

THE day that broke on old Fort Worth thus late in a sunshiny May proved one of deep anxiety. There was no telegraph wire then to connect it with the distant head-quarters of the department. If there had been it would have been cut six times a week. There was no way of waving back the coming convoy or of signalling danger. Crockett Springs lay a long day's ride to the southeast, and the little troop of cavalry there in camp was looking for the coming of no call upon it for duty until early on the morrow it should supply the paymaster and his party with breakfast, the ambulance with fresh mules and driver, and the night riders of the escort with their relief. Forty troopers from Crockett Springs would take the place of those who had come from the San Saba, and trot along with the paymaster until, somewhere about midway to Worth, they should meet the forty sent out the previous night to bivouac on the prairie and be ready to take up the gait and keep it until the man of money and his safe were well within the limits of the reservation. But the fifty-mile stage from Crockett to the southeast was the worst on the long line. The road wound over the divide to the valley of the San Saba, and on the way had to twist and turn through defiles of the range of hills, where more than a dozen times Indians and outlaws had defied the little detachments of cavalry scouting after them. The worst part of the pass lay some twenty miles beyond the stage station at Crockett Springs. Neither Indians nor outlaws, to be sure, had been heard of in that neighborhood for several months, but that proved nothing. It was easy for the latter to sweep from their supposed fastnesses in the Apache range to the west, and, issuing from the Wild Rose Pass, to water miles below the springs and then line the rocks in the heart of the San Saba Pass, without a trooper being the wiser. Forty cavalymen, as Lawrence knew, would be the major's escort from the camp on the Rio San Saba beyond the range. Forty men disciplined and organized ought ordinarily to be able to cope with any band of outlaws to be found in Texas. But when, as was now reasonably certain, this far-famed Friday gang had received accessions from the troops themselves and had welcomed the deserters and desperadoes so fre-

quently sloughed off from the soldier skin of Uncle Sam in the days close following the great war, there was grave reason for precaution, and graver still for anxiety. Question as he might, Frazier could not shake an atom of the original statement of Fuller's men. Fifty mounted outlaws, at least count, with a dozen led horses, they had seen through their field-glass far over the prairie, pushing southeastward from the direction of Wild Rose Pass of the Apache range, straight for the lower valley through which ran the little stream that had its source at Crockett Springs.

So there were anxious hearts at Worth, for, while it was felt that Brooks would lose no moment and was well on his way at four o'clock of this bright Sunday morning, he had still some sixty miles to traverse before he could get to Crockett, rest and bait his men and horses, pick up Cramer's troop there camped, and then push ahead for the San Saba, where he expected to find the outlaw gang disposed in ambush, confidently awaiting the coming of their prey.

Now, Brooks had men enough to thrash them soundly, but unless he caught them in the act of spoliation he lacked authority. Just as sure as he pitched into a force of armed frontiersmen, they would appeal to the courts, and public sentiment would be dead against him. He could doubtless push ahead through the range, careless of lurking scouts of the would-be robbers, meet Major Pennywise and his protectors, and escort them back in safety. That problem presented no great difficulty; but what Frazier wanted and Brooks wanted and everybody, presumably, wanted was that the outlaws should be caught in the act and be punished then and there. The question was how to catch them in the act without being themselves discovered, and before the gang had had time to inflict much damage on the paymaster's party. There was the rub. "Why, their first volley, delivered from ambush, might kill half the outfit and the paymaster too," said Frazier. "No, we dare not risk it, Brooks. Push through and pull him through, that's the best we can do—unless," and here came the redeeming clause, "unless on the way you should light on some unforeseen chance. Then—use your discretion."

Mounted on the very horse he used to ride as troop commander, and with the old familiar horse-equipments, Ned Lawrence left the post at the major's side. He had slept as only soldiers can, curled up in the stage-coach, during the previous afternoon, and was in far better trim for the long ride in saddle than Captain Mullane, who with bleary eyes and muddled head rode *solus* in front of the leading troop, his one lieutenant, Mr. Bralligan, being reported by Dr. Collabone's assistant as sick in quarters, which indeed he was, with a lump the size of an apple on the side of his head, and another, apparently the heft and density of a six-pounder cannon-ball, rolling about inside of it. "D" Troop, jogging easily along at the rear of column, was led by Barclay and Brayton, both of whom had marked the absence of the subaltern of the leading company, and neither of whom was surprised when ten miles out there came galloping past them, with a touch of the hand to his hat-brim, the late regimental commissary, Lieutenant Harry Winn.

"That's good!" said Brayton, as he saw his classmate ride up to the major and report, then fall back and range himself alongside Mullane. But Barclay was silent.

"You think he ought not to have come?" asked Brayton, half hesitatingly, as he glanced at his silent leader.

"I'm thinking more of others—who should be here," was the answer. "Yet those two have so much to leave." And Brayton, following the glance of his captain's eyes, fully understood.

The morning grew warm as the sun began to climb above the distant low-lying hills to the east. The dust soon rose in dense clouds from beneath the crushing hoofs, and, leaving Brayton with the troop, Barclay cut across the chord of a long arc in the trail and reined up alongside the major. The command at the moment was moving at a sharp trot through a long, low depression in the prairie-like surface. Brooks returned the captain's punctilious salute with a cheery nod and cordial word of greeting.

"With your permission, sir, I will fall back a hundred yards or so, divide the troop into sections, and so avoid the dust."

Brooks glanced back over his shoulder. "Why, certainly, captain," said he. "I ought to have known the dust would be rising by this time. It's eight o'clock," he continued, glancing at his watch. Barclay turned in saddle and signalled with his gauntlet, whereat Brayton slackened speed to the walk, and a gap began to grow between the rearmost horses of Mullane's troop and the head of "D's" already dusty column.

"Ride with us a moment, won't you, Barclay?" called the major, significantly, as his subordinate seemed on the point of reining aside to wait for his men. "I want you two to know each other." And the new and the old captain of "D" Troop, who had courteously shaken hands with each other when presented in the dim light of the declining moon at four o'clock, now trotted side by side, Lawrence eying his successor with keen yet pleasant interest. He had been hearing all manner of good of him during the wakeful watches of the night, and was manfully fighting against the faint yet irrepressible feeling of jealous dislike with which broader and better men than he have had to struggle on being supplanted. Do what he might to battle against it, Lawrence had been conscious of it hour after hour, and felt that he winced time and again when some of the callers spoke even guardedly of the changes Barclay was making in the old troop, changes all men except the ultra-conservative ranker element (as the ranker was so often constituted at that peculiar time, be it understood) could see were for the better.

"You and Barclay lead on, will you, Ned?" said the major, in his genial way. "I wish to speak with Mullane a moment." Whereat he reined out to the right and waited for the big Irishman to come lunging up. Mullane was already spurring close at his heels, gloomily eying the combination in front. "There are Oirish and Oirish," as one of their most appreciative and broad-minded exponents, Private Terence Mulvaney, has told us; and it galled the veteran dragoon to see his junior in rank bidden to ride even for the moment at the

head of the swiftly moving column. So, reckless of the fact that his individual spurt would call for a certain forcing of the pace along his entire troop, now moving in long column of twos, Mullane had spurred his horse to close the twelve-yard gap between himself and the major's orderly, determined that there should be no conference of the powers in which he was not represented.

"Captain Mullane," said Brooks, "I see it is getting dusty. You might divide into sections, as 'D' troop has done, and keep fifty yards apart, so that the dust can blow aside and not choke your men."

"This is 'L' Troop, sorr, and my men are not babes in arrums," was Mullane's magnificent reply. At any other time he might have felt the pertinence of the suggestion, but here was a case where a doughboy captain, bedad, had instigated the measure for the comfort of his men. That was enough to damn it in the eyes of the old dragoon. The answer was shouted, too, with double intent. Mullane desired Barclay to hear what he thought of such over-solicitude; but Barclay, riding onward sturdily if not quite so easily as was Lawrence, gave no sign. He was listening, with head inclined, to the words of the keen campaigner on his right.

Brooks was quick to note the intention of the Irish officer, and equally quick to note the flushed and inflamed condition of his face, the thickness of his tongue. "So ho, my Celtic friend," said he, as he saw that two canteens were swung on the off side of Mullane's saddle, one at the cantle under the rolled blanket, the other half shaded by the bulging folds of the overcoat at the pommel. "I thought there was more whiskey than wit in your eagerness at the start; now I know it."

But even to Mullane the major would not speak discourteously. "We all know 'L' Troop is ready for anything, captain," he smilingly answered, "but I have to call for unusual exertion to-day, and the fresher they are to-night the better. Let them open out, as I say," he continued; and Mullane saw it was useless to put on further airs.

"You 'tind to it, sergeant," he grunted over his shoulder to his loyal henchman, and then, uninvited, ranged up alongside the leader.

The prairie was open here; the road split up into several tracks from time to time, and the men could have ridden platoon front without much difficulty for two or three miles. Away to the southeast the ground rose in slow, gradual, almost imperceptible slope to the edge of the far horizon, not a tree or shrub exceeding a yard in height breaking anywhere the dull monotony of the landscape. Eastward, miles and miles away, a line of low rolling hills framed the dull hues of the picture. Northward there was the same almost limitless expanse of low, lazy undulation. To the right front, the south and southwest, the land seemed to fall away in even longer, lazier billows, until it flattened out into a broad valley, drained by some far-distant, invisible stream. Only to the west and northwest, over their right shoulders, was there gleam of something brighter. The faint blue outline of the far-away Apache range was still capped in places by glistening white, while straight away to the northwest, back of and beyond the dim dust-cloud through which the swallow-tailed guidons were peeping,

hovered over their winding trail the bold and commanding heights, Fort Worth's shelter against the keen blasts that swept in winter-time across the prairie from the upper valley of the Rio Bravo. Four hours out, and just where the road dipped into that broad deep swale a quarter-mile behind the rearmost troopers,—just where the wreck of one of Fuller's wagons and the bones of two of Fuller's mules and the soft spongy mud to the west of the trail told how the waters could gather there in the rainy season and evaporate to nothingness when needed in the dry,—a solitary stake driven into the yielding soil bore on bullet-perforated cross-board the legend, "20 miles to Worth and only 20 rods to Hell."

Only twenty miles in four hours, with fresh horses and the cool of the morning, and a paymaster with forty thousand dollars in deadly danger some sixty to eighty miles away. Slow going that, yet scientific. Not another drop of water could those lively chargers hope to have until they reached the springs at Crockett, forty miles away. Thrice has Brooks halted for brief ten minutes' rest, the resetting of saddles, etc., and now, after fifteen minutes' lively jog, he signals "walk" again, and glances back to watch the march of his men. By this time the column is long drawn out. The two troops are split up into four sections each, riding a little over a dozen men in a bunch; by this means they are relieved from the ill effects of the choking clouds of dust. Mullane halts with the major. It pleases him to convey the impression to his men that Brooks can't get along without him. A big pull at his pommel canteen, ten minutes back, has temporarily braced him, and he wants to talk, whereas Brooks, intent on the duty before him, wishes to think.

"Hwat time will we make Crockett's, major?"

"Not before five or five-thirty," is the brief answer.

"'L' Troop can do it in two hours less."

"So could 'D,' if it hadn't to push on again at nightfall." Brooks answers in civil tone, despite the hint conveyed by the brevity of his words, despite the conviction that is growing on him as he somewhat warily glances over his companion, that what "'L'" might do its captain won't do if he consults that canteen again. Two silent but keen-eared orderlies are sitting in saddle close beside their respective officers, and it will not do to give his thoughts away.

Then Mullane tries another tack. He seeks confidential relations with his chief; and when an Irishman has a man he is jealous of to talk about and whiskey to start him, he needs no supply of facts; they bubble from his seething brain, manufactured for the occasion.

"The Preacher was caught where he couldn't get out of it," says he, with a leering wink at the leading horseman. "Is he larnin' his thrade from Lawrence, afther robbin' him av his throup?"

And now Brooks fires up unexpectedly. Turning quickly on the Irishman with anger in his eyes, the major bends forward over the pommel. "Captain Mullane," he says, so low that the near-by troopers fail to catch his words, so distinctly that the captain cannot fail to, "there are things of more value in a trade than the tricks of it that you seem to know so well. You can learn more from Captain Barclay that is worth knowing than you can ever teach him, and I'll

listen to no slur at his expense. You've been drinking too much, Mullane. Take my advice and pull the stopper out of that canteen and put one on your tongue."

The Irishman boils up with wrath. The idea of Major Mildmaners pitching into him—him, that was once the pride of the Second Dragoons!—and praising that white-livered parson! Whurroo! Mullane at the moment could have flung commission and conscience to the wind, everything but that canteen. Nothing but the stern and icy stare in Brooks's usually benignant eye represses the outburst trembling on the tangling tip of his tongue.

"If you knew—what I know, sorr, that man'd not be ridin' wid his betthers," he begins, "and it's this night that'll prove me wurrds."

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## CHAPTER XI.

IT was at four o'clock of a blistering afternoon, twelve hours from the time of their start from the post, that the leaders in the long-extended column hove in sight of a patch of green down in a distant depression to the south that marked the site of Crockett Springs. Beyond it, hemming the broad, shallow valley, there rose a long wave of bare, desolate heights, rounded and billowing in soft and graceful contours as they rolled away northeastward, abrupt and jagged towards the south and southwest, where the stream seemed to have torn a pathway for the sudden torrents of the springtide that foamed away towards the broader valley of the Bravo. At the point where, rounding the nose of a low ridge, the trail twisted into view of Crockett's, the major halted to look back over his command, still tripping steadily onward in little bunches, each a dozen strong, each followed by its own little dust-cloud, each independent, apparently, of the others, yet moving as part of one harmonious train. Foremost, the group at the head of column had received accessions. Fuller, the sutler, finely mounted and bristling with arms of the latest and most approved pattern, backed by two sun-tanned Texans from his ranch, had overtaken the command at noon, bent on sharing its fortunes in the tussle anticipated with the outlaws; and they were now riding with "head-quarters," from which, on the other hand, two figures were missing,—Lawrence and one of the orderlies. As early as two o'clock the ex-captain had pushed on ahead, a double object in view, to warn Cramer's troop of the coming of the Worth command and the tidings they bore of the Friday gang, also to have a little party mount at once and gallop northeast, ten miles to the Saba trail,—a short cut from Worth to the San Saba Pass, used by horsemen in the rainy season. Captain Cramer might or might not have received warning of the appearance of the gang in the valley below his camp at the Springs; but the "Fridays," whoever their leader, would certainly have friends and confederates on the watch near Worth, friends who would probably take that very short cut and gallop at speed to warn the gang of the coming vengeance. Oddly enough, it was not Brooks nor Lawrence who was first to think of this, but

Barclay. It was his modest suggestion at the noon halt, a suggestion that was put in form of a question, that had opened the major's eyes. "I remember, sir," said he, "that the Springs lie in a sort of elbow; the trail runs nearly east and west for many miles beyond them, and nearly north and south on this side. Is there no way in which scouts could gallop across our left and give warning to those fellows?"

"By Jove!" said Brooks, "there's the old San Saba cut-off. What had we better do, Lawrence?" And Lawrence said, send at once a sergeant with a set of fours to the left, until they cut the trail, in order to prevent information going to the gang that way, and to report if any horsemen had already passed, which latter any old frontiersman could tell at a glance. Mullane, lurching drowsily in saddle all through the last stage, had thrown himself on the turf and gone sound asleep the moment the column halted. Only with extreme difficulty could he be aroused and made to understand what was wanted. Mr. Winn, standing silently by, turned his back on his temporary commander. He knew the Irish captain was well-nigh swamped with liquor, and he had no wish to bear witness against him. Those were days so close to the war that officers, old and new, still thought more of what a man had done than of what he was doing, and Mullane had been a gallant trooper. "You 'tind to it, sergeant," was again the Irishman's comprehensive order to his first sergeant when at last he grasped the significance of Brooks's words, and five horsemen rode away at the lope to the left front the moment the column again mounted. Again did Brooks see fit to caution his leading troop commander. "I am afraid you have sampled that whiskey once too often, Mullane. No more of it now, or you'll go to pieces when you are most needed," he muttered, then rode on to the head of column.

And the prediction came true. At the very next halt Mullane had fallen into a stupor so heavy that it was found impossible to rouse him. The assistant surgeon with the column made brief examination, then unslung and removed the canteen at the captain's pommel, and whispered his conclusion. "Better leave his horse and orderly here with him."

"Then," said the major, briefly, "Winn, you command 'L' Troop." And when again the column mounted, Barclay rode back and directed his leading section to incline to the right, so that they passed the lonely little group, the two horses placidly cropping at the scant herbage, the orderly squatting with averted face, filled at once with shame and sympathy, the recumbent figure sprawled upon the prairie, its bloated red visage buried in the blue-sleeved arms. Barclay's rearward sections instinctively followed the lead, and only furtive glances were cast, and no audible comments made. The ranks were full of tough characters in those days, yet imbued with a strange fidelity in certain lines that reminds one of the dog immortalized by Bret Harte at Red Gulch,—the dog that had such deep sympathy for a helplessly drunken man. There was nothing in their code to prevent their stealing from Uncle Sam, their captain, or any other victim, but to hint that an officer or a friend was drunk would have been the height of impropriety.

Winn, not Mullane, therefore, led "The Devil's Own," as Mul-

lane's troop—together with others, no doubt—had been appropriately designated. Barclay followed at the head of "D," when, nearing Crockett Springs at five o'clock, a dim speck of courier came twisting out upon the trail to meet them, and Brooks long after recalled the thought that came to him as he read the despatch that reached him there. It was from Lawrence.

"Cramer got wind of the gang early this morning, followed with thirty men into the San Saba, had sharp fight, lost three men and many horses, and is corralled out there, about fifteen miles southeast. Cramer himself wounded, Dr. Augustin killed. Courier says most of Friday gang gone to San Saba Pass. You, of course, must push on to save Pennywise and his money. I take five men and horses here and hasten to pull Cramer out of the hole. Think you now justified in attacking gang wherever found. No doubt who were Cramer's assailants. Expect to reach him before six and have one more square fight out of Texas. Hastily,

"L."

"By heaven," cried Brooks, as he turned to Fuller and the little party riding with him, all studying his face with anxious eyes, "it's lucky we got here with our horses in good shape. Cramer is in a scrape somewhere out in the Range. Lawrence has gone to his aid, and there'll only be time for a bite at Crockett's; then we must push on and go ahead to the Pass." Then, dropping into thought, "Now, which of Laura Waite's victims will most welcome a square fight,—the man she wronged by dropping, or the man she wronged by taking?"

Two hours later, refreshed by cooling draughts from the brook that bubbled away from the Springs, their nostrils sponged out, their saddles reset, their stomachs gladdened by a light feed, the horses of the two troops seemed fit for a chase, despite their sixty-mile march since dawn. A courier, galloping ahead, had borne Brooks's directions that coffee should be ready for his men, and Cramer's camp guard had found time to add substantial to that comforting fluid. Only half an hour did the major delay, but even in that time the horses had a quick rub-down with wisps of hay, and the men themselves swung into saddle with an air that seemed to say, "There's fun ahead!" The sun was shining aslant from low down in the western sky as the column once more jogged away on the dusty trail, Barclay's troop now in the lead, opening out just as it had marched most of the day, while Winn, between whom and the new captain there had passed a few courteous yet rather formal words at one or two of the halts, gave to Mullane's old first sergeant the charge of the leading section, and himself rode at the distant rear of column, for by dusk, if at all, straggling would be likely, and straggling would have to be suppressed with a firm hand. The sun was at their backs now: away to the front lay the rift in the hills through which wound the San Saba road, and off to the right front, well to the southeast, somewhere among those jagged bluffs just beginning to tinge with gold about their sharp and saw-like crests, lay the scene of Cramer's morning tussle with the outlaws, who, as all now

realized, must have opened on him from ambush and shot down several horses and not a few men before the troopers could reply. No further news had come from him, however. The courier who brought the first news said he had to run the gauntlet, although only a few of the gang seemed to be hanging about the scene of the fight,—their main body, as he had previously reported, having gone in the direction of the Pass. Brooks well knew that the moment he reached the foot-hills he would have to move with caution, throwing out advanced guards and, where possible, flankers. He knew that he would need every man, and believed that Cramer's people, now that Lawrence had gone to join them, could take care of themselves; but the courier's story, told to eager ears, had "told" in more ways than one. His description of the ambuscade, the way Cramer, the doctor, Sergeant O'Brien, and others at the head of column were tumbled at the first fire, all tended to make the head of Brooks's column an unpopular place to ride,—at least less popular than earlier in the day. Fuller and his men decided that their horses would be the better for an hour or two of rest at the cantonment, and so the column moved on without them.

Longer grew the shadows and loftier the range far to the front, as once more the pace quickened to the trot, and Brooks and his men jogged on. The doctor, a gifted young practitioner whom Collabone held in high regard, seemed still to think that he should have been allowed to take an orderly and his instruments and gallop out on Lawrence's trail to the aid of Cramer's wounded. "Then what is to become of mine?" asked the major, calmly. "I'm sorry for Cramer, sorry his doctor is killed, but we may need you any moment more than he does. No, Lawrence has gone to him; he'll do what he can to make the wounded comfortable, leave a small guard with them, and then guide the rest of Cramer's troop through the range to the San Saba, join either Pennywise's party or ours, and between us we ought to give those fellows a thrashing they'll never forget,—if only they'll stand and take it,—if only," he added below his breath, "they don't lay for us in some of those deep twisting cañons where twenty men could overthrow a thousand."

The doctor admitted the force of his superior's argument, and said no word. All the same, however, his eyes kept wandering off from time to time towards the foot-hills at the southeast, now turning to violet in shade, "like half-mourning," said the doctor to Galahad, as, only half content, he dropped back to ride a few moments at the latter's side. "And it won't be long," he added to himself, "before they'll be shrouded in deep black. Pray God there's no ill omen in that!"

And now the road began to rise, very slowly, very gently as yet, but perceptibly, towards the still distant range. The long, spindle-shanked shadows of the horses had disappeared. The sun, yellow-red, was just sinking below the horizon through the dust-clouds in their wake, when one of the foremost troopers, close at Barclay's heels, muttered, "It's somethin' movin', anyhow, and what is it if it ain't a horse?" And Barclay and the doctor, turning in saddle, caught his eye. "I seen it a minute ago away out yonder towards them buttes," continued the soldier, pointing out across the prairie to their right front,

"and I couldn't be sure then. It's comin' this way, whatever it is, comin' fast. Look, sir! There it is again!"

And with all their eyes Barclay and the doctor gazed, but could see no moving object. Only the rolling prairie, growing darker, dimmer every minute, only the sun-tipped ridge and buttes and shining pinnacles far away towards the San Saba. And still the relentless trot went on, and the major's head was never turned; yet his orderly, too, was ducking and peering from time to time off to the southeast, just where the trooper had pointed. Barclay, cautioning his sergeant to keep a steady trot, spurred forward, the doctor following.

"What do you see?" they asked, and the orderly too stretched forth a grimy gauntlet.

"Thought I saw a horse, sir. Some of 'K' Troop's, maybe, for there was no rider."

With this corroborative evidence, Barclay hailed the major. "Major, may I send a man or two out in that direction?" he asked. "Two of our people report seeing a horse galloping this way."

But, even as he spoke, over a distant divide, popping up against the sky just long enough to catch the eyes of half a dozen men at once, a black dot darted into view and then came bounding down the long, gradual incline, looming larger and larger as it ran; presently the body and legs could be made out, and then the sweeping mane and tail,—a riderless horse, a cavalry horse probably, coming at eager speed to join his comrade creatures in the long column. Cavalry horse undoubtedly, as, bounding nearer and nearer, the flapping rein, the dangling, black-hooded stirrups, the coarse gray blanket, and the well-known saddle could be distinguished, a gruesome sight to trooper eyes, harbinger of disaster if not of death in almost every case,—a cavalry charger riderless! And at last, as with piteous neigh the laboring steed came galloping straightway on, a cry went up from two or three soldier throats at the instant, a wail of soldier sorrow: "God save us, fellows! it's Blarney—it's the colonel's own!" Officers and men, they swarmed about the weary, panting, trembling creature, as hope died in every heart at what they saw: the saddle and blanket, the old overcoat, rolled at the pommel, that so often had stood between Ned Lawrence and the Texas gales, were all dripping with blood, yet Blarney had never a scratch.

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## CHAPTER XII.

THE moon was throwing black shadows into the deep cleft in the San Saba, where the Crockett trail twisted along beside the swift-running rivulet, that rose in the heart of the hills and bubbled merrily away until lost in the westward valley and the brook that found its source at the springs far out under the foot-hills towards the Bravo. Slowly, wearily, warily, half a dozen troopers on jaded horses were feeling their way up the pass, a veteran corporal full thirty yards ahead of his fellows leading on. With the advance rode an officer whose shoulder-straps, gleaming on the shell jacket sometimes worn in the

mounted service immediately after the war, seemed almost too bright and new to accord with the dust-grimed chevrons and trimmings of his comrades. New and brilliant, too, were the hilt and scabbard of the sabre that dangled by his side. New and "green" the men of his command had believed him to be, in cavalry matters at least, when first he joined them some weeks before, but the most casehardened old customer among their seasoned troopers had abandoned that view before ever they started on this scout after a gang of notorious outlaws, and now a new and very different theory was grinding its way into their tired brains,—that the "Doughboy Dragoon," as they had earlier dubbed him, "Captain Gallyhad," as one of them heard he was called, could give them points in covering the front of a column that were worth knowing, even if they had been learned in a doughboy regiment and among the Sioux. It would be a smart "Friday" that managed to ambuscade old Brooks's column that cloudless, moonlit, breezeless night, for, with that veteran's full consent, as well as to his infinite relief, Captain Barclay had himself gone forward with the advance the moment they began to wind in among the hills, and there at the post of danger he had held his way, alert and vigilant, despite long hours in saddle that had told heavily on more than half the command, calm and brave despite the fact that their welcome to the westward portal of the Pass was the sight of poor Blarney running to them for shelter, sympathy, and companionship, covered with the blood of his beloved rider.

And what was that rider's fate? It was now almost eleven o'clock, and no man knew. Only briefly had they halted and flocked about the panting steed, for stern was the need that held them to their course. With awe-stricken faces and compressed lips they looked into each other's eyes, as though to ask, What next? Who next? The major, tender-hearted as a woman, well-nigh choked with distress and anxiety as he turned to Barclay for counsel; and long before the rearmost of the column had reached the spot the decision had been made. The leaders were again pushing on. Young Brayton, with half a dozen troopers, had been despatched southwestward along the *falda*, ordered to search high and low for Lawrence, dead or alive. There was only one theory,—that, pushing eagerly ahead to the relief of Cramer's crippled troop, the gallant ex-captain had taken no thought of personal danger; the old instinct of leadership had possessed him, and, foremost of his little squad, he had been picked off by lurking bushwhackers of the outlaws, crouching like Indians in the shelter of the rocks, and had fallen another victim of their desperado efforts. "One more fight in Texas," indeed. Poor, brave, warm-hearted Ned! That one more fight, reported in Washington by an indulgent department commander, might bring about immediate measures for his restoration to the army; but was it worth the risk? Was it worth what might befall those motherless children, praying for father hour after hour that livelong day? Should it have been permitted, had there been any one to prevent, in view of the fact that no longer was there soldier duty to lead him on? The government had released him from all that, had bidden him go. It had no further use for the services of such as he; it had

turned him loose upon the world, with heavy stoppages against the stipulated *bonus*. "Oh, what right had he," cried Brooks, "to forget those babies back at Worth, well knowing as he must that no man's life is worth a hair in front of the rifles of that outlaw gang, much less an enemy such as Lawrence has shown himself to be?" The major's heart and head were heavy as once more the order forward was given. With every inclination to turn from his course with his entire command, to hasten in search of Lawrence's little party and Cramer's halted men, he well knew that should the paymaster and his precious thousands fall into the outlaw hands of the Friday gang he would be held responsible, even though San Saba's cantonment sent with him a force of forty men.

Once within the jaws of the Pass, the little detachment had closed on the head of column, the advance guard, Barclay's leading section, riding on and dispersing itself under his instructions, while Brooks held the other sections until Winn's men were all closed up, bringing with them the little squads that had scouted towards the short cut of the San Saba and had found no living soul in sight, yet had followed fresh hoof-tracks coming their way for miles. Whoever they were, the scouts of the gang were well ahead; whoever he was, "Friday" by this time knew the troops were coming. Then, with the flankers scouring the slopes well out to right and left wherever possible, Brooks's main body too had entered the winding defile and was lost in the bowels of the earth.

At eleven o'clock a watcher, gazing back into the broad shallow depression in which lay Crockett's, and then northward to the low-lying hills along the trail to Worth, could have seen no gleam of light far or near that would speak of human habitation or life or movement, no sign, in fact, of life of any kind; yet no sooner was the last shadowy form of horse and trooper swallowed up in the black gloom of the defile, no sooner had the last faint click of iron-shod hoofs died away in the hidden distance, than there slowly rose from behind the shelter of a clump of rocks, far out to the right of the trail, a crouching figure that went almost on all-fours to the edge of the rivulet, slunk away down the bank, dodging swiftly, softly, from boulder to boulder, until it disappeared around a little shoulder of bluff five hundred yards away, was lost to view a moment, then reissued into the moonlight, this time in saddle, swinging, cowboy fashion, a *riata* about its head as it rode. Spinning up the slopes and out of the stream-bed, away it went, careering up the billowy rise to the south, and was presently lost to view a second time behind some castellated rocks along the crest. Three minutes more, and these began to glow along their eastward face with the light of some unseen fire that flared for perhaps a minute somewhere about the hidden base of the group, and then, far away to the southeast, far out among the buttes and knolls in the heart of the range, there was a sudden flash of brilliant light, just as though some one had touched off in front of a reflector a pound or so of rifle powder. The hills for one second were lighted up, then as suddenly relapsed into gloom. The blaze at the ledge so close at hand was promptly doused, and the night rolled on, calm, placid, and unbroken.

When the first streak of dawn crept into the orient sky, Barclay's shadowy scouts were issuing from the San Saba on the farther side and halting for the coming of the main body. Neither those who led the advance nor those out on either flank, where flankers were at all possible, had seen a sign of outlaw, cowboy, even of human being, outside their own array. Not only had the Friday gang vanished from the neighborhood of the Pass, but, what was most mysterious, not a sign had appeared of paymaster or escort, who were due at Crockett's early this very morning. Brooks, picking out the lightest rider in his weary column, sent him on the liveliest horse to warn Pennywise and his escort, provided he could find him at the San Saba camp, of what had taken place, notify him that they would here await his coming, and meantime ordered dismount, unsaddle, and graze, and in two minutes every charger was divested of his load, and many of them were kicking and rolling on the turf.

Twenty-four hours had the command been in saddle, except for the required halts and a long two hours during the dead of night, when leading their wearied steeds or crouching beside them at rest, while Barclay and his scouts explored the overhanging heights and listened eagerly for sound of coming troopers from the eastward. But for the waning moon there would have been hours of total darkness. Ninety miles, all told, had they travelled, and now, wearied though they were, nine out of ten of the men were chafing with wrath that the wily gang had managed to escape them. Whither were they gone, and where on earth was the paymaster, were the questions. Certainly not through the Pass, for there were no fresh hoof-prints. Could it be that, balked in their plan to overwhelm the escort by this coming of at least an equal force, the gang had turned back angered and thrown themselves on Cramer's crippled party with the view of getting away with the horses, arms, and equipments? Certainly none of Cramer's people had made their way by the game trails over the range to join them, but there was reason for that: Lawrence had never succeeded in reaching Cramer.

Sad, wearied, and depressed, Major Brooks seated himself on a saddle-blanket to take counsel with his officers, now reduced to three, —Barclay, Winn, and the doctor. He missed Mullane, stanch old fighter that he was, for Mullane knew most of the country thoroughly, and had been posted for months at the Rio San Saba, now only some twenty miles to the east. He sorely missed Lawrence, for on him he had often leaned. He was beginning to take vast comfort in Barclay, to be sure, but now Barclay, Winn, the doctor, men and horses, the entire command, in fact, had come to a stand-still. There was no use in going farther east; there the country was comparatively open and rolling, and the gang would hardly dare attack forty troopers on the wide prairie. Besides, the nearest water in that direction was twenty miles away; the little rivulet rising in the heart of the hills was ten miles behind them, and already horses were thirsting and men emptying their canteens. Blankly the major stared up into Barclay's drawn and almost haggard face. "Can you think of anything we ought to do?" he asked, and, in asking, Brooks was a far better soldier

than the man who, having exhausted his own resources, thought it *infra dig.* to invite suggestions from his juniors.

"Just one, sir. Sergeant McHugh tells me he once came out here hunting with Captain Mullane, and that they took a light spring wagon right over the range southeast of Crockett's, the way Cramer went. It is a much longer way round, but a more open way. The trail must lie some eight or ten miles off here to the south, or west of south. Could it be that the gang only started from the place of Cramer's ambuscade as though to go to the Pass and then veered around again and covered that trail, and for some reason have been expecting the paymaster that way after all?"

Worn and weary as he was, Brooks staggered to his feet at once, his face going paler still. "By heaven, Barclay, if that's possible, they've had uninterrupted hours in which to deal with Pennywise already! It is possible," he nodded, with misery in the emphasis of his tone. "I remember having heard of that trail, but never thought it practicable for an ambulance. Then there is work before us yet. Call Sergeant McHugh," he cried. The word was passed among the wearied groups, where, squatting or lying, the men had thrown themselves upon the ground, and presently, rubbing his red eyes, a stocky little Irish sergeant came trudging up to his commander and silently touched the visor of his worn old cap.

"Can you guide us by the shortest route from here to the trail you spoke of to Captain Barclay?" asked the major.

Mac turned and gazed away southwestward along the line of the San Saba hills.

"I don't think we could miss it, sir, if we followed the foot-hills."

"Then we must try it," said Brooks, decidedly, half turning to the silent officers as he spoke. "Let the horses graze ten minutes more and get all the dew and grass they can, then we'll push for it."

And so, just before five, hungry, weary, and weak,—some of the men at least,—the little squadron clambered into saddle and once more moved away. No need to leave any one to say which way they'd gone; the trail showed all that. Silently they headed for the broad valley of the Bravo, miles away to the invisible west. Once across a little rise in the *falda*, Brooks struck the slow trot he had learned long years before from the beloved major of his old regiment, and doggedly the column took it up and followed. Not a mile had they gone when the sun came peering up over the heights far in their wake; for a few minutes the dew flashed and sparkled on the turf before it died beneath that fiery breath, and still no man spoke. Sound sleep by night, a cold plunge at dawn, and the hot tin of soldier coffee send the morning tongues of a column *en route* "wagging like sheep's tails," say the troopers, but it takes a forced all-night march, following an all-day ride, followed by a morning start without either cold plunge or hot coffee, to stamp a column with the silence of a Quaker meeting. Let no man think, however, the fight is out of its heart, unless he is suffering for a scrimmage on any terms. Men wake up with a snap at sound of the first shot; dull eyes flash in answer to the bugle challenge, and worn and wearied troopers "take a brace" that means

mischievous to the foe at the first note that tells of trouble ahead. Just two miles out there came the test to Brooks's men, and there was none so poor as to be found wanting.

Two miles out, and the column woke up at the cry, "Yon comes a courier!" and coming he was, "hell to split," said Sergeant McHugh, from afar off over the rolling prairie to the southwest. Five minutes brought him within hail,—a corporal from the camp on the Rio San Saba, on foaming horse, who came tugging at both reins, sputtering and plunging, up to the head of column, and blurted out his news. "I thought you was the escort, sir,—the paymaster's escort. They left camp at nine last night, and at two this morning Corporal Murphy got back, shot, and said they were corralled in the hills on the old trail. The captain is coming along with twenty men, and sent me ahead. They must be ten miles from here yet, sir."

"The paymaster, or the captain?" asked Brooks, his heart beating hard, but his face imperturbable.

"Both, sir, I reckon; one one way and the other the other."

Then Brooks signalled over his shoulder. "We've got to gallop, Barclay. It's neck or nothing now." And some horses even then were drooping at the trot.

Six o'clock now. Six miles from the eastward mouth of the Pass, and spurs were plying here and there throughout the column, for many found their horses lagging sorely. Barclay on his splendid blooded bay was far out to the front, the corporal courier with him, for theirs were the only mounts that could stand another forcing of the pace. Rearward, three or four horses, exhausted, were being gathered up by a burly sergeant, and with their weary riders led slowly along the trail. Six-fifteen:—Barclay and his corporal were but dots along the *falda* now, and moving swiftly. Then at a higher point, in plain view, one dot began circling to the left at speed. Every man knew what that meant, and the signal was answered by another spurt. The sun was telling at last. The dew had dried, but along the turf there was but little dust to rise, and Brooks could keep most of his men together. Far off to the left, all eyes could see now the sign that told that rival rescuers were gaining. The little squad from the San Saba camp came spurting along the beaten trail, betrayed by the cloud of dust that rose above them. Young Connolly, the guidon-bearer of Barclay's troop, unfurled his color and set it flapping in the rising breeze in trooper challenge; and down the column set and haggard faces lighted up with the gleam of soldier joy. It was to be a race,—a race to the rescue. Six-thirty, and over a low ridge went Brooks and Winn, close followed by their orderlies; far away, midway up the opposite slope, stretched a slender, twisting, traversing seam,—the winding trail to Crockett's. The black dots in the lead were now three in number, darting towards two others, black dots, too, some four miles away and to the right front, right in among the hills. "Keep it up, lads! the quicker to water and rest!" are the major's words now, and spurs set home again, despite equine grunts in protest. Six-forty, and the dots in front are blacker and bigger and popping about, three of them, at least, in lively motion, checking suddenly, then darting to and fro, and the cry bursts from

the leader's lips, "By God, they're at it! Now, lads, for all you're worth, come on!" Six-forty-five, and, rounding a projecting spur, a shoulder from the range, Brooks, Winn, and the doctor burst in view of a scene that banishes the last thought of weariness. Barely a mile or so away, a rocky ledge lies beyond and parallel with the trail. Its jagged crest is spitting smoke and fire. Its smoother slopes, towards the east, are dotted in places by the bodies of dead or dying horses, and in places, too, by other, smaller forms, apparently stiff and motionless. Off the trail, as though dragged there by affrighted and agonized animals, lies an overturned ambulance, its six draught-mules outstretched upon the turf about it; so, too, are other quadrupeds, troop-horses evidently. Well back of the ruined wagon, some trusty soul has rallied the remaining troop-horses, while most of their riders, sprawled upon the turf or behind improvised rifle-pits, stick manfully to their duty. "Friday's" ambuscade, in the still hours of the night, has cost the government heavily in horses, men, and mules, but old Pennywise's precious safe is guarded still, and every rush the outlaws make to get it is met by relentless fire. Six-fifty, and, leaving on the field six outlawed forms that will never fight again, the baffled relics of the Fridays are scurrying away into the fastnesses of the range before the labored rush and sputtering fire of Brooks's men, and Galahad, with his corporal comrade, far in the lead, gets the last compliments of the departing gang. Another gallant horse goes down, and Galahad's for the time goes free, his rider falling fainting from exhaustion and loss of blood.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

OLD Frazier's face was sad to see when, two days later, all the harrowing details of that night's work were received at Worth. Hours before, in answer to courier from Crockett's, Dr. Collabone, with steward, attendants, and such ambulances as there were, had been put *en route* for the Springs. Two other troops had been hurried to the field, and Mrs. Blythe, with streaming eyes, was straining to her heart two motherless children, now orphaned by that "one more square fight in Texas." Gallant Ned Lawrence! Far on the way to Cramer's bewildered force they found his body, shot from ambush through and through in two places. Yet, said his weeping orderly, he had clung to the saddle nearly a mile. Oh, the wrath at Department Head-Quarters and along the line of posts and camps against that gang, made up, as so many knew it must be made, mainly of the thugs and deserters offscoured from the army in days when moral character as vouched for was no requisite before enlistment! Among the dead upon the field was found the body of a once trusted sergeant of Lawrence's troop; but the other outlaws were Mexicans or jailbirds, strange to the soldiers who turned them curiously over. Pennywise, scared half to death and dreadfully shaken by the capsizing of his wagon, was otherwise unscathed; his clerk was shot, his driver sorely wounded; two of the San Saba escort were killed, and others hit. Brooks, with Captain Haines from the

San Saba, pushed on until at noon he reached Cramer's people, now reinforced by Fuller and his men and by the shame-stricken Mullane. By nightfall his exhausted horses were drinking their fill from the stream. The two wounded officers, Barclay and Cramer, with half a dozen troopers, were being made as comfortable as possible.

By dawn of the next day Mullane's pleading had overpowered Brooks, whose heart was wrung at the contemplation of such unrequited losses, and, taking Lieutenant Winn and forty troopers with him, the Irish captain, given a chance as he prayed to redeem himself, marched away westward from the cantonment at Crockett's, bent on overtaking the outlaws in the Apache mountains, whither they had gone, burdened by half a dozen wounded, so said the one prisoner, who, unable to bear the torment of jolting along on horseback with an arm bullet-smashed at the elbow, had begged to be left behind. He was a mere boy, whose elder brother had been for years a fugitive from justice and of late a prominent member of the gang, and it was by the side of that mortally wounded ruffian they found the youngster weeping, more from grief than from pain, only a mile away from the scene of the second ambushade.

Verily the men who planned those death-traps were masters of their villainous trade! "Concentrate all your first shots on the officers," were the instructions; "get them down, and the men will be helpless as sheep." Cramer, his doctor, and his first sergeant had fallen at the first fire, and that little command was paralyzed. Vigilant bushwhackers, schooled for years in Indian fighting, watching the Crockett trail against the coming of other leaders, had easily recognized Lawrence as he rode galloping on at the head of his half-dozen, and the "one more square fight" proved but a one-sided affair after all. Poor Ned knew he had his death-wounds at the instant, yet whipped out his revolver and ordered, "Charge!" and charge they did upon the scattering, cowardly crew that fled before them on their fresh horses until the trooper leader tumbled from his saddle, dead without a groan; and then, at safe distance, his assassins turned and jeered their helpless pursuers. How the veterans of "D" Troop clustered about their old-time captain's lifeless form that night, and, weary though they were after forty hours of sleepless chase and scout and battle, implored the major to let them start at once upon the outlaws' trail! The same tactics that had halted Cramer's men and murdered Lawrence had been played on the escort from San Saba. Riddling the ambulance at the first volley, yet in the dim moonlight missing the lieutenant commanding, who happened to be riding at the moment on the flank of his column instead of at the head, the sudden volley felled a sergeant, but left the subaltern full of fight, and he rallied his temporarily stampeded troopers not four hundred yards away, and charged back on the Fridays with a splendid dash that drove them helter-skelter to the rocks. Then, dismounting, he had stood them off superbly until rescue came.

Not for another forty-eight hours could old Pennywise be induced to go on to Worth. Though there was reassurance in the fact that the Fridays were scattered over far Western Texas by that time (some

never stopping, as it turned out, until safe from pursuit beyond the Bravo), the veteran money-changer's nerve was sorely shaken. He had not half the pluck of his punctured clerk, who, though shot by a Henry rifle bullet through the left arm and across the breast outside the ribs, declared himself fit to take even a hot and feverish drive and go with the payment. Fuller and his ranchmen stuck manfully to that much desired safe, and announced their intention of protecting the paymaster at all hazards. The wounds of Cramer and Barclay had been most skilfully treated by the young doctor before Collabone reached them; thanks to the perfect habits and vigorous constitution of the latter, there was nothing to prevent his transportation by easy stages back to Worth at the end of the week, and thither he seemed strangely eager to go. Thither they had borne the remains of poor Lawrence, and there with all military honors had they buried all that was mortal of the loved yet luckless comrade. There, her own heart sorely wrung, Mrs. Blythe was doing her utmost to comfort weeping Ada, whose burly little brother was fortunately too young to feel the desolation of their position. But, flat on his back, Barclay had pencilled to the loving-hearted woman a little note that bore her a world of comfort, despite the suffering imposed by a mandate to reveal its contents to no one but her husband; for when a woman has news—good news, great news—to tell, a husband falls far short of the demands of the situation.

Barclay's wound had been dangerous at the time, mainly because the bullet had grazed an artery below the knee and brought on profuse bleeding that, unnoticed in the excitement of the running fight, sapped him of his strength and left him swooning; but Collabone and his assistant declared it healing perfectly and that not even a limp would remain to betray it. One week from the day of the spirited skirmish in which he had played so prominent and gallant a part, Sir Galahad was lifted into the ambulance and started for Worth at the very moment the general commanding the department was forwarding to Washington his report of the affair, urgently recommending the bestowal of a brevet upon the new captain of "D" Troop and a pension upon the children of his whole-souled, hapless predecessor; but, coupling his recommendations with ill-considered yet natural reference to the injustice with which Captain and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Lawrence had been treated, he succeeded only in entombing the paper in some private pigeon-hole, whence it was resurrected long months after, too late to be of use.

After the manner of the army, the garrison at Worth had ceased all outward sign of mourning by the time Barclay reached the post, and almost everybody was ready to devote himself or herself to the amelioration of his condition. Mrs. Frazier, with a motherly eye to business, had lost no time in urging upon her liege the propriety—indeed, the imperative necessity—of his riding out to meet the wounded officer and moving him at once under the shelter of their roof. Amanda could and should give up her room (she was only too glad to), and the girls could sleep together; then the mother and daughters would have sole charge of the nursing of this most eligible young man. What might

not be accomplished by such a matron and such dear girls under such exceptional circumstances? Indeed, Frazier was given to understand that he must do it, for if Barclay was allowed to return to his own quarters right next door to the Winns'—and Mr. Winn away—who could say what couldn't be said?—what wouldn't be said? "Everybody knew that Laura Winn had been doing her best," said Mrs. Frazier, "to reset her nets and lure her whilom lover within the meshes," and this would give her opportunities immeasurable. Frazier had a sleepless night of it. He could not combat his wife's theories, though he would not admit the truth of all she asserted. "But," said he, "everybody will see through the scheme at a glance."

"I don't care if they do. I don't care what they say," said his energetic and strategic spouse. "The end justifies the means. Something must be done for the girls you've buried out here in this wilderness. As for Laura Winn, better a sneer at my precautions than a scandal for lack of them."

But Frazier remonstrated: "Barclay isn't the man to get mixed up in a scandal," said he.

"But Laura Winn wouldn't flinch at it," said she, "and it's the way the woman acts—not the man—that sets people talking;" wherein was Mrs. Frazier schooled beyond the sphere in which she moved. At her bidding, Frazier sent for young Brayton, who had marched back with the detachment not sent in chase, told him of Mrs. Frazier's benevolent plans for his captain's comfort, and suggested that such of Barclay's things as he might need be sent over beforehand,—“so as to have everything ready, you know.”

The youngster looked embarrassed, said he would attend to it, but immediately sought Major Brooks, who was doing a good deal of resting at the time. "What am I to say to Colonel Frazier, sir?" he asked. "The colonel tells me Mrs. Frazier has a room all ready for Captain Barclay and wishes me to send over a lot of things, and I have a message from the captain saying he will probably arrive day after tomorrow and to have his room ready; and, he adds, in case any one plans to put him elsewhere, to decline in his name."

"Oh, wise young judge!" growled Brooks to himself. Every day was adding to his respect for Galahad.

"I can't decline the commanding officer's invitation, can I, sir?" asked Brayton, in conclusion.

"No, you can't with safety," said the major, "but I'll speak to Collabone—No," he added, abruptly, as he reflected that Mrs. Frazier might eventually hear of it, Collabone being a man who knew no guile and told everybody anything he knew. "No. You tell Collabone what the captain wishes, and let him fix it." And so between the three it was arranged, through the couriers at that time going back and forth every day, that Barclay should be notified of the honor in store for him. And notified he was, and gravely passed the letter over to *Æsculapius Junior*.

"Help me out of this, doctor, in some way," he said. "I wish to be nobody's guest." And so, when old Frazier did actually mount a horse and, with Amanda in a stylish habit beaming at his side, did

actually ride forth—the first time he'd been in saddle in a year—and meet Barclay's ambulance full a thousand yards out from the post, and bade him thrice welcome to the room they had prepared for him, Barclay beamed back his thanks and appreciations, and bade the colonel believe he would never forget his kindness and Mrs. Frazier's, but that he had every possible comfort awaiting him at his own quarters, and could never consent to incommoding Mrs. Frazier or the young ladies. Indeed, the doctor had made other and very different plans for him,—as indeed the doctor had. And Frazier rode back vaguely relieved, yet crestfallen. He knew Barclay and the doctor were right. He knew he himself shrank from such throwing of his daughters at a fellow's head; and then he quailed at the thought of Mrs. Frazier's upbraidings, for she, honest woman, felt it a mother's duty to provide for her precious lambs, the more so because their father was so culpably indifferent, if not shamefully negligent.

A balked and angered woman was Mrs. Frazier at the captain's politely veiled refusal to come and be nursed and captured under her roof. Tartaric acid tinged the smiles of her innocent children the next few days, and if ever there was a time when it behooved Laura Winn to be on her guard and behave with the utmost reserve as regarded her next-door neighbor, it was here and now. She could have read the danger signal in the Fraziers' greeting at parade that very evening, as, most becomingly attired, she strolled languidly down the line at the side of Æsculapius Junior, who, after seeing his patient comfortably stowed in bed, came forth to find her on the piazza, full of sympathetic interest and eager to know what she could do or make or have made in the way of appetizing dainties for the sufferer. Nor did she let him free until he found refuge in the midst of the deeply interested group in front of the colonel's quarters.

This was Tuesday evening, and only Brooks, Blythe, and Brayton were permitted to intrude upon the invalid after the long hours' trundle over the prairie roads. On the morrow the paymaster was to take his ambulance, escort, and emptied safe on the back track to Crockett's, and Barclay was to be allowed to see Mrs. Blythe; but, for the night, rest and quiet were enjoined. In answer to his queries, he was told that the latest news reported Mullane, Winn, and Bralligan scouring the Apache range, while Captain Haight, with forty men, was patrolling towards the Bravo. The post was flush with money. Fuller's bar was doing a rousing business, and Lieutenant Trott, guarding the stores turned over by Winn, was wondering when and in what shape the money value of the stores not turned over was to be paid to him, for the time was past, Winn was far, far away, no package of money had come for him, and Mrs. Winn calmly said it was no affair of hers and she had no knowledge when or by what hand it would be forthcoming. It was conceded at Worth that, in view of the danger in which her husband stood, both afield and at home, more anxiety and less adornment would better have become the lady, as she outshone all other women present when the line of infantry officers broke ranks at dismissal of parade.

## CHAPTER XIV.

A WEEK rolled by, a week little Jim Lawrence and other small boys long remembered for the good things they had to eat and drink ; and now Galahad was sitting up again at his quarters, doing very well, said both doctors, so well that he could be out on the shaded piazza in a reclining chair, said Brayton,—but wouldn't, said Blythe,—and for good reasons, said the Fraziers feminine, "because then there'd be no dodging Laura Winn, if, indeed, he has succeeded thus far." True, he had not ventured outside his doors, and no one had seen her venture within them. True, Mrs. Frazier, Mrs. Blythe, and other motherly women had been to visit him,—Mrs. Frazier frequently,—and Mrs. Winn had been most particular in her daily inquiries,—"most persistent," said the Frazier girls. Those were days in which milk was a luxury in far-away Texas, but the delicate custards, whips, creams, and what the colonel's Hibernian orderly described as "floating Irelands," which that messenger bore with Mrs. Frazier's love, or Miss Frazier's compliments, or Miss 'Manda Frazier's regards and hopes that the captain was better this morning, could be numbered only by the passing days. What Mrs. Frazier was prepared to see or hear of was similar attention on the part of Mrs. Winn ; but Mrs. Winn's attentions took a form more difficult to see, and, even in a frontier, old-time garrison, to hear of.

What Mrs. Frazier was not prepared to see was Mrs. Blythe in frequent confidential chat with the officer whom the colonel's wife chose to consider her own invalid. She had always fancied Mrs. Blythe before, but now she met her with that indescribable tone suggestive of unmerited yet meekly, womanfully borne injury, which is so superior to either explanation or resentment. Mrs. Winn was frequently on her piazza chatting with Mr. Brayton or Dr. "Funnybone," as the wits of the post had designated Collabone's right bower, "who has more brains in one head," said Collabone, "than the mess has in ten ;" but she greeted Mrs. Frazier with an austere and distant dignity even more pronounced than Mrs. Frazier's manner to Mrs. Blythe, which plainly showed that Laura had not "been raised in the army for nothing," and that she had a will and temper and pluck that would brook no airs and tolerate no aspersions on Mrs. Frazier's part. Aspersions there had been, for her friend Mrs. Faulkner had not failed in that sisterly duty which so many women so reluctantly yet faithfully perform, and everything Mrs. and the Misses Frazier had even hinted, and some things they even hadn't, were duly conveyed to Laura's ears. She was angered at the Fraziers for daring to say such things, at Mrs. Faulkner for daring to repeat them, and at Barclay for daring to keep her beyond the possibility of their being true. Never before had she known what it was to strive for a look or word of admiration and to meet utter indifference. Yet those blue eyes of Barclay's had once fairly burned with passionate delight in her girlish beauty, and his words had trembled with their weight of love for her. No other woman, she believed, had yet come into his life and banished all memory of her ; and, now that her beauty was but the riper for her

years, she rebelled in her soul against the whisper that it could no longer move him.

Wedded though she was to Harry Winn, loving him after the fashion of her shallow nature so long as there was no man at the post from whom she sought to exact homage, she had time and again within the year felt towards her husband a sense of injury. What business had he had to woo her if he was so poor? What right had he to subject her to the annoyance of dunning letters, of suggestive inquiries on the part of her neighbors? Why should she submit to parsimonious skimping and cheese-paring, to living with only one servant when several other women had two, to all the little shifts and meannesses poor Harry had declared to be necessary? It was his business to provide for her needs. Her father had always supported her in style; why couldn't Harry do the same? True, she knew when she married him he had nothing but his pay. He told her everything, but she had never taken thought for the morrow, though she had taken perhaps too much thought of what she should wear or eat or drink. Laura loved the good things of this life, and had been freely indulged throughout her petted girlhood; and now, in the days when every woman seemed turning against her, purse, cellar, and larder were empty and her husband gone on a stupid foray to the mountains. None could say when he would return, or what new sorrow would meet him then. Other men managed to earn money or make money somehow outside their pay. Why should she, whose tastes, she said, were so much more refined, be mated with one who could only spend?

There is a time when many a homely face becomes radiant with a beauty too deep for sallow skin or heavy features to hide, and when a really winsome face becomes well-nigh angelic; but, even as Laura Winn bent over her sleeping child or nestled the unconscious little one in her bosom, the sullen fire of discontent, thwarted ambition, and wounded self-love smouldered in her deep, slumberous eyes. There were hours now when Baby Winn was left to the scant care of the household nurse, while the mother took the air upon the piazza during the day or flitted about from parlor to parlor along the row at night. She was restless, nervous, as all could see. She frequently assailed Brayton with queries for news, always decorously asking first if couriers had come or were expected from the command afield, yet speedily coming back to the real object of her constant thoughts, the now much honored officer, her next-door neighbor. For three days after he was pronounced able to sit up she did not succeed in seeing him at all, though so many other and, it should be explained, much older women did; but that did not abate one whit her determination that he should speedily see her.

Just what her object was she herself could not have told. It was an instinct, an impulse, a whim, perhaps; but he who had been her lover and was rejected had dared to gaze into her face with eyes serene and untroubled, had met her but half-veiled references to old days with polite but positive indifference. She had nothing to ask of him, she told herself; she meant no disloyalty to Harry, no wrong of any kind. Not a bit of it! She had treated Barclay very badly. She had done

him a wrong that was much greater in her own estimation than it was in that of any one of her neighbors, among whom the women, at least, considered the loss of his inamorata a blessing in disguise; but Laura fully believed that Barclay's heart must have been crushed in the depth of his woe, and that it was now her duty to make friends again,—perhaps in some way to console him; not, of course, in any way to which Harry could object, not, of course, in any way to which the post ought to object, but—well, even to herself, as has been said, she could not entirely and satisfactorily explain her motives; it was impossible, therefore, that she could hope to do so to anybody else; and yet she had dared to write to him. It was only a little note, and yet, with all its inconsistencies, it said so much:

“DEAR CAPTAIN BARCLAY,—I cannot tell you my distress at hearing of your again being severely wounded, especially at a time when I had hoped to have you meet and better know my husband, but now in his distressing absence I, who more than any woman at this post am anxious to show my sympathy and sorrow, am practically helpless. Do tell me if there is anything I can do,—though I am sure I can't see what is left for me, with no cook or kitchen, and Mrs. Frazier and the Misses Frazier sending such loads of things. I really envy them and Mrs. Blythe the privilege of their years in going to see you personally, for am I not at least

“Your oldest friend,  
“L. W.”

This ingenuous note was sent by Hannibal at an hour when the captain was alone, and when, had he been disposed, he might have hobbled to the door and answered in person; but hobble he did not, nor did he answer until after long thought. He received the little missive with surprise, read it without a tremor of hand or lip, but with something of shame and pity that overspread his face like a cloud. Was he only just beginning to know her, after all?

“Pray do not give my scratch a thought,” he answered, in writing, late that afternoon, “and believe, my dear Mrs. Winn, that I have every comfort that one can possibly desire. Every one is most kind. I expect to be out with my men in a week, and shall be delighted to take the field and send Mr. Winn back to you forthwith.

“Most sincerely.”

And that was how, with polite but positive indifference, he had treated her reference to old times and old friends. Shallow as she was, Laura Winn was deep enough to see that he meant to hold himself far aloof from her. He could hardly have told her more plainly he would have none of her. He had even dared to say it would be a pleasure to go, that he might send her husband back to her arms. And this was the man she once thought she loved, the man who, she believed, adored her and would never outlive the passion of his sorrow at losing her!

Even now the foolish heart of the woman might have accepted its

lesson; but it was time for friends again to come, and, as Laura expressed it, "pry and prod and preach," and that brought on a climax.

Mrs. Faulkner had dropped in and dropped out again, and Laura, who seemed forever going to the porch these days, followed and called her back.

"One thing you said I don't understand," she began, and Mrs. Faulkner's pretty face showed plainly there had been something of a storm.

"I said this, Laura," her friend responded, permitting her to go no further, but turning at the step and looking up into her indignant eyes. "You do yourself injury by showing such concern about Captain Barclay. Everybody says so, and it's all wasted as far as he's concerned. He never notices your messages in any way."

It was galling to feel herself censured or criticised, but Mrs. Winn was becoming used to that. It was worse than galling to be told that her whilom lover now turned from her almost with contempt. She could bear it that they should say that Galahad Barclay was again circling within danger of her fascinations and would speedily find himself powerless to resist. She could not bear it that they should declare him dead to her. The anger ablaze in her eyes and flushing her cheeks was something even Mrs. Faulkner had never seen before. It was as though she had roused some almost tigerish trait. For a moment Laura stood glaring at her visitor, one hand nervously clutching at the balcony rail, the other at the snugly buttoned bodice of her dark gown. At that instant the door of Barclay's quarters opened and the sound of glad voices preceded but a second or two the appearance of feminine drapery at the threshold. Mrs. Brooks came backing into view, chatting volubly with some one still invisible. Mrs. Frazier came sidling after, and then as they reached the open air the deep tones of their invalid host were heard mingling with the lighter, shriller, if not exactly silvery accents of his visitors. One glance they threw towards the young matron at the opposite end of the piazza, and then it seemed as though Mrs. Frazier promptly precipitated herself into the doorway again, as though to block it against Barclay's possible egress. "Determined not to let him see me, nor me him," were the unspoken words that flashed through Laura's thoughts. Some devil of mischief seemed to whisper in her ear, for when Mrs. Faulkner turned again, there stood her hostess holding forth for her inspection a little note addressed to Mrs. H. H. Winn in a hand Mrs. Faulkner recognized at once as Barclay's. With an icy sneer the lady spoke.

"You think he doesn't write. This came only an hour ago."

Not five minutes later Mrs. Frazier turned to Mrs. Faulkner and asked, "What was Laura Winn showing you?—a letter?"

Mrs. Blythe was passing at the moment, Ada Lawrence, a tall, pallid slip of a girl, in her first black dress, walking sadly at her side. Mrs. Faulkner nodded assent to the question, but glanced significantly at the passers-by, on their way seemingly to the house the elders had just left. Mrs. Blythe bowed courteously and smiled, but the smile was one of those half-hearted attempts that seemed to wither instantly at Mrs. Frazier's solemn and distant salutation.

"Now what's that woman taking Ada Lawrence there for?" was Mrs. Frazier's query, the instant the two were out of earshot, and for the moment she forgot the letter and the significant glance in Mrs. Faulkner's eyes. But Mrs. Brooks had not, and no sooner had the door of Barclay's quarters opened and swallowed up the new callers than the major's wife turned back to it.

"You don't mean a letter from—*him*?" she asked, with a nod of the head at Barclay's quarters.

"I didn't mean to say anything about it," said Mrs. Faulkner, with proper hesitation, "but you seem to know as much as I do, and she made no secret of it whatever. Indeed, I don't know that there's anything in it that anybody mightn't see."

"I think she has no business whatever receiving letters now that her husband's away—nor any other time, for that matter," said Mrs. Frazier, hotly; "and I mean to tell her so, and I'm astonished at him."

"For heaven's sake don't tell her I let it out!" exclaimed Mrs. Faulkner. "You've just got to say you saw it away from his door."

"Well, I think the sooner Mr. Harry Winn gets back the better it will be for this garrison, and I'll say so to Colonel Frazier this very night," exclaimed the colonel's wife, bristling with proper indignation. "And he'll come back, if we have to send couriers to order him."

But no courier was needed to summon Lieutenant Winn. Two days later, fast as jaded horse could carry him, followed by a single orderly, he was coming, full of hope and pluck and enthusiasm, the bearer of tidings that meant so much to him, that might be of such weight in the removal of some portion, at least, of the serious stoppages against his pay. Away out in the Apache mountains, where the remnants of the Friday gang seemed to have scattered into little squads of two or three, one party had been trailed and chased to its hole, a wild nook in the rocks, and there in brief, bloody fight two more of the gang bit the dust in reaching that height of outlaw ambition, "dying with their boots on." Others were wounded and captured, and still another, neither wounded nor combatant, but a trembling skulker, was dragged out from a cleft in among the boulders and kicked into the presence of the commanding officer by a burly Irishman who would have lost the bliss of a dozen pay-day sprees rather than that one achievement, for the skulking captive was Marsden, and Marsden was English.

A more abject, pitiable, helpless wretch even Texan troopers had never seen. Imploring his captors to protect him against the illimitable possibilities of lynch law,—for there were veteran soldiers present to whose thinking drum-head court-martial and summary execution were all too good for Marsden,—the ex-sergeant told the story of his stealings, and the names of his accomplices, but declared that all his ill-gotten gains were gone. Every cent he had at the time of his flight was taken from him, he protested, by the gang of desperadoes among whom he had found refuge.

"He's lyin', sorr," declared Sergeant Shaughnessy at this juncture. "He's hidin' the hoith av it somewheres, an' there's nothin' like the

noose av a lariat to frishen his mimory." But old Mullane ordered silence.

"Go you back to Worth fast as you can," said he to Winn. "Write the report for me to sign before you start. Tell the colonel where what is left of the stolen property can be found, and we'll bring Marsden along with us. The quicker you get there the more you can save."

Worth was one hundred and fifty miles away on a bee-line, and Winn had to twist and turn, but he rode with buoyant heart. By prompt measures much of his misfortune might be wiped out. Then, with the proffered loan with which to settle his accounts and pay off certain pressing creditors, he could start afresh, his head at last above the waters that had weighed him down. He would lead a simple, inexpensive life, and Laura would have to help him. He could set aside one-fourth, or even, perhaps, one-third, of his pay to send each month to the bank at San Antonio. It would be hard, but at least he would be honest and manful, and Laura would have to try to dress and live inexpensively. She used to say she would rather share exile and poverty with him than a palace with any other man, but that seemed a bit like hyperbole in the light of her subsequent career. Long before this, he said, the bank would have sent the money to Worth. It was doubtless now awaiting him in Fuller's safe, or possibly Trott's. How blessed a thing it was that the cashier should have been an old and warm friend of his father,—that he should have written proffering aid for old times' sake to the son of the soldier he had known and been aided by and had learned to love in bygone days! It was odd that Mr. Cashier Bolton had not made himself known to him, Harry Winn, when he and his lovely bride were in San Antonio, but all the more was the offer appreciated. It was odd that he should couple with the offer a condition that Winn should give his word not to tell the name of his father's friend and his own benefactor, and further to agree neither to drink nor bet a cent on any game of chance until the money was repaid. He was not given to drinking, but he had heard of a fondness on his father's part for cards, and had felt the fascination himself. All right: he would promise gladly.

They got fresh horses at a midway camp where a small detachment guarded the Cougar Springs, rested during the hot hours of the first day after a long night ride, then set forth, chasing their long shadows in the late afternoon, and, riding on through the night, hove in sight of the twinkling lights in the company kitchens at Worth just as the dawn was spreading over the eastward prairie. At the guard-house, aroused by the sentry's warning, a sergeant tumbled off his bench and ran sleepily out to meet them. It was a man whom Winn had frequently seen hovering about his quarters in attendance upon their maid-of-all-work.

"All well at home, Quigley?" he queried, hopefully.

"All well, sir; leastwise Mrs. Winn and the baby is, so Miss Purdy said yesterday evenin'. Mrs. Blythe with her children and Colonel Lawrence's have gone to San Antonio. They're all goin' home together. Any luck, sir?"

"I should say so! Hit 'em hard twice, and caught Marsden alive."

"Great—— Beg pardon, lieutenant, but that's the best news yet!" The soldier's eyes danced and pleaded for more, but Winn was eager to reach his home, to tiptoe up to Laura's room, to kneel by the bedside and fold her, waking, in his strong, yearning arms, to bend and kiss his baby's sleeping face. He spurred on across the parade. The long, low line of officers' quarters lay black and unrelieved against the reddening sky. Only in one or two were faint night-lights burning, one down near the southern end, the room of the officer of the day, another in his own. The slats of the blinds, half turned, revealed the glimmer of a lamp within. Probably baby was awake and demanding entertainment, and there could be no surprising Laura as he had planned. Still, he guided his horse so as to avoid pebbles or anything that would click against the shod hoofs. The home-coming would be the sweeter for its being unheralded.

"Never mind the saddle-bags now," he murmured to his orderly. "Take the horses to stables, and bring the traps over by and by." Then he tiptoed around to the back of the house. The front door, he knew, would be locked; so would that opening on the little gallery in rear; but there was the window of his den; he could easily raise it from outside and let himself in without any one's being the wiser. A glance at his watch showed him that in ten minutes the morning gun would fire and the post wake up to the shrill reveille of the infantry fifes and drums. Even though Laura should be awake and up with her baby, the surprise might be attempted. The back porch was lighted up with the glow from the east. The back door of the Barclay-Brayton establishment was ajar, and some one was moving about in the kitchen,—Hannibal, probably, getting coffee for his master in time for morning stables. Just to try it, Winn tiptoed up the low steps to the rear door, and there it stood, not wide open, but just ajar. "Miss Purdy" had mended her ways, then, and was rising betimes, he said. Softly entering, he passed through the little kitchen into the dark dining-room beyond, felt his way through into his deserted den to the left,—the blinds were tightly closed,—thence to the narrow hall, and up the carpeted, creaking stairs. The door of the back room at the east, the nursery, was right at the landing. The light of the dawn was strong enough to reveal dimly objects within. That door, too, was wide open, and there by the bedside was the cradle of his baby, and the little one placidly asleep. There in her bed, innocent of the possibility of masculine observation, her ears closed, her mouth wide open in the stupor of sleep, lay the domestic combination of nurse and maid-of-all-work. He tiptoed past the door and softly approached that of the front, the westward room,—his and Laura's. It, too, was partly open. A lamp burned dimly on the bureau. The broad, white bed, with its tumbled pillows and tossed-back coverlet, was empty, as he found the room to be. Laura, then, and not the maid, was the early riser. Softly he searched about the upper floor. She had heard him, after all, and was hiding somewhere to tease him. No; there on the back of her rocking-chair hung the pink, beribboned wrapper that was so becoming to her, and on another the dainty, lace-trimmed night-robe. She must be up and dressed,—his languid, lazy Laura,

who rarely rose before nine o'clock, as a rule, and now it was only five. A strange throbbing began at his heart. Quickly he turned and scurried down the stairs, struck a match in the parlor, another in the dining-room. Both were empty. The den and its closets were explored. No one there.

Out he went through the kitchen to the eastward porch again. The light was stronger. Over the level *mesa* to the edge of the bluff, not fifty yards away, his eager eyes swept in search of the truant form. There stood at the very brow of the projecting point at the northeast side a little, latticed summer-house where sentimental couples sometimes sat and looked over the shallow valley of moonlight nights; and there, close beside it, switching the skirt of her stylish riding-habit with her whip, stood Laura Winn. Just as she turned and glanced impatiently over her shoulder, out from the adjoining door came a soldierly form in riding-dress. For an instant three forms seemed to stand stock-still; then came the shock and roar of the reveille gun, and before the echoes rolled away Lieutenant Winn, striding up to Barclay with fury in his eyes, struck the captain full in the face and sent him crashing over a kitchen chair.

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#### CHAPTER XV.

TEN miles out to the northwest the stream that curved and twisted around the low *mesa* of Fort Worth burst its way through a ridge in the foot-hills, and, brawling and dashing at its rocky banks, rolled out over the lowlands, foaming at the mouth with the violence of its own struggles. Far in the heart of the hills it had its source in several clear, cold springs, while the deep hoarded snows of the harsh winters fed and swelled it in the springtide until it reached the proportions of a short-lived torrent. Huge heaps of uprooted trees and tangled brushwood it deposited along its shores as far down even as the fort, but nothing was carried below the sutler's. "Ahl's fish that comes to Fuller's net," said Sergeant McHugh, "an' sorra a sliver av a sardine iver got away from it." Once in a while, after unusual flood, the flotsam and jetsam of the creek would be diversified with wagon-bodies, ranch roofs, camp equipage, and the like, for "the Range," as this odd upheaval was locally termed, was a famous place for prospectors.

A beautiful stream was the Blanca within its mountain gates, but an ashen pallor overspread it after its fight for freedom. It was never the same stream after it got away. It danced and sparkled past pretty nooks and shaded ravines among the hills, but issued from the gateway, like the far-famed Stinking River of the Bannocks and Shoshones of Northwestern Wyoming, a metamorphosed stream. It had a bad reputation. It was solely responsible for the fact that Worth had been located away out here in the bald, bleak, open prairie country, instead of among those bold and beautiful heights to the northwest. "The very spot for a military post!" said the officers of the earlier scouting parties, as they camped within the gates in the midst of a

lonely glade. "Lovely," said the Texan guides, in reply, "so long as you don't mind being drowned out every spring." It seems that snows would melt of a sudden, tremendous thunderstorms burst among the crags, and flood and deluge the valleys, for the Blanca could not with sufficient swiftness discharge its swollen torrents through that narrow gorge. Beautiful it lay, ordinarily, as a summer sea, and the bridle-path that wound through the pass was a favorite route for picnic-parties from Worth. But storm-clouds would rise and turn summer seas to raging water-demons, and then the flood that tore through the gates would sweep all before it, like the unloosed waters of the Conemaugh that awful May of '89.

From Worth to the White Gate the prairie road wound hard and firm, and before the late excitement several picnic-, riding-, and driving-parties had paid their spring-time visits. It was quite the thing, too, for such maids and matrons as were good horsewomen to ride thither in the lengthening afternoons. Mrs. Frazier had consulted Collabone as to the earliest date on which Barclay could stand a long drive, as she wished to give a little *fête* in his honor, and had planned a picnic to Barrier Rock, a romantic spot just within the gorge. Collabone had referred her to his assistant, and that younger officer consulted his patient before committing himself to reply.

"I don't care to ride in an ambulance, doctor, but I do long to get in saddle. There's no strain on that leg below the knee. Can't you let me mount from my back porch here and amble around these fine mornings before people are up?" And "Funnybone" assented. He and Barclay rode out together, very cautiously, next morning at reveille, and, finding his patient benefited by the gentle exercise on such a perfect mount as either of those Kentucky bays, the doctor said, "Go again; only ride slowly, and mount and dismount only at the back porch, where you have only to lower yourself into saddle. Be sure to avoid any shock or jar, then you're all right."

Hannibal and Mrs. Winn's domestic were the only persons besides Barclay's orderly to see the start, but had the domestic herself been alone it would have been sufficient to insure transmission of the news. First she told her mistress. Later she learned from Hannibal that the captain was going out to stables next morning the same way, and had ordered coffee to be ready at reveille. This, too, was conveyed to Laura, and that evening she sent for the veteran stable sergeant of the troop to which her husband was temporarily attached, and asked him if Robin Hood, a pretty little chestnut she used to ride, was still in the stable. He was, and would Mrs. Winn be pleased to ride? The sergeant would be glad to see the lady in saddle again. Her handsome side-saddle was, with her bridle, always kept in perfect order, but for several months Mrs. Winn had taken no exercise that way.

"I'm going to ride at reveille, sergeant," she confided to the faithful soldier. "It's so long since I mounted, I wish to try once or twice when people can't see me." And Sergeant Burns had promised that as soon as the sentry would release him after gun-fire Robin Hood should be on hand. He'd be proud to come with him himself.

True to his word, Burns was up at four-fifteen; Robin was groomed

and fed and watered and saddled in style, and ready to start the moment the sentry was relieved by the morning gun-fire from the imposition of the order to "allow no horse to be taken out between taps and reveille, except in the presence of a commissioned officer or the sergeant of the guard." The sight that met the sergeant's eyes as he cantered around back of the row of officers' quarters, leading Robin by the rein, was one he never forgot.

With pallid face, down which the blood was streaming from a cut at the temple, Captain Barclay was seated on the steps, striving to bind a handkerchief about his lower leg. Old Hannibal, forgetful of the dignity of the Old Dominion, was actually running down the back road, in haste, it seems, to summon the doctor. On the porch, amid some overturned chairs, two athletic, sinewy young men were grappling, one of them, Lieutenant Brayton, almost lifting and carrying the other, Lieutenant Winn, towards his own doorway, both ashen gray as to their faces, both fearfully excited, both struggling hard, both with panting breath striving to speak with exaggerated calm.

On this scene, wringing her hands, sobbing with fright and misery, flitting first to Barclay's side, then back towards her straining husband, saying wild and incoherent things to both, was Laura Winn. Burns had the frontiersman's contempt for a chimney-pot hat, and never seemed one so incongruous as this,—her riding head-gear which in the midst of her wailings Mrs. Winn clasped to her heaving breast. To make matters more complicated, the neighborhood was waking up, domestics and "strikers" were gazing from back porches farther down the row, and Blythe's big hounds had taken to barking furiously, until that bulky and bewildered soldier himself came forth, damned them into their kennel, then hastened in consternation to the aid of Barclay. By this time, too, Winn had succeeded in making his wife hear him, and was ordering her within-doors; but like some daft creature she hovered, moaning and wringing her hands and staring at Barclay, whose eyes were now beginning to close, and whose form was slowly swaying.

"In God's name, man, what's happened?" demanded Blythe, as he seized and steadied the toppling form. "Why, you're bleeding like an ox. Your boot is running over.—Drop those horses, Burns, and run for the doctor, lively," he urged. Needing no further authority, the sergeant turned his chargers loose and scurried after Hannibal.

"Help me carry Barclay in-doors," was the next word. With one warning order to Winn to keep away, young Brayton broke loose from him and ran to assist. As though half stupefied, Winn heavily moved a pace or two, then sank upon a bench and stared. His wife stood gazing in horror at the trail of blood that followed the three men into the hall, then faltered over to where the young soldier sat, moaning, "Oh, Harry! Oh, Harry!" Reaching his side, she laid her hand upon his shoulder and bade him look at her,—speak to her. He rose slowly to his feet, his face averted, shook himself free, and, with a shudder, but never uttering a word in reply, passed into his dark doorway. The nurse-girl, wide-eyed, met him at the threshold. "Go to your mistress," he said, hoarsely. He stumbled on through the house,

unslung the revolver belted to his waist, and laid it on the hall table; reconsidered; buckled it firmly on, and, pulling his hat down over his eyes, drew back the door-bolt and let himself out upon the front piazza. Crossing the parade, he saw the red sash of the officer of the day. De Lancy was dragging sleepily back from his reveille visit to the guard, but the sight of Winn aroused him, and he quickened his pace and came striding to him.

"Hullo, lad," he hailed, full twenty paces away, "what luck? Got Marsden, the sergeant tells me.—Why—— Good God! what's happened?"

"Nothing," said Winn, "except, perhaps, I've killed Barclay. Take me to the colonel."

"You're daft, man!" said De Lancy, instantly, while an awful fear almost checked the beating of his heart. Then, seizing Winn by the arm, "What d'ye mean?" he asked.

"Go and see," said Winn, stupidly, as he buried his face in his arms a moment, then stretched them out full length, and, tossing his head back, shut his eyes as though to blot out a hateful sight. "Go," he continued; "then come and take me to the colonel."

And De Lancy started on the run and collided with Brayton at the door.

"For God's sake, go and hurry up 'Funnybone,'" moaned the youngster. "Here's Barclay bleeding to death."

De Lancy ran his best: guardsmen across the parade stopped and stared, men in shirt-sleeves rushed out on the barrack stoops and stood and gazed, and a corporal, with rifle trailed, came running over to see what was amiss, just as the junior doctor, in cap and overcoat, trousers and slippers, came bolting out of his hallway and flying up the path. In front of De Lancy's one slipper went hurtling back through mid-air, but the doctor rushed on in stocking-foot. The corporal picked up the shoe and followed. No one seemed to look for the moment at Winn, who turned slowly back to the pathway and like a blind man seemed groping his way towards Frazier's. The officer of the day passed him by on the run, following at the doctor's heels, with never another look at him. Men seemed to think only of Barclay. Was it credible that an officer and a gentleman, as Winn had been regarded, could purposely have dealt that honored soldier a mortal blow, unless—unless—but who could find words to frame the thought? Once within Brayton's hallway, De Lancy turned and slammed shut the door, for others were coming on the run from far across the parade. Over at the guard-house the men had started for their breakfast, but hung there, clustered about the sentry-post, gazing over the criss-cross plat of the parade, and muttering their conjectures as to the cause of the trouble. The sight of Lieutenant Winn wandering on down the row, turning from time to time, halting as though uncertain what he ought to do, while every other officer was running to the other end of the row, was something they could not understand.

Then Mrs. Winn, in riding-habit, came suddenly forth upon her piazza, and, gazing wildly up and down, caught sight of her husband, now some fifty paces away along the gravel walk. Stretching forth

her arms to him, she began to call aloud, "Harry! Harry! please come back!" He never turned. She ran down the steps and out to the gate and called him, louder, louder, so that they could hear the voice all over the garrison in the sweet, still morning air; but on he went, doggedly now, faster and faster. She gathered up her clinging skirts in one hand, and, pleading still, followed after. Not until he had mounted the steps at the colonel's did the young officer turn again; then with uplifted hand and arm he stood warning her back. Something in the attitude, something in the stern, quivering white face, seemed at last to bring to her the realization of the force of his unspoken denunciation.

"Harry! Harry!" she cried. "Oh, come and let me tell you. You don't understand! I meant no wrong! I was only going for a ride,—not with him,—not with him, Harry!" And so, pleading, weeping, she followed almost to the colonel's gate before the door was opened from within and Winn was swallowed up in the darkness of the hall.

By this time some inkling of the trouble had been borne to Collabone, ever an early riser. As he came hastily forth from his quarters, the first thing he saw was the drooping form of Mrs. Winn, weeping at the colonel's gate. Seizing her arm with scant ceremony, he whirled her about and bore her homeward, she sobbing out her story as they sped along, he listening with clouded, anxious face.

"Go back to your room, Mrs. Winn," he said, so solemnly and warningly she could not but heed. "Go to your baby. I'll go first next door, then I'll find your husband." She shrank within the hallway, and threw herself, weeping miserably, upon the sofa in the pretty parlor,—the parlor where she had so fascinated Hodge. There the sound of her baby's wailing reached her in an interval of her own, and she called to the nurse to do something to comfort that child. There was no answer. "Miss Purdy," with clattering tongue and eager eyes and ears and half a dozen sympathizing neighbors, was out in rear of the house, deaf to demands of either mother or child; there Collabone found her, and sent her scurrying within before the fury of his wrath.

"Now, this will not do, Mrs. Winn," he said, as, following, he lifted the moaning woman from the sofa. "You must go to your room,—to your child, as I told you. Captain Barclay will soon be all right. He has lost much blood, but the hemorrhage is checked. Now I will go for Mr. Winn. It's a bad business, but don't make it worse by any more—nonsense." With that he not too gently pushed her up the first few stairs, then turned abruptly and hastened away to Frazier's.

In the hall he found that gray-haired, gray-faced veteran listening stupidly to Winn.

"I don't understand, sir," he was saying. "You struck him— with what?"

"I don't know," said Winn. "They say I've killed him. I have come to surrender myself." His eyes were as dull and leaden as his heart.

"It's not so bad," burst in the doctor. "Barclay fell or was knocked over a chair, and the jar reopened his wound. He fainted from loss of blood, but it's checked now."

"But—how?—why?" the colonel was stammering. Over the balustrade aloft popped one head night-capped, and two with touseled hair, and blanched faces were framed in all three, and gasping words were heard, and whisperings as of awe-stricken, news-craving souls. "Where did this occur, and when did you return, sir?"

"On the back porch of my—of our quarters, colonel,—when I got back, just before gun-fire."

"And what possible excuse or explanation have you, sir? What could warrant such—such conduct?" demanded Frazier, as though at a loss for suitable words. Yet, even as he asked, his wife's predictions reasserted themselves, and he glanced uneasily aloft.

"Come into the parlor, colonel," implored Collabone. "Say no more here. Let me explain. It's all a wretched mistake." And, half pushing, half pulling, but all impelling, the doctor succeeded in hustling the post commander and the inert, unresisting subaltern within the parlor. Then, to the infinite disgust of the colonel's wife, he shut—yes, slammed—the door.

A quarter of an hour later, in close arrest, Lieutenant Winn returned to his own roof and locked himself in his den. Mrs. Winn, kneeling at the keyhole, pleaded ten minutes for admission, all in vain; then she sent her maid for Dr. Collabone and Mrs. Faulkner, and went straightway to bed.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

THREE days more, and back came Mullane with the wretched prisoner Marsden. The Irish captain's eyes grew saucer-big when he heard the harrowing details of recent events at the post. Never in its liveliest days, before or since, had Worth known an excitement to match this; for, with the best intentions in the world, there wasn't a woman in officers' row who could get at the bottom facts of the episode. Rumors of the wildest kind that were early in circulation were best left to the imagination of the reader. The only thing actually known was that Mrs. Winn and Captain Barclay were going out riding at reveille, that Winn surprised them and knocked the captain down, that Winn was now in close arrest, Barclay on the mend and again sitting up, Mrs. Winn confined by illness to her bed, Mrs. Faulkner (a most important person she) in devoted attendance, all their differences forgiven if not forgotten,—and there were few Mrs. Faulkner would not have forgiven for the bliss of being for the time the most sought-after woman at Worth, for every one wanted to know how Mrs. Winn was every hour of the day, and hoped to hear what dreadful imprudence of hers it was that caused the equally dreadful fracas.

Gravely and quietly the doctors told their story to the colonel; that there was no arrangement or engagement to ride together; that Captain Barclay had no idea Mrs. Winn ever rose—much less rode—that

early; and most men accepted the statement as true. But there was the fatal exhibition of Barclay's letter by Mrs. Winn to confront the women, who would have held him guiltless and saddled all the blame upon her lovely, sloping shoulders. What had he to write to her about, unless it was to ask her to ride or something of the kind? And the idea of their daring to select such an hour, instead of going out when—when people could see! And then there was the fact that Mr. Winn still refused to be reconciled to his wife. What did that mean, if not that he deemed her guilty? Blythe, who had a kindlier feeling for Winn than had most men at Worth (for Brayton now was utterly set against him and refused to go near him), sent in his card and begged to be allowed to see him; and Blythe's face was sad and gray when, half an hour later, he came forth again.

"Colonel," said he to Frazier, "something has got to be done for that poor fellow, or he'll go mad. Collabone has told him Barclay was totally ignorant of Mrs. Winn's plan to ride that morning,—that his assault was utterly unjustifiable; and between that and the contemplation of his wife's brainless freak, and all his old trouble, I'm sorely afraid he'll break down,—go all to pieces. Can't something be done?"

Both Frazier and Brooks thought something ought to be done; and so said Blythe and De Lancy, and Follansbee and Fellows, when they came trooping home, empty-handed, from their scout. Only Mullane's detachment had accomplished anything, and such success as he had was due almost entirely to Winn's persistent effort and energetic trailing. Something was being done to hunt up stolen stores as revealed by Marsden, but poor Winn, who had ridden home so full of hope and pluck and energy, now paced his narrow room for hours, or lay upon his lounge, face buried in his arms, either dull and apathetic or smarting with agony. On Mrs. Winn old Collabone had little sympathy to waste. Bluntly he told her that she was responsible for the whole business and deserved to be down sick. So, too, he told the colonel, who was having a blissful time answering the questions and squirming under the nagging of his household at home. At first Laura had shown tremendous spirit. Mr. Winn's conduct was an insult. The doctor's comments were an insult. The instant she was well enough to move she would take her precious child and return to her mother's roof.

"Your mother hasn't any roof," said Collabone. "She's boarding in Washington, playing for another husband, and you'd spoil the whole game, turning up with a grandchild. What you've got to do is beg your husband's pardon for all the scrapes you've led him into,—this last one especially." Laura wailed and wept and cried out against the heartless cruelty of her husband, who left her sick and dying, for all he knew (Collabone had assured him there was nothing on earth the matter but nerves), and she thought Mrs. Faulkner ought to *make* him hear how ill she was. At last she managed to have herself appropriately arrayed, and with face of meekest suffering waylaid him on the lower floor before he could close the door against her, after a brief official visit from the adjutant.

But the first glance into his haggard, hopeless face, the sight of

despair such as she had never dreamed of, struck to her soul something like terror. One moment she gazed, all thought of her puny troubles vanished and forgotten, and then with one great cry—the first genuine feeling she had shown—the unhappy woman threw herself at his feet and clasped her arms about his trembling knees.

That night when the doctor called he found her humbled, contrite, concerned in earnest, and all for her husband. "It's the first time," said he, "I've ever felt any respect for you whatever, Mrs. Winn. I believe there's something in you, after all,"—"though probably not much," he later added when he told his wife. That night, too, he and Brooks and Blythe sat half an hour with Winn. The colonel asked it, for it was time to help him if help was to come at all. That day brought inquiry from Department Head-Quarters as to whether Lieutenant Winn had made good the amount of that great shortage; and the promised money package had not come.

Gently they asked him if he had reasonable right to look for it, and all the answer he could make was that it had been promised on certain conditions. He had recently accepted them, had expected to find the money on his arrival at Worth, but instead had found—and the hands thrown hopelessly forward, palms upraised, were as expressive as any words could have been. There was silence a moment. Then he spoke again.

"And, after all, what matters it now? With this court-martial hanging over me, I've nothing but dismissal to look forward to in any event."

"And what if there should be no trial, Winn?" said the major, after a reflective pause. "It is true that you have made an awful—break; but as yet you are your only accuser, and Mrs. Winn is the only witness, for Barclay is dumb."

But Winn shook his head. "I know enough of army matters to know that this thing is all over the post and will soon be all over Texas. If Captain Barclay was of—the old army,—if he had been brought up as I was, we might settle it out of court. My father used to say that there could be no other reparation for a blow. What would my apologies be worth? They would not re-establish him."

"Sometimes I think," said Brooks, after another reflective pause, "that men of Barclay's stamp need no appeal to the code to set them right. That is only a device by which physical courage is made a substitute for other virtues that may be lacking. Barclay occupies a plane above it. In view of his record in the Platte country and in this recent chase after the outlaws, it would take a bold man to sneer at him, in this garrison at least; and if he prefer no charge against you, who is to do it? This trouble can be straightened out, Winn," said the major, soothingly, "if only you could fix—that other."

But how, said they to each other, as they went gloomily away, was that other to be "fixed"? How was a poor fellow with nothing but his pay, burdened by an extravagant and helpless wife, a little child, and a number of debts, to hope to raise three thousand dollars to prevent the almost total stoppage of his stipend? That evening when Mrs. Faulkner left her invalid friend the latter asked her to say to

Harry that she begged him to come and speak with her. Harry went, but there was no spring, no gladness, in the slow and halting feet that climbed the narrow stair; there was no hope in the care-worn face that came forth again in half an hour. Laura wished him to take her watch, her diamond ear-rings, a locket he had given her in bygone days, and other pretty trinkets, sell them, and pay their debts: she was amazed to hear, not that they owed so much, but that her treasures would bring so little.

The fourth day of his arrest was well-nigh gone. Collabone had reported Barclay quite himself again, and sitting up, though none too strong, and then he saw that Winn at last had been writing. "Read that," said Harry, briefly, and handed him the sheet. It was addressed to Captain Barclay.

"In the last four days I have done nothing but think of the great wrong I did you. I have tried to find words in which to tell you my distress and self-reproach, but they fail me. There was no shadow of justification for my suspicion, and therefore no excuse for my blow. Had you desired reparation you would have demanded it, and the rule used to be for a man in my plight to wait until it was asked before he tendered an apology that might be considered a stopper to a challenge. But I will not wait. At the risk of anything any man may say or think, I write this to tell you that I deplore my conduct and with all my heart to beg your pardon."

Collabone went through it twice with blinking eyes. "That's the bravest thing you ever did, Winn," said he, as he laid it carefully down. "That ought to stop court-martial proceedings."

"That," answered Winn, "is a different matter. I don't ask any mercy. I would have been better off this minute if he or Brayton had shot me on the spot."

There was silence a moment as he turned away and presently seated himself at the little table, his head dropping forward on his arms. Then Collabone stepped up and placed a hand upon his shoulder.

"Winn, my boy, I should lie if I said you ought not to feel this, but there's such a thing as brooding too much. You'll harm yourself if you go on like this. You—— Here! let me take that in to Barclay. Let him speak for me; I'm damned if it isn't too much for me!"

But Winn's head was never lifted as the doctor went his way.

Later that night the post adjutant dropped in. He and Winn had never been on cordial terms, but the staff officer was shocked and troubled at the increasing ravages in the once proud and handsome face of the cavalryman. "Winn," he said, in courteous tone, "the colonel directs extension of your limits to include the parade, and—and to visit Captain Barclay, who wants to see you this evening, if you feel able. It's only next door, you know," he added, vaguely. Then, "Isn't there anything I can do?"

That night just after taps old Hannibal admitted the tall young officer, and ushered him into a brightly lighted room, where, rather pale and wan, but with a kindly smile on his face, Galahad Barclay lay back in his reclining chair, and held out a thin, white hand.

"Welcome, Winn," was all he said, and then the old negro slid out and closed the door.

"There are Oirish and Oirish," as, quoting Mulvaney, has been said before. Once assured that no further proceedings were to be taken against him for his iniquitous lapse the day of the rush to Crockett Springs, Captain Mullane concluded that he must stand high in favor at court and that further self-denial and abstinence were uncalled for, especially in view of the successes achieved for him by the small detachment of his party led by Lieutenant Winn. Mullane was a gallant soldier in the field, from sheer love of fighting, and the same trait when warmed by whiskey made him a nuisance in garrison. Not a week was he home from his successful scout when he broke out in a new place, and this time he found instant accommodation.

Little of the stolen property was recovered by the searching squad sent out as the result of Marsden's revelations. That voluble scoundrel was in the guard-house, awaiting trial by general court-martial. Cavalry drills were resumed again, and after each morning's work the officers gathered in considerable force at the club-room. There had been, both in the infantry and in the cavalry, vast speculation as to the outcome of Winn's arrest and Barclay's mishap. But men, as a rule, spoke of the matter with bated breath. Mullane, Bralligan, and the one or two Irish ex-sergeants in the command, known locally as the Faugh-a-Ballaghs, however, waxed hilariously insolent in their comments. Nothing short of dismissal should be Winn's sentence, and nothing short of a challenge be Barclay's course. It was with something akin to amaze that Mullane received on the sixth day after Winn's arrest official notification of his release and restoration to duty. It was with something akin to incredulous wrath that an hour later he caught sight of the liberated lieutenant issuing from Barclay's quarters, not his own, and with Barclay leaning trustfully on his arm.

Apology accepted! Explanations tendered! All settled, and without a meeting on the field of honor! "Whurroo! but hwat's the cavalry comin' to?" howled Mullane over the consequent cups at the sutler's store and club-room, Fuller aiding and abetting with more liquor. Up the hill to the post lurched the big captain that very afternoon, and into the card-room where some of his cronies were gathered, Bralligan among them, and the untrustworthy Hodge. Any one with half an eye could see there was mischief in the wind, for nothing caused these old-time Hibernian rankers keener suffering than to have their betters settle a question without either court-martial or a fight. Talk and jeering laugh grew louder as potations followed on the heel-taps of their predecessors. The mail from San Antonio got in at five P.M. that evening, and the orderly was distributing letters as the officers returned from stables. Winn, by invitation, had accompanied the major, and was walking home with him, Mullane and a crony or two following at safe distance. Several men saw the light of relief in Winn's face as he received, opened, and glanced into the missive handed him.

"Has it come?" asked Brooks, in genuine sympathy.

"Yes," answered Winn, almost solemnly. "A check which I am instructed to have cashed by Fuller, as he has all the currency in the county just now."

"I congratulate you with all my heart," said the major. "I suppose you will see Trott to-morrow."

"I shall see him to-night, if you will excuse me, sir. I'll go at once to the store.—Brayton, will you come with me?"

Fuller was out. It was some minutes before he could be found at the corral. Meantime the two classmates, reconciled since the long talk between Barclay and Winn, conversed in low, grave tones in Fuller's private card-room, where none but officers and his cronies were admitted. "The trader looked queer," said Brayton, "when he took the check," but after some fumbling at his safe came back with a thick package of treasury notes, carefully counted out and labelled. On this display of wealth gloated the fishy eyes of Mullane as a moment later he came reeling in, Bralligan and Hodge at his heels.

To his hilarious salutation Brayton gave short answer, Winn none at all. Winn's face had clouded again, and all the sad lines of thought and care seemed cutting deep, despite the coming of this much-needed relief.

"Hwat's ahl the lucre, I say?" shouted the Irish captain, raging at Winn's tacit snub. "Thousands of dollars, bedad!" Then with leering wink he turned to his half-muddled satellites. "D'ye mind, lads?—ahl that for a plaster to wounded honor,—regular John Bull business over again. That's the English way of settlin' a crim. con. case. How much did Barclay think it wurth, Winn?"

And the next instant he lay floundering on the floor, felled by a furious blow from the subaltern's fist.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

ANOTHER week opened. In honor of Captain Barclay's restoration to health, the Fraziers had issued invitations for a picnic to the White Gate. Many of the officers and ladies had accepted. Most of them had been bidden. Captain Mullane had been on sick report four days,—contusions resulting from tumbling from a broken-legged chair, was the explanation; but every Pat in the command had his tongue in his cheek when he spoke of it, and of matters growing out of the "contusions" mentioned. Frazier had heard rumors of the former fracas, and had notified Messrs. Mullane, Bralligan, *et al.* that he would have no duelling in his bailiwick; and deep was the mystery surrounding certain consultations held by night in Mullane's quarters.

"The blood of that young braggart be on his own head," said Mullane to his henchmen. "And you, Hodge, can console the disconsolate widow."

He had no more doubt of the issue of the contemplated combat, no more compunction in the matter, than had Thackeray's valiant and inimitable little Gascon, *né* Cabasse, in his duel with Lord Kew. He

had long been the leader of the Hibernian set, and, despite every effort on the part of the witnesses to the affray at the sutler's to keep the matter a secret, rumors got out, and the Faugh-a-Ballaghs knew their chief had been braved by that hated coxcomb Winn. Every one of them knew further that Mullane must have sent his demand for satisfaction, despite the fact that his "pistol oi," the right, had been damaged by the collision and was not yet in condition for effective service. Everybody who was in the secret knew that Mr. Winn had instantly accepted, naming Brayton as his second, pistols as the weapons, and suggesting his father's old duelling set, that had seen long years and some service in the old army, as proper to the occasion; the time and place, however, would necessarily depend on the victim of the knock-down blow. All Winn asked and urged was utter secrecy meantime.

To Mullane there was nothing in the episode over which to brood or worry. As dragoon sergeant in the old days, he had "winged his man" according to the methods described in "Charles O'Malley" and practised occasionally by his superiors in rank. He had known many a bar-room broil, and was at home with pistol, fists, or sabre,—no mean antagonist when not unsteadied by liquor. He had now a chance of meeting on the field one of the set he secretly hated, "the snobocracy of the arrumy," and he meant to shoot the life out of Harry Winn if straight shooting would do it. That Winn had taken advantage of him and knocked him down when he was drunk was excuse sufficient for the crime he planned; that he had brought the blow upon himself by an insult ten times more brutal was a matter that concerned him not at all. He had no wife or child to worry about: Mrs. Mullane and the various progeny were old enough to look out for themselves, as indeed most of them had long been accustomed to do. Mullane thirsted for the coming meeting, and for the prominence its outcome would give him among all good soldiers all over Texas.

And as for Winn,—he who had come riding home from his successful scout barely a fortnight before, buoyant, hopeful, almost happy,—the change that had come over him was something all men saw and none could fully account for. Cashing the draft from the bank at San Antonio, he had now enough to take Trott's receipt in full for the value of the stolen stores, even to some recovered plunder, slightly damaged by rough handling and by rain. He would then still have some four hundred dollars, and he asked his wife for certain bills that had been frequently coming to her accompanied by urgent demands. Laura said she had not kept them. Which ought to be paid first? he asked. Which had been longest outstanding? Laura's reply was that she did not know, but if he had got that money from San Antonio at last she ought to have some to send to Madame Chalmette. She positively had not a dinner-dress fit to be seen. Winn did not even glance at the open doors of a big closet, hung thick with costly gowns his wife had hardly worn at all, but that now, she said, were out of style. There were other matters to be thought of than dinner-gowns, he told her, gravely, and her face clouded at once. She had almost forgotten the troubles of the week gone by.

He went down to his den and sat there thinking. What ought he to do? what should he do with this money? Every cent of it would be swallowed up if he squared those commissary accounts and turned the balance into checks and sent it off to pay these bills, and then if Mullane's bullet sped true to its mark, what would there be to take Laura and the baby North? "Home" he dared not say. She had no home: Collabone's diagnosis of that situation was correct. Then, too, if Mullane's pistol did not fail him, there would be no way in which that mysterious friend and beneficiary of his father's could ever be repaid. What right had he to use one cent of this money for any purpose whatever, when another day might be his last? Winn wished he still had the San Antonio check instead of these bulky packages of greenbacks. They were now locked up in Trott's safe, unbroken, pending action at Department Head-Quarters on the new schedule sent thither, based on the recovery of some of the damaged stores. He thought of it all as, long before gun-fire that morning, the black care of his life came and roused him from his fitful sleep and bade him face his daily, hourly torment. He had risen, and as he softly moved about the room, thoughtful for her, she slept on placidly as a happy child, soundly as slept the nurse and the little one in the adjoining room.

Donning his stable dress, he carried his boots into the hall and down the creaking stairs, and sat there, with solitary candle, at his desk, wearily jotting down inexorable figures. The dawn came stealing in the eastward window: from aloft a querulous little wail was uplifted on the stillness of the summer morning. There was no answering hush of loving, motherly voice. Laura could not stand wakeful nights. He tiptoed swiftly up again to rouse the nurse in case she too slept on, but he heard her hand beating drowsy time on the coverlet, and the soothing "Shoo, shoo, shoo," with which she communicated her own heaviness to her little charge. Laura had turned uneasily, he saw as he peeped in at the open doorway, but again slept soundly, her lovely face now full turned towards him, half pillowed on the white and rounded arm he used to kiss with such rapture in the touch of his lips. Her white brow was shaded by the curling wealth of her soft, shining hair. The white eyelids drooped their long curving lashes over the rounded cheeks, faintly tinged with the rosy hue of youth and health. The exquisite lips, warm, delicately moulded, parted just enough to reveal the white, even, pearly teeth. The snowy, rounded throat and neck and shoulders were enhanced in their beauty by the filmy fabric of her gown, beneath which her full bosom slowly rose and fell in healthful respiration. How beautiful she was, how fair a picture of almost girlish innocence and freedom from all worldly dross or care! Even now, in the light of all the gradual revelation of her shallow, selfish vanity, the heart of the man yearned over and softened to her. If he had only realized,—if he had only known more of the world and life and duty other than mere soldier obligation, how different all might have been! What right had he to ask her to be his wife? She should have wedded a man many years her senior,—one fitted to guide and direct her,—able to lavish luxury upon her. It wasn't

all her fault that she had been so thoughtless, poor girl! What else had her mother been before her? What else could one expect of her? Would she miss him? he wondered. Not long,—not long, thank God! Beauty such as hers would soon win for her and baby home and comfort such as he could never give. That was all over. Something almost like a sob rose from his heart as he bent and softly touched with his lips the floating curl above her temple, then turned back to resume his work and reface his troubles. Thank God, Mullane's pistol would soon end them all and save him from the sin that was in his soul the day he took his own revolver with him. She was sleeping still when the morning gun shook the shutter of her window and he went forth to meet the sorrows of another day, as he had met those of the past,—alone.

The air was strangely still, yet the smoke from the kitchen chimneys back of the barracks settled downward about the adobe capping or drifted aimlessly along the roof-trees. Down in the stream-bed and over about the low bluffs of the farther shore, swallows and sand-martins were shooting and slanting about their nests in clamorous, complaining gyration. The flag, run up to the topmast at the crack of the gun, hung limp and lifeless, without so much as a flutter. Away to the northwest, over the pine crests of the range, a belt of billowy cloud gleamed snow-white at their summits, but frowned dark and ominous underneath. Huge masses of cumulus, balloon-like, thrust distended cheeks to the morning kiss of the sun; but these were well down to the west. The orient and the zenith skies were fleckless. Over at the stables two four-mule teams were hitching in, and army-wagons were being laden with tentage, luncheon-baskets, ice, boxes of bottled beer, band instruments, and the like, all going ahead to the White Gate, while Frazier's bandsmen were to follow in another as soon as they had finished breakfast. Their duty would be to set up the tents, the dancing-pavilion, and the lunch-tables on the level green in a lovely dell a mile within the gates, and have everything in readiness against the coming of the joyous party from the post. It was planned to carry the women-folk and such men as couldn't ride in the available ambulances and spring wagons, while the cavaliers would canter along on horseback. They would lunch at one, dance, fish, and flirt through the afternoon hours, have a supplementary bite and beer towards five o'clock, and drive homeward before dark. "Captain Barclay, as the guest of honor," said Mrs. Frazier, would go with her and 'Manda in her own vehicle, a venerable surrey. The colonel would drive, and Miss Frazier, now withdrawn by a maternal order from the supposed competition, in order that 'Manda's charms might concentrate, was bidden to ride. Winn had no thought of going. Mrs. Frazier had no thought that it would be possible for him or Laura to go,—the latter being reported ill in bed,—and therefore had found it easier to comply with the colonel's dictum that they must be invited, and she did it by dropping in and bidding "Miss Purdy" say to her mistress that she had called to inquire for her, and was so sorry, so very sorry, that her illness would prevent her coming to the picnic, whereupon Laura herself had appeared in becoming *négligée* at the head of the

stairs and smilingly assured the nonplussed lady that she was so much better she thought it really might do her good to go. But of this she said no word to Harry until, returning from stables at seven o'clock, he was surprised to find her up and dressing.

On the homeward way he had met Mr. Bralligan, whom he passed without recognition, but not without mental note of the unusual circumstance, Bralligan being a late riser, as a general thing, and having no business at Barclay's quarters anyhow. Brayton awaited him on the piazza and drew his arm within his own.

"Mullane sends word that he'll be ready at sunrise to-morrow, Harry, and I have said we were ready any time."

But the young fellow's voice trembled a bit as he anxiously scanned his classmate's grave, solemn face. It couldn't be that Winn was weakening, losing his nerve. It couldn't be that. But had his trouble so weighed upon him that he really welcomed the possible coming of the end? Brayton's was a hard lot just now. Assiduously he was hiding from his own captain all indications of the forthcoming meeting. Somehow he felt that Barclay would not hesitate to disclose the project to the post commander, and then every cad in Texas would jeer and crow and say it was Winn and he who crawfished. Barclay had noted that Winn seemed avoiding him again, and spoke of it to Brayton, who answered that Winn was avoiding everybody: he was blue and depressed about his affairs.

"Yet I understood that he had received more than enough to settle those commissary accounts," said the captain.

"Oh, yes," answered Brayton, "but there are other matters." How could he tell Barclay that he thought Winn's love and faith in his wife were dead and gone? How could he tell him that Winn would touch no dollar of the money until he had first met and satisfied another claim? Barclay's suspicious would have been aroused at once.

But Winn was having another trouble now. Laura had set her heart on going to the picnic, and for no other reason, she declared, than that she must show the women there was nothing amiss. If he and she, either or both, should fail to attend the Fraziers' entertainment, every one would say he still believed her guilty of having a rendezvous with Barclay at that unearthly hour, and that she was unforgiving.

As he had done many a time before, Winn yielded. What mattered it? There might be only that day for him. He could accomplish nothing by absenting himself. He could aid in brushing away any cloud upon her name by going and being devoted to her. So go they did, and women who watched with wary and suspicious eyes long remembered how fond and lover-like were Winn's attentions to his beautiful wife; how often on the way he rode to the side of that ambulance to say some little word to her; how anxiously he seemed to scan that lowering westward sky, for by the time they reached the Blanca gorge the cloud-banks were climbing to the zenith and the westward heavens were black as the cinder-patches along the heights about them, where fir and spruce and stunted pine had strewn the slopes with dry, resinous carpet, too easily ignited by the sparks from

hunter's pipe or camp-fire. At two o'clock, Blythe, Brooks, and Frazier, clambering a rocky ridge to the southeast of the lovely picnic cove, looked gravely at the blackening sky, then gravely into one another's faces. "I think we ought to start at once," said the colonel. "That's no place to be caught in a storm." And he pointed downward as he spoke.

At their feet was the deep, grassy valley, hemmed by precipitous bluffs. The greensward at the base of the barrier ridge was soft and velvety. A richer soil nourished the roots of the bunch-grass, and all men knew that more than once in bygone days the sudden swelling of the brawling waters that came foaming and swirling down the ravine from the depths of the crested heights within had turned that beautiful little sheltered nook into a deep lake that slowly emptied itself through the narrow, twisting, rocky gorge that ended at the White Gate. On the level turf the dancers were merrily footing it even now to the music of an inspiring quadrille, the pretty gowns of the women, the uniforms of the men, adding brightness to the picture. Below the camp the mules and horses were placidly grazing close by the inner opening of the gorge, the white covers of the wagons and the snowy canvas of the two or three tents adding to the picturesqueness of the scene. All at the feet of the watching group was life, laughter, and careless joy; all beyond that merry scene a black and ominous heaven, frowning down on gloomy pine and rocky hill-side. The ceaseless clamor of the seething waters, as they turned whirling into the tortuous gorge, rose steadily above the throb and thrill of the dance-music, and aloft those relentless clouds sailed sternly eastward over the sky.

Still the smoke from the camp-fires settled back and shrank about the earth, as though dreading the encounter with the sleeping forces of the air. Then, as the watchful eyes of the elders turned once more up the mountain-side, there came a cry from Brooks. "By God! it's coming! There isn't a second to lose!"

Frazier, following the direction of that pointing finger, looked upward, saw the crestward firs and pines and cedars bending, quivering before a blast as yet unfelt below, saw sheets of ashen vapor come sailing over the hill-tops and sweeping down the rocky sides, saw the whole mountain face turn black as in a single minute, as though hiding from the storm that came roaring down the slope, then lighting up the next instant in dazzling, purplish glare, as a zigzag bolt of lightning ripped the storm-cloud in twain, and in the instant, with crash and roar as of a thousand cannon rolled into one, let loose the deluge sleeping in its depths. As though Niagara were suddenly turned upon the hill-side, a vast volume of water swept downward, hissing, foaming, rolling over the rocks, and the leaping spray dashed high in air, as the black wealth of waters came surging down into the ravine.

"A cloud-burst, by all that's holy!" screamed Brooks, as he sprang down the grassy side of the bluff. "Up with you, up the hill-side, for your lives!" The dancers, faltering through the sudden flutter of the band, for the first time looked upward, and saw the peril. Then, men and women, bandsmen and "strikers," the camp made a wild rush up the eastward hill-side. Another blinding flash, another thunderous

roar that seemed to shake and loosen the rocks about them, and in that second of brilliant, dazzling glare the watchers could see the white wall of the Blanca come spray-tossing, seething, whirling huge logs and trees on its outermost wave, tumbling them end over end, now deep-engulfed, now high in air,—one immense, furious moving mountain of raging water, sweeping towards them from the depths of the chasm. Then, rolling and frothing over its puny banks in the valley below, a chocolate flood, foam-crested, spread right and left through the deserted camp, licking up the cook-fires, sweeping camp-chairs and tables off their legs, bodily lifting wagons and ambulances and sending them waltzing to the wild music of the storm over the flats where twinkled dainty-slippered feet the moment before, then bore them away towards the inner mouth of the gorge just in time to mix them up with such frantically struggling mules as through native obstinacy had resisted the impulse to scamper to higher ground while yet there was time. Worst sight of all, right there in the midst of the logs, chairs, wagon-beds, that came swirling beneath them, was a despairing woman's struggling form, revealed by a woman's white dress.

"Merciful God!" shrieked Mrs. Faulkner; "it's Laura Winn. She went up towards the falls not ten minutes ago."

Vain fool! What could have been her object? Barclay, never dancing, had been looking smilingly on. Both the Frazier girls had been led, not too willing, away by partners. Four sets had been formed, and Mrs. Winn, pleading fatigue, had asked to be excused, had sauntered past Barclay's seat, and, before his eyes, had turned up the narrow, winding, sheltered pathway by the Blanca. Had she dreamed it possible he would follow? Follow her he did not. Was it—a far more charitable thought—in search of Harry she had gone? Sombre and absent-minded, he had earlier slipped away among the trees, avoiding even Brayton. But now Barclay was seen on the near side of the torrent, limping up and along the steep slope, in imminent danger of slipping in, swinging in his hand a long lariat that he had drawn from the nearest wagon when the wild up-hill flight began. They remembered later that he was the last man out of the hollow. Already Brooks, Brayton, De Lancy, and half a dozen men were hurrying along the hill-side to aid, but Brayton reached him first and seized his arm just as another cry went up from the hill-top,—just as from the opposite side of the seething torrent the tall figure of Harry Winn came bounding through the stunted trees, and, hatless, wild-eyed, he seemed searching the tossing mass of wreckage on the bosom of the waters. Another instant still a white hand was waved aloft in their midst; then a white arm encircling a log, a terror-stricken white face, all showed dimly one moment before again borne underneath, hidden by the yellow body of a whirling ambulance, and in that one instant, far leaping, Winn plunged into the torrent and struck out savagely to reach his wife.

Vain, hopeless effort! Eddying in huge circle at the rocky shoulder just above the entrance to the gorge, the wild waters near the eastward shore bore their burden, jarring and crushing, close under the heights on which were clustered the panic-stricken revellers from Fort Worth.

But on the farther side, as it narrowed towards the entrance, the hissing torrent tore like a mill-race on its way. Into this heaving flood leaped Winn, and, before the eyes of screaming women and helpless, horror-stricken men, was sucked into the rush and whirl of foaming waves sweeping resistless through the rocky cañon, away towards the fair White Gate, away out and beyond the lovely foot-hills, tossed and battered and crushed by whirling logs, dragged under by the branches of uprooted trees, borne away at last, rolling, gasping, still feebly, faintly struggling, until on the broad lowlands the torrent spent the fury of its concentrated spite, and, swiftly still, but no longer raging as when curbed and held by the barrier gate, the Blanca foamed away to strew the tokens of the fearful storm right and left for miles along its banks, and to land all that was mortal of Harry Winn, bruised, battered, yet so placid in death that strong men's voices broke when telling how they found him, resting with weary head upon his arm on the sandy flat that lay just beneath the little summer-house on the overhanging bluffs,—just where Laura had looked down over the misty shallows from that very height the morning her soldier husband had reached his home at reveille and found her—wanting.

They bore her wailing home that night, widowed and crying, Woe is me! yet with what wild thoughts throbbing through her brain! Who was it that came leaping to her aid as she felt herself again dragged under in that swirling eddy? Whose voice was it that rang upon her drowning ears? Whose strong arms had clasped and sustained her and held her head above water, while other strong hands, hauling at the lariat made fast about his waist, drew them steadily to shore? Then angels came and ministered to her,—the women,—while the men clustered about her dripping hero, Galahad. Only for a moment, though, for there was mounting bareback in hot haste and thundering away at mad gallop, despite the drenching rain, for he who had saved the wife implored those who could ride to haste and save the husband.

All Fort Worth again went into mourning with the setting of that woful sun. It had borne its fill and more of battle and of sudden death.

And people resurrected Hodge's stories later on, though Hodge himself was readily excused. They recalled how Channing's widow and little ones were cared for after that officer's untimely death in the shadows of old Laramie Peak. They recalled Porter's ailing wife and the sea-side sojourn, and the old ordnance sergeant's family burned out at Sanders. It wasn't many days before the lovely, drooping widow of poor Harry Winn was quite well enough to be sent the long journey to the North; yet some weeks elapsed before she would consent, she said, to be torn from her beloved's grave. When, gently as possible, she was told in July that the quarters she still occupied were needed for her husband's successor, she proposed to spend a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Faulkner, but they were forced to limit that visit to a few days. There was no reason why she could not have started in June, for that devoted mother, Mrs. Waite, had dropped temporarily the pursuit of Senators and Representatives in Congress assembled, and

wired that she would meet her daughter in New Orleans, and the commanding general at San Antonio notified her that abundant means for all her homeward journeying for self and nurse and baby were in his hands. She thought she ought to stay until all poor Harry's affairs were straightened out; and Frazier had to say that that, too, was all attended to. Yet all the while she seemed to think that she could not sufficiently thank the heroic Captain Barclay, and begged to see him for that purpose, also to consult him, day after day, until—was there collusion?—he suddenly received orders to proceed to San Antonio on court-martial duty, and was on his way before she knew it,—before, said the Fraziers, she could get ready to go with him. Nor was he there when she passed through, under Fuller's escort, to the Gulf, nor did she see him once again in Texas. Letters, fervently grateful letters, came to him from Washington, whither she had flitted, and where, it was reported, she was to have a clerkship. But when people spoke of her to Barclay he smiled gravely and had nothing to say. All her late husband's accounts were declared settled and closed within a very few months, and all men knew by that time whose hand it was that had lifted the burden; yet Laura Waite had lost the last vestige of her power where Galbraith Barclay was concerned.

Long before the fall set in, Barclay returned to his post of duty, eagerly welcomed by officers and men, except the Faugh-a-Ballaghs. Somebody had sent from San Antonio a marble headstone for Winn's lonely grave in the little cemetery. Somebody had secured for his widow that clerkship in the Treasury Department, which within another year she left to wed a veteran admirer of her mother, to the unappeasable wrath of that well-preserved matron and the secret joy of Manda Frazier, who thought that now perhaps the eyes of Galahad would open to her own many charms of mind and person. Yet they did not. Somebody in a childish, sprawling hand was writing letters every week to the doughboy trooper, who by that time had the best drilled company at Worth, owing, said the Faugh-a-Ballaghs, when forced to admit the fact, to Brayton's abilities and to an Irish sergeant. Barclay's weekly mail was bigger than that of anybody else except the commanding officer, whose missives, however, were mainly official, and the number of letters penned in feminine or childish hands seemed, like Galahad's godchildren, ever on the increase. Mrs. Blythe came back from leave, bonnier than ever, and blissful beyond compare in the possession of secrets she could not share with even her oldest cronies, yet that leaked out in ways no man could hope to stop. Ned Lawrence's children were well, happy, thriving,—little Jim at Barclay's home with other godsons, two or three, where a widowed sister cared for them as for her own, so said Mrs. Blythe when fairly cornered, while Ada was at a famous old Connecticut school not far from the Barclay homestead.

"Good heavens!" said Blythe, one day in late October, "these women have powers of divination that would be priceless at police head-quarters. Why, they've got hold of facts I thought only Mrs. Blythe and I knew,—facts that Barclay would have kept concealed from every one, but that we simply can't deny."

And so, little by little, the details of some, at least, of Galahad's benefactions became known, though no man knew how many more were held in reserve. For three long years he lived his simple, studious, dutiful life at Worth, a man the soldiers and their wives and children learned to love and look up to as their model of all that was kind and humane (they well-nigh worshipped him at Christmas times),—a man his brother officers of the better class honored as friend and comrade, worth their whole trust and esteem, and from the armor of whose reserve and tolerance the shafts of the envious and malicious glanced harmless into empty air.

There were women, old and young, who thought him lacking in more ways than one. The Fraziers said not much, but looked unutterable things when they went North on leave and people asked for Galahad. It was a family tradition that he had treated 'Manda very badly; that is, mamma said as much, but the elder sister had views of her own not entirely in harmony with those of her beloved parent. 'Manda herself found consolation by marrying in the army not two years later, and her husband thinks to this very day that Barclay, with all his wealth, secretly envies him his treasure, though admitting, in those lucid intervals to which so many lords are subject, that perhaps Barclay wasn't so confoundedly unlucky after all. It was at their quarters some years later still, at a far-distant post, that in the course of an evening's call, in company with his host, Lieutenant-Colonel Brooks, the chronicler of a portion, at least, of this episode of old-time army life was favored with the most important facts of all.

"What do you think!" said the stout possessor of Mrs. 'Manda's matured and rounded charms, as he came bustling in with the *Army and Navy* in his hand, "Galahad Barclay's married at last. Here it is: To Ada, only daughter of the late Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Lawrence,—th U.S. Cavalry."

"Ada Lawrence! That child!" screamed madame, with eyes and drawl expansive. "Well, of all——"

But others, who have seen her in her happy wifehood, declare that Ada Lawrence grew up to be one of the loveliest of the lovely girls that married in the army,—and they are legion.

THE END.

*THE LAND OF THE WINTER CUCUMBER.*

**F**AR down the west coast of Florida, the broad mouth of the beautiful Caloosahatchee pours the waters of Okechobee into the Gulf of Mexico.

Southward lie everglades, evergreen hammocks, sunshiny barrens, coral reefs, shell-strewn beaches, and emerald isles. It is the home of the palm, the mangrove, the mastic, the *lignum-vitæ*; of the gaudy ponciana, the jessamine, the flowering cactus; of the date and mango, the cocoanut, banana, pineapple, and sapodilla.

Many years ago, thousands, perhaps, it was the home of a queer people, about whom our knowledge is meagre. They descended from Adam, no doubt, but we don't know whence they came or whither they went, or whether they were white or black or red or yellow. We don't know whether they lived in the time of Moses or Julius Cæsar, or whether they spoke Sanskrit, Hebrew, Greek, or Aztec.

They did not build pyramids or carve history on monoliths or tablets. Their record, all we know of them, is preserved in heaps of shells. These, evidently, were piled by human beings in the unknown past, but that is all we know, except that beneath the shells, sunk deep in the sand, are the ends of posts or piles, on the top of which, probably, dwellings were built twenty feet or more above the ebb and flow of the tides.

They were built along the bays and inlets, probably at low-water mark, where the tides flowed under them, and where boats could land loaded with shell-fish,—oysters, conchs, clams, and mussels,—on which chiefly the people seem to have lived, and for which, if evidences count for anything, they had a wonderful appetite, for they made mounds of the shells all along the coast, in many places acres in extent and from twenty to forty feet deep.

The fact that the bays and inlets contiguous to these mounds are now stocked with shell-fish proves, in a measure, their antiquity, for in their upraising every crustacean and mollusk in leagues around must have lent his assistance, or rather his shell. As the supply was exhausted in one place, the people probably moved to another, and when the last shell-fish was eaten the last man of them may have died of famine. At all events, they are all gone now, and the sites of their ancient dwellings and the débris of their ancient dinners, raked over and levelled down, are used as garden-spots to grow winter cucumbers, beans, and peas for cold-blooded Northern people.

This is a utilitarian age, if it is anything, and, however sentiment may linger around the possible scenes and incidents of the dim and misty past, the people of that coast do not allow it to interfere in questions of cucumbers and cabbage.

Without the least compunction, they take these interesting mounds—hoary with age, gray with shells, rich with plant-food—and adorn them with potatoes and spinach and squash. Better garden-land can-

not be found anywhere, and the value is quadrupled by a climate that knows neither killing frosts nor withering heat, and where a day in December is exactly like a day in June.

They plant in September, and in December, January, and February ship early vegetables to the good people of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. The business is very profitable, and will be more so when transportation facilities are better. Little fleets of white-winged boats carry the "truck" now to Key West, where connection is made with the New York steamers, and checks, representing from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars an acre, net, it is said, come back to the shippers by mail,—monuments to the honesty of Northern commission men, and also to the mid-winter appetites and purses of Northern consumers.

There are weeks or days or hours every winter, it is said, when cucumbers sell for a dollar each in New York City,—it may be to grace the wedding of an aristocrat or the dining of a statesman; but, however that may be, winter cucumbers and tomatoes bring fabulous prices sometimes, and at all times enough to make the business of growing very lucrative on the shell mounds south of the Caloosa.

In evidence, the following true incident may be related. Johnnie X. was notoriously the laziest man on the coast. He had a small sloop, and earned a living by taking out fishing-parties and going errands up or down the coast, but when he earned ten dollars he would rest for a month, or until it was gone, and much the greater part of his time was spent in "resting," for it was quite easy to earn what he called a living. There came a season, however, when visiting sportsmen were few, when there was little boating business even for the energetic and active, and Johnnie did not lay up anything for the following dull summer. Times got dreadfully hard with him, and in the fall he went to Mr. S., who keeps a store at the mouth of the Caloosahatchee.

"Mr. S.," he said, "I'm goin' to put in er crap o' termatoes, an' want you to trust me fur er grubbin'-hoe an' th' seed."

"Why, Johnnie," said Mr. S., "you'll get tired before you are through planting; and as to holding out and cultivating the crop, you'll never do it in the world."

"Oh, yes, I will," said Johnnie. "I've jes' got to hev some money, an' hev made up my mind to make th' crap, ef so be's you'll let me hev the hoe an' seed; an' I'll bring hit all to you to ship, so's you'll git yer money back."

"But, Johnnie, you don't own a foot of land. Where are you going to make your crop?"

"I doesn't hev to own th' lan'. There's er plenty of hit down the coast. I've already picked out er good place,—belongs to th' government, mebbe. Hit won't hurt hit none fur me to crap hit, an' I'll leave hit all thar when I'm done."

The matter ended by Mr. S. letting him have the hoe and seed. Telling of it afterward, he said, "I never expected to hear of the seed and hoe again, or rather I never expected to be paid for them; nor did I see Johnnie again for some months. But, bless you! in January he came sailing in with a load of tomatoes for me to ship, and continued

bringing them until the crop was off. I shipped for him, in all, one hundred and fifty crates. They brought him \$3.75, net, per crate in New York, making a total of \$562.50,—pretty good returns, I should say, on the capital invested. I asked him how many days of actual labor he had performed in making and handling the crop. He said, after thinking awhile, ‘ Well, first an’ las’, I must ‘a’ worked fifty days.’ His crop, therefore, paid him at the rate of \$11.25 a day for his labor, which wasn’t bad for a green hand.”

But, thereupon, green hands should not rush too rapidly to this green cucumber country, expecting to earn \$11.25 a day. There are drawbacks. It isn’t all a shell mound. For a while, city men would find it lonely. There are no electric lights, no operas, no ballets. The people do not wear kid gloves. Some of them wear shoes on dress occasions, some of them don’t. It is a land of the free. With two thousand acres or so of territory per capita, it is easy to be free, and the opportunities for progress, development, and settlement are immense.

Notwithstanding the cucumbers, it is a strictly healthy country, with a lower death-rate than any other part of the United States. In 1890, when the census-taker for that part of Florida sent in his report, recording eight deaths for the year in more than four thousand square miles of territory, he got a stinging rebuke from his chief in Washington, who wrote him, “ Your report is incredible and evidently erroneous. It is herewith returned for correction. Meantime, your compensation will be withheld until you send a true and correct report.”

The poor fellow was in a quandary. He didn’t care much whether his report was credible or not, but he wanted his pay. He was seriously tempted to take his shotgun out in the highways and add a few dozen men to the death-list, so that he could make his report credible without perjury. He was a tender-hearted man, however, and went to the trouble of getting certificates and affidavits from the board of health, the county commissioners, and other prominent citizens, whereby he got his pay,—though his report continued, and is still, incredible, compared with statistics from any other area of the same size and population.

The country may be blessed, or otherwise, with electric lights and other adjuncts of our advanced civilization after a while, but its present population does not need them. When a Caloosahatchean wants to indulge in the frivolities of city life, he hitches up his boat and sails down to Punta Rassa. A week of the gayeties there generally suffices ; but if he wants something a trifle more elaborate, he shakes out a reef or two and sails on to Mobile, New Orleans, Key West, or Havana,—he has much of the world to choose from, and all of them are expert sailors. When the spree is over, he sails back again and plants more cucumbers and squash.

A young Englishman, living far down the coast and many miles from anywhere, describes the situation and outlook as follows: “ I was earning six hundred dollars a year in New York, and was spending six hundred dollars. The end of each year found me exactly where I was at the beginning. I heard of the chances here in vegetable culture, and came to investigate. I bought twenty acres of land at five dollars an acre. It took me a year to get ten acres in shape for cultivation.

The next year I sold one thousand dollars' worth of vegetables as the result of four months' labor. I put it down this way: In four months' gardening a year, I can earn from six hundred to fifteen hundred dollars, and outside of what I raise it doesn't cost me one hundred dollars a year to live. The other eight months of the year I can work at making a tropical fruit orchard,—oranges, lemons, cocoanuts, mangoes, etc. After ten years this orchard will give me a large and permanent income. By that time I will have considerable money laid up from my gardening, and thence on I can take life easy, here or in a city.

"No, I don't work any harder than I did in New York, but it is different kind of work,—fatiguing to the body, otherwise restful. I sleep like a top every night.

"Yes, it is lonely; but I subscribe for a dozen or more papers and magazines, and get my mail once a week. Constantly interested in my work, and with plenty to read, I get along very well. Anyway, I am willing to give ten years of my life now to insure ease and comfort for the remainder, whether that shall be long or short."

This, it must be understood, is the Englishman's view and account of it, and is given for what it is worth. He did not say anything about mosquitoes, sand-flies, gnats, and other trifles inseparable from life in that part of the world. He may have thought such things too insignificant to talk about, or he may have fallen unconsciously into the habit the people there have of ignoring such little details in telling of the manifold advantages their section affords.

They tell of gorgeous sunsets, of fruits and flowers, of fish and oysters, of venison and turkeys, of fortunes in thousands of mounds, extracted through the medium of cucumbers or squash. They tell willingly how cool the summers are, how warm the winters, and how the people, ignorant of medicines or doctors, live on indefinitely, puzzling the census-takers and confounding statistics; but concerning some other things they are reticent.

If asked point-blank, "Do you have any mosquitoes here?" Pete Smith will answer, frankly, "No, sir, not any to speak of. Once in a while a few'll git blowed in, but they don't hang erround. Now, down below th' p'int there, where Bill Jones lives, they's awful, an' so they is on Sanibel an' Captiva. But you kin see from th' lay o' th' lan' here, the sou'east wind is bound to keep 'em all driv out to sea."

And Bill Jones, down below the "p'int," will say, "No, sir, mighty seldom; the sou'west wind keeps 'em blowed away from here,—though they's bad up there where Pete Smith lives, an' you kin hardly breathe fur 'em sometimes down on L'Eestero."

Such information and acquaintance will lead inevitably to the sad conclusion that with regard to mosquitoes "all men" (in that country) "are liars;" but they don't mean to be. Discrepancies arise in this way: The mosquitoes at Pete Smith's get tired of sucking on him,—get cloyed, as it were,—and "hang erround" in the bushes out of sight until fresh meat in the shape of Bill Jones or some other stranger happens along, when they go for him in clouds that darken the sun, or moon and stars, as the case may be. Naturally, Bill Jones is led to think the mosquitoes are bad at Pete Smith's, and *vice versa*.

However, if it were not for such trivialities the country would be very nearly an earthly paradise, and it is certainly well worth visiting, as the most tropical part of the United States. It is well worth investigating, too, from our Englishman's point of view, for it may hold, probably does hold, many fortunes that need only to be dug out with patient care and industry.

When the reader takes a midwinter dinner at Delmonico's again, it may add to his enjoyment to reflect that he is indirectly indebted to prehistoric men for his fresh cucumbers and "garden sass."

*R. G. Robinson.*

### HOW THEY LIVE ON NOTHING A YEAR.

NO doubt the charming Becky would feel highly indignant to be mentioned as kin to many members of the notorious Sharp family; but the features of that objectionable fraternity are so well marked that we cannot avoid tracing resemblances. Like that wonderful people, the Jews, different branches of the Sharp family live in every country, speak all languages, yet retain their characteristics as a most peculiar people. Their family coat of arms might justly bear a sword, a pen, and a bunch of keys, with the motto "The world owes me a living," which being interpreted according to Sharp usage means, "If by force or by wit or by wiles I can get my hand into another man's pocket-book, I have as good a right to the contents as the so-called owner."

Thackeray's famous Becky managed to live "well" on nothing a year, but not every member of the Sharp family is so fortunate. We meet them in all grades of life, from the tramp who would steal a pie for his dinner, to the Senator who accepts a bribe from the railroad, or the city treasurer who pockets four million dollars which the people have paid in honest taxes. How the tramp and the sneak thief manage to steal their living we all know too well; but there are others who spend their days and nights in planning something original in villany.

The well-dressed sharpers deceive our servants,—sometimes even the house-mother herself,—then seat themselves complacently in the easiest chair in our parlors. Oh, the many, many ways they have of accomplishing their purpose! For the ultimate aim is ever the same,—to get something for nothing. When none but women are at home these fellows try browbeating, if smiles and coaxing do not bring into their pockets the coveted cash. Not every woman is brave or quick enough to tell such a guest, as a Western woman did not long ago, "My husband isn't far away: he's just out behind the barn, burying the last sharper that called." When a man evidently without principle settles down with the air of the small boy who refused to leave, saying, "This here's a free country, an' I likes yer looks," the average house-keeper pays him a dime or a quarter to "go to the next neighbor." And thus he keeps on moving, turning his brass to gold,—the philosopher's stone discovered at last!

Many householders have had experience with the swindler who delivers cheap goods, never ordered, for which a good price is demanded, while the pick-purse solemnly declares that the articles were ordered by some member of the household, concerning whose absence he has assured himself beforehand. In the same manner a piano-tuner will inform Mrs. Green that her husband ordered him to call and put the piano in good shape; while the only knowledge of time or tune possessed by the "professor" is the practical rendering of "Money Musk." Two dollars in pocket, he marches off with a more satisfied air than will be played upon that abused piano for many a day.

These artful dodgers call here and there with orders—still from the absent member—for all sorts of articles, from jewelry to large pieces of furniture, all of which they claim must needs be repaired. Any article secured in this manner is sold to second-hand dealers. The rightful owner waits in vain for its return.

If the Sharp family would only devote their energies to less selfish uses, what a help to the world they might be! Many of these men and women possess quick minds; but, alas, after a course in the school of vice, their shrewdness and mother wit are expended in getting other people into difficulties or in getting themselves out of scrapes. Even the sneak thief is not behind his brethren in the game of "every man for himself."

Not long ago, one of these fellows slipped into a fine house in Baltimore and hurried up-stairs, where he pocketed all the valuable small articles which were in my lady's chamber. Then, shouldering the mattress, he began backing with it down the front stairway.

Hearing a noise, he stopped, as my lady called, "What are you doing with that mattress?"

A smothered voice replied, "I was to deliver it here, and I'm just a-takin' it up-stairs."

"It is a mistake. We did not order any mattress," declared the mistress of the house.

"All right, missus," replied the man. "I s'pose you knows best 'bout that. I'll have to take it back to my boss for new directions."

The lady opened the door and complacently watched the exit of her best hair mattress.

A grade below the sneak thief is the freebooter who borrows with no intention of paying. Every one has had some experience with him. Oh, what tales he will tell! We need not warn our servants against him, for if he does not find us at home he meets us at the office, or even robs us in the street-car. He is the ever-present, everlasting, smile-and-smile-and-be-a-villain fraud. He has not the bravery of the pie-lifting tramp, nor half the spirit of the train-robber.

The train-robber, bad as he is, needs to exercise both bravery and wit. How he sometimes does this the following will demonstrate. Two men were sitting near the front end of a well-filled car, discussing some subject with evident warmth. The debate increased in earnestness, until their voices could be heard throughout the car. At length one of them arose, facing the people as he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, my friend and I have been having a lively set-to. He holds that few,

if any, in these days, believe that the Bible is more than any other book. Now I emphatically do not agree with him: so we decided to put it to the test. Will each one of you who believes that the Bible is more than any ordinary book please raise the right hand? Thank you! Thank you, my friends! Please just hold your hands thus a moment, while I ask another question. He insists that heaven is an exploded notion. Will all who believe in heaven kindly raise the other hand?" At this he presented two loaded revolvers, saying, "Just hold your hands that way, please, and save me the annoyance of shooting any of you. My friend will relieve you of burdensome money or jewels. You will not need them where you expect to go."

This trick was so quickly played that the rogues actually escaped with their booty.

Sharpers realize the force of the motto "In union there is strength:" so they often have thorough organization in their plans and purposes. We do not need to go to the Old World to find robber bands, for bandits are in our cities, and highwaymen on our country roads. The only difference is in their methods, which no doubt they speak of as "the latest thing in our line." In the "Land of Steady Habits," not long ago, the police discovered that a band of at least forty thieves were carrying on their depredations. Their *modus operandi* was as follows. They owned several huts, which were built in swamps or woods as far from highways and other houses as possible. These rendezvouses, although miles apart, were scattered along from New London to New Haven. Each was in charge of a solitary man whom the people of that neighborhood supposed to be a fishing and hunting character. Of course whatever company of his own sort came to the hut arrived and departed in the shadows of the night; for the sharps everywhere seem to have an owl's preference for the darkness.

The first step toward robbery in a certain neighborhood was taken when two well-dressed men appeared upon the scene selling corn salve or patent cures for bodily ills. While making their sales, these gentlemanly members of the robber band made it their business to ascertain all they could with regard to the habits and wealth of the people. They drew maps of the village, upon which they indicated which house or barn or store contained treasures worth capturing. A week or two after these venders had departed to pastures new, five or six trained burglars, with the latest inventions in tools of their trade, "cleaned out the town." The goods which they appropriated were taken to one of the huts in swamp or woods and left there for several weeks. When the neighborhood excitement over the robbery had subsided, the stolen goods were moved, either in peddlers' packs or under loads of hay, to New York, or sometimes to Boston. In all large cities there are those who make it their business to buy stolen goods. It was these high-toned members of the light-fingered gentry who purchased the miscellaneous collection of coats, postage-stamps, drugs, jewelry, and crockery which had been gathered in the "wooden-nutmeg State."

It is scarcely necessary to say that the men who buy and sell forbidden fruit must themselves be as shrewd as the gatherers. It is diamond cut diamond with them, for they know that they buy of a

pretty set of thugs. Not many months ago the police in Philadelphia discovered one of these retail stores,—“fences” for thieves, as they are called. Mr. Brown, the proprietor, had a “dummy” messenger—call in his store which he worked to his advantage. If a green thief came with goods to sell, Brown, after talking with the picker a moment, went to the dummy and turned the crank. Naturally the thief would think Mr. Brown was calling for a policeman: so he would take “French leave,” usually leaving his bundle in his frightened haste. The proprietor appropriated the stolen goods, perhaps thinking, with a chuckle, “It takes a thief to catch a thief.”

It is evident that sharpers do not believe in the saying “honor among thieves,” for each one tries to outwit the others. During the Christmas holidays a detective was arrested in New York who had for more than a year captured from five to nine shoplifters a day. She received the highest salary of any detective of this kind on Sixth Avenue. At last it was found that she had been robbing her employers for years; in fact, that she was the cleverest and heaviest “lifter” of all.

Among the thousand and one tricks to extort money from the pockets of others into the grasp of the Sharps, there is one which has been most successfully worked: this is known as the genealogical swindle. There was a firm of these plotters who made what they might call “a very good thing” out of a very bad plan. Their scheme was to choose a surname fairly common, but not too common. Suppose the name was Myers; then their list, when complete, would embrace men in farming districts, villages, towns, and cities. To each of these they sent a letter something like this:

“DEAR SIR,—Last year, while on a visit to Germany, I discovered that there was an immense estate waiting to be claimed by the American heirs of Baron von Myers, whose three sons came to this country early in its history and settled either in New York or New Jersey. After careful search I have been able to prove my own line of descent direct from Baron von Myers, and think that I have also the papers for your branch down to your father, or it may be your grandfather. Please give me the facts in regard to your immediate family; that is, if you wish to enter your name as one of the heirs. The expense will be too great for any one of us to assume, much as I would like to do it; but if each claimant is willing to advance five dollars (a mere trifle compared to what each of us will receive), we can put the matter through at the earliest possible date,” etc., etc.

Of course this fine firm of swindlers kept several lists going at the same time. The change of surname, say from Myers to Evans, necessitated changing the forebear from a German baron to a Welsh or an English lord. No doubt the would-be heir thought his five-dollar bill bore the same relation to the prospective fortune that a fisherman’s clam does to a big sea-trout. Many were willing to run the risk of the “cunners” swallowing the clam for the possible chance of landing that trout. Of course in this case the “cunners” gobbled the clams.

Of all the Sharp family the one most to be dreaded is the business-like advertising fraud. Not only is he a shark himself, he tempts

others to go into the same deep-sea business by offering them something for comparatively nothing. Not long ago a man living in a small inland city answered an advertisement like the following: "Large interest paid for loans. Good security given. As I need money in my business, I will pay \$50 for the use of \$1000 for three months." A gentleman, whom we will call Mr. Inland, had a pleasant home and ten thousand dollars laid by for old age. The advertisement tempted him, so he answered it, then went to New York to meet the one who had requested the loan. A well-dressed man met him at one of the city hotels, bringing with him jewelry as collateral security for the thousand dollars. Together the two men called at a jewelry store on Broadway, where the expert of the firm, after carefully examining the collaterals, said that they would sell for two thousand dollars at any time. Mr. Inland returned to his home, feeling well pleased.

At the end of three months the borrower visited Mr. Inland, bringing with him the fifty dollars interest. Of course he came to ascertain Mr. Inland's financial standing,—a fact which, in his delight over the prompt payment of interest, Mr. Inland entirely failed to realize. Mr. Sharp said that he was ready to pay the principal, but if Mr. Inland did not need it he would like to keep it three months longer at the same rate. He also intimated that if Mr. I. had any more money to loan he would give him additional securities and pay for the loan as before.

Again Mr. Inland went to New York. He found several men at the hotel where he stayed, who were very sociable. Of them he inquired concerning the business standing of the man to whom he had loaned his money, also in regard to the jewelry store where his collaterals had been tested. Every one of these men cordially recommended both. As was made manifest later, there was hardly an hour while he was in New York when Mr. Inland was not shadowed by some agent or accomplice of the man who had his money. When he paused or had a moment's leisure, one or more happened to be on hand ready to converse with him. No wonder that they all agreed that the borrower was "as solid as a rock." Later events revealed the fact that the jeweller was also an accomplice.

After salting down his ten thousand dollars in this faro bank, Mr. Inland awoke to the fact that he had received about eight hundred dollars interest and held fifteen hundred dollars' worth of jewelry instead of fifteen thousand dollars' worth. When the time came for justice and revenge, his two friends the jeweller and the gentlemanly borrower had sailed for Europe. These very men will no doubt continue their "banking business" in Europe until it is safe for them to return to this country. Meanwhile other members of the Sharp family will keep the "bank" open in America.

The man who blows out the gas will not outlive that other idiot who can be duped by the most threadbare of faro games, where a well-dressed man salutes a countryman as "Mr. Brown, from Smithville." "Some mistake," replies the farmer. "My name is Jenkins, from Bordertown." Fraud one withdraws and tells his partner the countryman's name and address; whereupon fraud two claims to be an old acquaintance of Mr. Jenkins,—and so on through the worn-out game.

A Jersey farmer was walking near City Hall, New York, when an elegantly dressed dude accosted him with the same old question. "No!" cried the farmer, squaring himself, "my name ain't Brown, from Smithville; and I 'ain't been reading the papers all these years for nothing, neither." The next moment the dude lay full-length upon the pavement, to the delight of a quickly gathered crowd that rejoiced over his downfall.

The most detestable of the whole family of frauds is the one who begs in the name of some worthy charity, for his own selfish uses. These sharpers, "that practise falsehood under saintly show," are most to be dreaded, for they not only defraud the public, but bring reproach upon the cause which they profess to espouse.

The following true tale is a most curious instance of living well on nothing a year without breaking the laws of the land. About twenty years ago a steam packet company of Liverpool wished to buy a piece of land which was owned by a "stay-at-home spinster," as her neighbors described her. She sold her land at a very low price, but insisted upon a clause being inserted in the agreement giving her the right, at any time during her life, to travel with a companion in any of the company's vessels. When the agreement was closed she sold her furniture and went on board the first out-going ship belonging to the packet company. For years this wise spinster lived nearly all the time upon one ship or another, frequently accompanied by a companion, according to the agreement. This was always a person who otherwise would have been a regular passenger, but who purchased her ticket at reduced rates by paying the spinster instead of the packet company. The company offered her more than twice the value of the land if she would give up her privilege; but this she would not do. Her reply was, "You got the land cheap, and I like sailing; so we ought both to be satisfied."

Many are the methods employed to defraud the people of the middle class; but the sharpest of the Sharps, the most corpulent of the corporate beggars, the most prosperous of the prosperous frauds, the most deeply ruined, the most modest, and the boldest of the villains, are all studying, scheming, watching, and waiting for a chance to pocket the golden eagles which belong to the really wealthy. Many a rich man's life is one continual effort to dodge the artful dodger; "not to mention all the people alive who have made inventions that won't act, and all the jobbers who job in all the jobberies jobbed; though these may be regarded as the Alligators of the Dismal Swamp, and are always lying by to drag the Golden Dustman under."

*Dora E. W. Spratt.*

### THE PRESENT.

SIGH not for future joys, nor for past days repine,  
But be thou cheered with this glad thought, this hour is thine.  
*Clarence Urmy.*

## A LITERARY SUCCESS.

WE met on the train. He was a pleasant-faced man of about sixty. As soon as possible, I told him I was going to attend the annual meeting of our State Federation of Writers, and would read a paper to the convention. He was not nearly as much affected as I expected him to be.

"So you write, do you?" he asked, coldly.

I answered that I did. Nothing had been said about publishing.

"These meetings of writers must be very pleasant," he remarked,—"beneficial and consoling."

I did not like the remark, and had a mind not to talk further with him, but presently thought better of it, and told him of the paper I was going to read; how I was going to show that the writers who never see the light of print are among the greatest public benefactors, and that the public, instead of sneering at them, would hold them in grateful estimation if it paused to think of the army of people to whom they give employment; how the manufacturers of pens, ink, and paper, the extra force required to handle the mails, the publishers of journals for literary apprentices (who never become journeymen), the literary agents, the professional readers and literary advisers, and even the federal government itself, are under obligation to them.

"You are right," he said, when I finished. "We do all that—and more."

"Then you are one of us?" I said, with fraternal warmth.

"Yes, I am one with you," he replied. "I am Malcolm Douglass."

"Oh, yes," said I, pretending the name was a familiar one.

"I see you have not heard of me," he said, quietly; "but don't feel badly about it; there are nearly seventy millions of our people in the same dark state. And yet I have written tons of stuff. I have missed Fame, but I do not regret it, for on close view she is an ugly wench, and seldom has anything in her purse."

"But you have found that literature pays?" I asked, eagerly.

"Fairly well," he answered, modestly. "I should not complain. My pen has bought me a farm in a part of the country where nature pays good dividends. I believe I should not have done much better at anything else."

"And your line?" I asked.

"All lines," he replied. "I have been impartial. In the beginning I did poetry, but it was so bad that I couldn't stand it myself. Then I took to fiction. That made me reckless. I plunged into philosophy and religion and balloon ascensions and Arctic expeditions and whatever I thought or dreamed. For ten years I wrote an article every day."

"Versatile?" I remarked.

"Yes, versatile," he replied, smiling. "When about your age I

was stricken with the fever to write. You know it is an intermittent and incurable malady. Soon I was a pen-maniac. I was ever industrious: for quantity of composition no one has ever excelled me."

"Was it long before you began to publish?" I inquired, anxiously.

"We will come to that," he answered. "Publishers are divine, in that they cannot be driven, flattered, nor coaxed. All my stuff came back to me declined with thanks. Perhaps you know the printed slips which come with rejected manuscripts."

"I do," I said, laughing. "But there came a time when the publishers contended for your work."

"That is the writer's smoke-dream," he said, with a sad shake of the head. "All my manuscripts came back. For two years I was patient, for the effort to create is the manifestation of the divine in man,—and the divine is long patient. But at last I became desperate, and for eight years there was not a publishing house or publication in the English reading world that I did not favor with manuscripts at least once a month."

"And at last victory!" I exclaimed.

"I never had an article accepted," he said, quietly. "Every man is born with a desire he cannot gratify: it is part of the discipline of life."

"But your earnings?" I said.

"The earnings?" he repeated, with a perplexing smile. "Yes, the earnings. As I told you, I wrote thousands of articles, and they were all rejected; all came back with printed or written notes of thanks,—notes from all over the world, some of them very odd, some with well-known names signed to them,—a rare collection. One day I pasted them in a book; another day I sold the book."

"Sold the book?" I exclaimed.

"To a man with an exquisite sense of humor," he replied,—“a retired undertaker. What he wanted with it I do not know. With the money he paid me I bought a farm."

I was sorely disappointed in him. "And since then you have given up literature?" I said, reproachfully.

He smiled. "Oh, no," he said. "I read every day, and there have been times when my soul has demanded to have its sensations and experiences defined,—has yearned to help other souls to an understanding of the problems of life, to make their journeys easier, the end more definite. In these hours I have written a book,—a real book. It is now in press: I had no trouble in getting a publisher for it." \*

*Willis Irwin.*

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\* In this last statement the narrator was evidently romancing, as his interlocutor must have divined. The rest of his tale is probable enough,—except the sale of his collection of notes accompanying rejected MSS., and consequent purchase of a farm. Pen-maniacs do not acquire real estate in that way. If the pleasant-faced man had employed his imagination in his writings, they might have been more successful.—ED.

## SOME LITERARY SHRINES OF MANHATTAN.

## III.

## THE LATIN QUARTER AND ITS ENVIRONS.

**E**ASTWARD from quaint old Greenwich lies Washington Square, whose vicinage, together with a devious and doubtfully defined district bisected by Broadway and reaching irregularly eastward and northward as far as Stuyvesant Square, has sometimes been styled the "Latin Quarter" of New York. Within this region a few of the pioneer American authors, many of those who belonged to what John Burroughs calls our "second crop," and a still larger number of authors who "have not yet the advantage of being dead," have or have had home or haunt.

Washington Square has itself given title to a tale of Henry James of New York life: at No. 21 of the adjacent Washington Place that subtly realistic novelist was born and his father, "the seer," wrote some of his metaphysical treatises. We may be sure that the school kept by "a broad-bosomed, broad-based old lady with a ferule," of which young James had knowledge, was not far distant, and, if we sit of a summer evening with Howells's *Marches* among the old trees of the Square, we see just north of it the "wide-fronted house with a big balcony before its drawing-room windows" and with steps and trimmings of white marble in which dwelt the Dr. Sloper of James's tale with his dull daughter and her plotting aunt. Another marble and brick dwelling of the same row is that from which Kitty, the heroine of one of Bunner's merry "Ballads of the Town," disappeared to go "summering" in a studio building on the other side of the Square. Hereabout N. P. Willis suffered a flagellation from Edwin Forrest, provoked by the poet's conduct and criticisms in relation to the latter's divorce litigation.

In a dwelling which stood opposite the northwest corner of the Square, replaced now by a large apartment-house, Bayard Taylor lived for some years, and here addressed to Stoddard the "Epistle from Mount Tmolus" and composed some of the "Poems of the Orient" and others of similar excellence; just beyond, in Waverley Place, the house has recently been rebuilt in which the poetess of "The Battle of Life," etc., Anne Lynch, lived with her mother and commenced the receptions which Taylor lauded in "John Godfrey's Fortunes" and which attracted scores of the best and brightest in letters and art. Among those who came to this house were the priestess of transcendentalism, Margaret Fuller, and Elizabeth Oakes Smith (wife of the original Major Jack Downing), then famous as the writer of "The Sinless Child," which Poe considered one of the most original long American poems; here Poe sometimes came with his pale invalid wife, and once he read aloud the newly published "Raven" with indescribably thrilling effect. A floor of a dingy old brick building standing near in Sixth Avenue

was the home of Poe for a portion of the time Gowans dwelt with him ; here he "expended his spirit" upon those artistically faultless tales "Ligeia" and "The Fall of the House of Usher," which Prof. Woodberry regards as "marking the highest reach of the romantic element in Poe's genius," corresponding in richness of imagination with "The Raven" and "Ulalume" of his poetry.

One block below the Square we find, now surrendered to trade, the place of Poe's last city residence, the simple yet poetical home where Lowell called and found poor Poe "not himself that day," and where Mrs. Osgood made the pleasant visits she described. Here at "his desk beneath the romantic picture of his loved and lost Lenore" he penned, among other compositions, that tale of conscience "The Imp of the Perverse," the "Philosophy of Composition," with its much discussed genesis of "The Raven," and "The Literati of New York," which incensed or incensed many of his contemporary authors. Around the corner in Greene Street dwelt the brilliant Charles Fenno Hoffman, editor of the *Knickerbocker* ; he and Poe used to meet at the popular literary receptions which were held in the house of the divine, Orville Dewey, upon the next block of Mercer Street. Both blocks are now resigned to business, and the edifice of Dr. Dewey's church in the adjacent Broadway, where Bryant long worshipped, is occupied by an athletic club.

While living in University Place near Washington Square, Bayard Taylor wrote in four days his dramatic "Masque of the Gods," which he considered his best work and which expressed the results of years of study of the problems of divinity and philosophy. Near by, in Clinton Place, the substantial dwelling at No. 20 where lived and died Evert Augustus Duyckinck, co-author of the "Cyclopædia of American Literature," author of "The War for the Union," etc., is now replaced by a business building ; the sometime home of the Century Club upon the same block has been rebuilt, and a once poetic abode of Anne Lynch (Mrs. Botta) is now profaned by a bar-room. An old-fashioned brick dwelling, with vines growing from area to cornice, which stands nearer to Fifth Avenue, is the charming home of Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, who has here written much of his exquisite verse, including some of the later poems of heroic themes, and here holds the brilliant assemblages which are events of the best literary life of the metropolis. A modern brownstone house in the adjacent Ninth Street stands upon the place of a quondam famous resort of the *litterati*, the home of Mrs. Botta, where Thackeray attended her receptions and met many luminaries of letters and art ; almost opposite, in the three-storied house then numbered 36, the once queenly actress Mary Ann Dyke Duff, who was Tom Moore's first sweetheart and whose wondrous beauty inspired some of his poems, died in age and poverty at the home of her daughter ; upon the same block was the modest dwelling—"two-storied and quite convenient"—which was for some time the abode of William Cullen Bryant, who described it as being near the home of Irving's friend Brevoort, which still stands, "a kind of palace in a garden," at the corner of Fifth Avenue.

Two blocks above we find the elegant city residence of the author of "Marm Lisa," "Polly Oliver's Problem," and other clever stories,

Kate Douglas Wiggin, on the same street where Howells locates the offices of *Every Other Week* and the home of the breezy Fulkerson and his pretty wife in "A Hazard of New Fortunes,"—Mrs. Grosvenor Green's "gimcrackery apartment" in the Xenophon, where the Marches lived, being not far away.

In Fourteenth Street near Sixth Avenue a shop long ago displaced the house No. 58 where the senior Henry James resided during some portion of his gifted son's boyhood and wrote "The Nature of Evil" and other theological works; at No. 18, east of Fifth Avenue, was the last city domicile of Poe's "Sappho-like songstress" Frances Sargent Osgood, poetess of "Eurydice," "Labor," "The Spirit of Poetry," etc., whose passionate love-lyrics once thrilled all hearts and whose salons were thronged by authors, artists, and others of kindred pursuits. Her delightful home has given place to a store, and so, also, has the quondam abode of the genial godfather of Flora McFlimsy, who dwelt next door to the corner of University Place when he wrote the popular satirical poem "Nothing to Wear." Here Butler's windows overlooked Union Square, which has since been celebrated by the muses of Prof. Matthews and Dr. Van Dyke, and where sometime played the little boy who lived to become the author of "Trilby" and "The Martian."

West of the Square and adjoining the college of St. Francis Xavier in Sixteenth Street we find the dignified brownstone dwelling which was Bryant's final New York residence, changed chiefly by the removal of the poet's belongings since his body was borne hence to its burial. Here we may see the spacious parlors where he entertained many of the lights of genius and where was presented to him on his eightieth birthday the congratulatory address signed by thousands of admirers; the library above, where much of his literary work was done, where at the age of eighty-four he wrote the stanzas on the birthday of Washington,—a manuscript copy of which lay here upon his table when General Wilson assisted him up the stairs after the fatal fall,—where, a fortnight later, the mortal part of Stoddard's "Dead Master" lay awaiting the funeral; and the adjoining sleeping-apartment of the poet, where, after days of lingering on the shadowy frontier, his spirit crossed as coma deepened into death.

A literary ramble through the eastern section of this rather vague Latin Quarter will reward us beyond expectation. In Third Street near Second Avenue we may still find the neat little house, once No. 46, where Richard Henry Stoddard lived when he wrote most of the beautiful "Songs of Summer" and "The Fisher and Charon:" to him here came nightly such guests as Taylor and the brilliant O'Brien, with many major and minor lights of contemporary literature. At a large yellow frame house whilom standing just out of the Bowery in Fourth Street Bryant sometime boarded, and entertained Catherine Sedgwick and Anna Jameson; his life-long friend Dr. Dewey and Mr. Parke Godwin, then a "briefless barrister," were Bryant's fellow-boarders in this house, and here began between Godwin and the poet the liking and friendship which resulted in the formation of the closest

family, literary, and business associations. The near-by Lafayette Place holds that great treasure-house of letters, the Astor Library, of which Irving, Halleck, and Bristed—the latter author of “The Upper Ten Thousand,” etc.—were trustees, and which stands on a portion of the site of Vauxhall Garden Theatre, where the parents of Poe played before his birth and his pretty mother sang her favorite lay, “When Edward Left his Native Plain.” Around the next corner, in what was once Art Street, aforesaid stood the old stone house which was the home of poor “Charlotte Temple,” and upon the opposite block stands the Bible House, where in room No. 43 (now 76) Horace Greeley concealed himself from his friends while writing “The American Conflict” and other works. A three-storied red-brick house with arched doorway and trimmings of white marble standing in St. Mark’s Place just out of Third Avenue was for two or three winters the abode of James Fenimore Cooper, who here wrote most of that satirical tale “The Monikins” and gallantly waged war against his critics and detractors.

This is the neighborhood of the old Bowery hamlet which grew up about the chapel which the once puissant Peter Stuyvesant erected upon his farm after his enforced retirement from public life: the site of the chapel is now occupied by St. Mark’s Church, beneath whose walls repose the ashes of Diedrich Knickerbocker’s sturdy hero, that historian being himself interred, according to the introduction to his veracious chronicle, in the adjoining churchyard. A little way eastward once stood a quaint, gambrel-roofed mansion with wide verandas along its front and tree-studded lawns all about it, which was long the home of Mrs. Peter G. Stuyvesant,—wife of a descendant of the doughty governor,—who made it the beloved resort of many of the wits and *littérateurs* of the time, among them being Drake and Halleck, who once found the hostess in tears because First Avenue was to be opened through her garden. Upon another portion of the estate, nearer the East River, Irving’s Knickerbocker passed his last days among the salt grasses and mosquitoes.

Much of the period of Walt Whitman’s later visits to his “mast-hemm’d Manhattan” was spent in a three-storied brick house in Tenth Street east of Third Avenue, then the home of his friend John H. Johnston, and residents of the locality still remember him as they saw him limping upon the pavement or sitting at his window looking like a Greek god; almost opposite, in the cozy little dwelling now No. 118, Richard Grant White lived for many years, having Stedman for a “next-door-but-one neighbor” a part of the time, and here wrote the trenchant “New Gospel of Peace” and most of his Shakespearian and philological treatises. Nearer Third Avenue we find the shabby little brick house in which Adelina Patti lived as a child and began her wonderful musical career: some who saw her here still speak of the roguish, dark-eyed child who played with her doll upon the steps and danced in the doorway with her sister or Leontine Marezek to the music of a passing barrel-organ or peripatetic band.

At the nearest corner of Broadway stands the fashionable fane—loved and sung of the mad poet Clarke—whose spire “thrilling heavenward like a hymn” the hero of Howells’s “World of Chance”

noted as he walked up Broadway with the manuscript of one novel under his arm and the plot of another in his brain. The westering sun casts the shadow of that beautiful spire almost athwart the yellow-painted brick edifice at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Tenth Street which long contained the home of Stoddard and his gifted wife. The duration of their residence here constituted for both the period of greatest literary activity, each producing more than in any other twelve years: during this time the lady wrote "Temple House," "The Morgesons," and other tales, and much of the verse of her latest volume. Here Stoddard composed numerous poems, including the massive Horatian Ode on Lincoln and the graceful and limpid narrative of "The King's Bell;" here the sorrow of his life came to him in the loss of his angelic boy whose life and death are celebrated in Bayard Taylor's "Euphorion." To this sorrow we are indebted for the exquisitely touching poems of "In Memoriam" which were produced by Stoddard in the months succeeding the child's death "at half-past six." It was to this home that Stedman—the "Poet, Scholar, Gentleman" to whom Stoddard's "Melodies and Madrigals," written here, was dedicated—introduced Howells; here the latter made the early visits which he has pleasantly pictured; hither came scores of authors, journalists, and other devotees of genius, and here Stedman wrote "The Blameless Prince." A neat dwelling, then No. 181 Thirteenth Street, was sometime occupied jointly by the friends Stoddard and Taylor, the latter paying the rent because, as he said, "he was most prosperous;" here Stoddard wrote "Loves and Heroines of the Poets," and the "Life of Humboldt," for which Taylor wrote an introduction.

For a quarter of a century the Stoddards, white-haired now, have had their home in a pleasant three-storied house with a piazza across its front, in Fifteenth Street a little east of Stuyvesant Square. Here we find the tender-hearted bard still holding faith in the highest ideals of his art and still devoted to the life-work for which he "has yielded the light of his eyes, the strength of his right hand." His home, like his mind, is a veritable treasury of literary reminiscences; its walls are lined with portraits and paintings,—among the latter being the Bierstadt which was the subject of Stoddard's "Castle in the Air;" its rooms are filled with precious bric-à-brac and curios, rare books, priceless manuscripts of famous authors, autograph letters and volumes, and numerous other souvenirs of his protracted friendships among the brightest intellects of his day. Surrounded by his treasures, we find the venerated minstrel in his second-story study seated at his desk between the front windows, with the portrait of Thackeray looking benignantly down upon him from the wall, and here he has done the most and some of the best of his editorial and critical work, and has written much of that virile yet elegant and tender verse for which the world will long love him. Latterly the poet finds greater pleasure in the dramaturgic successes of his son, the "Lori" of his poems, than in his own triumphs and honors.

Below Fifteenth Street in Irving Place stands a plain old mansion which was the early home of the Lotos Club: the spacious old rooms, at first furnished with camp-stools and empty boxes, deserve more than

the passing notice we may accord to them, for they have witnessed brilliant assemblages and heard the brightest discourse when Saxe, Collins, Yates, Tupper, Fields, Stoddard, Milnes, Froude, Colonel Hay, Charles Kingsley, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, and others like them were here entertained. A modest brick house upon the next block of Irving Place is the city home of the family of the late E. P. Roe, who preserve here many of his books and other belongings, including his old-fashioned walnut writing-table and the revolving chair in which he sat to pen "*Barriers Burned Away*" and his other popular tales. Around the corner in Fifteenth Street, and occupied now by a brewers' association, we find the edifice which was the historic abode of the Century Club in the years when it had for its presidents such authors as Verplanck, Bancroft, and Bryant and received such guests as Wilkie Collins, Charles Kingsley, Lord Houghton, Matthew Arnold, Huxley, Froude, and Thackeray; it was in these rooms that the latter declared he "felt more at home than elsewhere in America," and here was held the memorable celebration of the seventieth birthday of Bryant, whose poetic renown was one of the most precious possessions of the club. A few steps nearer Union Square is the uniquely picturesque dwelling which the poet of "*The Celestial Passion*" fitted up for his home, and where, during the years of his occupancy, were held the many scintillant assemblies at which the cream of the literary and artistic world could be found; here the Authors' Club was organized and held some of its early sessions, and here the poet Charles de Kay, brother-in-law of Gilder and grandson of J. Rodman Drake, has sometime since had his abode and preserved among his many treasures the desk upon which the "*Croaker*" poems and that Knickerbocker classic "*The Culprit Fay*" were written.

In pleasant rooms upon the fifth floor of the Westminster, in the next street northward, our foremost apostle and exponent of realism in the art of fiction, William Dean Howells, lived last year until his departure for Europe, and here, in his sixtieth year, wrote the "*Ohio Stories*" and completed that vivid and impressively realistic tale "*The Landlord at Lion's Head*." By Stuyvesant Square, at No. 330 East Seventeenth Street, is the apartment-house which has erstwhile been the abode of Howells, White, Matthews, and the poet and humorist H. C. Bunner; here the latter wrote "*The Story of a New York House*" and "*Short Sixes*," and Howells began "*A Hazard of New Fortunes*;" in this house Howells suffered the bereavement which changed and darkened his life by the untimely death of his poet daughter, the "child of exquisite ideals" who was born in the Giustiniani palace during his Venetian life. Above a bookstore at No. 5 of the same street Bunner earlier had bachelor apartments and wrote some songs of his "*Airs of Arcady*" and stories of "*In Partnership*."

Bayard Taylor's last home in America was in the Stuyvesant Building in the next, Eighteenth, Street; his were the apartments on the ground-floor at the right of the entrance, the first room of the suite being his literary workshop, where—worn with work and worry and, as he said, "living from day to day on the verge of physical prostra-

tion"—he translated Schiller's "Don Carlos" and wrote several minor pieces like "Peach Blossoms" and his last poem, the elegy on Bryant; here he composed most of the great lyrical drama "Prince Deukalion," which proved to be his "swan-song,"—a single printed copy of it being placed in his hands not many days before his death; from this house he set out upon the mission which was to terminate so sadly and soon, and to it returned his widow to dwell a few years later. A sober brownstone mansion a block or two westward on this street was for several years the abode of Prof. Brander Matthews, who here wrote "His Father's Son," "Vignettes of Manhattan," "Aspects of Fiction," and other widely read books; in delightful apartments at the nearby corner of Fourth Avenue the widow of the once famous romancer Herman Melville resides with her daughter, and in the same edifice is the city residence of Edgar Saltus, where he is engaged upon his great compilation of literature and upon other literary tasks. At No. 35 of the adjacent Nineteenth Street we find the three-storied painted-brick house, now devoted to business and defaced with signboards, which was long the home of Horace Greeley, where many of the *litterati* were entertained and much literary work was done; here Phœbe Cary, while awaiting breakfast one Sabbath morning, wrote the beautiful song beginning with the line "One sweetly solemn thought." Next door lived Butler when he produced "Barnum's Parnassus," and at No. 53 of the next block in Twentieth Street the sisters Cary dwelt many years and wrought the sweetness and purity of their natures into song and story. Their unpretentious little brick dwelling has been but slightly changed since it passed to strangers, and we may still see the pretty, bay-windowed parlor on the right, where for fifteen years were held the delightful Sunday night receptions which drew such spirits as Stoddard, Taylor, Whittier, Ripley, Aldrich, Whipple, Parton, Gilder, Greeley, Fields, Ole Bull, Justin McCarthy, and others of similar gifts, Phœbe's study above the parlor, and the room at the left of the passage where Alice wrote her best books and caroled the songs for which she is remembered and loved; here her "Born Thrall" was begun, and here she breathed out her life, relinquishing her work only when, in the weariness of death, the pen literally fell from her hand.

In the picturesque church of All Souls at the next corner the coffined form of Bryant lay in the sublime majesty of death while Dr. Bellows pronounced above it his eloquent funeral discourse to a thronging assemblage of mourners famed in letters, art, and politics. Eastward from the church we find at 83 Irving Place the ample red-brick mansion which was the home of Mrs. Burton Harrison when she wrote "Anglomaniacs," "Sweet Bells out of Tune," and other clever and piquant books; in a smaller dwelling which formerly stood a little above the adjacent Gramercy Park she resided at the period when "Helen Troy," "Bric-à-Brac Tales," and similar sparkling stories and sketches first won her enviable reputation. With a dignified old mansion in the next street Washington Irving was more closely associated than with any other house now remaining on Manhattan; it is now No. 39 East Twenty-First Street,—a brownstone, high-stopped struc-

ture of four stories, little changed exteriorly, save that an iron balcony has been removed from beneath the drawing-room windows since the time the illustrious author tarried beneath its roof. It was then the residence of his nephew, John T. Irving, and the habitual sojourn of the gifted uncle during his protracted visits to the city; at this house were written some of his published letters, and here in the front room of the third story he composed a portion of the "Life of Mahomet" and chapters of other books. The more stately Bradish Johnson mansion, which stood a block westward on the same street and has been replaced by a bookstore, was the first Fifth Avenue home of the Lotos Club, where Farjeon, Sala, Stedman, Warner, Dr. Holmes, Bayard Taylor, Edwin Arnold, and Marion Crawford were among its honored guests.

*Theodore F. Wolfe.*

### THE POETRY OF SHELTER.

IT requires no labored mental effort to comprehend the philosophy of shelter; but what of this necessity of our lives in its poetical aspect? That it has such an aspect may, indeed, be asked, and it is not strange that there should be serious doubts as to its existence. But shelter is a good deal more than the roof and walls of your accustomed home; much more than the protection of some awning, or umbrella, or the open doorway of a friend's house, however welcome you may be therein. Daily and in innumerable ways we are taking shelter, even to the seeking it, from the results of our blunders, in ways that are open to question.

But all this is prosy to the point of dulness. Happily, on the other hand, for some at least, it is a positive pleasure to turn from the civilized to the savage, from the formal and fixed to the unrestrained and circumstanced by chance only, as when, overtaken by a storm, we seek some shelter in the country, in perhaps a true wilderness,—an effective shelter wherein we are safe from the discomfort or possible danger incident to exposure, and, while unconcerned as to ourselves, can contemplate nature in her fretful or positively angry mood, whether a gentle rain or a driving storm prevails; for there is almost as much difference between a summer shower and a cloud-burst as between bathing and drowning. We are much too far from nature when at home during a rain. The world as seen from the windows even of a country house is too much like the moon seen through a telescope. Realizing that there are mountain-tops, we long to stand upon them. Distance does not always lend enchantment to the view. A far-off tree, to come to tamer things, is a disturbing sight until I have wandered through the wilderness of its tangled branches. A hollow in any tree frets me until I have seen the owl that lives therein. I would knock at the doors of all my neighbors that are not burdened with humanity, and see if life has not features among them that might by adoption lessen the load that I am doomed to carry. On the other hand, to attempt to withstand the fury of a raging tempest as does the lonely chestnut in a

pasture or the old oak by the roadside is foolhardy. We need adequate shelter, but its value is in proportion to its simplicity. A hollow sycamore has been my safe harbor more than once, and, standing therein while it rained, I felt as an owl must feel, and went home hooting my satisfaction, not humanly shouting it.

As an episode in a rainy-day ramble, give me an overturned boat under which I can lie while the shower passes. There is rare pleasure in living for a few moments like a meadow-mouse. To be one with the wildness about us is an unending joy, for the memory is too much impressed to have the pictures fade, though you live as long as the myths of tradition. Taking shelter in some chance way from a passing tumult in the overarching skies, we happily forget, for the time, the crushing weight of our own importance as man, and see with the clearer vision and interpret with the unprejudiced wit of the purely animal. Nothing so surely rids us of our sense of importance as to find the storm no respecter of persons, and to be forced, like any bird of the air or beast of the field, to seek the nearest shelter. With no time allowed us for selection, we accept the first offer of a shield from the pitiless storm, and our thankfulness converts, or should convert, the hovel into a palace.

Herein lies the poetry of shelter. Contradictory as it may seem, I have been much of late in palatial hovels. Of course we are never satisfied ; that is out of the question. Comfortably sheltered from the rain, within arm's length of the best bit of wildness in a day's journey, with birds so near we can see their eyes, and snakes in such proximity we can count their scales, we delude ourselves into thinking such opportunities can be had on demand, and, peering out from our shed, cave, or hollow tree, continually ask ourselves the question, Is it going to clear? Do our clear-weather days yield us such profit that an occasional rainy one can justly cause us regret? The anxiety for the storm's cessation had better be set aside for an hour, and the best made of a passing opportunity. How many pages have been printed of wild life in the rain? Clear-weather men have grown eloquent over clear-weather birds, but what of the thrush that has sought shelter and the hawk that is soaring above the passing clouds? What of the fragile insects that were dancing in the sunbeams and will reappear with the returning sunshine? No naturalist has done full justice to the most commonplace locality.

Here is my last experience in a chance shelter, wherein I tarried for two hours, snug as any snail in its shell. I was not tired; I had not walked a dozen miles that day; and yet the idea of stopping for a while was not an annoyance. My aimless wandering had been through neglected pastures, where the cattle were forced to search for the scanty patches of sweet grass, and in so much of the region as had reverted to nature's care there was all the charm again of nature's taste. What though the clouds were gathering? The ground-floor of earth was too attractive for me to explore the attic. Clouds might gather and the storm break at last, but I would not for such reason part company with the sparrows in the hedge. And the storm did break. A few admonishing drops came gently down, and, tapping the tough leaves

of the oak, made known their mission. It was their business to announce that it was going to rain. Receiving the message, I took shelter in an ideal spot,—in a great hollow willow-tree standing where the creek bends almost at a right angle. This old tree, for years past, has been put to many uses. It has often been the storehouse of picnic parties, and years ago had been used as a stove, the effect of which was to char the walls and roof and make them no longer available as homes of ants, spiders, and uncanny creeping things. I had been here before, and it is ever a pleasure to feel that one is not a stranger. To feel that we are strangers deadens our appreciation of whatever we see. I filled the hollow in the tree without discomfort, and before me was the winding creek, with alternate pasture and woodland reaching to its shore. At the time there was no apparent current, but in a few moments the tide turned. The twigs and leaves that had passed by returned. Very slowly but steadily the waters crept again over the wide reach of barren mud and up the slimy sides of the stumps of trees felled, it may be, centuries ago,—stumps that might tell strange stories had they tongues. What a delight to talk to a tree that never saw a white man! The rain continued: the sound of the million drops about me was a steady hum that did not deaden other sounds. Far and near were merry-hearted birds that sang sweetly as, like me, they waited for sunshine; but not even the steady dripping of rain-drops is monotonous. A gentle breeze stirs to greater activity, and at times there was a roar like that of the surf of the far-off sea.

While waiting and watching, I asked myself, how old is this creek? When did the tide for the first time explore this winding valley? when did the waters of many sparkling springs first greet the sunshine, and, collecting, wander toward the river? Even if we cannot contemplate the end of all things, we are always curious about their beginnings. "At the close of the Glacial period," glibly replies the geologist; but, cunning as he is, he never ventures upon a more definite statement. Perhaps ten thousand years ago, perhaps ten times ten thousand. The only satisfaction is that we have abundant room for private speculation. It is a genuine pleasure to have a few millenniums to squander and yet keep within bounds. Lord Kelvin tells us the age of the earth may be so much or so much; only a trifle of thirteen millions of years between the extremes! Such estimates are not satisfactory. If Crosswicks Creek before me is only ten thousand years old, it is a mere child yet, to be sure, but we can learn a good deal from children. This fluviatele youngster has had several millions of high and low tides, and still can smile serenely whether the day is clear or cloudy. Its ups and downs do not disturb its temper, and this is a fact worth knowing. Do men laugh when it is low tide with them? Are they never fools at high tide?

As I watched and waited, I thought of a dead creek I had lately visited,—a creek that had flowed where now is a high, dry, upland field. Running waters are tireless scribes, recording their autobiography up to their last moments. "He who runs must write," is the law of their existence; but "he who comes among men must read," does not hold good. If the record contradicts a careless preconception, then the man

is often brazen enough to call nature an ugly name. An old man who looked on while others were digging went away after hearing much discussion, muttering,—

“ Place little reliance  
On men of science.”

I do not wonder. But this creek of other days had its pretty story. It flowed and fretted before Crosswicks Creek came into being. It carried the sand from the adjoining hills and spread it over a plain; it bore ice with pebbles encased, and dropped the pebbles with as little regularity as plums in a pudding,—often no plums at all, like my piece of pudding when a little boy. Storms occurred in those long-gone days, and the waters were soiled. Mud and clay replaced the clean sand and covered the bed of the one-time stream. Such in brief was the story told; but there is another chapter. In the sand, and often under layers of clay, were flakes of stone such as man only can produce, and finished blades of stone wherewith man cut his food and fashioned his clothing. We think of our own people as men of a distant past, who came here some two centuries ago,—think of them as seeing this country when it was young and fresh; and we are quite lost in contemplating the Indian who preceded our ancestors. His is antiquity too great for our decipherment. But now a more remote phase of human activities is laid bare. It is sufficiently plain to those willing to see, and a source of endless amusement when in connection therewith we witness the antics of the overwise who have been proclaiming that such things could not be,—who overvalue theory and undervalue veracity.

The rain is over. The steady hum of the millions of drops has toned down to the dripping of a few thousands. Every leaf holds a few sparkling gems wherewith it is loath to part, but the greedy earth demands every one, and mischievous breezes scatter them over the grass and into the bosom of the swelling tide. Though birds carry no barometers about them, they know when the change has come, and how promptly do they venture from their shelters! Not a robin but is shouting now, and the gentler strains, the refined expressions of sweet content, such as the song-thrush knows, ring through the leafy arches of old woods. Not a redstart but is on the alert for venturesome flies, not a greenlet but begins his song in praise of tireless energy. It is a strange medley that is now heard, a confusion that frets us if we have a preference; and such is always mine, when above all these varied songs I hear the rose-breast, whose magic song snaps sorrow's chain. How few people appear to have heard this bird, if we may judge from what has been written! As well say that you have heard some great master when he was only tuning his violin, as to claim familiarity with the rose-breast's song on hearing a few high notes. A finished performance is the bird's hymn to contemplation, which the rose-breast withholds from all who are not very near to it. The rambler must share the shelter of the same tree, and then, it may be, this marvellous musician will take him into his confidence and warble strains no thrush need ever hope to echo.

The glittering sunshine calls me out of doors, or, now, from a door-

less house, and I do not leave, I trust, unmindful of the merits of this modest shelter. Trees have a new meaning now to me. Not only their leafy branches, but their bodies, offer shelter, so I have more homes on earth than I ever dreamed of. When the storm breaks, a man need not be unhappy in a hollow tree. It affords the protection that he asked, and what more had he a right to expect? But there is also added the goodly gift of delightful suggestiveness.

*Charles C. Abbott.*

### ODORS.

**M**USIC portrays all the passions and emotions of which the human heart is capable. We will listen in enraptured silence to the grand harmony of sweet sounds produced by the skilful fingers of some talented musician, while our heart throbs painfully and our whole being is filled with an excess of tender sympathy for some one or some thing. It makes no difference in the sentiment whether there is a tangible object for the sympathy or not, the feeling still exists.

We will stand before the canvas of an artist, filled with admiration of the artist's skill in handling the subject, which is simple in selection but sublime in the expression of human feeling which it contains. We understand all the artist would tell us; we read his every thought, but we read and understand only so far as we have experienced the emotions depicted upon the canvas by a master's hand.

What music is to the ear and fine painting to the eye, perfumes are to the sense of smell. Nothing, perhaps, awakens recollections of familiar things so much as perfumes or odors. They have not the power to create which music has, nor the power to portray the emotions which art has, but they have the power to recall the past with a vividness which is possessed by neither music nor art. They are sentient with life, our life, and are connected, more or less intimately, with every period of our existence. From childhood to maturity and old age they mark the stages of our passage through life with the same unerring certainty that the hands on the clock tell the hours. All our sorrows and joys, failures and successes, are marked with some distinctive odor, an odor which is always associated with the same sentiments.

The odor emanating from a basket of apples takes us, in defiance of Time's passage, back to the old apple-tree away down at the bottom of the orchard, with its gnarled and twisted limbs bending with the weight of the golden fruit upon them. What a distance it seemed to our childish mind as we went pattering through the soft grass, with arms and aprons filled with luscious pippins, which were sometimes scattered far and wide by an unwary step!

A bit of earth, carelessly turned up by a florist, forms a frame of odor which is filled in with the picture of a barefooted, brown-legged boy armed with a fishing outfit consisting of an alder rod, heavy thread, and bent hook. We can see him industriously digging bait in the meadow, while the sun shines down vigorously upon the big straw hat

with a hole in the crown, through which a tuft of brown hair pokes its curly ends. A little later we see him sitting upon the bank of a small brook, fishing, and occasionally catching an unwary member of the finny tribe darting hither and thither in the clear water, which gurgles in and out among the stones and through the woods until it flows into the swimming-pond. How deep that pond seemed! What unknown terrors were hidden in its depths! We can see the same boy a little later flushed with pride at having swum to the opposite bank,—a distance of a few yards.

A whiff of bran or mill-feed is alive with memories of the big red barn in which we used to play on rainy days. The dusty rafters, covered with cobwebs, the hay-packed lofts in which we played hide-and-seek, the horses, on whose broad backs we performed marvellous feats of skill and daring while they munched away contentedly on the ears of yellow corn, seemingly satisfied with the part they were playing in the general circus,—the harness, hanging on long wooden pegs at the ends of the stalls, piles of empty grain-bags, farming implements and seeds, the black-covered spring wagon in which we were conveyed to church every Sunday,—the big feed-box, on which we used to climb to inspect the round holes in the posts, homes of the carpenter bees,—are all pleasant in retrospect, even if the bees did sometimes resent such a close examination of their domiciles and cause us to retreat in confusion.

The sweet white-top clover conjures up visions of the twenty-acre lot back of the hill, where the cows were put to pasture. Around it was a snake fence with briars and berry-bushes in the corners. The cows would generally be found waiting at the bars, but now and then one of them would stray and we would have to hunt for her in the bushes in the boggy part of the field. As we walked slowly homeward behind them we would follow a boy's natural impulse and shy a stone at every ground-squirrel that would whisk its striped back along the fence. It affords us some little satisfaction to remember that we were poor shots, and nearly always failed to hit them.

Lavender, sweet lavender! Soft and melodious sound: softer and more melodious still for its associations with the love and tenderness of a mother. We have only to shut our eyes in order to see a small room, in which we were confined by some childish ailment: the ceiling sloping almost to the floor, the dormer window with low, wide sill, the small window at the end of the room, with a square hinged sash, the drab painted door of matched pine boards, the floor almost as white as the snowy walls; the old-fashioned bedstead, with massive posts, that would have done discredit to no man's front gate, surmounted with knobs as large as one's head; the bed proper, supported by ropes crossed and twined around pegs underneath; the white linen, and green and yellow log-cabin quilt; the big chest of drawers with glass knobs and neatly folded contents; the low three-legged stool upon which mother used to sit, soothing us with her words of tender sympathy. From the chest of drawers, from the three-cornered cupboard, the bedclothes, and everything in the room, came that soft and pleasant odor of lavender, an odor that will always bring with it the memory of the best, kindest, and most loving mother in the world.

The fragrance of honeysuckle clings around the memory of a little white-painted cottage, with a garden filled with the old-fashioned flowers our grandmothers loved, with paths marked off by miniature hedges of boxwood. The little porch, overrun with a profusion of honeysuckle vines, filling the air with their delightful fragrance, formed a fitting background for the brown-haired girl who came slowly down the pathway, unconscious of our presence, picking a dry leaf here and a twig there until she came almost to the gate on which we were leaning. "Rose!" As we uttered the name she glanced up quickly with a sudden flush in her cheeks and a sparkle in her honest brown eyes as they met our own. Is it necessary to refresh your memory at this point? You know that the presence of Rose made all else pale into insignificance. Or, if you happened to be that Rose, there is still less reason to tell you why everything appeared beautiful, gladdening the sight with soft colorings, soothing the ear with harmonious sounds, gratifying the nostrils with fragrant perfumes.

A package of old papers, with their peculiar, indescribable odor, unlike anything in the heavens above or the earth below, recalls the struggles of our early manhood. We review with a smile the hopes and fears which beset us at that period, the hard fight to obtain a foothold, and the petty jealousies occasioned by our small successes, until we began to advance and found that a moderate degree of success was within our grasp. The rise, step by step, until we occupied a position of trust and importance with our employers and were looked up to and respected by our associates, is closely connected with those musty papers.

A sprig of orange blossom transports us instantly to a brightly lighted church; takes us up the long aisle, and leaves us at the altar, with the final notes of Lohengrin's wedding march dying softly away on the perfume-laden air. The questioning voice of the minister is heard, with the low-toned responses of the woman at our side. Perhaps our own answers are not made in the usual firm tones. It may be nervousness, or it may be caused by a sense of our own unworthiness as we hear the "I will" of our companion, giving, as she does, the balance of her life into our keeping. As we go toward the door there is a grand burst of music from the organ, and we leave the church to enter upon that happy life into which it is said that discord never enters.

A bunch of violets thrown carelessly on the pavement by the shapely hand of a city belle, wilted and drooping, but fragrant still, is alive with memories of gay balls and receptions. Living in the perfume of their presence, there passes before our vision a long room, lighted with numberless tiny candles with colored globes, giving the room the appearance of being decorated with the pieces of a shattered rainbow. Ladies in rich evening costumes and gentlemen in full dress are promenading about. The happy *débutantes*, surrounded by a gay throng paying homage to their youth and beauty, the same throng that paid court and compliment to the now neglected girls who have been out several seasons; the important chaperons, filled with apprehension if their charges get beyond their sight for a moment; the manoeuvring mammas, and the middle-aged bachelors who prefer to do their own manoeuvring,—all pass before us with the words and smiles which society

dictates, but all with the same air of something left undone or overdone. In the cool conservatory, where the sounds of the waltz come softly, in the ball-room full of light-footed dancers, in the dining-room, with its profusion of glittering silver and cut glass, everywhere in the house hangs the perfume of violets, which society has, for some inscrutable reason, decreed to be the proper thing.

Tuberoses take us back again to the scene of our childhood, to the little church with straight-backed benches and uncushioned seats, where our mother took us as children. She is here with us again to-day, but it is for the last time, and as we see the cloth-covered coffin, borne reverently by loving hands, and look upon the peaceful face within, a face which never had a cross look for us, the hot tears rise to our eyes, a lump comes in our throat, and we feel as though our hearts would break. No matter how many new attachments we have formed, we are conscious of having sustained a loss which can never be made up to us. The aged minister speaks in his slow, wavering tones, giving us words of comfort which only make the bruised heart sorer, but they will bring their peace later on. The organ begins, and the voices of the choir, joining in, mark the closing period of a well-rounded life.

*Samuel M. Warns.*

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### OPPORTUNITY.

**I**F those old Romans who had a divinity for every occasion and every thing in life had left us some representation of what they called *Opportunitas*, it would probably have been of a figure always retreating, with back turned towards us and head averted. For the common opinion of mankind is that opportunity is something which is recognized only when it has passed by, and even then not fully.

But in sober truth it may be questioned whether there is any such thing as opportunity, whether the word represents anything more than individual observation and will. For what is opportunity to one man is absolutely nothing to another. Think how many eyes must have rested upon the bronze lamp in the cathedral of Pisa before Galileo found in it his opportunity. To the many it was only the great lamp swinging from the roof: to him it was the key by which he unlocked far-reaching astronomical and mathematical truths. And there were living things in plenty upon the earth from the time of Hippocrates himself to that of William Harvey, but observation and will, which we call opportunity, suggested to but one man the most important discovery, perhaps, which medical science has as yet made,—the circulation of the blood.

Many a man or woman has watched steam lifting the lid of a tea-kettle, and thousands have seen apples fall, but James Watt and Isaac Newton turned these commonest of common facts into opportunities, and made evident the vast possibilities which lie behind the seemingly simplest things.

“But, even when we see, we so often fail!” some one is always

ready to exclaim. So we do. Failure, like so much else, is down in the day's count, and it helps to lend variety and interest to the perpetual life-drama. In many respects too much importance is attached to that word failure, and to that other word success. Too much is thought of them, and too little of individual growth and development. Too much is measured by them, until at last success and failure have come to be regarded as things objective, things outside ourselves, apart from us.

But the question of achievement or of non-achievement is not the vital question. For the individual, failure means never to have tried; not, not to have succeeded. Joy in life, interest in it, reverent curiosity with regard to it,—in the words of Harvey, “to search out and study the secrets of nature by way of experiment,”—this is among the greatest of life's successes. And, whatever of mere material good life may bring, wherever there is satiety or weariness of spirit or palsy of the will, there there is the dimmest failure. We too often want opportunities made for us; whereas the profound truth of life is that we make our own opportunities; we are our own opportunities; we spin our life out of ourselves, as the spider does her web.

Modern science lays great stress upon environment, upon surroundings. But the whole of life goes to prove that there is much more in the individual than there ever is in the environment. No creature would ever break its shell, and no man would ever alter his conditions, if environment were all.

A young man lately went West, as so many do, to seek his fortune in the gold and silver districts. Thousands were dreaming of the gold and silver veins and of the wealth of Monte-Cristo or of Croesus. But this fellow, after looking about him, took a cool survey of the food possibilities of this country for one year. And he discovered that the market would be short on that homely vegetable, onions. So he set to work and bought up onions. In fact, he cornered onions. And in less than two years he made a fortune of over two millions of dollars. Yet there are people who persist in talking about “luck,” and who like to see the new moon over the right shoulder. It is not the opportunity which counts, but the man or the woman.

A *fin-de-siècle* wit recently called life a “sucked orange.” So it is for those who wait for something to turn up. The thing is to go out and turn something up; not to think that life owes us a living, but to think that we owe life a living, the best living we are capable of. How unresponsive, unsuggestive, dead, a mind must be which could call life a “sucked orange,”—life, the greatest of gifts, the one thing which is itself one vast opportunity!

*Ellen Duwall.*

## POVERTY.

POSSESSING little maketh no man poor:  
His poverty is in desiring more.

*Carrie Blake Morgan.*

## BACK FROM ALTRURIA.

## A SENTIMENTAL FORECAST.

IT will be a queer world when the motives which have hitherto goaded men to exertion are banished; when the longing for riches, the wish to outshine one's neighbors, the desire of "getting on," the bare necessity of providing to-day's dinner and to-morrow's breakfast, have become exploded anachronisms like the search for a Fountain of Youth and a Philosopher's Stone. A hugely improved world, no doubt; but will its inhabitants be toned up to a due appreciation of the improvement? It is permissible to suspect that our schemers and speculators, even our solid every-day men of affairs and business, will be as little at home in the new social order as old Quarles's impenitent worldlings in the orthodox Hereafter.

To what extremity would they be driven  
If God, in judgment, should but give them heaven!

Mr. Bellamy has assured us that we shall be furnished with nobler incentives. In place of the old selfish scramble, the blackguard lust of individual pelf, shall rise a pure altruistic ambition, more vigorous and efficient than its predecessor, to do our level best for the general welfare; and this shall be rewarded, not with higher pay—which nobody will want—but with higher place in the service of the state, according to talent and fidelity. But it will take our merchants and politicians some time to effect the transition and get broken in to the new ethics. It is therefore gratifying to know that the apostles and engineers of the future economy propose to introduce their reforms by degrees. If we begin at once to attune our minds to what is coming, we shall not be altogether taken by surprise when it comes.

Yet suppose the revolution accomplished, the first shock of novelty past, and all of us tolerably acclimated to the amended views and ways: is it not conceivable that life would lose in picturesqueness what it gained in prosperity? Standing safe upon the shore, velvet meadows before us and a cloudless sky above, might we not be tempted to look back with regret to the tossing waves, to the struggles that fired our blood, to the fierce joys of contention and uncertainty, to the game of hopes and fears and gains and losses that we used to play? We had not much to show for it, as a rule; but the very gamblers' risks kept us eager and excited. If we found a stimulus in success, our reverses no less disclosed unsuspected resources within. It was up and down—more often down than up, to be sure; here to-day and there to-morrow; a voyage whereof was no accurate reckoning, wherein all the passengers were sea-sick more or less, and many fell overboard with small chance of rescue; but there was exhilaration in the air, in the storms even, nay, in the very pitching and rolling of the vessel. It was an ignominious life with most of us, a disreputable one with many; a hewing of wood and drawing of water, a treadmill round

with no visible results beyond food and shelter and funeral expenses, if so much; or else the selfish scramble for dollars and dinners, for an inch or two of advantage, for a moment's notoriety; the descent to base expedients, the coldly ruthless pursuit of a fixed idea at whatever cost. It saw every day ideals lowered or broken, sympathies narrowed and chilled, aims made more vulgarly, ignobly "practical." How many of us managed to retain our illusions, our generosity, our softness, our receptiveness of unmetallic impressions, our care to speculate except for returns of cash, our faith, our public spirit? It was each for himself and the devil take the hindmost, with (supposedly and somehow) God for us all. Looking backward, we have to own that it was nothing to be proud of; yet we own the fact with a throb not wholly remorseful.

How sad and bad and mad it was!  
But then, how it was sweet!

And now—to sustain Mr. Bellamy's allegory—all that is changed. In this securely fenced existence, with the possibility of hunger and cold barred out, and of any evil except from the "act of God" (a range of activity now much diminished by superior human providence), is it thinkable that the evil spirit of *envie* should enter? We are all sound economists; we have put behind us the errors of the Past. Poverty is abolished; crime practically so, for any lingering sporadic cases of misconduct are justly treated as disease. There is no more Wall Street; no railroad wrecking, no legal pettifogging, no delays and miscarriages of justice; no failures, because the state cannot fail; no over-production, because the state is the sole producer; no panics or crises or periods of "stringency" and "contraction," because gold and silver are used only in the arts, and paper only for literature and the wrapping up of parcels. There is nothing to fear, unless that through growing unduly lazy one should be sent to the hospital. There are no fires, presumably—houses are too well built and municipal authorities too careful; few or no shipwrecks, for naval architecture, meteorology, etc., approach perfection; no accidents, for people are too well taught to jump from moving cars and play with fire-arms. There is neither motive nor opportunity to overreach one's neighbor or "convey" his goods, for he has none to speak of—the habit of accumulation being now unfashionable, and personal possessions generally burdensome and useless. Covetousness, which was idolatry, has disappeared with money, the root of all evil. The baser and unfinancial passions have been greatly checked by the spread of education, the absence of want, the levelling up of society, the equalization of all callings in dignity and profit. A completed sanitary system and thorough hygienic instruction have no doubt cured the inebriates, and converted the flowing bowl into a cup which harmlessly cheers.

Thus deprived of its former avenues of exercise, what is the Old Adam to do but retire into innocuous desuetude? The Enemy of mankind will sulk in his tent, bite his long nails, and cudgel his brains to discover new means of tempting and tormenting his former victims. In this strait, he will doubtless operate through his often-tried emissary,

the demon of discontent. Paradise, as we know, is never to his taste till it is lost; and he will insinuate this sentiment by degrees into such minds as are most open to his influence, till these restless spirits begin to chafe at the restrictions imposed by their very blessedness. They will feel as boys of fourteen do in Sunday-school, longing for their forbidden football and fishing-tackle; or as did the archbishop's daughter, who inquired whether, if she were very good in heaven, she might not go down to the other place on Saturdays and play with the little devils. They will yearn for their puts and calls and corners, for the chance to win or lose thousands at a stroke, for the old happy liberty of vituperating the men and measures of the other party, or going out of an evening to decorate the town. By and by they will say stealthily to each other, "This is too tame, too flatly proper; there is too much paternal government about it. Let us get up another revolution, and re-establish the good old system under which the sharp brain and the strong hand took and kept their own. We will rebuild on the only firm basis, the doctrine that one man is not only as good as another, but a great deal better."

Let us trust that the cooler heads will presently suppress these iconoclasts by committing them to the hospital to be treated for the dangerous disease of social heresy or Anti-Nationalism. There (futile and shallow-witted modes of punishment being effete) they will be shown the error of their ways. "If our era does lack a certain flavor and piquancy," the authorities will say to them, "that is incident to civilization. To have melodrama in practice, you must put up with savagery. The ninth century was far more picturesque than the nineteenth, and the nineteenth—if you must have the raw and lurid—than ours. Look at their strikes, their murders, their Haymarket bombs, their Cronin trials, their Johnstown floods, their railway collisions, their divorce scandals, their whiskey rings and capitol frauds and Tammany victories. These entertainments of a debauched curiosity were either tragedy or *bouffe*, neither of which is desirable (though both were formerly common) in real life. If you would restore these, why not go a step further in the sensational, to the Aztec temple-top or Nero's amphitheatre? Peace, prosperity, and virtue of necessity offer less food to the imagination—so long as the imagination is jejune and vulgar—than war, rapine, butchery, and the anguish of millions under the brutality of a privileged few. If you are tired of sense, safety, and happiness, we are not. What you call liberty is a servitude not far removed from that long maintained by despots. For a hotter spice to life, you would renew the odious and debasing tyranny of the Struggle for Existence. You would return to the lamentable days when men and women spent their strength, not in doing the work they could do best, but in searching for any work that would keep body and soul together, jostling each other aside from every path on which bread was to be won; when the monster Competition strewed the pavement with human wrecks, and kept down multitudes that a few might rise; when no god was worshipped save Success, and Failure found no refuge but in contemptuous charity or despairing suicide; when life and industry were alike unorganized, accidental, helter-skelter; when govern-

ments were occupied mainly with punishing offences instead of preventing them, finding places for their hangers-on, meddling at random with the manufactures and commerce which they did not understand, and laying embargoes on literature and art; when human efforts, directed only by the blind and blundering fancy of the individual, wasted most of their product, and had little of worthy result to show; when schools and colleges either furnished the barest rudiments, or filled the mind with accomplishments and theories which rather hindered than helped their pupils in the all-engrossing task of self-support; when names were taken for things, and unthinking conservatism barred the path of reform, and professed lovers of truth and progress sat with folded hands in the mire, under the delusion that whatever was was right. You would go back from certainty to doubt, from order to misrule and anarchy, from public economy and consequent wealth to private waste and want, to the scramble of beggars for chance pennies tossed from a passing carriage; from blessed security to the carking care that knows not what shall befall oneself to-night or one's children to-morrow. In the chaos which you admire, last week's millionaires were this week's paupers, and the humble were more likely to starve than rise. Too proud to be an employee of the nation, you pine for independence: was it better to draw a blank in the lottery of business and be glad of a clerkship under some great monopolist? That was the usual fate of mercantile adventurers; you have seen the figures. Yet you fancy that in this feverish unrest, this striving for the barely attainable, this mad jostling with the crowd, would be found the fullest-blooded life, the sharpest spur to energy, the awakening of every power to think and feel and act. It may be so with a few,—with those who love to mount on their fellows' necks, with the wolves and jackals of mankind. You forget the bewildered discouragement, the helpless rage, the sense of defeat and uselessness that come to nobler spirits, driven to exclaim,—

Neither battle I see, nor arraying, nor King in Israel;  
 Only infinite jumble and mess and dislocation,  
 Backed by a solemn appeal, 'For God's sake, do not stir, there!'

You forget that with most the table must be spread and the mind clear of base anxieties, before they can be free and strong to do their best. Your model man is indeed several removes from the troglodytes, who 'sat in caves and grumbled at each other in the dark;' he is an improvement on the robber baron, for his methods are less violent and less illegal; but he is still a murmurer, a fighter, a barbarian: he regards his neighbors as enemies or cat's-paws,—obstacles to be overthrown, or tools to be turned to his own advantage. In essence he is a heathen, a materialist, an earth-worm. Our ideal is brotherhood, mutual helpfulness, the Christian commune: under our system man is allowed to remember that he has a soul. It may be tame and tedious to your unchastened taste; but as you become converted, civilized, nationalized, you will find that it affords variety, interest, stimulus enough."

If we had the good fortune to be citizens of Mr. Bellamy's republic,

I am sure we would reason in this way ; but it may be feared the Philistine element lagging belated in us would own a sneaking sympathy with the projects of the reactionists, or at least with their sentiments. When the Philistine is completely eliminated from the land—when man becomes perfectly wise and good, or so near it that the difference is not worth reckoning—then we shall be ready for the Christian commune. But this is by no means to say that it may not be well meanwhile to make some cautious and moderate approaches to it under Mr. Bellamy's able and disinterested guidance, or that of Mr. Howells, or of anybody else who has the mental enlargement to see what needs mending in our present condition, and the faith to feel sure it can be mended. The latter is perhaps the more difficult attainment ; for such of us as are not conventionally content (because we think we ought to be) are apt to incline toward pessimism.

After all, the chief objection to the millennium is the difficulty of getting there. Rome was not built in a day ; Christianity did not uproot the old gods at once nor easily ; American independence was not won by proclaiming it. While these fine projects were in the air, few believed them practicable. To get to Altruria is a more portentous undertaking than the world has yet seen ; it is to alter the social views and habits of mankind, and substitute another set of incentives for those which have hitherto served as the main springs of human action. That this change cannot be wrought is easy to assume, and impossible to prove, or disprove—until the experiment be tried ; and as it is not likely to be tried very soon, any one is quite safe in committing himself to any opinion about it that pleases him. For those who like the plan, as A. Ward used to say and Mr. Lincoln to quote, it is such a plan as they will like.

Several preliminary steps will need to be taken before we alter our institutions to conform with Mr. Bellamy's scheme. The slums will have to be raided more effectively than hitherto, the gutter-snipes of tender age placed under proper training, and their elders relegated to solitary confinement, or otherwise peacefully exterminated, like the aborigines—for they are practically incorrigible, and they are much in the way. Next, active missionary efforts must be brought to bear on our politicians, nabobs, and other warm adherents of the existing disorder : these efforts will probably for some time be arduous and tolerably thankless. Our readers, being persons of wide culture, altruistic habits, and no prejudices, will be ready to give the nationalistic system a fair hearing when its trumpet sounds ; but many are not so open to conviction. In fact, the new dispensation will have to come in step by step, gently and gradually, preparing the public opinion on which it must depend. The process of transition will be worth watching. It is only the first step, and a greater or less (usually greater) number of succeeding steps, that cost. Once the millennium has arrived, if it works as well as its herald promises, we shall perhaps get used to it in time, and be willing to have it stay, in spite of its possible colorless uniformity, its lack of high flavor, of aristocratic embellishments, of distractions for the patrician, artistic, or romantic taste, and of full license to original brains and untamed spirits. As true patriots and

philanthropists, we may by and by bring ourselves to sacrifice these points on the altar of the greatest good of the greatest number. But as human nature is at present constituted, it may be feared that most of us would be unable to appreciate the blessings of Altruria and Equality. Supposing the unshippable case that we were all transported to Fairyland, the best of us cannot be cocksure that he would not prefer to get back to Mother Earth.

*Robert Tinsol.*

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### OUTWITTING A GRIZZLY.

**A**MONG our drove of draught- and saddle-horses, while going overland to California in 1850, was an exceedingly swift and handsome mare, the property of a young Kentuckian named Thomas Raeburn, who prized the creature as highly as ever did Arab chief his pure-bred Kochlani steed.

Two weeks before the date at which my story opens, this mare, Bay Bess by name, had brought forth a beautiful foal, which, tenderly carried for a few days in one of the wagons, was now able to keep by its mother's side on the march,—lately reduced, for its sake, to from ten to fourteen miles a day.

Our comrade was hugely delighted by the advent of this youngster, whose sire was a no less illustrious equine than the then famous racer Eclipse, Jr.; and Tom would have laughed to scorn an offer of twice its weight in silver dollars for it, or indeed any price whatever. These details are necessary for the proper understanding of what follows.

For several days we had been descending the Pacific slope of the Sierras, or, rather, had been climbing jagged hills, threading deep defiles, and passing around precipitous mountain-peaks, while always working downward, when we made camp one evening near a living spring of excellent water. In the neighborhood of this spring and between our corralled wagons and a range of frightful-looking rocky spurs, dotted with mesquite and thorny aloes, lay a broad, green oasis in the shape of a ten-acre patch of luxuriant pasturage.

Being now beyond the stamping-grounds of the Pah-Utes, Sioux, Comanches, Apaches, Cheyennes, and other warlike tribes of savages, and having only the petty thieving of the miserable Digger Indian to guard against, we somewhat relaxed our vigilance.

Instead of bringing the horses and mules into the corral at nine o'clock, as was usual each night, we decided to hobble all but the colt and let them remain on the grass until nearly daybreak, when Jim Carroll, a smart Vermont boy of eighteen, was to go out and drive them to camp,—daybreak being the hour at which wild Indians almost invariably make their murdering or plundering raids. However, as the wandering Diggers could hardly yet have discovered our whereabouts, none of us thought it necessary to get up quite so early for the purpose of going with Jim, who, according to promise,

stole softly out at the earliest streak of dawn, carrying only his revolver.

All the rest of us were asleep when the boy left, but were shortly afterwards aroused by hearing his six pistol-shots fired in rapid succession, and then his loud "Hello! Hello! Hello!" seemingly uttered rather with a view of scaring something else than because he was scared himself.

In five seconds after the last "Hello" every man of us, dressed or undressed, had snatched up his loaded arms, and in two more we were all rushing at top speed toward the pasture-ground; but the foremost of us had barely reached its edge when the whole drove of hopped animals, pushing and crowding on each other in frenzied efforts to get along, came limping campward as if in terrible affright.

Seeing nothing of the precious foal, we naturally supposed that it was jammed in close to its mother's side among the other horses; and it was not until young Carroll, running from the far side of the little plain, shouted, "Boys, the colt's gone,—carried right off before my eyes!" that we knew anything was wrong.

Then Raeburn, dashing like a madman to the front, exclaimed, "Jimmy Carroll, if you've let two or three, or a dozen, sneaking Diggers steal that colt, I'll kill you on the spot!"

"Hold yourself in for a minute, Tom," Jim coolly replied: "I haven't seen an Indian of any sort, but I did see a grizzly bear, bigger than a down-East two-year-old steer."

"A grizzly! It's all up, then. My filly's a goner, sure. But tell us how it was, Jimmy," Tom sorrowfully rejoined.

"Well," said the boy, "I was going along mighty quiet, off to one side a bit, so as to get beyond the herd of horses and mules, that were all lying down, peaceable as could be, when all of a sudden, without making a sound, a big brownish-gray thing sprang on the colt, killed it by a single blow, and then lay down beside it, growling.

"There was only a half-light yet, but when I'd got within about thirty yards I saw that the thing was an old grizzly, twice as big as any we've come across, and I fired every chamber of my six-shooter at it as fast as I could. Some of the bullets struck the brute, I'm sure, but it never stirred till I began to yell; then it picked up the colt, just as easy as a dog does a rabbit, and lumbered off into the mouth of that black-looking gully you see among the rocks over there."

"Well, Jimmy, you're a tenderfoot and no mistake," laughingly observed Dave Ingram, our guide. "Why, thunder alive, boy! don't you know that you might shoot revolver bullets, at thirty yards, into a big grizzly's body all day without hurting him a mite, though a single one through the brain would kill him quick enough? It's mighty lucky he didn't make a breakfast off you; but I suppose he thought tender colt-meat better eating than an eighteen-year-old Yankee. It's an awful pity about that splendid filly. We ought to have corralled the stock last night, as usual. I take great blame to myself for not doing it."

"Look here, men," said Raeburn, "I won't leave this camping-

ground till the skin of that bear is got. If you don't like to stand by me, I'll stay here alone till I kill the brute or am killed myself."

"Why, of course we'll stand by you," replied Ingram; "and I don't believe we'll lose more than half a day, for the bear will be so full and sleepy that he'll likely not go far. But, boys, it's no joke to face a full-grown grizzly. I've known one to kill two men after a rifle-bullet had gone clear through his own heart. If any of you get a crack at this big fellow, aim straight at his head, a little above the level of his eyes, or just below the butt of his ear. As it's too late to save the colt, we'll let the old villain stuff himself good and full while we go back to camp and get breakfast. I never did like to fight on an empty stomach."

Fiercely impatient to wreak his vengeance as Tom was, he could offer no valid objection to this very reasonable proposition: so we returned to the corral and enjoyed a hearty meal.

Then the guide selected nine of us, including, of course, Raeburn and Carroll, to go with him on the hunt.

As we went slowly toward the ravine into which the bear had borne his prey, Tom said, "Now, boys, seeing I've lost what money couldn't buy, I hope you'll let me have the first shot at the brute, if it can be done without risking your own lives."

All cheerfully agreed, and we then crept along in perfect silence,—a needless precaution, as we found later.

On coming to the mouth of the gully, nearly blocked up by masses of fallen rock and shut in on either side by vertical walls, we saw that the great bear had dragged the foal through a three-foot space between two boulders. We saw something else, too, more important,—namely, that the ravine extended into the mountain-side no more than a hundred yards or so; that its bottom was overgrown by thick scrub, through which ran a well-beaten trail, and that its farther end was bounded by a confused jumble of detached rocks lying at the base of a perpendicular cliff at least a hundred feet high.

"We've got old Eph hard and fast, boys," joyfully exclaimed Tom. "There's only one way for him to get out of here, and all we've got to do is to find him."

"Yes, that's all," dryly responded Dave Ingram; "but, Tom, that simple-looking little job's about the most dangerous one that any of us ever undertook or ever will undertake, for, among these stones and bushes, we can't see the grizzly till we run on top of him, and the man who does that will never run again, no matter how quickly the brute's killed afterwards."

"All right, Dave. This is my funeral," cheerfully rejoined Raeburn. "Let me go ahead, and you fellows follow in single file. If you see me go down, why, you'll have the satisfaction of knowing where the bear is, anyhow."

"Go mighty slow, then, and keep your eyes peeled," Ingram cautioned. "It's just possible you may catch sight of the critter before he sees you. So long as you find marks of the colt's trailing carcass, it's all right; but when those end, don't go one step farther unless you see the bear, which I guess you won't do, even if he's

within five yards and has his eye on you at the time. A real old grizzly's as cunning as Satan himself."

The path, which seemed to have been tramped over for scores of years, was so narrow, so tortuous, and so hedged in by thorny scrub and broken rock that two men could hardly have walked on it abreast: so, holding his heavy rifle as does a sportsman his gun while each moment expecting a partridge to whirr up at his feet, Tom went first, the rest of us following in a line, and as close together as the effective handling of our fire-arms would permit.

For perhaps eighty yards we thus advanced, the track of the colt's dragged body being all the way plainly visible. Then our leader stopped, and, half turning, said, "Boys, I've come to that pile of rocks and tangled brushwood at the foot of the precipice. The bear has gone into a sort of hole there, and we've got no more chance of seeing him than the middle of last week, though I can smell him quite plainly. All of you fellows pitch stones into the covert, and I'll stand ready to shoot."

"We'll do it to please you, Tom," said the guide, "but the old sneak won't come out if we pelt at his lair all day. He scents us a good deal better than you smell him; and, not being hungry just now, he's no ways anxious to face the music."

It turned out as Dave predicted. We threw in hundreds of rocky fragments, shouted and yelled and did everything we could think of as likely to provoke the skulking monster into making a rush; but all in vain. He didn't want to be interviewed, and treated all our efforts with silent contempt. Not a rustle nor a growl could we hear, and even the enraged Tom was not disposed to court certain death by crawling into that darksome recess.

"Looks as if we were beat, boys," he said. "But I'm not going to give up; I'll have the old rip's hide if I have to camp for a week on his trail."

"I wish you may get it," laughed Ingram. "Come, men, let's get back to the corral. We couldn't starve that old silver-tip out in a month. He's got a hundred pounds or so of horse-flesh left, and you may safely bet that there's a little spring of water somewhere handy, else those spiky aloes wouldn't be so green."

But now a surprising thing happened: Jim Carroll, who stood midway in the line, was suddenly inspired to say, "I'll tell you a plan that's likely to work well, boys. You know we've got a lot of fire-works left over from our Fourth of July celebration—rockets, crackers, Roman candles, fireballs, serpents, and such things—that we've been saving for some special occasion. This one is special enough, I guess. I'll run back to the wagons, get an armful of the stuff, go round the spur, and come out 'way above old grizzly's parlor. Then we'll have some fun; and if I don't scare him out in short order I never want to see old Vermont again."

"By George! you're a genius, Jimmy. If you do that trick I'll give you ten dollars, spot cash," delightedly exclaimed Raeburn.

"Can't ever earn a sawbuck easier," said Jim, and off he sped to the corral, which was scarce half a mile distant, and in rather more

than an hour we heard his jubilant shout from the top of the cliff and saw his sturdy form outlined against the sky.

"Here she goes! Look out for yourselves, boys!" he yelled; and a giant cracker with lighted fuse, descending through the air, exploded with a noise like that of a young cannon far back in Bruin's fastness. No result. Probably the old fellow took it for a random shot.

Then, fast and furious, falling in a dozen different places, came fiery serpents, Roman candles, squirming pin-wheels, and more giant crackers.

"He's up! He's up! I hear him rustling round," shouted Tom. "Hello, Jimmy! give him the rockets now. He's straight in a line between you and me. Remember your promise, boys, to give me the first chance. He'll be on us in no time, sure."

Raeburn stood about fifteen feet from the mouth of the den, and the other eight of us, having managed to force a way through the scrub, were ranged as near him as possible, each one holding his rifle ready for instant use in case Tom's shot should fail, for in those days we had no repeating guns, though revolvers, while costly, were common enough.

"I hardly know how rockets will work downwards," remarked Ingram; "the pesky things are made to go *up*; but we'll see directly."

And we did,—not only see, but came precious near feeling; for, after a warning cry, Jimmy touched off a big one, which came screeching down to the tops of the bushes, and then, curving upward, passed dangerously close to our heads before exploding.

"Tie bits of stone to their big ends, and send down two together next time, Jim," shouted some one.

"Bully for you! All right," gleefully responded the boy; and next moment the screaming missiles shot down into the exact spot where we supposed the bear to be, exploded on touching the ground, and sent a tremendous shower of flaming sparks through every part of the dense scrubwood.

This was more than "Uncle Ephraim" could stand. With a hoarse cry, something between the trumpeting of a maddened elephant and the fierce challenge of a wild boar, he came rushing out, his small, wicked eyes glowing like coals of fire, his great mouth wide open, and the hair on his enormous neck standing straight up like so much living wire.

All this, added to his extraordinary size, rendered him a terrible spectacle indeed. In all my life, though I have encountered almost every kind of wild beast, I have never seen a more frightful one.

At this critical moment I curiously watched Tom Raeburn. He stood, with levelled rifle, steady as a man of iron and without the tremor of a muscle; and when the raging brute had wholly emerged from the opening he fired point-blank at its head. But, though he had purposely aimed rather low, to allow for the creature's speed, it was coming so much faster than he thought that his bullet struck too high, glanced off the sloping skull, and checked the grizzly's onward rush for barely a second. That was enough, however.

"Together, boys; straight for the brain. Fire!" coolly ordered Ingram.

The eight rifles, four on either hand of Tom, cracked in one blended report. No glancing now. Standing partly sidewise to the bear's head, we had a perfect cross-fire on it. Every bullet crashed through his brain, and, carried a little forward by the shock itself, he sank softly down, stone dead, at Tom's feet.

Only then, as he lay stretched out, were we able to realize how very large this bear was. He really did seem, as the boy Carroll had previously said, "twice as big" as any of his kind we had ever seen. We had no means of weighing the carcass, but Dave Ingram, who had killed or helped to kill many grizzlies, estimated it at fully a thousand pounds.

Removing the enormous shaggy pelt was a fearful job, and long before it was completed, Jimmy, happy as a lord, and justly proud of his exploit, rejoined us.

"Didn't I tell you he was an awful whopper?" exultingly cried the brave fellow. "Well, Tom, you've got the old thief's skin, and you hadu't to stay here a week, after all."

"No; and I never in my life was so glad to part with money," answered the Kentuckian, as he slipped a bright ten-dollar gold piece into the boy's hand. "Only for your ready wit, Jimmy, my poor filly's murder would never have been avenged; but now that I've got the murderer's hide, I can bear the little beauty's loss without grumbling."

Not so, however, could the slaughtered innocent's bereaved dam. For weeks the intelligent creature mourned her lost offspring much as a human mother might have done the death of her babe; and it was strangely pitiful to hear her plaintive whinnings and watch her great, mild eyes, as, fixed half reproachfully upon her master, they seemed mutely to ask for that consolation that not he, but only time, could give.

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*William Thomson.*

## INSOMNIA.

WHAT a bedlam was the world to-day, and how busy the record of its doings has kept the mill-hands who edit "copy" for the *Globe's* Sunday edition! War and famine, strikes and crime, international complications, a tornado in the West, politics and Congress, gossip and tariff talk,—the pulse of mankind throbs with the fever of activity. To-morrow the public will devour, if it does not digest, the fifty thousand words; the recorder of current history will presently put it all in three paragraphs; and the whole mess may finally furnish a line for the information of posterity.

Meanwhile the mill-hands have done their best to boil it down, as the litter on the floor will testify; the last page of the last section goes to press; and the news editor puts on his hat.

At three A.M., even in winter, a big city begins to stir and wake.

That rumble of wagons means bread and milk and mail, and the noises will grow with the hours till the whole town is at work once more and the hideous din of the modern metropolis is at its height. There comes an "owl" car, too, with its load of laborers and roisterers; but the news editor needs exercise and air. He will walk and tire his muscles; and then, perhaps, he will sleep. When he left the office he thought he was worn out; but, see! he steps briskly, swinging his arms, with the air of a man who has no worries. Indeed, with the slamming of his desk the "shop" was shut out of mind; his burden has slipped from his shoulders; his thoughts run in new channels, and he finds a pleasure in them.

Home at a quarter to four o'clock, and to bed before the day breaks. Ah, how sweet is repose! what a luxury is sleep! Yet it does not come readily, and the man in bed courts it with all the cunning of one who has wrestled with the imp *Insomnia* and knows his ways. Half an hour of coaxing and shamming, and consciousness hovers on the border-land; insensibility comes creeping slowly from the feet upwards. Then a cat calls; a dog barks; some devil sounds a horn. The man is wide awake. And now comes the kind of mental activity which stirs in the brain of one who creates. The imagination is kindled; thought is a delight. Images and ideas fill the mind and will not be exorcised. The fire of inspiration would kindle them to poetry; but this false flame was never fetched from above, and the man is neither poet nor author. His fancy becomes feverish; a strange sense of power pervades him; like one drunk with champagne, life stretches before him a path of flowers, and he knows once more the intoxication of youth.

Suggestions come which seem worth putting on paper. He gets up, scribbles hastily on a pad; the notes seem worth the effort. Afterwards, when he would make use of them, they are commonplace enough. It is the experience of one who finds a pretty wit in his companions when the wine flows, and does not see its poverty till his head is clear again.

Once more the victim of insomnia seeks his bed. The exhilaration is passing off; his head feels light; sickly fancies prey upon him. He likens himself to an *Æolian* harp—his skeleton the frame, his nerves the wires—on which a gusty wind plays numberless discords. This passes, too. He has become a huge cigar, his head the lighted end, puffed by a demon. How furiously he burns, in spite of himself! Then comes the end of it: the ashes of dejection, the bitterness of nicotine. He is thrown in the gutter, used up.

The man, in fact, is worn out at last; a stupor overpowers mind and body. But is it sleep? When the time for rising comes, he doubts it. But he has dreamed strange things—dreamed that his head was a foot-ball and that he was one of the eleven who helped kick it on the campus. The sport refreshes him; he rushes into the thick of the fight, wins the ball, kicks it home—and recovers consciousness sitting upright in bed, crying, "My goal! my goal!"

*William Trowbridge Larned.*

## HIS LAST APPEARANCE.

IN one of the low back rooms on the third floor of a business house down in the town lived a little old gentleman, all alone. At one time in his life he had been a prosperous merchant and much respected citizen, but that was a good many years ago, and now he was sunk out of memory and prosperity, and lived his lonely life of dull routine, alternating between the big wholesale store where he was one of a hundred or so employees, and his little room. A great many people bowed to him in a casual fashion as they passed him on the street, but it was only semi-occasionally that anybody had time or inclination to stop for a word with him; though no doubt ten out of twenty of his old acquaintances would have taken the time if they had known how it would brighten the long dull day for him. He was always neat and trim-looking in his shiny long-tailed black coat and snowy collar; his boots always shone, for he saw to it himself, and his clear-cut pale old face had a certain dignity and consciousness of having been a successful man and of still being a gentleman, though he was now only a lonely old clerk in a clattering and progressive business house that belonged to somebody else. His dim blue eyes looked out on the world with a sad, rather bewildered look, and the rims were suspiciously red; the tip of his long, aristocratic nose was purplish too, and his thin lips hung a little loose at times, but nobody ever saw him when he was not grave, dignified, and courteous with the manner of a bygone generation. Altogether he was a stately, even pompous, and very pathetic little figure of decayed gentility; and nobody knew how he occupied those long, long evenings in the dull little back room, for nobody ever went to see.

One night he was sitting over his meagre fire with an evening paper—for he permitted himself that luxury—spread out over his thin knees, partly for the added warmth, and partly from a half-unconscious desire not to be in too great a hurry to get through with his only diversion, when his dim eyes caught the big head-lines which proclaimed to the much interested world of society the death of one of its important factors. Yes, she was dead; the gracious, lovely, kindly great lady was dead, and society mourned as befitted the occasion. The old man read the things which the reporter had seen fit to write up and turn in as “copy,” and the slow tears gathered in his dim old eyes and rolled down on the paper. His dull thoughts travelled back to the time when the gracious middle-aged woman who lay dead was a fair young girl, and he, the worn-out old man, was her dashing young lover. They had parted, and each had married somebody else; and he was only a tired old clerk, but he remembered that time so many years ago, and forgot the rest.

Sitting there, looking into the fire and holding the paper in his hands, he was startled by a knock at his door. Nobody had knocked at his door at that time of night since he had lived there, and he had

lived there seven years: so he was startled. But he gathered himself together and opened the door. It was a relation of the dead woman; a cold but perfectly polite cousin, who was obeying what he considered a very surprising and unaccountable request of his dead kinswoman in asking the old man to help carry her to the grave.

When he was gone, the old man sat for a while looking at the fire, and occasionally he said softly, half aloud, "So she had not forgotten altogether," and he even smiled a little, though his eyes were wet. Finally he got up, and began to move around the room, busying himself brushing his worn black clothes, seeing to it that he had a very white collar and that his shoes were irreproachable. He even brushed his thin gray hair, and washed his long, slender hands, drying them carefully. He moved about the room quite briskly, with an alert and interested look, quite unlike his accustomed air of dull and dignified resignation. He was very sorry and sad at the thought of the beautiful, bright young girl lying dead yonder in her stately home, but the cockles of his old neglected heart were warmed and gladdened, and he had a queer little feeling of child-like pleasure and importance in anticipation of to-morrow. At last, when he was very tired and the dawn was beginning to show faintly in the east, he crawled into bed, and nestled luxuriously down on his hard mattress, saying to himself, half aloud, "At least she had not forgotten altogether."

*Jean Wright.*

### THE OTHER SIDE OF LETTERS.

**T**HOUGH letter-writing is usually called a lost art, it does not follow that letter-reading is a lost pleasure. Of the books to which the judicious turn and return with the surest satisfaction, a few volumes of the best letters in the world hold a place which one need not stop to question. If one should stop to ask why this is so, the answer would probably be that beyond and above their grace or strength, their merriment or sorrow, they shadow forth a real man or woman, in the most real relations of life, the relations of friendship. The result is a certainty of personal outline which the more deliberate efforts of the pen are incapable of effecting. And in proportion to the inherent interest of the man or woman the letters are interesting.

Has it ever occurred to the inquiring mind to carry its question a step farther, and to ask, what of the persons to whom the letters are addressed? It must have been observed by the sensitive reader that in every volume of letters, even the most delightful, there are disappointing pages, and before one has read many of them one begins to associate them with certain names. To whom can these belong but to the correspondents whose effect upon the writer is least stimulating? There are certain other names which make themselves equally conspicuous in connection with the best letters in a book. Just as surely as we read the superscription "To So-and-So" with an anticipation of pleasure, the heading "To Aliquis" fills us with gloom, or something

closely akin to it. A cursory study of the correspondence of Gray, Cowper, Lamb, Fitzgerald, or any one else in the apostolic succession of good letter-writers, would go far to establish the truth of these remarks. The unprovocative friends could easily be separated from those Falstaffian ones who are "the cause of wit in others," and if the pillory were still in use, the ankles of many might be found to deserve it.

It would be aside from the present purpose to construct that complete and useful Index Expurgatorius which might easily be made; but the imagination takes fire at the thought of the value of such a work. If the self-imposed duties of editing continue to grow as they have grown in recent years, shall we not find in the impending century each volume of letters equipped with a little list, printed immediately after the table of contents, of the correspondents who have called forth the letters which it is the part of wisdom to skip? We are always learning to avail ourselves more abundantly of the labors of others, and the preparation of these lists—which might be called *Ex Literis*—would enable every new reader of letters to start fair. It is altogether probable that the older readers have made them for themselves, in mind if not on paper, yet the small suggestion is thrown out for whatever it may be worth.

Men are endlessly engaged in drawing analogies between letters, in the broader sense, and life. What has been recognized in letters, in the more specific sense, have we not known immemorially in life? Every man of us can separate his friends into the provocative and the unprovocative, the ones that render us "forgetive" and those who leave us dull. Our esteem for the unstimulating comrades may be great. We honor them for many worthy qualities. Nothing could be farther from our wish than to place them in the category reserved by a great master of letter-writing for him "who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." Yet so intricately is our self-esteem involved in our esteem for others that, if the truth were told, most of us would be found cherishing our tenderest regard for those who, besides giving to us of their best, cause us, quite without conscious effort on our own part, to give of our best to them. Happily, we are not called upon for a public separation of these from those. Happily, the personal Index Expurgatorius may be kept for our private scrutiny. But the mere fact that such a list is as easily conceivable for our friends as for their epistles may very well be noticed as a concluding bit of evidence in the good cause of letter-reading. It goes to strengthen the proof of the blood-relationship between letters and life.

*M. A. De Wolfe Howe.*

AN

# AMERICAN ASPIRANT.

BY

JENNIE BULLARD WATERBURY.



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# LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## AN AMERICAN ASPIRANT.

### CHAPTER I.

**F**EW of the muffled-up, mummy-like passengers reclining uneasily in their deck-chairs converted by the warring elements into dangerously perverse commodities could have imagined—had a nauseated consciousness permitted them to turn their patient eyes aside from the monotonous horizon of stormy sky and heaving sea—that the bright figure in the doorway of the ladies' saloon exemplified a reckless would-be gambler in nineteenth-century methods.

The figure was supple, girlish, and dashing. It was, too, essentially lady-like. Like a scarlet-breasted robin perched on a twig, it stood swinging itself lightly on two tiny feet. Its chin was thrown up. Its two large bright eyes mastered amusedly the pathetic avowal of the wind-swept deck, with its row of unlucky passengers. Obviously their reasoning was struggling against the saddening conviction of the poverty of science in general where sea-sickness was the cause in particular. The superb sweep of wind-swept ocean wildly tossed higher and higher as the elements roared responsively to the hiss of the on-coming storm, picturesquely emphasizing the maxim that what was poison to the sea-sick was meat to that bright on-looker.

With a glad little sigh of joy the girl stepped over the threshold of the saloon and stood lightly out on deck. With an irrepressible laugh of mischievous satisfaction two fur-gloved hands were lifted to settle more firmly a golf cap on a neatly coiffed head. Then the hands were plunged deeply into the pockets of a Redfern ulster. Priscilla set forth, head bent forward, shoulders thrown back, limbs sternly self-controlled, for a battle with the wind. The solitary figure paced the deck for some moments unmolested and undisturbed. The sea-sick passengers turned uneasily, shifted fretfully, groaned unmistakably, and finally, one by one, crept, a shivering, weather-beaten pack of cowards, below.

Priscilla was left alone. The little figure paced to and fro. A vivid color had sprung into the pale cheeks. The brown clear eyes were alight. The storm hissed and roared. The sea-gulls screamed. The screw, like a giant heart-beat, thudded out its dutiful, monotonous throb.

"I beg your pardon. How stupid of me! I beg your pardon."

"It's nothing," said Priscilla, mendaciously. Her hat was awry; her hands had been swiftly pulled from their pockets to ward off an unexpected force which had descended upon her like an avalanche. She was swaying, laughing and blushing, protesting but impotent, in the arms of a complete stranger,—a man with a strong, kind, beardless face and a pair of honestly repentant eyes.

"I did not see you," explained Priscilla. "My head was down."

"So was mine. I beg your pardon."

The stranger lifted his cap. His hair was crisp, curly, and cut very short. He was well set up. He had a pair of magnificent broad shoulders. Altogether he looked a desirable acquaintance.

Priscilla sighed. Only the night before, in the sitting-room of an imposing New York mansion in Fifty-Fifth Street, she had been holding forth, to a ring of breathlessly admiring brothers and sisters, on her pet hobby.

"If I had the world to make over," said she,—like most youthful and aspiring maidens, Priscilla was guilty of badly proportioned ambitions,—"if I had the world to make over, I should banish introductions."

"Because?" Tom had questioned. Tom was the red-haired one. His family had denominated him the "interrogation point."

"Because," Priscilla had answered, in her fresh unstudied voice, "because I consider, since we are all of us God's creatures, introductions are bad form, ferociously bad form." Priscilla was wont to be a trifle exaggerated; "but then what is the use of adverbs if not to employ them?" she retorted, airily, when reprimanded,—to which original query no member of her adoring family had as yet discovered an adequate response.

"Why 'bad form'?" asked Harry.

"It's on the face of it," cried Priscilla. "Democracy is our portion. Why assume an aristocracy of manners, when we are a free country, and are supposed to ignore caste and to refute defunct issues?"

"Why, indeed?" chimed in Harry. He hadn't the slightest idea what Priscilla was "driving at;" but then she was a "dear," and for some time he had advised his parents to let her "have her head;" so he repeated, non-committally, "Why, indeed?"

To-day Priscilla remembered the little conversation. Last night already seemed a long way off. She hugged the flattering unction to her soul at this highly opportune moment that her family had agreed with her in her broad views.

Her conscience therefore was perfectly free from a shadow of guile as she looked up innocently in her companion's face and questioned, with a natural curiosity born of the moment's loneliness and the rich promise of a future in unknown lands, "Going abroad?"

"Obviously," answered the man, laughing. His eyes twinkled irrepressibly.

"So am I," retorted Priscilla, delightedly. "Isn't it lovely?"

Her companion looked a trifle dubious. Then, with a perceptible effort not to dampen her ardor, he answered, "It depends upon what part of 'abroad' one is going to, somewhat, doesn't it? Where are you going?"

"To Paris," returned Priscilla, almost before he had gotten the words out of his mouth.

Her companion made a round hole of his lips and raised his eyebrows quizzically. Then he asked, nonchalantly, "Alone?"

"Oh, no," returned Priscilla, immediately, with perhaps unconsciously regretful emphasis on the "no." "Oh, no; there is Aunt Mildred, and Mary,—my little sister, you know," explanatorily.

There was a pause. The two commenced to pace to and fro rapidly.

"Paris, to me," began Priscilla, "is what America was—to Dickens."

"H'm," replied her companion, in a muffled voice. "Why not Columbus?"

"I prefer Dickens," protested Priscilla, obstinately.

"Dickens never discovered us," returned her companion, perversely. "Far from it. Columbus discovered us."

"Well, as you please," acquiesced Priscilla, unwilling longer to prolong the ecstasy of the great moment which was to come. "Now, why do you suppose I am going to Paris? What do you imagine I am going to discover?"

"Can't imagine," answered her companion. His gray eyes caught her dancing ones for a moment, and he wondered unjustly why those well-groomed girls with the little feet and the long-lashed eyes didn't live in Chicago as much as in New York.

"I am going to Paris," announced Priscilla, in what in a man would have been denominated stentorian tones, but in Priscilla were only shrill and rich with cheerful possibilities,— "I am going to Paris to sing in Grand Opera."

"Oh!" said her companion, shortly. Then he added, flippantly, in a tone charged with mirth, "The lack of novelty contained in the contemplated situation may be the reason why it strikes me as a very old joke. Otherwise I might believe you were laughing at me." The tone was deeply ironical.

"Laughing at you?" Priscilla shouted. The wind was blowing very hard, and she was obliged to approach her companion closely to make herself heard. "Laughing at you! It's you who are laughing at me. Why?" The slender figure was drawn up very straight. The man began to remember that, after all, girls' eyes in Chicago, and even in Philadelphia, were softer than these magnificent orbs which were blazing at him so defiantly.

He looked down at her sharply. Then he drew a long breath. "You don't mean to say you are in earnest?" he asked.

"Yes," said Priscilla.

"You are going to sing in Grand Opera. You? In Grand Opera?"

"Yes," said Priscilla.

"Easiest thing in the world, isn't it?" remarked her companion, sarcastically. "Just walk in and say to the manager, 'Here I am, old boy. Voice, beauty, family, fascination,—drawing card.' The manager is only too glad of such an opportunity. *That's* your idea, isn't it?"

Priscilla's cheeks were bright carmine.

"Of course," she began, lamely, "I know I will be obliged to work very hard. But my voice is a natural voice, a perfectly natural voice. It requires very little tuition. My teacher in New York told me so; besides, it has an individual *timbre*—quality, you know,"—as her companion remained stolidly unimpressed. She stopped.

They had begun walking to and fro again.

"I wonder," began the man, a little gruffly, "if you will be very angry with me if I ask you a question; if you will think me impertinent?"

"No," returned Priscilla, earnestly. "No, indeed. I think, I know already, that you and I will be very good friends; because, you see, we have both begun by speaking the exact truth to one another. I hate lies," she added, irrelevantly.

Her companion did not appear to have heard her.

"What is the question you wish to ask me?" demanded Priscilla, curiously.

"Let's go and lean over the railing there for a moment," said the man.

When they were comfortably ensconced, with a wall of coiled rope behind them, the green billows ahead, her companion spoke.

"Are you poor?" he asked, gently.

"Oh, no," said Priscilla.

"Then why, in the name of everything beautiful, do you wish to sing in Grand Opera?"

"Well," said Priscilla, comfortably, "I'll tell you why. You see, my friends think it's such a pity a voice like mine should be lost. It's so sweet. You've no idea how very sweet it is. I love to listen to it myself. You shall hear it some day." She made this promise so naïvely that her companion contemplated her for one moment directly, and then as directly desisted.

"Women," said he, a trifle awkwardly,—he disliked sickly sentimentality,—“women have been known to sing to their babies very successfully,—so sweetly as to put them to sleep.”

"Yes," answered Priscilla, simply; "but, you see, I have no babies."

There was a pause.

"But the poor girls," her companion began,—“how about all the poor girls who are endeavoring to obtain a hearing? Don't you think it is rather selfish of you to seek to crowd them out?”

Priscilla's rosy chin was lifted very high indeed. "Ungenerous!" she cried, superbly. "Why, poor or rich, should a Voice be denied its opportunity to be heard?"

"That is not original," he remarked, rather daringly. "It's too stilted, from you. Your friends have said that to you, and you repeat it."

"Perhaps," admitted Priscilla.

"I am going to tell you a story," the other began.

"Oh, do, please," begged Priscilla.

"But before I begin I must tell you my name." He drew from his coat pocket a neat Russia leather case surmounted by a modest monogram in silver letters, replaced the case, buttoned his ulster, and, lifting his cap, handed Priscilla his card.

"Mr. John Stormmouth," it read, "Union Club."

"I am a lawyer," asserted Stormmouth.

"Thank you," said Priscilla, indifferently. "Now the story, please. Oh, perhaps you would like to know my name. It is Priscilla Delno. My father is Judge Delno, of the Supreme Court. My mother was born and brought up in Newburg."

"Nice place, Newburg," suggested Stormmouth.

"I think it's a perfect hole," announced Priscilla, conclusively.

Stormmouth's eyes twinkled. "I met your father once," he remarked. "If you write to him, remember me to him. He won a suit for me in regard to my father's estate. It made a vast difference to me. I have every reason to remember your father."

"Dad's a brick," remarked Priscilla, unexpectedly. "He understands *me* perfectly."

"I should think most 'bricks' would understand you," returned Stormmouth.

"Why?" asked Priscilla, wickedly.

"To continue," said Stormmouth, "with my story. It is about a girl who five years ago, like you, started out to sing in Grand Opera. She was the sweetest little thing, with the bluest eyes and the happiest rosy face; she was poor, though, so she was desirous of singing for a living. Poor child!" He checked himself abruptly, and clinched the hand which was tucked in between the buttons of his ulster. He scowled.

"Don't look so ugly," cried Priscilla, who was watching him narrowly, her radiant speaking face alert with the interest the subject held for her. "What became of her?"

"She's dead," muttered Stormmouth.

"Dead?" she asked, in a shocked voice.

"Heart-broken."

"But why?"

"Why?" echoed Stormmouth. "I'll tell you why. She thought, like you, that all she had to do was to sing; that all she had to struggle against she could win through prayer and pluck; that life was a fair fight, the battle fought with open doors, the result a just reward for merit. She found, child,"—Priscilla's countenance had paled visibly; one little hand had grasped the railing,—he continued less violently, "that she must crush out every natural desire, every evidence of spontaneity, every thought of hope. For the first was misunderstood; and the second was dubbed heart, not art. She would have been more than human to believe she could succeed in spite of facts which were exemplified in the broken, ruined lives of her friends, who were spent upon as dire a rack as saints were wrenched upon in the Inquisition."

"Was anything the matter with her voice?" asked Priscilla.

Stormmouth laughed bitterly. "No. It was as rich as the voice of a thrush, and as full of promise, when she began. When she finished it was heart-broken, strident. It had been torn in two by the conflicting elements of misery and revolt."

"I don't understand," began Priscilla, faintly.

Stormmouth turned and confronted her sternly. "Listen," he urged. "Don't try to understand. Don't try. There is no slaughter of the innocents known to-day so inhuman, so utterly worthy of a counter woman's movement, emancipated or otherwise, as that slaughter of American song-birds abroad who think—God help them!—that the world is not full enough of birds without them."

"I would like to try," said Priscilla, firmly.

Stormmouth eyed her narrowly.

"Try what?" he demanded.

"Try to sing."

"If you sing," he said, "you will forget to laugh. Why not do both, and remain at home?"

Priscilla's eyes filled with tears.

"They would all be so disappointed," she murmured,—*"all my friends."*

Stormmouth laid a firm hand upon her wrist. "You are thinking," he urged, "that others have succeeded. You are thinking that courage is your portion, that immortality is your birthright; that a broader field stretches before you on the boards than off them. Remember what I tell you ten years from now, when your illusions have vanished. Vanity lies at the root of your desire: you will lose woman's best opportunity, wifehood and motherhood, chasing a chimaera. You will give your bloom for disappointment, your freshness for unattained opportunity, your youth for mediocre notoriety. Count on your fingers to-day the American girls who have succeeded on the stage of the Grand Opera. Ask them if their life is not a Calvary." He stopped, breathing heavily.

"The girl you speak of," Priscilla questioned, gently, her eyes still moist and her lips quite ashen,—*"who was she?"*

"She was my sister," said Stormmouth.

"Did she sing at the Grand Opera?"

"No," answered Stormmouth, "a thousand times no. She spent money, strength, time, youth, and patience waiting. Then she came home, crept like a tired bird to my heart, and—you know the rest." His voice was husky. He drew one strong hand across his eyes.

"Thank you," said Priscilla, very softly.

"Shall we walk a little more?" she suggested, after a few moments' stroll up and down the deck. "It is nearly luncheon-time. I am cold."

"Not a word of this to any one," said Stormmouth. Then, "You will not renounce your plan?"

Priscilla shook her head. "I mean to succeed," said she.

Stormmouth held out his hand. It was large and firm and warm; it had a grip like iron. "Promise," he said, "that if what I say

proves true, you will recede before it is too late. You will choose obscurity instead of unworthy notoriety?"

"I will promise," answered Priscilla, with a light little pressure of her hand, which, instantly withdrawn, reminded Stormmouth in an odd fashion of a bird which fluttered to its nest only to fly away again, "that if to sing means I must renounce one iota of my high ideals, I will go home. There is no power on earth should induce a woman to accomplish anything whatsoever except in so doing she can cling to her best womanhood." The young face was very pure and beautiful. The girlish eyes were clear and true.

"You are made of good stuff," remarked Stormmouth, sceptically, "but only time will tell."

"You mean——?"

"Nothing. If you were my daughter you should have remained at home."

Priscilla laughed, a little girlish ripple of intense amusement. "Dad believes in me," said she.

"Pshaw!" cried Stormmouth. "Who ever heard of a father understanding his daughter? It takes a mere man to understand a girl."

"But dad's a 'mere man.'"

"No, he isn't," asserted Stormmouth, dryly. "He's judge of the Supreme Court."

## CHAPTER II.

"MADEMOISELLE has the voice of a *rossignol*," announced Purrini.

"At home we always say she sings like a lark," remarked Aunt Mildred. "What is a *rossignol*?"

"I know," said Mary, who was eagerly thumbing an eloquently misused pocket dictionary: "*r-o-s-s-i-g-n-o-l*,—nightingale."

"I never heard a nightingale," said Aunt Mildred, unenthusiastically. "The question is, professor, will she be able to sing in Grand Opera?"

Purrini rubbed his hands together, and lifted his eyebrows quizzically.

"There are two thousand American girls in Europe to-day," he affirmed, with apparent irrelevance, "who are studying for Grand Opera. If mademoiselle succeeds, it will be all the more a triumph, will it not?"

"I always thought I'd like to sing like a Patti, or a Melba," announced Priscilla. "It seems so easy for them to fire off those little roulades, and then dip down like swallows before the foot-lights, and then run off the stage like school-girls who have done nothing whatsoever but amuse themselves."

"H'm-m," murmured Purrini.

"A friend of mine told me that one of the de Reszkés told her," cried Aunt Mildred, shrilly, "that the American voices are the finest in the world. Do you think it is true, professor?"

"I have never been in America," remarked Purrini, evasively. "But it is none the less quite possible."

"How nice these foreigners are!" thought Aunt Mildred; "so suave, if a little non-committal. Their manner is far more elegant than ours. To hit straight between the eyes the way we do at home is so unpleasant."

"Let me see," mused Priscilla, out loud. "There will be the four lessons a week at twenty-five francs a lesson, and the diction lesson at ten francs, and the French lessons at five francs, and ultimately the acting lessons. Is that all, professor?"

"*C'est tout,*" Purrini assured her, affably, with unconscious irony.

"How many months do you think it will take for me to perfect myself?"

"That depends upon the intelligence of mademoiselle."

"About a year?" suggested Aunt Mildred, encouragingly.

Purrini frowned suddenly and fiercely. Then he remembered who and what he was, and concealed the frown with a spasmodic grin. "Possibly," he said.

"What is a diction lesson?" questioned Mary.

"The art of learning to sing in French. It is totally different from speaking, you know."

"I don't see why," remarked Aunt Mildred, obstinately.

"*Mon Dieu, qu'elle est bavarde, cette vieille!*" muttered Purrini, as he turned and showed them to the door. "*A Lundi, alors, mademoiselle?*"

"Yes, I will come for my first lesson on Monday," said Priscilla.

"I think," she said later, aloud, as the three walked slowly up the Rue de la Paix, glistening with magnificent equipages, odoriferous of iris from Guerlain's famous perfumery, brilliant with exquisitely dressed women and the frou-frou of fashion and folly,— "I think it will probably take me about two years to get there." She pointed to the Grand Opera façade, from which streamed the French flags. There had been a *fête* the day before, and all Paris had gone holidaying. Priscilla was already imagining, girlishly, the delighted aspect of her rapt audiences, the strange new feeling of power which would be hers with the fulfilment of her hopes, the cablegrams which would speed across the ocean, the celebrity she would become. She saw a familiar pretty face, well known on both continents, flit from a carriage into Doucet's doorway. Somebody in the passing crowd turned and whispered a name. It was an American name which had set both continents agog because of its owner's beauty and vocal aspirations.

"Two years," repeated Aunt Mildred. "So much the better. That will give me time to look around a bit at the galleries, order some stunning gowns to take home with me, and dip lightly into the French language. Would you mind walking home alone with Mary, my dear? I am going in here to Doucet's to see what they are wearing in Paris. I feel like an English frump in these travelling-togs. Ah, there is Mr. Stormmouth, thank fortune. He will escort you and Mary home, I am sure."

"Delighted," said Stormmouth. He was lifting his hat. He was

superbly well groomed. He wore a small bunch of Parma violets in his button-hole. His fine head was surmounted by a tile instead of a travelling-cap.

As Priscilla looked up at his greeting and flushed vividly with pleasure, she wondered why he appeared so different now from what he had seemed on the steamer. He looked older,—to be depended upon. She liked him. Ever since last night, when he had placed them in that queer little yellow omnibus at the St.-Lazare station, she had wondered wistfully when she should see him again.

Aunt Mildred nodded, smiled, waved a gloved hand, and disappeared through two bevelled glass doors presided over by a miniature page in buttons.

"Let's walk up the boulevard," suggested Stormouth, "and then around to the Rue de Rivoli, to Colombin's, the tea place. Everybody goes there. You will see your worst enemy and your best friend, and fill up your inner woman. Tell me, how are you?" His eyes had met Priscilla's. A glad light had welled up in his, in spite of his thirty-five years' self-government.

"I have been to Purrini's," announced Priscilla. "He says I have the voice of a *rossignol*."

"They all say that," returned Stormouth. "I wonder if the singing-teacher exists in Paris who does not liken any new voice to the voice of a nightingale. Nightingales are rare enough, in all conscience."

"He said," cried Mary, sticking her inquisitive little head across Priscilla, so that Stormouth could hear her voice better, "that she would sing in Grand Opera."

"Oh, no, he did not," Priscilla contradicted, peremptorily. "I particularly remember he did *not* say that. He only did not discourage me when I said I wished to sing in Grand Opera. He recognized just possibly,"—this with a palpably malevolent intention, the candid eyes clouded, the sensitive lips pressed tight together,—“he realized happily that when a girl sets out to do anything in this world the most powerful obstacle she has to overcome, to ignore, is the superfluous discouragement of her friends."

"Look at the woman in that carriage," said Stormouth, with a quizzical gleam in his eyes. "*She* is a prima donna, if you will. She sings at the Eldorado, down on the *boulevard extérieur*. She has diamonds as big as birds' eggs. There is not a man in Paris, from a *cocher* to a crown prince, who does not know every glance of her eyes, every note of her voice, as well as he knows his last year's record at the Grand Prix."

"But she is a horrid, bedizened old thing," cried Priscilla, who had stared ardently, looked away shamefacedly, and was now biting her lips furiously.

"That's fame," he remarked, uncompromisingly. "It nearly always stamps a woman or man that way." Stormouth was unusually reserved. He possessed an Anglo-Saxon contempt for interference. To-day, in spite of himself, it must be confessed, he appeared singularly devoid of his ordinary tact.

"I should hate to see a man, any man," he continued, a trifle hoarsely, "gazing at your little face through an opera-glass, child. I heard some men last night at the Vaudeville discussing an actress's 'points' after the fashion of a couple of horse-jockeys on a race-course. I couldn't blame them. The woman had set herself up to be gazed at. They gazed."

Priscilla lifted her head very high indeed, and answered not a word. She wore a perfectly fitting suit and a saucy little hat with a red wing in it. She looked like a fearless child: she was.

It was four o'clock. The fountains were plashing brightly in the autumn sunshine as the three strolled down the Rue Royale towards the Place de la Concorde. Glittering equipages with high-stepping steeds and superbly appalled occupants were rolling up the Champs-Élysées.

They walked around to Colomin's, took a cup of tea, absorbed some lukewarm, soggy, and buttery muffins, in a tiny room gorged with women dressed in the height of fashion, who chattered like magpies over last night's balls, Delna's new rôle at the Opéra Comique, the appearance of prominent personages at the Palais de Glace, which is "awfully bad form after five o'clock, my dear; I should not think Blanche would have done anything so *inconvenante*," heard a mixture of Anglicisms, Americanese, and Gallicisms, and then started for home. Mary regretfully followed. She had longed for hot toast after she had delightedly consumed her muffins; but her companions both seemed absent-minded and in a hurry to get out of doors again. They crossed the Tuileries gardens, the Place de la Concorde, and were walking up the Champs-Élysées, before Priscilla was at all like herself. She had been stiff and unnatural.

"There is a friend of mine here, a singer," she explained defiantly as they passed the Palais de l'Industrie: "her name is Constance Brandford. Her stage name is Brilla. I will trouble you, Mr. Stormmouth, to walk with us as far as the Rue Lincoln. I am going to call on her. We can go home in a cab."

"I know Constance Brilla," said Stormmouth, unexpectedly. "She was a friend of my sister."

"Oh, indeed," from Priscilla, unencouragingly.

"She has been over here seven years," said Stormmouth. "Is it possible the poor thing is pegging away yet?" he added, commiseratingly.

Priscilla turned and confronted him. Her cheeks were stained with a vivid crimson borrowed from her oppressed enthusiasm's revolt; she began with fine sarcasm. "You have perhaps an objection also to Brilla 'treading the boards,' as you call it?"

"Not the least in the world," replied Stormmouth, instantly.

"It is more than probable," continued Priscilla, as if she had not heard him, "that you have taken it upon yourself to make undesirable remarks to her about *her* future every time you have laid your eyes upon her."

"Nothing of the kind," responded Stormmouth, in a tone of surprise. "Why so?"

"It appears to me," cried Priscilla, "that you are one of those persons who interfere with almost everybody."

"Oh, that is your impression, is it?" said Stormmouth. "Well, you are not complimentary."

"I did not intend to pay you compliments," said Priscilla. "I abhor compliments. I merely stated a truth. For a man who is tolerably successful, and who has a number of friends,—you have told me that you were blessed in friends, have you not?—it seems to me that you take more time, and experience a greater delight, in interfering with other people's business than any well-bred person I ever knew."

Priscilla was laboring under the impression that she was very neatly hitting Stormmouth over Constance Brilla's shoulders, and that in so doing she was successfully concealing her own chagrin at Stormmouth's disapproval of the course she wished to pursue. She had reckoned without her host. Stormmouth read men with an intuition which was proverbial. He understood most women with keen sympathy. He had the manliness to acknowledge, in the present instance, that his discretion had deserted him.

"If I have presumed for one instant, Miss Delno," he began, in a dry tone of voice Priscilla had never before heard from him, "I beg your pardon. You are too pretty to go on the stage,—that is all; too pretty, and too sweet. Oh, forgive me,"—Priscilla had drawn up her slight figure a little, and had begun to answer him,—"I am speaking to you exactly as your own brother would speak if he knew what I know and understood the Continent as I do. I will retire from my position of Mentor. We will be comrades. I will suggest nothing. I will only look on."

"Not even that," said Priscilla, in a high, strained voice.

Stormmouth started, and glanced sideways at her. She was very pale, and she had gripped Mary's hand fast. "Not even that, if you please, Mr. Stormmouth. I suppose you think I am very foolish. I know I am a great deal younger than you are,"—this with a little wicked gleam of her eyes, which suddenly roused Stormmouth to the consciousness that she was made of fire and flame, as well as of unusually desirable beauty and sweetness,—"but even so, I dislike being patronized. You have patronized me ever since I met you. I don't care an iota what you know of the Continent. It seems to me your contact with it has made you very—remarkable. It may be clever to be cynical, but to a girl like me it is vastly unpleasant. I think, therefore, that the less we see of one another the better."

"As you like," returned Stormmouth, shortly.

Priscilla could not believe the evidence of her ears.

Constance Brilla lived on the fifth floor of a *pension* in the Rue Lincoln. Priscilla, Stormmouth, and Mary walked the remaining few blocks in frigid silence.

"Come," said Stormmouth,—he was holding out his hand; they had reached the doorway which led into the court,—"come, Miss Priscilla, I am going back to America in a few days. We may never see one another again. We must not part like this, must we?"

"Yes," said Priscilla. She was feebly striving to remember where she had read that the reason women never accomplish anything is on account of the male sex; that they always stand in the way of achievement, just out of the possibility of their superior strength, if not desirability. She weakly felt as though she were putting a big prop away from her; but she had concluded to "live for her art," like Michael Angelo and Raphael. This was a hard tug, to be sure, but Stormmouth might as well recognize first as last the absolute, unfaltering integrity of her high-minded intention.

Stormmouth straightened himself up suddenly. He was very tall, and broad, and fine, Priscilla thought.

"It seems to me," said he, slowly, "I never can quite forget that crossing of ours. It was storm-bound, tempest-tossed. The sun did not shine once, but somehow I never had a pleasanter trip."

Priscilla was silent.

"I am very happy to have met you, Miss Priscilla," continued the manly, ringing voice. "Do you wish me to carry any message to your father?"

"I can write," said Priscilla.

"And sing?" suggested Stormmouth, irrepressibly, with a mischievous twinkle. This was the last straw.

"How dare you?" cried Priscilla: "you are laughing at me."

Stormmouth followed her into the little court for one instant. Mary had run a little way ahead.

"No," he said, "not laughing at you, child; looking at you." A strong firm hand fell on her shoulder and gripped it fast as it swung her round to the light. Another gentle hand lifted her chin softly and raised her lovely speaking face. "Good-by," said Stormmouth's voice. "Good-by."

The court-yard door fell to with a clang.

"They say she's in," said Mary's voice. "Why, Priscilla?"

"The idea," said that perverse maiden, with a singular smile, "of a man taking you at your word!" With this enigmatical remark she dried her curiously moist eyes on a wisp of a pocket-handkerchief, and turned to climb the stairs.

"I think he is a horrid old thing," said Mary.

"You are a snip," remarked Priscilla. "In point of fact, if there is one word I detest in the English language, it is good-by."

"Why do you use it, then?" asked Mary.

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### CHAPTER III.

THE Constance Brandford whom Priscilla had known five years before had been one of those vivid, bright creatures who had set "all the other girls" by the ears at boarding-school, and had finally gone off in a (school-girl version) blaze of glory in search of a career. Priscilla had never heard how she had succeeded, nor what she had developed into, but she had scoured home newspapers for foreign corre-

spondence concerning her, and finally had come to the conclusion that she was pursuing a modest if none the less enviably perfect experience abroad.

As she and Mary were ushered across an evil-smelling antechamber into a dark and musty *salon* overfurnished with chairs and sofas evidently bought *en occasion*, artificial flowers grown dusty, and a clock under a glass case with the hands pointing five hours out of the way, it occurred to Priscilla that Constance had most certainly mastered the art of self-abnegation with the rest,—the “rest” Stornmouth had spoken of. She had known Constance’s home before she had lost her parents and, with their death, all means of support. It had been on the south side of Long Island, with a beautifully clipped lawn in front, a wide eave-roofed piazza, a Queen Anne interior, and a little white nest of a room “for daughter,” which overlooked a gigantic honeysuckle, a rose-garden planted and tended by Constance’s own hands, and a glimpse of the Great South Bay’s blue waters dancing like live lapis-lazuli between the toss of silver-gray maple leaves at the foot of the garden slope. This was indeed a contrast.

The door opened slowly, and a figure slipped quietly into the room. “Oh, Priscilla!” said a voice.

Priscilla stepped forward quickly and kissed the tired pathetic little face lifted to hers. Then she reseated herself very suddenly, with a queer tight feeling about her heart.

“Why, Constance!” she ejaculated; “how thin you’ve grown!”

“Have I?” said Constance’s familiar voice, indifferently. “Work, I presume.”

“Where are you singing?” demanded Priscilla, nervously. “I must go and hear you.”

“I am looking for an engagement just now,” said Constance, dejectedly. “It’s the most forlorn business in the world.”

“Why don’t you go to Geoffroy and let *him* hear you?” suggested Priscilla, hopefully. “You have such a lovely voice.” Geoffroy was the manager of the Grand Opera.

“It is very evident you have just come over,” remarked Constance, with a faint smile. “Where are you going for the winter? To Rome or Nice?”

“Didn’t you know?” began Priscilla, eagerly: “I am going to sing in Grand Opera.” Then she checked herself suddenly. To her astonishment and chagrin, Constance was looking at her with exactly the same expression of benevolent amusement she had seen on Stornmouth’s face that first day they had made each other’s acquaintance on the steamer.

“Oh!” said Constance. “What for?”

Priscilla blushed. “Because I wish to become a prima donna,” she explained, a little lamely.

“Why?” asked Constance.

“You should know why,” returned Priscilla, reproachfully. “You know what it is to have a voice, and to be consumed with the desire to sing.”

“I know it to my cost,” said Constance, bitterly. “Go to Geoffroy!

I have sung for Geoffroy. I have sung for them all. I have spent all my money, I have used up all my friends, I have exhausted my strength, I have waited, longed, passed sleepless nights, lived through tortured days of imagining, starvation, and total annihilation, and still I am looking for an engagement."

"Is your voice gone?"

"No," said Constance. "There are too many of us; that's all. Besides, there is a prejudice against foreigners over here. They don't want us. It is not the way it is at home. We receive anybody who has merit and a foreign reputation. Here it is different. It takes—oh, Priscilla, it takes so many things I have never suspected; it takes the strength to withstand temptation, jealousy, spite, indifference. Besides, there are only ten stages in Europe to-day, worth singing on, where the directors pay. They don't desire ladies on them, they say. And yet we girls are coming over and coming over, some for a little work, more for vanity, many for that mad search after an unattainable chimera. And yet, when I sing,"—the little figure had risen, the gentle oval face with its pretty uncertain outline and its hopeless eyes took on a color and life which made it look once more the way it used to look,—“and yet, when I sing, everything is forgotten. You don't know what rapture it is to hold five thousand people with a note or a cadenza; to hear the applause which sounds far off like the patter of rain on a tin roof; to feel that wonderful power in you which comes with the sound of your own voice in a great space where the acoustic properties reward it for its best effort. You can't imagine what it is to feel that, after the days and months and years of strife and strain and inappreciation, you are at last in your only normal condition, the condition of song. All art is an uplift; but it seems to me there is no art so captivating as the art which returns to your listening ears the cadences of your own voice. It is a rapturous novel sense which puts out forever the memory of past heartaches, albeit only for the time outlived and conquered."

"Don't, please," said Mary. "If you look like that when you sing, you would make me cry."

"When I sing!" Constance repeated. "But you can't imagine how painful all the practical part of the business is. To go around to the agents like a bale of goods to be appraised at one's market value! It is terrible!"

"I thought the agents came to you," said Priscilla.

"So did I," said Constance; "but they don't. You have to beg them for a hearing. And most of them are men—well, such men, Priscilla! I hate them." This she said with a hot flush, which faded instantly to make way for a sudden gray pallor.

"Why don't you take some one with you?" suggested Priscilla.

"I am too poor. Besides, it would do no good. No one can help you but yourself. We live as we die, alone. We sign our own engagements. There is honor among thieves. It is the rarest thing in the world to find honor among vocal agents. They fleece American girls. They consider them their natural prey. And then they laugh behind their backs for having been gulled."

"Why don't you go home?" inquired Priscilla: then she drew herself up short as she thought of Stormmouth.

Constance shook her head. "I will never return now," she said, "until I am a success. You don't mind my being amused now when you speak of singing in Grand Opera, do you?"

"No," said Priscilla, dubiously. "But American girls *have* sung there."

"When they do," remarked Constance, mournfully, "they are so badly treated they are glad to get away."

Priscilla seemed to see her beautiful dream vanishing like the sun behind a cloud.

"I don't mean to be discouraged," she said.

"You will be the only American girl studying in Paris who thinks who is not," returned Constance, harshly. "Listen. When you have consented to make singing your profession and are studying, you must not go out nights. Dancing dries your voice: it weakens your vocal cords. You must not speak in the open air after singing: it gives you a sore throat. You must not eat nuts or certain vegetables: it makes you hoarse. You must not worry: it tires your voice. You must walk to keep up your strength. You must renounce all your friends in order to have time to work. You must hope against hope, because you must work against people who are ahead of you through their vile talent for the basest intrigues, with less accomplishments, with utter lack of refinement, with nothing holy or reverent in their purpose, with but one idea in their souls,—to be seen. I have sung in Italy for nothing. I have sung in the provinces where my managers made a *fiasco* and we were obliged to close the doors. My enemies say I was the cause. It is not true."

"It is awfully mournful," said Priscilla, with a little shudder; "but you are morbid, are you not? It seems to me if you could be heard by the right agent you would get on."

"That shows your ignorance," Constance affirmed, sadly.

"What are you studying now?" asked Priscilla.

"I am going over old *rôles*, and waiting. We are all waiting. Every six months about four of us get an engagement, and the other thousand nine hundred and ninety-six twirl their thumbs. Our youth is going; our voices are not getting younger."

"I would rather," suggested Priscilla, "go home and sing for my friends."

"That doesn't pay," returned Constance, coldly.

"Wouldn't you sing in church?"

"My voice has been trained for the stage. It's the difference between wine and water, singing dramatically or singing otherwise."

"It's funny, isn't it," said Mary, dreamily, curiously unaware of the inefficiency of her adjective,— "it's funny, isn't it, that the one thing we wish to do in this world is nearly always the thing we can't do, or find it hardest to do?"

"That is just the reason we wish to do it," said Constance, mournfully, wiping her eyes furtively. "I love the fight, but I can't imagine any one but a poor girl like me doing it unless it is necessary."

"Society is so hollow," said Priscilla. "You don't know how things have changed since you were home, dear. We are all going in for the higher life, such as art, or mental science. Dancing and golfing are not enough."

"Yes," said Constance, dubiously. Then she leaned forward, and took the pretty speaking face between two tender hands.

"Do you know what I would like for you, Priscilla?" she said. "I would like to see you married and settled down. Marriage is a woman's sphere. The rest is for us queer exotics, who are tossed out to battle with the elements through the force of circumstances. I don't believe a woman, if she told the truth, would ever look for any 'higher sphere' than living for others, if she found the right person to live for."

Priscilla frowned. "I suppose it would suit some persons," she said; "but I feel I was born for other things."

"I don't," said Constance, firmly. "There are days when I hunger to be taken care of; when I long for a big brother or any one to protect me, to fight my battles for me; when I thirst for little children's arms. Fame does not bring happiness. Virtue is its own reward, but love is the reward we women want for merit. When we miss it we have missed the great gift."

"But men have loved you?"

"There was a man who loved me once," said Constance, "but that was long ago. I had dreams, like you, Priscilla. I let him go."

"Is he married?"

"I don't know."

"Does he ever write you?"

"I sent him away. He has not the right."

"Doesn't music make up to you?"

"No," answered Constance, with a sad smile. "No: a thousand times no."

Priscilla was silent. She was thinking of that look on Stornmouth's face when he had said, a few short minutes ago, "Not laughing at you, child; only looking at you." What had he meant? Priscilla wished she had asked him.

"I think I shall love to sing," said Priscilla.

"We all do," said Constance, cheerfully, "but we don't get the chance."

Then Priscilla turned to go.

"You had a *début*, had you not?" she asked, as she walked towards the door of the little *salon*.

"Yes."

"Was it a success?"

"Tolerable," said Constance. "I was frightened. I realized it meant my whole future. When one realizes that——" She stopped short, with an eloquent gulp in her throat.

"Oh, do tell us about it," cried Mary.

"Do," urged Priscilla.

"If you wish to hear it," said Constance, simply. "It was at a little town in Italy, where nobody knew me. I sang well, I think:

the papers said so. All the evening I felt as though I were listening to somebody else,—as though I were hearing a voice which was coming to me across a dream I once had when I was a little girl,—a dream of singing before a great crowded house of foreign, unsympathetic faces. The voice seemed very sweet to me, but sad, and not extra powerful. I sang Marguerite. When I walked across the stage to the church I could not see. There was a mist before me. I seemed to think, ‘If I get through this my cause is won;’ but my heart beat so, Priscilla!—my heart beat so!’ The sweet, oval face paled with the memory. “After that it was all right; I somehow walked through that awful mist; I seemed to pierce it and come out into a space where all was peace. I imagined what mother would have said if she had lived and had been on that other side: ‘My brave little daughter.’ I fancied she was there. They said I sang better than I had ever sung before.” She stopped.

“There was another time,” she began again, with a long, tired sigh,—“a time when I was the *doublure* for a great singer down in Naples. To be a *doublure* is to study the *role* with the hope to sing it in case the real prima donna is ill. Humiliating; but we are all obliged to do it some time or other, and we are often only too glad to seize that chance to be heard. Saponarella was ill. The opera was ‘Spartacus,’ written by an old Neapolitan who had starved all his life, and who in that one night, at seventy-five years of age, became famous. There was a contralto who hated me, and who had always been jealous of my teacher’s belief in my powers. She drugged some water which stood on the shelf in my dressing-room. One of the chorus warned me, and so her purpose was frustrated. It was that which fired me on. I will never forget the drinking-song in the opera, Priscilla. I was a woman who saw her lover being led to the scaffold, and, knowing all was hopeless, elected to cheer his last hours with the memory of her voice. It makes you fierce, a song like that. It holds the possibilities of so much emotion. Imagine, if you can, the situation.” Constance’s face was inspired with a white light that seemed to come from within. “I will sing it for you.”

She stood forth on the little mangy mat in front of her doorway; she had drawn them across a near threshold into a tiny room looking out on a dark, narrow court,—a room which held a piano and a sparsely filled grate of dying coals. With no more ado she began to sing, in a wild, rich voice, the drinking-song of the broken-hearted maiden.

The voice held the echo of great grief and passion. It melted into almost maternal tenderness, like the croon of a mother singing her sick child to sleep, and out again to a soaring ecstasy of exalted endeavor which seemed almost prayer. It ended with a broken chord. The little room seemed to Priscilla to vanish. Only a woman’s broken-hearted voice carrying the strains of a mortal anguish filled the dingy, uninspiring place.

“He dies then,” explained Constance, quietly. “There is nothing else for me to do but to be silent.”

“Oh, Constance,” said Priscilla, “I don’t wonder you wish to sing,

when you can sing like that." She felt hopelessly insignificant and inexperienced.

"Thank you," said Constance, laughing. "I wish you were a director."

"I never could sing like that," said Priscilla. "I doubt if ever I could feel like that."

"You must have felt to sing of any emotion," said Constance, with a little sad smile.

"Don't you love it?" cried Priscilla.

"I have almost died for it," returned Constance, softly.

Priscilla put her arms around her and gave her a girlish hug.

"You cannot possibly imagine how much I admire you," she said. "You will come and see me, won't you?"

"If I have time," Constance replied.

As Priscilla walked home to the Avenue Montaigne, where Aunt Mildred had secured an apartment, it occurred to her that perhaps Stormmouth might be right, after all. She told Aunt Mildred of her doubts and fears. "Mr. Stormmouth says," she explained, "it is the hardest life in the world."

"I dare say his remark was not entirely disinterested," returned Aunt Mildred, with a mischievous gleam in her still pretty, laughing eyes.

At which Priscilla sniffed contemptuously, and withdrew.

#### CHAPTER IV.

GEORGES ADOLPHE FRANÇOIS BARADAT, Comte de Lacaze, was seated in a small room at the left of the main office of that world-renowned and excellently conducted sheet, the *Figaro*. Outside, the walls were hung with photographs of celebrities newly arrived in the gay capital. A bronze bust of Villemessant, the *Figaro's* illustrious founder, stood in a conspicuous corner. Two liveried servants passed to and fro, carrying missives from a patient crowd of advertisers, persons desirous of registering complaints, seekers for place, and divers small boys in buttons, who awaited in the vestibule their turn to see the managing editor.

Inside, the Count de Lacaze cursed the weather, nibbled his highly polished nails, and yawned undisguisedly. For the fiftieth time that morning he realized how much more than usual he was down on his luck.

The Count de Lacaze was fond of saying that, were the Republic an Empire, he would be at the present day, instead of languishing in durance vile as reporter on the *Figaro* at four hundred francs a month, enjoying the hunt with his satellites at Rambouillet, giving châteaux-parties in Touraine, or gambling furtively with a few kindred souls at his private baccarat-table in his own magnificent hôtel in the Faubourg St.-Germain. He found means to circulate pretty generally that he was a great personage wronged. His friends apparently accepted his statement, good-humoredly patting him on the back fraternally when

they met him, and bidding him have courage, only to smile wickedly afterwards at what they denominated "de Lacaze's little delusion." For, whereas the count related vividly the history of his great-grandfather's once superb possessions, which their present heir recounted mournfully to have melted away in the time of the Revolution like snow-flakes before the sun, his listeners were masters of the fact that his ancestor's gold had played a hide-and-seek game with so-called honor on the green baize tables of Monte Carlo and Baden-Baden both before and long after the date he mentioned.

The door opened, and a young man entered, dressed in the height of fashion. An eye-glass was gripped spasmodically within the recalcitrant muscles which surrounded the faded blue of his congested orb. A fancy walking-stick with a heavily carved knob, a pair of immaculate spats which pronounced their wearer a blood of the first water, and a general air of the Paris *gommeux*—half sport, half dandy, wholly a type of the present generation—completed the picture. This scion of a noble house seated himself on the arm of a chair, removed his immaculate tile from his overheated brow, and for several instants silently sucked the inoffensive knob of his cane. His eyes were fixed inquiringly and a trifle humorously upon the frowning countenance of the little room's unhappy occupant.

Then he proceeded to light a cigarette, and, having glided from the arm of his chair down into its luxuriously cushioned leather seat, he remarked, with perhaps superfluous cheerfulness,—

"Well, old man, what are you going to do about it?"

It may not be inconsiderate to explain that the aforesaid nobleman had, in a moment of unguarded sympathy three months before, loaned to his dejected friend the "reporter count," as he was known among his sporting contemporaries, a large sum of that filthy lucre man or woman is considered so insignificant without in the world's eyes, and so disproportionately significant are they so lucky as to be born with its flashing promise in their mints.

The night before, at a world-renowned club,—a club which contained a private room in which fortunes were made and lost, and with greater rapidity than on the New York Stock Exchange,—the little duke, he of the spats and the knobbed cane and the eye-glass, had looked his last upon his louis, and had realized in the night hours—which in French parlance are said to "carry good counsel"—his reporter count friend's absolute inability to make good to him a very serious loss. The duke had therefore concluded to beard the lion in his den. That the lion had the appearance of a shorn lamb that had spent a hideous night on the bald hill-side of despair was to the little duke a matter of the most profound indifference. He proposed to have his money by fair means or foul. Debts of a like nature were "debts of honor," he had only a few moments ago remarked piously to a friend to whom he had confided the entire lamentable occurrence. If de Lacaze had not "the decency to realize his obligations," the duke proposed to remind him that in aristocratic circles such debts were wont to be considered a disgrace did their assumers not appreciate the responsibility their appropriation involved.

"Patience," began the Comte Georges Adolphe Baradat de Lacaze, feebly. "I will pay you when I can look about me and realize where I stand."

The duke laughed cynically.

"No need to look around, *mon vieux*," said he, with a fine smile. "You will find nothing. I can offer but one suggestion. That is, either to blow out your brains or wed an American heiress."

"The first suggestion is concise, and not devoid of your usual bad taste. The second is impossible."

"How impossible?"

De Lacaze shrugged his shoulders. They were narrow, and a trifle bent. Then he raised his meagre eyebrows suggestively.

"I have no acquaintance with American heiresses. If I had, who of them would be desirous of exchanging her millions for my title?"

"But that is what they are doing every day," remarked the duke, rising, and beginning to pace the narrow room energetically. "Look at the past ten years' record. American girls give youth, their birth-right, to marry the man of their heart, their money and their future to secure a title. Why not you as well as —?" He mentioned the names of several well-known French and Italian noblemen who had in this spirited fashion redressed their attenuated fortunes, thus altering their future into an established and roseate surety instead of a dark descent into the ignominy its projectors had done their best to attain.

"Listen," urged the duke. "I have a friend, a dramatic critic on the *Eclair*, a bright specimen of nineteenth-century methods, who has analyzed the present situation and names it simple justice, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, so to speak." The duke was unaware that he was quoting from the Scriptures. He was merely repeating what he considered a clever saying of his friend Desmoulin. "Desmoulin knows to a die every American heiress in Paris," he continued. "He was telling me all their names yesterday at the Cercle,—read them out of a book, *figurez-vous*,—and has sent already to New York to an agency there, Brown's agency I think it is called, where any one can make a calculation of the *dot* the daughter may expect from summing up her papa's possessions. It is as easy as A B C. Come with me. We will see Desmoulin. It is the hour for breakfast. We will meet him at Durand's."

"Done," said Lacaze.

He seized his hat and cane, walked briskly towards the restaurant which faces the classical façade of the Madeleine, and found Desmoulin, a type of the modern *boulevardier*, a man some thirty years of age, with merry laughing eyes, thick lips, and a shifting expression as little to be trusted as it was undefinable.

In a few moments the subject was opened and discussed.

Desmoulin therewith drew out his little book from his pocket and began to turn the leaves, accompanying his act with a running fire of adjectives, side remarks, darts pithy and pertinent towards de Lacaze, and amused glances in the direction of the duke, who was lazily discussing some *hors-d'œuvres* while consulting the wine list.

"H'm," said Desmoulin; "here is just our affair. On the

Avenue Montaigne, No. 53, in a magnificent apartment, dwells a *ravissante Américaine*; arrived one year ago. Complexion blonde, like white lace over pink silk;” this last with a wink at the duke, who, broadly amused, was listening attentively, and a side glance at de Lacaze, who, scowling heavily, had bent his muddy eyes upon the floor.

“The young lady is just of age. Having pursued her studies at home, she comes abroad to accomplish herself in music. She is at present a pupil of Purrini, the great Purrini.”

“H’m,” interrupted de Lacaze, still scowling; “the most arrant humbug of the age. I knew him when he was starving in Marseilles. His father was a pork-butcher, and his mother was a washer-woman.”

Desmoulin smiled delightedly. “Exactly,” said he. “That goes to prove that the young woman in question, who is travelling with her aunt and little sister, is no more capable of understanding the true inwardness of life with a capital L than *nous autres Français* can comprehend this little Américaine’s mad desertion of her own country, so rife, we are informed, with opportunities for development and money-making, neglecting it for ours, which her countrymen, also gratuitously, inform us to be old-fashioned and out of date.”

“Finish with your superfluous remarks,” commanded de Lacaze, furiously, “and get to business. What is her father’s fortune in figures?”

“As yet, monsieur, I am unable to afford you that information *au juste*. But I am positive I can obtain it in a few days. I have at present a cousin in New York,”—Desmoulin omitted to state that the aforesaid cousin was pursuing the modest calling of lifting trunks in a large caravansary on Lower Fifth Avenue,—“who weekly forwards me a package containing such information. I will be able to give monsieur his facts within ten days. The young woman’s father is a justice of the Supreme Court and enjoys a modest fortune. The young woman’s mother is immensely wealthy and is notably ambitious. Indeed, it is whispered that she has been said to have stated openly she was desirous her daughter should form an alliance with a noble French house.

“And where is she to be met with, this paragon of beauty, innocence, and wherewithal?” De Lacaze had drawn himself up, and was buttoning his shabby coat over his now well-filled stomach. The wine and food had given substance to his fainting courage. Hope rushed into his veins. He looked as though once more there was a future ahead of him which promised almost forgotten prosperity.

“At the *pension* where I live,” whispered Desmoulin, “there is a little girl named Constance Brilla, who is studying for the operatic stage. She told me of her friend quite artlessly. I listened just as artlessly. Then I made my calculations. To-night there is a ball at the *pension*. We are requested each of us to invite our friends. You will come as my friend, and I will present you to Miss Priscilla Delno, the friend of Miss Brilla.”

“Done,” agreed de Lacaze.

"Softly, softly," murmured Desmoulins, his fine smile suddenly degenerating into a diabolical grin. "The agreement must be drawn up and signed, monsieur."

"What agreement?"

"An agreement that if monsieur succeeds he will pay into my hands the sum of fifty thousand francs."

"And if I fail?"

"There is no such word as fail."

"Would it not be as well, de Lacaze," drawled the duke, who had been a cynical on-looker at this remarkable transaction, and who was now smiling and rubbing his palms together delightedly,—“would it not be as well to insert a clause in that little agreement?—the clause that you refund me also my dues when the transaction is carried out?"

De Lacaze scowled fiercely. Then he lifted himself from the leather seat upon which he had lounged for the past half-hour. In his face lurked no evidence of shame. It was indomitably resolved.

"My friends," he said, ironically, "follow me to my office. We will make a note of this transaction, and in due time your appetites shall be appeased to their complete satisfaction."

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#### CHAPTER V.

THE Pension Picaud, with its stale, *bouillon*-scented corridors narrow and dark, its musty *salon*, its slippery *parquet* floors and ornaments under glass, its tiny piano rented by the month at ten francs, and its bedrooms whose windows overlooked dingy courts black as Erebus, roofed, among its other boarders, three maiden ladies who were known to their long-suffering if merciless fellow-boarders as "the World, the Flesh, and the Devil."

Six years before, the Misses Bigbee had come to Paris from Bangor, Maine, and had elected to throw in their prejudices with the hard lines of their compatriots who frequent foreign shores for culture and learning and neglect personal adornment, home ordinances, and individual dignity in the process. For, between lights, they lend their tongues to the discussion of unworthy littlenesses concerning their neighbors' affairs, thus exemplifying unconsciously that strange anomaly, so often met with in foreign *pensions*, of the weary physical degeneration rather than amelioration under an unwisely administered treatment of art too strenuously absorbed, plus economy of congenial company too sternly ignored.

Sophronia Bigbee was called the World. She was a busy, perpetually occupied little spinster, who knew to a dot every omnibus-line in Paris, concerning which she never hesitated exhaustively to enlighten newcomers, willing or unwilling. She had also mastered the difficult if insignificant question of when and how to administer fees, what to see, and how to see it. She spent her evenings, after having poured out a record of the day's doings at table, recounting them to the boarders,

who frequented the dingy *salon* in order to economize in light and fire in their own bedrooms, scouring the newspapers for the free exhibitions to be opened to the public the following day, and usually retired early, so as to rise with the lark for the forthcoming campaign.

Miss Catherine Bigbee, whose pseudonyme was "the Flesh," was a superlatively corpulent personage, carrying a gentle dignity in the wag of her good-natured head, which head was surmounted by a front-piece which, its owner fondly believed, so closely resembled nature's hirsute adornment that nobody suspected its counterfeit presentment's undeniable infidelity to any hair in color or texture ever fashioned before or since, happily, on land or sea. Her pale eyes were placid and furtive. Her plump hands were invariably folded over that portion of her anatomy which was presumed to contain her digestive organs. Her tongue was a mild echo of her more active sister's peregrinations,—a course of things which never failed to annoy Miss Sophronia to a very perceptible extent. Miss Sophronia and Miss Catherine, however, were tolerably good friends; whereas the third sister, well named "the Devil," was their proclaimed backbiter and enemy, to the intense amusement of every member of the *pension*, and the Devil's own unmitigated satisfaction.

Miss Penelope Bigbee, in Bangor, Maine, some thirty years before, had been known as "the beautiful Miss Bigbee." Then tall and slender, she was now skinny and spare. Then fine-featured and delicate, she was now the epitome of a knife-blade ancestry as to physiognomy. Her countenance, too, was impregnated with a contemptuous sneer which, in her palmy days, had been designated as carrying the indelible impress of the Bigbee pride. To-day all that remained of that aforesaid pride was a pitiful record of incarnate spitefulness, which never lost an opportunity to flash forth from Miss Penelope's lips at the smallest provocation,—cutting, like a two-edged sword, both ways, as it marched on its triumphant way. She had a large following of persons who had not the courage of their convictions, but who took every auspicious occasion to rejoice openly in a person who had the courage of theirs and her own. They regarded Miss Penelope's utterances as proof of rare strength of character in telling the truth, of undeniable perspicacity in rooting out and exposing fraud; and they laughed shrilly over her so-called witticisms, which, had her followers been wise enough to discern it, were very inadequate attempts at that sort of accomplishment indeed.

Madame Picaud was the widow of a diplomat; at least so she advertised herself in the newspapers, in the columns which were most likely to fall under the eyes of gullible foreigners in search of a French family which combined with the comforts of home the discomforts of a foreign language radically administered in allopathic doses at the hours of breakfast and dinner.

Madame Picaud wisely refrained from mentioning in what her defunct partner had been diplomatic; but nobody ever dared to doubt that Monsieur Picaud had once existed in that capacity, if only from the marvellous talent his widow displayed in her emulative policy. Having made his mark, he had gone out, leaving his widow to lan-

guish under the shadow of his greatness, her sole visible inheritance the aforesaid diplomacy.

The butcher could have told of it, but he did not. The baker might have done so, but, being wise in his generation, he refrained. Once a recalcitrant foreigner, struggling frantically with a strange tongue, was caught gossiping; whereupon Madame Picaud swooped down upon him—this was whispered in the *pension* with bated breath—like a vulture upon carrion, and bore him off to the *judge de paix*, who “forced the wretched creature to pay two hundred francs, my dear, for his impudence, and go without his trunks”—until Madame Picaud had handed them over silently after a pertinent visit from the American vice-consul.

This goes to show that it was pretty generally considered safer to bear with Madame Picaud’s diplomacy. It consisted of meagre fires for mellow prices, bad wine for good money, inferior candles in return for honest gold, meat which was evidently as fresh as paint as well as tougher than sole-leather, and vegetables which had long ago seen their best days.

Perhaps, therefore, the little *pension* was more to be pitied than blamed for having deteriorated into a gossip caldron, instead of a mere innocent lodging for man and beast,—a scandal bureau, instead of a registry office.

Thursday night was ball night. That evening the *pension* rejected its dingy weekday curtains, to replace them with stiffly starched epitomes of the washerwoman’s art; a *frotteur* came in shirt-sleeves and felt slippers to polish the freshly waxed *parquet* floors; one of the boarders played the *rôle* of the visiting pianist who hammered out a mixture of waltzes and polkas according to orders, in return for innumerable cups of weak tea saturated with feebler rum, and *brioches* made of last week’s butter; and all went merry as a marriage bell—with the gold left out.

Constance Brilla, in a faded ball-dress, with her dazzling neck and arms revealed, her soft hair knotted low in her neck, and her pathetic eyes eagerly watching the door, brightened up as the little party from the Avenue Montaigne made its way into the room.

Priscilla was radiant in a white satin gown embroidered with pompadour flowers, a blue velvet knot in her sunny burnished hair, and a vivid smile flashing forth from her eager eyes and nestling in the dimples about her moist, half-parted lips.

Aunt Mildred was resplendent in black velvet, with a magnificent diamond crescent holding a *jabot* of priceless lace at her full, handsome throat, and a huge bunch of violets which had arrived that afternoon from no less a person than Stornmouth, who, with it, informed her on his card that he was “in town, had run over for a short stay, and was stopping at the Bristol.” “Mr. Stornmouth. How charming!” cried Aunt Mildred. To which perfectly natural exclamation Priscilla, flushing vividly, had vouchsafed no response.

So, leaving a message with her *valet de chambre* that “if Mr. Stornmouth called that evening he would find them at the little *pension* in the rue Lincoln,” Aunt Mildred, without making Priscilla aware of

this peremptory blow at that wilful niece's outspoken intention to "see as little as possible of that disagreeable Mr. Stornmouth," had come away with a subdued smile in her eyes and a puzzled wonder in her soul.

Of late Priscilla had worried her not a little. From a simple little bundle of New York girlhood, charged with sparkling quips and pranks of harmless coquetry, she had suddenly developed into a cool and dignified young woman with the impress of a great resolve in her countenance, and the silence which was said to be golden—a silence which Aunt Mildred denoted as "of lead" as regarded her niece's personal convictions—on her lips. Priscilla wrote long letters to her mother, whose answers Aunt Mildred was not permitted to peruse. She spent hours reading French stories about imperialistic Paris, the doings of royalty, and *château* life, to Aunt Mildred's unmitigated and outspoken despair, "since," as she piteously avowed, she "did not know French, never would, and for all she could tell to the contrary Priscilla might be absorbing fire and brimstone without her knowledge."

"Not many men, are there?" remarked Priscilla, looking around brightly. This was her first ball at a *pension*. She wondered how Constance could bear the contact with all these miserable-looking persons in perceptibly made-over toiles, and look so happy in the process.

"Monsieur Desmoulins is coming," whispered Constance.

Aunt Mildred had been ushered across the room by Madame Picaud, who was obviously aware that it was not often her portion to receive so perceptibly prosperous a personage; in consequence of which poor Miss Mildred was seated next, and presented, without as much as "by your leave," to the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, to those three graces' extreme discomfiture and Madame Picaud's intense satisfaction. For only that afternoon it had been reported to Madame Picaud that they had been laughing over her inability to obtain any boarders except their august selves who "in the slightest degree represented American aristocracy."

"Who is Monsieur Desmoulins?" asked Priscilla, wondering indifferently why a little blond Irishman near her was gazing at her so persistently.

"Monsieur Desmoulins is a very good friend of mine," explained Constance. "He is a journalist. I am obliged to make friends with all the journalists, because if I ever make a *début* here they could do a great deal for me."

Priscilla smiled dreamily. "What a bore all that is!" she remarked. "I never knew one was obliged to make up to a lot of low people like that, to get on. I thought it was just a walk-over, and that foreigners recognized real talent, and were only too delighted to get it."

Constance did not answer her. Her eyes were fixed upon the door. "There they are," she said, breathlessly.

"Who?"

"Monsieur Desmoulins and the Count Baradat de Lacaze."

"Which is the count?" asked Priscilla,— "the big man with the

dark eyes and fine figure and thick red lips, or the little old one with the bent shoulders and the ugly face? Ugh! what a horrid face! It is like a bird of prey."

"His face is not handsome," said Constance, "but Monsieur Desmoulins wrote me this afternoon, in a little note he sent me asking if he might bring him, that his friend de Lacaze 'belongs to one of the oldest families in France, and is a real nobleman.'"

Priscilla drew a long breath.

"Go and seat yourself by your aunt, quick," said Constance, "and I will bring them both over and introduce them."

"Introduce them here."

"Oh, no," objected Constance, in quite a shocked voice. "It would not do at all. In France a girl must always be seated by her chaperon. When a man dances with a girl he returns her to her chaperon just as soon as he has finished."

"What a bore!" said Priscilla. "Fancy any such nonsense in our dear old America," and then she burst out laughing. The laugh was so fresh and full, it held so rich a suggestion of real fun, and Priscilla looked so bewitchingly pretty giving vent to it, her stately head thrown back a little, showing all her lovely, pearly teeth, her hand raised to adjust a flower which nestled in the coils of her hair, that the Count de Lacaze, who was not far from her, pricked up his ears suddenly and cast a swift, piercing glance in her direction.

"Is that she?" he whispered to Desmoulins. "*Sapristi!* you were right: she is a beauty. Present me."

Desmoulins smiled quietly. "Make it fifty thousand, and I will do it," he said.

There had been a stormy interview that afternoon in the little room at the left of the *Figaro* office. The Count de Lacaze had exhibited a stubbornness his managers had not expected from him in the drawing up of the agreement. He had absolutely declined adding his signature to any paper which would hold him responsible for a larger sum than twenty thousand francs, were the transaction his tempters proposed carried out to his satisfaction. He had totally denied the duke's right to demand his dues until his—de Lacaze's—fish was landed.

Desmoulins had finally appeared to acquiesce that half a loaf was better than none, and had accepted the decree, viciously determining to get the best of this wily adversary did that personage nibble a bigger bait than Desmoulins had bargained for.

"Twenty," scowled de Lacaze, with a ferocious expression. "Present me, or I will present myself."

"Priscilla," said Constance, "allow me to introduce my friend Monsieur Charles Desmoulins, of the *Eclair*, and his friend the Count Baradat de Lacaze."

Priscilla bowed. Aunt Mildred had already gone through the introduction, and withdrawn with flying colors, with the assistance of Constance, from the painful experience of exchanging compliments with a Frenchman who spoke the vilest English imaginable, but who politely pretended to make up for deficiencies by a knowing smile

which his new acquaintance designated afterwards as "perfectly detestable."

"Mademoiselle will dance?" said the count to Priscilla in French.

"With pleasure."

And then that unwise young woman was swept into the vortex of liting figures mercilessly pirouetting in what they fondly imagined to be the measures of the waltz,—instead of which it was a whirl in one spot, with no reversing, which is considered bad form in France. An arm like an iron vice around her yielding waist, and an olive-skinned, horrid little countenance, lighted by strangely congested orbs, which seemed to be devouring her inch by inch, burned out of Priscilla any natural power of enjoyment, and rendered her very miserable instead.

"Oh, stop," cried Priscilla.

"Why, mademoiselle?"

"You go so fast, and it is all so funny; and I am so dizzy."

"That will soon vanish, mademoiselle."

"Let me go," said Priscilla, in a strange, breathless voice. "I wish to stop. Let me go."

The count stopped violently, nearly losing his equilibrium in the process. Puffing stertorously, he leaned up against the back of a sofa and mopped his face.

Priscilla was crimson. Her eyes were full of tears.

"Shall I take mademoiselle to her aunt?"

"If you please."

They found the way back in stern silence through the whirling couples to her seat.

"Mademoiselle is as beautiful as an angel," whispered the count in Priscilla's ear as he seated her. Then, with a bland smile, he withdrew.

"What's the matter?" asked Aunt Mildred.

"Nothing," returned Priscilla, defiantly.

"Yes, there is," said Aunt Mildred: "don't attempt to deny it. You look perfectly furious over something. Did that horrible little man say anything disagreeable?"

"Well, no, not exactly," answered Priscilla, dubiously. She was still trembling a trifle, and her fists were clinched.

"What did he say, child? I insist upon knowing."

"He told me," said Priscilla, her eyes beginning to fill again, "that I was as beautiful as an angel."

Aunt Mildred burst out laughing. "You are a perfect child, Priscilla," she said, when she could speak.

"It was the way he said it," argued Priscilla, indignantly. "If any other man had told me I was as beautiful as—that, I should have been glad, very glad indeed. But the way he said it, and the way he looked when he said it—ugh!"

"How did he look?"

"He reminded me," said Priscilla, with a scornful uplift of her curved childish upper lip which was supremely characteristic,—“he reminded me of a snake I once saw when I went quail-shooting with

dad down on Long Island. He put his head out between the bushes as we passed, and hissed at me. Dad drew his gun and shot his head off on the spot."

Then, quietly, with intense resolve, she murmured these memorable words, which started over the ocean two days later, indited by Aunt Mildred with intense delight, to be read a week afterwards with great gusto by a doting paterfamilias to his wife.

"I wish I had a gun," said Priscilla.

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## CHAPTER VI.

"I JUST perceived," whispered, in horror-stricken tones, the World in the ear of the Flesh,—“it was my unfortunate privilege to witness a most reprehensible proceeding.”

“And what was that?” anxiously, from the Flesh.

“I just saw that little Frenchman, who entered ten minutes since with Mr. Desmoulins, squeeze the young lady in the white satin dress embroidered with pompadour flowers.”

“My dear,” remarked the Flesh, resignedly, “have you not been in wicked Paris long enough to recognize that its undeniable demoralization is bound, sooner or later, to communicate itself to all young American upstarts visiting it for the first time?”

“True gentlemen were never guilty of such rudeness in Bangor,” remarked the Devil, mendaciously. She never lost the racy opportunity of reminding her plainer sisters that she once had been a beauty. Then she added, with superfluous veracity coupled with unconscious pathos, “And when they did, they never followed it up.”

Priscilla was arguing hotly with Constance. They had retired into an adjoining room, ostensibly to imbibe some lukewarm syrup which Madame Picaud had loudly asserted would cool their throats after dancing, but in reality to “have it out” with each other.

“I cannot understand,” remarked Priscilla, “how your friend Mr. Desmoulins dared introduce such a horrid little man to you, or to your acquaintances.”

“The Count Baradat de Lacaze is not horrid,” returned Constance. “If he held you too tight, it was because he was afraid you would fall on the slippery floor; that is all. You can’t expect a Frenchman to be exactly like an American, can you? *Autres pays, autres mœurs*. I am sure he intended no rudeness. On the contrary, he admires you immensely. He told me so five minutes since.”

“He took a mighty queer way of evincing his admiration,” replied Priscilla, hotly.

“Nonsense!” said Constance. “If you are going to be such a ridiculous prude, you might just as well renounce any success at the beginning of your career. Count Baradat de Lacaze belongs to one of the oldest families in France. He has the bluest blood in his veins,—so Monsieur Desmoulins told me,—and he is enormously rich. He owns three or four magnificent *châteaux*.”

"It is a pity he does not stop in them," said Priscilla, still unappeased, her cheeks burning hotter and hotter. "I can't conceive why he came here, if he is at liberty to 'frequent the most aristocratic circles,' as I heard Mr. Desmoulins inform you."

"How unreasonable you are, Priscilla! He breakfasted with Mr. Desmoulins to-day, and he brought him here just to fill in a couple of hours."

"I wonder if you have entirely forgotten," said Priscilla, "what a genuine American gentleman is like. A *man*, I mean."

"I am almost afraid that I have," Constance confessed, regretfully.

"They are the cleanest things," said Priscilla, inadequately. "They look so well brushed, and they are so magnificently set up. They nearly always wear fresh violets or a new species of chrysanthemum in their button-holes, and——"

"There's a man in the doorway," interrupted Constance, suddenly, "who looks exactly like one of the perfect creatures you are describing. I wonder who he is. I never saw him before. Why, he is speaking to your aunt."

"There is no possibility of any decent American coming here," cried Priscilla, stormily. "The stifling air would suffocate one of them, in the first place, and these horrid little greasy Frenchmen would irritate them, in the second."

"He is coming this way," said Constance.

"Let him come," cried Priscilla, defiantly. And then she continued, "And the way they dance, Constance,—oh, it is perfectly divine! I would give a year of my life to have just one waltz with an American *man*, in the Newport Casino."

"I can't import the Casino," said a merry, memorable, masculine voice in her ear, "but I am willing to try the dance."

Then Priscilla turned. She looked radiantly delighted and undisguisedly surprised. Girl-like, to her the actual was the absolute. Past and future faded out for her in the supreme and unmitigated joy of the present, like a breath off a mirror.

"Mr. Stormmouth!" She smiled. Then she laughed out loud with pleasure.

"Are you glad to see me?" Her hands were caught fast in two strong, powerful ones. Two piercing eyes were fastened on hers hungrily, and held them.

"Yes," said Priscilla, softly. "Yes, I am."

"Thank God!" returned Stormmouth, succinctly.

Then Priscilla, woman-like, began, to put it inelegantly, to back water.

"It is the most natural thing in the world that I should be glad to see you," she said. "I have not seen a decent American—a home American, I mean—in a year."

Stormmouth smiled pleasantly, with the old, memorable twinkle in his eyes. "There are plenty of them at home," he remarked, irrelevantly. "Will you dance, Miss Priscilla?"

"Yes," said Priscilla.

And then she was borne off into a rapturous land of ideal motion which carried in its well-remembered measures a gladness Priscilla became conscious right then and there that she had forgotten could exist, so full it was of bounding life, and strength, and elasticity. She felt the way a colt feels when he sniffs the morning air after a night spent in his box stall. All her healthy nature hailed the promise that dance contained of wind-swept days wherein sport predominated, and culture sulked, dismally put out for the moment by something essentially more desirable.

"You dance very well," remarked Miss Delno, critically, as they strolled to and fro in the little stuffy corridors.

"Thanks," returned Stormmouth. "I am afraid dancing is not my strong point."

"What is your strong point?"

"Horseback riding, and shooting," he replied.

"How jolly! that's what I love too," said Priscilla. "Do you ever go to Hempstead?"

"Does a horse eat oats?" returned Stormmouth, laughing.

"And where do you shoot?"

"Where it pleases me, my lady. On my friends' preserves on Long Island sometimes. In the Rocky Mountains best. But I catch little wiggling trout sometimes, after a knee-deep wrestle with them, out of the brooks in the Adirondacks, and there is a log cabin of mine on the Restigouche where I lie in wait for salmon and dream dreams in the waiting."

"What do you dream?" Priscilla demanded.

"Of girls," said he, audaciously.

"Many of them?" curiously, and a trifle dubiously.

"Their name is legion."

"No doubt," remarked Priscilla, with a little quiver of her lip. "You have known a lot of them, met them in your travels—and all that?" she added, lamely.

"Yes, all of that."

There was a pregnant pause.

"There comes the Count de Lacaze," Priscilla announced, in a relieved tone. "I suppose I must dance with him, if he asks me."

"Do you mean that miserable little devil with the bilious complexion, who looks like a mildewed portrait of his ancestors, and dances like a kangaroo?"

"He belongs to one of the oldest families in France," returned Priscilla, indignantly, abjectly aware that she was repeating Constance's own words, which had been repeated to Constance by somebody else, but also seizing this auspicious occasion, for some occult reason, to defend her friend's new-found trophy with warmth. "He owns several *châteaux*, and he is a very good fellow, they say, at heart."

"It's a pity," returned Stormmouth, apparently unconvinced, "that his heart is not as conspicuously developed as his face."

"I presume you think that is remarkably witty," from Priscilla, in a high, strained voice.

"Well," said Stormmouth, with becoming modesty, "it may be said to have been to the point, may it not?"

"What is the point?" asked Priscilla, cruelly.

But just here the scion of one of the noblest houses in France bent his much be-ancestored body before her.

"The pleasure of another dance, mademoiselle?" he demanded, in French.

"Certainly," returned Priscilla, defiantly, gloriously triumphant in the consciousness that her accent was perfection, and that Stormmouth could not speak the Gallic tongue.

She rose and strolled away.

"Foreign noblemen be hanged!" muttered Stormmouth under his moustache. "Sets the wind in that quarter, my little lady?"

Then, strangely uneasy, he made his way towards Aunt Mildred. She welcomed him very cordially, talked with him of her brother's family,—which Stormmouth did not hesitate to avow he had "looked up more than once,"—and finally confided to him all her little woes, which were many, and her joys, which she, like most richly endowed and healthy persons, considered few.

Stormmouth listened quietly. His arms were folded, and his head was bent. His eyes, stern and forbidding, were fixed upon two whirling figures at the end of the room, who appeared, to his critical gaze, to be giddily revolving in one spot.

"Mademoiselle," whispered the count, "will it be permitted that your august aunt may extend to me her hospitality in so far that I may renew this acquaintance, so happily begun, with herself and her charming niece?"

"We receive on Friday," Priscilla announced; then, gently, "I will never get along with you if you pay me such deliberate compliments. It makes me feel like a fool. Well-bred people don't do it at home."

"But mademoiselle is in France; and in the highest aristocracy we consider it our privilege to pay them."

Priscilla sighed. "It seems to me," she said, "forced and strained, somehow."

The count kissed her hand as he led her to her seat beside her aunt and bade both ladies *au revoir*.

"He dances like a humming-top, does he not?" suggested Stormmouth, pleasantly, with what Priscilla considered unnecessary flippancy.

"He is not my idea of a humming-top," Priscilla returned, without meeting his laughing eyes.

"You are quite right," retorted Stormmouth, with unmitigated good humor. "I have seen even better-looking humming-tops than that."

"I did not ask you for your opinion, Mr. Stormmouth."

"Any information I can offer you is gratuitous, Miss Delno."

"I think you are unbearable!" Priscilla exclaimed.

"Priscilla!" said Aunt Mildred.

"Perfectly unbearable," the girl reiterated.

Then there was an eloquent pause, in which Priscilla wished she had not come, and Stornmouth wished he had not spoken.

"How is the voice?" asked Stornmouth.

"Superb," answered Aunt Mildred, seeing her refractory niece was biting her lip frantically and endeavoring to control her temper, which had been violently disturbed out of its usual sweetness by some means invisible to Aunt Mildred.

"I am glad of that," said Stornmouth. "I used to wish last winter, when I went back, that I had asked your niece to sing for me, so that I could perceive her improvement when I returned.—Will you sing for me some day, Miss Priscilla?"

"If you wish," answered Priscilla, with reflective, unhappy eyes suddenly meeting his full.

Then she exclaimed suddenly, with a little restless sigh, "Let's go home now, and I will sing for you. It is not very late. There is a big fire in the drawing-room, and—I hate it here."

Bidding Constance good-night, and leaving a message for their hostess, the little party stole away under cover of the starry night, and, hailing a passing cab, returned to the Avenue Montaigne.

Aunt Mildred went off to stir up the maid and institute a quiet little supper. Priscilla stood in the firelight, pulling off her gloves. Then she seated herself at the piano, and, seemingly forgetful of Stornmouth, began to sing.

Her voice was very sweet and fresh, with a rich unusual quality in the medium notes which was sympathetic and hinted of a nature as yet unaware of its strength.

Stornmouth listened silently.

When she had finished she rose and went towards him.

He was standing with his elbow on the mantel-piece, his hand over his eyes, looking from under it at the flames.

"You don't like my voice, do you?" she inquired.

"Yes, I like it," he answered.

"Your sister sang," suggested Priscilla. "Does it make you sad to hear me?"

"Not sad," said Stornmouth, "only it takes me back. I wonder why women always desire the unattainable and seem to experience an acute satisfaction in putting from them the wealth which lies within their grasp."

"Ah, why indeed?" returned Priscilla. And then, as Aunt Mildred entered, she turned swiftly, and ran towards her to pull her to the fire.

"Why were you gone so long, dear?" she cried, ungratefully. "We were bored to death. I sang for Mr. Stornmouth, and he rewarded me by asking the most stupid conundrums."

"Conundrums?" repeated Aunt Mildred, wonderingly, looking up quickly into Stornmouth's strangely pale face.

He returned her glance for glance.

"Yes," he said, concisely, "I asked one, and Miss Priscilla answered another."

## CHAPTER VII.

JUDGE DELNO was popularly designated among his constituents "the ablest legal reactionist in New York." He was sternly reserved and uncompromisingly straightforward in his methods, which were refreshingly devoid of that double-track system of administering so-called justice wont to be characterized by the long-suffering as "shady" and by its propagators as "only business-like."

He delighted in nothing so much as the study of human nature.

Studying human nature from a disinterested point of view is one thing. Remarking its rise and fall from an interested stand-point is another. To-day the distinguished chief justice found himself in an undesirable state of mind, superinduced by the latter contingency. It had been forced upon him by an argument he was holding with a suitor for his little daughter's hand,—a suitor so entirely in earnest, so perceptibly worthy of a good woman's love, so healthily built morally, mentally, and physically, that this past-master of character in search found himself at the start prejudiced,—a state of things he always at a distance contemplated with outspoken contempt, embodying as it undoubtedly must no opportunity for honest and unbiassed judgment, but which at close quarters he found contained a force hitherto unencountered, and hence—this he suddenly acknowledged, to his inward perturbation—almost unmanageable.

Judge Delno never hesitated to express a wholesome aversion towards having "things sprung upon him."

This morning "things" had thus agitated his Honor with a vengeance. He was smarting with irritability at having been taken unawares and rendered cognizant of an entirely unsuspected affair: first, coolly mastered; second, passed under a microscopic investigation; third, submitted to competent and authoritative experience; and, finally, presented for his own digestion with a precision which was above praise.

The judge had always felt an immense respect for Stornmouth: first, because he was a successful man, a man who had overcome obstacles brilliantly, and would overcome more obstacles more brilliantly; and, second, because he had rarely met with so honorable and upright a specimen of the not always impeccable genus known as *homo*. His own act of saving the Stornmouth estates from almost total annihilation had been governed more by his characteristic bull-dog tenacity and desire to get even with an unworthy adversary than by any more high-minded sentiment. When the fee attendant upon his victory had been sent in, he had even been amusedly aware that he was sorry it signified that the fight was over. Although he retired with flying colors from the fray, he had honestly regretted that his adversary had not scented, as he had, the promise of a richer development for the opponent than that opponent had suspected. Ultimately he had wondered if he ever would find a contemporary who would see, as he did, two sides of a case with the same lack of prejudice, and choose the side which promised the least, just for the sake of experiencing the keen sense of exhilaration attendant upon abstracting a good development from a bad ground-plan.

When Stormmouth had thanked him, therefore, he had been happy to perceive that the fellow was worth the cause. He had followed him up somewhat, to see what he would do with the unexpected wealth thrust upon him.

Stormmouth, to his surprise, had met his individual bull-dog tenacity with a tenacity which matched it. He had evinced a reserve which ultimately was discovered to contain evidence of uncommon force. He proved that he pretty generally preceded (no matter how masterful) an adversary's opportunity by outwitting that adversary before the latter had wakened to even an inkling of his power.

This, to Delno, was a revelation. What to him had been a conscientious study appeared to come to Stormmouth as naturally as the flush to a maiden's cheek. What to Delno was an acquisition was to Stormmouth an intuition. He read men like a flash, docketed them off in the pigeon-holes of his memory, and brought them out, when he needed them, with unflagging accuracy, to dispose of them with remarkable perspicacity.

But when Stormmouth confessed himself in love with Priscilla, Judge Delno, man-like, strove to forget personal affection and take what he considered an unbiassed view of the situation. To an on-looker this might not have been considered fully as kind as it was just to Stormmouth. It at least was fair and square as regarded Priscilla. "Stormmouth is too masterful," thought Judge Delno. "He can bully me into saving him his thousands, but if he thinks he is going to bully me into marrying to him my own daughter he is mistaken. He is a fine fellow,—a superlatively fine fellow; but, by Jove, a girl's heart must be considered in these matters." He made the latter statement aloud.

"I am precisely of the same opinion, sir," returned Stormmouth, tersely.

He had returned from Europe the day before, and had run in on his old friend, as he expressed it, "to place the entire lamentable occurrence before him in a nutshell."

"Who asked for your opinion?" demanded the judge, testily. He had been confined to the house for a week with influenza, and was unusually irritable in consequence. Besides, any father experiences a sense of revolt when a hitherto unconsidered personage, no matter how desirable, presents himself as a possible member of his family.

"The case in point is as follows," announced Stormmouth, going straight to the aforesaid point with his customary ability,—an ability which Judge Delno heretofore had never hesitated to laud openly, but which to-day hinted at possibilities in a son-in-law which perhaps might be considered more forcible than agreeable. Stormmouth was pacing the room restlessly. His hands were plunged deep into his trousers pockets. His fine head was thrown forward eagerly, like a thoroughbred scenting the hint of a clover-patch. His keen eyes mastered everything,—the room, the occupant, the warring blizzard outside, the case in point, and his adversary's irritation, which he was observing with that same humorous twinkle in his soul which so often bubbled up and showed itself so pleasantly in his eyes.

"Given," he continued, with emphasis, "a French adventurer with a title, and an American girl possessed of a desire, lamentable or otherwise, to become a duchess or countess, it is obvious that ten chances to one the bargain is consummated to the entire felicity of all parties concerned." He bit his lip vigorously. His eyes, severely contemptuous, met those of Judge Delno with an unflinching resolve in their depths.

The chief justice was seated in a leather-covered arm-chair, before a blazing fire. Perhaps that was the cause of the flush which overspread his countenance at Stormmouth's utterance.

"What do you mean to insinuate?" he stormed.

"I am not 'insinuating,'" replied Stormmouth. "I am stating facts. I have good reason to suppose that you are backing up your daughter in this nefarious business."

"'Nefarious' is a nefarious word, young man. What do you intend to convey by your so-called facts?"

"Will you have the truth?"

"The sooner the better."

"Miss Mildred Delno, your sister, informed me ten days since," returned Stormmouth, slowly, with his eyes fixed steadily upon the features of his opponent, "that Mrs. Delno countenances this marriage, —indeed, encourages it."

"It is false," roared the judge. Then he paled suddenly. All at once it came to him: his wife's recent incomprehensible interest in the French peerage; her poring over French history; her endless letters to her daughter; her mysterious hints, vague as intangible, of coming events which cast their palpable shadows before.

To Judge Delno a foreigner comprised all the esoteric capacities of a nineteenth-century Mephistopheles, with the element of love for love's sake left out. A foreigner meant to his eyes, thoroughly new-world in their outlook, one of those oily specimens of an effete civilization who hang out their signs in Lower Sixth Avenue, therewith endeavoring to fascinate unwary Americans with big-lettered promises of a new hair-dye warranted to be efficacious as well as healthy, and a bloom of youth advertised to contain the innocence of the sucking dove. His true inwardness rose like the crest of a white-capped protest on the tidal wave of a visible and acutely-to-be-contested horror.

He rose and reached towards the electric button.

"Is Mrs. Delno at home?" he demanded of the butler, when he appeared in answer to his call.

"Yes, sir."

"Wait here, my boy."

Stormmouth paced the room restlessly for a few moments. Then he turned towards the door curiously as it fell open, after fifteen minutes' dragging space of time. Judge Delno entered. His lips were sternly compressed, and his features, as usual, impenetrable; but Stormmouth recognized the signs of a stormy interview in the perpendicular lines between his eyes and his curt

"To continue with the business in hand."

He approached Stormmouth slowly. His shaggy eyebrows were bent.

His massive head was a trifle bowed. "It appears to me," he remarked, "that, in spite of ourselves, we will be obliged to look upon you as a saviour, Stormmouth."

"It is only what I owe you, sir."

"Tut, tut! Out with it. Have you declared yourself to my daughter?"

Stormmouth grew a little stern about the lips. "Your daughter knows," he said, "that I love her with all my soul; that from the first moment I set eyes upon her face I had but one desire, as far as she was concerned. That desire was to protect, to shield, and to deserve her. Unhappily, I have not been able to conceal my utter disgust over this lamentable affair. She construes it, quite unjustly, into an evidence of jealousy. You would hardly do me that injustice could you witness the personality of your illustrious would-be son-in-law, with whom she appears so incomprehensibly infatuated."

"Have you told Priscilla that you love her?"

"I have."

"Have you asked her to be your wife?"

"Yes."

"And what was her response?"

"She said she did not know whether she cared for me or not; that at times she thought she did, but at other times she was almost sure she did not; that she was very young; that she would rather sing than marry."

"The average New York woman of to-day," remarked Judge Delno, blandly, "is more or less of an enigma,—principally more. It cannot be denied that the wise woman is she who knows what she wants, and gets it. Singularly enough, however, what woman gets matrimonially she has been known to discover later to be far from what she wanted. To sum it all up, what have you learned?"

"This," returned Stormmouth, without a moment's hesitation. "Were the Count de Lacaze what he pretended to be, I should not interfere. I object now, not from the stand-point of an unappreciated suitor who desires vengeance, but as a man who is desirous that neither you nor any member of your family should be swindled by a mere French adventurer."

"His title,—is it a bogus one?"

"No. The title is *bona fide*, as far as it goes. In France it exemplifies a great name disgraced by its inheritors,—a name used for illicit extortions on the plea of forthcoming remunerations; briefly, a fine estate eaten up by a swarm of unappeased creditors. The de Lacaze honor has been forfeited. The property is confiscated, and any former magnificence is a truth forty years in the past,—a past which appears to be the strongest part of the present count's make-up. Further, I have positive proof that you are to be vilely deceived. There is a man in the hall who will confirm my statements. Have I your permission to ring for him to be sent in?"

"By all means," Judge Delno acquiesced.

In a few seconds a man was ushered across the threshold. He looked like a private watchman in citizen's clothes.

"You are prepared," began Stormmouth, concisely, his strong, handsome hand nervously playing with a paper-cutter which lay on the table beside him, "to confirm all you said to me yesterday?"

"I am, sir." The voice was unexpectedly refined in its enunciation. Its owner's countenance was full of character, but permeated with unusual bitterness. The brow was fine and broad. The features were heavy and morose. His expression was somewhat defiant. He had a shock of auburn hair, and a thick, crisp auburn beard. He was about forty years of age, and seemed like a countryman, in spite of his palpable familiarity with city methods.

"My friend Judge Delno," said Stormmouth, slowly, indicating the judge with the paper-cutter, and speaking clearly, as though desirous of impressing the messenger with the importance of strict honesty in his forthcoming statement, "is deeply interested in the matter concerning which you and I conversed so exhaustively last night."

The messenger from Brown's agency nodded comprehendingly.

"I have here," he began, after a low interchange of words with Stormmouth, "a letter from a man who signs himself Desmoulins of the *Eclair*,—supposed to be a French daily."

Judge Delno nodded silently. Then,

"What is your excuse for turning state's evidence?" The question blazed forth unexpectedly like a streak of lightning which carries the promise of blackest thunder at its back.

The messenger flushed hotly. "If your honor will permit," he said, quietly, his eyes gleaming ominously, "I will not answer that question until we have dismissed the subject under fire."

Judge Delno was guilty of an unpremeditated look of surprise. He welcomed courage in any form whatsoever, even when sometimes it was brought to bear upon him to his own discomfiture.

"Continue."

"I have here instructions from the aforesaid Desmoulins which read as follows." The messenger stepped forward to lay an envelope within Judge Delno's hands.

But the judge checked him peremptorily. "Read it," said he.

The messenger stepped back, drew forth the contents of the envelope, and cleared his throat.

"I came into possession of this paper," he explained, "through an odd circumstance,—fortunately for you, sir," turning to Stormmouth. "A man was run over day before yesterday on Broadway. When we picked him up he was still breathing; but he died an hour after he reached the hospital. He has since been identified as a porter at the Brevoort House. His papers were handed to me by the coroner. I promised to forward his interests in reference to getting word of him back to his friends in France. Two years ago I ran up against this man in Battery Park. He was a greenhorn, just landed; he did not speak a word of English. I put him in the way of getting some work. Singular enough that I should be on hand to witness his death. Among his other papers I found the enclosed, which I took the liberty of confiscating. The business it treated of seemed to be something in my line." Then, turning towards Judge Delno, "The morning

after," he continued, "Mr. Stormmouth called at my office and put some questions to me; but first I will read you the contents of the letter."

"'Find,' he read, 'the record of the young woman's antecedents, the amount of her parents' capital, and her family's inclination and social status. Is the old man gullible? Is the mamma to be coerced out of her ducats? Will the filthy lucre be forthcoming when the big move is made? De Lacaze is up to his ears in debt. He desires a wife with a big *dot*. If her antecedents are a little off color, so much the better. De Lacaze can then hold the whip hand, and threaten exposure if his demands are not met with. The young woman's name is Priscilla Delno, her address 49 West Fifty-Fifth Street.'—I have had it translated, sir, by a man in our office. The letter is written in French."

"That will do," interrupted Judge Delno. "And your answer to this nefarious plot?"

"Wait a moment," broke in Stormmouth's voice. "I wish you to understand first how I came into the knowledge that this transaction existed. There is a waiter at Durand's restaurant in Paris who flourishes under the *sobriquet* of 'the Rat.' He is like quicksilver in his movements, and is in perpetual demand because of his talent for amassing all the news, social, political, and so forth, in a nutshell, and rehashing it to his clients in an undertone as he administers to their wants. He has the eye of the proverbial hawk, a tongue which is polished like the sharpest razor, and a wit which is famous. I have feed him heavily for a long time, both because I found him unique, and unique amusement cannot be too highly remunerated, and also because it appeared to me he might be rendered valuable ultimately in some unsuspected manner. Whether or no he held a grudge against Desmoulines for a skit as clever as unwise which recently appeared in the columns of the *Eclair* against 'le Rat,' warning all stay-at-home Parisians against him as a spy of the most dangerous calibre, I cannot tell. The fact remains. He set before me, with admirable condensation, the plot which Doxie there"—indicating the messenger—"holds as documentary evidence against the opposition party. He denounced Desmoulines as an adventurer, and de Lacaze as the type of titled libertine who is robbing us of our record of common sense while at the same time filling France's mints at America's expense. I looked up Desmoulines: you know my tendency to battle with fraud whether it concerns me personally or otherwise. I discovered that the Desmoulines of the *Eclair* and the Desmoulines of the Pension Picaud were one and the same, that de Lacaze was the nobleman in question, and that your daughter was the young woman in particular. I took the next steamer for home. I called at Brown's agency. Doxie will tell you the rest."

Doxie raised his eyes. They had been discreetly veiled. They were steel-blue in color, with a fearless light in them that belied the other features of their owner's countenance, whose expression of smug impenetrability had been worn for so long a period that it had become almost second nature.

"The letter found me," he stated, firmly, "just on the eve of a mental and moral crisis. I had made up my mind to quit unearthing family skeletons for pay. Brown's is a necessity. It is Brown's affair, not mine, whether he conducts his business on a basis of honesty or on a basis of fraud. I have done many a scurvy trick since I threw in my lot with him; dirty work for dirtier pay. I could not see the old people starving while dreaming my dreams of carrying on a model farm. This was a contrast with a vengeance. Singularly enough, only yesterday something rose up within me against sinking so low as Brown. I remembered a day when I knew men who took the brain and the brawn out of me in their service only to put it back sounder instead of weaker. I made up my mind to work for men like that, or else go back to my farming. I had rather weed in honest dirt than ferret out human vileness. Planting potatoes is comparative rectitude. Inculcating crime, more, aiding and abetting it by putting into the hands of its perpetrators the faculty to score its innocent victims through means as underhanded as cowardly, is the work of beasts, not of men. I had farmed my mind as well as my body. My father caught and sold bluefish night and day for forty years to earn the money which was to buy me a college education. It occurred to me that I had better farm my morals and let my financial profits go. In short, I bolted. Mr. Stormmouth did the rest, sir. He came to me in a straightforward way, and put questions at me as though he expected me to return him truth for truth. My customers are very rarely of that class. They are pretty generally of the species traitor, sent out from great houses to do their dirty work for them, and forbidden to betray their purpose, their identity, or themselves in the process. With Mr. Stormmouth I suddenly discovered myself answering truth for truth. I was in the anomalous position of leaguering with him towards the total annihilation of Brown and his crew. I liked it."

"Where were you born?" demanded the chief justice.

"On Long Island, sir, at New Suffolk."

"How much does Brown pay you?"

"According to the work I do. The dirtier the work, the bigger the pay."

"H'm," remarked his Honor, grimly. "Anybody would take you for a reporter on a cheap daily."

"It's just about that, sir."

"Anything more?" asked Stormmouth.

Doxie hesitated. A dark purple flush rose slowly and covered his strong, sunburned face. He lifted his right hand for a moment, and drew it awkwardly across his lips. "I remembered," he said, finally, nervously turning his cap about in his fingers, "when I read the name of Miss Priscilla Delno, a girl I knew once, some seven or eight years ago, when I got back from college and went to farming on the old place. Her father's house stood next to ours. We were neighbors. She used to come and lean over the bars of the fence which separated one of our meadows from her father's, and chat with me as I drove my horse to the plough. Then she went off to

school. At that school she wrote me that she met a girl with whom she struck up a great friendship. The name of her friend was Delno. I wondered whether it could be the same. On the strength of that doubt, I desisted."

"What was your sweetheart's name?"

"Constance Brandford."

"Did she sing?" questioned Stormmouth, suddenly and violently.

"Like a bird, sir," said Doxie, a trifle huskily. "There was not a thrush within ten miles could hold his own with her. But she had a taste for the world. She had no use for a simple countryman like me. She went to Europe. I have never seen her since. Her people all died. Their estate was sold at auction."

"By Jove!" cried Stormmouth.

He stepped forward gayly, to Judge Delno's supreme amazement, and laid his powerful hand upon the dejected shoulders of Brown's messenger.

"I say, Doxie," said he, "come into my service, will you?"

"With all my heart, sir. In what capacity?"

"Oh, hang the capacity," laughed Stormmouth. "Companion, if you like. I am off to France to-morrow night. The judge follows me a week later." Judge Delno gasped slightly, strove to speak, and then listened attentively. "I have a mind, Doxie, to show you the world."

"Yes, sir."

"A wild desire, my good friend Doxie, to introduce you to the land of art and song."

"You are too good, sir." Doxie was regarding Stormmouth with a bewildered stare.

"I will present you to a singer, I promise you," continued Stormmouth, "who will put your heart back sounder than when she found it, as you so eloquently say. Take the Long Island boat to-night for New Suffolk. Bid good-by to the old folks. Pack up your togs, and meet me at Pier No. 43, North River, at noon to-morrow."

"I will, sir."

"Now, be off. Oh, I say, stuff that missive from Desmoulin into your gripsack, will you? We may have need of it."

"I will, sir."

"And now," continued Stormmouth, when the door had closed, turning gayly to the judge, who had been a silent witness of the foregoing scene, "and now, my good friend, we will light a couple of cigars while we lay our plans together, eh? The lines have fallen in our way with a vengeance. Shall we pull them together?" He laughed gleefully.

Judge Delno met his triumphant glance with one equally flashing. His lips set firmly in the line which was dreaded by his opposing counsel as exemplifying invulnerable determination.

"Stormmouth," he shouted, "there is not a colleague on the bench who does not fear me when my blood is up."

## CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN an American girl makes her *début* at the Paris Grand Opera, evincing thereby undeniable proof of the possession of that temerity which is presumed to exemplify the main characteristic of her national make-up, hypercriticism stalks the aisles, congests the *foyer*, and overflows the galleries.

The young innocent is ignorant of the proportions of the arena which she has elected as a vivid background for the display of her wares. On the unwritten page of her vigorous young mind it seems a gratuitous field from which to disport mettle and talent. She does not know, until bitter experience has taught her, that the trial-ground of her young strength and colossal inexperience in foreign ways and methods is already strewn with the record of a mortal carnage as dire as that which once reddened the plain of Waterloo. And if she is warned of it she ignores the warning.

Strife rampant and pregnant hums within its market-place,—a strife of unworthiness coupled with favoritism. A two-headed monster, named Jealousy and Venom, confronts her at the gate of her would-be paradise. If she storms the citadel of place and comes out on the other side intact, her intentions are fortunate if they are not torn in shreds, and her character in tatters, because of vicious innuendo.

It has been said that to the pure all things are pure. Just as thoroughly has it been proved that to the vile all vileness is of the vilest, and what is pure is considered only a grade of vileness all the more reprehensible because it is obviously impossible of comprehension by minds attuned to less harmonious chords.

The victims of an unjust interpretation are many in this world of ours. The seekers for any place whatsoever, in a cruel albeit imperative thrust into prominence, which reads not always pre-eminence, are rich material for that pack of wolves who, devoid of individual creative ability, fall to upon more gifted creators' wares as their personal opportunity. Too often they, in this superfluous re-creation, praise it, to its lamentable discomfiture, in order to enforce the fact of the translator's perspicacity, or condemn it, to accentuate its critics' comparative impeccability. The victim has no redress. If voices, like birds, could be adjudged on their own merits through personal conviction, ear-drums would be considered the ablest critics, and hearts the noblest translators. If singers could sing their glad song up to glory, instead of begging for the chance to be heard or being obliged to sell their tones as so much gold dust to the too often self-constituted expert, there would be less room for the ground-sparrows to twitter of their prejudices. The proof of the singing would be in the song.

But, alas, voices, like genius, go down to posterity too often on the wave of hearsay. An accredited "musical critic"—whosoever that personage may be—is more often than not paid for extirpating the dross from the gold, and believed implicitly by persons too ignorant to think for themselves.

When an American girl unwisely chooses—it is always unwise—to exhibit her voice before the glaring white light of foreign public

opinion, the abuse which assails that sweet organ of almost divine import is like a flash radiance turned upon a vital part,—a part which is not criticised on its own merits, but on the merits of its owner's charms. The voice must undergo a set-to with comparison, which in France is considered inevitable rather than odious. It is compared unmercifully with the voices of the past and the present. Then its owner is stoned, and subjected to the rack, and hacked, and besmudged, and relegated to the cliffs of good riddance, and spitefully misused, and purposely misunderstood, and finally, if in one chance out of a thousand her instrument wins the right to soar indefinitely, an emanation from its owner's heart, a spontaneous outburst of her innermost soul, an utterance of her oversoul, it is as exhaustively discussed as though it were fashioned of fibre and tissue instead of gush and outpour, as though of flesh and blood instead of embodying the nucleus of inspiration. Does that voice win its way to the stars, giving evidence of a sweetness which is supposed to embellish only the main turnpike to Parnassus, the wolves that have failed, or the carrion that has faltered, or the on-lookers who have stolen spurious achievement instead of worked for the legitimate article, or the impotent who have twirled their thumbs while waiting for fame, turn and rend, with the hurtful slur of their weak wrath, the being who through sheer grit and indomitable pluck and colossal self-abnegation has lifted his or her God-given gift in an honest fight for better things.

This is not an exaggeration.

The night Constance Brilla made her *début* at the Paris Grand Opera was one of those bitter nights when the elements war with personal comfort outside, and personal comfort wars with itself within. The galleries were literally gorged with the Paris student world, which congregates about the musical and art arena with deathless fidelity whenever one of its rank and file dares to throw his or her effort for recognition within its midst and claim for it, on the ground of merit, adequate recompense. The American girl students, in last year's coats and hats, their countenances pallid and pinched with want, their eyes and lips sharpened with expectancy, sat huddled together in the topmost gallery, with their opera scores on their knees, their tongues chattering like magpies on the tree of knowledge.

The question was, would the apple of wisdom, of such eminent desirability, of so delightful an import, fall within the hands of their enviable contemporary, or would it smile maliciously, turning its rosiest side towards the breeze of public protest, and refuse to be coerced? Long-haired students, dreamy-eyed and originally clad, as though indifferent to the law of fashion or custom, with stocks about their slim throats, hats retained between the acts, and the odor of last night's tussle with a poverty-stricken Bacchus in their breaths,—Bacchus who was a poor specimen of his richer relative, in that he had substituted absinthe for grape-juice, and nicotine for tobacco,—loll'd against the railing of the gallery at the left of the highest tier.

In the boxes were the stockholders and their overdressed or underdressed wives, who, ever on the scent of novelty, hired their places semiannually to infuriate the management, and spent the other six

months grumbling at a government institution which demanded dear pay for cheap ability.

In the parquet were seated the critics, that body, or rather army, of men who exemplify the attenuating aperture through which merit must creep in order to attain a hearing. Their souls were charged with a cynicism as bald as it was bland; but their pens were tipped with the most corrosive acid extant. Some of them, men with families and the record of experience in their lined physiognomies, affably discussed the new-comer's indubitable pluck and imminent *fiasco*. Desmoulins ogled the galleries sceptically, regarded his nails diligently, whispered solecisms in the ear of his companion,—who was no less a personage than de Lacaze,—and awaited with impatience the rising of the curtain upon the event of the hour. There were two *loges* in the house which claimed his attention. One was a narrow one on the fourth tier. It contained all the members of the *pension* in their best bibs and tuckers, the World, the Flesh, and the Devil predominating. The other was a large one on the first tier, in which were seated Priscilla, radiantly lovely in pure white, Aunt Mildred, sparkling with magnificent diamonds, Stornmouth, and Doxie. The two latter had arrived three days before. Their arrival had scattered as dire a consternation in the opposing camp as though these untitled specimens of a new country, universally reproached for its puling infancy, represented a dynamite fuse newly organized and warranted to go off, with or without cause, according to its own sweet will.

Priscilla was pale and unnerved. She had spent the night, a sleepless one obviously, with Constance. She had suffered the same anticipatory stage fright, the terror, the nauseating fear with which Constance was assailed now she clutched at last her life's opportunity. She shudderingly recognized that, now the die was cast, she could not draw back.

"You will succeed," Priscilla said, encouragingly, ignorant of the incongruity displayed in her dark-circled eyes and pallid lips, which were in such violent contrast to her brave words. "I looked at the moon over my right shoulder last night; and I am wearing my little turquoise ring on my left finger instead of my right."

"If it were only that!" Constance shivered. "You cannot imagine. My throat is so dry, and my heart feels as if it were in a different place from usual, and," she concluded mournfully, with the ashen tint of utter exhaustion fastened on her waxen features like a death-mask, "I never know whether I am going to have stage fright or not. When it comes, it clutches me like a demon. I can't cry out; I am dumb. I just bear." Then, very sadly, "It seems to me, Priscilla, that is the whole of life,—just endurance."

"Don't," Priscilla had answered, chokingly, with a little sob. "Please don't."

The eventful day had dragged along heavily, as though holding back its inevitable decree reluctantly, at least so it seemed to Constance's feverish imagination. Even the sunshine seemed to her like a horrible farce of some kind, a demoniacal grin at her superlative fatuity. There was no future for her after to-night unless she succeeded. She found

herself leaving her letters unread or unposted. The days, or weeks, had been numbered up to the night of the *début*, not past it. Every blue-bloused butcher-boy whom she chanced to perceive idly perusing the coming event of her temerity on the yellow posters pasted on the signboards at the right and the left of the Opera, which cast their highly tinted shadow before, seemed to her a possible carping critic, or a scoffing agent of the secret police, sprung out of the multitude, for the sole purpose of encompassing her vocal ruin. She wondered, when she climbed the stairs of the *pension*, after a run around the block to assure herself that her other faculties were not paralyzed like her throat, if in the early morning hours of the ensuing day she would climb them with a heavy heart or a joyous one. When her humid eyes looked upon her little bed, she wondered if the pillow would smother her tears of womanish impotency or welcome her sighs of infinite relief when the ordeal was over and her triumph was complete.

Desmoulins had been with her all the afternoon, accompanied by six journalists of renown, among whom was de Lacaze, fully cognizant of the superlative importance of his organ. They discussed the new singer's "points" in her hearing, as though she were a prize heifer, and argued out loud the undesirability of one of the opposite sex embracing so arduous a career, which they did not hesitate to denominate a *sale métier*.

Constance's sole response had been to smile defiantly, a little burning flush purpling her cheek under the eyes, like the glow of an orb which, supposed to have set, suddenly reveals itself once more, as if to give the lie to its mourners. To her they all appeared like tormentors who experienced intense delight in augmenting her torture, in dragging her fears out before the merciless test of their sceptical analysis.

Geoffroy, the great Opera manager, had visited his new *protégée* and counselled coolness and precision, perfunctorily, taking unsympathetic notice of her waxen face and heavily shadowed brilliant eyes. Then he departed, with a good-natured "Courage, mademoiselle," and an undisguised contempt in the lift of his Gallic shoulders. Geoffroy knew what stage fright was; he knew its crippling power and its clutching insistence. He knew such fright could cut off a voice like a knife laid wantonly against a rose-stem, or hoarsen it into a hideous apology of song, or render it strident, or force it out into an apology of sound which seemed to mock, like an echo of pain, at its owner's mortification. But Geoffroy was wise in his managerial generation. He waited. American pluck was proverbial in the Paris musical world. He had himself signified unusual daring in his choice of a foreign voice, unknown, unsuspected, unjudged except by himself and that inner circle which constitutes the vocal judgment-firmament in Paris. His other prime *donne*, who were languishing in *durance vile*, awaiting the opportunity to appear, had not hesitated to scoff at him for his conviction so absolute. He had laughed in their faces. "We wish to fill the house," he confided, later, to one of his satellites. "There is a large foreign colony in Paris. The *débutante's* friends and enemies will come to witness the slaughter of the innocent. If she fails, they will swallow

the pill with miraculous submission : human nature is wont to be extraordinarily submissive where other people's disappointments are concerned. If she succeeds, they will reorganize their doubtful judgments and confess they suspected their countrywoman's undeniable ability after all."

The *corps de ballet* had pestered him with questions as incisive, as rife with Parisian wit and cynicism, as a prize pug would address to his master if he had the faculty of speech.

He had shaken them all off good-humoredly. He "knew a good thing when he saw it," he said. Then he wondered, in a softened mood, why, after all, there was so little good in the world, totally unconscious of the truth that he might have seized his managerial opportunity as an instrument towards music's uplifting import, instead of just the contrary, if he had chosen.

Geoffroy was but a caterer to the public pulse; no more, no less. If that pulse beat sluggishly in the veins of a too pampered audience which palpably required a shock to set its sluggish blood astir, he considered that he did his duty did he administer the requisite shock through his prime *donne*, his orchestra, or his *corps de ballet*. It would be fully as justifiable, for his purpose of self-advertisement, to register a *fiasco* as a success. It would set the newspapers agog, and establish a nine days' wonder. The sacrifice of a singer or a *coryphée* was but part and parcel of his debt to that government institution, the Paris Opera.

When after the prologue—the opera was Gounod's time-worn if none the less exquisite one of "Romeo and Juliet"—the curtain rose on the ball-scene at the house of the Capulets, Constance descending the staircase with her hand upon her father's arm, there was a pregnant silence. The critics were awaiting a confirmation of their adipose scepticism, or a trial exhibition of mediocrity. They were universally defiant as regarded foreign issues. Paris was overrun, in their opinion, with irreverent foreigners who attacked art superficially, music as a means of financial restitution, and literature as a record of self-advertisement. They had fine-fingered emotions for so long that they attributed their own motives to other persons' acts, and, in the process, hugged to themselves the gratifying consciousness of superlative ability. A little body of paid workers, they told their "truths" with gusto, perceptibly swayed by personal prejudice, after the fashion of an orchestra swayed by the conviction of the man who holds the baton. They were quite unconscious that in this display of personal prejudice they exhibited their own insignificance as critics pure and simple.

It had been agreed that to-night Desmoulins was to set the tune to their antics. He had hinted at big spoils in connection with this *début*, to rush in from some mysterious quarter. They were quite as willing to sign their names to an adequately remunerated appreciation as to an unjust rebuke clothed in graceful metaphor and choice vocabulary.

The little figure stepped towards the foot-lights when her turn came, and sang the *cadenza*. The voice was far-reaching, possessed of unusual richness, and bore the impress of absolute erudition and a musical sense

as rare as it was unexpected. The new prima donna was greeted with a storm of applause, which, started up in the gallery by the *claque*,—those reprehensibly hired appreciators in France,—happily found its way down to the body of the house. It was repeated twofold after the waltz song.

Priscilla, rosily enthusiastic, with one little dimpled arm crushed up against the box-edge, her hands clasped speechlessly before her in intense sympathy, sat with confessedly tear-haunted eyes as the full notes soared forth firmly and saluted her anxious ears. Constance appeared electrified. Vanished was the waxen mask of that morning. It had made way for a crimson bloom like rose-stains on cream. The pathetic face, with its mass of clustering blond curls caught and held carelessly in their gold traditional fillet studded with pearls, stood out like a cameo from the background of Venetian tapestry and wax lights. Her gestures were natural, unstudied,—although Priscilla knew how many years it had required to assume their present proportion. The diction, that most difficult accomplishment for American girls,—an accomplishment seldom taken into consideration by the unenlightened, but which is none the less the rock upon which most Anglo-Saxon would-be vocalists split in France, to go down with all on board,—the diction was openly discussed as “remarkable.”

Stornmouth’s eyes had been fixed upon Doxie, who, attired in one of his employer’s dress-suits, which set off his broad figure to great advantage, had restlessly mopped his sunburnt brows while awaiting the rise of the curtain. He was conspicuously impatient as regarded the lack of ventilation and the development of Stornmouth’s seemingly humorous plan to “introduce him to a new singer.” But the big, honest fellow had trembled undisguisedly as Constance walked towards the foot-lights, had given vent to a guttural exclamation when she began to sing, and then had broken forth hoarsely, to Aunt Mildred’s visible consternation, with, “Grit, pure grit! Who would have ever imagined the little woman had it in her?”

Afterwards a great silence had fallen upon him; but it was a golden silence, fraught with memories. There had come to Doxie, as there comes into most lives at the time of a supreme crisis, an atmospherical association which had been with him when he had experienced his greatest heart-swell. It was the faint whiff of new hay, the echo of a threshing sound, the odor of salt and sedge. His mind had travelled back, there in that crowded auditorium packed with the titled and the illustrious of the Eastern continent, to a clover-patched meadow, bound in with scrub-oaks, which, like a frieze of spice about fulfilled promise of summer, exuded a familiar happiness redolent of hope, and youth, and peace.

“Hush,” Stornmouth whispered succinctly, with a quick comprehension,—a revelation to Doxie in its masterful tenderness and its subsequent action. “Hush. We will see her after the opera.” Then, very low, “Brace up. Rome was not won in a day;” with which enigmatical suggestion Stornmouth won his new friend’s perpetual allegiance by turning his back abruptly upon his ungovernable emotion.

In return for that plethoric promise, Stormmouth's concealed hand, which hung over the back of Priscilla's chair, experienced a grip, a moment later, which was essentially farm-yard in its unbridled eloquence.

Doxie's blue eyes glanced across his, the way a sword glances across steel, leaving the flash of more to come behind it.

That glance, to Stormmouth, weary with the past month's smothered pain and quicksilver evolutions, seemed like a knock at the chained portal of his own despair, which he had fiercely striven to shut out in order to make way for his customary phlegmatic philosophy—in vain. It gaped hideously at him now, as when he was alone. It reminded him that he was living on the brink of a mental precipice wherefrom he dared not even contemplate the gulf below. He sighed shortly, and turned towards Priscilla.

"Will you take me into the *foyer*?" that unwise and daring young woman asked. "I wish to speak to the count and Monsieur Desmoulins." The curtain had fallen on the second act.

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#### CHAPTER IX.

DESMOULINS stood against a marble pillar, chatting with a knot of cronies. De Lacaze, his dyed moustache bitten nervously between his yellow teeth, gazed piercingly about him in search of Priscilla. She came, finally, down the corridor, crowded with that portion of the audience which, Paris fashion, deserts the *loges* between the acts, to imbibe fresh air while exchanging stale platitudes. She was on Stormmouth's arm. She looked like a white rose in the midst of a hot-house of forced flowers, sun-kissed, instead of gaslit, into fairness. Her eager young face, fine and spirited, bore the hint of a womanly self-reliance which was like a whiff of something delightfully uncommon to de Lacaze's jaded epicureanism.

Desmoulins held forth, oracle-wise, to a man on his right, who was dubbed ironically by his *confrères* the "patented moralist of France." Cavally had convictions, and held to them. In this instance he had barefacedly opposed Desmoulins' criticism, and declared that the *débutante* had won, "hands down."

"She will have a big fight, that young one," he asserted, with a world-wise wag of his head. "She has voice, talent, beauty, and intelligence. Her comrades will damn her future, if she does not frustrate their diabolical intrigues with consummate tact. She is too near perfection to attain popularity except among the just; and the just are in the minority here," he added under his breath, with a refractory lift of his brows.

"Absurd!" ejaculated Desmoulins. "Notoriety is not attained so easily this side of the water. They come, these young novices, and dare to try and take us old dogs by storm. She is neither a skirt-dancer nor a rope-walker,—more's the pity. She poses as an artist. She has much to learn. The third and fourth acts will determine her

fate. If I am not mistaken, she lacks sustaining power and temperament."

Temperament, in foreign translation, is that element which a pure American woman is brought up to ignore, and which histrionically inclined Frenchwomen are exhaustively counselled to cultivate. It is what the sun is to the sky, what the heat is to summer, what the blue is to the sea. It is the body of any achievement. It ranks its owner as a woman who has "lived" materially. Without this hint of temperament, which obviously is portrayed in greater perfection if emulated from the stand-point of personal experience than through any copy, no matter how arduous its reality, an actress is contemptuously alluded to as an "ignoramus," and laughed at for being a weak interpreter instead of exemplifying the epitome of vital delineation. Playing at love, as in Constance's case, rings false on French ears. The critics forgot that Juliet was fourteen, her materialism therefore in its baldest infancy. They remembered only a once great artist, long since dead, who sang the *rôle* to their complete satisfaction because she sang it from a stand-point of many-sided temperament, an obvious outgrowth of her own erotic experience.

The critics called Constance "icy," therefore, and "characterless," and yawned out a protest at her evident "unfamiliarity with the boards," totally indifferent as to whether this were her first appearance upon the French stage or not. Had they been asked to consider her tenderly, they would have answered that the *débutante* had not considered them in her exhibition of imperfection. Yes, the voice was good,—small, but sweet,—but the girl lacked experience: one could see that she was "raw and colorless." This, after repeated nudges from Desmoulins, and frowns, fierce and undeniably contradictory, from de Lacaze.

De Lacaze, out of the depths of his own talent for using his friends to make the biggest moves on the world's chess-board, so that he might retire unsuspected of collusion from behind a possibly brought-to-light intrigue, had discerned, with acute apprehension, the policy Desmoulins proposed to pursue. It was to be a case of blackmail. De Lacaze knew blackmailing methods root and branch. He had pursued them for years, with recognized proficiency. Desmoulins was to constitute himself the go-between, in journalistic influence, which would determine Constance's future, by substituting a flank movement where Constance's friends were concerned. In this manner he proposed to trip up his adversary if he were caught endeavoring to make off with the whole of the spoils, and demand remuneration of his victim for having governed the verdict. He was holding back the tide now, the tide which had turned in favor of the new *débutante*, whose lucky star had set fair, did Desmoulins not turn it in its course.

He seemed an important personage enough, with his broad shoulders, which stood full two inches above most of the men who surrounded him. It was evident Desmoulins could control by sheer cupidity what mere integrity would have no power to accomplish. He made such flashing promises, he exuded good humor and prosperity and the

odor of fine wine and the best cigars. His was the success of one of the few who succeed. Nothing is more intoxicating to the unwary and timid. Desmoulins was a born leader. De Lacaze felt suddenly stung into unwilling acknowledgment of his manager's proficiency, as though a poisonous gnat were buzzing in his ears and confusing his heretofore considered cool judgment.

He approached Priscilla. She was chatting brightly with her aunt and Stormouth. As the count neared her she colored perceptibly and stepped forward lightly.

"You are late," she said, reproachfully. "Why did you not come to our *loge*, as I asked you?"

"Mademoiselle was occupied," returned the count, discreetly, with a low bow to Aunt Mildred, and a lower one to Stormouth, who returned it frigidly. "Mademoiselle has the air of a young queen. And what a success that of Mademoiselle Brilla! But a few hours, and she will be famous. Ah, you Americans, you beautiful Americans, with your wonderful talents and great courage! you rule the world."

Priscilla had taken his arm, and was strolling with him a little ahead of the others.

"I have not spoken with Monsieur Desmoulins," she said, interrupting the count's flow of compliments serenely: she had grown accustomed to them in the past few months, and they no longer annoyed her as they used to. "I would like to speak with him. Perhaps I could influence him in regard to Constance. He is very powerful, is he not? He can decide Constance's fate, can't he?"

De Lacaze nodded his head without responding. "And mine," he thought, dismally.

"Will you tell him I wish to speak with him?" continued Priscilla.

"Come with me," said her companion. "*Mon ami* will be flattered if you consult him before his friends."

As they approached, the little circle fell back and fixed its gaze upon Priscilla. She walked up to Desmoulins and gave him her hand. "Good-evening, monsieur," she said, in her fresh, ringing voice. "I have come to ask you and your friends to say a good word for Mademoiselle Brilla."

"Your word is a command, mademoiselle."

"Her success is assured, is it not?"

"That," replied Desmoulins, with a subtle smile out of one corner of his handsome eyes, "can never be foretold. It depends."

"Upon what?"

"Mademoiselle," began Desmoulins, with a cynical smile about his lips, "we can all succeed if we pay the price."

"I do not understand you," said Priscilla.

"Mademoiselle is too clever to misunderstand me. Miss Brilla is poor. If Miss Brilla controlled a purse of gold, Miss Brilla might add to her chances—mind you, I say only 'chances'—of success, did she disburse that gold."

"Do you mean to insinuate," cried Priscilla, drawing up her slight

young figure indignantly, "that criticism is a matter of dollars and cents?"

"That is putting it roughly." Desmoulins smiled, with a swiftly dissimulated scowl, speaking almost under his breath. "Turn the phrase more pleasantly, if I may be so bold as to ask it. Your nation has a straightforward way of speaking which is a trifle . . . confusing. Can you steal pictures, mademoiselle? Can you steal law? Can you steal medicine? Why, then, should you steal criticism?"

Priscilla hesitated an instant. Then she asserted, firmly, "There is such a thing as principle, monsieur."

Desmoulins made a wry face and raised his handsome brows.

"There is such a thing as conviction. I have read of men who starved on a crust rather than renounce one tittle of what they believed."

"Critics are not of that order, mademoiselle."

"When they are not, what they say should be considered of no value," returned Priscilla, hotly.

"Softly, softly, mademoiselle. What they say is of vast importance. The way they say it is of no account. Miss Brilla has won her instruction. Why has it never occurred to her to win her possible detractors?"

"But say she has no money?"

"That is her misfortune, not ours. I have no doubt we might, in time, instruct your friend in the methods to pursue as regards the career concerning which she is so obviously ignorant. She could entertain her friends at supper. She could offer them from time to time a seat at her performances. She could recommend them as superlatively capable in their profession. She could do much which—I speak disinterestedly; what I say for Miss Brilla is an evidence of true friendship—which I have no time to explain here."

"Thank you," said Priscilla, artlessly. "I thank you, Monsieur Desmoulins. I felt you were honest." Her little fingers slid into Desmoulins' astonished grasp.

Desmoulins inclined himself a trifle fantastically. Then, with a perceptible increase of color in his enigmatical countenance, he remarked, "I have just been saying to my *confrères*," denoting those gentlemen with a wave of his hand,—they had been intent listeners to the above farce, and some of them were still smiling broadly, albeit deprecatingly,—"I have just been saying that the next two acts will determine Miss Brilla's fate. Sustained power is what is most requisite in a singer; I fancy your friend is devoid of that."

"On the contrary," cried Priscilla, tapping her foot on the tessellated floor impatiently, "she has more sustained power than any woman I ever knew."

"My niece," interrupted Aunt Mildred's quiet voice, in English, "is a warm advocate of her comrades, Monsieur Desmoulins. It is our New-World custom to fight our friends' battles."

"Admirable!" returned Desmoulins, in the same language. He was noted for his bilingual capacity. He inflated his chest, and smiled with gratified pride at being surrounded by so well-dressed a party :

for the past few moments the little knot had been the observed of all observers who passed to and fro. "Admirable! Your country is indeed a wonderful one, madame."

Aunt Mildred shrugged her shoulders, and turned to Stormmouth. "As if it needed that oily specimen of the Latin race to confirm it," she whispered, very low.

Stormmouth did not reply. He was biding his time. There was a gigantic protest surging like burning lava through his veins. It took all his strength to choke it down.

"Aunt Mildred," whispered Priscilla, "I wish you to invite all these gentlemen"—with a little sweep of her arm which included the count, Desmoulins, and six or eight journalists—"home to supper."

There was a sudden ungovernable movement on Stormmouth's part, which vanished as soon as it made itself evident. He folded his arms stolidly, and appeared to be watching a woman with dyed hair and a magnificent tiara who stood on the first landing of the great marble staircase.

"Because," Priscilla whispered, "it is the thing to do for Constance. It will put them all in good humor, and they will say nice things of her in the newspapers."

"You don't say so!" cried Aunt Mildred. "Well, I never! Now how in the name of heaven, Priscilla, did you find that out?"

"Somebody told me," whispered Priscilla, mysteriously. Then, with a rosy warm arm thrown suddenly about Aunt Mildred's neck, "Come, *do*, like a dear; for my sake. Will you?"

"What do you think of it, Mr. Stormmouth?" Aunt Mildred questioned, cautiously.

"Miss Priscilla," answered Stormmouth, with his staring eyes indifferently fixed upon the ceiling, considering the far-famed frescos which had made their illustrious lodging there, "Miss Priscilla evidently knows what she is talking about." With this tactful evasion of the main issue he brought his gaze down from the ceiling and directed it, strained and pertinent, at de Lacaze.

That gentleman was smiling a trifle ironically at the turn affairs had taken. He was inwardly convulsed at Desmoulins' audacity. He considered his manager was to be wined and suppered at his—the count's—expense. He was conscious more than ever that he was in the toils of a master spirit. His little romance was working out into a gorgeous work of art indeed, under the hands of a professional adventurer.

"I will leave you with Mr. Doxie for ten minutes, then," said Aunt Mildred, with her usual bustling air when any entertainment of her own instigation was under way, "while I indite a telegram to send home. Gentlemen," she added, turning to Desmoulins and his party, "it will give me great pleasure if you will sup with us after the Opera at 53 Avenue Montaigne, to meet Miss Brilla."

Desmoulins interpreted her remark in French to his comrades, who bowed low in response and signified in the same language their satisfaction at being thus honored.

"Might I suggest," remarked Desmoulins, coolly, "that madame

invite my friend the Duc de la Tour d'Auvergne also? He is a great power, and a charming man."

The count gasped.

"By all means," returned Aunt Mildred, cheerily.

The count mopped his brow.

"That will make—let me see," counted Aunt Mildred, "one, two, twenty of us, counting Miss Brilla and the duke."

"Precisely."

"Thank you, Monsieur Desmoulins."

"It is for me to thank madame," Desmoulins smiled, with a grave inclination.

"*Farceur*," muttered the count under his breath, explosively.

Desmoulins gave him a warning, if triumphant, glance. The count smothered his indignation as best he could.

"Come and tell me," urged Priscilla to Doxie, "what made it occur to Mr. Stormmouth to cross with you? He has told me so much of many of his friends. He never mentioned your name."

Doxie blushed awkwardly. "It is a long story, Miss Delno," he said, "and I haven't the gift of speech. All I know is that Mr. Stormmouth is a man in a thousand,—one of nature's noblemen. If he ever desires a return in any degree in compound interest for his disinterestedness, he has only to call upon Stephen Doxie."

"I don't consider him 'perfect' by any means," remarked Priscilla, mutinously. They had strolled into the *foyer*, and were seated on a velvet bench under a huge mirror, watching the crowd. "It is singular to me that I never meet any one who does not go off into ecstasies over Mr. Stormmouth's perfections. Aunt Mildred, for instance——" She checked herself suddenly, and bit her lip.

Doxie did not answer. He had mastered Stormmouth's secret from a look he had seen in his face. He regretted that Miss Delno appeared so indifferent to it.

"Were you ever in love?" asked Priscilla, suddenly, apropos of nothing whatsoever, as far as Doxie could perceive.

"Once," he answered.

"Did you love her very much?"

"Better than life."

"How did you feel?" Priscilla demanded. Then, as Doxie hesitated, visibly disconcerted at her inquisitiveness, she leaned forward, and pressed her little gloved hand lightly on his. "The reason I wish to know is," she explained, lucidly, "because I wish to know. That is all."

"That is a very good reason. But why do you wish to know?" Doxie was quite unconscious of having administered a counter-thrust, until he all at once was vividly made aware of it through the sudden brilliant carmine which overspread Priscilla's cheeks.

"That's telling," said she, lifting her hand, and pretending to arrange a soft tendril of hair which had fallen along her cheek like an itinerant moon-ray across pink velvet.

"You don't feel," explained Doxie, hoarsely, after a few moments' pregnant pause; "you know."

"How do you know?"

"It fills you up," said he.

"Are you happy?"

"Happy—and miserable."

"Are you glad?"

"You can't tell."

"Does your heart beat?"

"What nonsense!" laughed Doxie. "One's heart always beats."

"I have had times in my life," Priscilla confessed, with a far-away gaze in her translucent eyes, "I have had days when at the coming of one person—perhaps the person I love—my heart has beat so I could scarcely breathe. My hands have grown cold,—so cold,—and my throat so dry. And when he came I could say nothing. And when he went I have spent whole nights thinking over what I might have said, and didn't."

"That's it," cried Doxie.

"What?"

"Love," explained Doxie, briefly.

"But do you call that happiness?" asked Priscilla, indignantly. "I think it is so unpleasant."

"It is unpleasant if the one you love does not love you. Not otherwise."

Priscilla flushed even more vividly. Then she glanced about her hurriedly, and seemed to dismiss this entrancing subject with a supreme effort of the will.

"I want you to know," she said, "my friend Constance Brilla. I think she is just the sort of woman a man like you would love. She is so brave and so quiet, the little thing. She is just my opposite. She does not fly into passions over nothing. She does not dream of great things and fail at them. She sets her teeth, and arrives."

"Have you failed at anything?"

Priscilla's eyes filled with tears. She bit her lip.

"Yes," she confessed, reluctantly. "I have failed at two things since I have been over here; but I do not propose to tell you as yet what they are. You will probably see for yourself some day."

"We all fail some time or other," said Doxie, comfortingly. "Often what we consider a failure turns into a blessing in disguise."

"Yes? But I like blessings that are not disguised," she answered, dolefully. Then, "There goes the bell for the third act. Let us go back to the *loge*. There are Aunt Mildred and Mr. Stornmouth.—What did you order?" she shouted, as they came within hailing distance. "Oysters?"

"No," returned Aunt Mildred: "lobster salad, cold partridge, and champagne."

"Did you hear that?" whispered Desmoulins in de Lacaze's ear. "She is going to kill the fatted calf." He laughed.

"The fatted calf," repeated de Lacaze fiercely to himself: "the scented fox, you mean. *Saperlotte!* Desmoulins, *mon vieux*, you have shown your fangs too soon."

## CHAPTER X.

THE curtain had fallen upon the last act. The applause had been riotous and unstinted,—not of the *claque* species; genuine. Stormmouth conducted Doxie behind the scenes and presented him to Constance, who, radiantly happy, beaming with girlish relief, her eyes moist with grateful tears, was surrounded by a crowd of stockholders,—men with waxed moustaches and eyes like the congested orbs of vultures. As her gaze fell upon Stormmouth she stepped forward with both hands outstretched. He grasped them warmly. “I have seen to-night,” he began, a trifle awkwardly, after he had offered his warmest congratulations, “an old friend of yours who begs a reintroduction.”

Constance smiled. “I cannot imagine whom you mean,” she said, carelessly. She stopped short as her glance fell upon Doxie.

There was a sweet volatile flush which dyed her cheeks an instant; then both little hands outstretched again.

“You—in Paris?” she ejaculated. Stormmouth could hear her heart beat through the words, but Doxie took her ease of manner as a sign of indifference. Lover-like, he attached the wrong value to outward appearances.

“I came,” he answered, quietly, “with Mr. Stormmouth. He brought me here to-night.” He stopped. His hands were grasping those other dear, longed-for ones so fast. He had wholly forgotten that they two were not alone.

But she, woman-like, mindful of curious gazers, withdrew hers with a slight frown which was essentially bewitching, since it belied the act regretfully, and said to Stormmouth, “When shall I see you again?”

Stormmouth’s eyes twinkled.

“We are all going around to supper now,” he remarked, looking everywhere except at the two somewhat agitated faces before him, which, quite futilely, were so bravely endeavoring to conceal any evidence of emotion, “at Miss Delno’s: you, to meet those ‘arrows of outrageous fortune,’ the critics,—according to Miss Priscilla’s idea they must be fed and wined in order to award you your just merits; ourselves, to look on at your triumph, and applaud grit and pluck after the same honest fashion in which we have been applauding them all the evening.—Doxie, will you escort Miss Brandford? I must return and fetch the ladies.”

Before Doxie could answer, Stormmouth had vanished.

“Come,” said Doxie, in a strange, smothered sort of voice. The light and the heat dazzled him. The figures of the *coryphées* hurrying to and fro past and behind them, in and out of the wings, seemed like so many noisome insects let loose to upset his newly found peace. Was it peace, this hammering, thudding anguish of impatience in his veins?

“I must fetch my wraps and change my dress,” said Constance, faintly. “Wait for me, will you?”

“I have waited,” returned Doxie, pertinently. Then, considering that he had made an impression which could not be misunderstood, he seated himself quietly, while Constance went off to change her splendid bridal attire for a little brown homespun which looked, to Doxie, like

something his mother used to wear when he, a lad, ran to her weeping for comfort. In reality the frock in question was the girl's best, a marvellous creation by a little Parisian dress-maker who had worked on it reverently, dreaming of its being worn by a great prima donna of the Opera. But Doxie was a man and a lover.

When they arrived at the Avenue Montaigne, Constance was seized by Aunt Mildred, rapturously embraced, and placed in the seat of honor at the table, surrounded by all the best-known newspaper men of Paris, eager to exchange a word with the coming spoiled child of the public. Constance was strangely, dreamily content. Her nerves were steadied by that hand-clasp of Doxie's. Quite simply, he had held her hand in his while they had driven from the Opera to Miss Delno's, and she had poured out to him a running river of her relief, her past struggles, her life. She had not yet had time to think out the sweet promise of his coming, the sternly controlled look in his glad face, the sense of help and protection the mere fact of his presence brought her. She put it all on one side with an effort, as something delightful to be dreamed about with the rest of her triumph of that evening.

Stormouth, one of the most sought-for of after-dinner speakers, a man of the world in the best sense, a diplomat of no mean merit, astonished Priscilla with his French, which all at once, to her surprise, he turned on, with a mischievous look in his eyes, for her special benefit. Up to now she had not attributed to him any linguistic ability whatsoever. He was the main prop to-night, the most inspiring element of the feast. He kept the current of wit and innuendo and repartee flowing in an uninterrupted stream in both French and English. So delightfully did he insert the wedge of his tact into the groove of her inexperience that she radiated therefrom with brilliant sallies also, a reflection of Stormouth's undeniable perspicacity.

De Lacaze frowned and bit his nails from time to time. This brilliant American, with his air of undaunted self-respect,—the impress of success was on Stormouth's entire personality,—crippled his own resources, which were remarkable, if somewhat less subtle. He had heretofore possessed a reputation for keeping the ball of conversation rolling to an unusually original tune. To-night he felt handicapped by an unattended force,—two unattended forces. The first of these was Desmoulins. The second was Stormouth.

Desmoulins was superb, in his glory. On the top wave of apparent and bewildering achievement concerning his venture, he emitted *double entendres* with startling fidelity, and then and there took a stand with his contemporaries which afterwards became proverbial,—a stand for unflinching audacity and unadulterated perceptiveness and presumption.

For in their biassed souls there nestled that symmetry which is the salvation of the French critic,—the poise which controls theoretically, if not always practically, in no mean measure, a firm conviction of the true as opposed to the spurious. They knew Desmoulins rang false; but he held the purse-strings, and so, outwardly, they cringed to him, inwardly regretting that so unworthy a man should have, through some odd and esoteric element, been placed in a position of trust.

They feasted until an early hour of the morning. Then they withdrew, with promises of great things for Mademoiselle Brilla and oily compliments for their hostess.

Priscilla kissed Constance good-night, and sent her up to her own little white-and-pink bedroom to pass the night. Then she turned to the count, who had asked her for a short interview before leaving.

Stormmouth was chatting with Aunt Mildred. Priscilla and the count withdrew to the farther corner of the apartment.

"Mademoiselle," began the count, somewhat awkwardly for a man of his race and reported breeding, "I have but one question to ask. I think you must have suspected for some time what that question is?"

Priscilla's lips trembled slightly.

"Mademoiselle," he continued, "I wish to lay my title,"—this was said slowly and deliberately, with an excessive unction which was admirable, considering the worthlessness of the offering,—“and my name, at your feet.”

"Yes," said Priscilla, dully. She held her little lace handkerchief in her hands. She was twisting it cruelly.

"Mademoiselle, may I venture to hope?"

There was a short, distinct pause, in which, to Priscilla's chagrin, the conversation at the other end of the room seemed to have ceased. She waited a moment. Then she said, gently,—

"I cannot give you an answer, count, until you have asked my father's consent. He arrives the day after to-morrow, on the Umbria. You must lay your plans before him. If he offers no opposition——"

"Yes, mademoiselle," said the count. He seized her hand impetuously, bent, and pressed his dyed moustache upon it.

Priscilla withdrew the little satin palm hurriedly with an enigmatic expression and a vivid, pained flush.

"If he gives his consent, I will offer no opposition."

The count swelled visibly. Into his crafty eyes crept a look which made Priscilla shudder. "Mademoiselle is an angel," he ejaculated, in a husky voice.

Priscilla checked him peremptorily. "I said," she repeated, in an odd, frightened sort of voice, "if my father offers no objection, count."

The count frowned, visibly disconcerted. "As you will, mademoiselle."

"Quite so," agreed Priscilla, dryly. "Come here," she added, "at eleven o'clock on Thursday morning."

"Entendu."

"And now, good-night."

The count smiled with a look of badly concealed satisfaction. Then, with a low bow to Stormmouth, who was regarding him with visible contempt, he stepped over the threshold. Aunt Mildred followed him. She wished to suggest something in the treatment of the count's criticism on the new prima donna.

Priscilla stooped to pick a rose off the floor. It had fallen from the loosened coils of her hair. She sighed wearily.

Stormmouth leaned forward quickly—he had walked towards Pris-

cilla as the count and Aunt Mildred made their way towards the door—and held the rose in his grasp before she reached it.

As Priscilla raised her head and looked at him, the color rushed in an uncontrollable flood to her face, investing it with a vivid beauty which made Stormmouth draw his breath with a little hissing sound in between his teeth.

“Let me keep it,” he said, collectedly,—“the rose, I mean.”

“What for?” demanded Priscilla, aggressively.

“It reminds me,” remarked Stormmouth, with assumed nonchalance, “of a girl I knew once who was faithful to herself, to her womanhood, to her future; who spurned with horror anything less than her birthright of principle and integrity.”

Priscilla trembled visibly.

“A paragon, no doubt, your friend,” she replied, in a choked sort of voice.

“No,” returned Stormmouth, coolly; “only that best and sweetest of God’s creations, a true woman.”

“Since when,” demanded Priscilla, her vivid color fading to a delicious pink and her lips pouting rebelliously,—“since when have you constituted yourself a judge of the opposite sex?”

Her eyes met Stormmouth’s steadily. Hers were cold and hard.

“Since I loved—a woman,” announced Stormmouth, unflinchingly.

Then, before she could retaliate, before she could turn to leave him as she had intended doing, he stepped forward, and laid two gentle albeit powerful hands upon her shoulders. It seemed an age that they stood there, in bitter silence, his forbidding, stern eyes steadily endeavoring to force her obstinate lids to lift. Her lips quivered helplessly, like the lips of a grieved child.

“Let go,” she finally managed to burst forth; but her strangled voice, which she was endeavoring to make natural, came only in a hoarse whisper, to her intense surprise and shame. “It is unmanly of you to hold me thus. Let me go.”

“No,” said Stormmouth’s voice, very gently,—it seemed very far away to poor Priscilla, whose pulse was beating in incomprehensible wild thuds against her ears,—“no, I will not let you go, my beloved, until you lift your eyes to mine and tell me that you do not love me, and that you do love the count.”

There was a long pause. Then Priscilla whispered something very low, to attain cognizance of which Stormmouth was obliged to stoop his head very near to hers.

“Cruel,” said the little voice.

“No,” asserted Stormmouth; “only just.”

There was another silence. Priscilla miserably remembered, years afterwards, a street-cry she heard just then, which rang against her unduly sharpened faculties like the pendulum of a joy clock striking out the hours of a novel bliss unspeakable, and accentuating the nucleus of the sweetest, strangest pain she had ever felt. Then, helplessly, as though governed by an unseen and irresistible force, her little face a mask of pain and frightened pride, she raised her eyes to those stern compelling ones above.

They held the righteous force of a supreme command.

When souls meet and greet one another, acknowledging conviction across the almost insuperable gulf of conservatism and custom, laying bare a vital truth which storms order out of chaos and sublime peace out of past turmoil, the recording angels fold their wings and steal away, appeased.

Then came Stormmouth's voice, as though out of a mist.

"What folly is that other craving?" it asked, peremptorily. Whereas before the tone had been harsh and almost cruel, it was now rich and full.

Only a little helpless gesture, as sweet as a bird's song in a thicket.

"And you would struggle against our inevitable, my beloved? such a sweet and rich inevitable?"

Still silence.

Stormmouth's hand crept strongly under the mutinous chin. "My little girl," he said, "never mind how or why you have chosen to almost break my heart. I will forgive everything you have *not* said or done in the past few miserable weeks if you will lift those arms and lay them about my neck, and in the doing trust me as a child trusts its mother."

"I cannot," said Priscilla's voice, broken and trembling, but very firm in the settled resolve it contained.

"Why so?"

There was another pregnant silence. Then, very positively, she lifted her soft palms, and, quite steadily, pushed Stormmouth's hands off from her shoulders. She raised her head and confronted their owner.

"There are reasons," she said, enigmatically. Her eyes, to Stormmouth's intense consternation, were filled with blinding tears. Quite unaffectedly she wiped them away.

"Reasons?" quoted Stormmouth, with extraordinary emphasis, his sternly controlled wrath and jealousy suddenly springing to life and quenching his sense of justice. "What reasons?"

"Never mind," she whispered, miserably.

"Never mind!" he repeated. "If that is not like a woman! Can't you see that this is the crisis of my happiness and yours?"

Priscilla shook her head a trifle obstinately.

"Very well," he continued, still more wrathfully, beginning now to pace the room with strong impatient strides; "we will 'never mind,' then. Ah, you wilful woman, don't you know that with a man a joy like this untasted is as cruel as a jagged wound un-nursed?"

"Let me go," cried Priscilla, suddenly, wildly now, her sweet face stricken as though with a mortal illness, her hands wringing themselves together unconsciously and with acute pathos.

Stormmouth smiled bitterly. There was half a yard between him and this rebellious little bundle of femininity whom he loved better than his life. He wanted to crush her fiercely to his heart and still her sobs and kiss away her tears. All he did was to reach one gentle

hand forward and lay it wonderingly on her hair, the prettiest hair, as soft and fine and far more wilful than corn-silk, with little clumps of rebellious curls along the temples and in the creamy nape of the warm baby neck.

"Go," he commanded, quietly. And then, as she did not stir, he added, "I am not holding you, my beloved." Still Priscilla did not move. As though spellbound, she stood there, drooping under that unexpected gentle caress.

"Priscilla," said Stornmouth's voice. There was no command in it now. It was an appeal.

The little figure, with a visible and supreme effort, turned away from that appeal deliberately and marched towards the door.

He sprang forward. It took only two strides to reach the door, upon the handle of which Priscilla had already laid her hand.

He faced the little figure, upright now, peremptorily, a magnificent condemnatory scorn in his whole bearing.

"You love the count," he shouted, furiously, in a veritable tempest of wonder and revolt.

And then Priscilla, that remarkable, elusive, bewitching, incorrigible Priscilla, turned towards him at last.

She was trembling no longer. The tears had vanished. The exquisite face had taken on a chiselled sternness, concentrated and set as Stornmouth's own. There were righteous contempt and unmitigated indignation in every feature of the countenance, in every line of the figure which had made Stornmouth's rainy and sunny weather for the past tumultuous eighteen months.

"You have taken the trouble to assert that fact," said Priscilla, in her own clear and steady tones, which at this particular moment were as cold and incisive as tempered steel, "once too often, Mr. Stornmouth. You crossed the ocean to inform my father of it. You have returned, no doubt, to accentuate the fact of your individual talent for private detective business to me, the victim of it. Since you have mastered the case with such capability, why request the defendant to confirm your decision?"

Stornmouth fell back, aghast.

"You say, you have said, you believe, I 'love the count,'" cried Priscilla, with a superb gesture of ironical import. "Perhaps you will be good enough to vouchsafe me the name of your informant upon this interesting subject?"

"Yourself," Stornmouth replied, unexpectedly. Like a flash, all the past months' revulsion of feeling sprang to life in poisonous fashion and filled his veins with a seething flood, which put out common sense and cool judgment with wonderful effectiveness for the moment. "Your actions, your evasions, your happiness in his presence, your confusion."

He stopped. Priscilla had turned and measured him from head to heel. Somehow he felt as though he were losing ground.

"You have let go," Priscilla said, unkindly, "your principal charm, my friend. Its name was self-control."

Then she laughed, not a pretty laugh; a little, wild, strange imita-

tion of the sound which is supposed to indicate mirth. This sound seemed to ring a knell of its own.

"I will offer you a suggestion, Mr. Stormmouth," the girl remarked, with a strong emphasis on the *Mr.* "Never judge a woman by what she says, or by what she does."

"What *is* one to judge her by?" he inquired, desperately, with perhaps pardonable curiosity.

"Don't judge her at all," she said, imperatively.

With a mutinous expression which was essentially lovely, Priscilla laid her hand once more upon the door-knob. "Since you say I love the count," said the sweet voice, "go smoke your pipe upon it, O wily dissector of the feminine heart, and pleasant dreams to you."

The door opened and closed. She was gone.

"Constance," whispered Priscilla, guardedly, as she settled herself upon her pillow, to a little crumpled mass of creamy muslin and tossed inky hair which nestled beside her, "Constance, are you asleep?"

"Yes," answered Constance, blinking an eye open.

"Aren't men fools when they are in love?" asked Priscilla, irrelevantly.

"Idiots," returned Constance, cheerfully, with conviction. "But I like idiots. Don't you?"

"I simply adore them," murmured Priscilla,—“when I get the best of them.” With this frank confession of incipient villany, this wily practitioner in retaliative methods fell peacefully asleep.

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## CHAPTER XI.

THE following morning Constance's bedchamber was like a conservatory of flowers. There were bouquets from the scene-shifters, expectant of a fee from the new prima donna; from the chorus, also to insure that its good graces should be recognized in monetary form; from the orchestra; from the orchestra-leader; from the *claque*, a bill of three hundred francs for so-called "gratuitous services;" from Geoffroy; from Desmoulins; from de Lacaze; from Stormmouth; from the World, the Flesh, and the Devil; from the entire Pension Picaud; and from numerous persons whom Constance had forgotten, but who availed themselves of this auspicious occasion to refresh her memory of them.

She had not yet risen. With newspaper clippings of every size and hue beside her, she nestled among her pillows. Most of the printed criticisms were ecstatic in their praises. The new prima donna was compared with every song-bird of the planet. Her grace was lauded to the skies; her voice was denominated "the sweetest the New World has yet sent us." Her acting was universally deplored. This did not disconcert her, as she had expected much worse, and rejoiced at any evidence of good will. She entirely ignored the fact that the criticisms had been coerced by Priscilla's diplomacy. She was ignorant of the true inwardness of professional human nature.

It was only later she discovered that just this outspoken praise of her was the direst calamity which could have befallen her.

To-day she was happy, strangely, dreamily happy; contented, like a sick child convalescing from long days of pain and weakness, amidst her faithful friends, no longer buffeted by the storm-tossing in the past, which she now contemplated with a shudder and wondered fearfully at having passed through unscathed. The sympathy in Doxie's face had been the first evidence she received of how great and brave had been her fight, in the face of circumstances unsuspected in the realm of home, girlhood, and loving care.

Doxie called early, and left a message that he would take her for a walk that afternoon. Priscilla would not hear of Constance returning to the *pension*, for the present at least. She petted and cosseted her inordinately. She astonished Constance by informing her succinctly, during the course of that long happy morning, that she had given up the stage.

"What changed you in your purpose?"

"Things," returned Priscilla, airily. She began a conversation on a totally different subject. Constance had signed a three-years' contract with Geoffroy to sing when called upon, to learn a new opera in fifteen days if required, to remain in the city all summer, through all the opera season, as well as winter, unless able to present a doctor's certificate that she was so ill she required a change of air, and numerous other petty details which she ignored at the time, but which later assumed gigantic proportions.

"To-morrow," Priscilla announced, "the count calls to demand my hand, and dad arrives from New York." She was looking out of the window into the street. There was a flower-cart on the corner, purple with Russian violets and yellow with mimosa. Constance glanced at her sharply. All she could perceive was the tip of a tiny ear, and two hands clasped firmly behind their owner's waist.

"What are you going to do about it?" she inquired, with assumed indifference.

"What do you suppose?" said Priscilla.

"I know," asserted Constance, positively, "that you will refuse him."

"What an idea!" ejaculated Priscilla, sharply, turning suddenly, and disclosing a pair of innocent wide eyes and a delicious mischievous smile. "What, may I ask, induces you to suppose anything of the kind?"

"Intuition," Constance remarked, just as wickedly.

"What have you *intuished*?"

"Don't be a fool, Priscilla, and throw away your happiness."

"You are a fine person to counsel wisdom," cried Priscilla, daringly. "How about Mr. Doxie?"

"Well, *what* about Mr. Doxie?"

"He is the man," Priscilla asserted, delightedly, with intense conviction, "you sent away from you. I feel it in my bones."

"What makes you think so?"

"There was the sweetest look in your face last night," said Pris-

cilla, "when you fell asleep; and, my dear, I saw Mr. Doxie give you one look at the supper-table, which taught me everything I wished to know. It was perfectly beautiful." This with an expression of supreme satisfaction which was, in its way, irresistible.

"He is the man——"

"Thank God!"

"I refused. I had not finished.—What had you said to Mr. Stormmouth last night before I came up-stairs, to put him in such a bad humor?"

"I?" cried Priscilla. "What could an insignificant young woman like me possibly say to so important a person as Mr. Stormmouth to disconcert him in any manner whatsoever?"

"H'm!" Constance murmured. She was gazing at the ceiling. The end of the remark was incomprehensible.

"What did you say?"

"I said nothing," returned Constance.

"Yes, you did. You seemed to doubt the truth of my last statement."

"Far from it," remarked Constance, coolly. "I believed it."

"Believed that what I said or did was of no importance to John Stormmouth?" she asked, rather shrilly.

"Exactly."

"H'm! I presume you consider yourself very clever."

"Not at all."

"A reader of character, and so forth."

"By no means."

"Whatever you consider yourself," cried Priscilla, irritatedly, "you never proved yourself so entirely at sea as at present."

"Why so?"

"John Stormmouth," Priscilla announced, superbly, "adores me. He simply worships the ground I walk on."

"Nonsense!"

"What do you mean by 'nonsense'?" Priscilla demanded. "What do you know about it, anyway?"

"Nothing," said Constance. "I merely consider it a pity he cannot care for you, since you are so absolutely lovable." The implied compliment was administered apparently as salt to savor the uncompromising nature of the statement which preceded it.

"A pity he does not care for me!" Priscilla repeated, scornfully. "Absurd! He is at my feet,—literally at my feet."

"And you at the count's feet. The course of true love never did run smooth."

"I at the count's feet!" cried Priscilla. "I at the count's feet! Where did you get that idea?"

"Observation," Constance replied, mendaciously: she was splashing like a fish now, in her bath in an adjoining room, and was obliged to keep up her end of the conversation under difficulties.

"For once," Priscilla stormed, with a stamp of her foot, which was happily concealed by the thickness of the rug upon which she stood,—*"for once you are mistaken."*

"Indeed?"

"Utterly mistaken. I don't care the snap of my finger for the count; for fifty counts; for all the titles in Europe. There!"

"Admirable!" said Constance. "What's a count, anyway?"

"That's just it. What's a count who doesn't count?"

"Zero," said Constance. Then, as though thoroughly imbued with the spirit of their exalted discourse, she added, flippantly, "Who ever heard of a count who counted two, after all?"

To this obvious effort of the intellect Priscilla scorned to reply.

"I can't imagine," she began, tearfully, as Constance emerged from her bath in a crash, looking like a rose-leaf steeped in dew, and the two girls seated themselves before the fire with their nail-polishers,—  
"I can't imagine why anybody ever supposed for an instant that I desired a title."

"You *did* desire one."

"I did *not*."

"Well, never mind. We won't discuss it: so long as you have altered your mind, we won't quarrel." Then, very gently, she turned towards Priscilla. "You do love him, don't you?" she whispered, in a wheedling little tone which was essentially girlish. "He is so entirely worthy of it. He has nothing so much as your happiness at heart. You have made him sufficiently miserable."

"I have not yet finished with him," interrupted Priscilla.

"What has he done to you, to make you so cruel?"

"He has supposed," cried Priscilla, with intense indignation of a boiling-over quality which would have filled the soul of a student in emotions with awe,—  
"he has dared to suppose that I—I loved a title."

"Well?"

"A mean, miserable title, with a perfect reptile of a man attached to it,—a man whom it makes my blood curdle to approach,—whose glance is poison, whose touch is a disgrace."

"He was jealous."

Priscilla, apparently, did not hear.

"He has dared to think," she cried, "that I, Priscilla Delno, a God-fearing woman,"—this in a burst of palpable satisfaction at having mastered a phrase which, so to speak, filled the bill,—  
"would stoop to pick up a miserable, middle-aged, dyed-moustached, muddy-eyed little whippersnapper like that?"

"There was every reason to suppose it," returned Constance, biting her lips hard to keep from breaking into a ringing laugh. "You evinced no disgust for him in your treatment of him."

"Certainly not, under the circumstances."

"What circumstances?"

"You," Priscilla answered, tragically, "*you* ask me to name the circumstances? You must be blind, stone-blind."

Constance stared, and dropped her nail-polisher.

"Priscilla, what do you mean?"

"Constance," said Priscilla, with tears in her eyes, "is it possible you have not guessed my reason for treating the count as I have?"

"What do you mean?"

"You too have misunderstood and . . . reviled me?"

"Quite so," said Constance, despairingly, unaware of what she was accusing herself.

"You have thought I intended to marry the count?"

"What else was I to suppose?"

Priscilla drew up her slight figure stiffly. "I will explain." And then, with a little half-sob, half-laugh, she threw herself on the rug at Constance's feet, and put her arms about her.

"I did it for you, goose," she said.

"For me?" the other repeated, with great astonished eyes.

"For you. The Count Adolphe François Baradat de Lacaze is the musical critic on the *Figaro*. The *Figaro* is the most influential newspaper in Paris. The game has been worth the candle." Then this able diplomat clasped her pink-tipped fingers about her knees, and fell to gazing at the fire.

"Priscilla," Constance vouchsafed, faintly, "you are a perfect darling. I am going to tell John Stormmouth all about it."

Priscilla turned. Every feature was quivering; her lips were white.

"Constance," she commanded, "leave John Stormmouth to me. I will teach him that there are American girls and American girls. I am evidently one of the kind he has never even suspected."

"But, Priscilla——"

"Leave John Stormmouth to me," Priscilla repeated, ominously.

## CHAPTER XII.

ON Thursday the conclave was held in the library.

Judge Delno was seated in a Francis I. chair. His long pale hands, muscular and remarkable for their expression of reserved force, clasped firmly the carved arms. Priscilla leaned over the back.

Stormmouth sat beside Judge Delno. There was a window behind them. It overlooked a court.

On the left of the judge were seated Miss Mildred Delno and Stephen Doxie. Facing him were Desmoulins and de Lacaze.

The proposition was submitted to the judge by Desmoulins, who reseated himself easily as he finished his peroration; but, unable to conceal entirely an inward perturbation, he tugged violently at one corner of his perfumed moustache. De Lacaze's face was the color of old wax. He sat intently considering the visible and invisible features of the case, his muddy eyes shifting furtively from countenance to countenance as Desmoulins accentuated the salient facts, made good his strength, and kept out of sight as much as possible the weak points of the proposition.

Judge Delno listened. There is a silence which means nothing. There is a silence which hints at possible developments. Judge Delno's silence belonged to the latter order. At a glance he had taken in the unmitigated villany of the two smug physiognomies which submitted themselves to his experienced scrutiny. He sympathetically

nurtured the knowledge of Stormmouth's policy, which was to expose the opposition plot to Priscilla in case she experienced any weakness in the direction of foreign suitors. He comprehended, in less time than it takes to write these words, the tools which his daughter and sister were supposed by their manipulators to exemplify under their practised hands, oiled by incessant contact with the gambling methods, moral, mental, and physical, brought to bear upon life's issues. His proud spirit was quivering with righteous wrath and a seething contempt for these specimens of a nation he had elected to despise.

To pit an American, vigorous, alive, armed to the hilt with tried capacity for innate godliness, firm in the knowledge of his personal integrity, against a Frenchman, talented, crafty, wicked, and deliberately oblique in his methods, is like nothing so much as pitting a buffalo against one of those exquisite chameleons which lie along sun-kissed walls in Spain, changing color with every movement. The buffalo confronts any contrary issue with a sounding bellow which announces at the start his intention. Then, head down, he surges wildly forward. If he is met with a counter-thrust or a rally, or is lassoed into reluctant, surly, temporary submission, he still worries and gives outspoken vent to his contempt for any method of attack less frankly courageous than his own.

What is perforce integrity to the buffalo is considered a barefaced lack of method by the chameleon. What reads ability or perspicacity or perfection of treatment to the chameleon is translated dastardly cowardice and bewildering and unnecessary complication by the buffalo. One is wily, insinuating, and deceptive, rejoicing in treatment of warfare as a scientific problem wrought from the rough into a pattern unsuspected by any but the most artistic of intriguers. The other is a touch-and-go hero, with defiance for his first weapon, audacity for his second, and stand-and-deliver exactions for his third.

Is the buffalo vanquished, he storms and struggles, and in some cases dies in durance vile, but in any case vigorously unrenunciative of one iota of his theories or principles; just a great soul maltreated, pin-pricked into recalcitrant submission. If the chameleon is mastered, he turns slowly in the sun, thus evading any perceptible evidence of failure, and, revealing himself of another color, shifts any responsibility by thus eloquently bidding his adversary believe he was not that chameleon, but his neighbor.

Judge Delno in the present instance held the characteristics of the buffalo to some extent, if not wholly. It had been his portion to deal with the worthy and the unworthy, with spurious and genuine metal. He had practised his profession in one of the greatest metropolises of the world. He knew the elusive tendencies of villains, their dislike to calling a spade a spade, their nerves of steel and their methods of iron. He recognized, like all students of human nature, that there is more ability displayed in practised villany than is often considered tenable in the highways and byways of practised integrity. In a measure, he was crippled, because in a strange country and among strange faces.

He listened to Desmoulins patiently. There was no evidence in

his well-governed countenance of his recognition of his adversaries' strong and weak points.

When Desmoulins had finished, Judge Delno inclined his head.

"I am to understand, then," he remarked, "that you place the case for your friend the Count de Lacaze, owing to his inability to speak fluently in our language."

"You are, sir," from Desmoulins.

Judge Delno turned towards de Lacaze. "You speak English, sir?" he demanded, unexpectedly.

"I do."

"I am to understand that you wish to lay your title and your vast estates before me for consideration; that you have reason to trust that my daughter will reciprocate your regard. Is she assured I am willing she should thus follow her own inclination?"

The count bowed. "Mademoiselle Delno," he said, "has been so kind as to listen when I have told her of my intention."

"Is this so, Priscilla?"

"I told him," said Priscilla, very low,—so low that only Stornmouth and her father caught the words,—"that if you gave your consent I would consider the matter."

"What," inquired the judge, blandly, "is your income, count?"

This straightforward attack was a premeditated blow at his adversaries' suavity. It accomplished its purpose with miraculous swiftness.

The count stirred a little uneasily. Desmoulins darted at him a warning glance.

"My estates," he returned, evasively, with a visible effort to seem unconcerned, "my estates, sir, would be considered sufficient guarantee in France to insure your daughter and her children against disaster, should such disaster overtake us."

"Ah! Of what do those estates consist?"

"There is a property in Touraine," the count announced, "and one in Lombardy. Before my grandfather's estate was confiscated under the Revolution he owned the entire village of Chambourliez in the Vosges. When he was obliged to flee from Paris, taking every atom of personal property he could with him for fear of confiscation, he sold that village for ten million francs, to obtain ready money."

"Were you his heir?"

Desmoulins rose. "You are subjecting my friend to a positive inquisition," he cried, indignantly. "Things are not conducted after this fashion in France. A man of title is considered a sufficient *parti* without a fortune to back him up."

"A man of title, yes," returned the judge. Then for the first time he looked piercingly at Desmoulins.

"You, sir," he said, "instituted recently in New York a search in regard to my daughter's family, property, and fair fame, did you not?"

There was a movement all through the room. Priscilla lifted her head with an indignant flush, which spread from her forehead to her chin and remained there for five minutes. Stornmouth stopped toying with a silver paper-cutter which was lying on a First Empire table near him. Doxie threw back his head with a grim smile.

"You are pleased," replied Desmoulins, just as coolly, exhibiting admirably strong nerve and undeniable capacity for ways and means esoteric and remarkable under fire, "to deal in enigmas."

"Perhaps. That word apparently conveys an opposite meaning in France from what it does in America. You deny, then, that you instituted a search into my daughter's connection in New York?"

"I deny nothing. I affirm nothing. It is customary in France, when a man of title proposes uniting his family name with a person of insignificant parentage, to inform himself of that person's past, present, and future. We call it taking *renseignements*. The count may have thus informed himself without my instigation."

"By *renseignements*"—the judge pronounced the word with some difficulty—"you mean to convey that you require recommendations for your intended beneficiary,—recommendations after the fashion of a master who demands of a cook references from his last place, or a horse of whom is exacted his pedigree by his would-be purchaser."

"Yes, monsieur."

The judge turned towards the count.

"Am I to understand that *you* made such inquiries?"

"I made no inquiries," returned the count. "Your daughter was responsible alone for my desire to unite my old name with youth and beauty."

The judge looked at Doxie. "Mr. Doxie," said he, quietly, "you will oblige me by reading to these gentlemen the story of a nefarious plot which came to my notice a few days before I left New York. It is a letter, gentlemen," he said, pleasantly,—turning to Desmoulins and the count,—"which was brought before me under peculiar circumstances. It was found in the pocket of a dead man. As it contained a signature strangely like yours, sir," speaking to Desmoulins, who was strikingly pale and was muttering something under his breath, "I made the comparison yesterday morning when I received your note requesting this interview. The signatures are one and the same. It seemed to me as pretty a case of compound felony as I have ever known."

"Find," Doxie read, from a letter he had drawn from his pocket, "the record of the young woman's antecedents and social status. Is the old man gullible? Is the mamma to be coerced out of her ducats? Will the filthy lucre be forthcoming when the big move is made? De Lacaze is up to his ears in debt. He desires a wife with a big *dot*. If her antecedents are a little off color, so much the better. De Lacaze can hold then the whip hand, and threaten exposure if his demands are rejected. The young woman's name is Priscilla Delno. Her address is 49 West Fifty-Fifth Street."

There was a dead silence.

Then a little figure sprang forward, a girl's figure in a pale pink gown, with a face like a flower, and tear-filled eyes, and little shaking hands held forth towards Desmoulins.

"You said that of me?" cried Priscilla, "of *me*, a girl who had never done you any harm, monsieur; a girl who had made you her friend; a girl who thought that men were friends and helpers, *not liars*."

“Pah!” ejaculated Desmoulins. “One must live, mademoiselle,” he added, sullenly. The winning card was in the enemy’s hand with a vengeance.

Over his stormy soul there swept a whiff of better days, days when he had stolen in, a little lad, among the sanctuary lamps, to prostrate himself before the image of the Virgin or a patron saint,—days wherein he, before his version of life had burned his promise of peace and righteous attainment very low indeed, had dreamed dreams too of a land wherein love was a golden afternoon and—— Pah! the game was up.

“Be silent, Priscilla. Come here, my daughter.”

Priscilla took up her old stand behind her father’s chair.

“Mademoiselle is melodramatic,” Desmoulins began, in a stinging voice. “If she were Mademoiselle Brilla, for instance——”

“Silence!” hissed Stormmouth, violently. He had been gazing at Priscilla with a puzzled expression which set the blood firm in her eyes and cheeks. He was breathing a little unevenly.

Desmoulins checked himself. Perhaps the game was not up yet. Who knew but that these foreigners, with their strange methods and novel plans of action, were in need of a social uplift after all? He would wait a little.

Judge Delno opened a book which lay on a table beside him. “I find,” he remarked, after close perusal of a clause it contained, “that in France the penalty for compound felony is a fine. They draw it milder than in New York. There the penalty may consist in a forfeiture of estates.”

“You have no evidence,” returned Desmoulins, having by this time recovered all his suavity of demeanor, and palpably stung into action, chameleon-like changing his color,—“you have no evidence, sir, that that letter is not a bogus one.”

“Pardon me. I have that evidence.” The retort cut across Desmoulins’ speech like a knife-blade across a deer’s throat.

“What evidence?”

“Your own signature.”

“Ah!” The “ah” was slow and salient. “The letter you hold in your hand was not written by me. De Lacaze wrote it. I stood at his elbow: inadvertently he signed my name.”

“Is that so?”

De Lacaze bowed his head silently. It was a poor move, he considered, a dastardly inefficiency, unworthy of the tempered steel of most of his methods, which it would have taken an expert to unravel or even suspect; but when the game was such a tempting one and the subject-matter so delicious, he considered that he might as well conduct his obvious strategy with visible ambiguity; she was so eminently desirable, that little maiden in the pink morning gown, with a flush like a strawberry-stain in the smooth contour of her cheek, with that storm of revulsion in her flashing passionate eyes, the palpitating rise and fall of her breast. He set his teeth in his under lip hard. “Yes, monsieur, I wrote it,” he continued, quietly. “As *mon ami* states, he stood at my elbow, having all along exhibited a keen interest in my

welfare. He has in more than one case dictated my letters, being more cognizant of ways and means foreign than myself, who have never quitted the shores of my beloved France." The latter sentence was accompanied by an ironical glance at Desmoulins, which was not lost upon Judge Delno.

"Which proves," remarked the judge, ironically, "that you indited both letters, count,—since they are both in the same handwriting."

There was a pause.

De Lacaze answered nothing. If silence were the game, he would play the game of silence.

"Friendship," cried Stormmouth, gayly, "O beautiful and faithful Friendship, how many sins are committed in thy name! In America, for instance, a man conducts his own love-making. I should counsel you to pursue that policy, count."

"One would be dull indeed," returned de Lacaze, with a snarl and a diabolical pertinence in the covert insinuation, "did not one perceive that the advised policy is your own, monsieur?"

"Precisely," rejoined Stormmouth. He stemmed peremptorily the venom of the counter-thrust with a placidity which forced its import to glance off his own weakness, leaving it apparently as polished and unassailed as its propounder's impassive countenance.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

"TAKING into consideration," recommenced Judge Delno, after a short lull in the proceedings, in which they one and all made an effort at self-control and remembered that there were women present, one of whom represented the bone of contention in the case,—“taking into consideration the fact that our ways are as totally opposed as the poles, I shall put a few questions which it would afford me a keen satisfaction for many reasons, not all of which are entirely personal, if you would answer, count.” He ignored Desmoulins, to the visible perturbation of that worthy.

“What questions?”

“Are you aware that in the marriage you propose there is evidence of true nobility,—nobility disassociated generally from marriages of this sort? Your demand is apparently entirely disinterested. You give all, you demand nothing.”

The count rubbed his hands together violently. “It is understood in France,” he finally stated, blandly, “that the family of the *fiancée* offers with her a sum sufficient to insure her husband against disaster,—since, obviously, he assumes with marriage its expenses, its responsibilities, its reforms.” He paused. “That sum is called a *dot*.”

“The aforesaid *dot* to be reserved for the wife in case of misfortune befalling her husband?”

“Not so. That *dot* to be paid down to her suitor’s bankers, under the assumption that the income to be drawn from it will be hers as well as his.”

"Admirable! And what is his is hers?"

The count cleared his throat. "Unfortunately for the woman," he murmured, a trifle awkwardly, "the law in France is what we call *raide*."

"Unelastic," translated Stormmouth, humorously, if not literally.

"The wife's property is invariably subservient to the will of her husband," continued the count, with a scowl.

"Justly," remarked the judge, suavely, "if she receives in the marriage contract a sum equivalent to the sum advanced by her parents to be accredited to her. The——"

"Pardon, monsieur. When an American woman of property unites herself with a distinguished French family, she receives the title only in exchange for her personal property."

"And her husband's property,—what of that?"

"That stands in her husband's name—with her own."

"You mean to say, then, that she buys his title with her money, her purity, and her youth, demands no security against possible disaster, and is supposed to be thankful and contented that her choice still respects her for such an evidence of individual imbecility?"

"Monsieur puts it harshly. Why does monsieur presume that a Frenchman desires to unite himself with a foreigner? In so doing the Parisian renounces his personal satisfaction for all time. A foreigner, to a Parisian born and bred, is a specimen both uninteresting and incomprehensible. A Parisian understands and is understood by his own class, by his own customs, by his own heart. It is rarely, unless in middle age, if monsieur will take into consideration most Franco-American unions, that the Parisian is the first to give evidence of a desire to sacrifice himself to a foreigner, even though that foreigner be as young and beautiful as Miss Delno." The count laid his hand upon that portion of his anatomy which is popularly supposed to represent the place where the heart should be. He bowed very low indeed, possibly to make up somewhat for the bald cruelty of his proposition.

"I will put it more harshly still. Your title, it is obvious, is your only claim. You propose to offer it for a consideration."

"Monsieur is pleased to strip my proposition of its bloom."

"Pah! it has no bloom. It is as starved of ultimate promise, as devoid of the beauty of hope and aspiration, as barren of the sacredness we Americans associate with the divine duties, the tender promise of true conjugal union, as you are devoid of any sense of honor to make it. You call yourself a nobleman. Know, then, there is not a savage in our far West who understands so little the law of exchange as do you. He chooses his squaw out of his tribe. He may give her nothing in exchange for her gewgaws and her maidenhood but a tomahawk, and a pair of arms with brawn in them, and a soul teeming with the strength of his savage forefathers, but he knows the law,—an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. He takes his bride to his heart the way a lion takes his mate. He gives her his manhood, or his protection,—call it what you will. In any case he stands between her and lesser brutes who would snatch her from his arms. A fig for your

vaunted civilization! Give me, were I a girl, a virgin man out of one of our Western forests, with the stir of life's combat in his veins, without a sou, only his birthright, the keen desire in him to succor the weak; give me a man among men, not a fop who seeks to sell his debts, dispose of his title and yet still retain it, figure up his bride as a means of financial reinstatement, to be coerced and finally abused and thrown out when stripped of her helpfulness in the time of need——"

"But, monsieur——"

But Judge Delno, like a war-horse with the sound of the battle-cry in his ears, continued. "Civilization," he cried,—“what has it taught you, you foreigners, with your vaunted age we lack, with your vaunted art we are struggling to acquire, with your vaunted vice which unhappily we in our younger generation are striving to attain? It has taught you to lay low your manhood and put in its place a thing called self, a self which digs a grave for and buries and raises a headstone to personal integrity. When birds nest they nest with birds. When cattle mate they mate with cattle. When a Frenchman demands his 'right' to claim a bride he offers a stone for bread, a rotten carcass in exchange for incarnate purity."

A clear voice broke in abruptly. It was the voice of Desmoulins.

"Who asks us to sell our titles for your lucre? The American. Who comes out of the East and West with his ducats clanking loudly and his bragging voice declaring he will buy art, heart, and emotions? The American. He never thinks how we regard him. He acts from the stand-point alone of how he regards us. How we laugh! *mais*, how we laugh! We have lived; he has yet to grow. We have suffered. He is longing to throw himself into the fray and to be gored alive rather than to wait for time to ripen him. If we choose to gore him, who can blame us? It is what he has demanded, what he has cried for, like a sick child whimpering for the moon."

"To continue with the case in hand," interrupted Stormouth. For the first time, he admired Desmoulins. After all, in this Frenchman's misused soul there dwelt a spark of that fire which assails the lowest of human creatures at times, that fire which flames out into vital protest in silent hours and demands the truth as a feverish invalid calls for water to quench his thirst. For the first time Stormouth judged the American abroad from the French stand-point. It was not a pleasant stand-point to this virile specimen of its best blood, its best methods, its noblest intentions; but, endeavor as he might, he could not deny the fact that Desmoulins' accusation held a semblance of truth as regarded a small number of his compatriots, who had visited France, bought up its titles and estates, and lost a considerable record for keen patriotism or national fidelity in the process. He knew that the exception was not the rule. He, in justice, could not blame Desmoulins for thinking otherwise.

"I refuse," the judge calmly announced, "to permit my daughter to enter into any such alliance,—unless," turning towards Priscilla, "she loves you."

Priscilla, her eyes ablaze, had been leaning over the back of her father's chair.

She grew visibly pale as she raised her spirited young head at his call. She stepped forward slightly, and leaned one little hand upon Judge Delno's shoulder as though for support,—for support in the argument which had been hammering against her temples for weeks, and which, under existing circumstances, at last took an adequate stand in all its acquired strength,—a stand which established conviction in the hearts of those for and against her protest, who listened to its young propounder *nolens volens*.

"It has occurred to me, count," she said, very gently, with that fearless method of attack which makes American girlhood the vital and bonny thing it is to home masculine hearts which respect it and foreign masculine hearts which seek to oppress it and to lay its young strength and vigor and brightness so very low in demanding of it its worst,—“it has occurred to me more than once lately that the main part of what I, in my inexperience, should call desirability in matrimony has been left out of your proposition. Until now I have not spoken. It seemed to me useless. It seemed to me you would not understand it. It is so very sweet and dear. Its name is love. With us—we American girls—it comes or it does not come; but when it comes it comes for good. And when it comes there is not much ambition in it, I think. Sacrifice too goes out,—a word we have forgotten. Sometimes, I know, girls marry titles and are happy, but not on account of the title. In those cases the title is merely an accessory to their happiness, just as it should be to yours. Their husbands welcome it, for both their sakes, as a fortunate circumstance in life which, unworthily enough, bids people lacking dignity of character to bow down to them.

"You asked me, you have asked me more than once, whether you could place your proposition before my father. I did not know the nature of the proposition. As it stands, I decline it. Had it stood otherwise I in all probability should have refused it. Not because you have nothing,—if I had loved you I should not have considered that,—but because you had not the manliness to tell me the truth and risk yourself from that stand-point alone. We love, in that land of ours you so little understand, the men who lay down their lives to save them ultimately. The men who save their lives temporarily, only to lose them in the end, as we consider it, American girls seldom love for long."

Sometimes out of the dead level of the commonplace there springs to life a little flower of a familiar aspect. We gaze at it wonderingly, with astonished, enraptured eyes. Happy are those of us who have plucked it in the morning of our days to wear it in our bosoms for all time, cherishing, with its soft pressure against our hearts, memories as of primroses and hawthorn in the spring-time. If we have not plucked it and let it dwell with us, its downy head like the winsome pleading of a little child softening the edges of our griefs, one day when we are worn and old it lifts itself again out of the marsh of our misdeeds and confronts us when we least expect it. This time, when it makes its beauty evident, with a choking, unquenchable pain which tears at our heart-strings like inevitable loss, we recognize, too late, that the time

has passed during which we might have culled it worthily and worn it openly.

Perhaps such a feeling came to life in de Lacaze's soul, that soul so sordid with its owner's mistranslation of life as to have forgotten for years that such a characteristic as personal probity existed. Perhaps not. The judge, as he watched his face closely, sternly resentful, thought he saw something flit across it at Priscilla's words which resembled a flicker of acute pain. Then he considered that he had been mistaken. The count rose, and confronted Priscilla.

"I love you, mademoiselle," he said, with his old-fashioned inclination, so odd to American eyes, so correct in French titled circles, misunderstood or otherwise.

"Forgive me," returned Priscilla, gently, "but I do not love you, count."

"There have been women who have learned to love," persisted the count,—“women such as you, mademoiselle.”

Priscilla flushed very suddenly and deeply.

"I cannot," she answered, very low.

"You could not try, mademoiselle?" De Lacaze's little withered countenance was almost wistful now. He experienced no awkwardness in pleading his suit before a roomful of people. It was customary in cases of this sort, he supposed. To Priscilla the situation was not only ludicrous but full of anguish. She saw Stormmouth's face, with its stern mouth and powerful brows, as though through a mist. Desmoulins was pulling his moustache violently. He knew de Lacaze was playing his last card. The transaction had glided from him like quicksilver; the present issue was maddeningly conclusive.

"It is impossible," said Priscilla.

"Why impossible?"

Priscilla shook her head. Then she turned towards her father. "Oh, send him away!" she cried. "It is hard for me—and for him!"

The count drew himself up with a little stiff movement which betrayed a record of military training.

"*Assez*, mademoiselle.—I have lost," he affirmed, curtly, to Desmoulins. Be it said to his credit, he accepted his defeat with no little courage, considering what it involved for him.

"I will hold these papers," remarked Judge Delno, with precision, "against Monsieur Desmoulins until he admits his collusion in them." He pointed to the two letters. "The fine incurred by the commission of the crime they confirm is ten thousand francs," he added, pithily.

Then, quite unexpectedly, he drew a slip of paper from his pocket. "I find upon search," he remarked, blandly, the lids of his eyes unlifted, his suave voice carrying the weight of an ominous calm, its volume increasing as he continued, "that the aforesaid property in Touraine was confiscated some twenty years since by your father's creditors,—also the property in Lombardy; that although what you state is true in regard to the village of Chambourliez in the Vosges, that your grandfather *sold* it for ten million francs, what your aforesaid relative *received* was ten thousand dollars, all told. I am at a loss"—

the judge's voice here took on a quality which his colleagues were wont to dread—"to discover any sum accredited to you at your banker's—where, I have been informed, you do not possess a check-book. At the office where you are employed as reporter I have received this recommendation, or, as Monsieur Desmoulins calls it, *renseignements*: "De Lacaze. Wherewithal? Nil. Income? Nil. Intelligence? Unequal. Ability? Undeniable. Salary, four hundred francs a month." He paused. "At your club," he added, dryly, "your debts are reported to exceed your winnings." There was a fine smile in the judge's eyes as he laid the paper down. "So slim a case had hardly been worth crossing the Atlantic for," he mused. Stormmouth could have conducted the matter without his assistance.

Desmoulins had been moving towards the door. He started as though he had been shot as a man barred his exit,—the man designated as the Rat, Stormmouth's *garçon* from Durand's, with his well-known smooth face and little ferret eyes. Desmoulins recognized him as his direst foe. He it was, he now remembered, before whom he had laid his nefarious proposition as regarded de Lacaze. He recollected at this moment that this man held him by the throat as effectually as those papers of Judge Delno which might encompass his ruin.

Before the occupants of the room could acquire even recognition of the arrival of this last overpowering witness of the two rascals' consternation and visible acknowledgment that the game was up, Desmoulins, with a brief Gallic exclamation which was as salient as it was rife with an awful purpose, had thrown himself against the astonished newcomer and was dragging him frantically through the doorway out on the landing. There he fastened him by the throat against the wall and pummelled him roundly. Then, before Stormmouth or Doxie could come to the Rat's rescue, Desmoulins had seized him bodily in his arms, and had thrown him, with a dull crash, far down the stairs. The Rat had been so suddenly attacked—expectant only of a large remuneration for putting in an appearance upon the scene where, he had been assured by Stormmouth, his presence would be sorely needed—that, taken unawares, he was unprepared to defend himself. When, bruised and shaken, happily with no bones broken, but with his countenance mashed from Gallic exuberance to a mass of pulp, one eye nearly gouged out, his throat encircled by a purple rim, shaking from head to foot, he was gathered up, he stuck his vanquished head forth from the window of the *fiacre* which Stormmouth had hired for him to convey him to the *judge de paix* with Desmoulins (the latter having been handed over to two *sergents de ville* who had opportunely made their appearance at this moment) and gave vent to these memorable words: "Twas he," he said, solemnly, with a knowing wink, mindful of the promised sum for constituting himself a witness, "Desmoulins, of the *Eclair*; *et je m'en fiche du reste.*"

The count had slunk away when Stormmouth returned to the library. Indeed, the room was vacant, with the exception of a slight figure which stood beside the mantel-piece, gravely gazing into the fire,—a little figure in a pink gown, with a pale face and shaking, nervous hands.

"Priscilla," said Stormouth, "how well, how very well you know what love is! Who taught you?"

"A man," answered the sweet voice, "a man who misunderstood me,"—the voice grew firmer as it continued, as though gathering courage as its owner became strengthened by what the words strung on it contained,—"a man who dared to think——"

"Dared?" Stormouth quoted, reproachfully.

"Yes, dared," said Priscilla. "You thought," she said, "oh, my dear, my very dear,"—her hands were in Stormouth's hands by this time, and she was speaking very fast,—"you thought I played fast-and-loose with you,—with you! It was for Constance,—all for Constance. I wished to pull her through."

"And you sacrificed yourself thus for her?" Stormouth spoke huskily, in a tone which held no small element of awe and reverence. His hands were clasping her shoulders. Presently one of them crept up to the rounded chin and turned the dearest little face in the world towards the tender, searching eyes that loved it better than life.

"She is so poor," explained Priscilla. "She could not pay her critics. There was no other way. Besides, I wished to teach both you and him a lesson."

"If you love me," whispered Stormouth, irrelevantly, with pardonable audacity under the circumstances, "you will, of your own accord, teach me something I have longed to know all my life." His brilliant eyes held a compelling, masterful look which made Priscilla tremble.

"Yes?" answered Priscilla; and then she managed to ejaculate, "And what is that?"

"The lesson a woman teaches the man she loves with all her soul when she lays her lips on his and tells him in that kiss she will be his wife."

"Is there no other way?" demanded a remarkably subdued, shaky little girlish voice, dubiously.

"No."

"Well, I don't know that I mind much," whispered Priscilla.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE Rat exhibited, in the confrontation with his assailant before the *juge de paix*, a memory which made him famous. It held pigeon-holed facts as a honey-comb holds honey. Indeed, he proved himself so valuable an aid in emphasizing Desmoulins' just retribution that he received an offer—as soon as he shook off the coils of French administrative methods—of the position of head detective in a private force which proved itself later to be possessed of rare excellence and undeniable originality in ways and means hitherto undreamed of in the business.

Desmoulins, accused of collusion in many cases of fraud concealed until now, was sent to Mazas for a period of two years. The Rat smiled grimly as he was marched off to prison between two gendarmes.

The exuberance returned to his countenance and the light to his eyes as he administered his own medicine to the individual who had sought for so long to suppress him.

De Lacaze slunk off towards the Midi, having been informed by his employers of the *Figaro* that his services were no longer required.

The affair caused an immense stir in Paris. It was deemed wise that its perpetrators should be forgotten.

For three years Constance Brilla pursued her vocal career. Then she retired from the stage. In those three years she learned how sad a struggle women born to private life assume when they elect to cast in their lot with those ungodly and low-born creatures with whom the foreign stage almost invariably overflows.

Doxie returned to America with his honest heart fired with new zeal now that he had her promise to work upon.

Constance's loneliness was profound. Friends she had none. Jealousy and venom cap-sheafed any possible contingency in that delightful direction. Her fine character, her high standard for art pure and simple, her desire to succeed through merit, proved her direst foes, since unconsciously they assumed for her a superiority which in any other direction she was far from feeling. Her better womanhood only won for her venomous innuendo from her comrades of both genders. For the foreign stage, feverish from incessant contact with scurvy methods and talent strung on a record of viciousness,—a viciousness perhaps acquired or inherited through strangling poverty and imperative association with immorality,—has at present very few instances of indomitable will, coupled with merit spiritual as much as material, having made its way worthily to the fore. It has been proved, it is being proved, it will be proved again and again, that success, the highest, sweetest version of righteous achievement, is practically unattainable in this quarter for young, beautiful, and well-born foreigners, unless through the most awful strife, a strife incomprehensible perhaps, at least unmastered, by on-lookers at home,—a strife which to uninitiated maidenhood is as the blizzard to the hot-house flower,—a strife no less ceaseless nor racking than the strife of the spirit against the flesh.

When Constance turned her face towards home, she experienced none of the regret it might have been supposed would be her portion upon taking such a decision,—a decision to renounce the foot-lights for the fireside, the applause of the multitude for the appreciation of her friends. Rather she rejoiced. For she recognized, sadly enough, that her star would never be in the ascendant in a country where human nature warred against her peace with vile innuendo and inappreciation of her noble battle against deterioration. Her mind encompassed finally the sad conclusion that she was purposely misunderstood. Happily, by that time Stephen Doxie came in search of his wife.

At home at last, where the sound of the threshing-machine made music for her dreams, and the grasshoppers droned out their monotonous song, and the odor of salt and sedge drifted its fragrant freshness through the honeysuckle which sweetened her quiet thoughts, she wrote one day a letter to Mrs. John Stormouth of New York.

“Stephen says,” ran the little missive, “that every note I sing to him is worth its weight in gold. Although he is not the greatest critic in the world, somehow I believe him. By the way, dearie, are there not days when you are glad that we gave up our dreams,—yours of a title, and mine of being a prima donna?”

“Constance, you dear old girl,” came the answer, a month later, “how did you ever know I wished to be a countess? John has never even suspected it. Besides, it is all very well for you to be resigned. You *were* a prima donna.”

That very night the Stormmouths gave a dinner, a fashionable dinner, with a pink-and-silver background, Hungarians in a small conservatory at the left of the dining-room, several of the season’s prettiest *débutantes*, and Mrs. John Stormouth radiant at the head of the table.

The conversation drifted on to the international marriage question.

“Listen,” Priscilla advised, soberly, her hand on the dimpled wrist of a girl at her side, a girl who had turned the heads of half England’s noblest sons at the queen’s last drawing-room,—a girl with eyes like golden topazes and a head like a stag in its spirited carriage, a brow for a tiara, the world said,—“listen. Don’t do it. There will be days, you know, when the atmosphere will be heavy as lead; and your husband won’t care to understand.”

“But how do you know?”

Priscilla flushed violently. Her eyes caught Stormouth’s. His were guilty of the old twinkle. “Hush,” she whispered, fearfully. “I came very near it. He”—indicating her *vis-à-vis*—“never knew how near.”

And just at that moment one of John Stormouth’s most observing guests wondered why his host threw back his handsome head and gave vent to a ringing laugh.

THE END.

*THE STATUS OF AMERICAN AGRICULTURE.*

**T**HE builders of a new country are of necessity agricultural in their pursuits and tendencies, and the products they wrest from the desolate barrenness of the land give life to new industries that form the business fabric and social sustenance of a nation. In the primeval forests they toil endlessly against unfavorable conditions that either warp and destroy life or develop character and sturdiness; the fields, reclaimed from watery wastes and the wildness of untamed nature, respond sullenly to their repeated efforts, and barely return sufficient crops to pay for all the back-breaking, heart-rending labor; and the very meadow-lands and prairies seem to grudge the pioneers a living, as though they considered them interlopers come to rob them of their pristine virginity. Underneath the broiling summer sun that dries and parches the scanty vegetation that they have nourished into sickly growth, and in the teeth of wintry storms and icy blasts that freeze and congeal the blood of the body, they work out the destiny of a new nation, imparting vigor and determination or weakness and imbecility to future generations, according to whether they conquer their environments or permit themselves to be mastered by them. The conflict extends through many years of desperate discouragement, and the end is not foreseen even by those who die at a ripe old age in the rank and file of the army.

Oh, the bitterness of it all!—the sorrow of toil unrequited, the desperateness of conditions that promise no improvement! And yet through it all there are gleams of hope and pleasure. The discipline of sorrow and labor brings its own recompense. There is happiness in the breast of the veteran soldier fighting relentlessly against odds, conscious of his power, his training, his discipline; and while the battle goes against him he dies with a smile on his grim lips, because deep-seated in his soul there dwells a feeling that all this strife and contention has been for a principle of right. The sturdy pioneer is something of a soldier. Because of his inability to see often even a gleam of sunshine ahead, and because the fierce heat of the encounter is wanting to stimulate and encourage blindly any wavering of the spirit, he has more of the battle to fight than he who clashes fiercely with arms. Like the timber of oak seasoned by the gradual influences of weather and climate, he becomes hardened to surroundings, and yet withal capable of a polish so bright and lustrous that the reason of the discipline is clearly apparent.

In this school of bitterness the American farmer was reared. First, in the pathless forests of New England he received his education from the rough hands of nature, which seemed to hedge in his opportunities for success at every turn, but always leaving some loophole through which the sturdy could escape. Second, on the limitless prairies and among the mountain fastnesses of a Western empire the lesson was repeated. The conditions were not dissimilar. The base of supplies,

measured by the time required to reach it, was just as distant as when an ocean intervened. There was the trackless country, larger and more beautiful, to be reclaimed and brought under subjection; there were the meadow-lands magnified into almost limitless prairies, the mountains and hills that veiled their heads among the clouds, the forests whose depths had never been penetrated, and upland and lowland that teemed with vegetation, but that reluctantly yielded the corn and wheat and fruits of the settlers; in short, there was another New England spread out on a larger pattern and subject to the same laws of an inexorable nature.

The work of conquering these two great agricultural worlds was intrusted to the farmer, and after two centuries of toil the glory of the conquest was realized. The patriots in this silent warfare against nature fell by the wayside, but their blood coursed in the veins of ambitious descendants. The conflict was taken up where they dropped, and through the continuous stream of endeavor we see the flash of genius, the wavering of uncertain and misdirected zeal, the discouragement and bitterness of failure, the silent determination and dogged perseverance of leaders. The story abounds in silent tragedies, of slow death gnawing at the vitals of the spirit and flesh; in comedies, rich, full, and genuine as the very essence of a noble life unfettered by environment; in dramas so thrilling that only the poet is needed to give a new faith to the world; and in epics that contain all the heroism of a nation struggling against all that is little in self, and all that is great and awe-inspiring in the greater world beyond.

But the narrative changes toward the end. To mingle with the descendants of these all-conquering pioneers came the emigrants of an old world,—not the kind that first settled our New England States, but men of a lower stamp, often the scum and outlawed element of dissatisfied and decaying monarchies. They came at a time when the wildernesses were cut down, when the barren fields had been enriched by the labor of four generations, when the rewards of past endeavor and deprivation first began to glimmer upon the horizon. They injected new blood into the youthful nation, new ideas of living, notions of new institutions, and new ideals of existence. They spread out in ever-increasing numbers upon a land opened by the pioneers. They swarmed in the cities,—French, Italians, Germans, Dutch, Celts, Slavs, men of the Latin races and men of the Orient. Agricultural conditions under the control of this mixed multitude were bound to change. Our government and institutions had all they could do to resist the insidious encroachment and to withstand the influence of an element alien and unsympathetic to our life. But what our government succeeded in doing with difficulty agriculture failed to do, and she became distorted, misdirected, perverted.

In order to see clearly the true status of our farming to-day, it is necessary to take into consideration these diverse elements that were injected into our civilization just as our farmers were emerging from the darkness and sorrow of their pioneer life. The emigrants were not wholly an unmixed evil even to our agricultural life. They cheapened labor upon the farm, so that the owner of extensive, well-cultivated

fields found more leisure and opportunities for pleasure. The soil yielded just as much, land was no dearer, taxes were no higher, and the markets were enlarged. There was a short-lived era when the farmers reaped the reward of their ancestors' toil, and when they blessed the coming of the emigrants into the paradise they had hewed out of the wilderness. Wheat was a dollar a bushel, corn eighty and ninety cents, cotton fifteen cents per pound, and labor hire cheaper than ever before in the New World. Necessities of life, and the few luxuries that were gradually growing up in every household, measured by the standard of prices that prevailed when the country was a wilderness, were far lower. The farmer soon ceased to be his own cobbler, for factory shoes could be purchased with the proceeds of the farm; he sold his wool in open market, and exchanged a part of the profits for clothes that were formerly spun at home with an infinite expenditure of labor; he sent his produce to the towns and cities, and for the ready cash he received for it he catered to his growing demands in a way that his "simple fathers" never realized.

The reaction from the stern, severe life of the past worked changes in his nature as deep-rooted as those in his business. Luxuries became necessities; the desire to enjoy more sapped the moral strength of the sturdy workers; the passion for ease and comfort succeeded the love of labor; and the restlessness of dissatisfaction completed the list of signs of early degeneracy. In this state of mind the farmer was not well prepared to meet the agricultural revolution that was about dawning upon his age.

The era of machinery opened. The ingenuity of man placed machinery at the disposal of the farmers, and the products of the fields were tripled and quadrupled, where before they were doubled through the aid of cheap emigrant labor. As in the mechanical and industrial world, machinery developed farm industries so that the busy toilers suddenly found their hours of labor lessened, their prospective profits increased, and their hard condition ameliorated. With cheap labor in the market, and obedient machinery to do the laborious duties, it was easier to cultivate one hundred acres than formerly it had been to cultivate twenty-five. For a season the farmer seemed to have the upper hand of the world. The cities had to be fed, and the streams of emigrants helped to swell the consumptive demand and to lower even more the cost of farm labor.

But what appears as a blessing in one generation too often develops into an evil in the next. Any man with his eyes clearly opened might have prophesied the result. The new machinery quadrupled the yield, but the population, fast as it grew, could not keep pace with such abnormal growth. Many of the emigrants multiplied the ranks of the producers, eager to seize the opportunities that were held forth to the agricultural population, and their labor, added to that of the machinery, helped to swell the grand total yield of the New World's crops. When falling prices denoted the beginning of the change, there were thousands engaged in farming who did not possess a tithe of the energy and intelligence of the pioneer farmers of the new continent. Their methods of robbing the soil brought them a living while prices were high, and

so long as the natural fertility of the land lasted they could exist in comfort. But the revolution came, and left them stranded high and dry. Agriculture, like manufacture and commerce, had finally to adjust itself to the new conditions. It was the last to fall in line, but the fateful day had to come. Machinery had reduced the cost of living necessities by intense competition, and it was unfair to hold up the price of breadstuffs. The merchant and manufacturer had reduced the cost of clothes, shoes, and the luxuries of life for the farmer, so that he could live and dress as never before at a less expenditure of money.

Wheat dropped from a dollar a bushel to seventy-five cents, corn tumbled even lower in proportion, and other products averaged down in their order, with every promise of going to still lower figures. There were chagrin, anxiety, despair, in the rank and file of the agricultural community. The change came like a blow out of the dark, and yet it had heralded its coming. Men threw down their ploughs and abandoned the farms. The sons of sturdy agriculturists were bred in the dissatisfied atmosphere, and with the phrase "farming don't pay" on their lips they started for the towns and cities. In the great West, where rich farm-land could be had for the asking, and where teeming crops flourished without cultivation, the revolution was slower, and for another generation the farmers succeeded in pushing forward. But prices continued to fall, while there was no retraction in living expenses. The children of the sturdy pioneers could not return to the conditions that made farming a success even when all the elements of nature and society seemed against them. The love for the luxuries of our modern civilization could not be suppressed, but the spirit of the industrial age had not infected them, and they failed to adapt themselves to the new conditions.

Herein is the misery of existence. Without adaptation to environments, man is made a sufferer. He looks up at the blue skies and the shining sun, and around at the green fields, but there is no enjoyment in them, for they seem far away from him. He looks backward or forward, and sees the elusive joys just beyond his grasp. He toils aimlessly and blindly, and every effort seems to redound to his injury. In time he learns to remain passive. It is easier to suffer thus than to fight and worry without effect.

We have pioneers in the new agriculture to-day as we had a hundred years ago, men guided with a compass and chart, and they hew with might and main along lines that overcome all difficulties. They are but repeating the conflict of their ancestors. They are conquering their environments. They have not let the era of false prices and booms and the insidious poison of dissatisfaction and discouragement sap their strength and moral belief in the eternal fitness of things. They see a broader lesson in the changes of adversity. Often without hope they labor in their vineyard, but, like the veteran who dies on the battle-field for his country's sake, they do it for the good of mankind, and not altogether for self. Therein is their stay and hope,—their religion.

In the greatest country in the world for natural wealth, why should

agriculture be at such a low ebb that none can find a decent living? Have the gods in some mysterious way reversed the order of things, and made happiness and content to hover over the lowly dwellings of those who till the fields in barren, overcrowded lands, where life is made up of one unending round of toil, where nutritious, attractive foods are barely tasted once a week, and where fine dresses and travel are undreamed-of luxuries? Are the "green fields" of the old song so far away after all,—in France, England, Denmark, Germany, Norway, or possibly Japan and China? Have we suddenly returned to the lowest end of the scale again, and must we toilsomely climb up to our former high notch? Or have we become out of joint with the times? have we cultivated our tastes and expensive habits without improving our powers of workmanship?

We have those among us who preach a lesson of discontent, and tell us that our agriculture is far behind that of almost any other country. They picture the condition of continental Europe, and proclaim boldly that the Dane, the German, the Englishman, and the Frenchman gather more comfort and actual profit from tilling their few acres of soil than the American farmer does from his hundreds of acres. The Danish butter-makers have gained a world-wide reputation for their products, the French and Swiss cheese-manufacturers have become important factors in every market in civilization, and the fruit-growers of the Mediterranean send their goods by the ship-load even into our own fair fruit-producing land. It is easier to picture the success and happiness of these far-away green fields than to erect a Utopia at our very doors. It would require the elimination of the imagination from the picture to bring these scenes down to the true prosaic plane of comparison with our own conditions. There is nothing idyllic on a farm where the toil seems long, the profits small, and discontent is insidiously eating out the life and the happiness of the owner. The eyes are blinded to everything above a low, narrow horizon.

The comparison between American agriculture and that of almost any other country will invariably be found in favor of the former. The Danish butter-maker and the Swiss and French cheese-manufacturers have truly excelled in their calling through years of hard experience, but from their own testimony they are too poor to eat any of their delicious products. Every pound of fine butter and every cake of good cheese made in their dairies must be sold in Paris or London, and if the farmers have any butter or cheese at all it must be made from the worthless refuse that is left. They cannot afford to eat their own products.

The mushroom-growers of France, and the fruit-farmers of continental Europe, harvest their products with an infinite amount of labor, but they dare not look with greedy eyes upon the things they handle. For them the taste of such luxuries is denied. Their simple diet cannot include anything that the wealthy of the cities will pay a fair price for. They must deny themselves in order to obtain the necessities of life. Their profits enable them to live, but it is a living more narrow and cramped than that of our Puritan farmers. They have less intel-

ligence, less appreciation, and less sturdy independence than our forefathers who hewed their farms out of the wilderness. They live upon the coarsest fare, dress in the cheapest and meanest clothes, and economize in everything that makes life so dear to the average American. Their homes are often the exemplification of humbleness,—bare walls, scanty furniture, hard stools and beds, with no ornaments, literature, or luxuries to relieve the monotony of existence.

Such conditions, true of nine-tenths of the farmers of continental Europe,—the English agricultural classes being a little better situated, but those of China and Japan much worse,—are hardly comparable with those of the poorest pioneers in the most isolated sections of the United States. The American farmer has an abundance of the best foods that suitable soil and climate can produce,—a variety that would astound and excite the greed of a European farmer. He does not regulate his life upon the policy of sending the best to market and retaining only the refuse for home consumption. His land raises enough to supply his own table with the very best, and he eats the fat of the land before he sends his produce away. He is well fed, well clothed, well housed, and frequently supplied with many of the actual luxuries of life. Luxuries are purely relative in their meaning, and what the American farmer of to-day would consider necessities his ancestors would certainly have classed as luxuries, as would to-day his brother laborers across the seas. These truths are so trite that they do not need emphasizing or elaboration.

But after he is fed and clothed and housed as no farmers ever were before, the agricultural toiler demands a profit commensurate with the income of the business-man, the merchant, the lawyer, the doctor, or the statesman. In this demand he is justified to an extent, but it depends upon his own exertions and intelligence, and not upon governmental regulation of social conditions. That it is possible for him to achieve this reward can be proved by ten thousand examples. The status of our agriculture even in hard times such as we have been passing through is so much higher than ever before in the history of our country that the farmer properly equipped for his work can make a good living, and something over and above his expenses. Our agricultural conditions are suitable for accomplishing this, but the laborers in the vineyard are often unworthy of their hire. Many are utterly incompetent for their task, by training, by intelligence, and by inheritance. They have not the sturdy energy and independence of our early settlers; they are no better fitted for their calling than they would have been for carving an agricultural domain out of a wilderness of woods.

Not all are such. There are thousands in whose blood the principles of the Puritans still dominate, and there are tens of thousands of sturdy emigrants who inwardly bless Providence for shifting the scenes of their labors to a land so superior to their own. But among them are mixed the incompetent, the discontented, the unstable, the ignorant, and the dangerous classes. In their blood the poisoned seeds of restlessness dwell, and these beget hatred and revolution. It is the unlettered scum of Europe rising to the surface at last, and, distasteful as it

may be to us, the vicious element of our degenerates, who have failed to keep abreast of the moral and industrial improvements of the age. The rank and file of our agriculturists are poisoned and polluted with these vicious classes, as well as the rank and file of the industrial world. It took them longer to make themselves felt in the former than in the latter, for there was a sturdier population, a stronger moral and rock-ribbed class of citizens, dwelling in the country than in the cities.

The incompetent agriculturists are a drag upon the progressive element, and they are the loudest in their denunciations of a system of farming that stands foremost in the world. They bring discredit upon the calling of all. The general fall in all agricultural prices has been heavy, and it has borne down cruelly upon many not prepared for it. But no one has succeeded in showing that it has been larger in proportion to the fall in prices in nearly all other branches of business. It is difficult to say what is an equitable ratio between the price of wheat and corn and clothes and shoes. It may be that one has temporarily dropped lower than it should, but if so the inevitable laws of supply and demand will equalize them in time. In any transition period of an industry prices are apt to be uncertain, irregular, and often unjust. Agriculture is passing through this period now because the vast majority have not yet accustomed themselves to the conditions of the new agriculture. They are not scientific farmers; they are plodders too often, or naturally ignorant or slothful workmen.

The new farming is scientific at its foundation. The State Experiment Stations, the Department of Agriculture, and the farm periodicals emphasize this, and repeat it over and over again. The true way not to succeed in agriculture is to refuse to listen to the story told by these various organs. The advent of machinery has quadrupled the yield and reduced prices, but it has lessened the cost of cultivation. Improved seeds and methods of tillage have performed like results. The farmer who avails himself of none must be unsuccessful. He cannot raise a bushel of wheat by the old processes, and sell it at present-day prices, without paying the purchaser for taking it off his hauds. If he cannot be made to understand this, it is useless to argue with him that it is his fault, and not that of the conditions of the times.

The new farming has its superstructure built upon strict business principles that obtain in the world of general commerce and industry. It is just as much a question of profit and loss with the farmer as it is with the merchant. How much can he make out of one acre, five acres, one hundred acres? He must be a seller as well as a producer. The man who operates a factory spends as much time in finding good markets for his articles as he does in manufacturing them. When the market is glutted he economizes in expenses, and when prices fall he endeavors to produce his commodities at less cost. Every new invention is likely to make his machinery and plant obsolete, and he must be prepared for such a contingency. Other articles superior to his may crowd him to the wall, and there is only one of two alternatives,—failure, or a change in his system which will enable him to improve the quality and nature of his goods.

In an industrial age like this there is no reason why agriculture should be exempt from the same laws. And it is not. That is why so many fail. They have not been trained to their vocation. They are incompetent to avail themselves of conditions that can be made to produce success. They see neither the scientific nor the business end of farming. They drift into it from other occupations, in which they more than likely failed, and expect to find a comfortable living. Their disappointment is naturally acute, and they conclude that what they cannot do other men must likewise fail in accomplishing. The disaster adds another member to the discontented. Or it may be that inherited qualities of degeneracy handicap them in the struggle. They cannot get out of the old ruts; they are doomed to cling to past methods and obsolete systems.

Thus the history of our agriculture is written plainly, and it is read aright by those who have the intelligence to grasp the meaning of the changes and revolutions. The earnest, intelligent, successful farmers of the country may see conditions confronting them that are not all they could wish, but clear thinking and due action in good times will still make them happy and satisfied men. They renew their youth by renewing their methods. They see the portentous breakers ahead, and they prepare to meet them. They educate and discipline their souls for the conflict, as their forefathers did in the wilderness of New England, and later on the frontiers of the great West. Their reward is greater in this life than was ever bestowed upon their ancestors, but it will be larger, sweeter, and fuller for future generations if they but guide and educate the energies of their children in the way that they should go. This will be an inheritance richer and more satisfying than broad acres of fertile fields and barns overflowing with grain and fruits.

*George Ethelbert Walsh.*

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### PEARL-SEEKING.

**T**HE history of pearl-seeking has about it so much of the glamour of romance and possible gain that the difficulties and risks of the quest are well-nigh forgotten. Men love excitement and quick fortune, and they love a pursuit that entails much danger and much knowledge of men and elements. Long before the Roman conquest, men were hazarding the dangers of newly discovered rivers in search of the elusive gems; and one of the prime reasons for undertaking the expedition to Great Britain was to obtain the fair "congealed dew-drops pierced by sunbeams" which poets and philosophers in all ages have made the emblems of purity and worth, and which the Roman women so much coveted. There is scarcely a sacred literature in existence in which pearls do not bear reverent meaning, and no nation where place and favor have not been bought by the beautiful, lustrous products of the sea.

But although most of the seas and rivers of the world have been

tested, and many of them have yielded pearls in limited quantities, there are few localities where fisheries have been prosecuted on a large scale for the purpose of commerce. The shores of Australia and of the Pacific islands are favorite grounds, as are the coral banks of Ceylon and the Persian Gulf. The ancient pearl-seekers obtained their gems almost entirely from India and the Persian Gulf, and the writings of the earliest travellers allude to the fisheries in the Gulf of Manaar, still the most important in that part of the world. One writer of the twelfth century refers to eight thousand boats being engaged there in one season.

Along the southern extremity of the Red Sea pearl-fishing is a flourishing industry, and until within a few years the annual proceeds of the banks amounted to fifty thousand dollars or more. Of late, however, there has been a falling off in the yield, and native divers account for the decrease by referring to the old superstition of a "drop of rain in the oyster's mouth," and say that as but little rain has fallen in that region for several years, there are few pearls. But perhaps a more logical reason might be found in the agitation of the water caused by an increased number of coasting steamers. The pearl-oyster does not like disturbance, and is a lover of quiet waters and secluded banks.

Pearl-fishing in the Red Sea is prosecuted on both the African and Arabian sides, between the small barren islands, where the water is but a few fathoms deep. Occasionally the Turkish government attempts to control the industry on the Arabian side, but the natives are alert and usually evade all interference. They are faithful workers during the three months of their harvest time, but during the enforced idleness of the other nine months often become so indebted to the native merchants for subsistence as to be obliged to sell their output at whatever price they can get. It is said that but a very small proportion of the pearl-harvest finds its way to the outside world. The natives of India and Arabia are inordinately fond of them; the women wear pearl-studded bracelets and anklets, and a lavish display of pearls on their fingers and in their ears and noses. Among the wealthy, hoarded collections of pearls take the place of the government bonds of their cousin capitalists across the sea. Most of the great Indian merchants reside at Bombay, and for this reason Bombay has become the principal pearl-market of that part of the world.

As yet the origin of pearls is a matter of mere speculation. The old theory that they were "congealed dew-drops pierced by sunbeams" was supported by naturalists as late as 1684, and is evidenced in a Venetian medal bearing an open oyster-shell receiving drops of rain, with the motto, "By the divine dew." Later conchologists, however, contend that the pearl-nucleus may be some minute particle, as a grain of sand, or the frustule of a diatom, or a tiny parasite, or perhaps one of the ova of the pearl-oyster itself. This particle or foreign body is gradually surrounded by thin layers of nacre until it is completely encysted and the pearl formed. The consecutive layers may vary in brightness and color, and a defect may be caused by contact with another foreign substance, thus changing the value with each new

layer and sometimes causing a "lively kernel" or "seed" to be enclosed in an apparently poor pearl.

In seeking the "elusive gems," divers go down alternately, so that when some come up others are ready to descend. This gives the exhausted an opportunity to recuperate for a fresh plunge. To assist him in the descent it is customary for the diver to attach a stone to a rope. When ready to go down, he holds the rope firmly with the toes of his right foot, and grasps a net-work bag with those of his left; then, seizing the main rope with his right hand, and holding his nostrils closed with his left, he jumps into the water. The weight of the stone carries him down rapidly, and during the half-minute or so that he remains on the bottom he collects as many oysters as possible in the bag, using both his fingers and his toes in the work. From long practice he is able to do this with wonderful swiftness and dexterity. When the bag is full, or he becomes exhausted, the signal to be drawn up is given by pulling the rope.

Notwithstanding the glamour of romance which surrounds it, the life of an ordinary diver is hard and unenviable. It is one of trying exposure and danger, not only from the natural causes of exhaustion and disease, but from the constant menace of sharks and other sea-monsters. Sometimes cholera breaks out among the divers, and then an entire fishery is abandoned by the panic-stricken crews, the boats flying in every direction; sometimes a man-eating shark finds his way into the fleet and remains there, defying pursuit or capture, and there is a general suspension of business until he is destroyed; and sometimes the grounds "give out" temporarily, for some unknown reason, and the fleet is obliged to move on in search of new banks or fields.

The beds of pearl-producing mollusks are elusive and chimerical in value. Some of them have been profitably worked for centuries, while others scarcely became famous before they began to depreciate and vanish from the public mind. The most important fishery of the twelfth century is still profitably worked by the Madras government, and during the last hundred years has yielded upwards of two million rupees; but there are others, equally famous in ancient history, whose location even is mythical. It requires about four years for the average pearl-producing mollusk to mature, and the industry is rendered precarious by the habit which the oysters have of using their locomotive powers to migrate to more favorable situations.

In government fisheries the mollusks are usually divided into four heaps; one of these heaps is for the diver, while the other three are sold for the government to the highest bidder. The oysters are generally sold unopened, so the transaction takes more the form of a lottery than of a commercial exchange.

During the process of extracting the pearls much care has to be taken to prevent robbery. The natives do not consider stealing a crime unless discovered: so, as a safeguard against their thievish propensities, the men engaged in washing the oysters are allowed but scant clothing, and the prevailing habit of betel-chewing is strictly prohibited among them. But, in spite of all precaution, it is not uncommon for a native to slip a rare pearl into his mouth, and even to swallow it.

Pearls are sorted by being passed through brass sieves of twenty, thirty, fifty, eighty, one hundred, two hundred, four hundred, eight hundred, and one thousand holes, and are afterwards classified according to shape and lustre. An "ani" is perfect in lustre and sphericity, while an "anatori" fails somewhat in one of these attributes; "masanku" is imperfect, failing in both points, especially in brilliancy of color; "kallipu" fails still more in both points; "kural" is a double pearl; "pisal," misshapen or clustered; "madanku," folded or bent pearls; and "tul," small pearls of the eight hundred or one thousand class. In determining value, size is of much less importance than purity and clearness.

In the Persian Gulf the divers have a curious way of opening the season. They depend implicitly upon the shark-conjurers, and will not descend without their presence. To meet this difficulty, the government is obliged to hire the charmers to divert the attention of the sharks from the fleet. As the season approaches, vast numbers of natives gather along the shore and erect huts and tents and bazaars. At the opportune moment—usually at midnight, so as to reach the oyster-banks at sunrise—the fleet, to the number of eighty or a hundred boats, puts out to sea. Each of these boats carries two divers, a steersman, and a shark-charmer, and is manned by eight or ten rowers. Other conjurers remain on shore, twisting their bodies and mumbling incantations to divert the sharks. In case a man-eater is perverse enough to disregard the charm and attack a diver, an alarm is given, and no other diver will descend that day. The power of the conjurer is believed to be hereditary, and the efficacy of his incantations to be wholly independent of his religious faith.

In the early days of pearl-fishing it was customary to pick up the oysters at low tide on the reefs; but as this supply became exhausted, small boats and "dingies" were used, the divers descending into one or two fathoms of water wherever they could see the shells. Later, as these shallow waters in turn became exhausted, the small boats were followed by cutters and schooners, with from three to six dingies each, and working almost out of sight of land. In the dingy, a man stands on the after-thwart with an oar over the stern, and sculls against the tide. The divers all go down together, and while they are below the boat must be sculled against the wind, so that they may come up near it. As they become exhausted, the men swim up and climb in to rest, each man stowing his shells separately.

Most of the pearl supply of the world comes from the old countries. Pearl-banks extend from the Gulf of Darien to the Gulf of California, generally at too great depths, however, to be reached by ordinary methods. Fresh-water pearls have also been occasionally found in the Miami, in a few of the New England rivers, and in the districts bordering on the lower St. Lawrence. London is the great pearl-market of the world, importing annually three million dollars' worth from Bombay, three hundred thousand dollars' worth from Australia, and two hundred thousand dollars' worth from other direct sources of supply.

*Frank H. Sweet.*

## AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE falling dusk quenched the fury of the battle. The cannon glimmered but feebly on the dim horizon like the sputter of a dying fire. The shouts of combatants were unheard, and Dave Joyce concluded that the fighting was over for that day at least. In his soul he was glad of it.

"Pardner," he said to the wounded man, "the battle has passed on an' left us here like a canoe stuck on a sand-bank. I think the fightin' is over, but if it ain't we're out of it anyhow, an' I don't know any law why we shouldn't make ourselves as comf'table as things will allow."

"If there's anythin' done," said the wounded man, "you'll have to do it, for I can't walk, an' I can't move, except when there's a bush for me to grab hold of and pull myself along by."

"That's mighty bad," said Joyce, sympathetically. "Where did you say that bullet took you?"

"I got it in my right leg here," the other replied, "an' I think it broke the bone. Leastways the leg ain't any more use to me than if it was dead, though it hurts like tarnation sometimes. I guess it'll be weeks before I walk again."

"Maybe I could do somethin' for you," said Joyce, "if there was a little more light. I guess I'll take a look, anyhow. I haven't been two years in the army not to know anythin' about bullet-wounds."

He bent down and with his pocket-knife cut away a patch of the faded blue cloth from the wounded man's leg.

"I guess I'd better not fool with that," he said, looking critically at the wound. "The bullet's gone all the way through, but the blood's clotted up so thick over the places that the bleedin' has stopped. You won't die if you don't move too much an' start that wound to bleedin' again."

"That's consolin'," said the wounded man; "but, since I can't move, I don't know what's to become of me but to lay here on the field an' die anyway."

"Don't you fret," said Joyce, cheerfully. "I'll take care of you. You're Fed. an' I'm Confed., but you're hurt an' I ain't, an' if the case was the other way I'd expect you to do as much for me. Besides, I've lost my regiment in the shuffle, and the chances are if I tried to find it again to-night I'd run right into the middle of the Yankee army, and that would mean Camp Chase for your humble servant, which is a bunk he ain't covetin' very bad just now. So I guess it'll be the safe as well as the right thing for me to do to stick by you. Jerusalem! listen to that! Just hear them crickets chirpin', will you!"

There was a blaze of light in the west, followed by a crash which seemed to roll around the horizon and set all the trees of the forest to trembling. When the echoes were lost beyond the hills the silence became heavy and portentous. The night was hot and sticky, and the

powdery vapor that still hung over the field crept into Joyce's throat and made him cough for breath.

"Thunderation!" he said at length, still looking in the direction in which the light had blazed up. "I guess at least a dozen of the big cannon must have been fired at once then. Can't some fellows get enough fightin' in the daytime, without pluggin' away in the night-time too? Now I come of fightin' stock myself,—I'm from Kentucky,—but twelve hours out of the twenty-four always 'peared to me to be enough for that sort of thing. Besides, it's so infernal hot to-night, too."

"It was hotter than this for me awhile ago," said the wounded man.

"So it was, so it was," said Joyce, apologetically, "an' I mustn't forget you, either. Let 'em fight over there if they want to, an' if they're big enough fools to spile a night that way when they might be restin'. What you need just now is water. I think there's a spring runnin' out of the side of that hill there. If you'll listen you'll hear it tricklin' away, so cool and refreshin' like. I guess it was tricklin' that same way, just as calm an' peaceful as Sunday mornin', while the battle was goin' on round here. Don't you feel as if a little water would help you mightily, pardner?"

"'Twould so," said the wounded man. "I'm burnin' up inside, an' if you'd get me a big drink of it I'd think you were mighty nigh good enough to be one of the twelve apostles."

"It's easy enough for me to do it," said Joyce. "I'll be back in a minute."

He took off his big slouch hat and walked toward the source of the trickling sound. From beneath an overhauling rock in the side of the hill near by a tiny stream of water flowed. After a fall of five feet it plunged into a little basin which it had hollowed out for itself in the rock, and formed a deep and cool little pool. Around the edge of the pool the tender green grass grew. The overflow from it wandered away in a little rill through the woods.

"Thunder, but ain't this purty?" exclaimed Joyce, forgetting that the wounded man was out of hearing. "It's just like our spring-house back in old Kentuck. I've put our butter-crocks an' milk-buckets a hundred times to cool in our pool when I was a boy. Wish I had some of them things now!"

The stirring of peaceful memories caused Joyce to linger a little, in forgetfulness of the wounded man. It was cool in the shadow of the hill, and the gay little stream tinkled merrily in his ears. He would have liked to remain there, but he pulled himself together with an impatient jerk, filled the crown of his hat with the limpid water, and started back to the relief of the wounded man.

He followed the channel of the stream for a little way, and as he turned to step across it he noticed the increasing depth of its waters.

"It's dammed up," he muttered. "I wonder what's done that."

Then he started back shuddering and spilled half the water from his hat, for he had almost stepped on the body of a man that had fallen across the channel of the poor little rivulet, checking the flow of its waters and deepening the stream.

The body lay face downward, and Joyce could not see the wound that had caused death. But as he stooped down he saw again the broad red flash in the west, and heard the heavy crash of the cannon.

"Will them cannon always be hungry?" he muttered. "But I guess I must give this poor little stream which 'ain't done no harm to anybody the right of way again."

He stooped and pulled the body to one side. With a thankful rush and gurgle the waters of the recent pool sped on in their natural channel, and Joyce returned to the fountain-head to fill his hat again.

He found the wounded man waiting with patience.

"I was gone longer than I ought to have been. Did you think I had left you, pardner?" asked Joyce.

"No," said the man. "I didn't believe you'd play that kind of a trick on me."

"An' so I haven't," said Joyce, "an' for your faith in me I've brought you a hatful of the nicest an' freshest an' coolest water you ever put your lips to in all your born days. Raise your head up, there, an' drink."

The wounded man drank and drank, and then when the hat was emptied he laid his head back in the grass and sighed as if he were in heaven.

"I must say that you 'pear to like water, pardner," said Joyce.

"Like it?" said the wounded man. "Wait till you've been wounded, an' then you'll know what it is to want water. Why, till you brought it I felt as if my inside was full of hot coals, an' I'd burn all up if I didn't get something mighty quick to put the fire out."

"Then I reckon I've stopped a whole conflagration," said Joyce, "an' with mighty little trouble to myself, too. But I don't wonder that you get thirsty on a night like this. Thunderation, but ain't it clammy!"

He sat down on a fallen tree and drew his coat-sleeve across his brow. Then he held up the sleeve: it was wet with sweat. There was no wind. The night had brought no coolness. The thick and heavy atmosphere hung close to the earth and coiled around and embraced everything. Through it came the faint gunpowdery vapor that crept into the throats and nostrils of the two men.

"I wish I was at home sleepin' on the hall floor," said Joyce. "I'll bet it would be cool there."

The wounded man made no answer, but turned his face up to the sky and drew in great mouthfuls of the warm air.

"Them tarnation fools over yonder 'pear to have their dander up yet," said Joyce, pointing to the west, where the alternate flashing and rumbling showed that the battle still lingered. "I thought the battle was over long ago, but I guess it ain't. I've knowed some all-fired fools in my time, but the fellows that would keep on fightin' on a hot night like this must be the all-firedest."

Then the two lay quite still for a while, watching the uneasy rising and falling of the night battle. Had they not known so much of war, they might have persuaded themselves that the flashes they saw were

flashes of heat-lightning and the rumbling but the rumbling of summer thunder. But they knew better. They knew it was men and not the elements that fought.

"It's mighty curious," said Joyce, "how the sand's all gone out of me for the time. To-day I felt as if I could whip the whole Yankee army all by myself. To-night I don't want to fight anythin'. I'm as peaceful in temper as a little lamb friskin' about in our old field at home. I hope that there fightin' won't come our way; at least not to-night. How are you feelin', pardner?"

"Pretty well for a wounded man," replied the other; "but I'd like to have some more water."

"Then I'm the man to get it for you," said Joyce, springing up. "An' I'm goin' to see if I can't get somethin' to eat, too, for my innards are cryin' cupboard mighty loud. There's dead men layin' aroun' here, an' there may be somethin' in their haversacks. I hate to rob the dead, but if they've got grub we need it more'n they do."

He returned with another hatful of water, which the wounded man drank eagerly, gratefully. Then he went back and searched in the grass and bushes for the fallen. Presently he came in great glee, and triumphantly held up two haversacks.

"Luck, pardner!" he exclaimed. "Great luck! Bully luck! One of these I got off a dead Fed. and t'other off a dead Confed., and both must have been boss foragers, for in one haversack there's a roast chicken an' in t'other there's half a b'iled ham, an' in both there's plenty of bread. I haven't had such luck before in six months. You're a Yank, pardner, and a Northerner, an' maybe you don't know much about the vanities of roast chicken an' cold b'iled ham. But it's time you did know. I've come from the field at home when I'd been ploughin' all day, an' my appetite was as sharp as a razor an' as big as our barn. I'd put up old Pete, our black mule that I'd been ploughin' with, an' feed him; then I'd go to the house an' kinder loosen my waist-ban', an' mother would say to me, 'Come in the kitchen, Dave; your supper's ready for you.' Say, pardner, you ought to see me then. There'd be a pitcher of cold buttermilk from the spring-house, and one dish of roast chicken an' another of cold ham, an' all for me, too. An' say, pardner, I can taste that ham now. When you eat one piece you want another, an' then another, an' you keep on till there ain't any left on the dish, an' then you lean back in your chair an' wish that when you come to die you'd feel as happy as you do then. Pardner, I wish them times was back again."

"I wish so too," said the wounded man.

"We can't have 'em back, at least not now," said Joyce, cheerily, "but we can make-believe, an' it'll be mighty good make-believe, too, for we've got the ham an' the chicken, an' we can get cold water to take the place of cold milk. I guess you can use your arms all right: so you can spread this ham an' chicken out on the grass, an' I'll see if I can't fin' a canteen to keep the water in. Say, pardner, we'll have a banquet, you an' me, that's what we'll have."

The stalwart young fellow, full of boyish delight at the idea that the thought of home had suggested to him, swung off in search of the

canteen. He found not one alone, but two. Then he returned clanking them together to indicate his success. As he came up he called out, in his hearty voice,—

“Pardner, is the supper-table ready? Have you got the knives an’ forks? You needn’t min’ about the napkins. I guess we can get along without ’em just this once.”

“All ready,” said the wounded man; “an’ I guess I can keep you company at this ham an’ chicken an’ bread, for I’m gettin’ a mighty sharp edge on my appetite too.”

“So much the better,” said Joyce. “There’s plenty for both, an’ it wouldn’t be good manners for me to eat by myself.”

He sat down on the grass in front of the improvised repast, and placed one canteen beside the wounded man and the other beside himself.

“Now, pardner,” he said, “we’ll drink to each other’s health, an’ then we’ll charge the ham an’ chicken with more vim than either of us ever charged a breastwork.”

They drank from the canteens, and then they made onslaught upon the provisions. Joyce ate for a while in deep and silent content, forgetting the heat and the battle which still lowered in the west. But presently, when his appetite was dulled, he remembered the cannonade.

“There they go again!” he said. “Boom! Boom! Boom! Won’t them fellows ever get enough? I thought I was hungry, but the cannon over there ’pear to be hungrier. I suppose there ain’t men enough in all this country to stop up their iron throats. But bang away! They don’t bother us: do they, pardner? They can’t spile this supper, for all their boomin’ an’ flashin’.”

The wounded man bowed assent and took another piece of the ham.

Joyce leaned back on the grass, held up a chicken leg in his hand, and looked contemplatively at it.

“Ain’t it funny, pardner,” he said, “that you, a Tommy Yank, an’ me, a Johnny Reb, are sittin’ here, eatin’ grub together, as friendly as two brothers, when we ought to be killin’ each other? I don’t know what Jeff Davis an’ old Abe Lincoln will say about it when they hear of the way you an’ me are doin’.”

The wounded man laughed.

“You can say that I was your prisoner,” he said, “when they summon you before the court-martial. An’ so I am, if you choose to make me. I can’t resist.”

“I’m thinkin’ more about gettin’ back safe to our army than makin’ prisoners,” said Joyce, as he flung the chicken bone, now bare, into the bushes.

“That may be hard to do,” said the wounded man; “for neither you nor me can tell which way the armies will go. Listen to that boomin’! Wasn’t it louder than before? That fightin’ must be movin’ round nearer to us.”

“Let it move,” said Joyce. “I tell you I’ve had enough of fightin’ for one day. That battle can take care of itself. I won’t let it bother me. I don’t want to shoot anybody.”

“Is that the way you feel when you go into battle?” asked the wounded man.

"I can't say exactly," replied Joyce. "Of course when I go out in a charge with my regiment I want to beat the other fellows, but I don't hate 'em, no, not a bit. I've got nothin' against the Yanks. I've knowed some of 'em that was mighty good fellows. There ain't any of 'em that I want to kill. No, I'll take that back; there is one, just one, a bloody villain that I'd like to draw a bead on an' send a bullet through his skulkin' body."

"Who is that?" asked the wounded man; "an' why do you make an exception of him?"

Joyce remained silent for a moment or two and drew a long blade of grass restlessly through his fingers.

"It's not a pleasant story," he said, at last, "an' it hurts me now to tell it, but I made you ask the question, an' I guess I might as well tell you, 'cause I feel friendly toward you, pardner, bein' as we are together in distress, like two Robinson Crusoes, so to speak."

The wounded man settled himself in the grass like one who is going to listen comfortably to a story.

"It's just a yarn of the Kentuck hills," said Joyce, "an' a bad enough one, too. We're a good sort of people up there, but we're hot-blooded, an' when we get into trouble, as we sometimes do, kinfolks stan' together. I guess you're from Maine, or York State, or somewhere away up North, an' you can't understand us. But it's just as I say. Sometimes two men up in our hills fight, an' one kills the other. Then the dead man's brothers, and sons if he's got any old enough, an' cousins, an' so on, take up their guns an' go huntin' for the man that killed him. An' the livin' man's brothers an' sons an' cousins an' so on take up their guns an' come out to help him. An' there you've got your feud, an' there's no tellin' how many years it'll run on, an' how many people will get killed in it.—Thunderation, but wasn't them cannon loud that time! The battle is movin' round toward us sure!"

Joyce listened a moment, but heard nothing more except the echoes.

"Our family got into one of them feuds," he said. "It was the Joyces and the Ryders. I'm Dave Joyce, the son of Henry Joyce. I don't remember how the feud started; about nothin' much, I guess; but it was a red-hot one, I can tell you, pardner. It was fought fair for a long time, but at last Bill Ryder shot father from ambush and killed him. Father hadn't had much to do with the feud, either; he didn't like that sort of thing,—didn't think it was right. I said right then that if I ever found the chance when I got big enough I'd kill Bill Ryder."

"Did you get the chance?" asked the wounded man.

"No," replied Joyce. "Country got too hot for Ryder, and he went away. He came back after a while, an' I was big enough to go gunnin' for him then, but the war broke out, an' off he went into the Union army before I could get a chance to draw a bead on him. I 'ain't heard of him since. Maybe he's been killed in battle an' his bones are bleachin' somewhere in the woods."

"Most likely," said the wounded man.

"There's no tellin'," said Joyce. "Still, some day when we're comin' up against the Yanks face to face I may see him before me, an' then I'll

hold my gun steady an' shoot straight at him, instead of whoopin' like mad an' firin' lickety-split into the crowd, aimin' at nothin', as I generally do."

"It's a sad story, very sad for you," said the wounded man.

"Yes," said Joyce. "You don't have such things as feuds up North, do you?"

"No," replied the other, "an' we're well off without 'em. Hark, there's the cannon again!"

"Yes, an' they keep creepin' round toward us with their infernal racket," said Joyce. "Cannon love to chaw up people an' then brag about it. But if them fellows are bent on fightin' all night I guess we'll have to give 'em room for it. What do you say to movin'? I've eat all I want, an' I guess you have too, an' we can take what's left with us."

"I don't know," said the wounded man. "My leg's painin' me a good deal, an' the grass is soft an' long here where I'm layin'. It makes a good bed, an' maybe I'd better stay where I am."

"I think not," said Joyce, decidedly. "That night fight's still swingin' down on us, an' if we stay too long them cannon'll feed on us too. We'd better move, pardner. Let me take a look at your wound. It's gettin' lighter, an' I can see better now. The moon's up, an' she's shinin' for all she's worth through them trees. Besides, them cannon-flashes help. Raise up your head, pardner, an' we'll take a look at your wound together."

"I don't think you can do any good," said the wounded man. "It would be better not to disturb it."

"But we must be movin', pardner," said Joyce, a little impatiently. "See, the fight's warmin' up, an' it's still creepin' down on us. Seems to me I can almost hear the tramp of the men an' the rollin' of the cannon-wheels. Jerusalem! what a blaze that was! I say, it's time for us to be goin'. If we stay here we're likely to be ground to death under the cannon-wheels, if we ain't shot first. Just let me get a grip under your shoulders, pardner, an' I'll take you out of this."

The cannon flamed up again, and the deep thunder filled all the night.

"Listen how them old iron throats are growlin' an' mutterin'," said Joyce; "an' they're sayin' it's time for us to be travellin'."

"I believe," said the wounded man, "that I would rather stay where I am an' take my chances. If I move I'm afraid I'll break open my wound. Besides, I think you're mistaken. It seems to me that the fight's passin' round to the right of us."

"Passin' to the right of us nothin'," said Joyce. "It's comin' straight this way, with no more respect for our feelin's than if you an' me was a couple of field-mice."

The wounded man made no answer.

"Do you think, pardner," asked Joyce, slight offence showing in his voice, "that the Yanks may come this way an' pick you up an' then you won't be a prisoner? Is that your game?"

As his companion made no answer, Joyce continued,—

"You don't think, pardner, that I want to hold you a prisoner, do

you? an' you a wounded man, too, that I picked up on the battle-field and that I've eat and drank with? Why, that ain't my style."

He waited for an answer, and as none came he was seized with a sudden alarm.

"You ain't dead, pardner?" he cried. "Jerusalem! what if he's died while I've been standin' here talkin' an' wastin' time!"

He bent over to take a look at the other's face, but the wounded man, with a sudden and convulsive movement, writhed away from him and struck at him with his open hand.

"Keep away!" he cried. "Don't touch me! Don't come near me! I won't have it! I won't have it!"

"Thunderation, pardner!" exclaimed Joyce; "what do you mean? I ain't goin' to harm you. I want to help you." Then he added, pityingly, "I guess he's got the fever an' gone out of his head. So I'll take him along whether he wants to go or not."

He bent over again, seized the wounded man by the shoulders, and forcibly raised him up. At the same moment the cannonade burst out afresh and with increased violence. A blaze of light played over the face of the wounded man, revealing and magnifying every feature, every line.

Joyce uttered no exclamation, but he dropped the man as if he had been a coiling serpent in his hands, and looked at him, an expression of hate and loathing creeping over his face.

"So," he said, at last, "this is the way I've found you?"

The wounded man lay as he had fallen, with his face to the earth.

"No wonder," said Joyce, "you wanted to keep your face hid in the grass! No wonder you hide it there now!"

"Oh, Dave! Dave!" exclaimed the man, springing to his knees with sudden energy, "don't kill me! Don't kill me, Dave!"

"Why shouldn't I kill you?" asked Joyce, scornfully. "What reason can you give why I shouldn't do it?"

"There ain't any. There ain't any. Oh, I know there ain't any," cried the wounded man. "But don't do it, Dave! For Christ's sake don't do it!"

"You murderer! You sneakin', ambushin' murderer!" said Joyce. "It's right for you to beg for your life an' then not get it! Hear them cannon! Hear how they growl, an' see the flash from their throats! They'd like to feed on you, but they won't. That sort of death is too good for the likes of you. The death for you is to be shot like a ravin' cur."

He drew the loaded pistol from his belt and cocked it with deliberate motion.

"Dave! Dave!" the man cried, dragging himself to Joyce's feet, "you won't do that! You can't! It would be murder, Dave, to shoot me here, me a wounded man that can't help myself!"

"You done it, an' worse," said Joyce. "Of all the men unburnt in hell I think the one who deserves to be there most is the man who hid in ambush and shot another in the back that had never harmed him."

"I know it, Dave, I know it!" cried the wounded man, grasping Joyce's feet with both hands. "It was an awful thing to do, an' I've

been sorry a thousand times that I done it, but all the sorrow in the world an' everythin' else that's in the world can't undo it now."

"That's so," said Joyce, "but it don't make any reason why the murderer ought to keep on livin'."

"It don't, Dave; you're right, I know; but I don't want to die!" cried the man. "I'm a coward, Dave, and I don't want to die by myself here in the woods an' in the dark!"

"You'll soon have light enough," said Joyce, "an' I won't shoot you."

He let down the hammer of his pistol and replaced the weapon in his belt.

"Oh, Dave! Dave!" exclaimed the man, kissing Joyce's foot, "I'm so glad you'll let me have my life. I know I ain't fit to live, but I want to live, anyhow."

"I said I wouldn't shoot you," said Joyce, "but I never said I'd spare your life. See that blaze in the trees up there."

A few hundred yards away the forest had burst into flame. Sparks fell upon a tree and blazed up. Long red spirals coiled themselves around the trunks and boughs until the tree became a mass of fire, and then other tongues of flame leaped forward and seized other trees. There was a steady crackling and roaring, and the wind that had sprung up drove smoke and ashes and fiery particles before it.

"That," said Joyce, "is the woods on fire. Them cannon that's been makin' so much fuss done it. I've seen it often in battle when the cannon have been growlin'. The fire grows an'-it grows, an' it burns up everythin' in its way. The army is still busy fightin', an' the wounded, them that's hurt too bad to help themselves, have to lay there on the ground an' watch the fire comin', an' sure to get 'em. By an' by it sweeps down on 'em, an' they shriek an' shriek, but that don't do no good, for before long the fire goes on, an' there they are, dead an' burnt to a coal. I tell you it's an awful death!"

The wounded man was silent now. He had drawn himself up a little, and was watching the fire as it leaped from tree to tree and devoured them one after another.

"That fire is comin' for us, an' the wind is bringin' it along fast," said Joyce, composedly, "but it's easy enough for me to get out of its way. All I've got to do is to go up the hill, an' the clearin's run for a long way beyond. I can stay up there an' watch the fire pass, an' you'll be down here right in its track."

"Dave!" cried the man, "you ain't goin' to let me burn to death right before your eyes?"

"That's what I mean to do," said Joyce. "I don't like to shoot a wounded man that can't help himself, an' I won't do it, but I 'ain't got no call to save you from another death."

"I'd rather be shot than burned to death," cried the man, in a frenzy.

"It's just the death for you," said Joyce.

Then the wounded man again dragged himself to the feet of Joyce.

"Don't do it, Dave!" he cried. "Don't leave me here to burn to death! Oh, I tell you, Dave, I ain't fit to die!"

"Take your hands off my feet," said Joyce. "I don't want 'em to touch me. There's too much blood on 'em."

"Don't leave me to the fire!" continued the man. "You've been kind to me to-night. Help me a little more, Dave, an' you'll be glad you done it when you come to die yourself!"

"I must be goin'," said Joyce, repulsing the man's detaining hands. "It's gettin' hot here now, an' that fire will soon be near enough to scorch my face. Good-by."

"For the sake of your own soul, Dave Joyce," cried the man, beating the ground with his hands, "don't leave me to be burned to a coal! Think, Dave, how we eat an' we drank together to-night, like two brothers, an' how you waited on me an' brought the water an' the grub. You'll remember them things, Dave, when you come to die yourself!"

The fire increased in strength and violence. The flames ran up the trees, and whirled far above them in red coils that met and twined with each other, and then whirled triumphantly on in search of fresh fuel. A giant oak burnt through at the base and swept of all its young boughs and foliage fell with a rending crash, a charred and shattered trunk. The flames roared, and the burning trees maintained an incessant crackling like a fire of musketry. The smoke through which the sparks of fire were sown in millions grew stifling.

"God, what a sight!" cried Joyce.

"Dave, you won't leave me to that?" cried Ryder.

Joyce drew down his hat over his eyes to shield them from the smoke. Then he stooped, lifted the wounded man upon his powerful shoulders, and went on over the hill.

*Joseph A. Altsheler.*

"WAIT FOR ME AT HEAVEN'S GATE."

(OLD SONG.)

NAY, step thou in, my love, mine own!  
 Love is too sad; keen is regret.  
 Long be my years and full of tears:  
 Fare in, sweet love. Forget! Forget!

I shall remember for us two;  
 Sing thou with angels.—Yet, and yet,  
 How know I love save by my tears?  
 Nay, oh, my sweetness of regret!

And thou, oh, if thou be my love,  
 There is no joy within the gate  
 That shuts out me, though it be heaven's.  
 Then wait for me, oh, wait! oh, wait!

*M. S. Paden.*

## HISTORIC DIAMONDS.

PLINY said that in gems might be perceived all the majesty of nature united in small space. Epitomes of all that is most perfect, these flowers of the rock add to splendor of form and color the quality which most impresses the imagination of finite man, durability, while in virtue of their rarity they become most truly precious,—attributes all possessed in sovereign degree by the diamond, the Greek *adamas*, the “indomitable,” the marvellous stone which nothing in nature, so the ancients believed, could impress; which, placed on an anvil and struck with a hammer, as Martial and Lucretius record (an erroneous test, responsible for the loss of many fine stones), shivered the iron without being affected by the blow. Plato described this gem as a kind of kernel formed in gold, condensed from the purest and noblest part of the metal, and prized more for its medical and psychical virtues than for its beauty; in fact, up to the fourteenth century the art of polishing the diamond with its own dust had not been discovered. His theories were sustained as late as the beginning of the fifteenth century by the alchemist Cardan, who believed that precious stones were engendered by juices distilled from gold, silver, and iron in the cavities of the rocks, and who asserted solemnly that these masterpieces of nature, these quintessences of the precious metals, not only live, but also suffer illness, old age, and death. This conviction that even the impenetrable crystal of the diamond encloses its atom of the universal spirit, together with all the vague mystical notions concerning the influence of gems, the waning and rejuvenescence of the pearl, the opal, the turquoise, in accordance with the fortunes of their human owners, the prescriptions of the ancient pharmacopœia which administered powders of topaz or of hyacinth for the cure of hypochondria or sleeplessness, the superstitions of astrological mineralogy, which assigned a stone to each month and to each sign of the zodiac, Theophrastus’s division of gems into male and female, and the theories of Dioscorides, of Avicenna, of Albertus Magnus, and of St. Thomas Aquinas,—all these may be traced back to their origin in that magnificent treasury of jewels, that dwelling-place of mystery and mysticism, India, whose philosophers held the cardinal principle that the souls of the erring might be imprisoned in the rock and serve out an incarnation in a gem.

Certainly the diamonds first known to the Romans were brought from Ethiopia, but in the first century of our era the mines of Golconda were already known, and from that time until the eighteenth century India remained the sole producer of the most precious substance known to man. Pliny mentions six species of diamonds, but distinguishes the Indian as “the true.”

India, with its brown millions laboring in the earth and princes enshrined in an almost incredible luxury, its mud huts and famine and its marble, purple, gold, and jewels,—Flaubert could have described these riches, in language fixed and hieratic, having the hard im-

passive splendor of the gem. Even in statistics and in the presumably sober accounts of European travellers, the magnificence of the rajahs and of their Mogul conquerors remains to dazzle, while the native historians of course soar into impracticable flights of fantasy and fairly disappear under diamonds and lacs of rupees. But, setting these aside, there is still reason why "bountiful as mines of India" should have passed into a byword, why "Golconda" should have the clink of gold. So rich were these mines that in the twelfth century the Sultan Mahmoud, after a reign of thirty-two years, left in his treasury more than four hundred pounds' weight of diamonds. Akber, in the sixteenth century, who made his rare journeys in the midst of a well-appointed guard of a hundred thousand men,—not, as he said, from ostentation, but so that his subjects might respect him,—was accustomed to celebrate his festival-days by being weighed in golden scales against a mass of gold and jewels, which was then distributed among the crowd.

The superb Shah Jehan, the fifth Mogul emperor, marks the climax of the splendor of his line, and personally may stand as a type of the Indian despot. His reign began in 1627 with the murder of all his brothers and their families, a favorite Oriental method for securing stability and peace to the throne; it ended in a prison, where he passed seven years, dethroned by his son Aurungzebe, who in emulation of the parental example had assassinated the two elder brothers, with their children, who stood between him and the crown. Beginning and ending in blood, the rule of Shah Jehan was distinguished by true Oriental magnificence. His court was a most brilliant one, himself a patron of the arts and of letters. Maintaining an unexampled state and a standing army of two hundred thousand men, and expending enormous sums on public buildings and on the furnishings of his palaces, the monarch nevertheless managed to save something from his revenue of nearly two hundred millions, since the imperial treasury at the time of his deposition contained more than a hundred millions in coined money, besides a great amount of uncoined gold and silver, and precious stones. The famous Taj Mahal, erected as a memorial to Shah Jehan's favorite wife, cost the labor of twenty thousand men for twenty-two years and nearly thirty million dollars,—and this in a country where labor is incredibly cheap. Tavernier, a French jeweller and traveller of the seventeenth century, who saw the beginning and the completion of this structure, describes its walls of white marble inlaid with jewelled flowers, some single blossoms containing a hundred stones, cut and polished with the exactness of the goldsmith. To Shah Jehan belonged also that twin marvel, the Peacock Throne, made in the form of the royal bird, the natural colors of the spread tail being represented by rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and other precious stones, setting off a dazzling mass of diamonds. This triumph of extravagance, afterwards carried off by the Persian invaders of the empire, was valued by Tavernier at thirty million dollars. Nadir Shah looted Delhi, retreating with an enormous booty; yet in 1760, when the Maharrattas took the capital, they coined the silver ceiling and ornaments of Shah Jehan's audience-chamber, and realized nearly a million more.

In those old dynasties all wealth was centralized in the hands of

the ruler and his favorites. In the diamond-mines the descendants of the slaves imported originally for this labor spent their lives digging in the dry beds of the rivers and washing out the precious lumps. The laborer who found a diamond of fair size was awarded by the overseer perhaps an extra week's food; but the diamond, unless indeed it were stolen by the way, concealed in the ear or corner of the eye or swallowed by the naked digger, went into the king's treasury. The regal gem was reserved for those of royal or semi-royal rank—and for the gods. Tavernier describes idols with hands formed of small pearls, with eyes of diamonds or rubies, with collars, chains, bracelets of pearls and other gems. He saw two figures, one of massive gold four feet high, in the form of a maiden; by her side the image of a child, of solid silver; another, on an altar covered with silver and gold tissues, was of black marble, with great rubies for eyes, and a robe of purple velvet embroidered with gems. The idol of Resora, in the great pagoda at Jagrenate, had two diamonds for eyes and a third about its neck, the least weighing forty carats. Into this pagoda, however, no goldsmith was permitted to enter, because once one concealed himself there and stole an eye from the idol,—but died at the door on trying to escape, struck down by the vengeance of the god.

A similar origin is ascribed to the great crown diamond of Russia, the Orloff; but in this case the thief was more fortunate, the idol perhaps less powerful. At the beginning of the eighteenth century a soldier belonging to one of the French garrisons in India became enamoured of the eyes of Brahma in the temple of Seringham. These eyes were diamonds, more brilliant than ever shone under the eyebrows of Crapaud's European divinities. Their lustre captivated his soul. He haunted the temple, and, yielding to the might of the god, became a convert to his worship. At least so he persuaded the priests, who went so far as to admit him to some care of the temple, doubtless trusting Brahma to protect his own. But on a stormy night the convert disappeared, and with him one of the idol's eyes, the other having resisted all his efforts to dislodge it. So Brahma was left squinting, and the perfidious Frenchman sold his prize to a captain in the English navy for about ten thousand dollars. Later it was bought by the Armenian merchant Schaffras for more than five times this sum, and shown by him to Catherine of Russia, who offered for it about four hundred thousand dollars, a life-pension of eighteen thousand, and a patent of nobility. Schaffras refused this offer, and subsequently sold the diamond to Gregory Orloff for the same sum without the patent of nobility. Orloff, part author of Catherine's greatness, and raised by her to the steps of the throne, for whom she struck medals, raised triumphal arches, and dedicated palaces "*par l'amitié reconnaissante,*" to whom she offered secret marriage and whom in another caprice she banished,—Count Gregory, being reinstated in favor, offered his imperial mistress two tokens of reconciliation, the St. Petersburg arsenal and the Orloff diamond.

The dashing favorite afterwards married and "ranged himself." He died repentant and reformed. But the splendid stone which bears his name remains as a memorial of the plebeian artillery officer and

courtier, the "savior of Moscow" and the assassin of Paul III. The diamond, which is shaped like a half-egg, rose-cut, and weighs nearly two hundred carats, is set in the sceptre of the Czars of Russia.

The Orloff (which suggested the "Moonstone" of Wilkie Collins) and another stone now in Persia are said to have been cut from fragments of the Great Mogul diamond, seen by Tavernier among the jewels of Aurungzebe. This stone, presented to the emperor by Mir-gimola, weighed in the rough more than seven hundred carats. Aurungzebe intrusted it to a Venetian diamond-cutter resident at his court, Hortensio Borgio; but so unskillfully was the work performed that the diamond was reduced to two hundred and eighty carats. The emperor was furious, confiscated the possessions of the unhappy Borgio, and was with difficulty persuaded to leave him his head.

The Koh-i-Noor is sometimes confounded with the Mogul diamond, but the former weighed less than two hundred carats in the rough. Its great purity, however, gained it the name of "Mountain of Light" and the admiration of the world. Like all the finest diamonds, this stone is of Indian origin. Hindoo accounts state that it was worn by Karna, King of Anga, and hero of the Mahabhârata, 3001 B.C. The precision of this date is worthy of notice; the assertion of the Indian chroniclers cannot be impugned. However, the diamond was possessed by Vikramâditya, Rajah of Ujayin, 56 B.C., and thence passed to the rajahs of Malwa and the sultans of Delhi. It was in the treasury when the city was taken by Ala-ed-Din. Sultan Baber of the Mogul dynasty esteemed it at the sum of the daily maintenance of the whole world. Mohammed Shah, great-grandson of Aurungzebe, wore the diamond in his turban at the interview in the tent of his Persian conqueror, when Nadir Shah insisted on exchanging head-dresses as a proof of his regard. By this means he became the possessor of the Koh-i-Noor, as well as of everything else of value Mohammed owned. Shah Sujah, descendant of the Persian, wore the diamond on his arm when, driven from Kabul, he became the nominal guest and actual prisoner of Runjeet Singh. The "Lion of the Punjaub," coveting the stone, forced Sujah to resign it to him, giving in exchange about sixty thousand dollars, and thereafter wore it in an armet on festive occasions. When he was dying, an effort was made to have him bequeath the diamond to Jaganath, but he expired without any other testament than a nod of his head, which the grand treasurer refused to recognize as valid authority for the transfer of the diamond. It was worn by the successors of Runjeet, and after the murder of Shu Singh remained in the Lahore treasury until 1849, when the British civil authorities took possession of it under the stipulation that all property of the state was confiscated to the East India Company in payment of debts due and the expenses of the war.

The Koh-i-Noor was presented to Queen Victoria June 3, 1850. It was then valued at seven hundred thousand dollars, but was of irregular form and marred by fissures. After consultation with leading scientists of the day, it was finally decided to intrust the recutting to the famous expert, Mr. Coster of Amsterdam. The Duke of Wellington placed the diamond on the cutting wheel. The process occupied

thirty-eight days, and was completely successful, resulting in a brilliant matchless for purity and fire. Thus, after a career embracing all the vicissitudes of Hindoo and Mohammedan rule, the rise and fall of three empires, the great Indian gem now forms the chief ornament of the British crown.

Equally typical are the adventures of the French Regent or Pitt diamond, now in the *Galérie d'Apollon* at the Louvre and part of the crown jewels. This stone was found in the mines of Partheal, forty-five leagues south of Golconda, and weighed in the rough four hundred and ten carats. Two years and a sum approximating twenty thousand dollars were spent in cutting it to a brilliant. It was bought at Madras by the grandfather of the first Earl of Chatham, commander of Fort St. George, for sixty thousand dollars, and by him sold in 1717 to the Duc d'Orléans, regent during the minority of Louis XIV., for six hundred and forty-eight thousand dollars. Pitt, in the pamphlet published to clear himself from the charge of having stolen it, says he bought it of one Jamelchund, a Hindoo merchant. But Pope, in the "Man of Ross," expresses a general opinion to the contrary.

St.-Simon tells, as of his own personal knowledge, a different story. He says the diamond was stolen by a person employed in the diamond-mines, who escaped to Europe with it and showed it to several princes, the King of England among the rest, and finally to that prince of speculators, the Scotchman Law. Then at the height of his power in France, Law proposed to the regent to buy the gem for the king. After some hesitation, the bargain was closed, the seller receiving three hundred and eighty-four thousand dollars, with interest on the price until paid, and the fragments resulting from recutting.

At any rate, the diamond passed through many changes of fortune and literally through many hands; for after the fall of Louis XVI. the great jewel, chained and guarded by gendarmes, was shown to the people of Paris, and any workman who chose might hold this epitome of twelve million francs for a few moments in his hard palm.

Napoleon I. wore it in the pommel of his state sword, and pawned it at a pinch to the Batavian government. During the Revolution it was stolen with the rest of the crown jewels from the *Garde-Meuble*, but was recovered through the death-bed confession of one of the thieves, and subsequently shone in the imperial diadem of Napoleon III.

Mawe says that the Abbé Liegés, ambassador to the Court of Berlin, obtained from the King of Prussia a treaty of alliance offensive and defensive by dazzling him with the *Regent* and holding out hopes that France might consent to its cession.

It was to this jewel only, and to nothing less precious, that Pope could compare the transcendent merit of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the same Lady Mary whose reputation he afterwards assassinated and who cried out upon "the wicked wasp of Twickenham." When she was coming back from her famous travels, Pope wrote one of his torrid love-letters to welcome her as "the only equivalent the world affords for Pitt's diamond, so lately sent out of our country; which, after you was gone, was accounted the most valuable thing here. Adieu to that toy!" he cries; "let the costly bauble be hung about the neck of the

baby king it belongs to, so England does but recover that jewel which was the wish of all her sensible hearts and the joy of all her discerning eyes."

Another great diamond connected with French history is the Sancy, an almond-shaped brilliant of fifty-three and a half carats. By some authorities it is said to have been brought from Constantinople by the Baron de Sancy, ambassador of Henry IV. But the story hitherto most commonly accepted, though denied by some historians, is that it was originally owned by the Great Mogul, came into Europe in some manner not known, and formed part of the immense booty taken by the Swiss soldiers after the defeat of Charles the Bold at Granson.

Whole books have been written about this spoil. Inventories innumerable have been printed, and occupy more space in the Swiss chronicles than does any account of the battle itself,—evidence of the impression made upon this poor and rude nation by the mass of precious objects which Philip the Good had passed his time in accumulating and which the art of Flanders had been taxed to embellish. The Duke of Burgundy, intending to hold his court in Savoy and to dazzle Italy with his splendor, then equalled by no European king, had brought with him all the ornaments of his royal state. Among the prizes taken by the Swiss was an immense reliquary of sculptured gold inlaid with large gems, embracing many pieces of statuary and containing more than eighty objects pertaining to the life of Christ. (Since no one was rich enough to buy this, it was broken up and distributed among the cantons by the priests in the church of Lucerne, high mass being celebrated during the proceeding.) Here also was the sword of state, its hilt so encrusted with large diamonds, rubies, and pearls that not a hair could be laid between; a velvet cap with the largest diamond then in Europe (the Austrian) set in gold with pendent pearls; a great seal of solid gold weighing a pound, now in the archives of Lucerne, and greatly missed by Charles of Burgundy, who in documents subsequently signed mentioned its absence; besides three to four hundredweight of silver and silver-gilt goblets, tapestries, dresses of cloth of gold, wagon-loads of silver coin, and a great number of diamonds and precious stones.

Of the three great diamonds found in the tent of Charles, one is said to be now in the papal tiara, another in the treasury of Vienna, and the third, after returning to India, was brought back again to Europe and bought by the King of Portugal. In 1589 Anthony of Portugal pledged it among other stones to De Sancy, treasurer of the King of France, who kept it upon payment of a hundred thousand livres. The baron sent it to his royal master by a servant, who was waylaid and assassinated in the forest of Dôle. One would think a guard might have been provided, if not for the servant, at least for the gem. But the man was faithful, even beyond death, to his trust. His body was opened and the diamond found in his stomach. Later this stone came into the hands of James II. of England, who sold it to Louis XIV. for twenty-five thousand pounds. In 1792 it disappeared with the crown jewels; they were recovered with the single but important exception of the renowned "blue diamond," which has

never reappeared. The Sancy was bought by Napoleon I., who sold it to Prince Demidoff. It is now in Russia, and valued at one hundred and eighty-six thousand dollars.

One of the most beautiful diamonds of France is the Eugénie, a perfect oval brilliant, purchased by Napoleon III. for his wife, and destined to perpetuate among the jewels of the crown the memory of the lovely Spanish girl, the unhappy Empress.

What shall be said of that "unutterable business of the diamond necklace," which helped to level with the dust the throne and the head of a more unhappy queen? Consider the summary of a famous epigrammatist: "Red-hatted Cardinal Louis de Rohan; Sicilian jail-bird Balsamo Cagliostro; milliner Dame de Lamotte, with 'a face of some piquancy;' the highest church dignitaries waltzing in Walpurgis Dance with quack-prophets, pickpurses, and public women;—a whole Satan's Invisible World displayed!"

In plainer words, the Prince of Rohan, grand almoner of France, was duped by his enchantress, Madame de Lamotte, with the aid of the notorious Cagliostro, into some transactions regarding a necklace of diamonds which Marie Antoinette had refused to buy. It was the time of the American war. The price of the necklace was, as Louis XVI. said, the price of two frigates. "We need ships, not diamonds," said Marie Antoinette, and dismissed the jeweller, who reported afterwards that he had sold the diamonds in Constantinople for the favorite Sultana. In reality the stones had been disposed of in England by the husband of the Lamotte. But the cardinal asserted that they had been bought for the queen, and in the *esclandre* which followed the discovery of his part in the affair, the name, favors, and personality of Marie Antoinette were impudently dragged in. Public feeling was roused to frenzy, and it was hostile to the queen. That "love of a whole nation" which had burst forth in acclamations toward the young Dauphine, presented to the people on the balcony at Versailles, had given place, twenty years later, to a ferocious hatred.

Lamotte, the "Necklace-Countess," had escaped from the Salpêtrière,—perhaps had been suffered to escape, in the hope that she might be forgotten. A vain hope, for from her refuge in England—she had fled to the enemy of France, branded on both shoulders with a V (for *Voleuse*, "Thief"), and with a heart full of deadly venom—she sent forth fresh broods of lies, greedily swallowed, in its present mad humor, by the French populace. The Necklace-Cardinal, arrested in full pontificals, was taken to the Bastille. But the parliament, having condemned Madame de Lamotte to be whipped, branded, and imprisoned, simply acquitted her Cardinal-accomplice. This act, a terrible blow to Marie Antoinette, signaled the triumph of the parliament over the crown. The accumulated revenge of the people for all the wrongs and the mistakes committed by French kings since Charlemagne was not long in following. And the Queen of France, hated for offences which were not hers as well as for frivolities that were, must be persecuted even to the block by reverberations from the affair of the diamonds. Pathetic, in the light, or shadow, of all this, are Marie Antoinette's confidences to her *dame d'honneur*. "She talked to

me a long time," says Madame Campan, "about the total change which took place in the tastes and desires of women in the period between twenty and thirty years of age. She told me that when she was ten years younger she loved diamonds madly, but that she had no longer any taste for anything but private society, the country, the work and the attentions required by the education of her children."

Assuredly this was not a woman to expend sixteen hundred thousand livres for a necklace.

In 1774 the French crown jewels, including the Regent and the Sancy, contained seven thousand four hundred and eighty-two diamonds. Superior in every way was the collection of Napoleon I., significantly gathered from all parts of Europe. But this again is surpassed by the one subsequently made, containing sixty-four thousand eight hundred and twelve diamonds, and valued at nearly four million dollars. According to statistics of 1872, within a year the Bonaparte family alone had thrown upon the market diamonds to the value of a million and a quarter.

The fluctuations in the price of fine stones depend a great deal, in fact, upon politics. After Napoleon's return from Elba, for instance, an enormous fall was immediately evident in the market value of diamonds. One can imagine the flurry which extended from crowned heads to princelings and nobilities. Recollect the picture of Lady Bareacres sitting helpless in her carriage before the hotel in Brussels, with her diamonds sewed into her habit, and Becky Crawley refusing to sell her horses for the two biggest of the jewels, and laughing out of her window a prophecy that the French would make prize of them all,—“the carriage and the diamonds, I mean, not the lady.”

In the middle of the eighteenth century the discovery of the Brazilian diamond-fields caused a tremendous panic in the trade; and again in 1868-9 the opening of the South African treasures, which have produced in thirty years more than the entire world's yield for two hundred years previous. Over ninety-eight per cent. of the diamonds of commerce now come from Kimberley. Yet the Indian gem still keeps its proud pre-eminence for quality and value. As for the few stones found elsewhere, the whole yield of Java, America, and Australia may almost be held in the palm of the hand; while even the verification of Humboldt's prediction that diamonds would be found in the Urals has not proved of great importance, the name of *Krestowosdwisheaski* being chiefly memorable for its own sake. The tiny diamonds of China and Japan, ranging from the size of a pin-head down to that of a millet-seed, and found by men wearing straw slippers, who walk about in the dry beds of streams,—the slippers being subsequently burnt and the diamonds taken from the ashes,—are used for jewelling the movements of watches. The fineness of the work upon these tiny rose-cut crystals, which weigh sometimes fifteen hundred to the carat, may be imagined.

The country now richest in diamonds is Russia. Besides the Orloff, the Polar Star, a brilliant remarkable for purity, the Shah, a gem engraved with a Persian inscription and presented by the son of Abbas Mirza to the Emperor, and special collections in the treasury, there are

three crowns composed entirely of diamonds. That of Ivan Alexievitch contains eight hundred and eighty-one; that of Peter the Great, eight hundred and forty-seven; that of Catherine II., two thousand five hundred and thirty-six. A brilliant red diamond, weighing only ten carats, but supremely rare and curious by reason of its color, was bought by Paul I. for a hundred thousand rubles.

Among colored diamonds there is one of a green tint, now in Dresden and formerly owned by Augustus the Strong. The Grand Duke of Tuscany possessed a blue one, and the famous Hope diamond was also blue and remarkably beautiful.

No account of diamonds could omit some mention of the great Braganza, the Portuguese crown jewel, which is said to weigh one thousand eight hundred and eighty carats, and is valued by the jewellers of Brazil, where it was found, at one billion three hundred and ninety-five million dollars! But it has been suggested that this diamond is a white topaz—in which case the millions vanish. The Portuguese government refuses to allow the stone to be examined.

The crown diamonds of the Brazilian empire were valued at more than eighteen million dollars. One of the principal stones was set in the handle of the cane of John VII. Still more remarkable, the doublet of ceremony of Joseph I. of Portugal had for buttons twenty diamonds, aggregating the neat sum of four hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars.

Brazil, however, which produced the diamond-handled cane and the Braganza, where diamonds are found in the crops of fowls and adhering to the roots of cabbages, and were formerly used by the gold-hunters for counters in card-playing,—Brazil must be allowed to be a country of marvels. Though modern scientists, denying that diamonds have souls or power to cure the toothache, agree that they may be smelt and tasted, it has remained for the officers of the Brazilian Junta Diamantina to assert that they produce music. By rubbing two diamonds together close to the ear, these experts declare that they can distinguish the true from the false!

*Neith Boyce.*

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THAW.

**T**IME in the long, chill Norland silence slept,  
While the white warder, snow, his chamber kept.

Dreaming the stars were young, and he a child,  
His wise old lips did mutter, and he smiled.

Then went a warm stir through the wintry land,  
And waking brooks sang, "Surely spring's at hand!"

*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

## THE CIVIL AUTHORITY.

“GIVE him up!”  
 “Kill him!”  
 “Hang him!”

The dusty glare of flickering gas-jets fell across the crowd which surged around the jail and filled the jail-yard. The yard was surrounded on three sides by a high stone wall, surmounted by a railing of pointed iron bars: to the top of the wall, hanging by the iron rail, clung shock-headed boys, who were the noisiest of the shouters; the men in the yard below were bent on an errand too grim for aimless hootings. In their hands were sledges and crowbars, pickaxes and clubs; here and there was one who carried a gun; revolvers were freely displayed, not boastfully, but as by those who had a terrible intention to use them terribly, a cold, set purpose of grim business, which made no loud threats, and was the grimmer by that omission. The boys on the wall shouted, and the rearmost of the crowd joined in with screeched curses; but the men in front were silent, save for a continuous, low murmur, an undertone of terrorizing sound. The pressure from those in the rear forced the front nearer to the jail; the cautious or cowardly impelled the others to a more pronounced demonstration. Left to themselves, the foremost men might have delayed precipitating the crisis; but the impulse from the rest spurred them on and on, until the line of trouble impending was overpassed, and it became the point of trouble actual.

The murmur grew to a growl; the growl swelled to a roar. Inside the jail the watchers moved uneasily in their places. In a cell near the centre of the tier a shivering prisoner crouched in the corner farthest from the door. His dusky face was of an ash-gray pallor; his hands worked together, and he prayed aloud, mixing the Deity, the sheriff, the commander of the troops, and the leaders of the mob together in his unintelligible petitions. Sometimes he grew sullen, and cursed the authorities, the law, and all mankind in all-embracing curses. Again he was silent, and pulled closer about him a tattered old bed-quilt, which he had drawn from the narrow bunk at the side of his cell, and which was wrapped around his head and shoulders, although the June night was close and stifling hot. From time to time he glanced furtively through the bars of the heavy door. Then a fresh outburst of shouting from beyond the grated windows made him turn to the corner again, and the prayers hurried each other on his gray lips.

In the narrow passage-way before the cells two sentries paced up and down, or paused, with low-voiced comment, to listen to the noise outside.

Beyond the solid steel doors which barred access to the cells was a long corridor, fronting on the jail-yard. A single gas-light flickered at one end. Knots of guardsmen stood at the windows, a strained

intensity in their attitudes telling of some expected happening, the nature of which was told by the way their long brown Springfields came to the ready at every increased roaring of the mob below. A slim young officer walked up and down the hall, fingering the hilt of his sword, shifting the holster on his belt back or forward, or clasping his hands behind his back, only to loosen them and go to fingering the sword-hilt once more. At the outer entrance to the corridor, which was locked and barred, a rank of men stretched from wall to wall. They stood in lounging positions, their hands clasped around the barrels of their rifles; the ugly, flat-topped caps of the enlisted men were pulled down over their brows; cartridge-boxes were pushed to the front and open; there was a constant alertness in their nervous ease. One of them turned and muttered to his next-rank man: a sergeant reproved him sharply.

"Let 'em talk, Toomey," said an officer on whose shoulders were the double bars of a captain. "Let 'em talk, as long as they don't make any noise.—It's easier waiting," he said, turning to the man in civilian dress who stood beside him. "When a man's got to keep quiet he gets to thinking too much: talking relieves their feelings, and a thing don't seem half as big if you can tell it to some one else."

"That's so," said the man in plain clothes; "kind o' divides the weight."

They fell silent again, and the plain-clothes man shifted uneasily on his feet. His eyes were restless, glancing from place to place apprehensively; his thumbs were in his pockets, and with his fingers he beat a nervous tattoo against his thighs.

Outside, in the jail-yard, the crowd grew denser. Fresh accessions to the rear pressed the front close and closer to the building; men pushed and struggled from behind, striving to get to the front; those in front bore back, in the endeavor to keep from being driven too close to the walls. It was as though there were an invisible line in front, over which they refused to pass, and from time to time they raised their voices in protest against the urgency of their coadjutors in the rear. On the outskirts of the crowd a few women wandered aimlessly, or asked of the men nearest to them questions impossible of answer: they were women whose status was written on their faces, coarse-grained and unintelligent, or intelligent only to the degree of cunning; they were more bitter in their words than even the leaders of the mob. In truth, the leaders of the mob were men of few words: the men in the rear were the men who talked of what ought to be done; they were full of threats and execrations and ferocious urgings.

A woman who stood where the light of a dim gas-jet fell across her dead-yellow hair turned to a man near her.

"What's the use o' all this devilment?" she asked. "Why don't you do something? Only reason you're so hot is 'cause he's a nigger. 'F he was white you'd be home, sleepin'."

"Think so, do you? Maybe, you're so smart, you can tell why we're waitin'."

"Why you're waitin'? Huh! That's why."

The woman pointed to one of the windows of the jail, where the

dim light glinted on the brass cross-arms on the caps, and shone dull on the bronze rifle-barrels. At that window a squad of soldiers looked down on the mob beneath. Another squad stood by the window next in the row; and at other windows were other squads, all watching the crowd with strained intensity of gaze, and listening, as for some expected order.

"Will they try it, do you think?" asked the big private who leaned against the window-casing.

"Dunno," said the corporal.

"S'posin' they do, can they break in these doors? Look toler'ble solid to me."

"Mostly looks," answered the corporal: "couple o' men with sledges can smash 'em in pretty quick."

"S'pose we'll fire 'f they do?"

"Fire?" said the corporal. "Sure. You heard what the captain said: fire 'f they come up to the pavement in front, there. Course we'll fire. What d'you s'pose we're here for? Playin' marbles? You make me tired."

"Goin' to be hot 'f we do: there's lots of men in that crowd that we know. There's Billy Walters, now. See him over there by the big fellow with the gun?"

"That don't cut any ice with me. Course I don't want to shoot fellows I know; but they been warned to keep away, and it ain't my business to furnish brains to them that 'ain't got enough to get out o' the rain. 'F they go up against the game they got to take what comes their way; and 'f they fool with the captain they'll get it good and strong."

"Do you think the captain 'll keep on holdin' this 'f one volley don't stop 'em?" queried the private next to the big man.

"Got to," said the corporal, "as long's the sheriff tells him to. Out o' our hands, now, and all we can do is to obey orders. Gosh! listen to 'em yell!"

"Don't talk so much." It was an officer speaking. "Save your wind; you may need it."

He passed on, and the men stood silent, watching the motley mass of heads below, and always listening for the order which would end the strain of waiting. Along the corridor a faint dim gleam from the street-lamps came through the windows, falling on pale faces and young eyes fixed in doubtful anticipation upon the angry mob. Here and there a man shifted uneasily where he stood; they handled their loaded rifles carefully; at each fresh outburst of shouts they swung closer to the windows, and the rifles came to the ready, only to be dropped again as no forward movement was made by the crowd.

The sheriff walked nervously up and down the corridor, pausing, now and then, to speak to the officers, or to look from one or another of the windows. Each time he appeared at a window the crowd cursed him, and called out threats of what would befall him at the next election. After one of these times the sheriff turned to the captain.

"What d' you think, cap? Better not try to hold out, had we?"

Can't do nothin' against that crowd out there; only cause bloodshed and hard feelin's. Wouldn't you c'nsider that we was overpowered?"

The officer looked the sheriff over, from his face, with its shifting eyes, to his uneasy legs, which would not allow him to remain long in one spot.

"Overpowered?" he repeated. "Not much we ain't. I can hold this jail just as long as you want me to. I know what I can do."

"Mighty unpopular we'll be, 'f anybody gets hurt. Don't you think we've done about all any one c'd expect of us? We've held 'em off since afternoon."

"Didn't you take an oath when you went in office?" demanded the captain.

"Course I did."

"Well, then, what else can you do? I took an oath, too, and I ain't getting paid four thousand a year for keeping it, either; but I'm going to stick to it, just the same."

"Oh, well, I'm going to keep mine, too."

"Y'are, are you? That's all I wanted to know. You back me up, and there won't anybody get inside this jail, unless they come in as prisoners."

"Oh, I'll back you up all right."

"'Nough said, then. No need of any more talk."

The officer turned and walked down the corridor, throwing back his head and clenching his hands aggressively as he went. He glanced out of the windows as he passed, and at the groups of men, as though searching to know how far discipline and obedience might be depended upon. Silent and grimly careless the men stood, in the uncertain light, as his eye fell on squad after squad, and he turned his gaze away from them at last, his face settling into lines of satisfied determination. At the end of the corridor the slender lieutenant met him.

"Anything new?" he asked.

"Nothin', except that the sheriff's dead scared."

"He ain't the only one: there's lots of places I'd rather be than here."

"Me too," assented the captain. "Ugly job."

"Case o' must, though. Don't see that we can do anything else."

"Anything else? There's nothing else to do. The 'holiday soldier' business don't loom up very strong about this time, does it?"

"Not much."

"Mob's getting mighty ugly: hear 'em howl. I'll give 'em something to howl for, if they try any monkey business here. They've been warned enough. I've told 'em all I'm going to: 'f they keep on, they'll find there ain't any blank cartridges round here."

"Blanks be dashed. Lord, how they yell! Say, capt'n, if anybody gets hurt there'll be no living in this town for us."

"You're getting like the sheriff, are you?"

"No, I'm not. But you know how it'll be. Newspapers givin' us the worst of it; everybody'll hate us: we'll get it all round."

"Don't I know it? But it can't be helped. Here we are, and here we're going to stay as long's there's any need. That mob would

as soon get us as the nigger, now; and 'f they try to get in here they'll get h--ll shot out of 'em. There ain't any foolishness about this: you c'n just bank on that."

The two silently walked the length of the corridor together. Outside, the crowd roared louder than ever; at the windows the squads of guardsmen looked down on the jail-yard; every foot of space seemed to have an occupant, and every rioter joined in the yell which greeted the sheriff when he appeared at one of the windows.

"Come down out o' that!"

"Give him up!"

"Where's the keys?"

Voices hoarse with rage and excitement hurled epithets, jeers, threats, and curses at the sheriff; weapons were shaken at him, and the rage of the mob grew with each moment that the official remained in sight.

"Mad, ain't they?" the captain remarked, joining the sheriff at the window. "Got any tobacco?"

"No, I 'ain't got any," said the sheriff, after a search through his pockets. "Guess I'd better keep away from the winder; seems like they had a special pick on me, don't it? Wonder 'f they thought I was goin' to give up my prisoner first time they asked me? They don't know me 'f they did: I ain't that kind, I c'n tell you. 'S you say, I took an oath, an' I'm a-goin' to keep it. Course, 'f they was to get in here and overpower me, I couldn't do nothin'. Nobody 'd say I didn't hold to my duty 'f that was the case, would they? Can't expect a man to do more'n his duty; and I don't reckon it's my duty to get killed tryin' to save a nigger. Mind, I ain't sayin' give him up. That ain't me. What I do say is that we can't do more'n so much; and when that's done, why, then we done all we can."

"Depends on how much you want to do."

"I want to do just as much as any other man," the sheriff replied, with heat. "Can't no man do more'n he can, can they? I don't see that you've got any call to be makin' these insinuations about me. Ain't I holdin' the man? Ain't I resistin' the mob's much as any one can? What d'you mean, anyhow? Mebbe you think you're boss here?"

"Oh, no, I don't."

"Well, you talk like it, anyway. 'F you ain't boss, all you got to do is to look after them soldiers o' yours, and not sling so much criticism round here."

"All right, all right. No need to get mad. All I want to know is, do our orders hold good?"

"'Hold good'? What d'you mean? Think I change my mind every minute? You do just what we settled on, 'thout runnin' to me every whip-stitch. I don't believe you'll have to do anything, anyhow. That mob 'd run 'f you shot over their heads. Say," he went on, with sudden eagerness, "say, don't you think that'd be a good idea? Shoot over their heads, and kind o' scare 'em? 'S an awful thing to shoot men, specially men you know, right in your own town."

"I know it is," said the captain, gravely. "I'm not hankering

for the job. I'm no butcher. What are you going to do, though? Firing over their heads is played out: that's what encourages mobs, monkey business like that. We told 'em we'd shoot, and we've got to keep to what we said, or we'll get run over. This ain't play. If you want to keep the law, you've got to hold that man; and if you hold the man, you've got to keep the crowd from getting in here. That's how I size it up, and I don't see any other way."

"Well, that's what we want to do. But there'll be big trouble 'f any one's hurt, you see. And I'll never see my second nomination, let alone election. And all for a man that oughter to be hung, anyway. It makes me mad!" And the sheriff turned away, banging the door viciously behind him as he passed out of the corridor.

Second nomination? Election? The captain walked along the corridor, stopping to ask the lieutenant for tobacco. Cutting off a piece, he looked at it a moment, put it into his mouth mechanically, and opened the door of the upper hall, on which the cells faced. Instinctively returning the salute of the sentry, he asked,—

"What's he doing?"

"Prayin' and swearin' by turns, sir. Worst scared thing you ever saw."

The negro in the centre cell looked over his shoulder. At sight of the officer he arose from his knees spasmodically and sprang to the front of the cell, where he clung to the bars. At the grated doors of other cells appeared faces, pallid and ghastly in the dim light. The negro threw himself on his knees, still clinging to the grating of the cell.

"Capt'n," he called, "oh, capt'n, fo' Gawd's sake, whut they doin' ? C'm' here, capt'n. Please, sir, tell me whut they doin'."

"Nothing more than they've been doing all afternoon. Yelling to us to give you up."

"Oh, Lawd! Oh, capt'n, yo' all ain't a-goin' to do it, air yo' ? Don't gimme up. Yo' mustn't, capt'n: hit's ag'in' the law t' gimme up. Yo' won't, will yo' ? Capt'n, yo' done knowed me ever since we was boys. Yo' won't let 'em git me, will yo' ?"

"Not if I can help it."

"Oh, praise Gawd! I knowed yo' wouldn't. I'm only a pore nigger, capt'n; but I knowed a gen'lman like yo' wasn't a-goin' to fergit the little nigger boy whut us'ter work at yore maw's house. Oh, Lawdy, capt'n, lissen to 'em! Oh, fer Gawd's sake, don't let 'em git me! I was drunk, capt'n; 'deed I was. I done it, but I was drunk. Oh, please, sir, fer the Lawd's sake, don't go. Capt'n! Capt'n! Oh, capt'n!"

His voice echoed along the cells in shrill despair, but the captain was already at the end of the passage; and the negro, as the heavy door banged shut, crawled into the dingy bunk, where he pulled the tattered quilt over his head in a fresh access of fear.

As the officer entered the outer corridor he halted suddenly, listening with startled intensity. The mob was silent. He swept a swift glance around. The soldiers were still at the windows; everything was as he had left it. Hurrying forward, a single voice came to him,

as of one outside; and then he saw the sheriff leaning far out of one of the windows, haranguing the mob.

"Go home. I ask you to go home. Don't stay here. Let the law take its course. The best thing for you to do is to go home quietly. It's against the law for you to be here. We can't give the prisoner up to you; and you can't take him without gettin' hurt. I'm a peaceful man, fellow-citizens, and a friend to you all, and I tell you to go home. You can't break these doors——"

"The h—ll we can't!"

"No, you can't; and there's soldiers inside, too. They are here to help me, and as long's they're here you can't do anything. I——"

"Git in, there!"

"Give us the nigger!"

"You and your little soldier-boys be d—d!"

The yells of the crowd drowned the sheriff's voice. A stone whizzed by his head, struck the opposite wall, and dropped to the floor. The captain grasped his arm, and pulled him back from the window.

"Are you asking 'em to try and get in here?" he demanded, savagely.

"Let go my arm! What d'you mean——"

The rest of the sentence was lost in a storm of howling from outside; and the captain whirled to the window.

"They're coming now, for sure," he heard some one say.

Below, the mob surged back and forward; the shouts were fiercer and louder; angry faces, upturned to the windows, gleamed here and there in the dusky mass; weapons were waved; the crowd heaved toward the building, and then settled back, for an instant: the invisible line was still there. From the rear a woman's piercing tones came clear, through a gap in the shouting.

"Oh, come home," she said.

At every window the guard closed up; their rifles threatened silently, the bronze barrels giving dull glints of light; under the capvisors their faces were white, and their eyes flashed here and there over the mob, or back for a hasty glance toward the officers. Muscles twitched in the young faces; hands shifted uneasily on the rifle-stocks, or gripped until the knuckles showed white under the straining grasp. Somewhere in the crowd a revolver banged; the bullet chipped the stone above the captain's head.

"Here they come," whispered the big private.

In the crowd there was a sudden, strange silence for a moment; then the yells broke forth again, with a new note in them of eager, hungry savagery. The mob swung forward. For an instant three or four sprang ahead, and then were lost in the tumultuous rush which overtook them.

The yelling mass below neared the walls. A whistle pierced the tumult. From the windows jetted swift lines of flame, and a shattering volley tore the air.

A crash; and then stillness on the mob, an intense hush, a swift paralysis. A blue-gray smoke-cloud floated up the walls and out over the jail-yard. Men gasped, then held their breath. From their nests

in the eaves, startled sparrows flew above the crowd with frightened twitterings.

In the jail-corridor sounded the clink, clink of empty shells, falling to the floor, as nervous fingers fumbled at boxes, or shoved fresh cartridges home, with a snap-snapping of breech-blocks, while staring eyes were fixed upon the scene outside.

From below came a new sound, the noise of agony. On the outskirts of the crowd men were running. The mob surged back from the jail-walls; in the space left clear lay prostrate forms, outstretched or huddled in attitudes of grotesque horror on the stone-paved way. One figure half arose, wavered backward, and then fell toward the retreating mob, with a gasping cry. Men, running back from the crowd, with apprehensive glances at the windows, carried off the limp forms. In the crowd men bore up other men, who reeled and staggered to and fro.

The corridor was very still. The guard stood in silence. Here and there one drew a long breath, with a slow heaving of the chest and a lifting of the shoulders. Turning their eyes, with an effort, from the mob, they glanced at each other, as though seeking confirmation for their thoughts, to be assured that all this thing had happened, that the dark forms on the pavement below had been a grim reality. A slight, pale-faced private threw his rifle to the floor and turned his face from the window, with a burst of shuddering sobs. Others swore, apparently at nothing, and busied themselves with their weapons: no one paid any heed to the private who wept, except that his next-rank man stooped and picked up his rifle. The smell of burnt powder hung in the air.

"Well, they got it." The big private turned from the window, and let his steel-shod rifle-butt drop heavily to the floor.

"Yes, they got it," the corporal assented, slowly.

Others of the squad turned toward the two. Something like relief came into their faces; they moved closer to the speakers, and the tense grip on the rifles relaxed.

"How many 'd you count?"

"Didn't think o' countin'," said the big private. "Seems to me I saw five."

"That's what I thought," said the corporal.

"Wonder who there was. Bet we knew some o' them."

"Bet we knew 'em all," the corporal said.

"Guess they've got enough for once. Looks like they'd be dern fools to try it again."

"Hope they have."

"Say, did you see Billy Walters?" the big private asked.

"Yes. I saw him help pick up one of 'em. He ain't hurt."

"Glad o' that."

The men fell silent once more, looking out to the street, where the mob still lingered. By the rear wall of the corridor stood the sheriff. The captain went up to him.

"They didn't get in that time," he said.

"Did you—— Was there any——" the sheriff began, hesitatingly.

"Four or five," said the captain.

"Four or five! Oh, Lord! That's awful. The people'll never forgit that: that ends the whole thing. Who—who——"

"I don't know. I couldn't tell."

"Is the mob gone?"

"Gone?" The captain pointed through the window.

The street outside the jail-yard was packed from side to side. There was no shouting in the crowd, but the low, ugly murmur never ceased.

"What 'd you shoot for?" the sheriff demanded, with shaky bluster.

"What's the use o' shootin'?"

"Use? They ain't in here, are they?"

"But they're goin' to try again; I know they are. And there's too much been done, now. Four or five men. How'm I ever goin' to live here? What 'd you shoot for? All them men for one nigger!"

The sheriff's face was gray and twitching; his fingers picked at the frayed edge of his cuff. The captain looked at him a moment.

"Do you want that crowd stopped if they try to get in here again?" he asked.

"What! How? They won't stop."

"They won't? We've got more cartridges."

"Good Lord! no more shootin'. They won't need shootin'. 'F I warn 'em away they'll go. They've had enough."

"Warning didn't do much before."

"I will now. They've had enough. They know I mean what I say, now. I'll tell 'em to disperse. They can be bluffed off to-night, and by to-morrow they'll get over wantin' the prisoner. Yes, I guess that's the best way. They're hotter at you than they are at him, now."

"Let 'em be hot. We've got to go through with it now."

"Mebbe they'd quiet down 'f you went home. Mebbe 'f you took your men away they wouldn't be so hot, and wouldn't try anything more to-night."

"Wouldn't they? They'd be in here in ten minutes after we left."

"No, they wouldn't. It's you they've got it in for, now: they've forgotten the nigger. Mebbe you better go."

"Go? Go? What do you mean?" And the captain, who had half turned to walk away, swung on his heel and faced the sheriff angrily.

The sheriff's face grew stubborn. "You better go," he said.

"Go? And this business half finished? You must be crazy! I'm not going."

"You'll go 'f I say so. I called you here, and I've got the power to send you away again. I guess I know what I can do." The sheriff, turning his back on the other, walked to the end of the corridor. At the door he paused irresolutely for a moment, and then walked hastily back, his eyes upon the captain.

Outside, the mob was again growing threatening. The foremost of them were re-entering the yard. Hoarse shouts arose to the listeners within the walls.

"Better warn 'em again, hadn't I, sheriff?" called the captain, stepping toward a window. Springing forward, the sheriff grasped

him roughly by the shoulder, and pulled him back, saying something earnestly, in a tone too low for the rest to hear. The captain wrenched away from the sheriff's grasp.

"No! d—n you! no!" he cried.

The sheriff spoke again, and the captain answered him, briefly and fiercely. The sheriff shook his head stubbornly. The captain swung on his heel toward the men. In his face were chagrin and rage and shame; his hands worked with his sword-hilt; he turned toward the sheriff, as though to speak, then to the men again.

"Fall in!" he said.

The lieutenant looked at him blankly.

"Fall in!" the captain repeated.

The first sergeant stared, and took a step or two toward the captain, bringing his hand up in salute, dazedly. A question was on his lips.

"Take your place, sergeant." There was a note of bitter disquiet in the captain's voice; he jerked his sword violently from the sheath.

The men, turning from the windows, looked from the captain to the sheriff, and back to the captain again, wonderingly. They moved reluctantly, dragging the rifle-butts along the floor.

"Fall in, there! Lift those rifles! Fall in, in a hurry, too!"

Slowly the men formed the long double rank. Their eyes were on the captain, and they stumbled against each other as they fell in line. As they dressed, they looked at each other, as if for an answer to a bewildering question.

"What's this for? Where we goin'?" asked the big private.

The corporal shook his head, and fumbled with the catch of his cartridge-box. The lieutenant stepped to the inner door, and called to the guards inside. They came out, and fell in with the others, with questioning looks. By the great doors of the jail, staring sullenly at the soldiers, stood the sheriff, keys in hand. Outside roared the mob.

"Fours right!" The line swung into column. The captain, pointing to the sheriff, said something, briefly and angrily, to the lieutenant.

"What's that? Where 'd he say we was goin'?" the big private whispered to the corporal.

"Home."

"Home?" said the big private. "Home? Oh, h—ll!"

*Henry Holcomb Bennett.*

### FAITH.

**A**N early robin sang and swayed  
 On leafless branch, all undismayed,  
 Though fast the snow-flakes fell.  
 He sang, "I know full well  
 These flying snow-flakes fall to bring  
 White violets forth to greet the spring."

*Grace F. Pennypacker.*

## THE ANTICS OF ELECTRICITY.

THE mention of electricity of a frisky behavior will suggest to most people some of its actions on the trolley, or about the street-cars, or in connection with electric-light wires, when it breaks loose,—which are all of too dangerous a character to be amusing; noting not at all its pranks on their own desks, though no “live” wire be within a mile of them.

It does not always occur to our minds that electricity is playing a little trick when we take a sheet of writing-paper from a pile and find it does not come alone, but drags along another sheet or more, “sticking closer than a brother.”

Similar action of the immense sheets of book-paper on a printing-press in certain states of the atmosphere—when one is slid on to the form of type and has one or more others partially adhering to it for a moment, then taking flight away from the press to some dingy resting-place—frequently keeps the pressman in an uncomfortable state of fidgets.

Such action results from the attraction and repulsion of frictional electricity,—the same kind that is produced by the chafing of the silk flaps against the rotating glass disk in the so-called “electrical machine.”

An experiment with the same kind of electricity, which can easily be tried, is to apply gentle friction to a thin piece of cloth or paper; when, on bringing it near the wall of the apartment, it will be attracted thereby, and adhere to the surface—be it wood, plaster, or paper—for a brief time.

There is another familiar source of frictional, or static, electricity, that the youngsters of a family often find quite too entertaining for the comfort of cats,—when in a dark, cool corner they persistently stroke the creature the wrong way of the fur. To the younger children, the sparking and snapping that result are the cause of much pleasure and wonder.

Every one who has changed his flannels in an unwarmed room in midwinter has learned from the snapping which occurs, and the blue sparks he has seen over his shoulders, if in the dark, that he also is a sort of electrical machine. A more positive demonstration of this fact may be obtained by shuffling across the floor, then touching a finger or knuckle to the tip of a metallic gas-burner, with the gas turned on by the hand of another, or by his own other hand insulated by a glove of rubber or of thick leather; for the gas will instantly flash into flame from an electric spark. A favorable condition for this exploit is found in silk hose on a woollen carpet, a dry atmosphere, and a cool room.

This ability to make one’s self an electric generator may at times prove very convenient,—as, for instance, when your match-box has been robbed.

Nor is the human hair altogether without the electric quality found

in the fur of the cat,—as can be discovered by running one's dry hands through the unmoistened capillary covering; and in some states of the atmosphere, especially in cold, aurora-borealis weather, one with a fighter's hair-cut may sometimes perceive that each separate hair is rising on its end, accompanied by a feeling in his scalp like that he had in a bad scare in the dark, when but an urchin.

Another variety of electrical phenomena in the human being is witnessed in the "brush lights" of thin pale blue flame sometimes seen rising from the heads or uplifted hands and from the iron-shod staffs of mountain-climbers in such an atmosphere as precedes a snow-storm. Similar lights are sometimes observed at the extremities of masts and spars of vessels at sea, known as St. Elmo's fire; for which the sailors have names according to their number,—a pair of such being called "Castor and Pollux." This action is owing to the objects thus marked being near the contact-plane of two strata of atmosphere of different polarity, positive and negative; the body or mast serving as a collector and a conductor between these electrical opposites. Possibly, by a miraculous interposition, the "tongues of flame" which rested on the heads of believers on the wonderful Day of Pentecost may have been of this character; and it is also quite likely that some appearance of this kind on the heads of the three worthies transfigured on the Mount may have given the original suggestion for the halo which artists, from very early time, have placed upon the heads of prophets and saints.

Brush lights, however, arise from a steady flow of electricity of low tension, frictional electricity being of very high tension.

The roundish masses of bluish light often seen at the extremities of the masts and spars of vessels in storms at sea, in the torrid zone, are said to have a nucleus of gelatinous substance gathered from the flying spray that often sweeps over the topmasts. At such times, too, still larger balls of bright phosphorescent appearance are sometimes seen rolling along the surface of the sea. Electricity, varying from static to dynamic, is present with these phenomena. Among sailors, such appearances on ships are known as "corposants,"—a word corruptly formed from the Latin *corpo santo*, the holy body, referring to the nimbus of light usually depicted on the Catholic pictures of Christ. They are always regarded by the common sailors with superstitious awe, and are feared as betokening disaster; which, however, rarely happens to well-built and well-conducted vessels.

The light of corposants is brighter than the phosphorescence frequently observed in the dark about decaying fish, or rotting vegetable matter in bogs, forests, and other damp places. The light of the fire-fly (the Yankee "lightning-bug")—which is a true electric light—is, in proportion to its size, much brighter than that of corposants or any other of the appearances just mentioned.

Another object of a similar nature is that popularly known as "Jack o' Lantern," the *ignis-fatuus* of the learned,—the false fire that leads astray. This is generally observed in autumn in boggy tracts and along marshy streams. It usually consists of a bright misty mass of oval form, having much the appearance, at a few rods' distance, of

the radiance of a lantern, the latter itself invisible. Instances have been reported of persons who had followed it from curiosity or mistake and been led into deep marshes and dangerous quagmires. The light moves on in devious courses, keeping at a distance, or disappearing and reappearing in the most puzzling manner, and effectually evading close inspection.

This light is considered to have a basis of phosphoric gas arising from matter fermenting in the wet summer-heated soil, and condensed in the cooler autumn atmosphere, so that electrical action results. The course of the phosphorescent mass is determined by the eddying currents of the air, which it follows, rarely rising more than a yard from the ground.

Of a vastly higher degree of intensity are the "fire-balls" which sometimes appear within buildings that are struck by lightning. Yet these balls—usually as large as the human head—are not often the cause of any fatality. If a human body comes in the course of one, it sometimes turns aside, as though there were magnetic repulsion, but a person near it usually experiences a painful shock. These balls are probably formed from the dust gathered in by the concentric action of the low-tension electricity, quickly changing to vapor, then to gases, in the heat. Their motion appears to depend on magnetic attraction and repulsion.

This concretionary action of electricity has also been witnessed in a few instances at the inception of a thunder-cloud,—only the phenomenon was in the sky, and on a vastly greater scale. One such instance was observed by myself, when the nucleus of the storm was formed perhaps not more than one or two miles away. The appearance, when first noted, was of three misty masses of oval form, with the long axis vertical, their position being side by side, near each other, but not in contact. Their elevation was apparently about half-way between the earth and the zenith. Though they were without motion relatively, each had a very lively internal action, as of lines of pale fire running diagonally around the mass, as the housewife winds yarn into balls. Indeed, these masses appeared much like the mass of flax wound on a distaff, ready for spinning,—the lines of mist, instead of flax, on the outside, veiling the running threads of fire within. Attending this was a constant low crackling or snapping.

It may be interesting to the reader to learn that three successive showers, with brief intervals between, followed this spectacle, the first beginning within half an hour. The storm-nucleus quickly became enveloped in rapidly extended clouds of great density, forming before my eyes from the previously invisible vapor in the atmosphere. The showers were short, with heavy rainfall, and frequent vivid flashes of lightning.

In general, persons who are not at all afraid of electricity in its obscure forms are too fearful of lightning to enjoy watching its play in the clouds preparatory to a discharge earthward; but those whose curiosity gives them courage learn that there is no display of fire-works equal to that which the Almighty sometimes spreads before us in the sky. Here the antics of electricity are of the most lively movement

and varied form. One in proper position in regard to the clouds may observe how the charge gathers, by the slender lines of bluish light running hither and thither from the denser portions of the clouds, disappearing from view as it diffuses itself in other cloud-masses whose condensation has not proceeded so far as to bring the electric tension to the sparking point; for this electricity of the clouds is, primarily, of the frictional kind, like that generated by the electrical machine or produced on the cat's back.

When, by the progressive condensation of the clouds, the electricity—which always invests all floating particles of water or other substance—becomes sufficiently intensified, a giant spark is, as it were, crowded out, and sets off toward the earth,—which, locally, at that moment, is negatively electrified. If of great intensity and volume,—shown by its brilliant whiteness,—it makes an almost direct path through all obstacles to a point in the earth, perhaps almost exactly beneath its starting-point. If the discharge be less in quantity and intensity,—indicated by its bluish color,—the long spark is frequently turned aside from its course, and we behold a crinkled line, often running a long distance but little inclined from the horizontal. This is what is called “chain-lightning.” When the spark is small but intense, showing reddish-white color, it makes its way in a direct rush until the obstacle before it becomes too great, when it turns sharply and rushes straight on in another direction until the resistance increases sufficiently to turn its course again; it then rushes away nearly in the direction it first took, until forced to make another sharp angle. This action continues until it reaches earth. This kind is properly described as zigzag lightning.

When we have seen the flash, and even more when we have heard the thunder, we need no longer be afraid, for the danger is past. The terrible voice from the sky—the reverberation from the rending of a path through the atmosphere by the fiery spark—bears only a message of mercy, announcing with authority that now each trembling child is safe.

*George J. Varney.*

### WHEN THEY FORGIVE.

**M**AN may forget when love has been unkind,  
 If then love smile, content to leave behind  
 The stings of yesterday; so full his heart  
 Of welling bliss that pain may hold no part  
 When he forgives.

Not so with woman. Freely she forgives  
 For love's dear sake; but ever while she lives  
 The bitter with the sweet must mingle yet  
 Deep in her heart; for she cannot forget  
 When she forgives.

*Mary E. Stickney.*

## JIM TRUNDLE'S CRISIS.

THEY were expecting Jim Trundle at the Cross-Roads that spring morning. His coming had been looked for even more anxiously than that of Sid Wombley, the wag of the "Cove." Sid himself, when he dragged his long legs into the store, forgot to think of anything amusing to say as he looked the crowd over to see if Jim had preceded him.

It was on the end of his tongue to ask if Trundle had come and gone, but for once he said nothing. He seated himself on the head of a soda-keg and began to whittle the edge of the counter. Sid Wombley quiet suited the humor of the group better on this occasion than the same voluble individual in his natural element, so no one spoke to him, and all continued to watch the road leading to Trundle's cabin.

The silence and the delay were too much for the patience of Wade Sims, a bold, dashing young man in tight-fitting trousers, sharp-heeled boots, and a sombrero like an unroped tent. He was, as he often expressed it, "afraid o' nothin' under a hide," and if "the boys" had seen fit to give Jim Trundle notification, in the shape of a letter he would shortly receive, that he was a disgrace to the community, he saw no reason for so much secrecy. He wasn't afraid of the verdict of any jury that could be empanelled in the three counties over which he traded horses and disposed of illicit whiskey.

"I reckon thar's no doubt about the letter bein' ready fur 'im," he remarked to Alf Carden, who stood in the little pigeon-holed pen of upright palings which was known as "the post-office."

"I reckon not," was the reply, "when it's about the only letter I got on hand."

"I could make a mighty good guess who drapped it," said Sims, with a grin at a one-armed man who had once held the position of book-keeper at a cotton-gin, and who wrote letters and legal documents for half the illiterate community, "but I wouldn't give 'im away if I was under oath."

"I have an idee who's goin' to drap it," spoke up Sid Wombley from his soda-keg, and his sudden return to his natural condition evoked the first laugh of the morning. At that moment a little boy, the son of the store-keeper, who had been playing on the porch, came in quickly. His words and manner showed that he knew who was in request, if his intellect could not grasp the reason for it.

"Mr. Trundle is comin' acrost the cotton-patch behind the store," he announced, out of breath. Then silence fell on the group, a silence so complete that Jim Trundle's strides over the ploughed ground outside were heard distinctly. The next moment Trundle had crawled over the low rail fence at the side of the store, and, with clattering untied brogans, was coming up the steps.

The doorway, as his tall lank figure passed through it, framed a perfect picture of human poverty. His shirt, deeply dyed with the

red of the soil, was full of slits and patches worn threadbare. The hems of his trousers had worn away, revealing triangular glimpses of his ankles, and a frayed piece of a suspender hung from a stout peg in the waist-band behind.

He greeted no one as he entered. A silent tongue was one of Jim Trundle's peculiarities. No one had ever gotten a dozen consecutive words out of him. He strode to the end of the store, thrust his hand into an open cracker box, bit into a large square cracker, and sent his eyes foraging along both counters for something to eat with it,—cheese, butter, a bit of honey, or a pinch of dried beef. He was violating no rule of country store etiquette, for Alf Carden's customers all understood that those things left on the counters were to be partaken of in moderation. I think the *habitués* of the place had gradually introduced this custom themselves years before, when Carden was so anxious to draw people from the store across the river that he would willingly have given a customer bed and board for an indefinite time if by so doing he could have deprived his rival of the profit on a bag of salt.

Jim Trundle wasn't going to ask if there was any mail for him; that was plain to the curious on-lookers, and their glances began to play back and forth between Carden and the cracker consumer, making demands on the former and condemning the latter for stupidity.

Wade Sims winked when he caught the storekeeper's eye, and nodded towards the gaunt robber who had squatted at the faucet of a syrup-barrel and was cautiously trailing a golden stream over an immaculate cracker.

"So you didn't git no letter fur me, Alf," said Sims, significantly. "Seems like no mail don't come this way here lately hardly at all. I hope all the rest'll have their ride fur nothin' too."

Alf Carden understood, having given Sims a letter half an hour before, and he smiled. "No," he said, "thar hain't nothin' fur any of you except Jim Trundle; has he come along yet?"

Jim stood up quickly, and laid his besmeared cracker on the barrel. "Me?" he ejaculated, and a white puff shot from his crunching jaws; "I—I reckon you are mistaken."

"I reckon I kin read," replied Carden, still acting his part nonchalantly, and glancing askance at Sims to see how that individual was taking it. "It is jest Jim Trundle in plain A B C letters. It is either from somebody that cayn't write shore 'nough writin' ur is tryin' to disguise his handwrite."

Carden threw the letter on the counter. It lay there fully a minute while Jim Trundle wiped his hands on his trousers, gulped down a mouthful of cracker, and stared helplessly round at the upturned faces. Then he reached for the letter, and, with trembling fingers, tore it open and read as follows:

"Jim Trundle. This is to give you due notic. We the reglar organized band of White Caps of this settlement hav set on yore case an decided what we are goin to do about it. Time and agin good citizens have advised you to change yore way of livin, but you jest went along as before, in the same old rut.

"You are no earthly account, an no amount of talkin seems to do you any good. Yore childern are in tatters an without food, an you jest wont do nothin fur them. This might hav gone on longer without our action, but last Wednesday you let yore sick wife go to the field in the hot brilin sun, an she was seed by a responsible citizen in a faintin condition, while you was on the creek banks a fishin in the shade.

"To night at eight oclock we are comin after you in full force to give you a sound lickin. Yore wife an childern would be better off without you, and we advise you to leave the county before that time. If we find you at home at eight oclock you may count on a sore back.

"Yours truly, the secretary."

The spectators observed that Jim Trundle had read every word of the communication. His eyes, in their sunken sockets, darted strange, hunted glances from face to face, as if seeking sympathy; then, as if realizing the futility of the hope, he looked down at the floor. He leaned back against the counter so heavily that Carden's thread-case rattled its contents and the beam of the scales wildly swung back and forth.

The group furtively feasted themselves on his visible agony, but they got nothing more, for Jim Trundle did not intend to talk. Talking was not in his line. He knew that at eight o'clock that night he was going to be punished in a way that would be remembered against the third generation of his descendants,—that is, if he did not desert his family and leave the country.

"Kin I do anything fur you in the provision line, Jim?" asked Carden, for the entertainment of his customers. "I've got some fresh bulk pork. Seems to me you hain't had none lately."

Trundle refused to answer. He only stared out into the golden sunshine that lay on the road to his home. He saw through Carden's remarks, and his heart felt heavier under the thought that before him were some of the faces which would be masked later on. He wondered if those men knew that a lazy, worthless vagabond could feel disgrace as keenly as they could.

There was nothing left for him to do except to go home. He wanted to turn the mind-pictures of his wife and children into helpful realities. Somehow they had always comforted him in trouble. Oh, God! if only he could have foreseen the approach of this calamity! As he moved out of the store he felt vaguely as if his arms, legs, and body had nothing to do with his real, horrible self except to hinder it, to detain it near its spot of torture.

Outside he drew a long, deep, trembling breath. His breast rose and expanded under his ragged shirt and then sank like a collapsed balloon and lay there while he thought of himself. He was a dead man alive, a moving breathing horror in the sight of mankind.

He was sure that it was his strange nature that had brought him to it. Nature had made him happy in rags, oblivious to material things. Had he been endowed with education he might have become a poet. He saw strange, transcendent possibilities in the blue skies;

in the green growing things; in the dun heights of the mountains; in the depths of his children's eyes; in the patient face of his wife.

What an awakening! A shudder ran over him. He felt the lash; he heard Wade Sims's voice of command; then his lower lip began to quiver, and something rising within him forced tears into his eyes. He had begun to pity himself. If only those men really understood him they would pardon his shortcomings. No human being could knowingly lash a man feeling as he felt.

The road homeward led him into the depths of a wood where mighty trees arched overhead and obscured the sky. He envied a squirrel bounding unhindered to its home. Nature seemed to hold out her vast green arms to him: he wanted to sink into them and sob away the awful load that lay upon him. In the deepest part of the wood, where tall rugged cliffs bordered the road, there was a spring. He paused, looked round him, and shuddered anew, for something told him it was at this secluded spot that he would receive his castigation.

He passed on. The trees grew less dense along the way, and then on a rise ahead of him he saw his cabin, a low, weather-beaten structure that melted into the brown ploughed fields about it. He was anxious to see his wife. Could it be true that she had almost fainted while at work? If so, why had she not mentioned it to him? He had noted nothing unusual in her conduct of late; but how could he? She was as uncommunicative as he, and they seldom talked to each other.

As he passed the pig-sty in the fence-corner, even the sight of the grunting inmate seemed to remind him that he was going to be whipped by his neighbors. He shuddered and felt his blood grow cold. He shuddered with the same thought again, as if he were encountering it for the first time, when he dragged open the sagging gate and looked about the bare yard. In one corner of it he had once started to grow some flowers, but his neighbors had laughed at his attempt so much that he allowed them to die and be uprooted by his chickens. His mind now reverted to that period, and he decided that it was this and kindred impulses that had always kept him from being a good husband, father, and citizen like his sturdy industrious neighbors.

Well, to-morrow he was going to turn over a new leaf,—that is, if—but he could not look beyond that evening at eight o'clock. He had imagination, but it could picture nothing but every possible detail of his approaching degradation: the secluded spot; the masked circle of men; a muffled talk by Wade Sims; the baring of his back; the lash.

His wife was in the cabin. She held a wooden bowl in her lap and was shelling peas. As he towered up in front of her in the low-roofed room, for the first time in his life he noticed that she looked pale and thin, and as he continued to study the evidences against him in growing bewilderment, he felt that even God had deserted him.

She looked up.

"What's the matter?" she asked, in slow surprise.

"Nothin'." But he continued to stare. How thin her hair seemed since she had had the fever! Perhaps if he had insisted on having a

doctor something might have been done that was neglected. Poor Martha! how he had made her suffer! The whipping would not be so hard to bear now, except that—if she were to know—if she were to witness it— Ah, he had not thought of that! Yes, God had left him to the mercies of Wade Sims and the rest of his neighbors.

Her eyes held a look of deep concern.

"What are you lookin' at me that a-way fur?" she asked.

He made no answer, but turned to a stool in the chimney-corner and sat down. She must not know what was going to happen. He would not escape it by deserting her, for he was going to be a better man, beginning with the next day. He would stay with her and protect her, but she must never hear of the whipping. He understood her proud spirit well enough to know that she could never get over such a disgrace.

Then out of the black flood of his despair a plan rose and floated in his mind's view. They would gather at the store, and just before the appointed hour would march along the road he had just traversed. He would make some excuse to his wife for being obliged to absent himself for a little while and go to meet them. If he told them he had voluntarily come to be whipped, they might agree to keep the fact from his wife. Yes, God would not let them refuse that, for even Wade Sims would not want to pain an unoffending woman when he was told how Martha would take it. Then a sob broke from him, and he realized that his head had fallen between his knees, that tears were dripping from his eyes to his hands, and, moreover, that Martha was looking at him as she had never looked before. She wanted to ask him what was the matter, but she could not have done it to save her life.

"Are you ready fur dinner?" she asked, still with that look in her eyes.

"Yes, I reckon, ef—ef you are. Whar's the childern?"

"Behind the house, hoin' the young corn. Do you want 'em?"

"No; jest thought I'd ask."

She emptied the peas from her apron into the bowl, and put it on a shelf. Then she walked across the swaying puncheon floor to a little cupboard, and began to busy her hands with some dishes, keeping her eyes the while on him. He evidently thought himself unobserved, for he allowed his head to fall dejectedly again, and stared fixedly at the hearth. Surely, thought Mrs. Trundle, Jim had never acted so peculiarly before. Wiping a plate with a dish-cloth, she moved across the floor till she stood in front of him. He looked up. The gleaming orbs in their deep hollows frightened the woman into speech she might not have indulged in.

"Look y' here, Jim, has anythin' gone wrong?"

"No." He drew himself up, and rubbed his eyes. "Did you say dinner was ready?"

"You know the table hain't set. Look here, are you sick, Jim Trundle?"

"No." His eyes rested on her. That was what he wanted to ask her, if only he could have found the words. She turned away un-

satisfied. The next moment she fanned him with the cloth she was spreading for the meal, then she put a plate of fried bacon and a pan of corn bread on the table, went to the back door, and called the children from their work.

He studied them one by one with horror as they came in, wondering what this one or that one would think if they should learn that their father had been whipped for neglecting them and their mother. At the table, however, he studied his wife chiefly. The children were young and healthy, and devoured their food like famished animals, but she was only pretending to eat the piece of bread she was daintily breaking with her fingers and dipping into the bacon-grease. The "Regulators," as they called themselves, were right: he had allowed a sick wife to go into the hot sun to do work he ought to have done. He thought now of the lash again, but he did not shudder. It could never pain him like the agony at his heart.

He spent that long afternoon under an apple-tree behind the cabin, mending a harrow that was broken, stealing glances at his wife, longing to open his heart to her, watching the progress of the sun in its slow descent to the mountain top, and feeling the chill of the lengthening shadows. All nature seemed mutely to announce the coming horror. At sundown he went to the shelf in the entry, filled a tin pan with fresh spring water, and washed his face and hands. Then he went in to supper, but he did not eat heartily.

"Don't you feel no better, Jim?" asked his wife, her manner softened by a vague uneasiness his actions had roused. A suggestion of his mute suppressed agony seemed to have reached her and drawn her nearer to him.

"I hain't sick; I'll be all right in the mornin'."

Through the open door he watched the darkness thicken and heard the insects of the night begin to chirp and shrill. He had the curse of introspective analysis, and resolved that they were happy. He used to whistle and sing himself when his youth rendered it excusable. How very long ago that seemed!

All at once he rose, pretended to yawn, and said something to his wife about going over to Rawlston's a little while; he would be back by bedtime. She wondered in silence, and after he had passed through the gate she tiptoed to the door and looked after him uneasily.

The landscape darkened as he went along the road towards Carden's store. It was quite dark in the wooded vale. When he reached the spring he stopped to await the coming of Wade Sims and his followers. He wondered if the spot was far enough from the cabin to prevent Martha from hearing anything that might take place. He hoped it was, and, more than anything else, that they would not be drinking. They would be more apt to listen to his request if they were perfectly sober. The rising moon in the direction of the store now made the arched roadway look like a long tunnel.

It would soon be eight o'clock. He sat down on the root of a tree and tried to pray, but no prayer he had ever heard would come into his mind, and he could not invent one to suit the occasion. He heard voices down the road, then the tramp, tramp of footsteps. A dark

blur appeared on the moonlit roadway at the mouth of the tunnel, and grew gradually into a body of men.

Jim Trundle stood up. They should find him ready.

"Hello! what have we here?" It was the voice of Wade Sims. The gang of twenty men or more paused abruptly. There was a hurried fitting on of white cloth masks.

"Who's thar?" called out the same voice, peremptorily, and the hammer of a revolver clicked.

"Me,—Jim Trundle."

"Huh!" Wade's grunt of surprise was echoed in various exclamations round the group. "On yore way out'n the county, eh? Seems to me yore time's up. We'll have to put it to a vote. It's past eight o'clock, an' you've had the whole day to git a move on you. Whar you bound fur?"

"I ain't on my way nowhar. I come down here a half-hour ago to meet you-uns, an' I've been a-waitin'."

"To meet we-uns? Huh! Jeewhilikins!" It sounded like Alf Carden's voice.

"I—I 'lowed you-uns would likely want to do it here, bein' as it was whar you-uns tuck Joe Rand last fall."

Silence fell,—a silence so profound, so susceptible, that it seemed to retain Trundle's words and hold them up to sight rather than hearing for fully half a minute after they had ceased to stir the air. Even Wade Sims's blustering equipoise was shaken. His mask appealed helplessly to other masks, but their jagged eye-holes offered no helpful suggestions.

"Well, we are much obleeged to you," said Wade, awkwardly; and he laughed a laugh that went little further than his mask. "Boys, he looks like he wants it; you needn't feel squeamish."

"I've been studyin' over it," said Trundle, furnishing more surprise, "and I've concluded that I ort to be whipped, an' that sound. In fact, neighbors, the sooner you do it the better I'll feel about it."

The silence that swallowed up his clear-cut words was deeper than the one which had followed his other remark. Seeing that no one was ready to reply, he went on, "I did come down here, though, to see ef I couldn't git you-uns to do me a sorter favor, ef you jest would."

"Ah!" Wade Sims was feeling better. "I must say I was puzzled about yore conduct in comin' to meet us. Well, what do you want?"

"I'm ready fur my whippin'," said Trundle, "because I think I deserve it. I've been so lazy an' careless that I never once noticed till I got yore letter that my wife was a sick woman. I *did* let her go to the field in the hot sun when I was a-fishin' on the creek-bank in the shade. I thought her an' all of us would like some fresh fish, an' I forgot that our corn-patch was sufferin' fur the hoe. She didn't. She 'tended to it. But—now I come to the favor I want to ask. She hain't done no harm to you-uns, an', as foolish as it may seem, it would go hard with her in her weakly condition to hear about me a-goin' through what I'll have to submit to. She has got a mighty sight of pride, an' it's my honest conviction that she would jest pine

away an' die ef she knowed about it. I ain't a-beggin' off from nothin', understand; it's only a word for her an' the childern. You kin all take a turn an' whip me jest as long as you want to, but when it's over an' done with I 'lowed you mought be willin' to say nothin' to anybody about it. Besides, I've made up my mind to lead a different sort of a life, God bein' my helper, an' it would be easier to do it if I knowed Martha had respect for me; an', neighbors, I am actually afeerd she won't have it if she knows about what's goin' to take place to-night. I—I think you-uns mought agree to that much."

Masks turned upon masks. Some of them fell from strangely set visages into hands that quivered and failed to replace them. It was plain to the crowd that they had not elected a leader who could possibly do justice to the infinite delicacy of the situation. In fact, something was struggling in Wade Sims that was humiliating him in his own eyes, making him feel decidedly unmanly.

"I think yore proposition is—is purty reasonable," he managed to say, after an awkward hesitation. "We hain't none of us got nothin' ag'in' yore wife; ef she is sick, an' hearin' about this——"

But his inability to continue was evident to his most sincere admirers.

Trundle sighed in relief. He knew that not one in the gang could possibly be harder of heart than their blustering leader. "I wish, then, gentlemen," he said, calmly, "that you'd git it over with. I don't know how long it's a-goin' to take,—that's with you-uns; but she thinks I've gone over to Rawlston's to set till bedtime, an' it'll soon be time I was back."

"That's a fact," said Wade Sims, slowly, as if his mind were on something besides the business before him, and he looked round him. The band stood like white-capped stones.

Then it was proved that Sid Wombley, the wag of the valley, had more courage of his convictions than had ever been accredited to him. It sounded strange to hear him speak without joking. His seriousness struck a sort of terror to the hearts of some of the most backward. There was a suspicion of a whimper in the tone he manfully tried to straighten as he spoke.

"Looky here, Jim," he said, and he stepped forward and tore off his mask, "I got a feelin' that I want you to see my face an' know who I am. Sence I heard yore proposal, blame me ef I hain't got more downright respect fur you than fur any man in this cove, an' I want to kick myself. You've got the sort o' meat in you that ain't in me, I'm afeerd, an' I respect it. I'm a member o' this gang, an' have agreed to abide by the vote of the majority, but they'll have to git a mighty move on themselves an' reverse their decision in yore case, ur I'll be a deserter. I'd every bit as soon whip my mammy as a body feelin' like you do."

"That's the talk." It was the voice of Alf Carden. All at once he remembered that Jim Trundle, after all that had been said against him, did not owe him a cent, while nearly every other man present had to be dunned systematically once a week. "Boys, let 'im go," he said; "I'm a-thinkin' we hain't fully understood Jim Trundle."

"I hain't the one that got up this movement," said Wade Sims, in a tone of defence. Where sentiment was concerned he was out of his element. "Ef you was to let 'im off with a word of advice, it wouldn't be the fust time we conceded a p'int."

That settled it. With vague mutterings of various sheepish kinds the crowd began to filter away. Some went down the road, and others took paths that led from it.

Sid Wombly lingered with Jim a moment. Not being able to turn the matter into a jest, and yet being a thorough man, he felt very awkward.

"Go on home, Jim," he said, gently, his hand on Trundle's arm. "Your wife'll never know a thing about it; they'll all keep it quiet, an' the boys'll never bother you ag'in. I—I'll see to that."

They shook hands. Trundle started to speak, but simply choked and coughed. Sid turned away. An idea for a joke flitted through his mind, but he discarded it as unworthy of the occasion.

Jim went slowly up the hill to his cabin. The moon was now up, and as he neared the gate he saw his wife walking about in the entry. She was not alone. A woman sat on the step. It was old Mrs. Samuel, the aunt of Wade Sims, a neighbor, who sometimes dropped in to spend the evening. Was it an exclamation of glad surprise that he heard as he opened the gate, and did his wife stand still and stare at him excitedly, or was the sound the voice of one of the children turning in its sleep? Was her pallor a trick of the moonlight and shadows?

The faces of both women were expressionless as he approached them.

"Good-evenin', Jim," was Mrs. Samuel's greeting.

He nodded and sat down on the steps, his back to his wife. They were all silent. Mrs. Trundle stepped to the water-shelf at one side, and peered at his profile through the shadows, her face full of vague misgivings. Then she sat down behind him in a chair, and studied his back, his neck, the way his shirt lay, her hands clinched on her knees, the fury of a tiger in her eyes.

Ten minutes passed. Then Trundle roused himself with a start. He must not be so absent-minded; they must suspect nothing.

"Whar's the children?" he asked, not looking towards his wife.

"In bed a hour ago."

Her tone struck him dumb with apprehension. He stared over his shoulder at her. Her face was hidden in her hands. He glanced at the visitor and saw her avert her eyes. Could she have heard of the plan to whip him and revealed it to his wife? He felt sure of it: Wade Sims could not keep a secret. His wife thought he had been punished. No matter; it was the same thing. His heart was ice.

Mrs. Trundle bent nearer him. She was trying surreptitiously to see if there were any marks on his neck above his shirt-collar.

Presently her pent-up emotions seemed to overwhelm her. She began to sob and rock back and forth. Then she glared at Mrs. Samuel.

"I'd think you'd have the decency to go home," she said, fiercely,

"an' not set thar an'—an' gloat over me an' him like a crow. It's our bedtime."

"Why, Martha, what's the——" Trundle stood up in bewilderment.

"I was jest gettin' ready to go," said the visitor, humbly, and she hastened away. Trundle resumed his seat. What was to be done now? He had never seen his wife that way, but he loved her more than ever in his life before. She watched Mrs. Samuel's form vanish in the hazy moonlight: then she sat down on the step beside her husband.

"Jim," she faltered, "I want you to lay yore head in my lap." She had put her thin, quivering arm round his neck, and her voice had never before held such tender, motherly cadences.

"What do you want me to do that fur?"

"Jest because I do. I hain't never in all my life loved you like I do at this minute. I'd fight fur you with my last breath; I'd die fur you. Jim, poor, dear Jim, you needn't try to hide it from me. Mis' Samuel had jest told me what the White Caps was goin' to do when you turned the corner. I know you went down to the spring to meet 'em so me an' the childern wouldn't know it. Many a man would 'a' gone away an' left his family ruther than suffer such disgrace. Oh, Jim, I'd a million times ruther they'd whipped me! I'll never git over it. I'll feel that lash on my back every minute as long as I live. They hain't none of 'em got sense enough to see what a good, lovin' man you are at the bottom. I'd ruther have you jest like you are than like any one o' that lay-out. We must move away somewhars an' begin all over. I don't want the childern to grow up under sech disgrace."

Her hand passed gently round to the front of his shirt. She unfastened it, and began to sob as she turned the garment down at the neck. "Oh, Jim, did they hurt you? Does it——"

"They didn't whip me, Martha," he said, finally recovering his voice. "Sid Wombley kinder tuck pity on me an' stood up fur me, an' they all concluded to give me another trial. I hain't lived right, Martha, I kin see it now, an' to-morrow I'm a-goin' to begin different. These fellows have got good hearts in 'em, an' after the way they talked an' acted to-night, I hain't a-goin' to harbor no ill will ag'in' 'em."

Mrs. Trundle leaned towards him. She began to cry softly, and he drew her head over on his shoulder and stroked her thin hair with his coarse hands. Then they kissed each other, went into the cabin, and went to bed in the dark, so as not to wake the children.

*Will N. Harben.*

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### THE RACE.

**L**IFE is a race for every human soul:  
 Blest he who runs with honor for his goal!  
*Clinton Scollard.*

## LITERARY NOMENCLATURE.

SHAKESPEARE has remarked contemptuously concerning mere names, and has drawn attention to the fact that what we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, which, of course, is undeniable. It may have been that names were unimportant in his day : certainly they were spelt with a curious looseness. His own, composed of two of the simplest of words, words, owing to the habits of the times, much commoner then than now, appears in more than one guise, most of us spelling it as above, though Mr. Charles Knight gives preference to the form Shakspeare, not to mention the "Shikspur" of that pre-eminently bad speller, Sarah, the first Duchess of Marlborough, or "Molberry," as her grace sometimes wrote it. But one of our modern poets seems of a different opinion. Hood exclaims against being burdened with a low or mean name, and demands,—

What mortal would be a Bugg by choice,  
As a Hogg or a Grubb or a Chubb rejoice,  
Or any such nauseous blazon?  
Not to mention many a vulgar name  
That would make a door-plate blush for shame  
If door-plates were not so brazen.

And this time, at all events, one feels inclined to side with Hood, for is it not on record that a celebrated man once refused a baronetcy for this very cause? His Christian name had previously been concealed under the vagueness of the initial B, but had he accepted the proffered honor it would have been daily revealed as Bartholomew, owing to the custom of addressing baronets by both names in full after the title "Sir."

But the names of human beings are merely an item in the science of nomenclature. Many an invention has been piloted to success by a cunningly devised name; and as for patent medicines, the name is of chief importance, next, of course, to the advertising of it, which now holds the key to success once erroneously supposed to belong to merit. Names of new joint stock companies are often the subtleties of lures. And the names of books have been held of such importance that Jeremy Collier, the pugnacious non-juror, has declared, "Now when a *Poet* can't rig out a Title Page, 'tis but a bad sign of his holding out to the Epilogue." So we may safely assume that authors naturally desire propitious names for their books, and we fear that mere contrariety caused Mrs. Parr to entitle one of hers "John Thompson, Blockhead;" also that they would incline to something appropriate as well as neat, in spite of such a title as "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent.," by the Rev. Laurence Sterne, concerning which a recent biographer of that most unsavory cleric considers that it is hard to say which the book contains less of, the life or the opinions of Tristram Shandy.

Yet the faculty for choosing attractive, nay, even suggestive or appropriate, names is by no means invariably an attribute of genius. The reading public expect a book to be well and fitly named, though every author is not an adept at it in the ratio of his capacity for writing. Mr. Hardy, for instance, has severely handicapped one of his most picturesque and most romantic novels with the milk-and-water title of "A Pair of Blue Eyes." Such a title for such a book is almost as misleading as Cardinal Newman's "Grammar of Assent" was to the librarian who catalogued it among the school primers.

Mr. Hardy, however, is seldom happy in his choice of names. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is very good indeed, but the rest barely attain mediocrity, or fall below it. "The Hand of Ethelberta" and "The Return of the Native" are a trifle better than "Two on a Tower," but how tame such titles sound beside Mr. Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty," with its splendid resonance, or the fanciful delicacy of Mr. James Lane Allen's "The Choir Invisible"! Nor does it appear that he is unsuccessful for want of trying: one of his books enjoys the singular distinction of having had three separate and individual names, not two together, after the fashion in which Ouida sometimes delights, but each in its several and appointed time. It appeared first in *Harper's Magazine* as "The Simpletons," but almost immediately became "Hearts Insurgent," under which title it endured until its dismal ending, reappearing shortly afterwards as "Jude the Obscure." So that upon the title of the book which in the opinion of very many of his readers least merits praise, Mr. Hardy has apparently lavished the greatest care. But it is noticeable throughout his work that he pays little attention to the sounds of words, being almost exclusively occupied with their meanings. Some reason still remains to be found to account for a most extraordinary taste in naming his women: Bathsheba, Thomasin, Picotee, Baptista, Eustacia, Viviette, Fancy, and Lucetta are whimsical beyond comparison, and would give a most erroneous notion of the author's powers if taken as any indication of them.

For one who usually makes his words pay for themselves in sound as well as in sense, Mr. Rudyard Kipling is a little disappointing in the names of his books. "Many Inventions," "Plain Tales from the Hills," and "Soldiers Three" are commonplace and not impressive. "The Naulahka," "Life's Handicap," and "The Seven Seas" are better, while "The Jungle Book" sounds mysterious and promising. His best titles, however, are to be found inside and not outside his books,—the titles of the individual stories and poems. "The Story of Uriah," "The Sons of the Widow," "The Mare's Nest," "The Conundrum of the Workshops," "The Finances of the Gods," "The Amir's Homily," "Moti Guj, Mutineer," and "The Gate of a Hundred Sorrows," are all good, such as catch the eye and ear at once. "In the House of Suddho" has a very eerie, Indian sound and appearance, which are fully justified by the story itself. It is like Mr. Kipling's audacity to name a story "Pig," yet it is a very good story. "Watches of the Night" and "False Dawn" are capital burlesque titles with rather a tragic touch, and we experience a genuine shudder

on looking back at its title after reading "At the Pit's Mouth." Many of this author's titles, however, are more or less grim or humorous enigmas, to which the stories themselves furnish the solutions: merely another phase of his method of keeping the reader's mind constantly on the alert. Such is "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney;" also "The Recrudescence of Imray" and "The Mark of the Beast," with many others. The last named calls to mind a taste some writers have for using easily recognized quotations as titles for their books. Among them we have from Mr. Howells "A Foregone Conclusion," from Mr. Grant Allen "This Mortal Coil," and from Hugh Conway "Slings and Arrows," they, as well as the authors of "A Grey Eye or so," "Thy Name is Woman," "Perchance to Dream," supplying themselves from Shakespeare, while Mr. Hardy gives us "Far from the Madding Crowd" from Gray, and Mr. James Payn, Mrs. Southworth, and Mr. Kipling search the Scriptures and produce "Thicker than Water," "Cruel as the Grave," and "Bread upon the Waters." Then we have one from Macaulay, and a sensational one too, "Facing Fearful Odds," by Gordon Stables, and another author gives us one from Kingsley, "Women Must Weep," while Miss Haraden patronizes Longfellow for "Ships that Pass in the Night." These are, of course, quite permissible; but not so Mr. Christie Murray's "One Traveller Returns," against which a serious protest must be raised: such twisting of a fine phrase into an opposite meaning might become a fashion, with most disastrous results. "Paradise Almost Lost" is another offence of the same order.

"Euthanasia" is an odd title for a book, yet there is one owning it. For a work of fiction "Hyperæsthesia" is one degree worse. "The Palimpsest" is a good promising title—after one has been to the dictionary to find what it means. "Thoth," also, is a little bewildering to an average reader.

It is curious to notice what a fondness there is for using certain words in book titles. Take for instance the word "golden." We find it qualifying a bottle, a butterfly, a magnet, a calf, fetters, a dream, a spike, a feather, a pilgrimage, and a tress, besides sundry other highly incongruous nouns. Numbers also, especially low ones, are in high favor. We have two women, widows, victories, vocations, lilies, lives, marriages, men, hemispheres, guardians, captains and circuits, clippers, countesses and girls, arrows, admirals, apprentices, brothers, sisters, old maids and young married women, and these by no means exhaust the list. Three is not nearly so much run on: sisters, little maids, days, lieutenants, people, tales, diggers, girls in a flat, and three-cornered hat, almost complete the list. Four destinies, on an island, and sisters (sisters are much in demand), five old friends, six boys, seven daughters, nine days' wonder, ten old maids, and oh, Mrs. Molesworth, how could you call a book "Thirteen Little Black Pigs"? "Out of" gives us such variations as her sphere, the cage, the foam, court, the world, the wreck, and the shadows. "Under" qualifies green apple boughs, sentence of death, lilies and roses, the storm, the waves, Drake's flag, two flags, the deodars, and the greenwood tree. Titles including the word "adventures" are naturally numerous and

varied, comprising those of a dog, a marquess, a donkey, a widow, a brownie, and an attorney. Names of family relations, too, figure prominently: fathers and sons, sons and fathers, parents and children, brothers and sisters, our uncle and aunt, uncles alone of the names of Max, Jack, Ralph, Remus, Silas, and Titus, Father Oswald, Aunt Rachel, Sister Louise, Grandmother Elsie, and, comprehensively, "A Family Affair."

Really it is astonishing what authors will do to "rig out a title-page." The author of "The Giant's Robe" introduces a young novelist as one of his characters in the book, and refers to two of his novels by name. They are not striking or attractive titles, at least not remarkably so: one is "Glamour" and the other "One Fair Daughter." Yet they have both been coolly appropriated by other novelists. Some authors, driven, it would seem, by ignorance, despair, or pure cussedness, seize upon titles already in use: at least "Two Friends" and "Tempest-Tossed" call for four different novels. Others try to improve upon their predecessors: Mr. Grant Allen has "The Devil's Die," and Mr. Le Queux goes him at least one better with "The Devil's Dice." One might congratulate the author of "Two Bad Blue Eyes" on having improved on Mr. Hardy if there were a hint as to whether villany or astigmatism is to be inferred. Antithetical pairs of titles are not unknown, though presumably accidental: one cannot imagine that Mr. Stanley Weyman, when entitling his book "The Man in Black," had any reference to Mr. Wilkie Collins's "The Woman in White," or one might proceed further and assume collusion among three authors with such a result as "Found Dead," "Upside Down," "Who did it?"

There is one fashion of naming books that has utterly disappeared, even as if it had never existed, and that is the style of alliterative titles. Time was when it threatened to establish a tyranny of one in this particular province of the republic of letters. But, most fortunately, like æstheticism, it carried lurking within itself the seeds of burlesque. And just as Gilbert and Sullivan and Du Maurier slew æstheticism at the moment when it was most limp and therefore most robust, just as Swift tranquilly vivisected Partridge the almanac-maker, and Lord Wharton (as he boasted) whistled and sang King James II. out of three kingdoms with "Lillibullero," so did the unknown benefactor who wrote a string of some dozen burlesque alliterative titles save us from this horror. For where is the author bold enough to name his book after such a fashion when its title would instantly call to mind "Tim the Thug, the Terror of the Tartar Temple," or "Arsenic Abe, the Atrocious Assassin of the Arctic Abyss"? Almost any other variation of mismated sounds and carefully cultivated want of invention is open to him, but this one is closed forever.

In conclusion, one may honestly congratulate modern authors of all sorts upon the brevity, at least, of their titles. In these enlightened times no one would be guilty of a "First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regimen of Women." Worse still is "Discovery of a gaping Gulf wherein England is like to be swallowed by another French Marriage," for which Stubbes, the author, was deprived of his

right hand in the presence of a "deeply silent multitude." And, although it is well to avoid extremes, one finds monosyllabic titles preferable to those last mentioned. Let such as cavil at "Quits," "Moths," "Dawn," "She," "Weeds," "Jess," "Jet," "Dreams," or even "Alas," refrain, lest a worse thing happen unto them.

*F. Foster.*

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### THE ARCHÆOLOGY OF NURSERY CLASSICS.

IT will be a sorry day for the rising generation if those nineteenth-century realists who are continually clamoring for "Facts! facts!" succeed in banishing from juvenile literature all the dear, more or less imaginative tales and rhymes which have been the joy of whole armies of little men and women for many a century past. "Down with all fairies and hobgoblins," they cry; "Santa Claus is a myth designed to fill the youthful mind with falsehood and foster unbelief; and Mother Goose is a nursery witch who deserves to be burned at the stake."

Heaven defend the poor children from such iconoclasts! For, Heaven knows, the prosaic side of life comes soon enough, and more than dolls are found to be stuffed with sawdust. Surely we need not begrudge our boys and girls the few radiant years when bright Fancy spreads her enchanting glamour over land and sea,—when, for them, the moon is really made of green cheese, each flower is the home of a dainty fay, and the genial spirit of Christmas love and good will is personified in the person of a generous old gentleman who owns the fleetest racers on record.

Parents, however, who have any qualms of conscience on the subject may satisfy themselves by remembering that most of the fables and "Melodies" have a substratum of truth underlying them, while others boasted a lengthy and distinguished pedigree long before that good old lady of Boston town, Dame Goose,—or Vergoose, as was her proper cognomen,—crooned to her children and grandchildren the rhymes and ditties learned during her own childhood in the English fatherland over the water, which her printer son-in-law preserved by gathering them into a volume published under the title "Songs for the Nursery, or Mother Goose's Melodies for Children: Printed by T. Fleet at his printing house, Pudding-Lane, 1719. Price two coppers," and with a long-necked goose with open mouth for frontispiece.

Since then antiquarian societies have not considered the origin of these fantastic verses beneath their attention, but have devoted to them much research; though I believe they have decided it was purely accidental that in 1697, twenty-two years before the American nursery classic appeared, Charles Perrault published in France a collection of French fairy-tales as the "Contes de ma Mère l'Oye" ("Tales of my Mother Goose"). Collin de Plancy thus explains the adoption of this name:

"King Robert II. of France took to wife his relative Bertha, but was commanded by Pope Gregory V. to relinquish her and to perform

seven years of penance for marrying within the forbidden degree of consanguinity." He was excommunicated, and shortly after a child was born to the royal pair—a *lusus naturæ*—resembling a deformed duck or goose. The king, struck with horror, immediately repudiated Bertha, and subsequently wedded one Constance, the daughter of a Count of Toulouse.

Now, the divorced wife was reported to have a foot shaped like that of the hissing fowl, so the credulous populace bestowed upon her the nicknames of "Goose-footed Bertha" and "Queen Goose." From this, then, arose among the French a proverbial saying that any incredible tale belongs to the time when "Queen Bertha spun," and they call such a fable "one of Queen Goose's or Mother Goose's stories."

In all the vignettes, too, which illustrate the first editions of Perrault's "Contes de ma Mère l'Oye," the garrulous dame is represented as using a distaff and surrounded by a group of children whom she holds entranced by her wondrous recitals. It is extremely doubtful, however, if our poetess laureate of the nursery ever even heard of her French counterpart, and the fact is introduced here only as a curious coincidence.

Certain nursery rhymes Mr. Halliwell classes together as historical. Among these appear,—

What is the rhyme for *porringer*?  
The king he had a daughter fair,  
And gave the Prince of Orange her,—

which is believed to have been written on the occasion of the marriage of an English princess with the young Prince of Orange; and

Little General Monk  
Sat upon a trunk,  
Eating a crust of bread.  
There fell a hot coal,  
And burnt in his clothes a hole;  
Now General Monk is dead,—

referring to George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, who was a famous parliamentarian general during the Commonwealth and Protectorate, and later noted for the part he took in bringing about the restoration of the Stuarts.

Another, which with some slight and vulgar variations appears in "The Jacobite Minstrel," is,—

William, Mary, George, and Anne,  
Four such children had never a man.  
They put their father to flight and shame,  
And called their brother a shocking bad name,—

and is evidently a hit at William III. and George, Prince of Denmark.

Old King Cole was, likewise, a very ancient British sovereign who flourished in those dark ages about the third century, when fact and fancy seemed so bewilderingly commingled. That he was a "merry

old soul" we can well believe, and it may have been within the great earthwork or amphitheatre still shown at Colchester as "King Cole's Kitchen" that he retired to take his ease, calling for his bowl, and calling for his pipe, and calling for his fiddlers three. This receives more credence when we note that very early editions read,—

Old King Cole,  
He sat in his hole,  
And he called for his fiddlers three.

However that may have been, old chroniclers tell us that he obtained possession of the spot by assuming independence and attacking and taking a Roman colony at Camelodunum, which he named after himself *Cole castrum*, or Cole's camp, and from which it was but a short step to Colchester. To regain this post, the Roman general Constantinus Chlorus laid violent siege to it. Warfare was carried on for three years, when the general, having chanced to behold King Cole's beautiful daughter Helena, made peace with the Britons on the condition that the fair princess be given him in marriage. This was agreed to, and legendary lore asserts that Constantine the Great was the fruit of this union.

It is pretty well known that "The House that Jack Built" was an adaptation of a Chaldee hymn in Sepher Haggadah, symbolical of events in the history of the Hebrew nation. The original commences,—

A kid, a kid, my father bought  
For two pieces of money,  
A kid, a kid.

This has been thus interpreted. The kid—one of the pure animals—denotes the Hebrews; the father who purchased it is Jehovah, who represents himself as holding this relation to the Jews; while the pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, who brought the children of Israel out of Egypt.

Then came the cat, and ate the kid.

This means the Assyrians, by whom the ten tribes were carried into captivity.

Then came the dog, and bit the cat;

typical of the Babylonians.

Then came the staff, and beat the dog.

The staff represents the Persians.

Then came the fire, and burned the staff.

The fire indicates the Grecian Empire under Alexander the Great.

Then came the water, and quenched the fire.

The water here betokens the Roman Empire, the fourth of the great monarchies to whose dominion the Jewish nation was subjected.

And so it continues, introducing the ox, the butcher, and the angel of death, until the concluding stanza, which runs,—

Then came the Holy One, blessed be He!  
 And killed the angel of death,  
 That killed the butcher,  
 That slew the ox,  
 That drank the water,  
 That quenched the fire,  
 That burned the staff,  
 That beat the dog,  
 That bit the cat,  
 That ate the kid,  
 That my father bought  
 For two pieces of money.

A kid, a kid.

The ox, then, typifies the Saracens, who subdued Palestine and brought it under the Caliphate. The butcher is a symbol of the Crusaders, by whom the Holy Land was wrested from the Saracens. The angel of death is the Turkish power, which took the country from the Franks; while the conclusion is designed to show that God will yet take signal vengeance on the Turks, and, immediately after, restore the Hebrews to their native land, there to live under the government of their long-expected Messiah.

Of less royal origin, but quite as veracious, are some other popular characters in nursery romances. There, for instance, was pretty Bobby Shaftoe, "fat and fair," who played havoc with young ladies' hearts during the last century and was at one time a member of Parliament.

Robert Shaftoe, Esq., belonged to an old and respected family in the north of England. He dwelt at Whitworth, county of Durham, where he was known as "Bonny Bobby," and his portrait represents him as young, handsome, and with yellow hair.

I fear the blond youth was a gay deceiver, for who knows but it was poor little Miss Bellayse of the estate of Brancepeth who first sang,—

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,  
 With silver buckles on his knee;  
 When he comes back he'll marry me—  
 Pretty Bobby Shaftoe!

But, alas, he never did, and, if report be true, the young heiress pined away and died for love of him, while he wedded a Miss Anne Duncombe, and left her a widow less than three years later.

There, too, was lank and lean Jack Sprat. It seems he was no less a personage than an archdeacon, and the jingle anent him and his wife has been in vogue for two centuries and more. It originally ran,—

Archdeacon Pratt would eat no fatt,  
 His wife would eat no lean;  
 'Twixt Archdeacon Pratt and Joan his wife,  
 The meat was eat up clean.

But none is to me more interesting than "The Pleasant History of Jack Horner, containing his Witty Tricks and Pleasant Pranks;"

for so is entitled a very old chap-book, carefully preserved in the Bodleian Library. This is a poem of eleven verses, but only one is familiar to us,—that which deals with his Christmas pie; and a tradition of Somersetshire seems best to explain this incident.

It appears—so runs the tale—that an abbot of Glastonbury, hearing that his majesty Henry VIII. had expressed much indignation at the monks daring to build a kitchen which he could not burn down, attempted to appease him. For this purpose, then, he despatched his steward, Jack Horner, to present the sovereign with a suitable bribe. It took the form of a big and tempting-looking pie in which were hidden the transfer deeds of twelve manors,—truly a rich and “dainty dish to set before a king.”

But Master Jack had an eye out for “number one,” and *en route* he lifted the crust and slyly abstracted the deed of the manor of Wells, which, on his return, he informed the abbot had been given him by King Hal. Hence the rhyme,—

Little Jack Horner  
Sat in a corner [of the wagon],  
Eying his Christmas pie;  
He put in his thumb  
And pulled out a plum [the title-deed],  
Saying, “What a brave boy am I!”

Humpty Dumpty, although remembered by a riddle-rhyme the answer to which is “an egg,” is said to have been a bold, bad baron who lived in the days of King John. So, too, the pathetic story of the Babes in the Wood is founded on an actual crime committed in the fifteenth century. The whole history carved upon a mantel-shelf may still be seen in an ancient house in Norfolk.

Rather more vague is the idea that Jack and Jill represent the complete amalgamation of the Saxon and Norman races in the British nation.

To political pasquinades and sectarian differences, also, a host of our nonsense jingles are due, time and change having obliterated their first pungent meaning. One archbishop of Dublin was not far wrong when he made this quotation and comment:

“Old Father Long-legs wouldn’t say his prayers.  
Take him by the right leg,  
Take him by the left leg,  
Take him fast by both legs,  
And throw him down-stairs.”

“There,” remarked his grace, “in that nursery verse you may see an epitome of the history of all religious persecution. Father Long-legs, refusing to say the prayers that were dictated and ordered by his little tyrants, is regarded as a heretic and suffers martyrdom.”

In fact, Mr. John Bellenden Ker, who has delved deep into the subject, evolves most of these rhymes from the squibs of a mob. In this he is often extremely far fetched, but his derivation of the universal favorite Little Bo-Peep is too ingenious to be omitted.

In days of yore, when Charlemagne was oppressing the Saxons on the continent and the Anglo-Saxons held possession of the British Isles, it was a time of hardship for the small farmers and peasants, levied upon and ground down as they were by church sway, to which they imputed fraud and vexation.

The begging friar was rarely welcome when he came to demand donations for the support of the monasteries, though few ventured to refuse. This, then, is the song which was put into the mouths of the monks as they sat over their cups after a successful excursion made by their messenger :

Little Boo-peep !  
 His food is good liquor ;  
 When the cup's drained out,  
 Why, he begs all the quicker.  
 A fig for their grumbling,  
 Love the jolly old dog  
 Who procures for us all  
 Good swipes and good prog !

Boo-peep—according to Mr. Ker—was a familiar name for the limitour or friar sent forth to solicit,—*boo* or *bod* being a contraction of *bode*, a messenger.

Later, then, in poorer times for the monks, they are said to have changed the words to

Little Boo-peep has lost his sheep,  
 And cannot tell where to find 'em ;  
 Let them alone, they'll come home,  
 And bring their tails behind 'em.

From which we may presume that the sheep were the people or spiritual flock, and the tails their contributions for the support of the servants of the Church.

Nursery tales are, as a rule, more imaginative than nursery rhymes, and the majority had their birth and being in the folk-lore and myths of various nations during the early dawn of the ages, when half the world talked in metaphors and parables. Who does not know that Cinderella was really the Egyptian maiden Rhodope, who lived six hundred and seventy years before Christ, and whose tiny sandal was borne off by an eagle as she was bathing in the river? Wise bird, that, to drop the wee shoe right into the lap of King Psammetichus, thereby so exciting the royal admiration and curiosity that he could not rest until the small-footed owner was discovered and made his queen. But the cruel step-sisters are comparatively modern improvements, who made their *début* about the time the eagle was transformed into the fairy godmother and Rhodope became the German's Aschenputtel, or little cinder-wench. The form in which it is best known to-day is the graceful French version of M. Perrault, who has likewise given us Blue-Beard, Little Red Riding-Hood, and Puss in Boots ("Le Chat Botté"). Tom Thumb carries us back to the romantic age of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, when very small dwarfs were by no means unknown, but were kept as pets and playthings by

the wealthy ; while Jack the Giant-Killer savors of Thor and Odin, and is an outgrowth of Scandinavian mythology woven into an old nurse's tale and handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation.

True nursery classics these, that could not harm the most susceptible child, for all either stir the sympathies or teach the overcoming of evil by good. As Sir Walter Scott says, "I would not give one tear shed over Little Red Riding-Hood for all the benefit to be derived from a hundred histories of Jimmy Goodchild. I think the selfish tendencies will be soon enough acquired in this arithmetical age, and that to make the higher class of character, our own wild fictions—like our own simple music—will have more effect in awakening the fancy and elevating the disposition than the colder and more elaborate compositions of modern authors and composers."

I cannot conclude a paper of this character without at least alluding to the one single contribution of note that America has made to this never-dying literature of childhood, and that is the true story of Mary and her Little Lamb. Perhaps it is because of its truth that it has taken such a strong hold upon the popular fancy, for some of the verses are crude enough, written as they were by young John Rollston, a boy student at the same Massachusetts school attended seventy years ago by Mary and her devoted pet. But the poem was completed long after the demise of the sheep, by Mrs. Sarah Hall, a quite celebrated author. That its admirers are legion was shown at a fair in Boston, as many will remember. A stocking knitted from the woven fleece of the famous lamb was ravelled out and pieces sold with the autograph of Mary, then an aged lady, attached ; and so great was the demand that one hundred and forty dollars was thus won for the Old South Church.

We who have passed our nursery days and put away the dear infantile classics along with other childish things often feel a glow about the heart as we rehearse for another generation the doughty deeds of the old-time heroes and heroines of the hearthstone, or sing the melodies of the cradle-side songstress. How many of us, too, are constantly proving the sugar-coated wisdom of the ancient rhymes ! As the poet says,—

The sports of childhood's roseate dawn  
 Have passed from our hearts like the dew-gems from morn.  
 We have parted with marbles, we own not a ball,  
 And are deaf to the hail of a whoop and a call.  
 But there's an old game that we all keep up,  
 When we've drunk much deeper from life's mixed cup ;  
 Youth may have vanished and manhood come round,  
 Yet how busy we are on Tom Tiddler's ground,  
 Looking for gold and silver !

*Agnes Carr Sage.*

# M E R I E L.

*A LOVE STORY.*

BY

AMÉLIE RIVES,

AUTHOR OF "THE QUICK OR THE DEAD?" "BARBARA DERING,"  
"A DAMSEL ERRANT," ETC.

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Where there is no vision, the people perish.

*Proverbs xxix. 18.*

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MERIEL.

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I.

DALRYN felt an almost sentimental pleasure in the soft gathering of twilight, after the long day's journey from Marseilles, during which sea and sky had been one glare of intrusive brilliancy. Now, the picture framed by the carriage window was a vast blur of dusky violet, lighted along the edge by bands of foam. Through the delicate gloom a star-ray trembled here and there, the warm air fluctuated against his face like a curtain of perfumed silk, then the outline of Monaco appeared in quivering lights, and a little later they stopped at Ventimiglia, where he saw that the sea was advancing, with movements of lovely insinuation, almost to the wheels of the train, its waves strewn with spangles from the slowly rising moon.

He coughed, then changed his position, with that air of the very strong to whom physical ailment is new. Koch's lymph was at that time creating an excitement, and Dalryn's friends had urged him to try it; but he felt a distrust of miraculous cures, and was convinced that the trouble in his lung was only a temporary result of la grippe. His appearance was certainly that of robust health, even to the strong growing of his hair. Colorado had been urged upon him by his doctor, who had at last compromised on San Remo, as being at a more convenient distance from London. Somehow, although Dalryn had rebelled against the wrench which uprooted him from his work, he could not help feeling a certain boyish sense of freedom in this sudden emancipation from hard study.

When alone in his room at the Méditerranée, he looked about him, a smile stirring his face, as he noted that subtle likeness to the familiar haunts of childhood with which imaginative and home-loving people invest the most unlikely surroundings. The white mosquito-netting about the narrow bed recalled vividly his early impressions of India, and a certain smell of starch emanating from the Marseilles counter-

pane reminded him of the housekeeper's room in his old country home, where he used to roast chestnuts when a little lad. Going to the window, he twisted aside the long chintz curtains and opened the venetian blinds, to admit the surges of sea-sound and perfume, with which his profound slumbers were made pleasant all night long.

He was awakened in the morning by the violent banging of one of the shutters, for a high wind had risen in the night, and the sea leaped in crude blue scintillations under a sky of vivid pallor.

It was on account of this wind that he took his first walk among the hills, instead of along the coast. Up under the great olives the air was stirred only by a languorous tremor now and then, and the sun beat warmly. There was a faint blue sheen of violets on the grass-grown terraces, a dazzle of silver and beryl in the shimmering mystery of foliage overhead. Through the silence came the occasional rattle of an olive-gatherer's pole, and the call of a peasant to his donkey. As Dalryn walked ever higher and higher along the roughly paved mountain road, he felt an exultant sense of security in the power of this beneficent atmosphere to heal any ailment from which he might be suffering. In fact, this sense of the friendliness of nature so grew upon him that after a while he laughed outright, and ran along at full speed for a few yards, to test his breathing. He pulled up suddenly, as a turn in the road showed him that some other people were walking a little ahead of him.

There were three of them, the first two dawdling together as though tired; the third, a slight, girlish figure, in a weather-beaten yachting-gown of dark blue serge, skipping upward, as though impelled by the same exuberance of vitality that had moved him only a moment ago. In one hand she carried a bare canvas, in the other her hat, and Dalryn saw that from the dark curve of her head there rose as it were a spray of glittering strands that looked as though they had been dipped in bronze. Having passed this little party, he walked on for about half a mile, then sat down on the edge of a terrace, partly from a desire to rest for a few moments, partly from a vague curiosity to see what sort of face was crowned by those charming tresses, for the beauty of a woman's hair had always strongly appealed to him, and he had never seen any that reminded him in the least of that mass of dusk and sparkles.

After a little while she came in sight, humming to herself in a sweet, vibrant voice, and gazing about her with chin a little lifted and eyes half closed, in the manner of painters who wish to reduce the landscape to simple masses. He could only see a gleam of color between the thick lashes. His chief impression of the face was that of a brilliant eagerness. The mouth, a lovely triumph of firm and impassioned curves, was set over a chin that swept upward with delicate boldness. She was pale and clearly tanned from brow to throat, and the boyish cut of the sailor-blouse accentuated the alert poise of her little head. Dalryn thought that she must be about twenty. She passed without seeing him, and scrambled up on the next terrace, throwing her hat and canvas on the grass and making a scooped frame of her hands through which to look at the growth of olives just above. He noticed that on one of the slender brown hands was a ruby, which gave

forth light as though it had been a crimson diamond. As a rule, he disliked rings, but the girl's individuality seemed to explain the presence of this one dark jewel on its thread of gold. He was interested, and curious to see what her impression of the day would be, as set forth on the bit of canvas at her feet: so, taking a book out of his pocket, he began to read.

The others appeared after a few moments. One was a tall, elderly, raw-boned Amazon, with high coloring and an aggressive profile, evidently a servant; the other a thin, sallow woman of about thirty-five, with light gray eyes. They were not exactly handsome eyes, but interesting, and afire with intelligence.

As soon as she had climbed upon the terrace beside her friend, they went off together, gesticulating and talking eagerly, while the Amazon settled herself, in a square attitude, on the grass, taking her mistress's hat and canvas into her lap, and fixing upon Dalryn a belligerent regard, as though she suspected him of a secret intention to walk off with those articles should she relax her vigilance for an instant.

He continued his reading, however, quite unmoved, and presently two more figures toiled in sight up the steep road, both loaded with painting materials. One was a tall man, with silverish fair hair, and eyes of that refreshing blue which one instinctively associates with babies. He was clean-shaven, and wore that expressionless mask of the complete valet. A boy of about ten, evidently a peasant, walked close at his heels. He had an exquisite, mournful little face. Dalryn was actually thrilled by his first glimpse of it. All the poetry of childhood seemed condensed into the wide, half-frightened, half-resigned eyes, and the scarlet lips were pinched into an expression of miserable determination.

Dalryn solved this mystery at once. The boy was a new model, overwhelmed by that dread sense of ignorance so torturing to children and animals.

He helped to arrange the painting materials, then sat down on a heap of stones in an attitude of supreme if graceful dejection. His olive ankles and bare feet were so lovely that Dalryn felt a strong desire to put one of his big hands on the small member nearest him and give it a squeeze of encouraging sympathy.

"Cheer up, piccolo," he could not help whispering, in Italian, as the others moved out of earshot to open the luncheon-hamper. "What's the matter? Have you never been painted before? It isn't such a terrible affair. You only have to sit still, just as you are, I should think, and let that very gentle signorina in the blue gown look at you as long as she likes. Come, what is it? Tell me, child."

The boy's whole expression flashed into hope, at hearing these kindly words addressed to him in his own tongue. He explained, with eager fluency, that he had come a long way, from a village over the mountains; that the big *Inglesi* with the light hair had fetched him, only that morning, because the signorina in the blue dress had seen him the day before, while driving, and wanted to make a picture of him. She had promised to give him ten francs a day, and his mother had said he must go. But he was frightened. The ocean

frightened him. He had never seen it before. He felt as though it were crawling up the hills after him. And he did not know what they wanted him to do. And if he did not do it, whatever it was, his mother would beat him, because then the signorina would not give him the ten francs. And he was miserable, miserable, miserable. All this in a whisper, for he too evidently felt the need of keeping their talk a secret from the watchful Amazon.

Dalryn explained as concisely as possible what would be required of him. When the others came back the small Angelo was in a more cheerful frame of mind, and Dalryn intent upon his book.

By the time that the child had been posed, however, he was entirely wretched again. Both ladies were wholly absorbed in the study of that wonderful little face, and both screwed up their bright eyes, and went through movements and grimaces that struck terror to its owner's heart.

Suddenly the elder woman threw down her palette and sheaf of brushes, and thrust her fingers through the hair at her temples, with a gesture of vanquishment.

"One might as well try to paint a nectarine in the sunlight!" she exclaimed. "I surrender: I'm going to walk off my mortification;" and, wheeling about, she went rapidly away. Her friend was so absorbed that she only gave an absent-minded murmur, as she continued her energetic dartings back and forth. During a pause for rest, the boy dropped into the forlornly lovely attitude which had at first attracted Dalryn's attention. The girl glanced up over her palette, from which she was scraping the confused colors, started visibly, then, flinging aside the canvas upon which she had been painting, caught up a wooden panel from the box at her side, and set to work more intensely than ever. After about twenty minutes, Dalryn noticed that she stopped, hesitated, gazed curiously at the boy, then a sudden color throbbled into her clear face; she threw aside her brushes, and, with the palette still on her thumb, ran and knelt down beside him.

"Oh, he's crying, Tommy!" she exclaimed; "the poor little heart! Look at those great tears! What is the matter? What is it, dear? Are you frightened? Tommy! *Tommy!* Come here! Ask him what it is. You poor, beautiful child, don't cry—don't, my dear little man." And then she dropped the palette too and put her arms about him.

"I think, miss—mum I mean—that 'e's 'omesick," said the individual addressed as Tommy, also making this suggestion to Angelo himself, in a stolid and elephantine attempt at Italian.

"Si—si—si!" sobbed the boy, passionately, then conquered himself, and went on quivering and weeping quite silently.

"'E's 'omesick, mum," repeated Tommy, in a serious voice.

"Perhaps he's only hungry," suggested his mistress, wistfully.

She ran and fetched Angelo a sandwich, but he refused to eat it. Great tears continued to well slowly from his eyes and splash down upon the coarse stuff of his trousers.

"'E's 'omesick, mum," said Tommy, for the third time, maintaining the identical expression of grave conviction with which he had

first uttered this statement. But his mistress did not wish to be convinced.

"Maybe some wine would quiet him," she urged. "Get me a glass of wine. Quick, before he begins again."

As she continued to urge it upon him, the boy finally took the glass from her hand, and, rising, bowed to her, as though he had been a little courtier. "Your health, signorina," he said, and then managed to gulp down a mouthful. But the effort was too great. He set the glass upon a stone beside him, and abandoned himself anew to his despair.

The girl had tears in her own eyes. She implored the never-changing Tommy to find out the particulars of his distress, but Tommy's Italian was not equal to this demand, and the situation became more hopeless every minute. At last, after a supreme and bewildered effort to comprehend the Inglesi's strange utterances, the boy, with a desperate gesture, pointed to Dalryn and repeated an urgent phrase several times.

"'E says as 'ow the gentleman with the book, there, can speak Hitalian, miss—mum I mean," said Tommy.

"What gentleman?" asked his mistress, twisting about, still with her arms around Angelo, and gazing in the direction of his excited gestures. "Oh!" she then said, with an air of relief. She got up, and came straight to Dalryn, with the frank assurance of a child that has always been affectionately treated.

"My servant says that you speak Italian," she said. "It would be so very good of you if you would find out what is wrong with this poor little soul. He seems to be so wretched."

Dalryn had taken off his hat as she approached, and she noticed the detail of his extreme grayness.

In a few moments he had discovered the source of Angelo's misery, and had also quieted the boy and set him to work on a sandwich.

"He is very homesick," he then explained, "and hungry into the bargain. The little monkey hasn't had a morsel since seven o'clock this morning. This is his first venture outside of his native hills, and I don't think he'll be of much service to you until he has assured himself that they haven't been swallowed up by an earthquake in his absence. If you will let him go now, he promises to come back, as early as you may wish, to-morrow."

"Thank you so very much," said the girl, and then stood gazing absently at her canvas. "It's too bad," she said, at last. "Poor little fellow! But I was just beginning to get interested. It was just beginning to 'go.'—Do you care for painting?" she then asked. "Would you like to see this sketch?"

He stepped to the other side of the easel, and saw a masterly little *ébauche* upon it, instead of the prettiness that he had expected.

"But you are not a student!" he could not help exclaiming. "You have painted a long while."

Her face flashed into mirth at his evident amazement. She told him that she had drawn in charcoal and colors ever since she could remember.

"You have a rare sense of color, as well as of form," said Dalryn. "And your shadows are really shadows."

She looked at him suddenly serious, and he realized that her eyes were remarkable, both in shape and expression. He could not decide upon their exact color. They seemed to be violet and hazel at the same time. The lids were dark and long and unusually arched.

"You paint, too, don't you?" she asked.

But he laughed, and said, "No," very decidedly, adding, "I did have a try at it when I was a lad, but after two years I gave it up."

"I don't see how you could have given it up," she said, soberly. Here Tommy came towards them with Angelo.

Dalryn left at once. Having settled himself to his satisfaction under a wild fruit-tree higher up on the mountain, he took out again his shabby little Theocritus, and opened it at random. His eyes fell on these words:

"Tempest is the dread pest of the trees, drought of the waters, snares of the birds, and the hunter's net of the wild beasts, but ruinous to man is the love of a delicate maiden. O father, O Zeus, I have not been the only lover; thou too hast longed for a mortal woman."

A curious pale shadow stole over his face. He slipped the book again into his pocket, and leaned back among the small spring flowers and tender grass, pulling his hat over his eyes to shut out the sunlight, which flickered down through the white tent of bloom above him.

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## II.

It was only two days after, that, on going for a walk along the mole, Dalryn came upon the friend and the Amazon crouching in breathless eagerness against the wall of rock which cut off the sea beyond. There had been a strong gale blowing for three days, and the sky was half a flare of saffron, under festoons of smoke-hued cloud, half an angry blue, through which now and then glinted the lightning.

The sea ran very high. He could see the foam sparkling far above the mole. But what arrested his attention was the expression and manner of the two women perched on the rocks above him.

Their faces were distorted with anxiety. They uttered cries of alarm.

As he paced back and forth, quietly smoking, he caught snatches of their conversation. "Oh—oh—oh!" the friend would exclaim, frantically. "Oh, Muffet—oh, Muffet, I can't see her at all. I tell you I can't see her! Oh, if she had only let me go with her! If she's drowned, I'll throw myself from this rock. I will, Muffet, I swear I will!"

"Hit's that crool of her, I'm hin a quiver to think of hit—that I ham, mum," growled the Amazon. "She hain't got no right to put them as loves 'er in such torment. Ugh, mum! there she is! I seen 'er! I seen 'er red 'at! An' there's Dimbledown a-settin' as bolt up-right, jes' like a figger'-ead, so 'e is. Ugh! Ugh! She's gone ag'in,

mum! The blessed Lord 'ave mercy! Oh, mum, if she was on'y a little think ag'in, en' I could 'ave the spankin' on 'er, this 'ere night!"

"Oh, Muffet, I wish you could! I wish you could!" panted the other, viciously.

When Dalryn reached the other end of the mole, curiosity compelled him to climb out along the big stones, that he might also get a view of the truant. He saw nothing for a moment or two, then a little flock of scarlet, which he correctly presumed to be the "red 'at," bobbed into sight, and he realized that Tommy and his mistress were out in a cockle-shell of a boat on that yeasty, tumultuous, olive-colored sea. There was no doubt that the venture was a bit risky, but Dalryn had a relish for wilfulness, and smiled as he recalled the agonized protests of the two would-be disciplinarians a few yards away.

They continued to grasp each other at intervals and moan out their fright and anger.

Then a white flutter appeared in the boat. The rebel was waving her handkerchief. This time he laughed outright, for, as the friend attempted to wave hers in reply, he saw the Amazon grip her firmly by the fingers and wrest it from her.

He thought they must have about as much as they could attend to in looking after the small creature in the boat. Young girls always delighted him when they were spirited and natural, as this one seemed to be.

Presently they turned, and began to row back. As the boat rounded the mole, he could see that Tommy's mistress was stretched out along the bottom, in a great fur cloak, the dark collar almost muffling her head from sight. The "red 'at" was nothing less than a Phrygian cap of scarlet silk, over which her sparkling curls blew backward. She was singing gayly, in her sweet, shrill treble, which he could hear above the din of the waves, an old Irish air, full of little turns and quaverings.

"What an enchanting child!" thought Dalryn. "I wonder how she would look if she knew that a sedate and grizzled Englishman of forty would like to pick her up, boat and all, and give her a dozen kisses." He laughed again, and resumed his demure pacing up and down, that he might see the meeting between her and her outraged guardians.

They stood waiting for her in grim silence, but she sprang ashore, still singing, and flung her big cloak back to Tommy, who just saved it, by a dexterous, but still dignified, movement, from falling into the water. All at once their reproaches burst forth in a simultaneous hurricane, whereupon she put her hands to her ears and ran swiftly away from them, laughing as she went. She had soon crossed the railway, and was out of sight, while the other two, baffled and furious, followed after, with Tommy and the rugs.

On reaching his hotel, Dalryn found several letters, one of which made him screw up his face into an expression of boredom. It was from a cousin, and asked him to call without delay on a great friend of hers, a Mrs. Arden, who had rented a villa near San Remo for the

winter. He would find her very attractive, the writer said, and she would be prepared for his visit, as a letter about him had been sent to her by the same post. There was nothing for it but resignation, and the next afternoon he called at "Gli Usignuoli" about tea-time.

He was admitted by no less a personage than Thomas Dimbledown, and, walking across the little lawn which overhung the sea, found the two friends at a table, on which stood a bowl of mandarin oranges and the tea-tray.

Dalryn bowed to the clever-eyed, thin woman, who smiled and said, "I know it would be more appropriate, but that is Mrs. Arden."

Then the girl in the yachting-gown put out her small hand, laughing as she explained to him that she feared it was very sticky, because she had been eating bread and jam. "How little the world is!" she observed, tritely, after introducing her friend as Miss Chiswick. "Who would have thought that you would turn out to be Jessie Macleod's cousin? But it's very nice. You can talk to Angelo so delightfully now."

"Angelo is a delightful person to talk to," said Dalryn. He then told her that he had witnessed her escapade of the day before.

"It was wonderful!" she cried. "Anne was so angry with me! But I should do it again. I never enjoyed anything so much in my life. I could feel the boat leap and quiver under me, as though it had been a demented sea-lion.—There was nothing to frighten you, Anne, so don't adopt that grim expression. Mr. Dalryn will tell you that there wasn't."

"I'm afraid that I can't do anything of the kind," returned Dalryn. "In fact, I don't believe you would have enjoyed it so much if there hadn't been that spice of danger."

"Ah," exclaimed Miss Chiswick, "what did I tell you, Merry? I suppose that you will do my anxiety more justice, now that you see it wasn't so absurd."

"Nice, cross Anne!" murmured the other, lazily. "Why doesn't Tommy bring the finger-bowls? I can't be amiable when my fingers are sticky."

Miss Chiswick gave a benevolent smile, and said, "How absurd you are, Merry!" then, rising, announced that she was going into the house, to strum a little.

"Anne's strumming is quite pleasant," Mrs. Arden assured him. "I'm sure that you love music," she added, fixing upon him her dark eyes.

"And I have the same conviction about you," replied Dalryn.

Miss Chiswick began a nocturne of Chopin, and her mastery of the piano was at once evident.

"I have been watching you," said Meriel. "I so enjoy looking at people when they first hear Anne play."

"This is magical," replied Dalryn,—“to hear that liquid undertone of the sea through such music.”

"Ah, yes," she said. "It brings a sense of hopefulness into that wail of pain. Chopin's ghost will haunt his own music forever."

"Poor Chopin!" said Dalryn.

"Poor Chopin!" she echoed, then went on, almost wistfully, "You love beautiful things, do you not?"

"Yes," answered Dalryn. "I think sometimes that I love them too much."

"Oh, no, no!" she exclaimed. "It is only ugly souls that can endure ugly sights. Do you remember what Cousin says about the aim of art? 'The aim of art is the expression of moral beauty by the aid of physical beauty.'"

"Then we should have the garden of Eden again," smiled Dalryn.

"Well, and why shouldn't we? I have always hoped for everything. The more I am disappointed, the more I hope. I believe that if one suffers a great deal,—horribly, but bravely,—then one has something to compensate for all, at the end, perhaps not for long,—only for a year, a month, a day. Surely a day of complete happiness would pay for years of anguish. I loathe the pale, abject way in which most people submit to misery. We all have our misery,—yes, but then there must come an end, before we die. If we are strong, indomitable, courageous, surely, before we die, we shall draw one deep, breathless draught from the cup of life. At least that is what I believe,—what I shall always believe, until the dust is in my nostrils."

Dalryn, observing her intently, saw that her whole face had changed. A look of power, of supreme and flame-like passion, lighted it from chin to forehead. "I feel that, to those who wait intelligently, the best always comes."

"Ah," said Dalryn, "to those who wait 'intelligently.' But suppose that your friend at the piano yonder had lost her hands, by some act of impatience, when a girl: could any amount of intelligent waiting afterwards have made her a musician?"

"That is not a good simile," she answered, quickly. "A hand, when it is cut off, cannot grow again; but feeling can always spring from its own ashes."

"I think not," said Dalryn.

"But I know—I *know!*" she urged, eagerly. "Spring and winter follow each other as ceaselessly in great temperaments as they do in nature. We are always dying and being born again."

"But you," said Dalryn, "you have not been long born. You can only imagine what death is,—figurative death, I mean."

She answered, simply, "You probably think me much younger than I am. I shall be twenty-six this coming May."

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "Why, you look a mere girl,—twenty at the most."

She sank into a listless posture, folding her arms beneath her head, and looking up at the stars, which were beginning to swarm in the great blue hive above. Then she drew a long breath that was half a sigh.

"I don't know why it is,—every one thinks that I am very young, and sometimes I feel as though my heart were wrinkled. I suppose I have that sort of nature which invites suffering. After all, it is a good thing, suffering."

"Beyond a certain point, I am sure that it is not," said Dalryn. "It cripples and dwarfs."

"Yes, it does hurt some natures, I know."

"It has hurt mine."

"I think not," she said; then, smiling at him, she repeated, "No, I think not."

"It is very charming of you to say that," he returned, smiling back at her. "But you will forgive me, I am sure, if I urge that you can't possibly know anything about it."

"But I can *feel* everything about it."

"How is that?"

"Why, you know, there are some personalities that repel us at once, some that attract us, and some that touch us—I mean some spirits that actually touch one's own spirit, as hands touch hands. I feel that you would understand me,—that I do understand you,—not your character, of course," she added, hastily. "What I am saying sounds presumptuous, but it isn't really. I only mean that by instinct I comprehend the trend of your nature."

"I wish you would tell me what it is, then," said Dalryn. "I have been trying to find out for myself, ever since I can remember, and I am no wiser now at forty than I was as a lad of sixteen."

She merely said, "I fancy that you were a very lonely boy."

"You are quite right," he answered.

There fell a silence. The tranquil dusk was stealing in over the sea, and the foam began to take on a ghostly fairness.

From the open windows the plaint of Massenet's "Élégie dans les Alpes" floated clear, hopeless, upon the rustling air.

She continued to look at him with an absent-minded expression. "What is still more inexplicable," she said at last, "is that you don't seem a stranger to me at all. It is very odd. Have you ever had that sense of knowing people whom you have just met?"

"No," said Dalryn, briefly. "Does it often happen to you?"

"It has happened to me about women, not about men. But your very voice is familiar. Could I have seen you when I was a child?"

"No; for I am quite certain that I never saw you before." He did not tell her that during the last half-hour that very sense of a past acquaintance had been growing upon him also.

"Then of course it could not be—but—but—there!—the way you put your hand over your eyes for an instant then! Whom have I seen do that? It is so absolutely familiar."

"Perhaps," he suggested, smiling, "we used to know each other on some congenial star. That would be a delightful idea."

"Delightful," she assented.

They were silent again for some moments. Then he said, rather suddenly,—

"I heard your friend call you 'Merry,' but that must be a nickname, isn't it? I have a feeling about the appropriateness of names. I want to see if yours goes with my impression of you."

"I have a queer, old-fashioned name," she told him. "It is Meriel."

"Meriel—Ariel," he said, reflectively. "Yes, that quite harmonizes with your personality. It is like finding a new flower, to hear

such a pretty name. It is very good of you to let any one call you 'Merry,' I must say."

She laughed. "Oh, it is only Anne who does it. I rather like it."

"I don't know," he objected. "I'm rather inclined to think that if I were one having authority I should remonstrate with Miss Chiswick."

"Ah, my poor Anne! how vexed she would be if she could hear you say that! But then names are so convenient and so expressive. When I want to be dignified, I call Anne Anne, and my invaluable Tommy Dimbledown. But when I am pleased and friendly I say 'Nancy' and 'Tommy.'"

"Still, I do not think that I should ever wish to express my friendliness by calling you 'Merry.' Why, if the letters of the alphabet had danced into a new combination on purpose to make a name for you, they could have produced nothing more appropriate or lovely than . . . Meriel."

The way in which he paused an instant before pronouncing the last word made it seem as if he had called her.

She started, and then smiled, saying, "I was just going to answer you. That feeling of having always known you made it seem quite natural for you to call me by my name."

"Ah," he replied, rising, "I must take away that entirely delightful confidence as a last impression. And to-night I shall send my cousin Jessie the longest letter that she has received from me for ages."

"Do give her my love," said Meriel.

"Yes, I will," he assented; "and mine too."

She saw him stop beside the open window to bid Anne good-night. The memory of his voice lingered pleasantly in her ears. It was rich, deep, cordial, and just a little monotonous.

"It reminds me of the sea," she said, aloud. "Why does everything that I like remind me of the sea?"

With her arms behind her head, in her favorite attitude, she stood and watched the fluctuations of the vast, lilac-tinted reach below her, over which was gathering an aerial haze, wanly gray, like the atmosphere in dreams.

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### III.

"I don't wonder that you thought Meriel a young girl when you first saw her," wrote Mrs. Macleod, in her answer to Dalryn's letter. "It is the impression she makes upon every one. As to what you say about the look that comes over her face now and then, suggesting a past history, you are correct. She has had a history, and I am going to tell you briefly what it was, that you may not blunder into any unfortunate speeches.

"She was brought up by her father with a ward of his, the son of a very dear friend who was shot in some Indian disturbance when the boy was only twelve years old. This boy, George Arden, and Meriel were deeply attached to each other. The natural outcome was that he

fell in love with her. I am convinced that she never was in love with him.

"When he was about twenty-three, he developed a tendency to drink. As Meriel is an enthusiast and an idealist to her finger-tips, this of course decided her to marry him, with the object of reforming him.

"When she was nineteen and he was twenty-four, they were married. Two years after he died of dipsomania.

"I don't suppose that it is possible to imagine what she went through during that time, for she was with him night and day. She has never spoken about it even to me, but I think that one reads the whole thing in that look which flits over her face sometimes, and which told you so plainly of some past suffering. Fortunately, she inherited a large estate from her father, and is able to indulge her love of travel and her real genius for painting. The more you see of her, the more delightful you will find her. There is no one quite like her in the world."

As he finished reading these statements, a smile overflowed the look of pain with which the first paragraphs had clouded his eyes, for his cousin Jessie had long been one of the chief mourners over his persistent celibacy.

He threw the letter into a drawer, and opened a note from Meriel which had reached him by the same post. It said that she and Miss Chiswick were going for a donkey-ride to San Romolo, and asked if he would like to join them.

When he reached the villa, he found Mrs. Arden already seated on a fuzzy little gray beast, and Dimbledown gravely arranging cloaks and lunch-baskets on a sober-looking mule.

"Anne has a headache, and is not going," she told him, and he assumed a look of regret which was certainly hypocritical. He had decided, from the first, that Miss Chiswick and he would never be very congenial, and, besides, he wished to continue that frank and delightful conversation which had begun on his first visit to "Gli Usignuoli."

"Do leave the donkey-man," he suggested. "They are always such chattering nuisances. I am a capital guide."

So Pietro's pride was soothed by a five-franc piece, and they started off alone, Dimbledown following sedately with the mule.

The day was as brilliant as the face of a fairy after a shower of tears, for all the night before it had rained steadily, and now the vegetation gleamed with a jewel-like radiance in the steady wash of sunlight. The sky swam with dazzles of whitish blue, deepening overhead into cobalt, against which the gray palisades that topped the walls stood out in a silver fringe. Mixed with the bitter fragrance of the sea there floated the perfume of violets, of young trees in blossom, of broken earth from gardens, where the laborers worked with gay accompaniment of speech and laughter.

Great mimosas dusted them with pollen as they passed, flame-colored oleanders shed upon them their bright petals, while here and there palms lifted their grave foliage, replete with sacred associations.

It was not long before they reached a little shrine to the Virgin, at whose feet lay a handful of wilted flowers.

"Wait," said Meriel: "I want you to gather some of those cherry-blossoms and put them there for me."

"Are you such a good Catholic?" asked Dalryn, smiling, as he broke off a handful of the delicate branches.

She smiled too, but shook her head. "No, I am not a Catholic at all, but I love Our Lady of Sorrows. I think that all women must love her."

"I will offer her one flower for myself," said Dalryn, gravely, and laid a red anemone among the cherry-blossoms.

They had now reached the top of the heights overlooking San Remo, and the old town clustered beneath them, as though it had been some exquisitely varied fungous growth, showing patches of dull pink and yellow on a groundwork of warm gray. Beyond spread the sea, stirring the vast mantle on its breast as though in sleep, from deepest purple to palest green. The white sails floating here and there were like magnolia-flowers that had drifted out from the warm shore.

As they passed along the broad road that crested the hill, a covey of children scattered to right and left, and one little tot of six fell prone, almost under the donkey's nose. Dalryn picked him up and proceeded to administer comfort. Finally, folding one fat fist over a silver coin, he set the urchin on top of the wall beside which they were passing, and, keeping the other hand in his, allowed its owner to patter cumbrously along for a yard or two. When he came back to Meriel's side after this charitable act, she gave him one of her radiant looks, and said, "You are very fond of children."

"I am one of those people," he answered, "who can recall their own childhood very distinctly."

"And did you like being a child?"

"Yes, and no. Children have exquisite sensations, but then their sorrows are dreadful. Everything seems so final to them. They can't imagine any way out of things. I can make myself shiver, to this day, by recalling my misery on hearing an account of the beheading of Lord Russell and his parting with his wife in prison."

"How very odd!" she cried: "I was reading their letters to each other only last night. Their love seems to me the most beautiful that was ever recorded."

"But what an ending!" said Dalryn. "Do you think that twelve years even of such happiness could pay for that?"

"I don't know," she answered, after a while. "I have often put that question to myself." She was silent for a moment, and then said again, "I don't know. I should have gone mad, I think."

"I wonder if it is always like that," she went on, presently. "I wonder if one always has to pay, before or afterwards?"

"Yes, I think so," he answered, without looking at her. "The body of a joy, of a pleasure, even of a sin, always displaces its own weight in the waters of life."

They had now begun to climb the first slope of the mountain. On their right the olives descended in terraces to the valley beneath.

Overhead was a sparkle of silver gray, tossed and drenched by the wind. The huge stems, moss-crustcd, gnarled, misshapen, seemed each to have been riven by some escaping gnome, for great hollows and jagged rents allowed the daylight to send floating gleams over the velvet darkness within. About the bossed and powerful roots were trails of lovely color, made by the crowding violets and forget-me-nots, suggestive of the scarfs of fairies which had been dropped in their flight from the escaped Calibans of the grove. The tinkling drip of water from a mountain brook quivered through the silence. Among the glancing leaves could be seen the dark ovals of ripe fruit, the wings of white pigeons, the slender darting of a song-bird.

To their left was a stone wall or embankment, and above this a slope of vivid green, and more olives, fretting the upper sky with their spiky foliage and wild contortions of stem and branch.

"After all," said Dalryn, in a low voice, "what is this thing that we call beauty? Why does it rouse in us such feelings of consummate pain and pleasure? I have often longed to ask a woman who felt beauty with keenness, why the unfolding of sunrise over some placid, desolate, wild river, or the sudden view of a glorious piece of architecture, the Taj Mahal at Agra, for instance, should bring tears to the eyes. What is beauty, Mrs. Arden?"

"Beauty?" repeated Meriel. "One can give a thousand definitions. It is a mighty yearning. It is the appeal of our higher self to our lower. It is the invitation to become what we admire. In some cases, it is evil made visible. In others, it is the very outward seeming of good. It is the supremest privilege of man over animals. It is ecstasy—it is rest—it is compensation—it is the great interpreter between God and man."

"You believe in a personal God, do you not?" he asked, gently.

She withdrew her eyes from the far horizon into which she had been gazing. "Oh, yes, with all my heart," she said. "And you?"

"I have made many prayers," he answered, evasively. "It is with the heart that man believeth unto righteousness, isn't it? I never reasoned out my faith exactly."

"Oh," said Meriel, "it is only with the 'eyes of the heart,' as the real translation should be, that we can see anything. God is love, and love is a thing that can only be felt by great souls. It cannot be explained by great intellects. We cannot reason or be reasoned into believing that some one loves us; we must feel it. It is so that I feel God."

"You have a rare nature," said Dalryn. He was thinking that, in the reflection from the sky overhead, her eyes looked as violet-blue as the wool on Helen's distaff.

She colored, and turned away her head.

"What you said to me the other night," he began, after a pause, "has been haunting me a good deal. Do you recall it? You said that the touch of spirit on spirit was sometimes like the touch of hand on hand. I am feeling that to-day. I have an impulse to speak out to you, to be myself with you, that I have never had with any one else,

not even as a child. One feels that your mind never assumes the judicial attitude."

"At least," she answered, "I have no inflexible rules and ideas about anything. If one wishes to grow, one must expect to change in the growing: don't you think so?"

"There are some natures," he replied, "that one could not wish changed. I am an undisciplined being myself. I have always liked a pinch of the pagan in the stuff that Christians are made of."

"Then you must like me," she laughed. "Anne often tells me that I am like a Greek girl who has been converted to Christianity, yet who cannot help weeping when she realizes that Pan is dead. But then he is never dead for those who love him. There, I heard his pipe then—down by that stream, there."

Dalryn fell into her humor. "Yes, there it is again," he said. "I caught a glimpse of him behind that shrub. He had a wreath of ivy hanging over one ear."

"And are you quite sure that there was no one with him?"

"Now that I look again," said Dalryn, peering from under his scooped hand, "I see a slender white gleam. Ah! a little satyr kid, learning to pipe. Do you see the pink tulips in his hair, and the sunlight on his shining arms and back?"

She laughed delightedly. "It is a good omen to have seen them, isn't it?"

"I assure you that it is the best omen in the world," said Dalryn, gravely; "and it never happens unless two people are in absolute mental accord. I don't think it has happened before in this century."

She looked at him, her face rippling over with fun, pleasure, comprehension. With an impulsive gesture she thrust out to him her little hand in its loose dog-skin glove.

"It is good to be with you!" she said. "How you translate one's mood for one! How you understand! I am so glad that you could come, and that it is such a beautiful day."

Dalryn took the slight fingers, pressed them cordially, as he would have pressed a boy's, and released them.

"The Madonna of the Stairway, and Pan, are not to be resisted when they enter into a compact to give two people a charming day together," he remarked, as they began to climb again.

The olive-trees were now growing dwarfed and straggling: they could see above them the sombre foliage of the pines. On all sides was a tangle of heath, of rosemary, of arbutus, of myrtle. Below shone the wan mid-day sea, as in a cup of bluish crystal. And far, far to eastward rose the fairy heights of Corsica, like splinters of pale amethyst.

"That vision of Corsica, drifting between earth and sky, always reminds me of one lovely dream that might find its way into a 'white night.'"

"Do you often have 'white nights'?" asked Dalryn.

"Sometimes; and then I read my pet poets, and build air-castles on fairy islands,—islands very much like Corsica as it looks now. I have always thought that an ideal way of spending one's life would

be to have a big, old-fashioned house in London for several months of the year, and then to spend the others on a lovely wild island, with books and painting materials, and perhaps one congenial friend. A few days ago I was reading Hamerton's 'Intellectual Life,' and I came across this very idea. It is so charming to find that one's elders and betters have shared one's thoughts."

"I am certainly your elder," said Dalryn, "and I have had the same thought. But then a realized ideal is like the philosopher's stone; it has been sought for ages, and never found."

"I foresee that we are going to quarrel on that subject," returned Meriel. "If I were a literary character, I should like nothing better than writing a novel as a pendant for 'An African Farm' and calling it 'A Realized Ideal.' My hero and heroine should suffer and struggle through all sorts of misfortune and dreariness, perhaps for years, and then meet, and be ideally happy."

"I am beginning to think," he said, "that your own nature is the long-sought stone I spoke of just now. It turns everything it touches into gold."

"I'd rather have you call it a divining-rod. It finds out the gold in things. Midas was a very unhappy person, as I remember him. A world, mental or actual, without any variety of material, would be a dreadful place, I think."

"What a hopeless optimist you are!" he exclaimed, smiling. "Do you never analyze away all these bright thoughts and dreams?"

"Oh, every thinking being must analyze sometimes," she answered, noticing again the curious grayness of his hair; for he had taken off his hat, and hung it on the pommel of her saddle, as he walked beside her.

She began to wonder if some great trouble had helped to whiten those thick locks; but the clear bronze of cheek and forehead seemed to contradict any such romantic notion. He looked, as far as physical seeming went, just what the world considered him,—a brilliant, successful man, who would probably be a great power in the land before many years.

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#### IV.

As they continued their upward way, the air became even fresher, until at last Meriel said she would like to walk a little, and, slipping down, threw her red cloak about her shoulders, while the donkey followed sedately at their heels like a well-trained dog.

At this part of the road they met a girl coming downward, her head splendidly poised under its great bundle of fir cones, at all four corners of which she had stuck a sprig of the green fir needles. The sunlight catching her linen chemise sent upward a reflection which turned her brown throat and chin to ivory. In her bodice was a knot of yellow tulips. She smiled at them as she passed, with a flash of strong teeth and clustering dimples in cheeks smooth and red as an anemone leaf.

When they had climbed the last hill, they saw a peasant's hut under a clump of chestnuts, and just above it the ruins of San Romolo, massed austere against the sky.

The cottage door was open. Dimbledown, who had passed them about twenty minutes before, was spreading the contents of the lunch-basket upon a long wooden table which nearly filled the small room. On one side gaped a huge fireplace, in which fir cones were snapping briskly. To the left of this was a queer sort of oven, built under a window; and the proprietress was making coffee by fanning the coals under the coffee-pot with an old straw hat.

While Meriel warmed her feet, Dalryn went outside and gathered a handful of last autumn's chestnuts, from which he proceeded to cut bits with his pocket-knife, afterwards placing them to roast among the ashes. The woman grinned amiably at him during this proceeding, never stopping her motions with the old hat, or her peering into the coffee-pot, from which an aromatic steam was beginning to distil.

"Are you trying to fancy yourself Lycidas roasting beans in the embers?" Meriel laughed at last. "Where are your 'rosy wreath, and garland of white violets, and fine wine of Ptelea'? How good some would taste now! That description always makes me hungry and thirsty."

"You haven't a bottle of Ptelea with you, by any chance, eh, Dimbledown?" suggested Dalryn, gravely.

"No, sir; but 'ere's two bottles of beer, and one of claret."

When Tommy at last announced that all was ready, the two others sat down to a feast of hard-boiled eggs, cold chicken, olives, and bread, with an air of such evident delight in each other's society that Tommy's face actually hardened into a look of grim disapproval. He had been with his mistress during her two years of marriage, and considered that institution at all times, and under all circumstances, an unmitigated failure. He did not like the illumination which rippled over Mrs. Arden's face every time that this stranger spoke to her; nor did he approve of the charmed appreciation with which this radiance was welcomed by the stranger himself.

Dalryn in his turn was beginning to wonder at the way in which this young creature appealed to him. He felt the most intense desire to protect her, to sympathize with her, to please her, to care for her, even in the trivial and unromantic matter of removing the shells from her portion of the hard-boiled eggs and seeing that her chicken-wing was appetizingly dismembered. He caught himself watching her while she ate, just as he used to watch his white pigeons eating grain. He urged her to take a second glass of claret and water, telling her that she needed it, that she was more tired than she knew, and when she asked, with her candid air of confidence, "Must I? Is it really good for me?" ending with "Then I will," and drinking it quickly, he found himself thrilling with the sense of triumph that stirs us when a bird chooses to alight on our shoulder or a shy woodland thing consents to take something from our fingers. He told himself that it would be worth while having endured the vicissitudes of married life to have such a daughter, and then had the grace to call himself mentally

a hypocritical ass. For, although nothing more than a delicious sentiment, that which he felt for her was certainly not what even the most romantic of fathers feels for the most enchanting of daughters.

A sort of inward shudder moved him when he thought of what she must have endured during those two years of marriage, and he could not help wondering how she reconciled the existence of such horrors with her bright and hopeful vision of life. To him she suggested gleams of dawn-lit foam, the wild freshness of aromatic water-plants, the scent of some primeval wood at twilight, the outline of far blue hills painted on a sky of gold. He could imagine her in the tranquilly falling garb of a vestal, her delicate face irradiated from beneath by the pale flickering of the holy flame, or as a young Artemis, holding back her shaft in pity while a rush of sleek wood-creatures pattered past her on their way to the river. When that clear, luminous look overflowed her face at some high or holy thought, he recalled the words about St. Stephen, "And looking steadfastly on him, they saw his face as it had been the face of an angel." Yet there was something about her too all-womanly to suggest complete angelhood. She would use her wings to fly near those she loved, not merely to search the wan austerity of the highest heavens. In her tenderness there was also the warmth which lures us to stroke the breasts of tame pigeons or the hair of a beautiful child. One could not know her without feeling the need of her.

After they had finished their meal, they climbed the little hill to the old convent. Undulations of varying green swept down to the band of water far below. Thin clouds appeared and melted in the blue. At their feet were gentians and primroses, stirred by a light breeze.

He spoke at last in an undertone, as though to himself:

"And here a king, a guilty king, might bow  
Before a child, and break his word no more."

"Yes," she said, in a voice as low as his own, "there is the very holiness of beauty in this clear air."

"Do you know," he replied, turning to her rather abruptly, "I have never before looked on a perfect sight with one whose mood seemed the absolute counterpart of my own?"

"Nor I," she said, simply. "I have friends who would enjoy all this as much in their own way, but it would not be quite my way."

"It has always seemed to me," he continued, "that to be alone in one's appreciation of beauty is like striking chords only in the bass or treble. It is the union of both which produces complete music. To perceive such things in harmony with another is to be in touch with the very principle of nature. It is the face of man answering to man in the waters of the spirit."

"And how still one should keep those waters!" said Meriel. "I fancy that we often pass by the souls that would best reflect our own, because at the time some turmoil has troubled the depths of our nature, and all images that fall upon it are distorted."

"But even when the surface is tranquil," said he, "some little imp of wilfulness often prompts us to skip pebbles over it. That is another of my bad mental habits: I no sooner attain a quiet mood than I set to work destroying it by this figurative pebble-throwing. The easiest to skip are in the form of questions: 'Why are you tranquil? What is the meaning of this stillness? May it not be stagnation?' And then all becomes blurred again."

"But the reflection of light remains light, even when it is troubled," she answered. "We may not see the shape of our star when the ripples shake it, but its color and radiance are always there."

Neither spoke again for some moments. Then Dalryn said, suddenly, "Being with you is like going back to the magic haunts of one's childhood,—like sitting again under some tree where we dreamed of making happiness for ourselves and others. There is a certain smell of old silk, lavender, and beeswax, which fills me with a sense of delight in the mere fact of being. I read Keats's 'Endymion' for the first time in a room filled with such a perfume, and dreamed of keeping myself pure for the one maiden. I was not a particularly sentimental boy, either. All sensitive young things have such visions. You bring them back to me. You are like a holy witch who calls up the spirits of the white past."

"And you," she said,—“you make me feel that even yet my soul may be ‘as the wings of a dove, overlaid with silver, and its feathers with fine gold.’”

"Ah, thank you, sweet soul!" he answered.

She gazed at him, frankly, sadly. She read his thoughts almost as though they had been passing in her own mind, and they were strangely, quietly sweet to her. She knew that in some inexplicable way his feeling for her was one of affection, and through her own being she felt the stir of a like emotion. This spirit, which seemed so easily, so surely, to comprehend her own, was already dear to her. Its mere nearness was a solace.

"Perhaps," she said to herself, "this is the beginning of that friendship between a man and a woman in which the world does not believe."

He spoke aloud, as if answering her thoughts. "All this reminds me of one of Michael Angelo's sonnets. You must bear with this trick of dressing out my own thoughts in others' words. It is more beautiful in Italian, but I remember that you could not understand the other Angelo's native tongue, so I shall give you the English version:

With your fair eyes a lovely light I see  
 For which my own blind eyes would peer in vain:  
 Stayed by your feet, the burden I sustain  
 Which my lame feet find all too strong for me.  
 Wingless upon your pinions forth I fly,  
 Heavenward your spirit stirreth me to strain.

The rest is quite as beautiful, but it doesn't express so well what I want to say. How strange it seems that you did not exist for me a week ago!"

She was silent for a while, then said, smiling, "I have just thought out a little legend. Shall I tell it you? I think the ghost of some old monk must have whispered it in my ear."

Clasping her hands about her knees, and fixing her eyes on the far sea-line, she began speaking in a soft monotone:

"I thought that there was once a statue standing on a high hill, in the midst of a grove overlooking a lovely city. Behind her rose the temple of Truth and of Goodness, which are incorporate the one in the other as are heat and light. Now, this statue had been tinted by some lover of artifice, as to eyes and lips and hair, and the ornaments of her flowing garment he had touched with gold, so that the eye was distracted from the noble symmetry of her form by these gaudy imitations. But one day there came along a sculptor, who loved his art as art should be ever loved, and by night he scraped away with his chisel the gold and color, so that the next day all those who looked upon her murmured together because of her white wonder, seeing for the first time the grandeur and beauty of her shape and the justness of her proportions. And they knew not that he who had revealed this was no less a sculptor than he who is called, in the language of the gods, 'Sorrow of the willing Soul.' Then time passed on, until there came to the city one even greater, he whose name among the gods is 'Joy of the Soul in Sorrow;' and he, gazing at the statue, saw that through the eyes he could look within, and, climbing up, he so looked, and, lo, there was within a lamp, ready for lighting, and round about it were graven these words: 'Comprehension of the lovingness of God, as revealed in anguish.' And so he lighted the lamp, and left it burning. And it burned on forever, with a clear, steady light, which revealed such wonders of loveliness as can be revealed only by light so kindled, and from such a lamp. And thus, even through the darkness, were souls drawn to worship in the temple before which she stood."

While she was speaking, Dalryn rose and moved a few steps away, standing with his back to her.

When he returned he was very pale, and his face had grown worn and tired.

"I must tell you," he said, slowly, "that I am not worthy of the beautiful confidence which you give me. Don't misunderstand. I do not mean unworthy in the sense of ever harming you in any way. I only wish to say that my nature is intrinsically a bad one. Not bad in the vulgar sense of the word, not positively bad, perhaps, but negatively, through weakness. I can be but an ill influence with such a sweet childlike nature as yours. I should disappoint you. Indirectly, I should wound you. There is no man alive who is worthy to come in contact with a soul like yours. There is as much pain as delight in being with you. You are the first snow-flake, which makes the muddy road look all the muddier. Don't look so heart-broken. I am not accusing myself of murder: I am not Mr. Rochester about to divulge his past misdoings. I am nothing half so romantic: only a man whose very strength in most points makes his weakness, past and present, more intolerable to him. You need never be afraid of my shocking you in any way. I would as soon drop a pinch of dust into

a peach-blossom. No; your influence with me is all good. When I am with you, your own goodness 'seeps' through me, until I am almost cheated into believing that there is something worthy in me. But I dare not really say it; I dare not run the risk of letting you hurt yourself on the jagged points which I know are a part of me. I am a man of moods,—a man with a twist, as the world has it. I don't deserve the pure delight which your companionship brings me. There is no justice in it,—nothing in my past which merits such a present."

He said all this looking down at her as she sat among the little blue flowers at his feet. Her own face had been growing paler as he spoke. When he ended, she was silent for some time, arranging on her palm the frail foliage of a little plant, which she had drawn, roots and all, out of the earth at her side.

Then she laid it gently back among the others, and, reaching out her hands, said, in a low voice, "Please help me up. I am tired."

They walked back to the cottage in silence, and a little later had begun to descend the mountain.

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V.

For Meriel the very atmosphere was changed: the milky rose of the sky seemed to be a vast floating sadness; the gray mist of the olives, in the distant valley, was charged with a soft, mournful gloom. She no longer felt that buoyancy as of a happy child mounting through her veins. It was as though she had held in her hand some lovely, butterfly-shaped thing and it had suddenly pierced her with sharp nippers. A great sense of disappointment, of pain, welled slowly in her heart. The subtle bond between that other mind and her own was broken: she could not follow his thoughts as he walked beside her, with eyes fixed, rather sombrely, now on the rough stones at his feet, now on the haze of evening waters.

His own calm well-balanced words had snapped the current of mental electricity which had been flowing between them all the morning, and each felt peculiarly that sense of apartness which comes to most people during a prolonged pause in their conversation.

Dalryn, on his side, had the conviction of guilt that overtakes us when we have struck a little too harshly some timid creature which has ventured near us, and which we have frightened away in kindness because of the sleeping dog at our feet. He had spoken partly from impulse, partly from a desire to guard her from himself, for he was quite sincere in saying that he felt he would be an ill influence with her. He knew himself curiously well, and he knew that his self-accusations were not imaginary or morbid. In addition to this, he had decided that to be strong for her in this present instance would make up for many of those past weaknesses of which he had spoken. His fear for her was not the outgrowth of any vanity in regard to what she might come to feel for him. He was not a vain man, and such a contingency had not presented itself in even the vaguest form. It was, as he had frankly said to her, that he dreaded

the effect which his own hypercritical and unreligious nature might have upon a soul so fresh and childlike as hers. It was, in fact, very much the feeling which would prompt a good Roman Catholic to take from a devout child Herbert Spencer's chapter on Religion and Science.

He saw that he had hurt her, and this knowledge reacted on him to a degree which a few hours ago he would have thought impossible, but which he accepted doggedly as part of the course which he must adopt if he meant to be quite honest with her. After she knew him better she might judge for herself, but at this stage of their acquaintance he was sure that he was right to warn her on all points,—especially in regard to those twists in his character which later might wound her far more deeply than anything he could now say. In a word, the law of mental motion was upon him, and the reflex of his morning mood was sweeping away that delighted eagerness which he had felt in the action of her spirit upon his.

He was startled by his own name spoken softly. Looking up, he met her eyes, gleaming with a shy mischief.

"I have been thinking how I should treat you," she said. "And I have come to the conclusion that it shall be in the way that a brave child would treat a kind friend who made terrible faces at it and pretended to be an ogre."

Dalryn laughed in spite of himself, and then grew suddenly grave again.

"No, no," he answered, hastily. "You are entirely too gentle with me. You won't believe what I tell you, but it is quite true. I have very ogreish qualities. Sometimes I am subject to moods in which every word that I said would disturb and hurt you."

"But if I could help those moods? If I could keep them from coming so often? Do you think that I am such an equable creature that I never have moods?"

"Not the sort that I have. You are like a calm river, up which an 'eagre' may sometimes sweep, but you are incapable of the sullen ground-swells, the ugly lashings and thrashings, which overwhelm natures like mine."

"You know," she said, still smiling, "I like venturing on dangerous waters. I think I should meet your moods in the same spirit with which I set out in a row-boat that day when the sea was so high. I like storms. I like difficulties."

"But, believe me, these uproars of which I tell you are not worthy the name of storms. They merely make everything turbid and ugly, and wash uncouth creatures up on the shore. Now, for instance, under your influence, all the sediment of self is at the bottom, and a tolerably clear fluid reflects your own mood. But let some unpleasant circumstance unsettle me, and the mixture would get as thick and ugly as a bottle of well-shaken physic. There, that simile in itself is sufficiently horrible to warn you."

"I should say you were at the beginning of a mood now," she returned. "But why is it? Have I said anything that jarred? Have I unsettled you in any way?"

"It is perhaps this," said Dalryn, slowly; "that to see accomplished in another all that one has longed to attain and has ceased from striving after lashes one's self-esteem with briars."

She gave him another of those grave, wistful looks, and then said, gently, "We always may be what we might have been."

"Now," he replied, a curiously cold look darkening his eyes, "I shall hurt you still more by what I am going to say. But at least you shall never accuse me of dishonesty. What I am going to tell you is that I have no belief whatever in that statement."

"And why haven't you?"

"For the excellent reason expressed in the old saw, 'As the twig is bent the tree inclines.' I bent myself, many years ago, more than I like to think of," with a short laugh, "and I am now a hardened and distorted oak, which the most beneficent and beauty-loving dryad of them all could not twist into a prettier shape with her soft hands."

"One can always graft symmetrical branches on the most misshapen tree in the world," she suggested.

"You are surely the most tender-hearted of beings," he replied, smiling. "I am convinced that, as the genius of a young pomegranate-tree, you would denude yourself of all your blossoming branches that every crooked thing within reach might be endowed with some of your own loveliness."

"You give me credit for an abnormal charity," she answered, a little dryly.

"But isn't it true? Why should you wish to run the risk of being hurt and disappointed by an entire stranger merely for the sake of giving him moments of gladness and delight which he can't possibly return?"

"That isn't the case, though. All this morning you gave me as much pleasure as I gave you. I am not light-hearted, as a rule; but to-day the fact of being understood, even in the most trivial things, by another mind, made me as gay as any humming-bird. I am quite, quite willing to pay the price of this afternoon mood for the morning that I spent with you. You think, perhaps, that your religious views might influence mine. But indeed they would not. I agree entirely with those who regard the Highest as the most mysterious. A God whose personality would be conceivable to me would be no longer a God, but a fetish. I know there are people who can imagine a fourth dimension in space; but because such an idea is unthinkable to me I don't doubt that it is thinkable to others. The very fact that our intelligence is limited prevents us from being able to conceive of what is unlimited, but at least we can conceive of a being to whom such a conception would be possible, just as we can believe that another primary color might exist for eyes differently constructed from our own, while we cannot possibly imagine such a color. When you asked me this morning if I believed in a personal God, I misled you, without meaning to, because now I imagine that you meant the God of the orthodox theologians; and in such a God I do not believe. I only want to say that I have no fixed, rigid faith, but that the essence of religious feeling in me is the belief that a beneficent power flows

through and around me, and that the mere existence of a supreme mystery is one of the greatest blessings that could come to man."

"I am beginning to think," said Dalryn, after a pause, "that I was very conceited to fancy that my personality could influence you in any way. You remind me of a saying of La Bruyère,—'A beautiful woman who has the qualities of an honest man is the most delightful thing in the world. One finds in her all the merits of both sexes.'"

"And the highest type of man has always a touch of the womanly: don't you think so?" asked Meriel.

"I'll tell you what I do think," he answered: "that the average man, in his relations to woman, is singularly and colossally stupid. There isn't one in ten thousand who recognizes that in the highest sense she is the completion of himself. He thinks of her as an acquisition, more or less charming, but almost never as the supplement of what is wanting in his own being. It seems to me that woman should be the interpreter of all that is exquisite actually and theoretically. But then there seems to come a moment when the mind of a man turns its back on that of a woman. With all the best intentions in the world, we sometimes wound them. It is that feeling that came to me when I warned you just now about myself. Though I should never willingly hurt you, I should inevitably blunder into doing so."

"But what a poor creature I should be if I were not willing to overlook blunders!" she exclaimed, eagerly. "It is only nature who never pardons mistakes. Crimes she will forgive, and even lend aid to, but not mistakes."

"And friendship," said Dalryn. "Are not mistakes more fatal to friendship, sometimes, than crime would be?"

She glanced down at him with a grave smile.

"I think this," she answered: "that one of the greatest privileges of true friendship is to make use of mistakes."

"What a mixture of child and oracle you are!" said Dalryn.

Again there was silence between them for some time. The rose of the sky withered into ashes, through which sparkled the stars.

"To me," said Meriel, suddenly looking up, "the stars seem always kind, always friendly, always encouraging. They seem saying, Choose me, and me, and me, to dwell in, later on. I like best to watch them lying at full length on the grass with my arms under my head. They seem drawing me towards themselves. I have had this feeling so strongly that it has given me a sensation of falling up, if one could say such a thing. I love starlight better than moonlight. We know the poor corpse of the moon by heart, but the stars seem so vivid with possibilities. When I look at them I fancy that I am looking at a million possible Edens."

Dalryn marvelled at this nature which could use its wings so gladly after having scorched them in such fires of the actual. Every sentence that she uttered seemed to be the movement of a shuttle which was weaving a fine web between herself and him. All his life he seemed to have been waiting for her. He was conscious of long-drawn mental shudders, like those which are the physical accompaniments to returning consciousness.

"Can it be," he said to himself, "that I have found that woman in ten thousand whom the king failed to find?"

His state of mind puzzled and bewildered him. There was in it no faintest movement of the senses, however delicate, except that soft emotion which draws us sometimes to caress lightly a growing flower which we do not mean to gather, or to follow with our fingers the curve of an exquisite statue which we are not content to feel only with our eyes.

When they said good-night at the gates of the villa, she held out both hands to him. "And we are going to be great friends, after all, aren't we?"

"As for that," said Dalryn, keeping her hands in his while he spoke, "you are more my friend already than any one I've ever known."

## VI.

Three weeks passed, during which time they saw each other often. One day he went to call on her at sunset. She was standing on the terrace, and did not notice him until he was quite close to her. As he crossed the slanting lawn, he watched her with a new sensation of delight gathering in his heart, for he realized suddenly that she was very beautiful. Her gown, of some soft thin stuff, airily blue, fell in fine plaits from breast to feet. About the neck it was cut away in a childish round, leaving bare her throat, on which the small head was poised with that fine, triumphant carriage which had at first charmed him. Beyond her was a flare of yellow, against which her figure gleamed like a statuette of turquoise set in an arch of gold. There was no one else in sight, and as he came nearer he saw that she held a little violet-bound book in her hand, from which she read softly to herself now and then when her eyes were not upon the wash of foam-lit water.

"Ah!" she said, quietly, when he reached her, "I felt that you would come. Anne wanted me to go to drive, but I would not."

Dalryn wanted to ask if Miss Chiswick had gone, but contented himself with hoping that she had. Then he took the book which Meriel held, and read the verse printed across its back in gilt letters on a little white panel.

"*Mit Rosen, Cypressen und Flittergold,*" he repeated, slowly. "There you have life in three words: 'Roses, cypress, and tinsel.' If one could only reverse it, and take the tinsel and cypress first, and end with the roses."

"One can, if one is determined enough," she said, smiling at him. "I shall never weary of repeating that to you. It is one of my chief duties, as your friend. And, by the way, I have been making a translation of that poem, if you would care to see it,—all but the last verse. I like it better without the last verse."

So she repeated her English version, with a dwelling on the vowels which he found delightful:

"With roses, and cypress, and flitter-gold gay,  
I would most lovingly wreath it to-day,  
This book, like a shrine of the dead, of the young,  
And coffin within it the songs I have sung.

"Ah, could I bury Love there, I were blest.  
Over his grave blooms the flower of rest.  
There doth it bloom for the heart-sick to see,  
But only in death will it blossom for me.

"Here then are the lyrics that once were so wild,  
Like lava-streams searing the snow undefiled  
That sleeps upon Etna, poured forth as they pour  
A-glitter with sparks from a heart's fiery core.

"Now lie they silent and calm as the dead ;  
Mist-pale and cold, they stare sadly ahead ;  
But newly their flame will be kindled and burn  
When the flame-flower of love wavers over their urn.

"My heart hears an inner voice thrilling it through :  
The spirit of love will yet kiss them in dew,  
For some day this book will come into thy hand,  
Thou love of my life in a far-away land."

"They are very musical and charming to my ear," said Dalryn, when she had ended. "But I don't know that I agree about the 'flower of rest blooming on Love's grave:' do you?" he continued, as they began walking up and down together.

"I have only ideals and theories about love," she answered. "I fancy it is a much less universal thing than we imagine. People are fascinated, attracted, piqued, dominated, by each other, but a great, complete, equal love—how many people in this century have felt it, do you suppose?"

"They could be reckoned very easily on the fingers of one hand, I dare say."

"Do you know," she went on, as if thinking aloud, "I have come to the conclusion that most women mistake brutality for strength, and like it? But then I am one of the women who think that stillness is more intense, more impressive, than tumult. The death-like ominous calm that settles over sea and land before an earthquake would impress me more than the earthquake itself, I believe."

Dalryn had sufficient reasons for his determination never to marry, and he now recalled the words, "To talk of love is to make love," yet he could not resist his intense desire to hear more of what she had to say on that subject.

"But the trait you speak of is as rare in both men and women as tranquillity in art. Most of us dream of being swept off our feet, at some time or other, by a gust of passionate emotion."

"I never have," said Meriel. "I don't want to be overtaken and handled rudely by any feeling. If I chose to venture on such waters, it would be of my own free will and with the oars well in hand. In real love there is always—at least I like to think that there is always—a sense of reverence, of worship. Renan says that it is only when love is perverted that it becomes ferocious. Every fibre of me agrees with

that. That terrible person in 'Wuthering Heights' would have driven me to the furthest niche of my mental shell. Feeling of that description sweeps over a nature like wild-fire over a prairie. My idea of love is the constant shining of the sun in temperate climates."

"But there are moments, even in such love, that act like burning-glasses," said Dalryn; "that concentrate the moderate rays into one intense shaft which pierces to the very core of the spirit."

"Perhaps so," she said, smiling dreamily. "Such moments might be like my favorite stars, which are all the lovelier for the tranquil unglittering spaces which divide them. Andromache's words to Hector express my idea of the highest love: 'Nay, Hector, thou art to me father, and lady mother, yea, and brother, even as thou art my goodly husband.' I should want to say of one I loved, 'This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.'"

Dalryn was disturbed at a feeling which was creeping over him, a new and supreme consciousness of her physical charm. True, it moved him only in the clearest, most reverent way, but it was there, a little thread of light and fire combined, veining the calm sky of friendship. She started all at once, and flushed over throat and brow, as though his thought had actually touched her, then turned, and fixed her eyes upon the bright alleys of the sea.

"What a delicately organized, sensitive being she is!" he thought. "One who knew her could play on her, as though she were some highly strung musical instrument. What an infinite capacity for suffering!"

Without looking at him, she answered his thought, as if he had spoken.

"Sometimes," she said, "I seem to myself like a curious and very complicated harp; and most people are like accomplished pianists; they can only jangle and hurt me. With you—it is so strange, but your lightest touch strikes some chord in my nature. It makes me almost afraid with you: I feel as though you could hear me think."

"And you," he replied, "you assuredly hear my thoughts. I only wish that what you say were true, and that I could hear yours."

"You answer them sometimes as though you had heard them," she said, still without looking at him, then added, quickly, "Let us row out and watch the last of the sunset from the water."

They drifted on for a long time in silence. Then she said, softly, "Life has tired us both very much. You think of me almost as you would of a child, I fancy; and yet I am just as weary, and numb, and faint of heart, as though I were seventy."

"Dear," he answered, "the day-spring will visit you again. You are young. You have a beautiful, valiant nature. Though you may not think so now, life lies all before you. All lovely things are possible to you; but for me it is all over. Perhaps I shall tell you something of it some day, if you will listen, but only in case you can help me. I should never play on that wonderful sympathy of yours for any mere consolation it might give me. But if it is ever necessary—if you can ever help me—then I shall tell you all; I shall keep back nothing. Do you know that I have found out the royal road to your affections?"

It lies through pity. Almost all the mistakes that you have made in life have been through pity. Isn't it so?"

She looked deep into his eyes for an instant, and then, "Yes," she said, under her breath.

"Ah, well, at least I shall never be guilty of that selfishness towards you. You are heart-sick and wayworn, and so am I, but I mean that what strength there is in me shall avail for you. I shall try to bring you back to youth and joy and gladness of heart. Your nature is really a glad one. There are times when you are as blithe as a bird. When I see you struggling with depression and sad memories, I feel as though I were watching a lark trying to soar with a sod fastened to its feet. Some strong hand should free you and let you ensky yourself again. I wish that I could do this for you. At all events, I can help to do it."

"I am very contented when I am with you," she said. "I feel quiet, and my brain stops puzzling itself over things. I don't know how to explain exactly what I mean." A sudden look of inspiration flashed over her face. She touched the tips of her slight fingers together. "With most people that we are fond of it is like that," she said, then, letting her fingers slip gently into a close clasp, "but a perfect friendship should be like this. It is so that I feel when I am with you."

Leaning forward, he rested one of his hands on her clasped fingers.

"Dear," he said, in a low voice, "do not make me love you too much. I have no right to happiness. Help me to be your wise, self-contained friend."

"I will, I will," she said, trembling. "But you will not love me—you must not love me. I—I have no right to such things, either."

Her face was pale, startled, under its Capuchin hood of soft white lace. He saw that her breast was troubled. Suddenly she drew her hands from his and put them over her eyes.

"I don't want to come to life again!" he heard her whispering, in a strangled voice. Dalryn felt a keen pain, half yearning, half regret, rising to his heart.

The little frail figure crouched in front of him appealed to his every nerve of tenderness. He would have liked to take her into his arms and smooth her head against his breast, as though she were indeed the child she looked. But, closing his lips firmly, he rowed back in silence.

When he reached his rooms, a half-hour later, he found himself face to face with a problem which for many years he had known that he might one day have to solve. He felt that he had been wrong and unmanly in admitting to her even the possibility of a love to which he could not yield. Conscience, which was with him a morbidly acute faculty, stung him with a sense of weakness and self-abasement almost intolerable.

There are times in which our very belief in the deadness of all intense feeling surrounds us with danger. It was this belief which had cheated him into his present dilemma.

Only yesterday he had been sure that for him all temptations of

such a kind were impossible, and that a gentle regret was the keenest emotion which could stir him in facing the question which now presented itself. On the contrary, he found himself mastered by acute pain, his imagination stirred to its depths by a vision of exquisite possibilities, his whole being agitated and overwhelmed at the prospect of what he foresaw would be a gigantic struggle with all the strongest inclinations and aspirations of his nature.

Dalryn was not married; no vulgar entanglement netted him; the obstacle in his way was that of a mere theory, at which most men would have laughed, but which had become part of his inmost self. To permit himself to love this woman or any woman would be to take a deliberate step downward from the position which he considered necessary to his self-respect.

Different solutions presented themselves to him in hurried succession. He might go to-morrow and tell her the story of his life. He might leave San Remo for good, as though called suddenly away by imperative affairs. He might see her unfrequently, and keep strictly within the limits of a disinterested friendship. But, with stern honesty, he decided that the last course was impracticable, and the other two unworthy.

The conclusion at which he arrived, after three hours of minute self-inspection, was to go away for a week to some quiet place like Mentone or Bordighera and think out the matter beyond the reach of her influence.

It was the next morning at breakfast that the note telling her of his sudden departure was put into Meriel's hands. Anne Chiswick, who was watching her closely, saw her color first deepen and then pale. Looking up, she met Anne's earnest gaze, and said, quietly,—

"Mr. Dalryn has written to tell me that he is going away for a while. In fact, he has gone already. I am sorry. I liked to be with him."

Anne looked down at her thin, clever fingers, which were interlaced on the edge of the table, and answered, in a deliberate voice,—

"I suppose you won't like my saying so, but I'm not at all sorry. I hope he'll stay a long time."

"You never liked him," said Meriel: "I've felt that all along. But why?"

"I know it vexes you, and I'm sorry," Anne replied. "You are right, though: I don't like him; and it's mutual, I fancy. He strikes me as an egoist, and as a man who could be the quintessence of cruelty. Those self-analyzing, conscientious people, who are always deliberately offending their consciences, generally are."

"What makes you think that he is self-analytical and conscientious?"

"I don't know. I sometimes imagine that women who have had little experience of men can judge them better than those who have had a wider experience. One can paint the sea from the shore much better than from a boat. The very fact that a man is in love with a woman throws a glamour over her judgment which we spinsters escape from through our undisturbing qualities. As for you, you darling,

you would squeeze the one drop of good out of the most selfish, worldly creature alive. People can't help being their best selves with you, any more than water can help assuming the color of anything that is reflected in it. Mr. Dalryn with you is one person; with me he is quite another. I am the sort of being that men don't fall in love with. It's all summed up in those lines of Browning's: Mr. Dalryn shows me the side he 'faces the world with,' and you the side he 'shows a woman when he loves her.'"

Meriel's eyes flashed resentment. "I don't like even you to say such things to me, Anne. I have always thought it odious for one's friends to say that as soon as a man shows that he likes one he is in love with one. I am glad that he has gone away, if you think such things of him."

"Oh, Meriel, if you really like him so much, I wish I could admire him more!"

"But how can you possibly know whether you admire him or not? You have only seen him two or three times, and then you've only said the most commonplace, conventional things to each other."

"That is it," said Anne, dryly. "I am one of those who are fated to hear only the commonplaces and conventionalities. A queen and an unalluring spinster see the world through a totally different medium from the rest of humanity. I haven't the blurring-glass of reciprocal charm to soften ugly details and blend crude tones together. I am far-sighted mentally as well as physically. Where you see only the picturesque mossiness on a tree-trunk, I see the ants crawling about on it."

"But," objected Meriel, "we are taught to half close our eyes in painting, on purpose to avoid seeing too much. Why shouldn't the same rule apply to our mind's eyes? Surely there are ugly details in every nature. Suppose we went peering about for each other's every fault, where would be our pleasure in each other's companionship? But then it is only men that you are so hard on. Why is it that you do so hate men, Nancy?"

"I suppose it's because the lives of the two women I love best in the world were ruined by them," said Anne, with her quietly bitter air. "If one had seen the eyes of one's best beloved put out by bees, one naturally wouldn't care for bees afterwards, no matter how great their honey-storing capacity. I can't help it, dearest. I'm that dreadful thing, a man-hater, I suppose."

"But how unreasonable! because you have known two unworthy men, are you going to be so illogical as to think that all the others are like them?"

"There is always, in the best of men, a touch of what makes up the worst," said Anne, grimly. "Children like to catch butterflies, because it amuses them to pull their wings off. A man likes to possess innocence, because what he chooses to write on it will look so distinct against its whiteness. He likes to scrawl his autograph all over an unwritten soul and then admire his own chirography at leisure. I know you think me hard and unjust, Merry, but I'm not developing any very new views on the subject,—now am I? You've always

known what I thought : why should you be angry with me for the first time ?”

All at once she cast aside her cool manner, and, coming beside Meriel, knelt down and put both arms about her. “My dearest,” she said, “don’t you know that it’s for your sake I’m so anxious, so hard ? It’s because I’m so jealous *for* you, not *of* you, my darling, that I tell you these things. Oh, Merry, Merry, think of what you’ve been through ! Think of that red-hot rack ! Be careful. Promise me that you’ll be careful.”

Meriel, who was the most loving of beings, felt that for some inexplicable reason she was not softening, but hardening, under this ardent appeal. She sat a little stiffly in Anne’s embrace, and looked down at her with clear but veiled eyes.

“How do you mean, ‘be careful’ ? Why should I promise you to ‘be careful’ ?” she said, quietly. “You always get so excited about everything, Nan dear. One would think that I was a susceptible school-girl, and that Don Juan was hovering about me disguised as Romeo.”

Anne got slowly to her feet, a hurt look gathering on her face.

“You know, Merry,” she said, presently, in a gentle voice, “that you have given me the right to speak plainly to you. Perhaps it’s foolish,—I don’t know,—but I am overwhelmed by the feeling that you will have to suffer through this man, if you allow yourself to like him too much.”

Meriel flushed, and the airy line of her lips grew hard. “It is very disagreeable to me to have you think that I am on the verge of becoming too fond of a man whom I have known only three weeks.”

“I can’t help it,” said Anne, desperately. “It’s what I do feel, and I wouldn’t be honest if I didn’t tell you so.”

“Have you found me very susceptible, during the five years that we have been together ?” asked Meriel.

“No ! no ! You know I have not. How can you ask such a thing ?”

“Then why are you determined to imagine that I am going to develop that quality all of a sudden ?”

“Because,” answered Anne, bluntly, “I can see how you are attracted to him. I have watched your face when he speaks to you. I have studied your whole manner when with him. You are not like your ordinary self. There is something unearthly, transfigured, about you. You look as I imagine Jeanne d’Arc did when she heard the voices. There is something in your air that says, ‘I am satisfied,—I am utterly content.’ He seems to draw you to him, as though he were a magnet and you a bit of steel. I can’t express it all to you, but oh, dearest, indeed, indeed, I think that already you care for him a great deal more than you realize. You have told me that you like him, that you admire him more than any one you ever met. You have told me that with your own lips, dearest.”

“I think him a great gentleman,” said Meriel, slowly. “I have always wanted to meet some one who was really my idea of what a great gentleman could be, and he is that. I would rather have known

Sir Philip Sidney or the Chevalier Bayard than Julius Cæsar or Carlyle. He is what I should have liked a son of mine to be, if I had had one."

Anne could not help laughing, although she knew that each new spasm of mirth grated sadly on her friend's ears. As for Meriel, she sat with her graceful little figure very erect and her chin uptilted, her eyes on an orange which she was peeling.

"Oh," murmured Anne, at last, "forgive me, dear, do forgive me; but the idea of that gray-headed, middle-aged man as your son was just a little too much."

"I shouldn't call him middle-aged," said Meriel, stiffly.

"My dear, what else could you call him? He's forty-five, if he's a day."

"I should think he was about forty," said Meriel.

"Oh, well," Anne admitted, "isn't that middle-aged? He looks thoroughly experienced, I must say. He is the type of man whom practice in love-making has made perfect. He reminds me of the little girl who said, 'Dear Dod, please make me a dood dirl, and if at first you don't succeed, twy, twy, twy adain.'"

"Anne," said Meriel, softly, "do you know, I think that is rather vulgar."

"I dare say it is," admitted Anne, now thoroughly nettled. "I feel like saying vulgar things when I think of him. He strikes me as such a—sham."

Meriel turned upon her a look which was utterly different from any that Anne had ever seen upon her face.

"You have no right to say such things of one whom you do not in the least know," she said, in a voice also icily unfamiliar. "It makes me think that you are prejudiced and uncharitable in your judgment of people. And I must tell you, too, that all you have said of Mr. Dalryn only makes me more determined to do him justice, and hasn't had the very least effect upon my opinion of him."

With this she rose, shook daintily some stray crumbs from her skirt, and, taking up her garden-hat and gloves, passed out into the bright outer day.

Anne, looking through tears of wounded love and sharp vexation, saw her, a few minutes later, rowing out towards the headland of Monaco, which glowed like some huge purple fruit through the soft haze.

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## VII.

Meriel rowed at first with all the vehemence born of indignation; but when she was a good way from the shore she let herself drift, and began to put into a sort of order Anne's stinging speeches.

As a rule, the experience of an ignoble love has the effect of making us doubtful in regard to the existence of any other kind. There is no surer way to kill a child's enthusiasm for music than giving it an inferior instrument to practise on, and the most ardent painter will become

disheartened and self-distrustful if he never sees any but second-rate paintings.

Since her marriage Meriel had fallen into thinking that love, as represented by poets and romancers, was only an outcome of the fancy, that result of impossible and unsatisfied yearning which led Michael Angelo to write his ethereal sonnets, and Dante to create the Paradiso. She told herself that the true ethical philosophy was to try to bring into the lives of others some, at least, of that ideal joy which she had ceased to expect for herself. Thus she strove as much as was in her power to take the place of mother, kindred, and husband in the life of Anne Chiswick, the being for whom she most cared; but it seemed to her sometimes, in spite of Anne's eager protest to the contrary, that a friendship, no matter how perfect, must be a pale substitute for all those ardent experiences of life which come to more charming women; for, although Meriel had schooled herself to look upon happiness as an improbability, still, in the depths of her heart she felt that the pendulum of fate must at some day, no matter how distant, swing as far back towards joy as it had swung forward towards misery in the early years of her life.

Her nature, as Dalryn had said, was essentially hopeful and courageous. Experiences which would have embittered others only wrought in her new marvels of strength and sweetness. Her being had always for the call of pain this royal answer: "I am strong enough." As she had once said to Anne, "I remind myself of the Wingéd Victory. I have lost my arms, but I still have my wings."

One of the most individual traits of her mind was that of being able to face any self-knowledge which came to her gradually through the serene workings of her own reason; but she had always rebelled against having such knowledge thrust upon her from outside, and today Anne's ruthless assertions had disclosed facts which she could not but recognize as such, even while she resented the manner in which they had been revealed. Indeed, the sudden heart-dropping with which she had read Dalryn's note had startled her, before Anne's words had set every fibre of soul and body vibrating painfully. She had asked herself, "Why do I feel so? What is it? Why should the vividness seem to have gone out of everything?" His words came back to her, falling one by one like drops of melted lead upon her heart: "Do not make me love you too much. I have no right to happiness." What could it be, that shadow which stood between them? For instinctively she felt that it was a shadow, even while it chilled and frightened her, as the mountaineer is startled by his own image, huge, unnatural, projected on a wall of mist. She took up the oars again and rowed on.

A distant ship, with its suggestions of universal poetry, began to trace itself on the sheet of pale air beyond, as when airy writing in acid reveals itself under heat. What grief and joy might it be bearing, what hopes of lovers, what pregnant messages for individual lives, and for the whole life of the land to which it was bound! Tears gathered in her eyes. It came to her that her imagination, like this ship, was floating farther and farther away with her eager yearnings and desires,

under a wind of dreams. To what port were they being wafted? Was it to a haven of still deeper resignation, or of joy fulfilled?

And she began to question herself closely, unsparingly. What was it that she felt for this man? Was it the yearning for an ideal companionship? Was it a craving for that stronger nature than her own, of which she had dreamed, but which she had never found? If all shadows should melt from between them and he should some day ask her to be his wife,—some far-off yet real day, when they had grown to know each other as the right hand knows the left, the sea the wind,—what would she then feel? what would she then say to him?

Her breath came quickly, her eyes were fixed, transfigured. She rowed ever on and on. Oh, if once, only once, she might drink of that love which was the ideal of the universal Spirit when men and women were created!

She took off her hat and laid it at her feet. With her head uncovered she could better recall the light pressure of his hand upon her hair. He was very gentle, but not cold,—not cold.

She imagined him saying to her, "My wife—my sister—my child;" and, again loosing the oars, she covered her face with her hands.

She was out on the water for two hours. As soon as she returned, she went straight to Anne, who was painting on the lawn, and put a winning arm about her neck. "I am so sorry that I was cross, Nanci-bel. Do forgive me. I am so sorry."

Anne clasped her in a passion of tenderness. "Meriel, darling, you know my love for you. It is that, it is only that, that makes me so trying sometimes."

Meriel closed her lips with kisses, as much from an instinct of self-protection as from an affectionate impulse. She was nervously afraid of Anne's returning to the subject of their morning's discussion. Then she ran off to her own room.

One day, a week afterwards, she woke with a feeling that Dalryn had come back, and that she would see him before evening. This conviction made her restless, and towards noon she went for a walk to a little chapel on the heights just beyond San Remo. Faster and faster she went, under a vague notion that she was keeping some one waiting.

The door of the chapel stood open, and she entered.

As soon as her eyes became accustomed to the dim light, she saw that a man was standing before one of the quaint thank-offerings which were the gifts of devout fishermen and their wives. In this picture five or six zigzags of cadmium lightning shot across a lamblack heaven upon a ship which was standing on end in waves of malachite green. The Virgin, appearing in an egg of light, bore the preserved one away on a raft. At intervals, all during her life Meriel could distinctly recall every detail of this vivid masterpiece.

She had recognized the man at once. It was Dalryn.

Without speaking, he moved forward one of the wooden chairs which stood about over the floor, and she sat down, also without speaking.

"I was on my way to see you," he said, at last. "I only got here this morning."

"I felt that you had come," she answered, without looking at him. Her heart was beating so that she trembled; she pressed one hand firmly over the other, that he might not see how they quivered.

His own voice was unsteady. In spite of that week of lonely thinking, he had not realized how potent was her influence upon him. He told himself reproachfully that he had forgotten some of her infinite charm, some of the irresistible appeal which her fragile loveliness made to heart and brain. He said, after a while, modulating his voice carefully, "It is strange that you should have felt I had come."

She answered, with a visible effort, "Yes, it was strange, but I do feel such things sometimes."

He saw that the corners of her mouth were tremulous.

"I am afraid that your walk has tired you," he went on, feeling that he must break this telltale silence. "And you must not sit here in this cold place without your cloak." He took it from the back of her chair, and she stood up obediently while he folded it about her. Then, under some strong impulse, she looked up. He kept his hand on the folds of stuff which he had drawn together over her breast. Their eyes dwelt upon each other in a gaze that was like a touch. At last he said under his breath, "Dear." Then, releasing her with an abrupt movement, he walked to the door, and stood there for some moments looking out over the water.

Meriel remained as he had left her, feeling that life had concentrated itself into one breathless interval. What was he about to say to her? What was he about to tell her?

After a while he came back, with that pale, worn look that she remembered when they had talked together near the ruins of San Romolo. He sat down, resting his clasped hands on the back of his chair, and spoke very quietly.

"Do you know what I have decided in this week of absence?" he asked her. "I have decided that I must tell you the story of my life. When you have heard it, you will know what such a decision has cost me. But it is the only way."

"Why must you tell me?" she said, whispering. "I can trust you. I do not want to pry into your life. Why need you tell me anything? If you have done what is wrong, I know that it was through a mistake. You are good. You are noble. You could not have done evil deliberately."

Dalryn's face was ghastly.

"Don't say any more—don't!" he exclaimed, with a sort of sharp cry in his voice. "It is hard enough. You make it intolerable!"

"My friend, my friend," she murmured, laying her small hand lightly on his great one, which was clinched upon his knee. But his face remained hard. It was as if he were hardening himself, as if death had risen from the graves under their feet and stood between them.

"Let us go," he said, suddenly, in a harsh voice. "Let us go. I am not strong enough to tell you, sitting face to face with you. I will write it all to you. Come! let us go—quickly."

Meriel stood up, feeling blind and faint. She put out her hand

to steady herself: it fell upon his arm. Neither knew how it came about, but for several moments they clasped each other in silence, like two drowning creatures. Her head just reached his heart, and its heavy throbbing sounded in her ear like the rush of a torrent. She thought how strange it was that each of those deep pulsations meant love of her. If death could only come to her now! She had endured so much. She shrank from the pain ahead of her. Mysterious, inexplicable, sudden as it was, she knew that in that desperate yet still embrace she had at last found contentment. This was what she wanted. This was that one deep draught of life for which she had been willing to suffer and wait through all the years of her early womanhood. This was that measure pressed down and running over which Fate had at last given into her bosom. To feel that she desired anything as utterly as she desired to possess this man's love, to give him her very soul in return,—that was more than gaining all the worlds and loves in space, and caring less to have them.

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### VIII.

It was late that night. Meriel lay quite motionless on her narrow bed, her arms under her head, her eyes on the square of star-dusted violet framed by the open window. The quiet breathing of the sea kept time to hers. Even for the season of the year it was oppressively warm. The white curtains hung motionless, and there was no sound of leaves in the garden below.

After a while she rose, and, moving softly, so as not to disturb Anne, the door of whose room opened into hers, slipped on a tea-gown of thin silk, and went out into the night. Overhead the stars were like moonlit dew-drops clinging to some vast flower. The great cypresses slept against the tranquil sky, and here and there she could just distinguish the mimosa shrubs, like patches of swaying sunlight seen through smoked glass. The turf was chill and fresh underfoot, and clammy with dew. At the foot of the lawn, among the white oleanders, a nightingale was breaking its heart. Beyond lay the rapt lustre of the sea. Indolent perfumes and bitter-sweet smells of the night floated on every side.

She went carefully, her hands before her, to keep off stray branches, her little feet feeling each step with the points of their satin shoes, through which the dew was already soaking.

Something seemed drawing, drawing her. It was as though she were in search of something. She walked faster, less carefully. The old stone seat among the oleanders—it was there that she must go. Now she was almost running: now she had reached it. She put out her hand. Some one was sitting there. She did not start back or cry out.

When Dalryn's voice said, "Don't be frightened: I came to bring you the letter I promised to write. I meant to slip it under the door in a little while," she only answered, softly,—

"I am not frightened. I knew it was you, as soon as I touched you."

He had risen, and was standing in front of her.

"Sit down," she said, in her sweet, undisturbed voice. "I want to talk to you."

He sat down as she bade him, and she placed herself at his side, slipping her hand into his, as she did so, with all the frank confidence of a child. For some moments they sat thus, hand in hand, looking up at the soft palpitation of the heavens. At last she said, quietly, "Do you know that this is my birthday?"

She felt him start and half withdraw his hand. Then he said, with bitterness,—

"A charming birthday gift I have brought you! It is here. I will give it to you now." And he put into her hand a thick square packet.

"A rather long letter, isn't it?" he asked, with a short laugh.

But Meriel did not answer; he could see in the dim light that she was turning the envelope about in her hands and looking down at it.

"Isn't it strange," he went on, "to think that, after you have read what is written there, you will never care to be with me or to talk with me again?"

"Oh!" she said, under her breath, and he knew by her tone that she was smiling, "do you think me like that?"

"Like what?" he asked, in a hard voice. "You hold in your hands as ugly a confession as one human being could well make to another of his own free will. Am I to imagine that you are different from every reasonable creature in the world? Would you think the same of a man, after finding that he had killed another, as you did before?"

"Not the same, no, for then I would give him my compassion too; not my cool, contemptuous pity, but my understanding compassion, deep, absolute. We should no more let past misdeeds hinder the growth of our future than the forest lets the shed leaves hinder the spring grass from growing. Why are you afraid that I will judge you so harshly? Is it not enough that you regret it so, whatever it is? Is it not enough that it has eaten into the best years of your life? Look, I forgive you, beforehand—anything, everything; for I know that, however grave it may have been, it did not come from coldness of heart, from any neatly planned scheme of selfishness, from any base, deliberate motive. If you will let me, I will throw this into the sea there, now, this instant, and I will never again even think that it was written."

"My dear, my dear," said Dalryn, in a choked voice, "what you say is divine, but I should be base beyond expression if I took you at your word. When you have read what is written there you will see that I am right, that I am protecting you against yourself."

"You are myself," she said, very softly. "I have always loved you. I shall always love you, and I trust you utterly."

"Don't tempt me, don't tempt me!" he said, with a sort of groan. "You don't know what you are doing, sweet one. Help me to be

strong. Don't unman me with your angel goodness. It is the supreme test of my life. Help me to bear it worthily."

"Oh, I will, I will," she said, utterly melted at the anguish in his voice. "I will read it all—all. I will not trouble you any more about it. But I think—no, I know that you will see that I was right, that you had no reason to dread my reading it so."

"Surely there was never so worshipful a soul," he exclaimed. "Dear child-heart that you are, how wonderful it is to feel that you trust me as you do, that you sit here in this lonely hour beside me, as sure of my protection and reverence as though you were my little daughter! Dear one, have you thought that I am old, and gray, and not at all like the prince in a fairy-tale?"

"You are what I want," she said, with a deep breath of content.

He could not speak for some moments. "Do you know, my darling," he said at last, "I never believed so much in a God as I do at this instant? He must have put the spirit in your feet that led you to me. I was sitting here, and wondering how men bore such things and lived, when your little hand touched me. I thought at first that an oleander flower had fallen on my shoulder, and then I knew that it was you, my sweet, my sweet!"

He lifted her hand softly to his lips as though it had been the blossom for which he had mistaken it.

"I must try to comfort you, before I leave you," she said, presently. "Tell me, dear, do you never feel as I do, that the Unknowable One is also loving?"

"Ah, dearest," he answered, sadly, "it is the old story. We say that 'His ways are past finding out,' and then set to work to give Him this or that attribute. How is it possible to think that something utterly beyond our comprehension has a quality that we can understand?"

"But we cannot understand it," she urged, her pathetic eyes on the stars. "I feel that it is like the love of a mother for her unborn child. In us are possibilities which we cannot imagine, but of which He knows the existence. And for those possibilities He loves us with a love of which our love is only the vague symbol. Those fire-flies there, they are like the stars in form and light, but in all else how essentially different! Yet a child who had seen a fire-fly could imagine a star. I only feel these things, dear; I am not stating them as facts."

"And yet, with your sweet inconsistency, you pray for the altering of things which your reason tells you are unalterable. You will go back to your room in a little while, and will pray over that letter in your hand, and will ask that I may not be unhappy, that you may find all the good in me that you wish to find, that I may not have been guilty of the baseness of which I tell you I have been guilty."

"Ah, no, dear, no," she said. "If you think I pray for material things, you are mistaken. My deepest prayer is a great longing. I say over and over, 'O mighty and beautiful World-spirit, come to me more and more, that more and more I may grow one with Thee! I pray for that clear vision without which the people perish.' Under the very movement which you think may be bearing you from me,

there may be a greater one which is bringing you nearer and nearer to me every second."

"My love," he murmured, "I can indeed feel that the Power which evolved you is a loving one."

Again they sat silent for a long while. The stillness had now grown so intense that the breaking of each wave upon the shore seemed the detonation of sullen thunder; the sultry air weighed upon them.

"Although you do not think so," he said, suddenly, "I feel that this is the last time we shall ever be together, and therefore I am going to ask you to come close to me and let me feel your head once more upon my heart. It will be a memory to keep me from absolute despair."

She came gladly, putting up one hand about his throat, and he held her in a light embrace, as though she had delicate wings, which a too heavy touch might injure. Overhead an acacia-tree balanced its tremulous foliage upon the hot air.

"Love," she whispered, at last, "if I died to-night, I should have had the fulness of joy."

"Ah, Meriel, little child that you are, can it be that you have not thought of what the fulness of joy would really mean for us? Long years of perfect companionship, hours of worshipping passion such as hallows married love, dear children that should be yours and mine! No, dear, believe me, this is but a fleeting, holy glimpse of Eden through the bars of the gate that will shut it from us forever, maybe in one short hour. If I were free, if I were even capable of becoming worthy, if the best years of life were not past for me, I should go away to-morrow and serve for you seven years, and think it but a day, for the love I bear you. There is a Persian legend which comes to me: 'One knocked at the Beloved's Door, and a Voice said, This house will not hold Me and Thee; and the door was not opened. Then went the lover into the Desert, and fasted and prayed in Solitude. And after a year he returned and knocked again at the Door. And again the Voice asked, Who is there? and he said, It is Thyself; and the Door was opened to him.' Unless I could become worthy, even as you are worthy, that power in whose love you so firmly believe will never open the door to me, dear one. And that cannot be. There is no miracle by which the flesh of my spirit can become again like the flesh of a little child. And only one who had such a spirit should claim or win you."

"Dear," she said, "I cannot help it. I believe that with love all things are possible. Do you remember what A Kempis says about it? 'Nothing is sweeter than love: nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing more generous, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller or better in heaven or earth. . . . Love feels no burden, regards not labors, would willingly do more than it can: it pleads not impossibility, because it conceives that it may and can do all things. It is able, therefore, to do anything; and it performs and effects many things, where he who loveth not fainteth and lieth down.' Dearest, trust me, trust me. Nothing can come between us but your own will. The past is past. The

present and the future are ours, and with them we can make a new heaven and a new earth."

"I must not listen to you," he said, rising. "I must tear out my own heart, and send you from me, and implore you to read that letter before you sleep. Afterwards, if—but it is impossible, and my opinion of myself is unalterable, in spite of your divine charity. Go and read those words, my life, my one treasure, that I must put from me. But before you go, tell me once more that you love me, that you could have been satisfied and happy to live your life with me."

Very solemnly he drew her to him, and held her close a moment, in that silence with which the strongest have always parted from their hearts' desire. And then, leaning wearily upon him, she went towards the house, and he stood watching until the door had closed upon her. But, though he turned away, he did not leave the garden: that feeling which draws us in our sleep to the graves of those whom we have idolized held him fast, and he went and sat again upon the stone bench under the oleander. Something soft blew against his hand: it was the gauze scarf which she had worn over her head. He lifted it and buried his face in its fragrant film. It was as though her spirit touched him soothingly, tenderly. Keeping it in his hand, he waited to see the glimmer which would tell him that she had lighted her candle and was reading his letter, as he had asked her to do. Suddenly it shone out through the white blur made by the muslin window-curtains. As though fascinated, he sat staring at the luminous square behind which she was learning the truth that must forever separate her from him. He calculated how long it would take her to read each page; followed her in imagination. Now she had come to the first bitter sentence: it was searing her tender soul. Now the fulness of it all was beginning to dawn upon her. Now—now—now she knew. She had read it all. It was over. He felt mentally as though the sharp falling of a guillotine had severed his spirit into two parts. . . .

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## IX.

Day was breaking when he left the garden. In the white chalice of the east the moon drowsed like a great glow-worm.

He walked mechanically on and on. The road grew steeper, the air more biting. Some one spoke. He stopped short, looked about him, dazed, bewildered for the moment.

On his left was the little seaman's chapel, on his right the sea. A gull swept by, its breast red with the morning. The old sacristan stood there, alternately shivering and grinning, as age and avarice claimed him. Dalryn thrust all his loose silver into that outstretched palm.

"Don't follow," he said. "I want to be alone."

The old man glanced from the coins in his palm to the mad "foreigner," then back again to the coins. His toothless gums parted, as though to speak.

"No, that's all right. Say nothing," ordered the stranger, impera-

tively. The other gaped, then, obediently silent, held back the worn leather curtain while Dalryn passed behind it. . . .

Two hours later, the old sacristan was still counting his gain, when a second stranger came quickly towards him, round the corner of the chapel. It was a woman this time; and she also pressed silver upon him, and motioned him to stay without while she entered. . . .

Dalryn was kneeling before the altar-rail, his head on his folded arms. She paused a moment, then went swiftly forward and laid both hands on the bowed head.

"Dear," she whispered, with slow, soft distinctness, "I have read it, and it has not changed me at all."

A shudder took him, but he did not move. Then, kneeling beside him, she put her lips close to his ear, and spoke again:

"I remember all that I said to you last night. I mean it all to-day more than ever."

Again he shuddered: he could not speak. She whispered, soothingly,—

"Never mind, dear, never mind. Only believe that I love you,—love you,—that I honor you."

"Meriel!" he gasped.

"That I honor you!" she repeated, firmly.

He got to his feet.

"Meriel!" he said, with a great sob,—“Meriel!”

"Yes,—Meriel,—your Meriel," she answered, also sobbing. "Your Meriel, or no one's,—no, not till I die! not till I die! . . . nor after."

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A week had passed. Dalryn was waiting in the villa garden for Meriel to join him. They were to see each other for the last time before she left for England. She came down, wearing the lace hood that he remembered.

"Come," she said, "let us go out on the water, far, far from every one."

As Dalryn rowed, she lapsed into her old tranquillity and sat with her hands clasped upon her lap. The weather was still sultry: it seemed as though they must hear the red gold plaque of the sun hiss as it touched the water.

"Dear," she said, suddenly, "you know how much we have to talk of. It is hard to begin. But in three days I shall have gone, and I must say what is in my heart before I go. You think—do you not?—that I have had time in these eight long days to reflect very carefully upon what you have told me?"

"Yes," he answered.

"And now I tell you that, while I think that past sin as terrible, as piteous, as awful as you do in your bitterest moments, still I believe that the dead past should bury its dead, and that you who sit here now are not the same being who did that wrong."

"I have no right to joy," he said, in the low monotonous tone that she knew so well.

"You have no right to make my misery," she answered, her clear eyes holding his.

"Meriel!" he cried, his lips blanching.

"You have no right to destroy the happiness of a living woman whom you love, by fidelity to a dead woman whom you never really loved. It is sophistry. It is sophistry of that worst kind which has made all the needless suffering in the world."

"I cannot think that you comprehend it all," said Dalryn. "I can't have written clearly. Did I make you understand that, although I married her at once, she killed herself three months afterwards? Did I tell you of that pitiful tear-stained journal which recorded days of anguish almost unthinkable to those who have not felt such anguish? Did I . . ."

"Yes, all; you told me all, dear. I am not seeking to excuse you,—oh, never that! But I am sure that, while the greater fault always rests with the man in such a case, the woman is always to blame too. Besides, you were only a boy then. What in a man would be a crime was only a terrible fault in your case, for which you made amends at once and with all your might. Why, why will you speak as though you had been coldly, deliberately sinful? In your letter you admitted that it was no cautiously planned wrong. You were swept into it by one of those terrible scorching dust-winds that overtake the young when they fancy that all is calmest. Do you not think that your twenty-three years of remorse balance those three months that she endured?"

"I only know," he said, in a hard voice, "that by that act I irretrievably warped my whole nature. I am convinced that I am unworthy of anything that you may give me,—even pity. . . . And I am condemned in my own eyes for not having gone away at once. But you see how it is! In all supreme temptations I am weak,—utterly, pitifully weak."

"No, not weak,—not weak, dear; too easily swayed by impulses, and not even that now." There was a bitter-sweetness in her smile as she said this. "Surely, if, as scientists tell us, the body undergoes an absolute change every seven years, surely, surely the soul changes too! Indeed, it seems to me that every year we look back upon our dead selves as something alien, apart, unfamiliar. Six years ago I should not have spoken as I am speaking now. I thought, as you do, that the great errors of life were irretrievable, but I don't think so now,—I don't think so now."

He did not answer her at once, but sat gazing abstractedly down the furrows of orange light in which they were drifting.

After a while he said, "I meant my life to be all gold and ivory, like a fair statue, a worthy offering for the one woman of whom I dreamed. Now the gold has melted into ugly lumps, the ivory is stained as by the smoke from a sacrifice of snakes! . . ." He broke off, tried to laugh,—a sob choked him.

She took his hands in hers. "The gold is still gold," she said. "Underneath, the ivory is as white as ever, and the symmetry of the whole is unchanged. Besides, you use a dead symbol for a living fact.

Nature is forever hiding her wounds with new growths. The noble soul develops two virtues for one that it has lost. Will you believe me when I tell you that you are dearer, yes, greater in my eyes, for the hated sin,—the sin so long repented?"

"Oh, dear, dear sophist," he cried, "the title is more yours than mine. Would you say that a king who had murdered his father to gain his throne was a worthy man, although never king ruled so worthily?"

"He would be more worthy than if he committed suicide from remorse and left his country to the rule of a wicked man," she said, with firmness. "To cut oneself off from the highest, because in the past one has stooped even to the lowest, has always seemed to me the subtlest form of self-indulgence. Ah, there is a fierce bliss in scourging oneself for secret faults! But to forgive oneself,—is not that the best, the noblest sacrifice of all?"

"Oh, Meriel, Meriel, it is hard to listen to the voice of my own convictions with the music of your soul in my ears. Dear, I have not given way to a mere idle indolence of regret. I have tried to do good deeds, to achieve high ends; I have labored for my fellows, and"—with a sudden bitterness in his voice—"if I have not loved my neighbor as myself, it is because I do not love myself at all."

"You are too severe with yourself," she said. "You are like some fathers who are stern and cruel to their own children, while gentle and forbearing to others, from this selfsame idea of mistaken duty. What is it that Goethe says somewhere? 'Life teaches us to judge both ourselves and others less severely.' Can't you see that in being so harshly just to yourself you are being unjust to me?"

"Oh, my child," he groaned, "you make it very hard for me!"

"I *want* to make it hard. I am trying to make it as hard as I can!" she said, eagerly. "I have never told you of my life; but I tell you now that there were two years of it so awful, so hideous, that twenty others, all peace and happiness, would be dearly bought at that price! And yet you would take from me all joy, all hope. . . ."

Dalryn felt that the struggle was almost beyond his power of endurance. He sat with his lips between his teeth, his brows working nervously.

"You do not seem to understand," he said, at last, "that I feel I would be injuring you, that I would be dragging you down from your high estate, if I asked you to join your life to mine. I may seem selfish, but it is you, you only, of whom I am thinking."

"Oh, then, dearest," she exclaimed, with a lovely movement of her whole self towards him, "do not think of me any more! Take me for your own, and let us make of our lives something so great, so mysterious, so beautiful, that the world will be better for our presence!"

Dalryn shut her from his sight with both hands. He felt that he knew for the first time the meaning of the words "to groan in spirit." His strength seemed flowing from him like spilt wine.

She came and knelt beside him, putting her tender, small hands over his, as he sat covering his eyes, that the sight of her sweetness might not weaken him further.

"Dear Gordon," she whispered, uttering his name for the first time, "listen to me. Let me give you back the sight of your mind's eyes. Let my respect, my trust, my honor for you restore your own. Oh, my dear, never, I think, in the world, were the inmost spirits of a man and a woman so utterly revealed to each other, so entirely in harmony. I seem to feel your very thoughts as they rise in your mind. I seem to know in every fibre what you have lacked all your life, what it is that your whole nature thirsts for. Our ideal of life, of love, of true greatness, is the same, the very same. Almost never is it given to two souls to agree so absolutely. Our dream of love has been the same, from the days when we first learned what love in its highest form could mean. We know what true worship of the fitting and beautiful includes. We have for each other that great reverence which sanctifies all things. We know that true love speaks not out of the fire, not out of the whirlwind, but from that stillness which is the centre of the universe. We know what it is that would make life worthy, even after death. And will you still say that we must part?—that we must make of our lives two unavailing halves, when they might join into one force of such supreme and blessed power?"

"'Almost thou persuadest me,'—almost—almost!" he said, in a hoarse whisper.

"No, it must be entirely. It shall be!" she urged. "Are you so hard, so stern, that you care more for keeping your theories unbroken than you do for breaking my heart?"

Suddenly he caught her to him. His words came short, breathless, as though from one under physical torture.

"Is it possible, is it possible," he stammered, "that you don't know what I am enduring? that you don't see that every word you utter tightens the rack that I am on? Do you not know that I believe you were mine from the beginning, by the divinest right? that therein lies my torture, the worst torture that can come to any one? Oh, how that terrible line of Arnold's has rung in my ears, night and day, since I first met you: 'Bafflers of our own prayers, from youth to life's last scene.' What does it avail, what is it but a supreme mockery, that I see in you the fulfilment of every high desire, when I know so indisputably that I am not worthy of you,—that only by the grossest injustice could you be given to me? Oh, sweetest eyes! can you look into mine and not see the anguish that is tearing heart and soul to pieces? What? you think that it is my theories I care for, that I weigh against you? It is because I protect you against myself,—it is because of that, it is because of that alone, that you think me hard and stern. Shall I take you as a child breaks a flower, and watch you wither in my grasp? Shall I take you at your word, and then, through years of self-abasement, watch the pain and disappointment gathering in those dear eyes? You can speak and think of my past as you do now, because it has not become an inevitable part of your own life. Then, you would feel differently. Then, you would know what to be haunted means,—to see always the dead past between you and your living joy. You would say to yourself, 'He is kind and

true to me now, but he was once guilty of treachery to one who looked to him for kindness and truth. Why may not I wake up to find some day that he has been treacherous to me? Or, even if your divine loyalty would not permit your heart to say such things, suggestions of them would flit across your mind and darken all your peace. No, heart of my heart, core of my soul, no! Such a fate must never touch you!"

She lifted her lips and pressed them gently upon his.

"Now do you think that any doubt of you could ever come to me?" she asked. "Now will you torture me and yourself with such dreadful imaginations? Oh, my love, it seems strange that I should implore you so not to forsake me!"

All at once he felt in his mouth the brackish, faintly sweet taste that he had learned to dread. He tried to fold his handkerchief in such a way that she would not see it, but her quick eye caught the brilliant stains at once, and she sat staring at them with an expression of frozen terror growing on her white face.

"Dearest, there's nothing to be so frightened about," he told her; "nothing at all. The doctors have all assured me that it isn't necessarily a grave symptom. My lungs are a little weak at present; that's all. When you are gone, I shall start at once for Switzerland or the Tyrol. Don't look so agonized, my darling! You break my heart!"

"Swear—swear that it is nothing serious," she said, trembling from head to foot.

"Indeed I do swear it, willingly. Come, love, come and sit here beside me. A thought has come to me which may comfort you a little."

"Tell me," she urged. "Tell me! Please tell me,—quick—quick!"

"It is this. I am going to ask you to let me write to you as often as I wish, and to let me come to see you in England a year from now."

"Not for a whole year?" she asked, wistfully.

"It will take me at least that time to master myself again, to work out this whole problem clearly. Then, if I should come to a different conclusion,—if, oh, my sweet!—if I should see my way to claiming you,—then I should not feel that your bewildering sweetness had influenced me against my better judgment. Isn't that the right, the manly course to take, beloved?"

"Yes, yes," she said. "It shall be just as you wish. I would rather never see you again than make you suffer so. But, oh!"—she caught his hand and covered it with kisses, before he could stop her,— "you are all I want in life. You are everything, everything that I want for ever and ever!"

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## X.

"I have kept my promise very faithfully, dear one, as you will see from the heading of this sheet," ran Dalryn's first letter to Meriel, "and am already feeling braced and cheered after only three hours in this unique valley, which as yet is undefiled by tourists. I have chosen

what I consider an appropriate spot for this sweet task of mine, a little corner of quiet loveliness in which you would delight. At my feet a glacier stream is rushing, its clear green marbled with foam, its eagerness stirring the fringe of grasses and wild flowers along its bank. I have gathered one of these, and as it rests on a book beside me, waiting to be sent to you, it makes me think of those haunting, worshipful eyes of yours, for on its petals some honey-lover has shed a brown gauze wing, and the glimmer of its own deep violet through this exactly matches that strange, elusive tint which is neither quite blue nor quite hazel.

"Even at this great distance I can feel your influence about me, like a tranquillizing presence, and this whole fair Oetzthal is as full of Meriel as Prospero's island was of Ariel. My 'delicate' Meriel! how I delight in the exquisite fittingness of your name! I like to think that the only woman I have ever known worthy of it is the woman who bears it. The book on which your flower rests is your own copy of 'Marius the Epicurean,' which you gave me at parting. Oddly enough, when I took it up this morning it opened in my hands at page 202, and my eyes fell on these words: 'There was weakness in all this, as there is in all care for dead persons.'

"Perhaps after all, dear, out of your sweetness is to come the strength which will help me to retrieve myself; but, alas, no sooner do I begin to see the glimmer of Hope's alluring shape on the horizon than such words as these come, to remind me that I have but a short time in which to enjoy even peace: 'Soul of mine, in due season it is meet to gather love, when life is young.' Ah, dearest, even you must see that the 'due season' is long past for me. At best I can expect but a fleeting St. Martin's summer.

"Sad words these, my Meriel, to be sending you over all these miles; but how indeed could I be otherwise than sad apart from you? Memory makes you a very real presence, sweet one; but how empty seems the air upon which she paints you! Never was there a body which was more the outward seeming of the soul within. If I could only touch, for a moment, that wonderful hair of yours, or feel the questioning of your little fingers, how complete would be this hour! Everything suggests you to me, and a spider that has just swung himself down upon my paper recalls one of your sayings so vividly that I can almost hear your voice repeating it: '*Araignée du midi—souci.*'

"It is indeed *souci* without you, beloved. My heart seems one vast emptiness, swept and garnished for the occupancy of legions of blue-devils.

"He is a delightful little fellow, this spider, colored like a tulip-tree blossom, and as erratic in his movements as any crab. I fancy that he is one of those who weave the lacy webs one sees on the grass at day-break. I should like to slip him into my envelope too, but I fear he would reach you in a very sad and flattened condition; and, besides, I see that his wife is waiting for him, on a weed, near by. There! I have established him safely at her side, as I know that you would do if you were here. Never was there such a compassionate heart as that

of my little dryad. I verily believe that her divine mother-instinct would lead her to restore its young to a scorpion.

“Dear, how you would revel in these great purple-green hills, with their veining of white torrents! Everlasting seems a word invented for them, and between them winds the placid beauty of the valley, with its sheen of hemp and barley and tall, juicy grass, in which the cows are wading. Then what forests of larch and pine and mountain ash! And what wayward roads threading their mystery!

“Some lines of Browning’s haunt me as I think of what it would be to walk with you in that faintly colored gloom:

A turn, and we stand in the heart of things;  
The woods are round us, heaped and dim;  
From slab to slab, how it slips and springs,  
The thread of water, single and slim,  
Through the ravage some torrent brings.

“To stand with you in the heart of things! Oh, my sweet, no Christian’s heaven holds for him a more perfect vision. To have your heart interpret for me the great heart of nature,—you who are verily in league with the stones of the field!

“A thousand questions come to me that I want to ask you.

“Why is it that these peasants are happy in their sorrowful religion,—their natures as narrow, as elevated, as peaceful, as their own landscape? To me these terrible symbols of a faith which accepts suffering as its essential quality are the only blots on a perfect scene. Never can one walk a mile without coming upon some grim crucifix, with its distorted figure ghastly with painted blood, or some immense wooden cross on which are placed the spear, the rod and sponge, the nails, and all the other emblems of that supreme agony. It is as though one were to be surrounded by paintings of the last hour of a beloved friend who had died in torturing convulsions.

“More quaint, if scarcely less sad, are the little boxed-up pictures called ‘Andenken,’ which dot the roads at intervals. They are memorials of peasants and travellers who have met death by some terrible accident, and the queer, misshapen little figures touch one with an odd pathos. My dear! my dear! I want you to talk it all over with. I want to ask you why, and why, and why, until this dumb paper and unavailing pencil irritate me almost beyond endurance.

“This morning, very early, I went to a festival at the village church,—an exquisite walk, leading ever higher and higher among the hills.

“How you would have smiled through your tears at that strange little procession of virgins, some of them at least seventy years old, and all wearing wreaths of white artificial flowers and aprons of a peculiarly pretty, shining silk! I went to the chief shop in the village at once and bought you some yards of it,—a lovely sunset thing, which changes like an opal as one handles it. There is a little of all of you in it. Under one light it has that golden rose which sometimes floats under your clear skin; then again there is a gleam of brownish violet, like that of your eyes; then comes a shimmer as pearly as your temples,

or a fair green like the little network of veins about your throat. It is an elfin thing, out of which Ariel himself would not have disdained to let some brownie-tailor fashion him a jerkin. And so you will wear it, dear one, will you not? Have it made into one of those pretty flowing gowns that I admire; and when she wears it, if my princess will deign, she can fancy my loving arms about her.

“Ah me! what diabolically appropriate verses will buzz about the ears of a *gourmet* in poetry! Here I am falling again into my old habit of quoting:

When I was young, as you are young,  
And lutes were touched, and songs were sung,  
And love-lamps in the windows hung.

“Dear, can it be possible that you love me? When I think of it, it seems as though Helen were to turn from Paris and become enamoured of one of the elders on Troy wall. What shall I say to her to make her see her folly, and open her eyes to recognize the Prince Charming who should win her? But that she has seen these gray locks often and often, I might send her one to remind her of the great gap in time which has wrought that difference between it and her own bright tresses.

“‘But, after all,’ I hear you saying, ‘a soul is only as old as its love;’ and, as I live, dear, at this moment I agree with you, perhaps because this stream is too troubled to give me back a clear reflection of my venerable self.

“Meriel, my child and my love, I wonder if you realize, in the very least, what you have done for me? It is as though you had lured me back, along enchanted ways, into the fair garden of my boyhood. In that garden blooms the tree of the knowledge of only what is good, and the serpent is a pretty house-snake, such as the Mohammedans know for a kind genius. The flowers are asphodels, which never wither, and the presiding angel is half pure fire and half whitest snow, like the angel of Hasala; her eyes are the color of clear pools at whose bottom glimmer dim blue shells; her hair is like the mesh of golden vapor over a dark cloud at sunset; and her name is so sacred that I dare not say it aloud, for fear the little green-and-yellow spiders on that weed should hear it, and try to enter my garden, where no spiders are.

“See how like a fanciful young transcendentalist I am writing! The waters from which I have drunk are the waters of your soul, beloved,—the waters of eternal youth.

“And, as I write, you are praying for me over there in dear damp England, to that beneficent God of yours who is to make me worthy of you by a miracle such as never was wrought before. Sweetest of sweet beings, may all your dreams come true!

“G.”

“I have just read your dear letter,” wrote Meriel, in answer, “and it is indeed a damp England to-day, although for a week past earth and sky have been as perfect as June could make them. Now a sudden

thunder-storm is blowing up, and I see the rippling sheets of gray-white rain blurring my green hills. How the great trees on the lawn pale and twist as the strong wind blows them about! The wild flicker of silver-poplars against a blue-gray storm-cloud gives me a sensation quite apart from any other. I think, as you have so often told me, that I must have been a dryad once, for no perfectest flower appeals to me as trees do. They seem alive even to their topmost leaf, and when I stroke their long branches they seem to sway as if with pleasure. How you comprehend me in every least yearning of my heart! When you talk to me, or when I read such words as these you have sent me, I seem to be listening to some one who speaks my own mother-tongue. With other people I grope my way, in a language which I have acquired and which I neither speak nor understand perfectly.

“How like you to have given that little spider-husband back to his wife! I hope that he will go back to you some evening to bring you hope.—‘*Araignée du soir—espoir!*’

“I am sitting in my favorite nook, a great mullioned window in the music-room, where I can look down over the slant of turf and see the shining of the river through the beeches and aspens. You will love this old place, I feel sure, it is so quiet and apart from the great world. Miles and miles you will have to drive to reach it, but I will come for you myself, dear, and most of the way lies through one of the loveliest parks in the world; at least it seems so to my affectionate eyes. Such forests of fern, and such pretty wood things always stirring the frail leaves! the deer are so tame that they will come quite close to me, even on horseback, and I have a fawn that wears a silver collar with my name on it. And then these rolling meadows, all spread with the soft milky green of oats, and the dense clusters of trees, through which the afternoon sun burns a great irregular opening and sends out long lances to touch one’s face. And the sweet, dank smell of it all! Yes, it is a damp England, but no other country has such wonderful perfumes of clover and fresh earth, brought out by that very dampness.

“The house you will love, too, and especially this room in which I am sitting. The polished floor sends up such a canny smell of brown beeswax, and from the dark panels my lady ancestors smile down at me. There is one especially who has always fascinated me, and whose name was also Meriel. She is rather like me, except in coloring, but her hair is a wonderful gold-red, where mine is sober brown (just brown, dear, in spite of your pretty simile). And she is dressed all in shining white satin, and holds in one hand a yellow rose. Her story is so sad, so very sad. Shall I tell it to you?—This picture was painted for her lover at the time of the struggle between the Roundheads and Cavaliers, and a month later he was killed in battle. She lived for five years afterwards, and died uncomforted. There is a great yellow rose-tree planted between their graves, and its long branches trail over either grass-grown hillock, shedding above them the perfume and petals of her favorite flower. How strange it seems that she should ever have lived, loved, suffered, impressed others with that strange individuality of separate existence which is shared even by trees and flowers! She must have had certain tricks of voice and gesture, as original, as

peculiarly her own, as any trait in her niece of this century. That very rose was once actual. There is another pretty story about her wooing, and I will tell you that too. She had been reading an old romance with her lover, in which courtship by flowers had been described. In the morning a rose-bud is given; if that is accepted, the wooer may hope. At noon he brings a half-blown rose; if this is taken, his love is returned. Lastly he offers a full-blown rose; the three worn together mean consent. In her journal (which you shall read when you come, if you care to) she describes, in the sweet quaint language of that day, how George Monteith came to her during the day with the three roses, and how in the evening she wore them on her breast. I remember her very words, they made such a deep impression on me when I read them as a girl of sixteen. 'He was vastly pale when he first saw me,' she writes, 'and that I bore his roses on my bosom. I thought he had been like to weep. I was shaking as with an ague. I know not what I felt. Then, lo! 'twas I who fell a-weeping, and he had me fast and was kissing the roses. My God, let me not love Thy creature more than I love Thee, for I do fear 'tis in my heart to worship him!'

"Perhaps that rose which she holds in her portrait was one of those very roses. When the rain stops, dear, I shall go out and gather you a blossom from her own bush, and send it to you, in return for the pretty blue thing that I now have in my locket.

"Then when you come—oh, when you come, my dearest—you shall give me three, and I will wear them as she wore them, and if you are good, if you are very, very, *very* good, you may—— Do you know that I am very silly, and that it was not a rain-drop which blurred that last word?

"Just then I glanced up at my aunt Meriel: how sad she looked, how mysterious! As though she were saying, 'See, my dear, this rose that I hold out to you is love. Take it if you wish; but to refuse it is far wiser. I am weary and faint with holding it, therefore I offer it to you. Its thorns are sharper than death, and its perfume stifles peace. But it is beautiful. Its gold petals will bring out the dark glimmer of your hair. Take it, if you wish, for I am tired of holding it, and yet I may not let it fall.'

"Ah, no, dear, no, a thousand times! Love shall bring us happiness, not pain, not unrest.

"I am glad that my dear Marius spoke so wisely to you. He is a very soothing and delicate counsellor, and next to you, dear, I confess that I love him best of all men.

"But all this talk of your terrible age. Forgive me if I laugh at you a little, and remind you that a mature person of twenty-six should neither expect nor wish a young Prince Charming to fall in love with her. As for the gray hairs, I love them, and Phœbus Apollo would not appear wholly beautiful to me now without a dusting of powder over his golden locks. Indeed I shall love to wear the pretty stuff you send me, and I will have it made just as you wish, and think what you wish me to think when I wear it. How very, very dear of you to care for all these little things! Somehow, it goes to my heart; and there is another silly drop blurring this not very good writing of

mine. To be quite frank with you, dear, I miss you so that the days are one long ache to me. Ah, my friend, my own, my all, let me in truth lead you back to that beautiful garden, of which you write, and remember that it is not your own happiness which you are deciding, but the whole future joy and peace of one who loves you always, and whose name is

“MERIEL.”

XI.

Two days after she had posted this letter, she received another from Dalryn.

“Ah, my Meriel,” he wrote, “you will think me a most vehement correspondent, but indeed, dear, my only solace is in sending you these scattered thoughts of mine, and I feel that you will be gracious, as you always are, and forgive me if I am too prolix. It is night, and I am writing in my odd little box of a room in this old inn, which would enchant you. My window is open, and I can hear the loud rush of the cataract only a few yards away. The sky is very light, although there is no moon, and a graceful, diaphanous cloud, through which the stars shine softly, reminds me of one lovely evening at San Remo, when you wore a thin white gown like ‘woven wind,’ in whose folds some fire-flies had been caught. Oh, that wonder-time! There is no sensation like that of a man who feels that his soul is being gradually born again of the water of hope and the spirit of love. And when I look back on it all, I marvel at my discreet conduct and sage self-constraint. You never imagined, in that dear calm heart of yours, how I longed to toss aside my theory of life like a bunch of withered leaves. You did not know what a watch I had to set on the door of my lips, nor what ado I had to keep love from running away with reason. You thought it quite natural, did you not? that last talk that we had together, when you touched your sweet mouth to mine, for me to sit there like a heraldic griffin and give no sign of life or affection? Oh, my Best, I am beginning to think that the law of compensation must hold some future comfort to balance those hours of grim restraint. And you would come to me willingly, would you not? You would trust me and my love? Ah, what a complete fool is an old fool! My hand is trembling at the mere thought, as though I were any school-boy in love with the Queen of May.

“Dearest, as I strolled about Innsbrück on my way here, I went, as I always do, into that old church where are all those wondrous iron warriors, and, as usual, I found myself spellbound before the statue of King Arthur. As I gazed at him, I thought, There, now, is a man who is worthy to wear my lady’s sleeve on his helmet. And I bought a photograph of the glorious old fellow, just to show you, dear, the difference between what you might have had, and what you insist on having in me, bless you for your adorable obstinacy! Beside him all the others look like so many ornate cast-iron stoves.

“The cloud has gone now, and your stars are looking at me, hopeful,

affectionate. I give myself up to all sorts of fantastic imaginings. I tell myself, Yes, even if I do not claim her in this life, then in one of those serene worlds our lives shall flow together in a great stream of joy. We shall go from star to star, from higher to higher experiences. There shall be no end to a union whose very glory consists in the fact that it is now inconceivable.

“Yes, dear, to such dreamings do I yield myself, in spite of the hand of reality, which tugs very sharply at my heart every now and then. For what am I, what am I, that out of all the world I should dare to claim as mine the woman who could make the happiness of the best and greatest among us? Truly I think that I could die for you more easily than I could live for you, my sweet. To fail, even once, and to see that failure reflected in your eyes, I do not think that I could endure that.”

“My dear, and my dear,” wrote Meriel, “when I read one of your letters, I feel as though my heart were a cup into which each word falls like a drop of some precious nectar, until it is full to the very brim; or as some dusty flower might feel when the rain softly overflows it. It is all like a beautiful miracle which unfolds gently as one gazes,—as the blossoms bud and bloom before one in that bit of Indian magic of which you have told me. I always imagined, even in my dearest dreams of love, that a woman would have to accustom herself to certain harsher traits in the man, no matter how noble he might be. I find instead that my nature fits as smoothly into yours as a rose into its calyx. If there are thorns, they never touch the rose, and so with you, dear; if in you there are those sharp edges of which you once spoke to me, I never feel them. What can I say to thank you? How can I make you understand how I value and adore your rare nature, which is at once so gentle, so impassioned, and so strong? And you ask me if I would come to you willingly, if I would trust you to be gentle. Oh, my own, is it not because of my absolute trust in you that I give myself up so utterly to my love for you? Do you remember in ‘Middlemarch’ where it is said that Will Ladislaw had the ‘unspeakable content in his soul of feeling that he was in the presence of a creature worthy to be perfectly loved’? It is so that I feel with you, my kindest, my dearest! I have often thought, since meeting you, that the Ideal is like some Eastern beauty, who persistently hides herself behind the folds of her veil until the would-be lover says, ‘I am convinced that you are not really so beautiful,’ and is turning away in despair, when, lo, the veil falls, and he is blinded as by a great radiance. As a child I would have come to you with my wounded pigeon; as a girl, I could have told you all my heart’s romance; as a woman, dear, I will give you all that was most confiding in the child, all that was most romantic in the girl.

“Oh, my dear, how could you dream that I ever so misunderstood you? that I did not comprehend every loyal restraint that you put upon yourself for my sake? I am wearing to-day the little gown which I had made at once out of your pretty silk, and it does indeed

seem as though your spirit's arms enfolded me. I will tell you—why should I not?—and yet a great shyness comes over me as I write; but, dearest, I wish that in truth it were your very self that held me. I shall never quite know rest again, I think, until I feel the beating of your heart against my cheek. Whenever I have been very unhappy I have always had a childish feeling that if a great kind giant could come and take me in his arms and walk for miles and miles with me over cool meadows, the pain in my heart would grow quiet. It is so that I feel with you. I have always wished to be tall and stately, but now I am glad that I am such a wee thing.

“King Arthur is indeed a grandly majestic figure, in the photograph that you have sent me, but forgive me if I say that I still prefer my own knight. Do you doubt that Enid smiled happily to herself in one of those blue-green sleeves of hers, when she compared Geraint with the king, and reflected how infinitely superior Geraint was, in soul and body? Forgive me if I feel as Enid did.

“How you remember everything!—those fire-flies in my frock!—you would not let me shake them out, and said that I looked like a little constellation fallen to earth.

“You see that I remember too.

“Dearest, when I read those most precious words, telling me of what I have done for you, mere existence becomes a prayer. Indeed I have prayed for you all my life, for, ever since I dreamed of love, I have said every night, ‘Dear God, keep very lovingly the other half of my soul.’ Oh, my love, if you were to tear your life from mine! Yet it is enough to love as I love you.

“Ah, when you speak to me of working together, the future seems too beautiful ever to come nearer. That has been always what I have longed for. The petty love which is jealous of everything that turns its object from itself for a time, no matter how worthily, that has always seemed to me so utterly unlike what love should be. To rest together in the sweet pause that comes after earnest labor,—surely nothing sweeter, nothing more divine, could exist in heaven itself for two beings who fully love each other.

“I am very sad to find that you have not yet received my letter. I would send an elf to you with a message, but it is so hot that their wings have all melted off. And there comes the first drop of rain,—nothing more sorrowful this time. I must run, or my letter will be reduced to pulp. Dearest, God keep you, and before many days give you back to your

“MERIEL.”

“Surely,” ran Dalryn's reply, “no man ever received two such letters as those which you have sent me, my best life. Oh, the unending delight of a life spent in your companionship! I feel very faltering to-day. I think if I were to hear the word ‘Come’ breathed softly in my dreams to-night, I should bid my host such a hurried farewell to-morrow that his kind heart would be sorely wounded.

“And now to answer those most precious letters, bit by bit.

“You may be very sure that I should love any spot sacred with

all the sweet associations of your childhood and girlhood, and I am already enamoured of Winmarleigh, just from your pretty description of it. Some day you shall lie back among the cushions, and I will row you up and down that dear river of yours, while you repeat me another sonnet. By the way, dear, I have a home of my own which I greatly love. It is in Scotland, among the purple moors, and one can see the old house reflected in a gray blur in the loch below. Oh to see your clear loveliness framed by those walls of black oak!—to see you demurely presiding at that grim and venerable board! How like a captured elf-maid she would look,—or like a white lily stuck in the helmet of the Black Douglas! There is a peculiar charm in certain incongruities, is there not? But to return to that letter of letters.

“I have the three roses from that other Meriel’s grave, but they sadden me, and somehow I cannot bear to look at them, although they are messengers from you. How sorrowful is that little love-story! But I think nothing prettier than her wooing could be well imagined. However, she sleeps soundly now, and I cannot help being glad that my lady is the only living soul who bears that perfect name. And so, if I am good,—very, very, *very* good (cannot I hear her voice saying those words?),—I may—in truth? And what is it that I may do, you shyest of woodland things! But I think I understand, and you will not find me too overcome with bashfulness, my sweet, since you have given me your royal permission.

“Ah, when you write me such piteous words as those which close the first letter, I do indeed perceive here a divided duty. Is it true that I would ruin your life more by going out of it than by remaining in it? Oh, my little loving one, if you can only bring home that truth to this stubborn heart of mine, I think that indeed the charm will begin to work. For were it not sophistry the most villanous to bring anguish upon you in trying to keep from you all but the best? Meriel, it is torture that I undergo at times. I do not speak of it, because I know so well the tenderness of your nature, and I want this separation to be a time of peace and rest to you. But at times my burden seems almost too much for my strength. Is it verily your whole future joy and peace that I am weighing in this balance? Can you actually love me as you think you do? It is hard to remember that you are a woman, when one thinks of that face of yours, like one of Orcagna’s girl-angels. Could you indeed put from you the shadow of my past? Could you forget as wholly as you forgive? But no, that is impossible. Could your forgiveness be so absolute that it would blot out that supreme shame? To think of you as my wife seems like a blasphemy. And yet—and yet—— Tell me, it is true, is it not, that between two equal duties, one of which is painful and one pleasant, a conscientious being is prone to choose the painful one from the very fact of its painfulness?

“You cannot tell me too often that I will kill all joy and hope for you by severing my life from yours. Let me be once thoroughly convinced of that, and the face of the universe would be changed for me. Surely no man was ever in greater straits. Convince me, convince me, beloved, that I am indeed necessary to your beautiful existence, and I

will struggle no more. Yet, even as I write those words, something recoils in me, and I seem to know that I shall always struggle, that it will always be war to the knife with me, between what I long for and what in justice I should allow myself to have. How can it be that I am to you all that you say I am? Your words have filled my eyes with very grateful and yet very bitter tears, for I cannot help thinking of the contrast between what I know myself to be and what your exalted affection pictures me as being. My child, my child, do you know how you sway, and master, and all but undo my most fixed resolves, when you write me such words as these?—‘I wish it were in truth your very self that held me. I shall never quite know rest again, I think, until I feel your heart beating against my cheek.’

“To feel that you need me, that you want me, and that of my own free will I am staying apart from you,—it seems monstrous, unnatural. And yet, again and again, I must beg you to believe that it is my very worship of you which thus holds me prisoner. I will not write you more just now. Good-night—good dreams! If I could only become part of them for an hour, to take that dear face between my hands and draw some comfort from the deep eyes which I adore! God be with you, sweet one.

“Always,—

“G.”

“Dearest, how could I deserve you in a thousand years?” wrote Dalryn, again. “And yet you would have me act as though I were worthy, when I have not served for you even half a year.

“You would give yourself to me without test, without proof of what I could accomplish for you. All this talk of my unworthiness would have a certain taint of insincerity for more worldly ears than yours; and yet, as it is, I write on, as the thoughts come, with never a fear of being misunderstood.

“At evening time there is light for me, even if vaguely mournful, as such light must ever be.

“Oh that one of those pure voices which are ever speaking to you would tell me that I might yield to my love for you without wrong!

Could I enchant, and that it lawful were,  
Her would I charm softly that none should hear;  
But love enforced never yields firm content;  
So would I love that neither should repent.

To think of you is to be haunted by lovely poems, dear one, you who are yourself a poem beyond all writing.

“To wander, unchided by conscience, through the sweet garden of your mind, would not a man give all else for this and count himself immeasurably the richer? It would be like feeling those daisies of Keats growing over one, softening all barren places with purest bloom. Sometimes I feel as though I must see you and speak with you, if only for one short moment. It is terrible, and yet beautiful beyond words, to need another being as I need you.

“I wish that there were some name, other than that so sorely mis-

used one of love, by which to call this feeling with which you inspire me.

“You see the divine in all things, but I have never seen it, until in you I recognized what could only be the creation of a divinity. You are to me a religion; through you, soul, heart, and mind have been born again and into another world,—the world of your own exquisite imaginings.

“You have led me out of myself into your nature, and the change is as absolute, as vital, as that which takes place when one walks from a gloomy house into a sunlit garden.”

“Ah, my dear,” Meriel answered, “I wish in truth that I could be with you for a moment, just to tell you how content the gift of your life would make me, no matter how sad it were. Convince you, dear? Ah, but how can I do that? I show you my very soul: you see yourself reflected there, and yet you doubt! You contemplate severing your life from mine! You speak of its being a duty for you to leave me utterly desolate! Dear, although I love you as I verily believe women do not love more than once in a century, I am very proud too. I cannot lay myself at your feet and implore you to have mercy on me. If at the end of twelve months you still see your duty in this light, I can only say, ‘Do what you think right, dear,’ and set myself to making what is possible of the remnants of my own life. My heart is utterly sad and weary to-night: the stars seem to me but empty globes of light, elfin bubbles which if I strove to clasp them would break upon me in a spray of disappointment. The river flows sadly, as though it were whispering, ‘Great Pan is dead, is dead.’ Even in the midst of the vineyard, where the grapes hang ruddy for gathering, the sad cross rises, and the pale Nazarene who also died, but who rose again, hangs there to remind us that the once joyous wine must be forever the symbol of renunciation, of pain, of supreme sacrifice. Oh, my love, before I met you, my cross had become so fitted into the flesh of my spirit that it seemed to me it would be greater pain to tear it out than to go on bearing it meekly; and must I now take it up again and feel through all my days its heavy wounding?”

“I am faint, I am sick at heart. I kneel, as I write these words, and pause for a moment to say, God, have pity, have pity!”

“Oh, my dear, my dear! can it indeed seem right to you to say, Self-punishment is better than self-forgiveness which may work the joy and goodness of two lives,—that to spend all the remaining years in regretful contemplation of past sin is better than to retrieve that sin by striving for others and with others? Do you not owe joy something, as well as sorrow? Is not your duty to the living, even more than to the dead? Do you not insult your own magnanimity by refusing to pardon in yourself what you would surely pardon in another?”

“Dear, I have it in my mind to tell you that you are foolish, selfish, mistaken, obstinate. There is no end to the hard names that I would call you, if you were only where you could tell me that you forgave me, the moment after.

“But indeed, dearest, will you not try, for my sake, even if it has

to be with prayer and fasting, to cast out this demon of mistaken self-condemnation? Will you not try to think of the long, long misery to which you would condemn me also? I make this appeal to you because you have told me that if I could convince you that I really needed you, the face of the universe would be changed for you. Then I will tell you that without you my life will be but an anguish, my work but an effort. Without you I am but half a being. With you, I could make of myself something almost worthy the adoration which you now give me. Good-night. I am too sad to write more; but, glad or sorrowful, I am always your

“MERIEL.”

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XII.

Before Dalryn could reply to this letter, something happened which did indeed change the face of the universe for them both.

It was breakfast-hour at Winmarleigh, and the post had just been brought in. Anne, who rather prided herself on keeping up with the affairs of the day, had almost finished her very thorough reading of the *Times*, when a sharp though suppressed exclamation startled Meriel.

“What is it? What is it, Nan?” she asked, eagerly.

“Oh, it’s only one of those horrid things that one is always reading in the papers,” said Anne, with an awkward attempt at indifference.

But Meriel was not to be put off.

“Let me see it,” she said, holding out her hand with that little air of imperiousness which her friend rarely gainsaid. This morning, however, she kept a firm hold of the *Times*, growing paler and paler as she tried to speak without excitement.

“Dear, don’t be so—so impatient,” she stammered. “It’s only what I told you. A—an accident. Oh, Merry, wait, dear, wait, and let me break it to you gently.”

“Break what to me gently?” said Meriel, her face very white. “Speak, Anne,—quick! You are maddening me.”

“Oh, darling!” blundered poor Anne, “it’s Mr. Dalryn: he’s had an accident. It was very noble. He saved the child. He——” But Meriel had torn the paper from her, and was devouring it with her eyes.

The paragraph ran as follows: “A very sad accident occurred yesterday near Oetz, in the Tyrol. Mr. Gordon Dalryn, whose name is probably familiar to most of our readers, went for a walk, accompanied by two children who were stopping in the same inn. One of these, a little girl of about five, in gathering flowers along the steep bank of a glacier stream, fell, and was caught by the branches of a shrub a few feet below the edge. Mr. Dalryn at once climbed down to rescue her, and succeeded in pulling the child into safety, but his own weight broke away the ledge upon which he stood, and he fell backward, some thirty feet, into the stream below. His right arm and shoulder were badly hurt, and it is feared that he has sustained internal injuries, although the physicians do not altogether despair of his case.”

Meriel laid down the paper very quietly.

"I must write a telegram," she said.

"Oh, dearest," Anne pleaded, "don't do anything rash! Don't do anything imprudent!"

Meriel's only answer was an attempt to rise, but she sank back trembling into her chair. "I am so giddy," she murmured, pressing her hands to her head. "Oh, Anne, don't, don't worry me! Please do as I ask you." Whereupon poor Anne very meekly fetched pen, ink, and a telegraph blank.

Meriel's wire was concise and to the point:

"LADY CHANDRIS, The Elms, Coveston, Blankshire:

"Please come at once. Must leave to-night for the Continent. In great trouble. Absolutely important you should come.

"MERIEL."

"Oh!" said Anne, with a sigh of relief. "I thought——" But before she had finished speaking, Meriel had filled in a second blank:

"GORDON DALBYN, Esq., Oetz, Austria:

"Will be with you as soon as possible. God keep you.

"MERIEL."

"Oh, Meriel, Meriel," the hapless Anne protested, absolutely wringing her hands, "do you know that you are taking a dreadful, an irretrievable step?"

"Yes. I mean it to be irretrievable," said Meriel, calmly. She was still as white as death, but the trembling had stopped. "You don't understand, Anne. You have never understood. I don't mean to be cross, dear, but please, please let me alone. Please don't say things to me. And don't follow me. . . . I am going out. . . . I want to be quite alone. . . ."

Anne was miserably obedient, and spent some hours in offering up prayers, very fervent, if rather incoherent.

Lady Chandris arrived by the afternoon train, stout, calm, ready for all emergencies.

"Aunt Lottie," said Meriel, who had appeared to greet her, "if you will come to my room I will explain everything to you."

To Anne's further misery, Lady Chandris found these explanations sufficient. Although not a worldly woman, she recognized, with a becoming degree of satisfaction, that Dalryn was an excellent *parti*. His views on certain subjects, as set forth by Meriel, she considered somewhat transcendental and wholly unpractical.

"Of course, dear," she said comfortably to her niece, "whatever his conscientious scruples may have been, the only course now open to him, as an honorable man, will be to marry you."

"I have thought of that," said Meriel. "And he may reproach me; but, oh, I cannot—I cannot consider anything now but that he may be dying,—that I may not see him again, even as it is!" She began to tremble so violently that Lady Chandris rummaged in her travelling-bag for sal-volatile.

They reached Oetz two days after, about ten o'clock at night. An hour's drive in a rickety *einspanner* brought them within sound of the torrent near which the inn was situated.

As soon as they arrived, Lady Chandris had an interview with the doctors. They told her that Dalryn's condition was still critical, but that the news of Mrs. Arden's arrival might be beneficial to him, . . . that she might even hope to see him for a few moments.

It seemed to Meriel that hours went by before her aunt came for her.

"Now you must be very, very quiet, dear," she urged, "and you must keep him from speaking, if possible. They say that the news of your coming had the best effect on him. He is very calm, Dr. Heindrich tells me. Here, my child, kiss me before you go. There! bless you! You were always my pet, you know."

As one of the doctors opened the door for her, Meriel's heart was beating so that it shook her body and made her eyes dim. Then, all at once, she saw him lying there among the heaped pillows, one arm strapped to his side.

His eyes drew her, as they had always done. She went and knelt at his side, and he pressed her to him with his uninjured arm. She could feel his lips upon her hair. They remained thus motionless until fifteen minutes later, when the doctor came to take her away. Neither had spoken except once, when Dalryn whispered, "I am utterly content," and she had answered, "My own, my very own. God is good to let me be with you."

\* \* \* \* \*

They were married the following May, in San Remo, and a drive of twenty miles took them to the old summer palace secured by Dalryn for their honeymoon.

Their departure was accompanied by the usual mixture of smiles, jests, tears, old satin shoes, and handfuls of rice; indeed, they were occupied in shaking the latter from their clothes, at intervals, during the whole drive. But the wedding had been very quiet, and delicately gay, with only those who loved them to witness it.

As San Remo finally disappeared, and they found themselves rolling swiftly over the hard white road near the sea-shore, Dalryn turned and put his hand lightly over hers, which were lying open, one above the other, on her knee.

She looked more like a girl than ever, in her little narrow gray gown with its knots of white ribbon.

The serene line of her lips was undisturbed, but there was a certain flicker of the eyelids, which he knew signified that one of her shy moods was upon her. He began speaking quietly about the fair scenes through which they were passing, and was at last rewarded by having a little, ungloved hand turn upward and clasp his palm.

"Happy, dear one?" he asked, smiling.

She did not look at him or speak, but he was answered. They drove on in silence; only, from time to time, when there was no one to see, he lifted her fingers to his lips.

It was one of those white-gold days on which the sea sheens in milky fairness under a sky of tender vapor, gray with the grayness of some clear light eyes, which have in them only a hint of blue.

On the dazzling walls the shadows of overhanging vines and plants were traced in airy network, as though by a sharp pencil. The pearly globes of pear-trees in full blossom rested like clouds upon the green-hill-sides.

Sometimes there were great beds of Parma violets on either side; sometimes an almond-tree showered them with its petals.

In the wide river-beds, through which the water trickled in one thin thread as of quicksilver, chattering peasant-girls were washing linen. Their heads, kerchiefed with red and pink and orange, looked like clusters of wild tulips nodding gayly in the light wind. Children made little sand houses by the roadside, and decked them with sprigs of rosemary and myrtle and the blazing stalks of gladiolus flowers. Above all rose the purple of the calm hills, dusted with delicate spring foliage, and showing sometimes the scar of a great land-slide.

It was quite late in the afternoon when they reached "Gli Usignuoli." The spell of sunset held breathless land and hushed water.

The house, an exquisite building of the Renaissance, stood at the top of an old garden that sloped in terraces to the very foam, undefiled by high-road or railway. A gauze of soft fire-fly-spangled gloom veiled its desolate loveliness. The salt breath of the sea mingled with the perfume of its roses. The song of its nightingales was woven with the murmuring of the waves. Shells and flower-petals strewed its paths; stars and fire-flies trembled together in the fair glass of its fountains. Verily, a garden dedicate to Cytherea, to true lovers. Hand in hand, heart in heart, these twain walked among its shadows, until the moon opened her silver calyx to the stars that swarmed about her, like jewelled bees about some fantastic blossom of fairy-land.

"How wonderful sunset and moonrise are in this old garden! How lovely the daybreak must be here!" whispered Merial.

"Shall we watch for it together, beloved?" he answered her. "I have always dreamed of wandering all one summer night in some fair place like this, with the one woman,—'the rose of the world.' Ah, for me, at least, the old, old prophecy is fulfilled, beloved,—the divinest of all prophecies, that 'in the wilderness waters shall break out, and streams in the desert.'"

"Say it all for me," she breathed, her eyes on the far sea. He continued in a low voice, his eyes on her:

. . . "And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water; in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes. And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness. . . . No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast, . . . but the redeemed shall walk there; and the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

THE END.

## THE STRANGEST RIVER IN AMERICA.

WHETHER it is regarded merely as one of the great rivers of the North American system, flowing almost the entire length of the United States, draining an area comparable with that of the Mississippi and delivering its waters to the ocean, or whether we consider it from the stand-point of size and marvel that so great a body of water should be constantly moving through a region of the highest aridity, where the maximum annual rainfall is but six inches,—in whichever aspect we consider it, the Rio Colorado, or the Colorado River of the West, as it was once called, presents a study of the most curious and engrossing interest.

But these phases of the river's interest are the least; the quality which inheres in it, which so fascinates and astonishes, is that it has been and is now an enormous engine of dynamic force which has rended the rind of old earth and penetrated her interior as has no other thing or power within the knowledge of living man. In this respect the Colorado is unparalleled in the present geological era, and remains to us, with the amazing evidences of its fluvial action, the strangest and most wonderful of streams.

The Colorado has its source on the western slopes of the Wind River Mountains in Wyoming, near Fremont's Peak, in latitude  $43^{\circ} 15'$  N. and longitude  $109^{\circ} 45'$  W. It is about two thousand miles long, and from the base of its head-mountains to the sea it has a fall of about six thousand feet. It receives the water of a drainage-area eight hundred miles in length and from three hundred to five hundred miles in width, comprising a region of three hundred thousand square miles,—a country, as it has been said, larger than all the New England States with Maryland and Virginia, or as large as the States of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, and Missouri.

From this basin it receives many creeks and rivulets, a large part of which are wet-weather streams; that is, their channels contain water only during the wet season, and they are dry all the remainder of the year. But besides the small tributaries it takes the flow of seventeen unintermittent bodies whose size properly supports the appellation of rivers. Of these, eleven come in from the west and six from the east. The largest on the east are the Grand and San Juan in Utah and the Colorado Chiquito and Gila in Arizona; while upon the west the most important are the Dirty Devil in Utah and the Virgin in Nevada. Other than the Virgin, which is close to the Arizona and Utah lines, it has no confluents in Nevada, nor does it receive contributions from either California or Mexico in its two hundred miles of flow along the boundary of the former and through the territory of the latter.

From its rise to its junction with the Grand River in Eastern Utah the Colorado is called the Green River. There is no reason for this, however, for there is nothing in the course of the stream or the physical features of the country through which it passes to prompt different

names for its upper and middle thirds ; it is just as properly the Colorado before it receives the Grand as is the Mississippi such before it receives the Missouri or the Ohio, and there is no more argument for a change of name below the Grand than there is for such at the junction of the Bill Williams or the San Juan. Trending from north to south, with only a few swerves and curves in its general course, it finds its mouth at about the one hundred and fifteenth degree of longitude, five and a half degrees westerly variation from the meridian of its source. It is the same stream from the Wyoming steppes to the Gulf of California : traversing, whether in Wyoming, Utah, or Arizona, the same arid, wild, and broken country, carving, whether from the "gumbo" marls of the Sweetwater or the metamorphosed schists and shales at the Toroweap, the same strange statuary, cutting through the Uintah Mountains as the Green or through the Virgins and Blacks as the Colorado, it is, throughout, the same current, from the limpid mountain lakes which give it rise to the turbid lazy level where it finds a mouth.

For the first hundred miles the Colorado, then misnamed the Green, receives no tributary which might appropriately be invested with the dignity of the name river. Creeks only compose its branches, and these thread through a desert country of sand or clay, the former often loose and drifting, the latter baked hard or friable, for the most part low and flat, though interspersed with mesas benching at cliffs frequently three hundred feet high where they breast the river, and from which have been cut those eccentric forms characteristic of bad-lands scenery. Marls and clays are principally the geological constituents of this district so far as they have been revealed, though in the Wind River Mountains are found the same sandstone strata that compose the series of the Wasatch two hundred miles to the southeast, and which attest that the ranges were once united. The broad basin between is a scour of erosion, which later sustained the waters of the great lake by which were deposited those beds of mud since dried and compacted into layers of formation.

But the lake,—whence came it? A glance at the mountains will at once explain its cause. Everywhere along the slopes of the Wind Rivers, and of the Rockies beyond, exist in abundance the familiar evidences of glacial action,—long lateral moraines, broad terminal moraines, striæ, *roches moutonnées*: what a book for the eye of Agassiz ! The vast ice mountains, piled high upon the rock ribs which sustained their weight, reared their blue-white crests in these cold clear skies, and from their feet rushed the torrent waters which fed the lake. And the lake ! If we read aright the chapters from this mighty work of nature, from that old Pleistocene lake gushed southward the first currents which traced the present bed of the upper Colorado.

It were better to say that it traced that part of the Colorado which geographers now designate as the Green, for the lower portion of the river appears to have had an earlier origin, and to have started from its southern extremity and to have grown toward the north. This is explained when we reflect that the district through which the river now runs was once the bed of an Eocene sea. The littoral zone of this vast body of fresh water is still plainly perceivable, as its wash

is observed upon the rim of the old Mesozoic mainland. This region of surface elevation in Mesozoic time is now so depressed that it forms the floor of the Great Basin, while the land upon which the waters then rested is now thousands of feet above it. The shore-line of that Mesozoic country extended southerly from the southern end of the Wasatch Mountains, moved westerly until it struck a southwest course, and, cutting obliquely through the Nevada line, penetrated far into the interior of that State.

It was as an outlet to that Eocene sea which washed the feet of the Mesozoic mainland that the Colorado, at the close of the Miocene or the beginning of the Pliocene, broke from the southern margin of the lake and plunged south to meet the ocean. Even then the Eocene sea-floor, or lake-bed, had begun to rise; as it arose, it shed its waters into the Colorado channel, which carried them on. At last the lake was drained, and yet the surface continued to rise. Slowly it ascended, and not continuously, for there were long periods of repose, followed by a reassertion of the internal activities which had forced it upward, until, did that old lake-bed surface exist to-day, it would now be from twenty to twenty-four thousand feet above the sea. How far has it risen? How did the plane of the lake-bed then compare in elevation with the surface of the ocean?

We cannot answer these questions, but we know that the old lake-bed surface had twelve thousand feet more of the earth's crust beneath it than has its site to-day, for we can discern that Eocene strata to that depth have been rended and carried away. It is a curious truth, this, incredible did not the most indisputable evidences of the fact exist, but there those evidences are, the Wasatch and the Uintah Mountains, the San Francisco peaks; they are simply small areas of the old lake-bed floor yet left standing, which for one cause or another have resisted the forces which reduced and bore away the rest of the Eocene plain.

And what was that agent of such mighty power, that could seize and carry off land enough to build almost a continent? It was the forces of the clouds; the rains, the sun's heat. The rains dissolved the surface of the sandstone; the sun and cold cracked it by expansion and contraction; the wind took up the sands and filed it with its restless rasps, and when the rains came again they dissolved more and washed the loose material into the streams; the waters, gritty with the sands they bore, sawed channels, upon the banks of which the weathering forces acted with an energy increasing as depth in the formation was attained, until to-day of what were once strata of sandstone twelve thousand feet thick the only monuments remaining are the few vestiges which stand as mountains.

Thus by attrition which we call erosion has this wide plain been degraded and scoured off, and the track along which the detritus passed to the sea was the channel of the Colorado River. That this erosion extended to the Wind River Mountains is probable, and it is possible that the Colorado drained that country prior to the formation of the glacial lake which deposited the muds of that region. If such occurred, the river became dammed in what is now the Green River basin, and so formed the lake which was later to break through its southern bank,

as did the old Eocene lake, and so the waters moved out, to become miscalled the Green and to rejoin the Colorado.

But the agents of erosion did not cease their work when the Eocene plain was cut down ; they continued and are continuing their effacing activities, but thence on the country shows more results of corrasion by the river than of erosion by the elements. The Colorado River district for one hundred and twenty-five miles across, from the High Plateaus of Utah to beyond the Painted Desert in Arizona, presents successive lines of terraces. These steps, one above the other, run parallel with the trend of the river. At the foot of each of these terraces or cliffs spreads a broad esplanade or plateau, and in the floor of the lowest of these plateaus sinks the great cut of the Colorado River cañon, four thousand feet below.

These cliffs and plains show us a vastly important fact, a fact without the understanding of which no intelligent idea of the causes which have produced the Colorado River scenery can be had,—namely, that the river is older than the rises of the land ; it is older than the mountains through which it cuts, older than the cliffs which it has formed, older than the volcanoes which stand upon its plateaus,—so old that history has not the millions of years to name its age, and geology alone, feeling along the strata of the rocks, can find a name for the period of its birth.

And these plateau cliffs even show us how rapidly the land has risen. It would rise, and the river would cut ; rise faster, and it would draw into a narrower channel and cut again ; rise again, and it would draw a thinner and a sharper thread : so it may be reckoned that these plateau plains have at one time been wide washes of what was once a sluggish river, though of vastly greater volume than now, which has been drawing into successively narrower channels as the land arose, and which finally concentrated into the chasm which it occupies to-day. I do not mean by this, however, that the entire of the plane of these plateaus, as we now see them, has been made by the river's wash. The bevel of the most of them is backward from the line of the river and the cliffs upon which they break ; when rain falls upon them the waters run down away from the edge until they strike the base of the cliff of the plateau above them ; the stream then runs along the foot of the cliff until it joins a larger stream, and is ultimately carried forward, upon a reversed course, into the cañon. These first streams corrade the softer stones at the base of the cliff, and by undermining the harder ones cause them to tumble down, in this manner the cliffs being worn and gnawed away, becoming higher as they recede, until what was once the bed of the river is expanded into a broad territory.

If the only topographical changes in this district had been due to erosion and the action of the river, the geology would be simple enough ; as it is, it is profoundly complex and difficult of comprehension. The rise of the surface in this region has been due to the contraction of the interior mass of the earth ; this contraction has caused a lateral pressure of the crust, so that the strata have bulged and in some parts the effect has been to fold the surface strata in such a way that a

cross-section of them would resemble a hook. Into the cavity of the earth between the contracting interior mass and the crust the strata have sometimes fallen or settled; when this has occurred there has been a fracture or break of the strata, called a fault: so that we shall see places where the strata have so fallen that they are lying far down below those from which they broke, which latter stand boldly upright and frown upon their fallen part with a tremendous cliff. Thus in the Toroweap fault in the cañon the strata drop eight hundred feet and let the limestone down nearly to the water. As though the fallen rocks had squashed down upon the molten mass of the earth's interior and had squeezed the fluid substance through the crevice of the fault into the upper world, the fissure has been made the orifice for the escape of lava, which has in heavy flows run into the cañon and cooled there. Its black surface is hard and ugly, but the chisels of the relentless stream have cut its vitreous, basaltic mass, and the polished vertical plane of the section exposes a rich and beautiful cobalt blue, like a deep sapphire setting in a glory of ambient color, ethereal to the senses and impossible adequately to describe.

Thus, through folds and faults bending and breaking the earth's crust, has the geological aspect of the Colorado River region been complicated. The cut of the river has been generally at right angles with the waves of the earth's rise, though a notable exception to this is found between Flaming Gorge and the Gate of Lodore, where the stream has sawed nearly half-way through the Uintah Mountains; it then turns to the west, and for fifty miles its course is cut directly along the summit of the range which is the axis of the ridge-wave, or, as it is called, the highest anticlinal curve. The cliffs of erosion, therefore, parallel the cliffs of displacement; but in the Grand Cañon district the course of the phenomena is reversed. Here the river for some distance moves westerly, and Major J. W. Powell has here noticed that "the cliffs of displacement have a northerly and southerly trend, and the cliffs of erosion have an easterly and westerly trend;" that is, the cliffs of displacement—the faults and folds—trend at right angles with the course of the river and cross it. The major further says, "The cliffs of displacement are of two classes, those facing the west, where the throw of the beds is on the western side of the fracture, and those facing the east, where the throw of the beds is on the eastern side of the fracture;" showing that when the crust of the earth wrinkled or puckered into its several flexures, and these flexures ran as ridges paralleling each other for miles, there were breaks and falls on both sides of the cusps of the several rises,—not upon both sides of the same cusp, but upon opposite sides of different ones. The tremendous force exerted upon the strata which suffered these fractures may be contemplated when it is seen that Hurricane fault where it crosses Grand Cañon has a throw or subsidence below its cliff of three thousand feet, while that of the Grand Wash fault, thirty-five miles farther west at the point of crossing the cañon, varies five thousand feet between the surfaces of its raised and its fallen stratum.

But that part of the action of the agents which have been working in the river district which I think most astonishes the beholder is the

lower, or, as it is sometimes called, the inner, gorge or chasm. This is the cañon proper. It is a sink, as I have said, in the floor of the lowest plateau, and undulates in depth below it from nothing at all,—as where the plateau itself has been bevelled by erosion to the water's edge and so forms a wide river valley,—thence graduating on deeper and ever deeper until there is attained an abysmal profundity of more than four thousand feet. It is not alone soft stone that has thus yielded to the river's ceaseless saws, but hardest flinty marbles and toughest schists and granites have alike succumbed to a power of restless effort. It has sunk through the rock series, often far down into the Silurian and the Archæan, from a few miles below the Union Pacific Railroad station on the so-called Green River, away to the foot of the Black Cañon where it debouches upon the Colorado desert. From first to last over the whole twelve hundred miles it is one cut and one cañon; but streams have worked into it from the sides, and they have cut separate or lateral cañons whereby the great chasm has been divided into numerous sections, which have received the names of distinctive cañons. Major Powell speaks of twenty of these cañons, but only fifteen of them are sufficiently identified to be thus segregated and considered; of these there are nine above the Grand River and six below it; they are named, commencing from above and proceeding south, Horseshoe, Red, Lodore, Whirlpool, Split Mountain, Desolation, Gray, Labyrinth, Stillwater; and below the Grand River, Cataract, Narrow, Glen, Marble, Grand, and Black. But of all these cañons four deserve special prominence for their length, depth, and general features of sublimity. These are Cataract Cañon, forty-one miles long, with walls from twelve hundred to twenty-seven hundred feet high; Marble Cañon, sixty-five miles long, with walls from three hundred to sixteen hundred feet high; Glen Cañon, one hundred and fifty-five miles long, with walls three thousand five hundred feet high; and Grand Cañon, two hundred and seventy-eight miles long, with walls four thousand feet high.

Through these yawning passages the river ploughs its way. It does not pursue a straight course, for at times its track is exceedingly tortuous and involved. At Horseshoe Curve the river parallels itself for a long distance with an acute turn between, tracing the shape of the letter U. At Bow-Knot Bend, in Labyrinth Cañon, its flow describes the figure 8; in executing this it moves five miles to the right and curves back one-fourth of a mile from the starting-place; then it sweeps nine miles to the left and returns to within six hundred yards of where it started on its second curve, traversing fourteen miles of course to gain a forward distance of less than half a mile.

Although at the bottom of the crevasse the walls sometimes narrow to less than three hundred feet across, yet at the top the excavation may have a width of from five to seven miles, with the line of plateau terraces setting three miles back on either side, giving it a total breadth of perhaps twelve miles. Standing upon the edge of the Grand Cañon above Hance's Trail and a few miles north of Flagstaff, one may view the upper and lower clefts over an area of twelve miles in width and thirty miles in length. In this broad field of cyclopean chiselling

and titanic art the mind becomes assailed and overwhelmed by the glory and majesty which the scene reveals. To regard the emotions as they are evoked, it will be realized that the impression first made is that of color; second, magnitude or amplitude—first of distance, then of depth; third, ponderosity, as you are awed by the enormousness of the vast piles that stand carved before you; fourth, architectural effects, caused by the unequal corrodng and weathering of the harder and softer rocks. They appear in stupendous buildings, in temples and castles, coliseums, with their towers and turrets, domes and minarets, the long arcades, the lines of frieze, the mansard roofs and gable windows, the details as of fantastic arabesques and exquisite tracery, nothing crowded or confused, but each structure reposing with unimpaired dignity upon the broad avenues which thread and curve through this marvellous city which has been fashioned by the hand of God. And after all these sensations have trilled the octave of your sensibilities, you feel that there is yet something else in the vast aspect which has impressed you and for which you have not yet found a name; you reflect, and you discover that it is *nakedness*: the rocks are bare. Far away on those high mesas yonder, a wash of black shows where the cloth of soil is napped with pines, but below them the great cliffs hem the horizon, and the desert languishes in the fierce white sun: again there are cliffs, and the rocks are verdureless, washed of soil, and often polished. The whole spectacle might have been built of the clouds upon the foundation of the air; it is the reality which, as Charles Dudley Warner has well said, the inspired or crazy painters of the New Jerusalem or Babylon the Great have in their imaginations tried to reach.

The colors which gleam and glow and deepen in this sublimest of panoramas are inherent in the rocks. There are here every color and all shades of color from lightest and brightest tints to dullest and darkest hues,—from sugary white sandstone to black granite cut with greenstone dikes. Although there are present narrow horizontal ribbons of color defining the beds of the strata, the colors showing all the dyes of the spectroscope, yet the chromatics of the region are more specifically related to the several geological members of the formation. The Permian, for instance, may show in its thin shales the colors of chocolate, slate, violet, lavender, pale Indian red, red brown, and at its summit, as in the Shinarump conglomerate, a pale brown; but its dominant color is red, and red, indeed, is the dominant color of the entire district.

The erosion of the region by which the colors have been largely disclosed appears to have ground off the strata as they were successively laid down by the old depositing oceans. Starting farthest back toward the north, we find the cliffs of the highest level, that of the Markagunt plateau, to be pale red; this, as I have said, is Tertiary deposit, and was precipitated by the old Eocene fresh-water lake. Our position here would be eleven thousand feet above the sea. Dropping down eight hundred feet, we come upon the Karparowits plateau; this is Cretaceous, the next lowest formation in order of time. It is fifteen hundred feet thick, and from blue gray to dark in shales. Drop down again seven hundred feet, and we get upon the White Cliffs plateau, where the white sandstone of the Jurassic is capped with a five-hundred-foot

stratum of bright blood-red. Next down toward the river is the Paria plateau, formed of the Trias, with the cliffs showing bands of purple, yellow, and red: then come the Kaibab and Knab plateaus, with the Carboniferous.

We carry the Carboniferous into the lower chasm. According to Captain E. C. Dutton, who studied the geology of the district for the United States Geological Survey, the members of this era, as shown from Point Sublime, are as follows: Cherty limestone, two hundred and forty feet thick, pearl-gray; Upper Aubrey sandstone, three hundred and twenty feet thick, ashy gray; Cross-bedded sandstone, three hundred and eighty feet thick, Naples yellow; Lower Aubrey sandstone, nine hundred and fifty feet thick, brilliant red; Upper Red Wall limestone, four hundred feet thick, brown red; Red Wall limestone, fifteen hundred feet thick, strong red with a tinge of blue; Lower Carboniferous sandstone, five hundred and fifty feet thick, dark brown; Quartzite at base of Carboniferous, one hundred and eighty feet, dark; Archæan, hornblendic black.

Thus it can be seen that the light and vivid colors are banked above, while the dark and sombre tones are gathered into the lower recesses of the abyss. The effect of this medley of hues and their arrangement is intoxicating to the senses. They do not lie a splotch here and there, but in a regularity of bands that show a marvellous uniformity of breadth for miles; they are the beds and strata of the rock, varying in one body of color from a foot to a thousand feet, now burning in deepest crimson, blending with purple to carmine, rising to violet, sinking to slate; and throughout all this chromatic glory come the tinting, tincturing rays of the sun, heightening this hue, blending that one, giving to the white a red it does not own, brushing the brown with a bronze it cannot keep, and so, as the electric light of the great arc of the world bows its course over the scene, it breaks upon the flaming finials and the tapering spires, upon the buttressed walls and over the broad façades, of the noble structures, and to every hue it gives a brighter flush, to every shade a stronger tone, throwing here into the shadow a pavilion, opening there in the vista a palace, coruscating with ever changeful illumination, disappearing at last with the vast park burning as with expiring embers.

But from this salient at Point Sublime you may look down six thousand feet and see the clay-colored thread of the running river, the small instrument, like an artist's chisel, with which all this sculpturing has been wrought. It appears smooth and slow of motion; occasionally its surface is dulled as by a passing cloud, and you know that the fleck is the boiling foam tossed from the swirl of a rushing torrent. Few men have had the hardihood to venture through that terrible trench on the breast of that no less frightful river, and of those who have made the attempt not all lived to reach the end of their journey. Four expeditions are known to have tried the experiment, of which one failed after a loss of three men. The first was by two prospectors who in 1867 started down upon a raft; one was drowned, but the other lashed himself to the float and made the run in fourteen days, being seven days without food. In 1869 Major J. W. Powell made his

famous exploration of the cañons of the river from Green River City to its mouth. Twenty years later an engineers' surveying party, headed by Robert B. Stanton, attempted to go through, selecting the winter season as the period of lowest water and least danger. The purpose of the trip was to determine the possibility of constructing a railroad along the river course. The president of the company and two men were drowned before the party had progressed half the distance, and the trip was abandoned. Colonel Stanton resumed the effort, however, this time more adequately equipped, and successfully reached the lower river. It was his opinion that the building of such a road was, as a project, entirely feasible; that the tributaries could be easily bridged, and that twenty miles of tunnelling and ninety-nine miles of granite cutting would be all that would be required in a length of one thousand and nineteen miles.

The Colorado contains five hundred and twenty rapids, all characterized by whirlpools and sucks, into the vortex of the largest of which one might look to the depth of eight feet. In Cataract Cañon there are twenty-eight miles of rapids, so closely succeeding one another that it is practically one continuous cataract. At Soap Creek the rapids drop twenty-two feet and the current is sixteen miles an hour, though in the smoothest parts of the river course the current is not over six miles per hour. The average width of the river is two hundred and fifty feet, its average depth twenty-five feet, its flow nine thousand three hundred and sixty cubic feet per hour. Such are the estimates and measurements of the condition of the river in the season of lowest water; but in the period of highest flow these calculations are magnified in geometric ratio.

Thus it can be seen that the Colorado River has gashed and hewn away a vast stretch of country, carving mountains out of plains, leaving the region strangely broken and intersected. But the thought occurs, what has become of the débris? It has been carried off by the river and deposited in the ocean. When the Colorado was young the waters of the Pacific lashed the sandstones of the Black Cañon: since then the river has poured its silt upon the ocean floor, and there has risen a wide region, three hundred miles long and as many wide, which we call the Mojave and Colorado deserts. There were islands in that ocean then, for mountain peaks loomed above it; but the waters have become displaced by sand, and there is now a sand ocean, with the mountain crests still islands within it. How deep that sand deposit is, no one has ever attempted to explore; but Professor J. G. Lemmon has reckoned its depth at from four to six thousand feet. He has attained this estimate by selecting the tops of two of the remaining peaks, calculating their strike or dip, and measuring their distance apart.

Through this broad desert the Colorado yet runs; it is still carrying silt from the upper country, still dropping its burden as it slackens its speed, still building out the desert at the ocean's brink. It will continue to do so until the interior forces of the earth reverse the order they have been pursuing throughout Tertiary and Quaternary time, and the bow of the region again subsides, as it has in old geological

eras done twice before: then the gap of the cañon will close, and the land will settle to form the bed of another lake, or perhaps again to become the floor of the long-receded ocean.

*John E. Bennett.*

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THE ARK IN THE WILDERNESS.

**M**Y ranch, the "Lazy J," is in Jack County, Texas. I took, as usual, a floating outfit up into the Panhandle, in the fall, to gather and send back southward straying "Lazy J" cattle. I was out alone one afternoon, after a band of antelope, and in the absorption of the chase rode much farther than I had intended. It was late, and I was pushing my tired pony in the direction of camp, when a horseman riding at right angles with my course intercepted me.

This was my first sight of Whitby, and I thought him a rather surprisingly gentlemanlike fellow to meet in this remote place.

"A couple of cow-hunters have let the fire out from their camp, over in the breaks of Buffalo Creek: can you go and help us fight it?" he called, as he rode up.

"I'm a good distance from my outfit," I replied: "if I should go, is there a place we can sleep?"

"Yes, you can stay with us. I'm keeping sign-camp on the Q K; and I've got a snug little place on ahead here a bit. We'll get you a fresh pony there. You see, we've got to fight it out. If it gets away from us up onto the plain where the wind has a fair lick at it, the range for a hundred miles will be gone."

"At this time of year," I added, as we rode forward at a run, "no new grass till spring opens."

"I'll go ahead and have the pony ready for you,—and my wife, to lead our horses while we fight," he called back over his shoulder, as he sent his fresh horse ahead at a yet faster pace, leaving me to follow.

His wife! What manner of woman, I wondered, Mexican or half-breed squaw, had he found, who would share with him the solitude of life in a sign-camp on the Staked Plain?

When I came up to the camp, a low 'dobe hut, between me and the red evening sky, the man and his wife were standing there ready. I was surprised to find a white woman anywhere within a hundred miles of that desolate place, and more surprised at the kind of person before me. When her husband presented me to her, and I learned that these were the Whitbys, my wonder was that I had failed to guess as much at once.

It does her but bare justice to say that she was a very beautiful woman. She sat her horse with grace, and received me with gentle courtesy. But there was that about Mrs. Whitby more remarkable and touching than her beauty, which, it might be said, could as well have been the accidental inheritance of any woman. This was a certain look of sophistication, an urban air, which characterized her bearing and clung to her garments and belongings, however coarse and poor.

It was this distinguishing peculiarity which moved me to wonder as I rode up, and long before I could see her face. It was this, and her air of quiet content, which were afterward prominent in my recollections of her.

Whitby and I pulled the saddle off my pony, flung it upon the fresh horse, and it was cinched with speed and much lashing-out of heels. Then, in answer to his hasty glance around, she replied, "Everything's ready, Dick. The canteens are all on the saddles; that bundle has the green hides in it; and I have wraps for us all,—it will be cold coming back home, and you men will be wet and overheated. We're all ready."

It was eight o'clock when we finished the five miles' gallop that brought us to the edge of the fire. Whitby and I joined the two cow-hunters working like fiends, in scorching fire and strangling smoke and soot. And Mrs. Whitby made a full hand, skilfully leading the string of wild half-broken ponies abreast of us where we were fighting, that our canteens of water and fresh hides should always be in reach. When the green hides ran short, she soaked gunny-bags in the little muddy run to take their place, leading the ponies to and fro on each trip, as there was nothing to which she could hitch them. When we had finally beaten out the fire we rode back to the Q K adobe, where I stayed that night with the Whitbys.

I am no voluntary frontiersman. I was then a young graduate of an Eastern medical school, eager for the career I had chosen; but my health had failed, and this rough out-door life seemed to be the only thing for me. I had accepted it with rather ungracious reluctance; and I naturally wondered what inducement could have led such a woman as this to endure it.

Whitby was a good-looking fellow. He had a fine upper head, but not enough chin. His light blue eyes, which ordinarily lacked expression, kindled with lightnings of enthusiasm when some cherished phantasm—and I found he had many—was under discussion. He was of fair—of rather more than fair—education and intelligence, full of curious information and queer side-avenues of speculation. We talked a great deal, desultorily, on such subjects as suggested themselves. He was fertile, and to a certain degree acute; yet there was Whitby's chin in all he said,—the weak spot, the lack of grasp, of hard common sense.

He abounded in original and ingenious plans for getting rich, which were, without exception, incapable of development or application. He flinched from any business suggestion that would have appealed to a practical man, because, being a business idea, it presented its advantages and drawbacks plainly.

He was that creature who has broken so many hopes and hearts, the confirmed shadow-chaser, the chimera-worshipper, constant only to change, consistently fantastic and impossible; the creature who feeds his own flesh and bones and the lives of all those, unfortunate, who love him to the thing he worships. He would not be checked by irksome limitations and actualities. His schemes knew no alternative of brilliant success; they confessed neither defects nor offsets. Therefore

they need be so impossible of near approach that the splendid mists of illusion obscured all detail.

He told me how he and his wife had prospected together in the mountains of Colorado when he had the mining fever,—a malady that, in one of his temperaments, would be sure of a very fierce run.

And there was a story of how near they had come to being enormously rich—but much nearer to starving and freezing—the winter a party of them went into Montana, where they thought they had located sapphire-fields. Possessed by a delightful assurance that they would all be back in civilization, enriched for life, long before snow fell, they hurried into that country, wild, uninhabited, almost inaccessible as it then was, with childishly inadequate means and insufficient provisions.

As a matter of course they missed the trails. The landmarks which should have presented themselves failed to appear. They were lost, snowed in in that savage country the whole long winter, hardly living, only barely not dying.

At the close of this startling tale Whitby remarked, reflectively, "It's curious how some people are. Now those three fellows they went and tried that thing over again. Yes. They got somebody to stake them for a better outfit and provisions, and they actually went back there that summer."

"Well?"

"Oh, yes. Why, they did find the fields. There were sapphires, —inferior quality. The fellows they sold out. I guess they made a good trade."

But if I read Whitby's chin aright he would not, by the time spring released them from their winter camp of starvation, have stooped to pick up a sapphire as big as a sweet potato. No, the sapphire fever would have run its course with him; those reckless, unconstant blue eyes would have been long fixed on some new and impossible enterprise.

During his animated descriptions it was her part in these undertakings, and the cruel folly of it, that were mainly presented to my mind. But Mrs. Whitby was evidently a loving sharer in all her husband's plans. She did not volunteer to exploit them as Whitby did; but she paused beside his chair, dish in hand, as she went from the fire to the table, to say that it really was forty degrees below zero in their Montana dug-out; to tell, smiling, what strange things they had been glad to cook and eat, or how they saved Charlie Leckett's frozen toes.

I was continually aware, though I could not have said by what means, that her attainments, as well as her native gifts and capacities, were unusual, that they would have marked her and set her apart as superior among people of the highest class. The unaffected simplicity with which she had set herself to this solitary life suggested to my mind that she had been long accustomed to crowds and was careless or weary of them. Her unconsciousness of any incongruity in herself and her surroundings appeared to me the attitude of a woman who had been born to, or had attained, a station which made whatever she chose to do a matter of course.

These things went through my mind, Whitby talking,—and most

entertainingly too,—she sitting or moving lightly about some woman's work.

Glancing abruptly at me, I think she read somewhat of my thought in my face; for as her eyes met mine there was a shock of communication like speech.

Feeling that a frank acknowledgment would be better than a pretence of ignorance, I asked, "And you don't find it so lonely?" hastily adding, when she answered, "Not at all lonely," "But of course you read a great deal?"

"No," she said, simply, "I find I read less as time goes on; perhaps because my life here is so full and interesting."

Full and interesting! Well, she had Whitby, and the bald plain,—the plain, that abomination of desolation whose vast impersonal solitudes so flout the puny individuality of one lone human creature.

The absolutely adoring love for her husband which was plainly apparent through Mrs. Whitby's quiet reserve was of course the only possible key to the problem of her presence here. And it set me asking what there was in this fellow who seemed to me so unworthy of her,—what was there which I had seen good, kind, admirable gentlemen lack, and, lacking it, fail to win a tithe, a pretence even, of the love that was lavished on Whitby?

Yet I was conscious of the futility of such questioning, too. For the world at large, his circle, his intimate friends even, may know the man, but only she whom he loves and who loves him knows the lover. And it has happened before that the lover who could charm and command the heart of a gifted and adorable woman, who could hold it against opposition, through reverses, disasters, even slow misery, till death, was the man who could not shelter her from the commonest and rudest vicissitudes, who could not conquer for her more than a coarse, poor, unlovely lot.

Naturally I went back to my outfit next day with my mind full of these people, and I began telling Johnston about them.

Johnston, my ranch boss, was a young Englishman, an Oxford man. He was a lively spirit, with a turn for the romantic and picturesque. So marked a figure as Mrs. Whitby had not failed to touch his imagination, and he interrupted me promptly:

"Didn't you remember that I had talked to you about the Whitbys? They say out here that she left wealth and some sort of career in the East—or, as I fancy, in England—to follow with Whitby the chase of his visionary fortune. They've camped upon its trail beneath Arizona suns, and under the whips of Texas northers, in shanties, dug-outs, even tents; she's dressed—as you must have seen—in coarse clothes of her own contriving, and their fare, while fluctuating somewhat, from bad to worse and back, is generally, so far as known, rather rougher and more restricted than that of the trail or the cow-camps. A thoroughbred creature like that! And there's no hope of things ever being any better for her. You saw Whitby. His fortune-hunting is a mixture of infatuated folly and fierce, inflexible determination. They will go till they die, from one such habitation to another, from the 'dobe where his latest vagary has been exploded or become tire-

some to him, to a new dug-out where the new madness shall develop gloriously."

A year later I was riding one day through a broken country about fifty miles from the "Lazy J" in accidental enjoyment of the company of old Hank Pearsall. A wagon in which were a man and a woman came suddenly into sight out of a little hollow, topped a rise, and went on down and away from our course. My companion followed the receding outfit with his hawk-like gaze, and grunted contemptuously. "It's that wild-eyed fool Whitby, from up hyer on Kickapoo," he said. "He's took to wolf-huntin' now. Got some new scheme fer pizenin' loafers an' coyotes. Goin' to get everlastin'ly rich offen the State bounties an' the cattle-men's extrys a head. Somehow this-hyer Western country allers seemed to jest nachelly draw that kind o' loonatics."

It was not long after this that I made one of the regular monthly trips to Palo Pinto, our nearest trading-point, to buy a load of supplies. And there, my trading being done, I looked and saw that a blue norther crept down out of the upper regions. It breathed chill and sullen across the open land; and I rebelled against my lot, inquiring of fate with bitterness why so much pains was taken to condemn me to a night at Slater's. I lay long awake in this resentful mood,—and in one of Slater's up-stairs rooms,—listening when the unchecked fury of the plains wind dashed the rain like missiles against the north side of the board house. What a night to be riding night-herd! And just such a one as an old villain of a steer would select to initiate a stampede.

Suddenly I heard a horse come splashing up to the door; then followed a loud knocking, and afterward some talking in low tones. As Slater came stumbling up to my room my mind misgave me; for there was no physician in the county, and my practice had come to be—geographically—extensive.

Slater held the door ajar. He began, apologetically, "It's a nasty norther, but I reckon a body can't hardly refuse; an' I'll put ye' on a good stiddy night-hoss."

I merely groaned, and moved to get up. I dared not trust myself to speak. Slater made a light and peered across it deprecatingly at me, explaining, as he backed toward the door,—

"It's a feller from up on Kickapoo, come to git ye to go to his wife; said they're camped out here a couple o' miles."

I began to dress, Slater still hanging at the threshold. Finally he broke out, with manifest reluctance, "Say, doc, she's mighty bad off! The feller said would you please come along sorter brisk, 'cause he'll have ter wait for ye. Said you couldn't find 'em, where they're camped at, by yerself, in this-hyer norther."

There was something very quickening in the pitiful thought of a woman lying alone, somewhere out on that wild, wind-lashed, rain-swept plain, in her agony, while I made ready to help her if I could; and I wasted no time. When I was ready I went down and found the "stiddy night-hoss" poor good-hearted Slater had offered as mitigation and encouragement standing saddled under the shed porch, and

beside it, dimly conjectured, the mounted figure of the man who had come for me.

He did not speak. I got upon my pony as silently, and we rode out into the blinding storm. I was ashamed of my first selfish shrinking from the hardship of the trip; and the next thought was one of virtuous indignation against the fellow for what seemed to me shameful mismanagement and neglect; and I spoke to him sharply, half angrily.

When he offered neither defence nor explanation, but instead made all possible speed, I rather regretted my hasty severity, and it occurred to me that he might feel all that I had said to him,—that he might be suffering more than I had wished to make him.

As we rode, I saw suddenly before us, in a long glare of lightning, a white-covered wagon. My companion had dismounted, secured both horses, covered my saddle from the rain, and approached to help me upon the tongue close against the wagon, before I clearly understood that this was their "camp," and that it was in the wagon itself my patient lay.

With a low-spoken reassuring word to the suffering woman within, he raised the curtain, carefully laying it back over my shoulders, that the water should run down it and my slicker, and not in upon her bed. Then he turned up a little lantern, so that its light fell upon the face of the woman. And it was the beautiful face of Whitby's wife! In a confusion of pity and perplexity at this revelation I had nearly lost my rather uncertain footing. And now, for the first time, I had opportunity to see the man who had brought me. It was Whitby. He returned my look with a deprecating glance.

There was no room in the wagon for me. Standing upon the tongue, I ministered to the poor girl in her extremity as best I could, thanking God for such skill as I possessed, and that I had chanced to be that night at Slater's. The storm swept wildly over us, crying, threatening fitfully and brokenly, trying at the wagon-curtains, striking in icy anger on my shoulders and back, thrusting a cold wet finger in past me at the sufferer.

Whitby went round and crept into the other end of the wagon, silently, leaving his wet slicker outside. He raised her head gently, and held it; and I must say he was as tender and light-handed as any woman. Her eyes, even in that awful time, fastened themselves upon him as they had done when I had first seen her; once she even smiled up in his face.

She made no sign of what she had endured, but I feared from the first that such help as I could bring her had been brought too late. When, at last, it was all over, when I had done the best I could, and her child lay upon her arm, Whitby patiently holding them with mother-like delicacy and sureness, she murmured something very low to him, at which he looked pleased. Then she turned, with a little unconscious sigh, and a look of maternal rapture such as a queen might give her first-born, to lean her cheek to the tiny face upon her arm.

A minute later,—it seemed but a minute,—looking at her again, I saw the light die slowly out of her eyes like the dying out of a candle,

and knew those hours of exhausting cold and anguish had done their certain work. I thought I had been prepared for this; but now that it had come I was overwhelmed, and could not find courage nor frame words to tell poor Whitby, holding her so tenderly.

I touched his hand; and when he glanced up and saw my face his look asked the question I had but to answer with a gesture toward her. He made no outcry; but his face was as white as hers while we straightened and composed her form. Poor Whitby, whom I had scolded, was suddenly removed and elevated by his grief into a man with whom I scarce dared be familiar.

When we laid the sweet white face away from the little pink one, we found the baby was dead too. It was as though she had whispered it to come with her. As she died, her soft oval cheek had sunk gently but with some weight full upon the baby's face, and that small feeble breath, so reluctant to be coaxed into the little body, ceased fluttering without a struggle. She had indeed taken her poor little girl safely away with her.

I helped Whitby all I could,—all that he would let me. He was used to waiting on her, he said; he knew her ways; he thought he could do better alone, now; I ought to ride back and get to bed; he would bring them in in the morning for—the—for——

And so I turned away and left them.

What a long journey she had come in her short life, from the place and the belongings of her birth and upbringing to this strange death on the open plain, her baby dead on her arm, and none but us two men to touch or tend upon her!

And yet as I rode back to my bed, across the flooded levels on which the lonesome moon now shone, I thought—what may seem strange to those who never saw her face, but only hear her hard and piteous story—that it was the happy ending of a happy life.

I know—yes, I know—you would expect me to say the wretched ending of a sad and wasted life. But it is not certain to my mind, King David to the contrary notwithstanding, that the Sacred Ark rests softer in ceiled houses than behind curtains, whether they be tent-curtains or wagon-sheets.

She had her heart's desire: how many of us have? And she followed it to the uttermost, uncounting, unnoting the cost, finding in it alone a blessedness never attained by many in a long life of alloyed and measured regard for those whom they would say they love, and in her noble prodigality a wealth that makes their thrift seem poverty.

*Alice MacGowan.*

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TO A MISANTHROPE.

WHAT though all waters be to you accurst,  
 You at your will, good sir, may die of thirst.  
*Robert Gilbert Welsh.*

## SOME LITERARY SHRINES OF MANHATTAN.

## IV.

## NORTHWARD TO THE HARLEM, AND BEYOND.

**A**BOVE the neighborhood of Union Square the shrines we seek rapidly diminish in frequency, and the walks between them correspondingly lengthen as newer portions of the city are traversed. Sauntering through the region lying west of the Fifth Avenue of George Arnold's dolorous threnode, "Facilis Descensus Avenue," we find at No. 17 West Twenty-first Street the handsome brownstone mansion which was for some years the abode of Bancroft, who here produced some volumes of his great historical work in a large back room of the second story. Away towards the Hudson stands, at No. 436 of the next street, the artistic dwelling which whilom was the home of Edwin Forrest and the resort of such starry spirits as Willis, Bryant, Clark, and Hoffman; in the hands of sympathetic strangers the spiral stairs and other peculiar features of the house have been preserved, and its rooms are now filled with curios and costly works of art. Nearer Tenth Avenue, on the same street, Patti dwelt, a maiden of twelve, with her sister Amelia Strakosch; and not far away, in the midst of grounds which extended to the river, once lived Professor Clement C. Moore, and wrote scholarly volumes which are now little regarded, while a simple rhyme, composed in an idle hour for his children,—"'Twas the night before Christmas,"—has apparently immortalized his name.

A suite of rooms in the mammoth Chelsea, in Twenty-third Street west of Seventh Avenue, was for some time the winter home of the author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," Dr. Eggleston, who here wrote his valuable school histories, completed the satirical "Faith Doctor," and commenced another novel not yet finished. In the Chelsea, too, Dr. Hepworth and "Jenny June" Croly have lived for several years, and here the latter accomplished most of her work on the history of the Woman's Club movement. At No. 19 of the next street the Authors Club had for some years pleasant rooms in a building which is now devoted to business purposes, and here entertained such guests as Lowell, Whittier, Field, Gosse, and Matthew Arnold. At No. 26 West Twenty-seventh Street lived the imaginative Edgar Fawcett, poet of "Romance and Revery" and author of many spirited tales and sketches, when he wrote the clever "Mild Barbarian," etc.; and at the Holland House, a little above, the witty John Kendrick Bangs wrote "Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica." A substantial three-storied red brick house in Thirty-fourth Street has long been inhabited by Laurence Hutton, who has here gathered a wealth of literary and artistic treasures which cover the walls and crowd the rooms of his delightful home,—beautiful paintings, rare articles of *virtù*, signed portraits, manuscript books and letters,—mementos, most of them, of Mr. Hutton's friends among the

literators and artists of the day, many of whom have been for weeks at a time associated with this house as familiar guests. The number includes Julian Hawthorne, Warner, Clemens, Aldrich, Bunner, and others who have here done much good literary work. The Authors Club and the International Copyright League were instituted in this house,—Mr. Hutton being an officer of each organization,—as well as the Kinsmen Club, whose membership is made up of authors, actors, and artists. In his study above the entrance door Mr. Hutton has written nearly all his books, including the series of “Literary Landmarks,” which has made him known to readers round the world; and from here was last year removed his famous collection of death-masks, which he donated to Princeton University.

In Thirty-seventh Street west of Fifth Avenue still stands the brownstone dwelling which was the home of the graceful poet Anne Lynch,—Mrs. Botta,—whose parlors were during four decades opened regularly for brilliant receptions to the kindred guilds of letters and art, at which were welcomed many most illustrious in those pursuits in Europe and America. The palatial edifice No. 7 West Forty-third Street has been since 1891 the abode of the Century Club, of which Bryant, who died its honored president, was chief founder and leading spirit. A sumptuous family hotel in the next street has been for the past two years the winter home of the poet Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who has here written most of her latest, longest, and brightest poem, “Three Women,” which she regards as the most important work of her life. The present habitation of the Lotos Club is a handsome brownstone building in Fifth Avenue below Forty-sixth Street, where eminent visitors like Warner, Stedman, Gilder, Howells, Clemens, Dean Hole, Conan Doyle, “Anthony Hope” Hawkins, etc., have sat at the guests’ table. Edmund C. Stedman during some of his most prosperous and productive years occupied the brownstone house 71 West Fifty-fourth Street, and made it a centre and focus of lettered culture and refinement: a large room just under the roof and remote from ordinary distracting influences was the workshop whence he gave out some of his best work in poetry and criticism, including “Poets of America.” In the Carnegie Building, at Fifty-seventh Street and Seventh Avenue, the American Authors’ Guild, of which General Wilson is an animating spirit, and whose chief aim is to aid and advise young authors, has its present quarters; and in a pleasant suite of rooms upon another floor the Authors Club—organized by De Kay, Gilder, Lathrop, Stedman, Eggleston, Hutton, etc., and now embracing many of the most noted authors and journalists of Manhattan and its dependencies—holds its delightfully informal gatherings and entertains literary lions. At the next corner, Fifty-eighth Street, Mary Mapes Dodge resides in a large apartment house. The St. Albans, in the same thoroughfare, was for six years the city home of Mrs. Wilcox, who here wrote “Poems of Pleasure,” “How Salvator Won,” “Men, Women, and Emotions,” and poems and sketches for other volumes.

That portion of Fifty-ninth Street which faces the Park is little changed since the “Altrurian Traveller” described it. Save that one or two vacant lots have since been overbuilt, the street retains the in-

congruous succession of board fences, low-roofed saloons, lofty apartment-houses, and hotels, and presents the same "delirium of lines and colors, the savage anarchy of shapes," which he depicted; and one apartment house which "surges skyward nearly fifty feet higher than its neighbors" holds now, as it did then, the home of that foremost American writer of the time. In "comfortable and ornamental cells" upon the fourth floor of this hive he dwelt for some years, his study being the spacious front room with windows overlooking the Central Park, which Professor Matthews makes the scene of a "Vignette," and of whose foliage, paths, and places of pleasance Howells himself gives us delightful "Glimpses" in pages which were written here with the beauties of the Park in full view. Here, too, he wrote famous books, among them "The Coast of Bohemia," "The World of Chance," and "A Traveller from Altruria," and most of the beautiful but despairing poems of "Stops of Various Quills." To a lower floor of this house he returned from his latest European sojourn, and here he is understood to be engaged upon a new novel, the materials for which he collected abroad.

The second flat of the brownstone house No. 14 West Sixty-fifth Street, near the Park, was the latest American abode of Edgar Fawcett, who here wrote "Life's Fitful Fever," "Two Daughters of One Race," and the charming "Romance of Old New York." Dr. Eggleston has spent recent winters in a great hotel which faces this side of the Park a little farther north, where he completed "The Beginners of a Nation" and has since been working upon another volume of his "History of Life in the United States." The artistic stone house No. 137 Seventy-eighth Street, near Columbus Avenue, was Mr. Stedman's home before he removed to Bronxville: it was here he wrote the "Nature and Elements of Poetry" and edited the "Victorian Anthology."

Near the Boulevard, upon the site of the house No. 206 Eighty-fourth Street and the lot adjoining on the east, stood until a few years ago a large old-fashioned frame dwelling in which Poe wrote that chapter of accumulated horrors, "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar,"—one of the best examples of fiction which has the semblance of literal fact. Here, too, according to metropolitan belief, he composed the deathless poem which gave him his highest renown. It is noteworthy that while several localities are now claiming the honor of having been Poe's home when he wrote "The Raven," Dr. Woods is producing specious reasons for his belief that Poe did not write it at all. The house stood high upon the rocks in the midst of a pleasing rural landscape, and was occupied by the parents of Commissioner Brennan, with whom the poet and his family boarded: his room was a large square apartment of the second floor, whose front windows looked across the lordly Hudson to the heights of the Palisades, and here his desk was so placed that his eyes rested upon that inspiring view whenever he lifted them from his page. This chamber was thereafter called the "Raven room," and the belief of the Brennans and their neighbors that the great poem was here composed is alleged to have been founded upon the statements of Poe and Mrs. Clemm.

An elegant modern mansion of light-colored brick standing near the Hudson on a corner of Ninety-first Street is the present abode of that lucid writer Professor Matthews, who here prepared for the press "Outlines in Local Color," with its realistic sketches of metropolitan life, and has since been engaged upon "A Confident To-Morrow." Not far distant in this then secluded and picturesque region General Morris saw, beside a leafy woodland lane, the venerable tree whose associations with the childhood of a friend drew from him the famous lyric "Woodman, Spare that Tree." A mile beyond, at a remote roadside hostelry, Halleck sojourned for a summer, and wrote his satirical epigram "Fanny." A well-preserved, two-storied, flat-roofed frame structure, now used for a school and a little way removed from its site at One Hundred and Forty-third Street, near the remaining cluster of thirteen trees which Hamilton planted in token of the original union of the States, was the country-seat of the great writer of "The Federalist," whence, one fateful July morning, he crossed the river to his death at Weehawken.

A few furlongs northward is the beautiful place which Audubon created and called "Minnie's Land" in honor of his wife. Here we find the trees he planted still bowing the mansion he erected by the river-bank. The house is somewhat changed, and is menaced with demolition to make room for a river-side drive; but we still may see, at the right facing the Hudson, the room in which he revised an edition of his greatest work and wrote much of "The Quadrupeds of America." Here, too, he produced many of his drawings and paintings, some of which are preserved by his granddaughter, who resides in the neighborhood. In the adjoining apartment, now the dining-room, he lay in his last illness, to be near his beloved work, and here he died. From a basement room Audubon's friend Morse despatched the first telegram ever sent from Manhattan. Griswold, Bryant, Godwin, and Basil Hall were here among Audubon's many guests. His nearest neighbor was the widow of Aaron Burr, then living in the historic Morris-Jumel house, a palatial frame structure still standing upon its slightly eminence nearer the northern confines of the island. Aforetime this was the home of Mary Philipse, who was vainly wooed by Washington, and who has been, with insufficient reason, believed to be depicted in the heroine of Cooper's "Spy." Here Talleyrand was an honored guest, and presented to the hostess the stand—now preserved by her grand-niece—upon which Voltaire wrote his famous "Philosophical Dictionary." A shady spot upon the lawn just east of the house, whence we overlook the glittering Harlem to the Sound, great reaches of Westchester and Long Island, the length of the opulent city "nested in water-bays," and the verdure-clad slopes beyond the harbor, was a favorite lounging-place of Halleck during his visits to his friend Pell in the old mansion; and here one summer Sunday afternoon, with this enchanting prospect greeting his vision, he wrote the inspiring lyric "Marco Bozzaris."

Nor will the district lying eastward of Fifth Avenue less abundantly reward the quest of the literary pilgrim. Madison Square will

long be remembered as the quondam home of William Allen Butler's Flora McFlimsy; and the adjacent avenues were once the habitations of the many of her kin and kind whose foibles and shams were objects of the gentle satire of Curtis's "Potiphar Papers." In the hotel opposite the lower end of the Square Mrs. Barr resided during recent winters, and here wrote her powerful and dramatic "Prisoners of Conscience." Across the Square, in the brownstone house No. 44 East Twenty-sixth Street, Stedman dwelt when he completed his "Library of American Literature." Hawthorne's friend Herman Melville, whose tales "Typee," "Omoo," and "Moby Dick" once gave him wide reputation and were received by the critics with pæans of praise, lived for many years and died at No. 104 of the same street, in a pleasant brick house which is now replaced by flats. Here he wrote "Sheridan at Cedar Creek," other "Battle Pieces," and volumes of now little-read verse.

At 88 Madison Avenue James Lane Allen finished that exquisite tale of Kentucky's green wilderness, "The Choir Invisible,"—thus far his best book; around the corner in Twenty-ninth Street we find Mrs. Burton Harrison delightfully domiciled in a handsome four-storied dwelling, where she has written several sprightly and popular novels, from "A Bachelor Maid" to "Good Americans,"—including "An Errant Wooing," which is understood to be her favorite. The pleasant brick house 45 Thirtieth Street, near Fourth Avenue, was for several years owned, and a part of the time occupied, by the widow of Bayard Taylor: it was to this house that Mr. Stedman removed after his financial reverse, and from it he gave forth his comprehensive study of "The Poets of America." A few blocks northward is the elegant home of Parke Godwin, editor, essayist, novelist, biographer, in a high-stooped brownstone mansion of Thirty-seventh Street, where, amid a houseful of curios and works of art, he treasures many mementos and personal belongings of his father-in-law, Bryant, embracing the Jarvis portrait, Launt Thompson's marble bust, and Durand's painting of the Catskills, in which the great poet and his friend Cole are introduced. A four-story stone dwelling a few doors east of Fifth Avenue in the same street has been for several years the residence of Dr. Henry Van Dyke, who, in his cozy study on the second floor, sits among his books and Tennyson treasures to write such enjoyable works as "Little Rivers," "The Builders," etc., his distinctively religious treatises being produced in the library at his church just across the avenue. Around in Park Avenue we discover that an apartment house has replaced the dwelling in which Mrs. Barr wrote her first novel, "Jan Vedder's Wife."

It was near the east side of Central Park, in the second-story front room of the brownstone house No. 3 Sixty-sixth Street, that General Grant, tortured by fatal illness, worked upon the "Memoirs" whose sale was to maintain his family after his fight with grim-visaged death was ended. A handsome stone mansion just out of Fifth Avenue in Seventy-fourth Street is the residence of the erudite General James Grant Wilson, where Lowell, Motley, Dana, Boker, Bayard Taylor, and other famed authors have been entertained. Upon the door-step

of this house Bryant suffered the casualty that caused his death. In its opulent library General Wilson has produced the valuable historical and biographical works with which he has enriched our literature.

Following the margin of the picturesque East River, we find by the foot of Forty-ninth Street the place of Horace Greeley's sometime suburban residence,—the home of the American sibyl Margaret Fuller during her stay in New York,—covered now by modern buildings. It was a charming old place of eight acres, with flowers, lawns, and great trees on every side, and an old-fashioned yellow house whose wide veranda overlooked the river with its sails and Blackwell's Island, where much of Margaret's benevolent work was done. In this home, besides her musical and dramatic critiques and general essays, she wrote the dissertations upon Shelley, Milton, Richter, Carlyle, Balzac, Longfellow, George Sand, and other literary notables. A brook which flowed back of the house was aforesaid spanned some blocks above, near Third Avenue, by a structure claimed to have been the "Kissing Bridge" of "Salmagundi" and of Burnaby's more sober narrative; but the similar claim made for another fabric a little northward indicates that all the osculating of the youths and maidens of that time was not done upon any one bridge. On First Avenue, two blocks above Greeley's, stood the historic Beekman villa, commemorated in the writings of Madame Riedesel, and along the river-shore for furlongs above stretched the grounds of "the Joneses, the Schermerhorns, and the Rhinelanders" of Knickerbocker's time, through a region of diverse beauties of land and water, which is redolent still of associations with Irving. Most of the quaint mansions he knew here have gone down before the rage of speculation; but a very few, like the Lefferts house in Ninety-first Street, where he was a summer's guest, yet stand, shorn of their bright fields and hedged in by masses of brick and mortar. Gracie's Point still, "like an elephant, carries its fair castle upon its back," its bluff promontory frowning upon the river as it did when Oloff Van Kortlandt voyaged there. Gracie's castle and some acres of its lawn are incorporated into the East River Park, and we may wander at will on the ample verandas and through the spacious old rooms, which are haunted with memories of such guests as "Anacreon" Moore, Louis Philippe, Emmet, Drake, Paulding, Bancroft, Halleck, and Irving. The trees beneath which they loitered in brilliant discourse still crown the headland and cluster about the house, and from their umbrage we look out upon the beautiful panorama of the river, with its many passing craft, the verdant islands and capes of the upper channel, the turbulent Hell Gate, where the affrighted Pavonian voyagers were in such peril of the hobgoblins, and the farther green slopes of Long Island.

Irving called Gracie's house one of his "strongholds," at the time he sojourned with Astor scarcely a city block distant. Astor's place was one of the last to give way to the advancing tide of population, the remnant of its grounds having been only recently overbuilt. A row of five-storied brick houses on the south side of Eighty-eighth Street west of East End Avenue covers now the spot where, amid smiling fields, and with bowing orchards at the back and wide lawns

sloping to the river-edge in front, Astor maintained "a kind of bachelors' hall" in an unpretentious square frame dwelling, with a gable in its front roof and a broad porch which looked upon the seething Hell Gate. Halleck and Bristed (Carl Benson) were usually resident here, and Irving, attracted by admiration for the host and fondness for the grateful quiet and freedom of the place, came often, tarried long, and was so inspired by the environment that he here produced more than he ever did elsewhere in the same period of time. Here that "rich piece of mosaic," "Astoria," was written; here Irving knew Captain Bonneville, the hero of another book, and met some of his companions, whose conversation with the author supplemented Bonneville's journals in supplying materials for the volume of "Adventures."

Here this imperfect record of the Manhattan pilgrimage might fitly end,—the more fitly because, although the writer has purposely omitted even mention of many shrines, and has doubtless unwittingly passed many more, the record has far outgrown its designed limits. But a single sacred spot lures us beyond the Harlem: it is the sepulchre of one who by every circumstance of his life and labors was so closely associated with his native island, and who sleeps in death so near its shores, that his grave may properly enough be regarded as one of Manhattan's shrines,—Joseph Rodman Drake.

From the Southern Boulevard a delightful walk southward along a leafy avenue, past shady copses, flowering fields, and embowered villas, brings us to an arm of the marsh which borders the Bronx; beyond this we come upon the lonely God's-acre which holds our shrine. The enclosure is close beside the highway, at the verge of an island in the marsh, and occupies a symmetrical mound, two or three roods in extent, which is now a woful scene of neglect and desolation. The wooden paling is fallen and decayed, the trees have multiplied until they shroud the spot in twilight gloom, their scions riot unchecked in and among the old graves, and the place is now a matted waste of brush and brier. A few of the taller monuments rise above this wild tangle, but the humbler memorials are concealed beneath it, where we find them standing aslant and awry over the sunken graves, or else pressed to earth beneath decaying trees whose fall has broken or overturned them. But, poor as is this resting-place, the dead may not be allowed to repose even here; a projected new thoroughfare menaces the little cemetery, and its complete or partial destruction is apparently only a question of time.

The name "Hunt" upon some of the older gravestones reminds us that this was the cemetery of the family whom Drake used to visit near by, and anew calls attention to the pathetic changes that have ruined the spot which the poet loved and chose for his sepulchre. A rugged path broken in the wild boscaige leads from the highway a few yards up the slope to his grave. It is marked by a square altar-stone set upon a marble pedestal and surmounted by a diminutive shaft, partially protected now by a railing of iron bars. Graven in the stone we read the poet's name and brief years, with the lines, adapted from Halleck's poem to his dead friend,—

None knew him but to love him,  
None named him but to praise.

For many years Drake's grave was waste and neglected: the stone was overgrown, lichened, disjointed, broken; a fallen tree had thrown the tapering shaft to the ground. Now a Catholic club of the vicinage has beneficently assumed care of it, the monument is cleansed and renovated, and the brush is cleared away from its base. The steep little pathway is evidently trodden by many pilgrim feet, and we find a garland of myrtle crowning the obelisk, while fresh field-flowers—gathered, we hope, from the near-by fields where he loved to roam—lie upon the pedestal and are still aglitter with the dew of the morning.

The poet's grave is fitly placed amid the scenes he loved and sung. Yonder "his own romantic Bronx" lazily skirts the "green bank side" where he wrote; southward stands the venerable mansion he so often visited, where we may see the room he and Halleck habitually occupied; and all about the old place lie the shores and scenes which inspired his exquisite "Culprit Fay" and are portrayed in its imagery. Even in the desolate old cemetery we realize some of his poetic phrases: we feel the breeze "fresh springing from the lips of morn," we see the hum-bird with "his sun-touched wings," we hear the carol of the finch and the "winding of the merry locust's horn" above the grave where the poet rests, reckless of these that once thrilled his senses and stirred his soul to song. As we look out thence upon the languorous landscape flooded with sunshine and domed by a cloudless sky, we are reminded of other summer days, when, in its happier state, this spot was a grateful resting-place in his walks afiel; then we think of that last sad summer, of the early autumn day when loving hands laid him here for the last long sleep, and of the sorrow-stricken Halleck protesting, as he went forth from this place, "There will be less sunshine for me hereafter, now that Joe is gone."

*Theodore F. Wolfe.*

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### THE RECRUIT WHO WAS RUSHED.

"ZEB'S got it at last!"

The woman who uttered the words in a whisper was standing in the kitchen door of a farm-house, with her eyes on a man who was slowly approaching her from the cornfield to the right of the barn. The hour was ten o'clock in the forenoon, and he had been planting corn for three hours.

"Yes, he's got it, and coaxin' won't do no good," she continued, as he climbed the garden fence and hung the hoe on the limb of a cherry-tree.

There was a resolute look on the man's face as he drew nearer, but his eyes did not meet hers. They rested on the shining milk-pans on the shelf at the door, on the rose-bush just putting forth its first buds, on the old watch-dog taking a nap in the sun. He had half a

peck of corn in a sack over his shoulder. He slowly removed the sack and tossed it into the open door of the wood-shed. There was dirt on his stout soles, and he scraped it off on the grass. There was dirt on his hands, and he walked over to the rain-barrel, rubbed them, flirited off the water, and let the sun do duty in place of a towel.

"Goin', Zeb?" queried the wife at last.

"Yes," he briefly answered.

"When?"

"This afternoon."

"Well, I'll have dinner early."

Three hours later Zeb Porter had enlisted at the nearest village, and in two days more was on his way to the front. There were thousands of such enlistments. It was good material, and badly needed down there, where death was reaping a daily harvest.

Zeb Porter arrived at "the front" to find his regiment on outpost duty. He was passed along from post to post until he finally found the reserve picket of Company E.

"Glad to see you," replied the captain, as he reported his arrival. "You are just in time to go out with the relief. Sergeant, put him on post No. 5 with Barnes, and see that he is broken in."

"Come along, hayseed," commanded the sergeant, and ten minutes later Zeb Porter was marching away with a score of comrades to relieve the half-dozen outposts composed of Company E men. These outposts covered a front of a mile, and all were within gunshot of the outposts of the enemy. As the relief guard passed from post No. 3 to post No. 4 the new man heard the ping of bullets for the first time in his life, and exclaimed, "Why, the rebels must be shootin' at us!"

"And why not?" asked Barnes, after the general laugh had subsided.

"I—I don't know. I thought we had to get mad before we shot at each other."

"Oh, you did? Well, you'd better git your mad up purty quick, for post No. 5 is a red-hot spot."

Post No. 5 was under a big tree on the edge of an old field grown up to briars and bushes, and as the old men fell in and the new men fell out Barnes lighted his pipe and turned on the new recruit with, "Why did you come down here?"

"I felt it my duty," was the reply.

"Humph! Queer what feelin's a man has sometimes. If I was out I'd feel it my duty to stay out, and be hanged to 'em. Ever shoot at a man?"

"No, of course not."

"Ever see many dead men?"

"I have seen three or four people who have died of sickness."

"Got lots of sand?"

"I—I hope so."

"Yes, you've got a fightin' jaw on you," said Barnes, "and nobody with your nose was ever a coward, but you'd a heap better gone out to your barn and hung yourself."

"Why?"

"Because you won't git no fair show here. There'll be the devil to pay along this line before night, and to-morrow or next day there's goin' to be a rip-snorter of a battle. You are fresh fish. A week ago the crow of your farm-yard roosters woke you up from your sleep on a feather bed. How many battles d'ye think I've been in up to date?"

"Two or three?" anxiously queried the recruit.

"The devil! Nine stand-up fights, and double as many skirmishes, and I 'ain't got any too much nerve after all that. It's an infernal shame to pick up a man on his farm Monday mornin' and rush him down here by Saturday. It gives him no show to git broke in."

"The captain said you were to break me in," observed Zeb, as he reached for the limbs of a bush and nervously broke them off.

"Y-e-s, he did," slowly replied the veteran, "and I'm jest thinkin' about it. I'll do the best I can, but I say you 'ain't got a fair show. I like your looks. I can see that you've got pride. You may tumble down behind a log with your heart tryin' to jump outer your mouth, but you won't run away and disgrace the company and yourself. If you turned tail you'd be hooted out of the army and off the face of the earth at home. Yes, I'll give you a few lessons in war. Creep over and sit down under that beech-tree. Now take a stick and elevate your cap four or five feet. That's it. Now give it a motion. Now——!"

"My God!" gasped Zeb, as three rifle-balls struck the cap simultaneously and sent it flying several feet away.

"Only the sharpshooters in the trees over there," observed Barnes, after a laugh. "Say, you're whiter than snow, and shakin' like a leaf. Not one o' those bullets struck within three feet of you. When I was on here yesterday a bullet took the pipe out o' my mouth, and I didn't turn a hair. Now bring your gun and creep after me down to that old log."

"But won't they—won't they——?" stammered the recruit.

Barnes interrupted him with, "Won't they shoot? Of course they will, if they have a show. Damn it, man, what did ye expect to find down here? Have an idea that we played poker and treated each other to oyster stews? Come along. Now then, lift yer head slow and easy and take a squint to the left of that toadstool. Let yer eyes go right across the field to that old log house. Make out anybody?"

"I think I see the head and part of the shoulders of a man in that upper window."

"I know you do. He's a sharpshooter, and has a telescope rifle. He got up there this forenoon, and flatters himself we haven't seen him. Now then, push the barrel of your gun carefully over the log, and I'll go to the right and wave my cap on a stick. When he fires you'll have a fair mark on him."

"What! you mean that I'm to shoot him in cold blood?" gasped Zeb, as he drew back with a horrified look on his face.

"For sure. What's the matter with you? He's there to kill you

if he can. Cold blood be blowed! War means to kill whenever you get a bead on an enemy. Git that gun over."

"I can't do it—I can't do it," whispered the recruit as he crept back from the log. "If I should kill that man over there I could never close my eyes in sleep again."

"Well, of all the durned chicken-livers I ever heard tell of!" growled Barnes, as he looked at the other in amazement and contempt. "You go over there and lift up yer cap ag'in, and I'll see if I can't plunk him. You've got the jaw and the nose of a gritty man, but I guess your wife has bossed the roost right along. Git along with ye!"

"You—you shouldn't do it: it will be murder," said Zeb Porter as he moved away, but the veteran laughed at him, thrust the barrel of his gun over the log, and made ready. As the cap went up on the trembling stick the man in the window of the old log house half rose and fired, but the bullet had hardly left his rifle when Barnes pulled trigger. The sharpshooter sprang up, dropped his rifle, clutched at the casing, and then pitched headlong to the ground.

"I got him! I got him!" shouted Barnes, "and it was a mighty long shot to do it! Come down here and you can see him on the ground."

"No, no, I don't want to," replied the recruit, as he sat with his face in his hands. The veteran looked at him for a moment, and then crawled back and clapped him on the shoulder and said,—

"Blame' nice business sendin' you down here to save the Union! It's just as I said: you 'ain't got no show. You orter had weeks to git used to things, but you've been rushed right into a devil of a muss. Lordy, but how pale you are, and your knees are knockin' together! Feel like runnin' away?"

"No; I'll never run," was the reply.

"That's right: anything but that. It ain't no disgrace to be skeered, but don't bolt. Come back down to the log ag'in. Some o' them Confeds started to creep up along the fence t'other day, and we want to keep our eyes open. By the livin' jingo, if there ain't four or five of 'em in that fence-corner under that dead tree! They're makin' for the cover of the bushes to pick us off. Up with that gun, and we'll rattle 'em."

"Must I shoot at 'em?" groaned Zeb, as he slowly thrust his gun over the log.

"Of course, you cussed fool! Don't they want to kill you? Ain't it their game to zip a red-hot bullet into your carcass? Bang away, and do the best you can."

Zeb shut his eyes and pulled trigger, and the bullet struck at the roots of a bush twenty feet away. He fired only once. Then he drew back, sat up, put his hands to his face, and cried like a child. Barnes fired three shots, and had the satisfaction of knowing that he had checked the approach of the little squad. When he turned to the recruit it was with a look of sympathy.

"Say, pard," he began, after a moment, "I feel sorry for you, hanged if I don't. You haven't got any more nerve than a womau.

You ain't a coward, but they've rushed you too fast, and you can't stand the breakin' in. What's happened here since we came out don't amount to shucks. We 'ain't got a man in the company who wouldn't call this a picnic. Would a drink o' whiskey brace you up?"

"No. I shall never be able to sight my gun on a man. Why, it's murder!—it's murder! I didn't know that this was war. I supposed—I—I——"

"I see," said Barnes, with a grim smile, as Zeb could not finish. "I see how it is. You thought you could save the Union by shootin' into the ground or up among the clouds. I've seen several other fresh fish off the same hook. You're pretty near dead right when you call war murder, but what of it? We've got war; we're here to fight; the Johnny rebs will murder us if we don't murder them. I was tryin' to break you in easy. Say, I've been down behind a breastwork and sent a bullet into a man when I could look square into his eyes, and when I knowed that he was prayin' to God that he might see home ag'in. I don't say I smiled over it, but what you goin' to do? General Grant don't expect to lick Lee by throwin' puffballs at him, and we've either got to do these Johnnies up or see the glorious old Union totally busted to smash. There go them cusses over in the cotton-field ag'in! They're shootin' at random, of course, but they hope for a stray bullet to knock somebody over. They'd be tickled to death to make your wife a widder. Goin' to brace up?"

"And shoot a fellow-man in cold blood?" demanded Zeb, as he looked up.

"Ain't they tryin' to shoot you?" shouted the indignant Barnes in reply, as a bullet hummed over their heads. "Make it cold blood or hot: odds is the difference. And you talk about one dead man, or two, or three! Say, there's goin' to be a h—ll of a racket right on this front before to-morrow night, and we'll all be in it up to the neck. You'll see solid shot smashin' down these trees and reducin' men to pulp. You'll see shells explode in the ranks and tear half a dozen men to strips of dog-meat. You'll hear grape and canister whirr and whistle, and you'll suddenly miss four or five men on your right or left. And the bullets—gee-whiz! You've got bees at home, and you know the sound when a hive is swarmin' and a million of the insects are buzzin' about. You'll hear the thud as they strike flesh; you'll hear men curse and scream; you'll see that cotton-field covered with dead men till the brown earth is hid from sight. That's what you've got to come to; and now will you brace up?"

"God help me! God help me!" moaned Zeb, as he rocked to and fro.

"They shouldn't have rushed you down here in this way," continued the veteran, as his glance grew even more sympathetic; "but here you are, and you must make the best of it. It's durned rough to take a farmer from his cornfield and buck him up ag'in' forty kinds of death before he's even got the taste of hard-tack, but that don't alter the case. I'm sorry for you, and yet if you was my own brother I couldn't do anything. You might play sick and be sent to the rear,

but the boys would be on to it and give you the hoot. You might sneak off and lose yourself, but that would be as bad. If you'll brace up and go into the fight I'll keep an eye on you and do what I can. You ain't no coward at heart."

"No, I won't run,—God helping me, I won't run. It's because—because I can't kill a fellow-man; I know I can't."

"Well, I don't want to heap it on," said Barnes, as he began crawling away. "I'm goin' down to the creek after a drink, and you can think it over by yourself. It's somethin' like the tooth-ache: the more you give up to it the more the durned thing aches. Mebbe you'll feel stouter-hearted after thinkin' it over alone. You're mighty squeamish about shootin' at a reb, but if you don't keep down you'll find he isn't bothered with any such scruples."

The veteran crept away through the bushes towards the creek, and Zeb Porter sat with his face in his hands and reasoned and argued, or tried to. He had read of war and battles a thousand times before leaving home. He had read of the thousands of dead and wounded. He had enlisted to fight, never doubting his courage, and now all of a sudden he had been seized with an awful horror of blood. He understood himself as never before. Nothing could induce him to shoot down a human being,—not even to save his own life. That being so, then what? Was there hope that the feeling would change,—that he would grow as callous as the veteran who was breaking him in? No! he had been "rushed." Take ten men from their ploughs, from the singing of the robins and bluebirds and the low of kine and the atmosphere of peace, and rush them at the shadow of death, and nine of the ten will fail to stand the test. If he was forced into a fight, feeling as he did, he would certainly run away and bring disgrace on his name; not because he was a coward, but because he would be out of himself. He had promised Barnes he would not run away, and he felt in honor bound to observe the promise. How could he reconcile things? How could he find a way out?

"The blamed skunks!" growled Barnes, as he came creeping back; "they've got a line fire on the spring down there and are actin' mighty ugly about things. I guess it's their game to crowd us and see what force we've got on this front. How you feelin' now?"

The recruit looked up at him with face so white and drawn and changed that it could scarcely be recognized, and he made no word of reply.

"Can I do anything?" queried the veteran.

Zeb shook his head in answer.

"You—you won't bolt?" asked Barnes, after a moment.

"Never!"

"That's good. You've been thinkin' things over?"

Zeb nodded.

"Purty tough, and I'm durned sorry for you. This is what comes of rushin' a recruit. I'm not much of a hand with the pen, but I'll promise to write to your wife. Find her name among your papers, I suppose?"

Zeb lifted his hand to his breast-pocket and nodded his head.

"And here's my hand," said the veteran, as he extended it but averted his face. "Tough—tough—damned tough! I believe you'd make a good pardner. I'm goin' to take a walk out this way towards post No. 4, but I'll be back in ten minutes. Don't go walkin' around, unless you want to git a bullet. Want to say anything?"

"I—I won't run away," whispered Zeb.

"No, of course not. You'd have been a mighty good fighter if they'd only given you a show. They broke you all down by rushin' you. Some fellers would run away, but you won't. Good-by, old man."

Barnes walked off into the bushes about a hundred feet and dropped down. Five minutes later he heard the report of a musket close at hand, but he did not move. In about twenty minutes he heard the relief coming, and he was at his post when the squad arrived.

"Where's the hayseed?" asked the sergeant, as he looked around.

"Down there on his back," replied the veteran, as he pointed.

"The devil! Popped by a Johnny reb on his first trick, eh!"

"No, he popped himself. It was either that or run away, and he wouldn't run."

"I knowed he was fresh," said the sergeant as he turned away, "but I thought mebbe he'd pull through. Damned shame, ain't it?"

"Yes," replied the veteran, as he fell in and marched away with the relief.

*Charles B. Lewis.*

### NEAR AND FAR.

THE air is full of perfume and the promise of the spring;  
 From wintry mould the dainty blossoms come;  
 There's not a bird in all the boughs but's eager now to sing,  
 And from afar a ship is sailing home.

The cherry-blooms, all lightly blown about the verdant sward,  
 With silver fleck the dandelion's gold,  
 The jasmine and arbutus breathe the fragrance they have stored,  
 The crumpled ferns, like fairy-tents, unfold.

And low the rills are laughing, and the rivers in the sun  
 Are gliding on, impatient for the sea.  
 The wintry days are past and gone, the summer is begun,  
 And love from far is sailing home to me.

Ah, blessed spring! How far more sweet than any spring of yore!  
 No note of all thy harmonies is dumb.  
 With thee my heart awakes to hope and happiness once more,  
 And from afar a ship is sailing home.

*Florence Earle Coates.*

## THE MAKING OF MAN.\*

THE great questions as to man's origin cannot yet be answered with absolute certainty, but the brilliant science of anthropology has done much to fathom the mystery and to show us the truth, and the truth alone, as to man's genesis and his life in the childhood days of the race.

The early records are much broken, and many gaps have yet to be filled before humanity's birth-record will be complete, if indeed it ever will be. However, scientists are pretty well satisfied that, instead of man's descent from a higher being, his history was one of ascent from a lower, for he bears in his body to-day vestigial remains of his former self.

Biologists tell us that the vermiform appendix, that useless appendage which is causing us so much trouble, was once of real value to our far-away ancestors; that the wisdom teeth are but degenerate representatives of times when stronger jaws and stronger teeth were more necessary than now; that hernia and hemorrhoids develop because the parts affected are not yet fully adapted to man's erect posture.

Although it has been supposed that at one time man's prehuman ancestor had an arboreal existence and walked on all-fours as do the apes, yet he was not an ape; such origin has never been claimed, but only that man descended from his own ancestor, who, on account of a common descent with the ancestors of the apes, was very similar in structure. As his physical conditions were somewhat similar, it is likely that his life and habits did not differ very much from those of the apes of that day. This creation of what we call human from the prehuman state was brought about by the action of the great laws which control the foundation of all life,—variation of the species and natural selection. Certain individuals would, as now, present certain peculiarities better fitting them for the struggle with their fellows: these, of course, stood the greater chance of survival, for the golden rule of the biologist, "The fittest shall survive," held all the world in a firmer grasp than now. The more favored ones, mating with those like constituted, finally, ages hence, brought about the great changes which resulted in man.

These changes—evolution we call them—are just as potent to-day as ever, but they work so slowly that in our short existence we never note the difference. Five thousand years—the longest period at which man's life has been under his own recorded observations—would hardly count as a day in the great creation.

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\* In this article the writer endeavors to show the theories and facts which science has to offer for the Creation. These are not in the least inconsistent with the general statements contained in the Biblical record of Genesis. Science does not, as is frequently supposed, antagonize religion. Science deals only with the workings of nature. Religion deals with morals,—a widely different topic.—H. B. B.

The period when this transformation was taking place is very indefinite. That it was long and extended over a vast era of time no one doubts.

So much for theory. When we come to facts the details are very meagre. Although fossils of all sorts and conditions are found in the various rock beds from the lowest to the highest, nothing has yet been found, until we come to the Tertiary period, which could in any manner be attributed to the human species. Even here the question of doubt has been raised.

This Tertiary was the age which preceded the ice-fields of the glacial era. There were then no Chesapeake and Delaware Bays, for their respective rivers emptied directly into the sea. The mouth of the Hudson was far out beyond the Narrows. There was no New York Bay, and Manhattan Island stood hundreds of feet higher than now. The Housatonic River, coming down from the Connecticut hills, held its course in the basin of Long Island Sound: green meadows now covered with water adorned its banks. At Hell Gate were the falls of the river: from here it continued in the channel of the East River, past Blackwell's Island, and emptied into the Hudson at Governor's Island; but it was a pygmy stream compared with the great waters which now sweep through this deep and narrow valley. Ward's and Randall's Islands had not yet been cut asunder by Little Hell Gate, and the Harlem was hardly a brook.

In Europe, too, land was yet high and dry which is now covered with water. The North Sea was one vast meadow, with a river flowing through it, into which emptied the Humber and the Rhine, the Thames and the Elbe. From Dover to Calais one could have walked on dry land.

It was the great summer-time of the world: redwoods and water-lilies grew within the Arctic circle, and a temperate climate covered the whole earth. A fitting time was this for the birth of a new race.

If man's life has been one of progress from the lowest,—and we all think that it has, whatever his origin,—the first men had certainly very little to leave for posterity. And so the first evidence which archæology believes to be proof of human existence is of the crudest kind,—only some broken flints, whose sole value to us depends on the fact that they were made by human hands; for no other animal than man has ever progressed far enough to break stones for a seemingly purposeful object.

These flint flakes have been found in Tertiary beds in several localities, notably at Thenay and Puy-Courny in France, and in the "desert of Otta" in the valley of the Tagus in Portugal; but it is not yet settled that these flints are of artificial origin. Even the Congress of scientists which some years ago met in Lisbon in order to visit the beds of Otta have failed to reach a positive conclusion.

Recent exploration in Pliocene (late Tertiary) beds in Burma has also yielded apparently chipped flints, but this report has not yet been fully credited. Even the Dubois fossil man of Java,\* who looms up as

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\* See "Humanity's Missing Link," by Dr. Bashore, in LIPPINCOTT'S for October, 1896.

if to vindicate the existence of his race, has been doubted. There appears to be a general opinion that, whatever proof is attributed to the other supposed human relics of this early date, this Javan creature somehow or other stands in the line of man's direct descent; but one link in the chain of evidence is hardly sufficient for science.

Putting all the facts together, there seems to be considerable doubt of the existence of Tertiary man. Sir John Evans in his presidential address before the British Association which met in Toronto in August, 1897, claims that the verdict "not proven" must stand for the present. In the same address, however, he says, "There is little doubt that such evidence will be eventually forthcoming, but, judging from all probability, it is not in Northern Europe that the cradle of the human race will eventually be discovered, but in some part of the world more favored by a tropical climate, where abundant means of subsistence could be procured, and where the necessity for warm clothing did not exist."

The opinion of no one could have greater weight. So, although we believe that at some time during the Tertiary period man began to appear, science can as yet present no absolute proof of it.

How long it took to make man out of his supposed prehuman ancestor no one, of course, knows. Nature works very slowly. Suffice it to say that with the passing away of the Tertiary and the beginning of the next epoch, with its mountains of snow and ice, the proof of humanity's existence becomes absolutely convincing.

In the river-gravels of almost every land, man's handiwork—chipped flints, presumably used as knives, spear-points, etc.—has been found. In America, in England, in Spain and Portugal, in Italy and Greece, and even far away in the clay beds of Madras, these rude implements demonstrate the existence of man, but of man at a very low stage of culture.

Not only have these river-gravel men—Palæolithic, the scientist calls them—left their primitive weapons, but, better than all, they have left their bones sealed up in the strata with the strange animals who shared with them the hardships of an unconquered earth.

A number of such fossils have been found, but not in all is the proof of antiquity convincing. Two of these discoveries at least are worthy of special attention,—the bones found in a limestone cavern in Düsseldorf in the Neander Valley, and those found in a cave in the commune of Spy in Belgium.

These relics, which science takes as representatives of Palæolithic times, show that these prehistoric men differed only in degree from the men of to-day, but it was the almost bridgeless chasm between civilized man and the savage. The large wisdom teeth, the huge, heavy jaws, the retreating forehead, and the small capacity of the skull which these specimens show tell the tale of an inferiority which we would naturally expect in the early flint-chippers.

Man was now made in shape and form like unto us, and he had a brain which contained the undeveloped germs of progress, but he had yet a rough and rugged road to travel before he would learn his wants and his duties to himself and his kind.

It has been a long journey from the rough unhewn rock retreat to the modern palace, from sun-baked pottery to royal Dresden, from bow and arrow to the magazine rifle, but in each case the making of the one was the first step in a progress which alone made the other possible.

Another item in man's making, the taming of wild animals, though so seemingly unimportant to us, was of gigantic import to the infant world, for man had now food at his door, and the time spent in the chase he could now spend in thinking, and the man who thought, though unhonored by his fellows and placed in a nameless grave, contributed more to the world's progress than the millions about him who never thought.

The half-mad dreamer who led his followers in the wild dance and savage chants around a blazing fire in the dark glades of a primeval forest took the first step in grand opera: it was only the work of accumulated ages which could produce "*Il Trovatore*." We can hardly realize what we owe to the past.

The twang of a bow-string made music in savage ears: the thought that was that day born, nurtured by countless centuries, has developed into a *Stradivarius*. The picture of a hairy mammoth scratched on a fragment of ivory was the beginning of an art which has resulted in the *Angelus*.

Such have been some of the steps in the making of man,—in making civilized man out of the savage. Though it has cost humanity rivers of blood and floods of tears in going up this thorny path of progress, it has all ended in making man better physically, mentally, and morally.

The physical deterioration which it is claimed we have suffered in going from savagery to civilization is only seeming. Although tuberculosis—consumption—is said to be the price that humanity has paid for civilization, although one-seventh of all die of this dread disease, civilization is worth the price, for it bears with itself the power to eradicate finally the Great White Plague. Yet, bad as it seems, the general death-rate is lower than ever before: life is better, life is easier.

There were times in the history of the race when pain gave pleasure to those who saw it. Man smiled while his fellow endured torments too horrible to tell. Can civilized man do this? If he can, we call him a degenerate. Such a one sometimes seems to be left over from the past to show us what we were in other days, just as in Australia the plants and animals of Tertiary times still linger into the present.

In the years gone by, lust ruled love, now love rules lust. Man's freedom and woman's virtue were ideas little known to mankind until the lowly Nazarene proclaimed from the Mount of Olives the heaven-sent words, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Humanity is building more on this principle, and might is no longer right.

Thus from lowly beginnings the half-human creature who very likely roamed the Tertiary forests of the old world, with a thought hardly above the beasts who were his companions, has developed by slow degrees, so slow as to be almost inconceivable, into a being endowed with the attributes of a divinity.

This creature—man we call him now—has conquered the world,

but, greater than all, he has conquered himself. Passion is curbed; oppression, superstition, and bigotry are disappearing like midnight spectres before the rising sun of the new day, and from out the dark clouds of the past shines forth reason, the priceless blessing to mankind.

*Harvey B. Bashore.*

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IN AN AUSTRALIAN CAMP.

**L**ITTLE of practical value is known concerning the commonplace present of the lingering tribes of Australia,—less even than of the still extant posterity of prehistoric settlers among the obscure tribes of Africa; and the most unsatisfactory places in which to search for information are the civilized centres of Australia's self. Nothing but vagaries of imagination, founded on sensational romances of quondam explorers, awaits one there.

No people on earth are more devoutly indifferent concerning their aboriginal neighbors than the temporary residents—and practically all of them consider themselves temporary—of the British colonies of South Australia.

It is very different in New Zealand. Every one there knows all about the Maoris, their history, their customs, their present. City homes are decorated with Maori work, the libraries abound in Maori literature. The people pride themselves upon personal acquaintance with old Maori families, and boast of relationships through intermarriage.

There are very few residents who have not mastered something of the Maori language. The stranger cannot even make his first landing without twisting his tongue to such words as *Wiararappa*, *Tarrawera*, *Onahunga*, *Takapuna*, *Rotaruha*, varying somewhat in local orthography, but never in fond reflection of the melodious aboriginal.

The Maori walks the streets with his head as high as any but the premier's. He sits sedately, speaks intelligently, and votes effectively in both branches of the legislature, and is an essential element, frequently imposing comments of authority upon questions of the day.

In Sydney, on the contrary, one is startled, now and then, as he observes an occasional grizzled, black fiend, with immaculate teeth, skulking about between sandwich-boards or lounging at frequented corners, demanding coppers till he has amassed a sufficient quantity to command a drink at some free-lunch counter.

One hideously picturesque specimen perpetually thrusts into the public eye a jointless, gnarled, black claw, which further investigation dignifies with the semblance of a hand, at the corner of George and Barrack Streets, opposite the post-office. He is always in the same rigidly graphic pose, always as still as bronze. It would be like watching the lions fed at the Zoo to see him going or coming from that corner; but I never had the fortune, and still wonder how he does it. Indeed, I never yet was sufficiently courageous to look him squarely in the face, and have only an insubstantial impression that he purports to be blind. One glance at the extended claw was invariably venturing

far enough for me. It is always stretched out palm downward, simply as a signboard, signal, finger-post, grotesquely calling attention to a cigar-box attached by a knotted cord to the man's neck and hanging, palm up, as it were, against his diaphragm. The unsightly combination always constrains the passer to make a wide swoop or drop a half-penny in the cigar-box, according to the convenience with which he can command the halfpenny.

If you should inquire of any of Sydney's many social cliques concerning the aboriginal society, you will at once be referred to the fiend between the sandwich-boards, the bar-room beggar, or the gentleman at the corner of George and Barrack Streets; of whom permit me to interpolate the private opinion, founded, I am satisfied, on fact, that he is not an Australian at all, but a prehistorically stranded East Indian, perennially blackened and begrizzled by art instead of nature.

Then, if you play "Oliver," society will turn you over to one of two or three antiquarian, cyclopedic gentlemen who are supposed to know all that is worth knowing and are cheerfully allowed to know all that is known, at any rate, of the to-day of the aboriginals.

Note-book in hand, I sat at the feet of one of these sages and stenographed no end of valuable material, then threw my notes away, because, forsooth, for a good half-hour he elucidated upon a peculiar war-club, the special creation, he said, of one particular locality in Australia, neither produced nor understood anywhere else, but a most effectively disastrous weapon in the hands of the few who held the secret and the copyright.

He showed me the stamp of the tribe and the insignia of the chief curiously wrought in the decorated helve, said that he had met that very chief, and, standing up, showed me the secret of the swing and how dexterously he could manipulate it. He even jocosely offered to crack my skull, as proof of how perfectly he had mastered the science and that he knew whereof he spoke.

It angered him so that he refused to tell me any more about Australia when I declined the distinguished honor, on the ground that even the most scientific cracking would still fail to carry conviction, since I myself brought that particular club to the gentleman at whose house we met, from a friend of his residing in Lavuka, who bought it of a Solomon Islander, thousands of miles away from Australia.

Still curiosity was not allowed to stagnate. In the telegraph columns of one of the papers I read an account of the clash of arms in a great battle between native tribes. Those tribes are always fighting, I am told, but apparently they are rarely favored with a war-correspondent.

It seemed from this despatch that a long enmity at last culminated in a grand mobilization, notwithstanding the pacific tendencies of the surroundings. Parleying rose from discretionary and indiscretionary demands to furious taunts, and the opposing hosts met in a fierce encounter of two hours.

The full despatch has escaped me, but its force remains, and I am sure that I can trust my memory sufficiently to resort to quotations for the following, "During the engagement there were moments when the air about the combatants was thick with waddies, spears, and other

weapons," and again for the closing lines, "Two men were quite seriously injured, and doubtless others received slight wounds."

Oh, awful, bloody war! I was more than ever anxious to see how they did it,—so anxious, in fact, that I grasped an opportunity which shortly occurred. It gave me a glimpse—only a glimpse, it is true; not above three days in all—of real, unadulterated aborigines; three days, including somewhat of preliminaries, two skirmishes, one grand battle, and a great feast; not much to go upon, but something for a basis, and I came very near having my own dear throat cut, in consequence, or suffering some barbaric counterpart of that more cultured operation.

However, slight though the acquaintance was, it convinced me that those beautifully ferocious barbarians are not really so black as they seem, either in pictures or in the unpainted original samples lounging about the tents of civilized wickedness.

The opportunity occurred when I was already well up in the mountains. There came news of warlike demonstrations among some tribes just north of us, together with a German who was on his way through the troubled country and much inclined for company. So we joined forces, for the time, under escort of a native guide and interpreter, who professed to "speakee English," and who did, to some extent, though the quantity was limited and the quality not wholly above criticism.

Two days of mountain-climbing brought us to the centre of excitement, where we soon discovered that reports had not overstated the strained diplomatic relations, or the magnitude of the movement. The dispute was concerning tribal rights in a long, fertile valley; and all the tribes in the mountains on one side had amalgamated, making common cause against all the tribes in the mountains on the other side.

The war feeling was too intense for any one to think of offering hospitality to a stranger, least of all to a white man,—for British law had been reaching its arms out into the mountains in several attempts to check these tribal unpleasantnesses. The efforts had even gone so far as to illustrate the enlightened sense of justice by applying corporal punishment to the guiding star of a recent successful manoeuvre. It was more than the aborigines could comprehend, and the only effect was to render the presence of a white man in their midst doubly unendurable and obnoxious at this crisis.

Money possessed a very slender claim on their cupidity, and for the first two days and nights I had great difficulty in procuring even the necessities of existence. A fortunate accident made me the guest of the chief of one of the larger tribes, on the third night; which was not only better in the abstract, but gave me an excellent instance of native reciprocity and of noble instincts of hospitality, even among the savage aboriginal brutes of Australia.

For the first two days I crept about as best I could without being seen, among the rocks and bush, watching the preliminary festivals and the two accidental skirmishes.

Just after daylight on the third morning I was out in search of a secluded point of vantage from which to view what promised and proved to be the great conflict of the war, when the accident referred to greatly increased my facilities,

A hundred or more stalwart and hideous blacks were running along the rocky ledge just below me, when the chief fell, dislocating his shoulder. I had never heard of such an accident among tough-jointed natives, nor, evidently, had he. He could not understand it, nor could his men; but when he fully realized the fact that he was utterly disabled he lay down on the ground again and began to howl and kick, while the warriors stood about him groaning.

It was so absurd and so simple that, forgetful of consequences, I hurried from my hiding-place, and, while the blacks stood dumb with astonishment, pulled off my boot, relocated the shoulder, and sat down to put on my boot again. It is needless now to conjecture what might have happened if I had made a wrong diagnosis or had failed in the heroic treatment I applied.

It required a little time for the chief to realize it all. He got up, shook himself, tested his arm, and then dropped on his knees and began to kiss my feet, proclaiming that I had performed a miracle, and that but for me the battle to be fought that day would have been lost.

Possibly in the language which he spoke the sentence was grammatical. I have done my best to make it so in English, according to the report of our interpreter.

Then the chief demanded that I ask some favor of him in return, and when our little interpreter explained to him that I had nothing to ask, having come from afar off, drawn by the world-wide fame of his prowess, simply to look and wonder while he put his enemies to flight, he was greatly moved, and detailed two warriors to guard and guide me till I had seen it all and then to conduct me to his hut to be his guest.

By good fortune again, the battle resulted in the flight of the fellows from the opposite hill, so that our side was still in the ascendant. It was followed by a furious feast of exultation, at which I was again allowed to be a visible spectator; though it became ever more apparent that but for my powerful advocate I should have been briefly admonished that I was undesirable even as a limited participant, and forthwith unceremoniously relegated to the obscure shades of that oblivion from which no war-correspondent even has ever yet returned or telegraphed.

Many discomfiting glances were cast upon me, and when night came on, and a great fire lighted up the feast, the frantic creatures about it surely did resemble incarnate fiends, capable of anything.

Handicapped as I was in nature's vehicle for the transference of thought, there was nothing that was absolutely intelligible but those sinister glances, though the little interpreter did his best to reincarnate in "English" the grandiloquence of the auspicious occasion. But of the feast later. First of the battle.

Their military tactics were simple in the extreme, but they were all that the case required. They relied primarily upon surprises, secondarily upon noises, with a vague and diminutive tertiary element of reliance upon weapons.

The first party to be well surprised was evidently expected to take to his heels, and the most masterly campaign is that which results in

the opponents being so thoroughly frightened by some bold and unexpected display at the outset that they run before their antagonists have reached them, and there is no battle at all.

The first sallies failed in this encounter, but, even though weapons were freely used for a brief period, there was no considerable waste of material in the line of ammunition during the course of the combat. I noticed that most of the spears, waddies, clubs, or whatever weapons were thrown were either actually caught in the air or quickly gathered up and hurled back again. There was very little waste of blood, too, I am sure, if indeed blood spilled upon a native battle-field can be accounted wasted; there was very little waste of anything but words, and they were not really wasted, on our side at least, for they won the day. It was much less expensive and much more sensible than civilized war. There was all the fun and excitement and noise in that battle that there is in a good game of foot-ball, without one-half the danger and serious results. There was as real relief to pent-up patriotism and as good an airing of strained diplomatic relations, as well patronized an opportunity for calling hard names and saying bad things of each other, as complete exultation in victory, and as thorough, submissive chagrin in defeat, as great guns and modern munitions ever secured for two nations; and withal it was as harmless as a French duel.

Each of the various weapons used seems to be counterbalanced by a specific or antidote, in shape of shield or plate, while the great assortment of diabolical and highly decorated devices adorning the walls of bold collectors of aboriginal implements of war are chiefly made for sale to unsuspecting travellers or to be flourished upon social occasions corresponding with dress-parades.

The first and strongest argument is that each man makes his own weapons. Many of the more elaborate affairs are rather difficult of construction and in a rude way are works of art. No factories turn them out by the million. They come singly from the fingers of constitutionally the laziest mortals in the world, and, like our own dear dollars, when one makes them one at a time he is instinctively cautious in expenditure. They know better than to take them into battle and deliberately throw them away for some other fellow to appropriate if he will, instead of throwing them back again.

The rudest of spears, the most economical of waddies, the commonest of clubs, are what they carry to the battle-field; something that they can discard regretlessly in case of flight; something to be profitably exchanged for whatever old thing the enemy may have brought to throw at them, if the cruel fates of war unhappily decree that the first assault shall eventuate in neither party feeling sufficiently frightened to be justified in running, thus necessitating a resort to arms instead of legs.

The art of secreting themselves and preparing unpleasant surprises is instinctive with all blacks, but with the Australian it justly claims the affix "high." Putting together what I have seen and heard, however, I am positive that real battles to-day are never one-half so destructive as the unpublished incidents resulting from the meeting, in

some secluded place, of a half-dozen or more of one tribe and only one or two of another, and the stealthy adjustment of personal misunderstandings.

In many a hut I saw a pair of *cadisha* hanging quite as conspicuously as the war-clubs. They are sandals, made of human hair and fine reeds, plaited, gummed on the soles with a preparation mixed with human blood and then matted with feathers. I believe their only service is in creeping stealthily upon an unsuspecting or a sleeping enemy. Then it is that the decorated, flint-capped war-club is wielded with scientific—or at least effective—accuracy.

During the feast two women, who failed to agree upon some detail of the conflict, went at each other with a couple of sticks, and in five minutes had received more real injury between them than all the men of both armies received throughout the bloody fray.

The women always play an important part in the battles of the tribes, though they are never in the forefront of a hard-fought field. They are arranged about the rear, there to exercise their lungs, and they do it with a volubility that would unnerve a British square.

It is especially noticeable to one who has occasionally come in contact with the natives of Africa that the Australians never use the bow and arrow. The nearest approach to it, I think, is the *vermera*, a contrivance for aiming and throwing a small spear. It is not popular, however, either because the spear is in danger of doing some damage through being sent so swiftly that it cannot always be properly landed at its destination, or else because the people are too lazy to make sufficient arrows to render this engine of war available.

Of course, sometimes, through his own inordinate stupidity or other forward incident, a bold warrior receives a wound. If it is sufficiently serious to demand treatment at all, it is treated to wood ashes,—a most excellent remedy, by the way. If it is so serious as not to yield readily, it is treated to more of the same. If it is obstinately serious and will not even yield eventually, the warrior simply dies, and it is peace to his ashes.

The feast that followed the victory was by far the grandest development of the war. Bold threats were made by many orators to wipe the conquered from the face of this green earth altogether, even as though they had already been partly wiped away; though I am positive that not one of them was sufficiently injured to prevent his be-taking himself to wood ashes.

So far as our little interpreter could grasp the great ideas expressed and stuff them into his small comprehension of "Ingish," the officiating generals of the victorious legions, seeing what an effective majority, both in number and lung, they temporarily controlled, had suddenly conceived the brilliant idea of driving their already frightened neighbors quite over the opposite mountains, and thus getting rid of them altogether, while they appropriated to themselves the exclusive use of the verdant valley, as the equitable spoils of war. This thought of annexation spread like a prairie fire, inflating every black breast with constantly increasing fury and self-esteem.

The plans of campaign were consummated before the tribes sepa-

rated for their various villages, and I went to sleep on the earth floor of the chief's hut as full of dreams of the coming conquest as the chief himself.

Presently I was roused by a cry from the little interpreter, who was sleeping across the entrance, and before my eyes were fully open the big outline of the chief appeared in the doorway, even to his war-club, outlined against the sky beyond. Voices sounded, and I knew instinctively that they had to do with the sinister glances about the fire. Later I learned the truth from the interpreter, who was still outside.

On the way home some of the wise heads had developed the theory that I was a spy and would report the whole proceeding, bringing the wrath of the hated white man down on their devoted craniums, or, worse still, causing him to prevent their carrying out the grand scheme of extermination. Forthwith some of the warriors of a neighboring tribe returned to place a silent veto on the possibility. Failing that, through the mischance of stumbling on my precious interpreter and frightening him out of his wits, they now demanded of my chief that he turn me over to their hospitality for a little time.

I might ungraciously accept suggestions made by the interpreter, imputing unworthier motives to my chief: for example, that it was one of the weaker tribes of the alliance that demanded me; that he did not like their threat to take me whether he would or no; that he knew they were lying in what they said to him, and wanted to show them that even at that he could outdo them, or what not else. But no. I had rather touch my hat to a real aboriginal gentleman and quote his words, only polished up to legibility from the jumbled narration extracted from my guide.

The address of the chief was this: "You are a hundred strong, you say. I am but one. The white man is my guest. He saved me for the battle to-day, and but for me where would have been the victory? You want him. Very well. Come in and kill him. But at the door you must kill me first. And when you have done it, a thousand stand ready to see that not one of your hundred takes as many steps before he dies. Come in."

They didn't come in, however. They only went grumbling away; but before daylight the chief politely requested me to allow him, with a few of his warriors, to accompany me out of the mountains.

It was an invitation that was difficult to decline, and I accepted it with thanks, sorry not to have seen more, but glad at least to have seen so much.

*Henry Willard French.*

### CROW'S-FOOT.

THE lover Sun, from his abode on high,  
 Called long to Earth, and yet won no reply.  
 But now his wintry waiting-time is done,  
 For, lo! the Earth's first answer to the Sun.

*Clinton Scollard.*

## WILLIAM TYRWHITT'S "COPY."

THIS is the story of William Tyrwhitt, who went to King's Cobb for rest and change, and, with the latter at least, was so far accommodated as for a time to get beyond himself and into regions foreign to his experiences or his desires. And for this condition of his I hold myself something responsible, inasmuch as it was my inquisitiveness which was the means of inducing him to an exploration of which the result, with its measure of weirdness, was for him alone. But it seems I was appointed an agent of the unexplainable without my knowledge, and it was simply my misfortune to find my first unwitting commission in the selling of a friend.

I was for a few days, about the end of a particular July, lodged in that little old seaboard town of Dorset that is called King's Cobb. Thither came to me one morning a letter from William Tyrwhitt, the polemical journalist (a queer fish, like the cuttle, with an ink-bag for the confusion of enemies), complaining that he was fagged and used up, and desiring me to say that nowhere else could rest be obtained so completely as in King's Cobb.

I wrote and assured him on this point. The town, I said, lay wrapped in the hills as in blankets, its head only, winking a sleepy eye, projecting from the top of the broad steep gully in which it was stretched at ease. Thither few came to the droning coast; and such as did looked up at the High Street baking in the sun, and, thinking of Jacob's ladder, composed them to slumber upon the sand and left the climbing to the angels. Here, I said, the air and the sea were so still that one could hear the oysters snoring in their beds; and the little frizzle of surf on the beach was like to the sound to dreaming ears of bacon frying in the kitchens of the blest.

William Tyrwhitt came; and I met him at the station, six or seven miles away. He was all strained and springless, like a broken child's toy,—“not like that William who, with lance in rest, shot through the lists in Fleet Street.” A disputative galley-puller could have triumphed over him morally, a child physically.

The drive in the inn brake, by undulating roads and scented valleys, shamed his cheek to a little flush of self-assertion.

“I will sleep under the vines,” he said, “and the grapes shall drop into my mouth.”

“Beware,” I answered, “lest in King's Cobb your repose should be everlasting. The air of that hamlet has matured like old port in the bin of its hills, till to drink of it is to swoon.”

We alighted at the crown of the High Street, purposing to descend on foot the remaining distance to the shore.

“Behold,” I exclaimed, “how the gulls float in the shimmer, like ashes tossed aloft by the white draught of a fire! Behold these ancient buildings nodding to the everlasting lullaby of the bay waters! The cliffs are black with the heat apoplexy; the lobster is

drawn scarlet to the surface. You shall be like an addled egg put into an incubator."

"So," he said, "I shall rest, and not hatch. The very thought is like sweet oil on a burn."

He stayed with me a week, and his body waxed wondrous round and rosy, while his eye acquired a foolish and vacant expression. So it was with me. We rolled together, by shore and by-road of this sluggard place, like spent billiard-balls; and if by chance we cannoned, we swerved sleepily apart, until, perhaps, one would fall into a pocket of the sand and the other bring up against a cushion of sea-wall.

Yet, for all its enervating atmosphere, King's Cobb has its fine traditions of a sturdy independence, and a slashing history withal; and its aspect is as picturesque as that of an opéra-bouffé fishing-harbor. Then, too, its High Street, as well as its meandering rivulets of low streets, is rich in buildings venerable and antique.

We took an irresponsible, smiling pleasure in noting these advantages,—particularly after lunch; and sometimes, where an old house was empty, we would go over it, and stare at beams and chimney-pieces and hear the haunted tale of its fortunes, with a faint half-memory in our breasts of that one-time bugbear we had known as "copy." But, though more than once a flaccid instinct would move us to have out our pencils, we would only end by binging our foolish mouths with them as if they were cigarettes, and then vaguely wondering at them for that, being pencils, they would not draw.

By then we were so sinewless and demoralized that we could hear in the distant strains of the European Concert nothing but an orchestra of sweet sounds, and would have given ourselves away in any situation with a pound of tea. Therefore, perhaps, it was well for us that, a peremptory summons to town reaching me after seven days of comradeship with William, I must make shift to collect my faculties with my effects and return to the more bracing climate of Fleet Street.

And here, you will note, begins the story of William Tyrwhitt, who would linger yet a few days in that hanging-garden of the south coast and pull himself together and collect matter for "copy."

He found a very good subject that first evening of his solitude.

I was to leave in the afternoon, and the morning we spent in aimlessly rambling about the town. Towards midday, a slight shower drove us to shelter under the green veranda of a house, standing up from the lower fall of the High Street, that we had often observed in our wanderings. This house—or rather houses, for it was a block of two—was very tall and odd-looking, being all built of clean squares of a whitish granite, and the double porch in the middle base—led up to by side-going steps behind thin iron railings—roofed with green-painted zinc. In some of the windows were jalousies; but the general aspect of the exterior was gaunt and rigid, and the whole block bore a dismal, deserted look, as if it had not been lived in for years.

Now we had taken refuge in the porch of that half that lay uppermost on the slope; and here we noticed that at a late date the building was seemingly in process of repair, painters' pots and brushes lying on a window-sill, and a pair of steps showing within through the glass.

"They have gone to dinner," said I. "Supposing we seize the opportunity to explore?"

We pushed at the door; it yielded. We entered, shut ourselves in, and paused to the sound of our own footsteps echoing and laughing from corners and high places. On the ground-floor were two or three good-sized rooms with modern grates, but with cornices, chimney-pieces, and embrasures finely Jacobean. There were innumerable under-stair and overhead cupboards, too, and pantries and closets, and passages going off darkly into the unknown.

We clomb the stairway, to the first floor, to the second. Here all was pure Jacobean; but the walls were crumbling, the paper peeling, the windows dim and foul with dirt.

I have never known a place with such echoes. They shook from a footstep like nuts rattling out of a bag; a mouse behind the skirting led a whole camp-following of them; to ask a question was, as in that other House, to awaken the derisive shouts of an Opposition. Yet in the intervals of silence there fell a deadliness of quiet that was appalling by force of contrast.

"Let us go down," I said. "I am feeling creepy."

"Pooh!" said William Tyrwhitt; "I could take up my abode here with a feather bed."

We descended, nevertheless. Arrived at the ground-floor,—*"I am going to the back,"* said William.

I followed him,—a little reluctantly, I confess. Gloom and shadow had fallen upon the town, and this old deserted hulk of an abode was ghostly to a degree. There was no film of dust on its every shelf or sill that did not seem to me to bear the impress of some phantom finger feeling its way along. A glint of stealthy eyes would look from dark uncertain corners; a thin evil vapor appeared to rise through the cracks of the boards from the unvisited cellars in the basement.

And here, too, we came suddenly upon an eccentricity of out-building that wrought upon our souls with wonder. For, penetrating to the rear through what might have been a cloak-closet or butler's pantry, we found a supplementary wing, or rather tail of rooms, loosely knocked together, to proceed from the back, forming a sort of skilling to the main building. These rooms led direct into one another, and, consisting of little more than timber and plaster, were in a woful state of dilapidation. Everywhere the laths grinned through torn gaps in the ceilings and walls; everywhere the latter were blotched and mildewed with damp, and the floor-boards rotting in their tracks. Fallen mortar, rusty tins, yellow teeth of glass, whitened soot,—all the decay and rubbish of a generation of neglect littered the place and filled it with an acrid odor. From one of the rooms we looked forth through a little discolored window upon a patch of forlorn weedy garden, where the very cats glowered in a depression that no surfeit of mice could assuage.

We went on, our nervous feet apologetic to the grit they crunched, and, when we were come to near the end of this dreary annex, turned off to the left into a short passage that led to a closed door.

Pushing this open, we found a drop of some half-dozen steps, and, going gingerly down these, stopped with a common exclamation of surprise on our lips.

Perhaps our wonder was justified; for we were in the stern cabin of an ancient West-Indiaman.

Some twenty feet long by twelve wide, there it all was, from the deck-transoms above to the side lockers and the great curved window, sloping outward to the floor and glazed with little panes in galleries, that filled the whole end of the room. Thereout we looked, over the degraded garden, to the lower quarters of the town,—as if indeed we were perched high up on waves,—and even to a segment of the broad bay that swept by them.

But the room itself! What phantasy of old sea-dog or master-mariner had conceived it? What palsied spirit, condemned to rust in inactivity, had found solace in this burlesque of ship-craft? To renew the past in such a fixture, to work oneself up to the old glow of flight and action, and then, while one stamped and rocked maniacally, to feel the refusal of so much as a timber to respond to one's fervor of animation! It was a grotesque picture.

Now, this cherished chamber had shared the fate of the rest. The paint and gilding were all cracked and blistered away; much of the glass of the stern-frame was gone or hung loose in its sashes; the elaborately carved lockers mouldered on the walls.

These were but dummies, when we came to examine them,—mere slabs attached to the brick-work and decaying with it.

"There should be a case-bottle and rummers in one at least," said Tyrwhitt.

"There are, sir, at your service," said a voice behind us.

We started and turned.

It had been such a little, strained voice that it was with something like astonishment I looked upon the speaker. Whence he had issued I could not guess, but there he stood behind us, nodding and smiling,—a squab, thickset old fellow, with a great bald head, and, for all the hair on his face, a tuft like a teazel sprouting from his under lip.

He was in his shirt-sleeves, without coat or vest; and I noticed that his dirty lawn was oddly plaited in front, and that about his ample paunch was buckled a broad belt of leather. Greased hip-boots encased his lower limbs, and the heels of these were drawn together as he bowed.

William Tyrwhitt—a master of nervous English—muttered, "Great Scott!" under his breath.

"Permit me," said the stranger; and he held out to us a tin pannikin (produced from Heaven knows where) that swam with fragrance.

I shook my head. Tyrwhitt, that fated man, did otherwise. He accepted the vessel, and drained it.

"It smacks of all Castile," he said, handing it back with a sigh of ecstasy. "Who the devil are you, sir?"

The stranger gave a little crow. "Peregrine Iron, sir, at your service,—Captain Peregrine Iron, of the Raven sloop amongst others. You are very welcome to the run of my poor abode."

"Yours?" I murmured, in confusion. "We owe you a thousand apologies."

"Not at all," he said, addressing all his courtesy to William. Me, since my rejection of his beaker, he took pains to ignore. "Not at all. Your intrusion was quite natural under the circumstances. I take a pleasure in being your cicerone. This cabin" (he waved his hand pompously),—"a fancy of mine, sir, a fancy of mine. The actual material of the latest of my commands brought hither and adapted to the exigencies of shore life. It enables me to live eternally in the past,—a most satisfying illusion. Come to-night, and have a pipe and a glass with me."

I thought William Tyrwhitt mad. "I will come, by all means," he said.

The stranger bowed us out of the room. "That is right," he exclaimed. "You will find me here. Good-by for the present."

As we plunged like dazed men into the street, now grown sunny, I turned on my friend. "William," I said, "did you happen to look back as we left the cabin?"

"No."

"I did."

"Well?"

"There was no stranger there at all. The place was empty."

"Well?"

"You will not go to-night?"

"You bet I do."

I shrugged my shoulders. We walked on a little way in silence. Suddenly my companion turned on me, a most truculent expression on his face. "For an independent thinker," he said, "you are rather a pusillanimous jackass. A man of your convictions to shy at a shadow! Fie, sir, fie! What if the room *were* empty? The place was full enough of traps to permit of Captain Iron's immediate withdrawal."

Much may be expressed in a sniff. I sniffed.

That afternoon I went back to town, and left the offensive William to his fate.

It found him at once.

The very day following that of my retreat, I was polishing phrases by gas-light in the dull sitting-room of my lodgings in the Lambeth Road, when he staggered in upon me. His face was like a sheep's, white and vacant; his hands had caught a trick of groping blindly along the backs of chairs.

"You have obtained your 'copy'?" I said.

I made him out to murmur "yes" in a shaking under-voice. He was so patently nerveless that I put him in a chair and poured him out a wineglassful of London brandy. This generally is a powerful emetic; but it had no more effect upon him than water. Then I was about to lower the gas to save his eyes, but he stopped me with a thin shriek.

"Light! light!" he whispered. "It cannot be too light for me!"

"Now, William Tyrwhitt," I said by and by, watchful of him, and marking a faint effusion of color soak to his cheek, "you would not accept my warning, and you were extremely rude to me. Therefore you have had an experience——"

"An awful one," he murmured.

"An awful one, no doubt; and to obtain surcease of the haunting memory of it, you must confide its processes to me. But first I must put it to you, which is the more pusillanimous,—to refuse to submit one's manliness to the tyranny of the unlawful, or to rush into situations you have not the nerve to adapt yourself to?"

"I could not foresee,—I could not foresee."

"Neither could I. And that was my very reason for declining the invitation. Now, proceed."

It was long before he could. But presently he essayed, and gathered voice with the advance of his narrative, and even unconsciously threw it into something of the form of "copy." And here it is as he murmured it, but with a gasp for every full stop.

"I confess I was so far moved by the tone of your protest as, after your departure, to make some cautious inquiries about the house we had visited. I could discover nothing to satisfy my curiosity. It was known to have been untenanted for a great number of years; but as to who was the landlord, whether Captain Iron or another, no one could inform me, and the agent for the property was of the adjacent town where you met me. I was not fortunate, indeed, in finding that any one even knew of the oddly appointed room; but, considering that, owing to the time the house had remained vacant, the existence of this eccentricity could be a tradition only with some casual few, my failure did not strike me as being at all bodeful. On the contrary, it only whetted my desire to investigate further in person and penetrate to the heart of a very captivating little mystery. 'But probably,' I thought, 'it is quite simple of solution, and the fact of the repairers and the landlord being in evidence at one time is a natural coincidence.'

"I dined well, and sallied forth about nine o'clock. It was a night pregnant with possibilities. The lower strata of air were calm, but overhead the wind went down the sea with a noise of baggage-wagons, and there was an ominous hurrying and gathering together of forces under the belying standards of the clouds.

"As I went up the steps of the lonely building, the High Street seemed to turn all its staring eyes of lamps in my direction. 'What a droll fellow!' they appeared to be saying; 'and how will he look when he reissues?'

"'There ain't nubbudy in that house,' croaked a small boy, who had paused below, squinting up at me.

"'How do you know?' said I. 'Move on, my little man.'

"He went; and at once it occurred to me that, as no notice was taken of my repeated knockings, I might as well try the handle. I did, found the door unlatched as it had been in the morning, pushed it open, entered, and swung it to behind me.

"I found myself in the most profound darkness,—that darkness,

if I may use the paradox, of a peopled desolation that men of but little nerve or resolution find insupportable. To me, trained to a serenity of stoicism, it could make no demoralizing appeal. I had out my match-box, opened it at leisure, and, while the whole vaulting blackness seemed to tick and rustle with secret movement, took a half-dozen vestas into my hand, struck one alight, and, by its dim radiance, made my way through the building by the passages we had penetrated in the morning. If at all I shrank or perspired on my spectral journey, I swear I was not conscious of doing so.

"I came to the door of the cabin. All was black and silent.

"'Ah!' I thought, 'the rogue has played me false.'

"Not to subscribe to an uncertainty, I pushed at the door, saw only swimming dead vacancy before me, and, tripping at the instant on the sill, stumbled crashing into the room below and slid my length on the floor.

"Now, I must tell you, it was here my heart gave its first somersault. I had fallen, as I say, into a black vault of emptiness; yet, as I rose, bruised and dazed, to my feet, there was the cabin all alight from a great lantern that swung from the ceiling, and our friend of the morning seated at a table, with a case-bottle of rum and glasses before him.

"I stared incredulous. Yes, there could be no doubt it was he, and pretty flushed with drink, too, by his appearance.

"'Incandescent light in a West-Indiaman!' I muttered; for not otherwise could I account for the sudden illumination. 'What the deuce?'

"'Belay that!' he growled. He seemed to observe me for the first time. 'A handsome manner of boarding a craft you've got, sir,' said he, glooming at me.

"I was hastening to apologize, but he stopped me coarsely. 'Oh, curse the long jaw of him! Fill your cheek with that, you Barbary ape, and wag your tail if you can, but burn your tongue.'

"He pointed to the case-bottle with a forefinger that was like a dirty parsnip. What induced me to swallow the insult, and even some of the pungent liquor of his rude offering? The itch for 'copy' was no doubt at the bottom of it.

"I sat down opposite my host, filled and drained a bumper. The fire ran to my brain, so that the whole room seemed to pitch and courtesy.

"'This is an odd fancy of yours,' I said.

"'What is?' said he.

"'This!' I answered, waving my hand around,—'this freak of turning a back room into a cabin.'

"He stared at me, and then burst into a malevolent laugh.

"'Back room, by thunder!' said he. "Why, of course,—just a step into the garden, where the roses and the buttercupes be a-growing."

"Now I pricked my ears.

"'Has the night turned foul?' I muttered. 'What a noise the rain makes beating on the window!'

"'It's like to be a foul one for you, at least,' said he. 'But as for the rain, it's blazing moonlight.'

"I turned to the broad casement in astonishment. My God! what did I see? Oh, my friend, my friend, will you believe me? By the melancholy glow that spread therethrough I saw that the whole room was rising and sinking in rhythmical motion, that the lights of King's Cobb had disappeared, and that in their place was revealed a world of pale and tossing water, the pursuing waves of which leapt and clutched at the glass with innocuous fingers.

"I started to my feet, mad in an instant.

"'Look, look!' I shrieked. 'They follow us—they struggle to get at you, you bloody murderer!'

"They came rising on the crests of the billows; they hurried fast in our wake, tumbling and swaying, their stretched drowned faces now lifted to the moonlight, now overwashed in the long trenches of water. They were rolled against the galleries of glass, on which their hair slapped like ribbons of sea-weed,—a score of ghastly white corpses, with strained black eyes and pointed stiff elbows crooked up in vain for air.

"I was mad, but I knew it all now. This was no house, but the good ill-fated vessel *Ravo*, once bound for Jamaica, but on the voyage fallen into the hands of the bloody buccaneer Paul Hardman, and her crew made to walk the plank, and most of her passengers. I knew that the dark scoundrel had boarded and mastered her, and, having first fired and sunk his own sloop, had steered her straight for the Cuban coast, making disposition of what remained of the passengers on the way; and I knew that my great-grandfather had been one of these doomed survivors, and that he had been shot and murdered under orders of the ruffian that now sat before me. All this, as retailed by one who sailed for a season under Hardman to save his skin, is matter of old private history; and of common report was it that the monster buccaneer, after years of successful trading in the ship he had stolen, went into secret and prosperous retirement under an assumed name and was never heard of more on the high seas. But, it seemed, it was for the great-grandson of one of his victims to play yet a sympathetic part in the gray old tragedy.

"How did this come to me in a moment—or, rather, what was that dream buzzing in my brain of 'proof' and 'copy' and all the tame stagnation of a long delirium of order? I had nothing in common with the latter. In some telepathic way, influenced by these past-dated surroundings, dropped into the very den of this monster of the seas, I was there to re-enact the fearful scene that had found its climax in the brain of my ancestor.

"I rushed to the window, thence back to within a yard of the glowering buccaneer, before whom I stood, with tossed arms, wild and menacing.

"'They follow you!' I screamed. 'Passive, relentless, and deadly, they follow in your wake and will not be denied. The strong, the helpless, the coarse, and the beautiful,—all you have killed and mutilated in your wanton devilry,—they are on your heels like a pack of spectre-hounds, and sooner or later they will have you in their cold arms and hale you down to the secret places of terror. Look at *Beston*, who

leads, with a fearful smile on his mouth! Look at that pale girl you tortured, whose hair writhes and lengthens, a swarm of snakes nosing the hull for some open port-hole to enter by! Dog and devil, you are betrayed by your own hideous cruelty!

"He rose and struck at me blindly,—staggered, and found his filthy voice in a shriek of rage.

"Jorinder! make hell of the galley-fire! Heat some irons red and fetch out a bucket of pitch. We'll learn this dandy gallot his manners!"

"Wrought to the snapping-point of desperation, I sprang at and closed with him; and we went down on the floor together with a heavy crash. I was weaponless, but I would choke and strangle him with my hands. I had him under, my fingers crooked in his throat. His eyeballs slipped forward, like banana ends squeezed from their skins. He could not speak or cry; but he put up one feeble hand and flapped it aimlessly. At that, in the midst of my fury, I glanced above me, and saw a press of dim faces crowding a dusky hatch; and from them a shadowy arm came through, pointing a weapon; and all my soul reeled sick, and I only longed to be left time to destroy the venomous horror beneath me before I passed.

"It was not to be. Something—a physical sensation like the jerk of a hiccough—shook my frame, and immediately the waters of being seemed to burst their dam and flow out peacefully into a valley of rest."

William Tyrwhitt paused, and, "Well?" said I.

"You see me here," he said. "I woke this morning, and found myself lying on the floor of that shattered and battered closet, and a starved demon of a cat licking up something from the boards. When I drove her away, there was a patch there like ancient dried blood."

"And how about your head?"

"My head? Why, the bullet seemed stuck in it between the temples. And there, I am afraid, it is still."

"Just so. Now, William Tyrwhitt, you must take a Turkish bath and some cooling salts; and then come and tell me all about it again."

"Ah! you don't believe me, I see. I never supposed you would. Good-night."

But when he was gone I sat ruminating.

"That Captain Iron," I thought, "walked over the great rent in the floor without falling through. Well, well!"

*Bernard Capes.*

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### WHEN HOPE IS DONE.

WHO turns away from gazing at the sun  
 Sees its dusk images fill all the air.  
 It is not otherwise when Hope is done:  
 Her darkling phantoms make the heaven of Despair.

*Edith M. Thomas.*

## THADDEUS STEVENS.

IT was William Pitt who called England's attack upon her colonies "an accursed war, wicked, barbarous, cruel, and unnatural." Pitt was called the Great Commoner of England. Thaddeus Stevens was called (absurdly enough, in a country which has no titles and no nobility) the Great Commoner in Congress. Nor does the parallel end here. Pitt became ill with anxiety and grief at the success of Napoleon, and the unexpected surrender of the Austrian army at Ulm gave him a shock from which he never recovered. Stevens was for two years chairman of the Committee on Reconstruction in Congress, and was then made chairman of the Board of Managers of the House to conduct the impeachment trial of President Andrew Johnson. The fierce struggle before the Senate during that great trial, added to his continuous labors as leader of that session of Congress, which in 1867 lasted all summer, and his disappointment at Johnson's acquittal, doubtless accelerated his death. He made his great speech urging the impeachment of the President on February 24, 1868, and died in Washington on August 11 of the same year.

Coleridge says that every great man is largely endowed with the feminine element of character. It was a favorite saying of Stevens's that "sentiment goes farther than thought;" and he never wearied of telling pleasing incidents of the tender care of a loving mother in Danville, Vermont, where he was born, April 4, 1792. In his will he directed that five hundred dollars should be placed at interest, the income to be used in planting flowers above his mother's grave.

In his early youth Stevens was sickly and lame in his right foot, the deformity resembling that of Lord Byron; but he was dowered with dauntless ambition. He was not yet of age when he became attached to the beautiful daughter of the village clergyman. But his poverty so wrought upon a spirit naturally "touched to fine issues" that, feeling his unfitness for such a match, he packed up his slender possessions and, without even declaring his love, struck out for Pennsylvania.

Here, while engaged as a teacher in the academy at York, he continued the study of the law, which he had commenced at Peacham, Vermont. He was soon admitted to practise across the border at Belair, Maryland, but the next year removed to Gettysburg and opened an office there. This was in 1816. The sturdy farmers took a kindly interest in the bold young advocate, who was successful in his first case. His name became a household word in Adams County. He soon displayed in politics, as at the bar, an aggressive earnestness of character, a winning openness and frankness in his address toward all classes, and a sturdy truthfulness which utterly ignored the polished deceits of social life. These traits were part of the warp and woof of his nature, from the day he argued his first murder case down to the historical period when his genius as a parliamentary leader gave him almost absolute control over the lower house of Congress.

When Seward, as Johnson's Secretary of State, desired to consult the chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, he called in person at the modest brick two-story residence in which Stevens lived, and there gave the reasons why the government wanted to give seven million dollars for the purchase of Alaska. Here Sumner has been known to call, after a stormy session of the Senate, in the early hours of the morning, to take counsel with the member from Pennsylvania, when they both sought to avert some legislative disaster.

Though Mr. Stevens never married, he was not insensible to the power of social influence. His house was the rendezvous of all the bright spirits of the country round. He was never averse to a social game of poker, and one of his favorite amusements was to ride behind the hounds in many a fox-chase over the hills and through the valleys of Adams County. When, later, he moved to Lancaster, some complained that the young men of the period were apt to linger long over the wine when it was red at his house. He was then a member of Congress. As soon as the gossip reached his ear he ordered a half-barrel of whiskey in his cellar to be emptied into the streets. When questioned by his neighbors about this waste of the raw material, he good-naturedly explained, "Well, it is said about town that Russell, McPherson, and myself drink too much at our symposiums, and I reckon I can afford to make this oblation to the gods." The local Mrs. Grundy having been thus appeased, there was never any further occasion to charge him with endangering the morals of the youth of Lancaster.

The strict constructionists of the Constitution nominated Andrew Jackson for President in 1828, and the National Republicans, who became Whigs a few years later, nominated John Quincy Adams. The rising lawyer, a bitter foe of the strict constructionists, espoused with ardor the cause of Mr. Adams. Stevens was fond of quoting the saying of the Abbé Sieyès, the French statesman, that he had a hundred constitutions in the pigeon-holes of his *escritoire*; and when at the head of the Reconstruction Committee in Congress, he said that America was "like a giant that had outgrown its garments, and if its constitutional garment would not fit, it must be enlarged, or new raiment must be provided for the growing man-child."

Stevens was elected to the Legislature in 1833-4-5. His brilliant ability was at once recognized, and he easily became the leader of the Pennsylvania Whigs.

The opposition attacked the common school system of Pennsylvania, and a bill was introduced to abolish the recently established system, to which the member from Adams had devoted some of the best years of his life. With the desperate energy of one convinced of the righteousness of his cause, he made a fight all over the State, and rallied the press to his support, "stemming with heart of controversy" the adverse tide, till every hill and valley rang with the contest of educated intelligence against ignorance. Stevens won the people's cause, and the bill to abolish the common school system now prevailing in Pennsylvania was defeated. This the member from Lancaster, to the day of his death, regarded as his crowning triumph in State legislation.

In 1836 he was chosen a member of the State Constitutional Convention, where he made one of the greatest efforts of his life against the adoption of the Constitution, because his anti-slavery principles would not permit him to sign an instrument restricting the franchise to white citizens. His first utterance as a statesman was in accord with his last, and on his tombstone in Lancaster lives in marble his declaration that he wished to illustrate in his death the principle he had advocated in his life, the absolute equality of men before their Creator.

The law, Burke thought, is one of the noblest of human sciences, a science which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all other kinds of learning put together. And Stevens's legal skill was of admirable service to him in the many and bitter political struggles of his long life. Sumner spent weeks in writing and memorizing his speeches in the Senate and on the forum. Stevens was never known to write out a speech.

His greatest arguments, in the memorable days of reconstruction, when he was the recognized leader of the House, were made with but slight preparation, and based upon small slips of paper, to which he rarely referred.

As with Bolingbroke, there was a nameless fascination in his manner of speaking, and, like that nobleman, he has left no great speech by which he can be remembered or the character of his oratory defined. His speeches were filled with bold propositions, briefly expressed, pithy sentences, nervous common sense, strong phrases, the *feliciter audax* both in language and in action, well-compacted but not ambitious periods, sudden and strong masses of light: an apt adage in English or Latin, a keen and biting sarcasm, a merciless personality, a mortal thrust, one that could not be parried or returned,—these were the beauties and deformities that made his speeches notable. When a member once abandoned him on a railway committee, which gave a majority of one against the Stevens bill, he rose and said,—

“Mr. Speaker,—While this House has slept, the enemy has sown tares among our wheat. The gigantic corporations of this country, who have neither bodies to be kicked nor souls to be damned, have, animated by the genius of evil, and perhaps by the power of argument alone, stolen away from the majority of my committee the member from Connecticut. The enemy are now in a majority of one. I move to increase the number of that committee to twelve.”

The motion was granted. Mr. Stevens retained control of his committee, and everybody knew that “the power of argument alone” in Mr. Stevens's speech meant ten thousand dollars for the member from Connecticut, who, it was said, did not appear on the floor of the House to face the wrath of the member from Lancaster for a week thereafter.

In 1837–38 there were two rival Legislatures at Harrisburg, which arose from the Masonic and anti-Masonic excitement of that period. Stevens was the leading member of the Whig and anti-Masonic House, and his desperate struggles to keep the party ascendancy in the State for his side so much endeared him to the Whigs that in the year 1838, after the legislative session, he was made Canal Commissioner, at that

day a very important officer. At the end of his term as commissioner he was sent again, in 1841, to the Legislature.

Always a benevolent man, open-handed as the day, he was given to impulsive acts of charity. Mrs. Lydia Pearson, a poetess of some note, had celebrated his fight for the common school system: so grateful was he that he gave her a handsome farm. A member of the Lancaster bar still living vouches for the following incident. While riding home from the trial of a cause in a neighboring county, Stevens and his companion found a sheriff's sale going on, and a deserving widow about to lose her farm on an execution. Stevens took a hand with the crowd in bidding for the farm, which was finally struck off to him for sixteen hundred dollars, the actual debt due. He wrote out his check for the money, ordered the sheriff to make the deed to the poor widow, and proceeded on his journey.

In 1842 he suffered considerable losses in the iron business in Adams County, but nothing ever shook his indomitable courage, whether his reverses were political or financial; and the day he removed to Lancaster to practise law and mend his embarrassed fortunes, he said to the client for whom he had contracted most of his obligations, "Well, I've got my debts down to two hundred and fourteen thousand dollars, and I reckon now I'll be able to pay them." By the successful practice of his profession he soon paid off the debt on the iron works, which he owned at his death.

In 1849 he was sent to Congress, which had been to his dauntless ambition a sort of Mecca of the mind for many years. Here he did not forget his Vermont training. He denounced the Clay compromises of 1850, calling compromise "the devil of American politics." The reaction in Pennsylvania retired him from Congress till 1859, when he was sent back to stay. His relations with Lincoln were very close. As chairman of the House Committee on Reconstruction he reported the bill which divided the Southern States into five military districts and placed them under the rule of army officers until they should adopt constitutions that conceded suffrage and equal rights to the blacks.

To the writer of this sketch Mr. Stevens told the story of the legislation which gave to the black man his right to vote:

"The Sherman bill, as it was called, had passed the Senate after many days and nights of stubborn contest. Charles Sumner came to my house on Capitol Hill at three o'clock in the morning; he was in a white heat, having wrapped his martial cloak about him in disgust, preferring not to remain and witness what he called the infamy of the Sherman bill, which put the reconstructed States *in statu quo ante bellum*, with the franchise just where it was before the war. John Forney, in his 'two papers, both daily,' had heralded the Sherman bill, which we thought was intended to make Sherman President in 1868, as a measure which 'brought light out of darkness.' Sumner came to consult me about defeating the Sherman bill in the House. It was late in the winter of 1866. I wanted the bill beaten as badly as Sumner did. I promised to beat it, but a majority of the Senate were for the bill, hailing it as a measure of pacification, and it was the biggest job I ever undertook in the House. I went to Sawyer, of Wisconsin, a rich

lumberman, as an ally skilled in the wiles of legislation, and we began to filibuster with the Democrats, promising them something better than Sherman's bill after the 4th of March: they took the bait like so many gudgeons, and with the Sumner contingent in the House we defeated John Sherman's bill, horse, foot, and dragoons. Then we went to the people; the Sherman bill was not hot enough for the country, which was found more radical than Congress. The next Congress gave the negro the right to vote, and it is now, God be praised, graven into the foundation stones of the Constitution."

While on the floor of the House Stevens was wont to attack his foes with bitter words of denunciation, smiting his enemies hip and thigh, and often dealing in keen and remorseless sarcasm, yet there was a strong social side in his nature, and he was genial and witty among his friends.

He hated Andrew Johnson with a perfect hatred. Some one in Congress suggested that there was this excuse for Johnson, that he was "a self-made man." "Glad to hear it," Stevens replied, "for it relieves God Almighty of a heavy responsibility."

On the floors of Congress a valiant defender of Chief Justice Taney, in a speech of an hour's duration, eulogized the Dred Scott decision. "Yes," Mr. Stevens answered. "As to that decision, I think it damned Chief Justice Taney to everlasting fame, and, I fear, to everlasting fire."

There was nothing of "the stocks and blackboards of convention" in Stevens. He was a man soul-fed on strong meat. He believed that the king must be amused,—and he was the king. His favorite amusement was, after supper at his own modest mansion to the east of the Capitol, to spend the evening at Hall and Pemberton's Faro Bank on Pennsylvania Avenue. Here was common ground, where the warring, jarring factions North and South could meet and over canvas-back and Veuve Clicquot champagne woo unmolested the goddess of fortune. There were no clubs in the Washington of 1856-60 except the gaming-houses. Stevens was never a heavy player, although I have seen him win fourteen hundred dollars on a twenty-dollar gold-piece as his only stake. On one occasion he had been playing in what he called hard luck. Mr. Martin, from Ohio, the reading clerk of the House, always at his elbow, and ready for a "sleeper" or a stake, repeatedly urged Stevens "to put a stack on the ace," which had lost three times. "I will stake my reputation," said Martin, "that the ace wins." With a doubting glance at Martin, Stevens shoved a stack of blue chips, worth fifty dollars, over to the ace, playing it to win, on Martin's judgment. The ace lost. Without the semblance of a smile the old statesman said, "Martin, you owe me a quarter." This was the value he put on Martin's "reputation."

No man ever pursued an adversary in debate more remorselessly than Stevens did; but there was no malice in him, and he was a favorite on both sides of the House. Sunset Cox was his devoted friend, and in a playful mood, during an all-night session, while the member from Pennsylvania dozed in his seat, moved the Speaker that "the sergeant-at-arms supply Mr. Stevens with ivory chips enough to

last him till morning." It is needless to say that this motion did not get into the minutes.

Party feeling during the last sessions in which he served was intensely bitter. Edmondson, of Virginia, struck Hickman, of Pennsylvania, with a cane, for words spoken in debate, and the Hotspurs of South Carolina threatened Ben Wade, of Ohio, with frequent revolvers; but socially these men were never at odds with Stevens. Keitt, of South Carolina, once quoted Madame de Staël to him, saying, "There are those with whom we widely differ in opinion, with whom we cordially agree in sentiment." The opposition despised his political opinions, but those who knew him best appreciated his sincerity and his kindness of heart.

He was the autocrat of the House, and the best story-teller in Congress: only to those who knew him not did he appear "like a sceptred hermit wrapped in the solitude of his own originality." He corresponded regularly with Lord Palmerston, and at seventy-three Queen Victoria's jaunty Premier wrote him to know how, at his age, he could devote so much time and energy to public affairs. Stevens's laconic answer was, "I take care not to think too much."

During the hottest of the *émeute* between Potter, of Wisconsin, and Pryor, of Virginia, which resulted in Potter's acceptance of a challenge from the Virginian, the place to be in Canada, weapons bowie-knives, and the duel to the death, Stevens, as was his habit, strolled down Pennsylvania Avenue late one evening to taste Joe Hall's unexceptionable canvas-backs and for a brief period to woo the fickle goddess. James A. Bayard, of Delaware, Senator Pearce, of Maryland, and Senator Green, of Missouri, were among the guests, and naturally a sprinkling of the bohemians of Newspaper Row. Looking down the long table, Stevens said to a Senator, "Have you seen the bill I offered to-day in the House?"

"No; what was it?"

Stevens answered, "It is a bill to change the name of Pryor to Posterior."

Influence from the White House secured votes against a favorite measure of Mr. Stevens for an air-line railway from Washington to New York, and, as the Rialto of Congress "hath its merchandise," these same votes helped Mr. Lincoln's great amendment for emancipation. Of this legislative bargain Stevens said, "The greatest measure of the nineteenth century was passed by corruption, aided and abetted by the purest man in America."

During the last thirty years of his life its unwritten romance was the unselfish and tender devotion with which Stevens was attended by Lydia Smith, a mulatto, who in her youth had great beauty of person. Her fidelity to his interests ended only with his death. He left her five thousand dollars in his will, but she had improved her opportunities and by prudent investments in Washington real estate amassed a considerable fortune. She purchased Stevens's old home in Lancaster, a two-story brick house, in which he lived till his constituents, grateful for his fidelity, returned him to Congress in 1859.

If in some of the other worlds there is a land "where the voice

of the oppressor is no more heard forever," Thaddeus Stevens will be remembered there for what he did here. His whole life paid tribute to his convictions. He believed that there are no limitations to liberty save that the liberty of all must be limited by the like liberty of each. He demanded of the republic he did so much to re-create, that Liberty should be enthroned in the executive chamber and in the halls of legislation, and that it should be Liberty guarded by Power.

He regretted two things in dying: that the senatorial purple in America was often sold to the highest bidder, and that in Congress in the trying days of reconstruction there were not five men of genuine courage. His own courage, moral or physical, no man ever doubted. He had as much blood and iron in him as Bismarck. He was an American Gambetta, with the same strain of southern fire in his oratory. He was a modern Mirabeau who believed in public virtue in public men. And when he died there was lost to the weak a valiant defender, to the poor a noble benefactor, and to mankind a brave soldier in the never-ending battle for the liberation of humanity.

*James M. Scovel.*

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### FLORIDA STORMS.

**G**REAT winds are not among the multifarious products for which Florida is justly famous. Excelling in flora, fauna, and healthfulness, it is incomparably behind some of the States in storms and grasshoppers.

It has "gentle zephyrs," "balmy breezes," and whispering, sighing, murmuring winds that sing through orange-leaves and the fan-like fronds of date-palms. These are Florida's own, and they never sough or howl or bluster. Like the natives, they are mild-mannered and slow. Great hurricanes, tornadoes, or cyclones cannot be produced on the Peninsula any more than crops of wheat or ice.

Florida is paradoxical and contrary to rule in many things. For instance, it is semi-tropical and covered with the rarest jungles for harboring reptile life, yet there are few snakes,—fewer, perhaps, than in any other place this side of Ireland; and, though near the West Indies and kindred in climate, it does not give birth to hurricanes, for which they have a high and well-deserved reputation.

Unfortunately, however, Florida hasn't a Chinese wall, or any other kind, around it, and great winds originating in other places can get in, just as the fag ends of Dakota blizzards do sometimes; and once in a while they do get in and play the mischief with Floridians. But they are very different from the small, though terribly intense, cyclones that whirl through a narrow space at the rate of ten miles a minute, more or less, like the one that devastated St. Louis. These are local in origin, and may occur anywhere in the United States perhaps, except Florida, where they are unknown.

Florida's storm visitors come from the sensuous tropics, and have nothing narrow or contracted about them. A Northern or Western

cyclone may blow holes in the ground for five or ten minutes along a path forty yards or so wide, while a hurricane fresh from the Tropic of Cancer can howl three days and nights over a stretch much wider than Florida. One is produced on land; the other at sea.

Scientists tell us that a cyclone is always possible on land when a bank of cold air settles over a substratum of hot air, the initial energy of the twister depending on the relative degrees of cold and heat. Herein, no doubt, lies Florida's immunity from that sort of thing: with constant breezes, soft and gentle, from gulf or ocean, the air never gets hot,—that is, red-hot,—and never rushes heavenward to get into or make room for something colder.

The so-called Florida storms incubate far away in the Caribbean Sea, which in that respect seems to be a first-class hatcher, furnishing most of those credited to the West Indies; but our facts with reference to them are meagre until they come ashore on one side of Florida or the other, when acquaintance, unfortunately, becomes intimate.

We would like to know more about them in their adolescent stage, if they have any,—our present knowledge being confined chiefly to the sizes they come in, which vary. They are thought to be connected in some way with the sun's autumnal transit over the equator, as they occur almost invariably within thirty days before or after that time; for which reason August, September, and October have come to be known as the "hurricane months." Happily, however, all connections for Florida frequently fail for several years together.

We will know more about them, perhaps, when we know more about the sea which was discovered by Columbus along with San Domingo and the fierce Caribales,—to whom we are indebted for the word "cannibal," from a way they had of roasting their enemies. They don't do it now, but the sea is unchanged; and no doubt "West Indian hurricanes" will continue coming, as natural laws impel. These laws, and why the sun should raise a wind in crossing an imaginary line, are things we do not clearly understand.

The sea itself, wholly intertropical, is warm and bright and famous for its gorgeous sunsets. Emerald isles in irregular chain hem its northern and eastern bounds, and from near the centre the beautiful mountains of Jamaica rise, decked with orange, coffee, and pimento groves. But in its depths lie mysteries. As over it great storms form, under it awful earthquakes have origin. The first come north, striking Florida occasionally; the latter go south, shocking the Venezuelans frequently. The city of Caracas was shaken down by one in 1812, burying ten thousand people in half a minute. Of the two, Floridians prefer hurricanes.

Ocean currents may have something, possibly a great deal, to do with the creation of storms; at all events there seems to be some affinity between them. The Great Equatorial Current, coming from the Gulf of Guinea or thereabouts, rushes across the Atlantic and into the Caribbean Sea, forcing out a strong current by way of the Yucatan Channel into the Gulf of Mexico. There, taking the name "Gulf Stream," it flows around, growing hotter and stronger, until it sweeps down and out through the Florida straits at a speed of five miles an

hour. Thence it rushes along the Atlantic seaboard to the Banks of Newfoundland, and from there crosses the Atlantic, modifying the climate of Northern Europe.

According to our information, hurricanes form most frequently near the Leeward Islands in the Caribbean Sea, and in the beginning go west, impelled by what seems to be a natural tendency. Young men, the star of empire, the trade-winds, the equatorial currents, all go west, and no doubt the Gulf Stream would if it could; possibly it can when the Darien or Nicaraguan canal has been cut,—a contingency well worth considering when we come to sever North and South America.

Starting west, then, instead of forcing a path through the dense forests of Central America, the young hurricane rides on the breast of the Gulf Stream into the Gulf of Mexico. There it sometimes cuts loose from the current, turns west again, and gets lost in the wilds of Texas. But more often it stays with the Gulf Stream, follows it down through the Florida straits, and goes howling up the Atlantic coast. Occasionally, instead of this tortuous course, one will take a short cut across North Florida, and join the Gulf Stream somewhere beyond Charleston, Norfolk, or Hatteras.

They have two motions,—progressive and whirling. It is the whirl, which may be at the rate of a hundred miles an hour, that gets away with things. The forward or progressive motion may be slow or fast, making the blow long or short in duration without in any way affecting its violence. The whirl may be twenty-five or five hundred miles in diameter, and be hours or days in passing a given point, as the progressive movement is slow or fast. In the Northern hemisphere the whirl is always from right to left, that is, from east to west, growing in rapidity as the centre is approached, until in the very centre there is a core or axle of perfectly calm air, around which the great storm-wheel turns.

There is no pyrotechnical accompaniment, no brilliant flashing of lightning, no booming of heaven's artillery. There is just a rush and roar, while dark clouds, low and wet, pour down an ocean of water. In the great storm of 1880, fifty-six inches of water fell in South Florida.

Whirling as they do from right to left, storms passing east of Florida blow from the northeast; on the other side they come from the southwest. The storm of 1880, typical of most of them, passed east, sweeping the entire peninsula. The only loss of life reported was along the coasts. The steamship *City of Vera Cruz*, with a large number of passengers, among whom was General De Trobriand, went down thirty miles off Daytona, and many disasters befell smaller craft. The seaports suffered greatly from tidal waves and banking of water in the harbors, but the velocity of the wind was not sufficient to have caused much damage inland, if the duration had been short. It continued uninterruptedly for three days and nights, however, and buildings that otherwise might have stood were gradually wrenched and shaken to pieces or toppled off the blocks. In some counties every church and nearly all two-story houses went down; while everywhere buildings that withstood the fury of the wind were flooded with water. Shingle roofs could not turn a horizontal rain drifting sixty to seventy

miles an hour; it was driven under them, and poured in at the upper ends.

The wind did not blow continuously, but came in gusts, like heavy, irregular breathing. It would roar and howl for two or three minutes, snapping off great pine-trees and bending others to the earth; then, with sudden cessation, it would be perfectly still, as if gathering breath for harder effort, and in another instant could be heard coming again like the rush and rumble of a hundred railroad-trains in unison.

This storm was more severe than most of them have been, as far as Florida is concerned, the damage as a rule not being great, except to timber and shipping. But all previous records were broken by the storm of September 29, 1896, which was at once the shortest and the most destructive ever known. In its path across Florida alone more than a hundred lives were lost, thousands were made homeless, four million acres of timber were destroyed, and the damage to property amounted to more than ten million dollars. It came from the southwest, cut a swath across North Florida, took in Georgia, the Carolinas, Virginia, Maryland, Eastern New York, and New England, and probably joined the Gulf Stream again off the Banks of Newfoundland. It was like what the storm of 1880 might have been with all the force in its three hundred miles of width narrowed to forty miles; and it stands unrivalled in concentration of fury and resulting injury.

Other storms that have been called great were child's play in comparison; yet, like the others, it journeyed all the way from the Caribbean Sea. Did it gather or lose strength by the way? This question is an interesting one. If any energy had been lost before reaching Florida, it is fortunate, perhaps, that Cuba was not stricken in its freshness; there might have been nothing left to fight over and nobody left to fight.

One peculiarity of these storms remains to mention,—the fact that almost invariably two are abroad contemporaneously, one following the other after a longer or shorter interval, which may be three days or three weeks. A duplicate of the September storm followed twelve days afterward, narrowly missing Florida. Going ashore north of Charleston, it ravaged the coast all the way to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and thence went howling across the Atlantic.

Heretofore the possible coming of such visitors has been viewed serenely and without fear by Floridians, but now it is safe to say that for many years to come they will cast anxious eyes to windward during the hurricane months, and many of them, no doubt, will select those particular months to go on distant excursions,—to the Adirondacks, for instance.

*R. G. Robinson.*

### ACHIEVEMENT.

"THE low sun makes the color," but the high  
Has climbed the mighty archway of the sky.

*Carrie Blake Morgan.*

## A BOUNDARY WAR.

I DO not know how it began, but it had lasted a long time, and now, after giving rise to all manner of wrath and violence, it seemed to be nearing a climax. I allude to the celebrated controversy between General Norman and Colonel Wesser. A State or two farther south it would probably have become an hereditary feud, but Northern Maryland had already outgrown this form of vendetta, as it was slowly outgrowing other peculiar habits and institutions. So these two heads of powerful families could not look with any confidence to a continuance of strife and turmoil after their decease. Indeed, they secretly dreaded that more than amity would take the place of such excitements, for the whole county laughed over the knowledge that there was a case of Romeo and Juliet on hand. The condition of the two old-time rural potentates was really pathetic. Only the barest fragment and fag-end of life left them in which to have out their fight, and beyond that the distressing probability that their long discord would end in concord and happiness! No wonder the galling thought stirred them to make the most of the few days yet remaining.

Still it would seem that the old general at least should not have been over-severe on eccentricities of affection. His record in that respect had been a little startling, even for his latitude and neighborhood. Far away in his early life—almost as remote, indeed, as his first quarrel with a Wesser—lay the days when he soldiered as a young lieutenant at Brandywine and Germantown, spending his money in the intervals of rest as freely as might be, and making himself especially popular with the officers of the Southern troops and the few titled volunteers from over sea. This last sort of intimacy brought our friend into trouble, for, not content with winning the good will of Lord Dash, he sought to win the latter's daughter also. A frustrated elopement was one of the results. Another was the lover's retirement from the service to disgusted seclusion, wherein he developed and magnified unchecked certain lordlinesses of conduct which may have had a touch of self-vindication in them. Within his own boundaries who could be more of an autocrat than he? Foreign lordlings might decline his alliance with scant compliment, but they could not outstrut or outswell or outdomineer him. So he throve and grew potent, and his neighbors promoted him. Step by step the lieutenant rose to be general, without the inconvenience of having to obtain commissions to plant his feet on by the way. Some of the minor titles presumably indicated occasional self-exhibition in that grotesque raree-show, our early rural militia; but "Colonel" and "General" came only with the portliness of middle age and by way of compliment.

The particular subject-matter in dispute between him and his neighbor turned on that part of their boundary which was marked by the Sunken Meadows Branch, a small stream flowing through a curious low-lying quagmire where rank saw-grass and cattails flourished and

the blue iris in season did what it could to atone for the general worthlessness. No human being had ever found or imagined any use for its desolate waste of slime and weed-roots and foul-smelling mire, where all decaying things took revenge after death. It was good for nothing under heaven except to quarrel over; but for that it was admirable indeed.

The old deeds were, as often happens, rather inconveniently obscure as to the exact limit; and in the end the many differences of opinion to which this gave rise found their expression in a tedious bit of litigation, which finally established to the satisfaction not only of the court but of the entire community that the Wesser shore of this stream was the precise line of contact of the two estates. But this decision, definite as it sounds, failed to bring the longed-for peace. Both parties acquiesced in it most cordially, and continued to urge opposing claims. Unhappily, the *Sunken Meadow Branch* was a variable quantity, both as regarded width and location. Even an unlucky floundering cow might at any time alter its course for a hundred yards, and thus bring turbulence and vexation of spirit into the midst of two patrician households. At last General Norman cut the knot by taking advantage of a flood, which covered the whole expanse of the meadows, to plant a fence in the firm ground of the Wesser bank, thereby appropriating the entire marsh.

The general on all occasions declared in his dogmatic way that this proceeding was fully authorized by the decision referred to; but Colonel Wesser denounced it eloquently as a high-handed robbery. Undoubtedly, so far as words went, the latter gentleman had far the best of the contest, for he was naturally of an elegantly declamatory turn which had little in common with what he scornfully called the awkward boorishness of his heavier rival. His hostile oratory did not confine itself to this theme. The general's well-known delinquencies in regard to several of the commandments made him fair game for any severe moralist who came along; and the colonel had just the least little tinge of Puritanism in his nature. That is, he scrupulously kept all the commandments except "Thou shalt not kill," and hated the sin only a little less than the sinner. So it rarely happened that the two came together in a weekly vestry meeting without Colonel Wesser delivering one of his most polished darts straight at some weak point in his neighbor's moral armor. That neighbor received these shafts with a most edifying indifference, simply inquiring whether anybody had ever known him to deny or hide his acts.

It is presumable that the general thought this answer quite conclusive; for he flew into a great passion when the rector, taking a different view, ventured to remonstrate with him as to certain scandals. Indeed, the old magnate's wrath waxed so hot that the clergyman found it advisable to seek a living elsewhere; and his place was supplied by a new and less exacting shepherd, selected by General Norman and paid out of his private pocket. This change nearly raised a schism in the church, which would have amounted to little less than a division of the whole population; for the Eastern Shore at that date was thoroughly colonial in its religion and habits. All the people of

"quality," and many others, worshipped in the little seventeenth-century brick church, just as they had done before the Revolution.

Of course Colonel Wesser had been the head and front of the opposition, both in the vestry and out; and he took this additional defeat sorely to heart. While smarting under it, he learned of a new cause of distress. His son Arthur, who had lately returned from his studies in the North, was obviously in danger of an engagement with the enemy, which was not at all to the father's mind. Not that there was any objection to Miss Julia Norman herself. Her rare willowy brunette beauty, which seemed to have no right to be so far from the tropics, was of an order to disarm a harsher censor than the stately colonel. But then how could he hope under such circumstances that Arthur would take up his quarrel with anything like the old-time fervor?

While he was gloomily debating in his own mind what course to adopt, he received one of the general's vivid epistles, requesting to be no longer annoyed by trespassers who presumed on the courtesy of his daughter and his own forbearance. The colonel, sitting in his starched way, read the note twice through, with trembling hand and quivering lip, but in utter silence. Then he turned to the tall young man who had just entered, and began to speak with ironical composure.

"It may interest you, Arthur," said he, "to become conversant with the exceedingly reputable method of expression of the eminent personage whom you—— Thunder and Mars!"

With this exclamation he dropped his polysyllabics and his decorum together and strode excitedly up and down the veranda, firing verbal broadsides into his son as he went by. "Aha, Sir Trespasser!" cried the old planter, with a lithe arch twist toward the young man and a satirical curl of his lip. The next time it was, "The miserable parvenu—he to look down on a Wesser!" In point of fact, one family was as ancient as the other: your angry man is not often a stickler for exactness. At the next traverse he had shifted his ground once more. "I'm glad of it! I'm glad of it!" he cried. "That marriage is impossible anyhow!"

Here Arthur dropped the letter, with a slight sound of pain. His father, pausing for a moment in surprise, demanded, with raised voice, "Why, surely, sir, you wouldn't demean yourself, you wouldn't disgrace yourself——"

The fiery red in Arthur's face paled, and he leaned against a pillar just a little, as if slightly dazed. "Heaven help me!" he replied. "I hardly know what I would do or wouldn't do."

"What!" exclaimed the colonel, in a tone of horror.

Arthur straightened himself. "No, father, I shall *not* disgrace myself; be assured of that. Nor shall I go where I am not wanted. But pray remember in justice that the young lady is not at all to blame."

The father shook his head, as if deploring his son's infatuation. "Bad blood! Bad stock!" he said, though in a lower voice. "Better forget all about it. But as for that—that boor——"

Here his walk ceased as abruptly as it had begun, and he seated

himself thoughtfully in a rocking-chair. Arthur watched him intently, to see what was coming next. The old gentleman's face looked almost pleasant again for a minute in his placid exultation. Then he spoke:

"One thing is certain: I shall insist on every legal right which I possess. I will not forego a rood of land, whether susceptible of tillage or not. In dealing with an ordinarily human neighbor one might compromise; but to that brute I shall not yield one jot nor one tittle."

"You surely are not thinking of going to law again over the Sunken Meadows, sir?" exclaimed Arthur.

"I surely am thinking of the Sunken Meadows; but I am not thinking of going to law over them," returned his father, with significant composure.

"What then?" asked Arthur.

"You are less facile of apprehension than usual this evening, my son," responded the colonel. "I shall simply turn out the hands to-morrow morning and reclaim what belongs to me, as the whole county knows."

"But, sir!—Don't think of it, sir," expostulated the son. "Why, the whole area involved wouldn't sell for five dollars."

"A gentleman, Arthur, considers principle rather than dollars," answered the colonel, in his most stately manner.

"But what principle can possibly be involved in this case?" asked the son.

"A most important principle, sir,—the principle of preserving inviolate the land of my ancestors, the sacred soil of my home!" As he spoke, the old orator rose from his chair and towered to his full height.

"But it isn't soil," persisted Arthur, filial respect beginning to give way before a growing sense of the ludicrous. "It isn't soil, and it isn't land. It's more than half water. I don't see anything sacred in a villanous quagmire without any bottom."

"Less levity, sir," answered the colonel, severely. "Good or bad, it is mine, and I shall maintain my right."

"I am very sorry to hear it," answered Arthur, with becoming seriousness, "for I suspect that will mean rioting and bloodshed about nothing, absolutely nothing. General Norman will turn out his negroes too, and we shall have a boundary war. Why, the thing would be ridiculous, if it were not far worse."

"That's enough, sir," answered the old planter, testily. "If you're afraid to take part in defending my right, I shall not insist on your presence."

"Afraid!" muttered the young man, indignantly, and with flushed cheek, as he strode into the house.

Yet, as he threw himself into a chair to think, a whimsical half-amused sense of vexation was his predominant sentiment. It had been growing upon him little by little ever since, on returning from a wider life, he had realized the primitive pettiness, the grandiose absurdity, of many of the ideas and ways at home. But just now it was particularly annoying. Of course the old general's brutality had left a sting like

that of a lash upon his mind ; but it did not distress him nearly so much as this exasperating perversity of his father, which *would* put them both in the wrong when they were so clearly in the right. As to Julia, after the first shock of the letter, his optimistic soul had settled itself into the comfortable assurance that he should have her yet. But then a brisk skirmish along the boundary, with perhaps a death or two, would be a formidable added obstacle.

He had not been long engaged in this troubled revery when he heard a knock at the door, and, opening it, beheld a small negro boy, very ragged as to his apparel and very knowing as to his countenance. "Well, Mercury, what is it?" asked Arthur, impatiently.

The little darky pulled at his hat with one hand, while with the other he extended a folded note.

"Miss Julia done tole me, Mars' Arthur," he began, deliberately ; but before he could finish the message the letter was snatched away. At this Mercury's grin broadened, and he almost broke into a pigeon-wing, but desisted from considerations of decorum. It was a sore trial.

The missive read as follows :

"DEAR FRIEND" (they had not gotten beyond that point yet),—  
 "I must do myself the justice to say that I do not at all concur in the letter which was sent this morning. Perhaps it would not be becoming in a daughter to add more ; though I feel that I have no right to say less."

Arthur stowed this prize in his pocket for future more leisurely inspection, and with a light heart rewarded and dismissed Mercury. He said to himself that this letter should be full reparation for her father's insult.

As Julia Norman sat at the breakfast-table next morning in the languid way pardonable in one who was allowed little scope for energy or free will, few would have supposed that she was harboring any rebellious sentiment. But in truth the domestic tyranny which had utterly crushed her pale mother had merely imposed a certain degree of outward conformity upon herself. She had the best will in the world to respect and honor her father, but when honor becomes a matter of duty and self-compulsion its tenure is very unstable. It is not easy to honor white hairs when they are anything rather than a crown of glory.

As the general entered the room that morning, she could see that he was in no good humor. A deep scowl made his keen gray eyes seem more menacing, and all the prominent sharpened features of his strongly marked face seemed to grow more incisive than ever. The very bend in the neck, which gave token of the first approaches of old age, oddly suggested the idea of butting,—not a pleasant one to associate with that herculean form. Even his scanty white hair seemed to bristle like the back of an angry cat ; and his dark complexion was on fire with an inner glow. The sight of it nearly caused his wife to spill the propitiatory coffee that she was pouring out for him, and threw the little mulatto waitress into abject terror.

This roused the old general to fury. "Odds zounds and death!" he roared, "are my wants never to be attended to? Bring me some water!"

The small darky hurried toward him, pitcher in hand, but was met half-way by such a truculent "Water, I say!" that she stopped in helpless trepidation, and would never have completed her task but for Julia's aid. The general, not over well pleased to see a Norman waiting at table, even on himself, drank with a growl, and settled into a frowning silence. His daughter began to congratulate herself on the prospect of finishing the meal in peace, if not in harmony.

But this was not to be. In a few moments a servant entered gingerly and laid a note down by his master's plate. Julia caught the muttered words "Sunken Meadows," as her father read, and, guessing what was to come, hurried from the room. At the door she glanced back, and saw her mother rising in alarm at her father's apoplectic face. The next instant a torrent of invective burst forth which surpassed all his former efforts. As Julia ran hastily to her room for her riding-habit, the last words that reached her were, "Curse the whole tribe of Wessers! I'll put 'em to death! May I be quagmired if I don't!"

She had intended riding after breakfast, as her horse stood ready by the door. In a minute she was in the saddle, cantering briskly away. As she turned into the road she could hear her father calling his retainers together, and saw the negroes hurrying in from the outlying fields. She had started with only the vague idea of getting away from turmoil; but as she rode she made up her mind to warn the sheriff of what was taking place.

There was need for some intervention. On that bright Saturday morning two hostile armaments were arrayed along the banks of the Sunken Meadows, each consisting mainly of tatterdemalion blacks, commanded by a stately and aged white man, who was surmounted by a shot-gun and a Panama hat. The Wesser forces had reached the ground first, and, casting pitchforks and hoe-handles aside, had busily engaged in the work of tearing up posts, dashing off rails, and hurrying the fence, piece by piece, down to its new resting-place. In all this there was great glee and shouting, for the land had not dried too much for an enjoyable accident or two. There was great pleasure in seeing an unlucky friend and comrade spluttering about in his futile efforts to get out of a bog-hole; and the merriment was not at all diminished by the fact that "ole marse" and "young marse" were looking on in evident sympathy. The latter, as we know, was opposed to the whole performance, but when the time came to march he could not find it in his heart to let his father face danger alone. Nor would it have been possible for him to adopt Julia's course. With all his training and experience away from home, he was still far too deeply imbued with the feeling of his class and section to think of resorting to the law for preventing a rencounter. However, he had no intention of hurting any one if he could help it.

Presently General Norman, with a party somewhat larger and even more disorderly than the colonel's, came hurrying to the opposite bank. The affectation of a military air and the strutting importance of the

least frightened warriors were as comical as an old-style corn-stalk militia company. But you had only to look at the octogenarian leader to see that he was in deadly earnest.

"You miserable scoundrels," he bawled, halting on the edge of the firm ground, "what are you about?"

At this address the negroes at work in the mud floundered vigorously back to their arms and their master; while the latter, smiling pleasantly and bowing as if he had received a compliment, lifted his gun as gracefully as his rather shrivelled muscles would allow, and replied, "At your service, sir."

"You infernal villain!" roared the general again, flinging up his fowling-piece and blazing away with both barrels, half at random. The reports of Wesser's weapon followed so closely upon Norman's that the sounds blended. As the smoke cleared, each of the aged vestrymen was observed peering forward, unhurt, to see if his rival was annihilated. At that sight the negroes on both sides exploded in a loud "Yah, yah!" and even Arthur, who had expected such a result from distance and lack of practice, could not suppress his laughter.

But it was no laughing-matter to the rival potentates. Their blood was up, and they wanted more of it. So, with one consent, not stopping to load their guns, they plunged into the deepest and filthiest part of the marsh, wading desperately toward each other. The negroes, more in curiosity than in wrath, crowded close behind, to see what would follow.

But their leaders had not well calculated the amount of labor required to gain their end. Before General Norman had forced his great form three rods into the morass, he had fallen as many times upon his knees, not to mention one disastrous tumble at full length, which covered him from head to foot with black slimy mud as with a garment. But still he floundered on furiously, like a blinded bull, spluttering incoherent curses, and mingling the blood of his brier-torn hands with the mire that had packed itself into his eyes. At last he reached a point beyond which he could not go, but, utterly exhausted, began slowly settling downward. As soon as his eyesight cleared a little, he looked about for his antagonist—and found him. There, right in front of the bemired and piebald general, was the colonel, upright as a lath driven into soft earth, and as securely caught. His face was clean, thanks to a less precipitate advance, but it wore just then an expression of the utmost consternation. The truth is, the colonel's form was made for sinking, and he had begun to wonder where those slender feet of his were going to. Already he was deeper in the mire than his enemy. Nevertheless the difference was not too great for the latter's face to exhibit a most lively reflex of Wesser's terror, as he realized the dire peril which beset them both.

At this juncture appeared the sheriff and his hastily summoned posse, hurrying with Julia to the bank. They had expected to find two masses of furiously contending men and possibly several corpses. They found two gangs of snickering negro spectators, gazing at two old gentlemen who were firmly planted in the mud and exchanging stares of the most imbecile panic. It was some time before any one

present could rally sufficiently from his merriment to lend a hand in extricating them.

There was no trouble after that,—not then. Even the old general went as mildly as a lamb. His wrath had, for the first time in his life, been chilled, scared, and soaked out of him.

But a warm bed and a night's rest revived it in full vigor; and when he had wakened sufficiently the next morning to realize that it was Sunday, he began to swear with unusual gusto. On any weekday morning, considering the crack in his voice and the ache in every bone, he would have stayed (and growled) where he lay. But he had not missed church once, rain or shine, in fifty-odd years, and he had an undefined feeling of the duty of example, which was even stronger than the conservatism of habit. So long as he lived, he would loyally attend service and bear witness against all unchurchmanlike laxity of faith. Moreover, if he were not in his family pew by the accustomed minute, that scoundrelly Wesser would exult over his discomfiture. Every boy in the county would be saying before night that General Norman had gotten the worst of the encounter. Anyhow, there should be no possibility of a mistake next time. If that human ladder of a neighbor should in any way assault or offend him, blood should flow for it forthwith. Of course it would not do to carry a shot-gun to church; but there could be no reasonable objection to a sword-cane.

These thoughts stirred the general to such a degree that he fairly roared his wife out of the room. He called in his gigantic body-servant, who assisted the old man into his clothes with a philosophical good humor which took no account of cursing and was proof even against blows. Then, groaning, but disdaining all further assistance, the general hobbled down to breakfast. Its promptness seemed to mollify him. Julia even ventured to announce that she was not going to church that morning as usual. She half feared a despotic "Yes, you will;" but he merely stared, and replied, severely, "I regret that a child of mine should set so bad an example." Julia wisely kept her face straight, and said, truly enough, that a certain amount of fatigue might be expected to follow the efforts of a peacemaker in the neighborhood of Sunken Meadows.

Her father looked savagely at her languid countenance for a moment, to see whether she was making game of his recent dismal plight, and then abruptly changed the topic of conversation. She understood that she had carried her point. Yet she would certainly have been required to keep him company if he had known her real object in remaining. So far from resting from fatigue, she no sooner saw the family carriage and its occupants well out of sight than, picking up her hat and throwing a shawl round her shoulders, she hastened to a grove by the roadside a quarter of a mile away, to meet young Wesser and arrange with him some plan whereby the quarrel of their parents might be brought to an end. She did not acknowledge to herself any more sentimental motive, but it may have existed nevertheless.

Meanwhile the journey of General Norman and his wife had not been as uneventful as church-going is generally supposed to be. Before the first mile was traversed, a whiff or two of dust came in at the win-

dows. The general raised his face in wrath and yelled to the driver, "Who's that ahead?"

"Colonel Wesser, Mars' General," answered the man, respectfully.

"The devil it is! Pass him, then! Drive past him, do you hear? Odds zounds and death! am I to be stifled by his infernal dust?"

But, in spite of his terror, the negro driver hesitated, and even the pale wife strove to utter a protest. It was a favorite point of etiquette in that neighborhood never to drive past another carriage,—a usage which belonged to the comfortable considerate days when time was anything but money. The old general, however, was not to be bound by conventional fetters such as these. "Silence, madam!" he growled at his wife. "Drive on, you scoundrel, drive on, or I'll have you whipped!" he yelled to the coachman. Then, as the vehicle flew ahead at a rattling pace under this impetus, he relapsed, scowling, into his usual position for riding. An odd position it was, too, though quite common among those of his age and caste,—with both hands clasping his upright gold-headed cane, and his head bowed solemnly over it. One would have said that he was saying his prayers. Really, though, his mood was more akin to thanksgiving. But then he rarely thanked God outside of church, except sometimes *pro forma*, when a minister ornamented his table.

But Colonel Wesser was not the man to give him easily the enjoyment of victory. Before General Norman had actually taken the lead, he heard an angry shout from the other vehicle, and in a minute more both the clumsy old-fashioned coaches were rushing onward in a whirlwind of dust, as if the riders had espied paradise only a little way ahead. Such a zealous getting to church was never heard of before, even among vestrymen.

Somehow poor Mrs. Norman could not look at the matter in quite that light. She sat with her pinched lips moving in a distracted effort at prayer, now glancing upward to see whether a judgment were not coming through the roof, now looking downward and sideways as some unusual jar or ominous grind seemed to portend that divine vengeance had taken the shape of a shattered wheel or a broken pole. Meanwhile her imperious partner watched her happily. There was positive bliss in the amused twinkle of his keen eyes, and he seemed to be growing younger as the old horse-racing blood of his early days made its stir felt in every vein. A contention in which he was sure to win would always have been his most adequate ideal of heaven, except that other beatific vision,—the having his own way in everything without any presumptuous opposition whatsoever.

The general was right in placing the utmost confidence in the speed and endurance of his huge grays. Before long the colonel's shouts of chagrin showed that he was falling behind. Then they grew fainter and fainter; and at last they subsided into hopeless silence. But the career of the leading carriage did not moderate in the least. Its victory had been won by the dangerous expedient of breaking into a furious run; and now that this gait was no longer needed, the horses were in no haste to abandon it. Mrs. Norman heard the driver sawing at his reins and cursing, the wheels bumping over stones and into ruts,

the irregular plunging of the horses in their harness, and then a terrifying rush as the carriage seemed to leap headlong over the crest of a steep hill. She sprang half off her seat, with a smothered outcry; for the imminence of the danger drove out of her mind even the fact that her husband had commanded decorum during all runaways. The general did not forget it, however. Glaring at her with the face of an angry panther, he roared above all the racket, "Silence, madam! d'ye hear?"

Good fortune and supernaturally skilful driving saved them in the shock of the descent, and before they were half-way to the top of the opposite slope the horses were well in hand again. This achievement drew from General Norman the only words of praise which he had uttered for many a day. "Well done, Sam!" he cried. "That was very well done!" If there were anything that could touch his heart, it was skill in the management of horses. In the present case his unwonted geniality reached such a point that it even overflowed upon his wife; and as she settled her ruffled Sunday finery again, she felt almost compensated for her recent terror and ill usage by the fact that the great man was absolutely smiling at her.

As soon as the carriage halted under the ancient oaks about the church, the Rev. Mr. McMann, already arrayed in his surplice, hurried to the door to aid his patron in alighting. It must be said, in justice to the worthy rector, that this was an attention which he had never before rendered to mortal man; though certainly the fairer ewe-lambs of his flock had sometimes made him forget costume in gallantry. However, he had been greatly exercised during the past twenty-four hours over the recent jeopardy of his prospects as embodied in the great man before him. This thought had, indeed, so wrought upon his mind that he had actually abandoned his time-honored and labor-saving plan of rereading old discourses, and had composed that morning a notable original sermon, on the text "He hath set my feet in deep waters." It was understood to refer to the providential deliverance from the Sunken Meadows. If General Norman had known of this well-meant effort at championship, it may be doubted whether he would have met his chaplain quite so graciously as he did. But this sunshine speedily clouded. As they reached the steps the minister started, and pulled so violently at his companion's sleeve that the latter almost lost his balance as well as his temper.

"Zounds, sir, what do you mean?" he demanded, breathlessly.

"I beg pardon," faltered the unhappy clergyman, reflecting in his dismay that if he were to announce the angry approach of Colonel Wesser he would only insure the evil that he dreaded. It occurred to him that the best way to avoid contention would be to pass within the sacred building, when his bellicose old paymaster would probably follow. Mrs. Norman and others about them seemed to catch the idea at once, and all trooped up the steps as if service were about to begin.

The ruse would have succeeded had it been less palpable and precipitate; but General Norman, whose domineering old mind was far enough from senility, only turned with a growl to see what could have caused so sudden an inward rush. What he saw made him grip his

cane midway with his left hand and clutch its gold head tighter with his right. The slenderer old gentleman who was coming right at him, with the pale cheeks and the sardonic lip, had just such another gold-headed hollow cane in *his* hand, and looked as if he meant to use it, too.

For a moment the two aged men, straightening up to the stature of their earliest manhood, faced each other in silence, almost on the threshold of the church and the brink of the grave. General Norman spoke first :

“Zounds, sir, what do you want with me, sir?”

“I want to compliment you, general,” answered Colonel Wesser, with his sallow wrinkled smile,—“I want to congratulate you on your elaborate politeness. Your improvements on road etiquette are really superb.”

Words could not indicate the tophet of passion which surged and burned beneath this crust of irony. Quite enough had been said for the general, however; and in a trice, with the hoarse cry, “Defend yourself!” he had whipped the long three-edged rapier-like blade of his sword-cane from its sheath. Wesser’s was in the air as speedily, and for a few moments there was a quick succession of diamond flashes, as the polished metal ground and sprang and darted through the sunshine in guard, parry, and lunge. Neither man had time to show his full skill, which was considerable, however lessened by want of practice; for they both realized that whatever was done must be done in the few seconds that would elapse before any one could interfere. So they fought hurriedly and recklessly.

But, short as the time was, it sufficed for all needful mischief. Before even the minister could throw himself between them, the Sabbath sun shone on one eminent parishioner stretched at full length in the grass and another bending with bloody steel above him. The vestryman who lay was General Norman; the vestryman who stood was Colonel Wesser.

The old general was far too tough, however, to be killed at once, even by so sturdy a thrust in the body. Indeed, as soon as he was raised to his feet he wished to have at his antagonist again, and cursed roundly at his officious friends who persisted in bearing him to his carriage instead. Colonel Wesser meanwhile had sedately flung away his cane and walked into the church, fully prepared as usual to acknowledge himself a “miserable sinner,”—that is, in a theological and Pickwickian sense. Nevertheless, there was life-blood on the door-step of that church.

The whole affair had taken place so quickly that the young people left behind had hardly been half an hour engaged in converse when the carriage bearing the wounded man appeared before them on its way home. Arthur, quite losing sight of the peace-making part of his errand, was urging his personal suit more plainly and warmly than ever before, when suddenly the fair girl beside him, who till then had listened, demurely blushing, turned white and pointed to the road with a horror-stricken face. In a moment his own caught the same expression. There could be but one interpretation of the untimely return of

the vehicle and its slow gait; but, to do away with all possible doubt, the driver was already strenuously waving them back toward the house.

That night there were some hopes of the general's recovery, for the doctor had said that if he could only restrain his temper all might yet be well; but by the next morning the sufferer himself decided the question in the negative. "I shall die, Julia," he announced, authoritatively. "No more of that. I shall die forthwith. You may regard that matter as settled."

It really seemed that even in the matter of dying he was not willing that any one should think he was not having his own way. Presently he spoke again:

"Send that big block of wood in the empty room to Ransom the undertaker, and have them tell him to be quick about his work."

"Oh, father, surely it is too early to think of that!" expostulated his daughter.

"Do as I bid you, and at once!" he commanded, as vehemently as his growing weakness would permit, and clung steadily to his point until he heard the actual removal of the huge beam (which he had himself selected long before) *en route* to the village.

Then he turned severely to his wife, saying, "Madam, perhaps you don't realize that my time is short. How often have I told you that I wish to have all things perfected before I go? Lay out those six dress-suits that I bought for them last fall, and see that John, Sam, Scipio, Seth, Adam, and James are all duly apparelled. Then bring them in here."

"But——" she began, hesitatingly.

His brow contracted, and his face flushed alarmingly. "Zounds, madam, am I to be obeyed or not?"

As she hurried from the room, he continued the subject in soliloquy. "Humph! I know 'em well enough. Every fool in fifty miles with a handle to his name will think himself entitled to a hand in lugging me along. But I happen to be managing this little matter."

Before long, in came the sepulchral procession of the six coal-black faces and suits with the chalk-white neckties and gloves. The men had all been carefully chosen for similarity of height and build, and the clothes fitted them perfectly. In spite of the doleful occasion, they could not help showing a little of their inner delight in this gentlemanly finery.

"Con-found the fellows!" grumbled the old general, "one would think they were glad to get rid of me." Nevertheless, he was too well satisfied with the array to be very much vexed about anything.

"You, John and James, will go first; do you hear?" he continued presently. "And walk straight; do you understand? If any man jack of you treads on the border or the flower-beds—zounds, I'll rise in my coffin and strike his head off his rascally shoulders. I will, so help me!"

At this dire threat, which derived additional terror from his manner, there was a great rolling of eyes and opening of mouths. All sorts of deprecatory exclamations were beginning to be heard, when

he cut them short with a loud "Silence!" and the repeated asseveration, "I will, so help me!"

Then, turning to the gardener, he went on, "And as for you, John, you're to do for your Mis' Eleanor when I'm gone and for Miss Julia yonder just what you have done for me. If you let the weeds grow in a single path, or the lawn lose its greenness, or the flowers die, I'll come back to you! Do you understand me? I'll come back to you, and you had better never have been born."

"Oh, Lordy, massa! Oh, Lordy, Mars' General!" cried John, in the utmost affright.

"Mind your ways, then," commanded his dying owner. "And now bundle out, all of you."

Then he sent for his lawyer, and had a brief but sufficient will drawn in his presence and his signature duly witnessed. Then he lay quite still for a few moments.

"Julia," said he at last, with more of tenderness than she had ever before heard in his voice, "I wish you were a boy."

"Why, father?" she asked, gently.

"Then you could take up that Sunken Meadows quarrel and see that our just rights are secured. Not a foot—no, not a foot will I yield," he continued, in growing excitement. Then, changing his manner to scorn, he added, "But you, girl, you belong more than half to the enemy."

A dying father is an appeal not easily resisted, whatever that father may have been; and for hours already Julia had been in torment over the thought that her love had the guilt of blood in it; that at the very time her presence might have saved his life she was shirking her duty for the society of the son of his slayer. The influence, not wholly dead, of primitive inherited ideas about clanship and vengeance unconsciously deepened the abhorrence which any daughter must have felt under such circumstances. Yet with that abhorrence contended an affection whose strength she had never fully suspected before, and the memory of happy hours that could never come again. But the mediæval sense of blood duty and the present appeals to eye and ear triumphed. She rose quietly, with one hand on the bed, and responded, "No, father, I do not belong more than half to the enemy. I belong wholly to you."

The old man smiled with grim complacency, then asked, "What will you do?"

The wrath of her race burst forth in an almost hysterical cry, "I'll have every foot of the Sunken Meadows, if I die for it."

But the next minute her frenzy gave place to a very different feeling. Little Mercury, finger on lip, came gliding noiselessly into the room; and when he had departed there was a letter in her hand. She seemed to divine its contents even before she opened it; but after that there was no possibility of mistake. She could not trust her voice to read it aloud, but fell upon her knees by the bedside, sobbing, and exclaimed, "Thank God! It is all ended as you wish."

"What!" exclaimed her father, starting up on his elbow in great excitement.

"Colonel Wesser withdraws all claim to the Sunken Meadows," she explained.

The old man remained rigidly staring at her for a moment, as if unable to understand; then, with the single exclamation, "Zounds!" quietly laid him down again.

After a while he announced, with something of wonder in his tone, "I did not think he was that much of a man."

A little later he broke the silence by saying,—

"I should like to see him. Send for him."

The required message was prepared and sent to this hostile neighbor, though with some doubts on Julia's part as to the result. But she need not have had them. As often happens, the colonel, though not lavish in money matters, had a considerable fund of latent generosity. So far from desiring to avoid his old enemy's death-bed, he would rather have been there than anywhere else on earth. His first feeling of triumph had soon changed to regret, and this had grown into a stronger sentiment with every hour. It is true that his concession in the matter of the Sunken Meadows had not been easily obtained by his son; but that slight yielding was followed by a desire to go farther and farther in the same direction, if only for consistency's sake. In truth, he was revolving in his mind a project of going to Julia's home unasked, when her letter reached him, urgently inviting both him and his son to her father's bedside. They made no delay in responding.

It went to the colonel's heart to see his adversary stretched out so helpless; but the latter, noticing his pained air, came to his relief.

"Nonsense, sir!" said the general. "What matter a few months more or less, at our time of life? I don't blame you, sir. It was done in fair fight. And now that you have done me justice in that matter of the Sunken Meadows, I want to shake hands over them before I die."

At any other time Colonel Wesser would have vehemently repudiated the suggestion that it was only justice; but now he simply came forward and took the offered hand, saying,—

"It is a matter of regret to me that this reconciliation could not have occurred before."

The general replied, beginning to speak with difficulty, "Let that pass. You ceded all claim in one bone of contention to me; and now I'll return the compliment in favor of that boy of yours. Behold the bone." And he pointed toward Julia. Then with a feeble grin he added, "Eve was a rib, you know."

"Father!" protested Julia, not approving this summary disposal of herself, even under such circumstances. But the old absolutism came back to his face and tone.

"I have given you to him," he declared, "and you shall not disobey. I have always resolved that you should marry the man of my choice; and you *shall* marry him; do you hear? And now, Julia, take your future husband and his father to the parlor, and send me the minister."

The pastor was already in the house, and presently stood by this strange death-bed.

"Glad to see you!" growled the old general, feebly. "What do you know about heaven?"

Now, to judge by some of the reverend gentleman's sermons, this was a subject with which he was uncommonly conversant; but somehow when suddenly called to the bar in this incisive way he found some difficulty in bringing his knowledge to bear. He stammered, hesitated, —in short, did everything but give the required information.

"Why don't you answer?" demanded the general, peevishly. "Zounds, man, I'm going on a journey, and you're one of the guides. Can't you tell me anything about the country I'm bound for? Bah! I suspect you're a humbug."

This was pretty hard treatment for one of the sacred cloth; and I fancy there was as much of (unwitting) retaliation as of duty in Mr. McMann's reply:

"It would be more profitable for you to think of past sins than of future prospects. Repentance——"

The dying man had heard the remonstrance thus far with the quizzical air of one who saw through it to the underlying motive; but here he struck in with, "Answer me this. Are we saved by works or faith?"

"Faith, certainly," began the clergyman; "faith in——"

"Very good," again interrupted the patient. "Who accuses me of unbelief? Don't I accept all the articles of the Christian faith?"

"Yes, but——"

"Well, then, I don't see but my ticket to salvation is as good as anybody's. Confound all false doctrine, heresy, and schism!"

With this pious ejaculation, he turned himself rather violently on his side and settled into quiescence. The clergyman sat there a long time before the fact dawned upon his mind that his munificent patron had passed finally out of his parish.

*W. H. Babcock.*

### A CHERISHED MAID.

**I**N outward seeming dead,—hid in my heart  
 Forever young, forever tender, true,—  
 'Tis she who points the path that I pursue,  
 And, faithful, holds me steadfast to my part.  
 Life of my life, her dreams and hopes all mine,  
 Her ends I seek or battle with her fears;  
 Slowly I follow through revolving years  
 The light which made her sunny smile divine.  
 Cold in a widow's veil, a woman's shade  
 Walks this drear earth, aweary of her lot,  
 Hope's vision lost, foiled by a fickle will.  
 Oh, sad successor of that cherished maid!  
 She whom I loved, who loved me, changes not.  
 She died; she lives in fond possession still.

*D. H. R. Goodale.*

## THE UNTERRIFIED.

THEY tell us that if a wild beast be met by a man without any display of fear, and looked squarely in the eye, the majesty of the superior animal will daunt the brute, his eye will quail, and he will turn away, leaving the man victor in the field. They say so; but I have never yet met the man who has performed the feat, and scarcely expect to make his acquaintance. If it has ever happened, I believe that the creature had just partaken of a very satisfactory meal, and that even his prodigious capacity could receive no more. For my part, as I think that in such cases discretion is the better part of valor, if I were to meet an enraged animal I know that it would not be the beast who would run.

A good story has lately been copied in the papers from *La France du Nord* about a Cossack, ignorant of the French language and equally ignorant of fear, who was hired at Moscow by the lion-tamer Pezon to clean the cages of his wild beasts. Their understanding, or misunderstanding, was arranged by means of gestures and dumb show, as that unfortunate Tower of Babel hindered intelligible speech between the Frenchman and the Cossack; and Pezon thought that the man thoroughly understood what he had to do.

The next morning the Tartar began his new duties by entering, with bucket, sponge, and broom, not the cage of a tame beast as his master had done, but that of a splendid untamed tiger, which lay asleep upon the floor. The fierce animal awoke and fixed his eyes upon the man, who calmly proceeded to wet his large sponge, and, unterrified, to approach the tiger. At this moment Pezon appeared upon the scene, and was struck with horror. Any sound or motion upon his part would intensify the danger of the situation, by rousing the beast to fury: so he quietly waited till the need should arise to rush to the man's assistance.

The moujik, sponge in hand, approached the animal, and, perfectly fearless, proceeded to rub him down, as if he had been a horse or dog; while the tiger, apparently delighted by the application of cold water, rolled over on its back, stretched out its paws, and, purring, offered every part of its body to the Cossack, who washed him as complacently as a mother bathes her infant. Then he left the cage, and would have repeated the hazardous experiment upon another savage from the desert, had not Pezon drawn him off with difficulty.

I was struck with this story, as illustrating the well-known fact that fear adds so greatly to danger, while a brave heart and unshrinking nerves will frequently make it vanish altogether. Take the common case of infectious diseases. Now I am no advocate of unnecessary exposures to any danger; God has given us but one life, and we are wise to take good care of it: it is our opportunity. But what think you of the bravery of the physician who dares not approach the patient, of the parent who fears to tend her child, of the nurse who

deserts those intrusted to her care? In such a case will not the true heart give courage and nerve even to the timid? And does not this high impulse of duty frequently lift up the system above the point of infection and carry men in safety through the danger? The reverse is certainly true: fear weakens the system and lays it open to attack, like a city without walls and with no defenders.

Many years ago, the late Dr. Shippen, of Philadelphia, left his house in the early morning and was hurrying down the street, when he noticed a singular and ferocious-looking man whose gaze was fastened upon him. With instinctive politeness and *bonhomie* he smiled, raised his hat, and passed on—when suddenly he heard a shot. Turning, he found that the stranger had just left his home with the insane intention of killing the first man he met. Dr. Shippen was the first man; but his absolute fearlessness and constitutional as well as cultivated courtesy had put the man off his guard, and the next passer-by had received the bullet intended for him. That smile and bow had saved his life.

When the country was a century younger, and the Indian was yet in the land, a gentleman upon the then frontier was hunting with friends, got separated from them, and completely lost his way. Every effort to retrace his steps led him still farther into the wilderness, and night overtook him in a dense forest. Overcome with fatigue, he lay down under a tree, and slept profoundly. In the morning he awoke with a start, with the indescribable feeling that some one was looking at him, and, glancing up, he saw that he was surrounded by hostile Indians, and that the leader of the band, in war-paint and feathers, was bending over him in no amiable mood.

He took in the situation at a glance, knew his immediate danger, and had no means of averting it, neither did he understand a word of their language. But he was self-possessed, knew the universal language of nature, and believed that even under war-paint and feathers "a man's a man for a' that." He fixed his clear, bold eye upon the Indian, and—smiled! Gradually the fierceness passed away from the eye above him, and at last an answering smile came over the face. Both were men, both were brothers,—and he was saved. The savage took him under his protection, brought him to his wigwam, and after a few days restored him to his friends. Courage, self-command, and tact had gained the day.

Doubtless those endowed by nature with physical courage have great advantage over others in times of danger; but there is a moral courage that can be cultivated, and which is worth much more. Timid women, who may perhaps faint at the sight of blood, and even shriek at that of a mouse, can become heroines when those they love are in danger; and the annals of martyrdom tell of many shrinking girls and tender, delicate women who have bravely gone to the lions or the stake rather than deny the Christ.

*Emily Mayer Higgins.*

## NO NEW HANDS WANTED.

A PROMINENT editor (names and localities withheld) has been exposing some of the secrets of the prison-house. His magazine, he is understood to admit, is made up almost entirely of articles ordered from a privileged few. There are certain persons whom he knows, and who know what he wants: they can supply just about the sort of goods that his public cares for. As for the eager crowd of outside applicants, it is a mere waste of time to look over their efforts, or very nearly so; of unsolicited contributions barely one in a hundred is available.

Views of this sort seem to be widely diffused. If Jones can write well, then of course he is famous, or at least generally known: if he is not known yet, then he never will be, and there is no reason why he should be. Editorial writers, when they deign to touch this subject, are apt to assume that the case of all neophytes is hopeless: it is folly to try to teach them anything or expect to get anything out of them; it is not in them to learn, or to do any work worth doing.

But is not this too sweeping? There is (or used to be) a logical fallacy which consisted in putting a part—even ever so large a part—for the whole—some, much, or most, for all. Suppose ninety-nine out of one hundred fail; still ninety-nine are not quite one hundred. If but one succeeds or deserves to succeed, there is some life in the lump, and that one is entitled to as much consideration as he would be if there were more of him. Perhaps there *are* more of him, if you look closely enough. Perhaps, if the editor had a little more faith and patience, and did not come to his daily mass of MSS. with a weary, reluctant, and hopeless mind, he might find among one hundred unasked offerings as many as two, or possibly sometimes even three, that are not perceptibly inferior to the average efforts of his habitual approved contributors, who “know how to write,” and whose productions are worthy to be printed and perused with (supposed) delight by his million (more or less) eager readers.

It seems to me that this is a practical question, and one not without importance. It is not a question of sentiment or sympathy: editing and publishing are matters of business, which have nothing to do with the wants and woes of aspirants. The beginner who writes, “I would be greatly pleased to have you accept this,” is so far wasting his ink and time. His interests cannot be considered except as they coincide with those of the periodical to which he seeks admittance. He is entitled to nothing but justice, fair play; but he gets something less than this if it be taken for granted that he and his whole tribe are empty and profitless, dwellers in a Nazareth out of which no good thing can come.

The interests of literary novices as such are of minor importance, —of most of them individually, doubtless, of no public importance at all. But a great deal is said nowadays about the future of literature; *that*, it will be admitted, is a matter of considerable consequence. To

be sure, there are always the classics: Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare may be read in any language, and Balzac, Thackeray, and several others are likely to last for some time yet. But each age is supposed to place a special value on its own productions: the lamp is handed on from one generation to another; and, judging by recent experience, who are likely to be the popular authors of A.D. 1925, or even 1910, if not some who are yet unknown? They have to begin somewhere. They must, in the nature of things, be obscure before they can be famous; they have to learn their trade, and make their mistakes, and (in most cases) endure their difficulties and delays, and win recognition as best they may. It is a sad but stimulating thought that our future Stevensons and Kiplings (if any) are probably among the mob whose unsolicited offerings are now, in some of our great offices, scornfully handed over to the last junior assistant, to be disposed of according to his wisdom and experience at the rate of a peck per hour.

It is a fatal tendency of the human mind to generalize, and another to judge a manuscript, like a man, by the company it keeps. The tired editor receives in a day as much as would fill his pages for a month; he knows that he can use but a small fraction of this mass, and that most of it, in all human probability, is unfit for his using. But he is not there merely to reject; he must remember that gems, or at least creditable bits of prose and verse, though not as thickly spread as nuggets on the Klondike, are yet not so rare as needles in haystacks: it is his business to have an eye, a nose, an instinct in his finger-tips, whereby to cull from the multitude of airy or heavy nothings such as show promise of merit or utility. In putting these aside for more careful consideration, he is doing his duty to his proprietors and readers no less than to those general interests of literature of which he is supposed to be in some humble sort a guardian. And if he does not find rather more than one in a hundred worth using, it is likely to be because the better class of writers yet unknown have learned that his preference for goods specially ordered is practically equivalent to the notice, "No outsiders need apply."

If the editor look further ahead than to his announcements for next year or his plans for the year after that, it will naturally occur to him that some of his valued contributors may die, or retire on their accumulated wealth, or transfer their activities, or lose their vogue. In such case he will have to fill their places; and why should he leave to others meanwhile the task of discovery and recognition? Every periodical and publishing-house is constantly needing "new blood:" if all agreed to say, "We will be glad to have you on your own terms as soon as you have made a reputation, but we can't touch you at any price till then," a stringency would soon be felt on both sides. It would be hard on the young writers, no doubt; but not on them alone. Such a *reductio ad absurdum*, if tried for a year or two, would make it plain that "the interests of literature" in any sense, and those of publishers and editors no less, can best be served by giving new writers, as well as old authors, a fair chance to show what they can do.

The idea that a plain and sharp line of demarcation can be drawn between the known and unknown, or between good and bad writers,

has little foundation in facts. True, the distance is great between Shakespeare and Mr. Shacks, who is forever vainly trying to get his plays produced; but then it is a far cry from Shakespeare to the next best of English dramatists, be he who he may. Lord Tennyson, we may admit, had little in common with the bardlings who fail to get into type; nor had he very much in common with his official successor, though Mr. Austin had published several volumes, and was well enough regarded in some quarters to be made laureate. Among known names a few are great, a moderate number are of fair though varying eminence, and most are of the sixth magnitude or less,—just worthy of consideration. The cold fact is that the great mass of reputations, in literature as elsewhere, are small affairs, and transient at that; comets rather than stars, and not especially brilliant while they remain above the horizon. Like “our little systems” of theology, metaphysics, or what not, “they have their day and cease to be;” and while they last they generally cause less stir than did the little systems.

Something was done lately in commemoration of Thomas Haynes Bayly (1797–1839), “the most popular English song-writer of his age” after Tom Moore: his lyrics were known in every drawing-room fifty years ago, but how many in our generation had ever heard of him? Somebody the other day called attention to the fact that Philip James Bailey, author of the brilliant if erratic “Festus” (1839), is still living: this was a surprise to the superfluous veterans who had read the book and remembered it. Yet these two were in their time larger figures than most of our living poets. So perishable and perfidious a thing is Fame! The young writer whose heart swells with innocent joy at beholding his first effusions in print may fondly fancy himself on the high-road to immortality. He is a pathetic spectacle to his seniors, reminding them of the

old man in a boat  
Who cried, “I’m afloat, I’m afloat!”

Alas, many have floated on what seemed a full tide of renown, only to be stranded before their voyage had run a lifetime.

All this being so (“which nobody can deny”), and talent and repute at any given moment measurable only by a sliding scale, is it worth while to put on airs, and talk or act as if the final account were balanced, and the doors of the Temple of Fame closed? It is not so—far from it. New stars are forever rising, and old ones—not so very old either—setting, to rise no more. An accident may bring Modest Merit suddenly to the front, after he (or she) has been patiently waiting at the back door for years. Lorna Doone, we are told, owed its success (a first edition having fallen flat) to a resemblance between the heroine’s name and that of a subject who married into the royal family: Lorna—Lorne; you see? Theodore Winthrop could not get his goods to market nor find a publisher till he had been killed at Big Bethel. Innocents Abroad, they say, was vainly offered to every respectable house in three cities, and then sold like wildfire when brought out by subscription. Thoreau proudly showed a friend his library—“seven hundred volumes, all of my own composing”—nearly the whole edition

of Walden, come back on his hands: now every scrap of his writing is in demand. And so on.

It is entirely on the cards that future Thoreaus and Winthrops—perhaps even Twains and Blackmores too—should have trouble and delay in getting at the public. Editors and “readers” are perforce cautious, and easily alarmed by anything that is outside the approved ruts: they may appreciate it themselves, but fear their patrons would not. And very likely the patrons wouldn’t—at first. Precedent is mighty, taste variable, and the result of any new venture uncertain. What “goes” in London does not necessarily “take” in the provinces, and *vice versa*: transatlantic plays and actresses sometimes fail with us: an American book can’t be printed in England without putting the *u* in “honor,” where it does not belong. A new writer is a risk, an experiment. But must we therefore determine that there shall be no new writers?

Oh, no, say the conservatives. We are always glad, of course, to recognize and welcome new talent—when it has won its spurs and made its mark; that is, when it has been recognized elsewhere. We are not conferring degrees and titles ourselves, but we cheerfully acknowledge them whenever found; nobody has more sense of their value than we. Let somebody else accept your earliest articles, bring out your first book; then, if these are sufficiently talked about, we will be glad to put you on our list. You see, in that case you are no longer unknown, but known; you cease to be an aspirant, a beginner, a mere writer, and become an Author. That is what the Public cares for, and what we, as representatives of the Public and guardians of its interests, must look to—reputation, established position in the literary world. Nothing succeeds like success, you know; so long as you succeed, we will delight to do you honor. But for a first book, an unknown name—we must really be excused.

There is a good deal of snobbishness in this regard for mere externals; and snobbishness in literary matters is not essentially another thing from what it is in social relations. It is like saying, “While Brown lives in a good house and seems prosperous, I am his bosom friend: when he loses his place and moves to a poorer street,—I was mistaken in him.” One thinks of the Sunday-school child who defined “a worthy man” thus: “It means, how much money he was worth.” Lorna Doone was as good a book in its despised first edition as after the public “caught on;” Emerson and a few others did not wait for the halting verdict of posterity to form their opinion of Thoreau. In these matters, one supposes that persons of brains and education would prefer to use some independence. There was a time when twenty volumes of Tupper (or probably fifty) were sold to one of Browning: did that prove Tupper the deeper thinker or better poet? The doorkeepers of the temple, guardians of the public interests, custodians *in posse* of our literary future, etc., ought to keep a tolerably open mind, and not take it for granted that Miss That and Mr. This have nothing in them because they have never yet been heard from.

An editor, indeed, has no business to take anything for granted. He may not, must not, be a dogmatist or doctrinaire of any sort: his

safest maxim is that of the Teutonic brother, "You can't most generally sometimes always tell." He can see what is right before his nose; he may not from that infer the distant prospect. For instance: the aged conductor of a periodical had a young friend who used to send him stories—conscientious studies of rural life, wholly without originality, promise, or profitableness. The youth wanted comments and advice: "Frankly now, tell me——" Thus beset, the editor wrote him, "What is the use?" Within three years that youth had won, in another quarter, quite a pretty little reputation by tales of an entirely different sort. The same experienced person once told me of his disappointments. He was much interested in certain contributors, who wrote well; he expected much from them; yet, instead of improving, they paused at a certain point, then dwindled and faded out. But that has been the history of some old and eminent authors, no less than (no doubt) of many newer and obscurer ones.

Dr. Holland had a saying, "It is not the flood of trash, but of really good matter"—that troubled him officially. Perhaps he was too charitable; but probably a good deal that goes back is not so greatly inferior to some things that are accepted and printed. When Heaven sends an infallible editor, he will know exactly what to take—whether only one of one hundred unsolicited offerings, or (dire thought!) none at all, or as many as two or three; but even he will sometimes hesitate, when "'Tis touch and go 'Twixt yes and no." But to claim that the entire contents of any number of any periodical are so brilliant or so important that they could be furnished only by a recognized and privileged few—a "staff" of however solid and highly polished wood—is to go beyond the facts. *Per contra*, does not the discerning reader now and then have to groan over some piece of eccentricity or drivel which he has been beguiled into perusing by the eminent name attached, when without the name the thing would have received—and deserved—no consideration? And the baffled would-be contributor, having likewise perused it, cries out in bitterness of soul, "I can do as well as that, or better." Very likely he could.

It is imprudent to make these admissions, since they will encourage the people who ought not to be encouraged, who are unlikely ever to do good work, who mistake the desire to write for the ability. One has to bear with these for the sake of the few who are mingled with them, regarded as of them till they can be differentiated and set aside. For them there may be a future, if they can bide their time and not become weary and faint by the way through manifold rejection. Among some tens of thousands of the unsolicited there may be one for whom the world is waiting, who shall sit upon the pinnacles by and by. In the mass of applicants for admission are likely to be hidden at any rate some moderate talents which, detected and recognized now by such as take the trouble, may by and by furnish the doers of honorable and useful hack-work, the reliable and privileged writers for those fastidious publications on which new hands are not wanted.

*Frederic M. Bird.*

# THE UNCALLED.

A NOVEL.

BY

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR,

AUTHOR OF "LYRICS OF LOWLY LIFE."



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# LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## THE UNCALLED.

### CHAPTER I.

IT was about six o'clock of a winter's morning. In the eastern sky faint streaks of gray had come and were succeeded by flashes of red, crimson-cloaked heralds of the coming day. It had snowed the day before, but a warm wind had sprung up during the night, and the snow had partially melted, leaving the earth showing through in ugly patches of yellow clay and sooty mud. Half despoiled of their white mantle, though with enough of it left to stand out in bold contrast to the bare places, the houses loomed up, black, dripping, and hideous. Every once in a while the wind caught the water as it trickled from the eaves, and sent it flying abroad in a cold unsparkling spray. The morning came in, cold, damp, and dismal.

At the end of a short, dirty street in the meanest part of the small Ohio town of Dexter stood a house more sagging and dilapidated in appearance than its disreputable fellows. From the foundation the walls converged to the roof, which seemed to hold its place less by virtue of nails and rafters than by faith. The whole aspect of the dwelling, if dwelling it could be called, was as if, conscious of its own meanness, it was shrinking away from its neighbors and into itself. A sickly light gleamed from one of the windows. As the dawn came into the sky, a woman came to the door and looked out. She was a slim woman, and her straggling, dusty-colored hair hung about an unpleasant sallow face. She shaded her eyes with her hand, as if the faint light could hurt those cold, steel-gray orbs. "It's mornin'," she said to those within. "I'll have to be goin' along to git my man's breakfast: he goes to work at six o'clock, and I 'ain't got a thing cooked in the house fur him. Some o' the rest o' you'll have to stay an' lay her out." She went back in and closed the door behind her.

"La, Mis' Warren, you ain't a-goin' a'ready? Why, there's every-

thing to be done here yit : Margar't's to be laid out, an' this house has to be put into some kind of order before the undertaker comes."

"I should like to know what else I'm a-goin' to do, Mis' Austin. Charity begins at home. My man's got to go to work, an' he's got to have his breakfast: there's cares fur the livin' as well as fur the dead, I say, an' I don't believe in tryin' to be so good to them that's gone that you furgit them that's with you."

Mrs. Austin pinched up her shrivelled face a bit more as she replied, "Well, somebody ought to stay. I know I can't, fur I've got a ter'ble big washin' waitin' fur me at home, an' it's been two nights sence I've had any sleep to speak of, watchin' here. I'm purty near broke down."

"That's jest what I've been a-sayin'," repeated Mrs. Warren. "There's cares fur the livin' as well as fur the dead; you'd ought to take care o' yoreself: first thing you know you'll be flat o' yore own back."

A few other women joined their voices in the general protest against staying. It was for all the world as if they had been anxious to see the poor woman out of the world, and, now that they knew her to be gone, had no further concern for her. All had something to do, either husbands to get off to work or labors of their own to perform.

A little woman with a weak voice finally changed the current of talk by saying, "Well, I guess I kin stay: there's some cold things at home that my man kin git, an' the childern'll git off to school by themselves. They'll all understand."

"That's right, Melissy Davis," said a hard-faced woman who had gone on about some work she was doing, without taking any notice of the clamorous deserters, "an' I'll stay with you. I guess I've got about as much work to do as any of you," she added, casting a cold glance at the women who were now wrapped up and ready to depart, "an' I wasn't so much of a friend of Margar't's as some of you, but on an occasion like this I know what dooty is." And Miss Hester Prime closed her lips in a very decided fashion.

"Oh, well, some folks is so well off in money an' time that they kin afford to be liberal with a pore creature like Margar't, even ef they didn't have nothin' to do with her before she died."

Miss Prime's face grew sterner as she replied, "Margar't Brent wasn't my kind durin' life, an' that I make no bones o' sayin' here an' now; but when she got down on the bed of affliction I done what I could fur her along with the best of you; an' you, Mandy Warren, that's seen me here day in an' day out, ought to be the last one to deny that. Furthermore, I didn't advise her to leave her husband, as some people did, but I did put in a word an' help her to work so's to try to keep her straight afterwards, though it ain't fur me to be a-braggin' about what I done, even to offset them that didn't do nothin'."

This parting shot told, and Mrs. Warren flared up like a wax light. "It's a wonder yore old tracts an' the help you give her didn't keep her sober sometimes."

"Ef I couldn't keep her sober, I wasn't one o' them that set an' took part with her when she was gittin' drunk."

“Sh! 'sh!” broke in Mrs. Davis: “ef I was you two I wouldn't go on that way. Margar't's dead an' gone now, an' what's past is past. Pore soul, she had a hard enough time almost to drive her to destruction; but it's all over now, an' we ought to put her away as peaceful as possible.”

The women who had all been in such a hurry had waited at the prospect of an altercation, but, seeing it about to blow over, they be-thought themselves of their neglected homes and husbands, and passed out behind the still irate Mrs. Warren, who paused long enough in ear-shot to say, “I hope that spiteful old maid'll have her hands full.”

The scene within the room which the women had just left was anything but an inviting one. The place was miserably dirty. Margaret had never been a particularly neat housewife, even in her well days. The old rag carpet which disfigured the floor was worn into shreds and blotched with grease, for the chamber was cooking- and dining- as well as sleeping-room. A stove, red with rust, struggled to send forth some heat. The oily black kerosene lamp sent a sickly yellow flame through the grimy chimney.

On a pallet in one corner lay a child sleeping; on the bed, covered with a dingy sheet, lay the stark form out of which the miserable life had so lately passed.

The women opened the blinds, blew out the light, and began performing the necessary duties for the dead.

“Anyhow, let her body go clean before her Maker,” said Miss Hester Prime, severely.

“Don't be too hard on the pore soul, Miss Hester,” returned Mrs. Davis. “She had a hard time of it. I knowed Margar't when she wasn't so low down as in her last days.”

“She oughtn't never to 'a' left her husband.”

“Oh, ef you'd 'a' knowed him as I did, Miss Hester, you wouldn't never say that. He was a brute: sich beatin's as he used to give her when he was in liquor you never heerd tell of.”

“That was hard, but as long as he was a husband he was a protection to her name.”

“True enough. Protection is a good dish, but a beatin's a purty bitter sauce to take with it.”

“I wonder what's ever become of Brent.”

“Lord knows. No one 'ain't heerd hide ner hair o' him sence he went away from town. People thought that he was a-hangin' around tryin' to git a chance to kill Mag after she got her divorce from him, but all at once he packed off without sayin' a word to anybody. I guess he's drunk himself to death by this time.”

When they had finished with Margaret, the women set to work to clean up the house. The city physician who had attended the dead woman in her last hours had reported the case for county burial, and the undertaker was momentarily expected.

“We'll have to get the child up an' git his pallet out of the way, so the floor kin be swept.”

“A body hates to wake the pore little motherless dear.”

“Perhaps, after all, the child is better off without her example.”

"Yes, Miss Hester, perhaps; but a mother, after all, is a mother."

"Even sich a one as this?"

"Even sich a one as this."

Mrs. Davis bent over the child, and was about to lift him, when he stirred, opened his eyes, and sat up of his own accord. He appeared about five years of age. He might have been a handsome child, but hardship and poor feeding had taken away his infantile plumpness, and he looked old and haggard, even beneath the grime on his face. The kindly woman lifted him up and began to dress him.

"I want my mamma," said the child.

Neither of the women answered: there was something tugging at their heart-strings that killed speech.

Finally the little woman said, "I don't know ef we did right to let him sleep through it all, but then it was sich a horrible death."

When she had finished dressing the child, she led him to the bed and showed him his mother's face. He touched it with his little grimy finger, and then, as if, young as he was, the realization of his bereavement had fully come to him, he burst into tears.

Miss Hester turned her face away, but Mrs. Davis did not try to conceal her tears. She took the boy up in her arms and comforted him the best she could.

"Don't cry, Freddie," she said; "don't cry; mamma's—restin'. Ef you don't care, Miss Prime, I'll take him over home an' give him some breakfast, an' leave him with my oldest girl, Sophy. She kin stay out o' school to-day. I'll bring you back a cup o' tea, too; that is, ef you ain't afeared——"

"Afeared o' what?" exclaimed Miss Prime, turning on her.

"Well, you know, Miss Hester, bein' left alone—ah—some people air funny about——"

"I'm no fool, Melissy Davis. Take the child an' go on."

Miss Hester was glad of the chance to be sharp. It covered the weakness to which she had almost given way at sight of the child's grief. She hustled on about her work when Mrs. Davis was gone, but her brow was knit into a wrinkle of deep thought. "A mother is a mother, after all," she mused aloud, "even sich a one."

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## CHAPTER II.

FOR haste, for unadulterated despatch, commend me to the county burying. The body politic is busy and has no time to waste on an inert human body. It does its duty to its own interest and to the pauper dead when the body is dropped with all celerity into the ground. The county is philosophical: it says, "Poor devil, the world was unkind to him: he'll be glad to get out of it: we'll be doing him a favor to put him at the earliest moment out of sight and sound and feeling of the things that wounded him. Then, too, the quicker the cheaper, and that will make it easier on the tax-payers." This latter is so comforting! So the order is written, the funeral is rushed through, and

the county goes home to its dinner, feeling well satisfied with itself,—so potent are the consolations of philosophy at so many hundreds per year.

To this general order poor Margaret's funeral proved no exception. The morning after her decease she was shrouded and laid in her cheap pine coffin to await those last services which, in a provincial town, are the meed of saint and sinner alike. The room in which she lay was very clean,—unnaturally so,—from the attention of Miss Prime. Clean muslin curtains had been put up at the windows, and the one cracked mirror which the house possessed had been covered with white cloth. The lace-like carpet had been taken off the floor, and the boards had been scrubbed white. The little stove in the corner, now cold, was no longer red with rust. In a tumbler on a little table at Margaret's head stood the only floral offering that gave a touch of tenderness to the grim scene,—a bunch of home-grown scarlet and white geraniums. Some woman had robbed her wintered room of this bit of brightness for the memory of the dead. The perfume of the flowers mingled heavily with the faint odor which pervades the chamber of death,—an odor that is like the reminiscence of sorrow.

Like a spirit of order, with solemn face and quiet tread, Miss Hester moved about the room, placing one thing here, another there, but ever doing or changing something, all with maidenly neatness. What a childish fancy this is of humanity's, tiptoeing and whispering in the presence of death, as if one by an incautious word or a hasty step might wake the sleeper from such deep repose!

The service had been set for two o'clock in the afternoon. One or two women had already come in to "sit," but by half-past one the general congregation began to arrive and to take their places. They were mostly women. The hour of the day was partially responsible for this; but then men do not go to funerals anyway, if they can help it. They do not revel, like their sisters, in the exquisite pleasure of sorrow. Most of the women had known pain and loss themselves, and came with ready sympathy, willing, nay, anxious, to be moved to tears. Some of them came dragging by one hand children, dressed stiffly, uncomfortably, and ludicrously,—a medley of soiled ribbons, big collars, wide bows, and very short knickerbockers. The youngsters were mostly curious and ill-mannered, and ever and anon one had to be slapped by its mother into snivelling decorum.

Mrs. Davis came in with one of her own children and leading the dead woman's boy by the hand. At this a buzz of whispered conversation began.

"Pore little dear," said one, as she settled the bow more securely under her own boy's sailor collar,—*"pore little dear, he's all alone in the world."*

"I never did see in all my life sich a young child look so sad," said another.

"H'm!" put in a third; *"in this world pore motherless childern has plenty o' reason to look sad, I tell you."*

She brushed the tears off the cheek of her little son whom she had slapped a moment before. She was tender now.

One woman bent down and whispered into her child's ear, as she pointed with one cotton-gloved finger, "See, Johnny, see little Freddie, there; he 'ain't got no mother no more. Pore little Freddie! ain't you sorry fur him?" The child nodded, and gazed with open-eyed wonder at "little Freddie" as if he were a new species.

The curtains, stirred by the blast through the loose windows, flapped dismally, and the people drew their wraps about them, for the fireless room was cold. Steadily, insisently, the hive-like drone of conversation murmured on.

"I wonder who's a-goin' to preach the funeral," asked one.

"Oh, Mr. Simpson, from Cory Chapel, of course: she used to go to that church years ago, you know, before she backslid."

"That's jest what I've allus said about people that falls from grace. You know the last state o' that man is worse than the first."

"Ah, that's true enough."

"It's a-puttin' yore hand to the ploughshare an' then turnin' back."

"I wonder what the preacher'll have to say fur her. It's a mighty hard case to preach about."

"I'm wonderin' too what he'll say, an' where he'll preach her."

"Well, it's hard to tell. You know he an' his people believe that there's salvation to be found 'between the stirrup an' the ground."

"It's a mighty comfortin' doctern, too."

"An' then they do say that she left some dyin' testimony; though I 'ain't never heerd tell the straight of it."

"He can't preach her into heaven, o' course, after her life. Least-ways, it don't hardly seem like it would be right an' proper."

"Well, I don't think he kin preach her into hell, neither. After a woman has gone through all that pore Margar't has, it seems to me that the Lord ought to give her some consideration, even if men don't."

"I do declare, Seely Matthews, with yore free thinkin' an' free speakin', you're put' nigh a infidel."

"No, I ain't no infidel, neither, but I ain't one o' them that sings, 'When all thy mercies, O my God,' and thinks o' the Lord as if He was a great big cruel man."

"Well, I don't neither; but——"

"'Sh! 'sh!"

The woman's declaration of principle was cut short by the entrance of the minister, the Rev. Mr. Simpson. He was a tall, gaunt man, in a coat of rusty black. His hair, of an indeterminate color, was slightly mixed with gray. A pair of bright gray eyes looked out from underneath bushy eyebrows. His lips were close set. His bony hands were large and ungainly. The Rev. Mr. Simpson had been a carpenter before he was "called." He went immediately to the stand where lay the Bible and hymn-book. He was followed by a man who had entered with him,—a man with soft eyes and a kindly face. He was as tall as the pastor, and slender, but without the other's gauntness. He was evidently a church official of some standing.

With strange inappropriateness, the preacher selected and gave out the hymn

Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,  
Gentle as the summer's breeze.

With some misgivings, it was carried through in the wavering treble of the women and the straggling bass of the few men: then the kindly-faced man, whom the preacher addressed as "Brother Hodges," knelt and offered prayer. The supplication was very tender and child-like. Even by the light of faith he did not seek to penetrate the veil of divine intention, nor did he throw his javelin of prayer straight against the Deity's armor of eternal reserve. He left all to God, as a child lays its burden at its father's feet, and many eyes were moist as the people rose from their knees.

The sermon was a noisy and rather inconsequential effort. The preacher had little to say, but he roared that little out in a harsh, unmusical voice, accompanied by much slapping of his hands and pounding of the table. Towards the end he lowered his voice and began to play upon the feelings of his willing hearers, and when he had won his meed of sobs and tears, when he had sufficiently probed all wounds and made them bleed afresh, when he had conjured up dead sorrows from the grave, when he had obscured the sun of heavenly hope with the vapors of earthly grief, he sat down, satisfied.

The people went forward, some curiously, some with sympathy, to look their last on the miserable dead. Mrs. Davis led the weeping child forward and held him up for a last gaze on his mother's face. The poor geraniums were wiped and laid by the dead hands, and then the undertaker glided in like a stealthy, black-garmented ghost. He screwed the pine top down, and the coffin was borne out to the hearse. He clucked to his horses, and, with Brother Hodges and the preacher in front, and Mrs. Davis, Miss Prime, and the motherless boy behind, the little funeral train moved down the street towards the graveyard, a common but pathetic spectacle.

Mrs. Warren had remained behind to attend to the house. She watched the short procession out of sight. "I guess Margar't didn't have no linen worth havin'," she said to herself, "but I'll jest look." And look she did, but without success. In disappointment and disgust she went out and took the streamer of dusty black and dingy white crape from the door where it had fluttered, and, bringing it in, laid it on the empty trestles, that the undertaker might find it when he came for them. She took the cloth off the mirror, and then, with one searching look around to see that she had missed nothing worth taking, she went out, closing and locking the door behind her.

"I guess I'm as much entitled to anything Mag had as any one else," said Mrs. Warren.

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### CHAPTER III.

By common consent, and without the formality of publication or proclamation, the women had agreed to meet on the day after the funeral for the purpose of discussing what was best to be done with the boy Fred. From the moment that Mrs. Davis had taken charge of

him, he had shown a love for and confidence in her that had thoroughly touched that good woman's heart. She would have liked nothing better than to keep him herself. But there were already five hungry little Davises, and any avoidable addition to the family was out of the question. To be sure, in the course of time there were two more added to the number, but that was unavoidable, and is neither here nor there. The good woman sat looking at the boy the night after his mother had been laid away. He sat upon the floor among her own children, playing in the happy forgetfulness of extreme youth. But to the mother's keen eye there was still a vague sadness in his bearing. Involuntarily, the scene and conditions were changed, and, instead of poor Margaret, she herself had passed away and was lying out there in a new-made grave in bleak and dreary Woodland. She thought how her own bairns would be as motherless and forlorn as the child before her, and yet not quite, either, for they had a father who loved them in his own quiet undemonstrative way. This should have consoled her in the sorrows she had conjured up, but, like a woman, she thought of the father helpless and lonely when she had gone, with the children huddled cheerlessly about him, and a veil of tears came between her and the youngsters on the floor. With a great rush of tenderness, she went and picked the motherless boy up and laid his head on her breast.

"Pore Freddie," she said, "I wish you could stay here all the time and play with the other little ones."

The child looked up at her with wondering eyes. "I kin stay till mamma comes back," he answered.

"But, Freddie dear, mamma won't come back any more. She's"—the woman hesitated—"she's in heaven."

"I want my mamma to come back," moaned the child. "I don't want her to stay in heaven."

"But you mustn't cry, Freddie; an', some day, you kin go an' see mamma."

The child's curiosity got the better of his grief. He asked, "Is heaven far, Mis' Davis?"

"Yes, dear, awful far," she answered. But she was wrong. Heaven is not far from the warm heart and tender hands of a good woman.

The child's head drooped, and he drowsed in her arms.

"Put him to bed, Melissy,—pore little fellow," said her husband, in husky tones. He had been listening and watching them around the edge of his paper. The child slept on, while the woman undressed him and laid him in the bed.

On the morrow the women dropped in one by one, until a half-dozen or more were there, to plan the boy's future. They were all poor, and most of them had families of their own. But all hoped that there might be some plan devised whereby Margaret's boy might find a refuge without going to the orphan asylum, an institution which is the detestation of women. Mrs. Davis, in expressing her feelings, expressed those of all the others: "I hate so to think of the pore little feller goin' to one o' them children's homes. The boys goin' around in them there drab clothes o' theirs allus look like pris'ners to me, an' they ain't much better off."

"An' then childern do learn so much weekedness in them places from the older ones," put in another.

"Oh, as fur that matter, he'll learn devilment soon enough anywhere," snapped Mrs. Warren, "with that owdacious father o' his before him. I wouldn't take the child by no means, though his mother an' me was friends, fur blood's bound to tell, an' with sich blood as he's got in him I don't know what he'll come to, an' I'm shore I don't want to be a-raisin' no gallus-birds."

The women felt rather relieved that Mrs. Warren so signally washed her hands of Freddie. That was one danger he had escaped. The woman in question had, as she said, been a close friend of Margaret's, and, as such, an aider in her habits of intemperance. It had been apprehended that her association with the mother might lead her to take the child.

"I'd like to take Freddie myself," Mrs. Davis began again, "but with my five, an' John out o' work half the time, another mouth to feed an' another pair o' feet to cover would mean a whole lot. Though I do think that ef I was dead an' my childern was sent to that miserable orphans' home, I'd turn over in my grave."

"It's a pity we don't know some good family that 'ain't got no childern that 'ud take him an' bring him up as their own son," said a little woman who took *The Hearthside*.

"Sich people ain't growin' on trees no place about Dexter," Mrs. Warren sniffed.

"Well, I'm sure I've read of sich things."

"You couldn't give us no idee what to do, could you, Mis' Austin?"

"Lord love you, Mis' Davis, I've jest been a-settin' here purty nigh a-thinkin' my head off, but I 'ain't seen a gleam of light yit. You know how I feel an' jest how glad I'd be to do something, but then my man growls about the three we've got."

"That's jest the way with my man," said the little woman who took her ideas of life from the literature in *The Hearthside*. "He allus says that pore folks oughtn't to have so many childern."

"Well, it's a blessin' that Margar't didn't have no more, fur goodness knows it's hard enough disposin' o' this one."

Just then a tap came at Mrs. Davis's door, and she opened it to admit Miss Hester Prime.

"I'm ruther late gittin' here," said the new-comer, "but I've been a-neglectin' my work so in the last couple o' days that I've had a power of it to do to-day to ketch up."

"Oh, we're so glad you've come!" said one of the women. "Mebbe you kin help us out of our fix. We're in sich a fix about little Freddie."

"We don't want to send the pore little dear to the childern's home," broke in another.

"It's sich an awful place fur young childern——"

"An' they do look so pitiful——"

"An' learn so much weekedness."

And, as is the manner of women in council, they all began talking at once, pouring into the new-comer's ears all the suggestions and

objections, hopes and fears, that had been made or urged during their conference.

To it all Miss Hester listened, and there was a soft glow on her face the while; but then she had been walking, which may account for the flush. The child, all unconscious that his destiny was being settled, was playing with two of the little Davises at the other end of the room. The three days of good food, good treatment, and pleasant surroundings had told on him, and he looked less forlorn and more like the child that he was. He was clean. His brown eyes were sparkling with amusement, and his brown hair was brushed up into the damp "roach" so dear to a woman's heart. He was, thus, a far less forbidding sight than on the morning of his mother's death, when, dingy and haggard, he rose from his dirty pallet. As she listened to the varied remarks of her associates, Miss Hester allowed her eyes to wander to the child's face, and for a moment a tenderer expression grew about her lips, but in an instant it was gone, and, as if she had been near committing herself to folly, she made amends by drawing her countenance into more than its usually severe lines.

Mrs. Warren, who was always ready with a stab, and who had not forgotten her encounter of two days ago, spoke up with a little malicious laugh. "Miss Hester 'ain't got no family: mebbe she might take the child. 'Pears like she ought to be fond o' childern."

Mrs. Davis immediately came to the rescue. "We don't expect no sich thing of Miss Hester. She's never been around childern, an' don't know nothin' about takin' keer o' them; an' boys air hard to manage, anyhow."

"Oh, I should think Miss Hester could manage 'most anything," was the sneering rejoinder.

The women were aghast at such insolence. They didn't know what the effect might be on Miss Prime. They looked at her in alarm. Her cold gray eye impaled Mrs. Warren for an instant only, and then, paying no more attention to her, she said, quietly, "I was thinkin' this whole matter over while I was finishin' up my work to come here, an' says I to myself, 'Now there's Melissy Davis,—she's the very one that 'ud be a mother to that child,' says I, 'an' she'd bring him up right as a child should be brought up.' I don't know no more mannerly, nice-appearin' children in this neighborhood, or the whole town, fur that matter, than Melissy's——,"

"Oh, Miss Hester!" faltered Mrs. Davis.

But Miss Prime went on, unheeding the interruption. "Thinks I, 'Melissy's got a houseful already, an' she can't take another.' Then you comes into my mind, Mis' Austin, an' says I, 'La me! she's got three herself, an' is young yit; she'll have her hands full to look after her own family.' Well, I thought of you all, an' some of you had families, an' some of you had to go out fur day's work; an' then there's some people's hands I wouldn't want to see the child fall into." (This with an annihilating glance in Mrs. Warren's direction.) "You know what the Bible says about the sins of the father; well, that child needs proper raisin': so in this way the Lord showed it to me that it was my dooty to take the burden up myself."

First there was an absolute silence of utter astonishment, and then, "Oh, Miss Hester!" broke from a full chorus of voices.

"You don't reelly mean it, Miss Hester?" said Mrs. Davis.

"I do that; but I want you all to understand that it ain't a matter of pleasure or desire with me; it's dooty. Ef I see a chance to save a soul from perdition an' don't take it, I am responsible, myself, to the Lord for that soul."

The women were almost too astounded to speak, Mrs. Warren not less than the rest of them. She had made her suggestion in derision, and here it was being acted upon in sober earnest. She was entirely routed.

"Now, Melissy, ef there ain't no one that disagrees with me, you might as well pack up what few things the child has, an' I'll take him along."

No one objected, and the few things were packed up. "Come, Freddie," said Mrs. Davis, tremulously, "get on yore hat." The child obeyed. "You're a-goin' to be Miss Hester's little boy now. You must be good."

Miss Prime held out her hand to him, but the child drew back and held to his protectress's skirt. A hurt expression came into the spinster's face. It was as if the great sacrifice she was making was being belittled and rejected by a child. Mrs. Warren laughed openly.

"Come, Freddie, be nice now, dear; go with Miss Hester."

"I want to stay with you," cried the child.

"Pore little dear!" chorussed the women.

"But Mis' Davis can't keep the little boy; now he must go with Miss Prime, an' sometimes he kin come an' see Mis' Davis an' play with John an' Harriet. Won't that be nice?"

"I want to stay with you."

"Come, Frederick," said Miss Prime.

"Go now, like a good boy," repeated Mrs. Davis. "Here's a copper fur you; take it in yore little hand,—that's a man. Now kiss me good-by. Kiss John an' Harriet."

The child, seeing that he must go, had given up resistance, and, doing as he was bidden, took Miss Prime's hand, sobbingly. Some of us do not learn so soon to bow to the inevitable.

"Good-by, ladies. I must git back to my work," said Miss Hester.

"Good-by, good-by, Miss Hester," came the echo.

The moment the door closed behind her and her charge, there was a volley of remarks:

"Oh, I do hope she'll be good to him."

"I wonder how she'll manage him."

"Pore child, he didn't want to go at all."

"Who'd have thought it of Miss Hester?"

"I wish I could have kept him myself," said Mrs. Davis, tearfully.

"It hurt my heart to see him cling to me so."

"Never you mind, Melissy Davis; you've done yore whole dooty as well as you could."

Mrs. Warren rose and put her shawl over her head preparatory to

going. "As fur my part," she said, "I'd 'a' ruther seen that child in the children's home, devilment or no devilment, than where he is. He won't dare to breathe from this hour on."

The women were silent for a moment, and then Mrs. Davis said, "Well, Miss Hester's well-meanin'."

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#### CHAPTER IV.

AT the top of the mean street on which Margaret's house was situated, and looking down upon its meaner neighbors in much the same way that its mistress looked upon the denizens of the street, stood Miss Prime's cottage. It was not on the mean street,—it would have disdained to be,—but sat exactly facing it in prim watchfulness over the unsavory thoroughfare which ran at right angles. The cottage was one and a half stories in height, and the upper half-story had two windows in front that looked out like a pair of accusing eyes. It was painted a dull lead color. In summer the front yard was filled with flowers, hollyhocks, bachelor's-buttons, sweet-william, and a dozen other varieties of blooms. But they were planted with such exactness and straightness that the poor flowers looked cramped and artificial and stiff as a party of angular ladies dressed in bombazine. Here was no riot nor abandon in growth. Everything had its place, and stayed therein or was plucked up.

"I jest can't abide to see flowers growin' every which way," Miss Prime used to remark, "fur all the world like a neighborhood with different people's children traipsin' through everybody else's house. Everything in order, is my motto."

Miss Hester had nearly arrived at her fortieth mile-stone; and she effected the paradox of looking both younger and older than her age. Younger, because she had always taken excellent care of herself: her form had still much of the roundness of youth, and her step was sprightly and firm. She looked older than her age, because of the strong lines in her face, the determined set of her lips, and the general air of knowledge and self-sufficiency which pervaded her whole being. Throughout her life she had sacrificed everything to duty, whether it was the yearning of her own heart or the feelings of those who loved her. In the world about her she saw so much of froth and frivolity that she tried to balance matters by being especially staid and stern herself. She did not consider that in the seesaw of life it takes more than one person to toss up the weight of the world's wickedness. Her existence was governed by rigid rules, from which she never departed.

It is hard to explain just what Miss Hester's position was among the denizens of the poorer quarter. She was liked and disliked, admired and feared. She would descend upon her victims with unasked counsel and undesired tracts. Her voice was a trumpet of scathing invective against their shiftlessness, their untidiness, and their immorality, but her hand was as a horn of plenty in straitened times, and her presence in sickness was a comfort. She made no pretence to being

good-hearted ; in fact, she resented the term as applied to herself. It was all duty with her.

Up through the now dismantled garden to the prim cottage she led the boy Fred. The child had not spoken a word since he had left the house of his friend. His little heart seemed to be suddenly chilled within him. Miss Hester had been equally silent. Her manner was constrained and embarrassed. She had, indeed, tried to find some words of soothing and encouragement to say to the child, such as she had heard Melissa Davis use ; but she could not. They were not a part of her life's vocabulary. Several times she had essayed to speak, but the sentences that formed in her mind seemed so absurd and awkward that she felt them better unsaid.

It is true that every natural woman has the maternal instinct, but unless she has felt the soft face of a babe at her breast and looked down into its eyes as it drew its life from her life, she can know nothing of that freemasonry of womanhood which, by some secret means too deep and subtle for the knowledge of outsiders, wins the love of childhood. It is not so with men, because the childish mind does not demand so much of them, even though they be fathers. To be convinced, look about you and see how many more bachelors than maids are favorites with children.

Once within the house, Miss Hester was at an entire loss as to what to do with her charge. She placed him in a chair, where he sat disconsolately. She went to the book-shelves and laid her hand upon "Pilgrim's Progress;" then she reflected that Freddie was just five years old, and she allowed a smile to pass over her face. But her perplexity instantly chased the expression away. "How on airth am I a-goin' to do any work?" she asked herself. "I'm shore I can't set down an' tell that child stories all the time, as I've heerd tell o' folks doin'. What shall I do with him?" She had had a vague idea that the time of children was taken up in some way. She knew, of course, that they had to be washed and dressed, that they had to eat three times a day, and after all to sleep ; but what was to be done with them in the mean time?

"Oh," sighed the poor woman, "if he was only old enough to go to school!" The wish was not entirely unmotherly, as motherhood goes in these days, for too many mothers send their babes off to a kindergarten as soon as they begin to babble, in order to be relieved of the responsibility of their care. But neither wishes nor hopes availed. It was a living, present situation with which Miss Hester had to grapple. Suddenly she bethought herself that children like pictures, and she secured from the shelf a copy of the "Bible Looking-Glass." This she opened and spread out on the child's knees. He glanced at it a moment or two, and then began to turn the leaves, his eyes riveted on the engravings. Miss Hester congratulated herself, and slipped out to work. The thought came to her, of course, that the novelty of "Bible Looking-Glasses" couldn't remain forever, but she put the idea by in scorn. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." The book was good while it lasted. It entertained the child and gave him valuable moral lessons. This was the woman's point of view. To Fred there

was no suggestion of moral lessons. It was merely a lot of very fine pictures, and when Miss Prime had gone he relaxed some of his disconsolate stiffness and entered into the contemplation of them with childish zest. His guardian, however, did not abandon her vigilance, and in a few minutes she peeped through the door from the kitchen, where she was working, to see how her charge got on. The sight which met her eyes made her nearly drop the cup which she held in her hand and with which she had been measuring out flour for a cupcake. With the book spread out before him, Freddie was lying flat on his stomach on the floor, with his little heels contentedly kicking the air. His attitude was the expression of the acme of childish satisfaction.

Miss Prime's idea of floors was that they were to be walked on, scrubbed, measured, and carpeted; she did not remember in all the extent of her experience to have seen one used as a reading-desk before. But she withdrew without a word: the child was quiet, and that was much.

About this time, any one observing the cottage would have seen an old-fashioned phaeton, to which a plump old nag was hitched, driven up to the door and halted, and a man alight and enter at the gate. If the observer had been at Margaret's funeral, he would instantly have recognized the man as the Rev. Mr. Simpson's assistant, Mr. Hodges. The man walked deliberately around to the kitchen, and, tapping at the door, opened it without ceremony and went in, calling out, "Miss Hester, Miss Hester, I'm a-runnin' right in on you."

"I do declare, 'Liphalet Hodges, you do beat all fur droppin' in on a body at unexpected times."

"Well, I guess you're right. My comin's a good deal like the second comin' o' the Son o' man'll be. I guess you're right."

To Miss Prime, Eliphalet Hodges was always unexpected, although he had been dropping in this way before her mother and father died, twenty years gone.

"Well, I 'low, 'Liphalet, that you've heerd the news."

"There ain't no grass grows under the feet of the talkers in this town, I tell you."

"Dear me! a body can't turn aroun' without settin' a whole forest of tongues a-waggin' every which way."

"Oh, well, Miss Hester, we got to 'low that to yore sex. The women folks must talk."

"My sex! It ain't my sex only: I know plenty o' men in this town who air bigger gossips 'n the women. I'll warrant you didn't git this piece o' news from no woman."

"Well, mebbe I didn't, but I ca'c'late there wa'n't no men there to git it fust hand."

"Oh, I'll be bound some o' the women had to go an' tell a man the fust thing: some women can't git along without the men."

"An' then, ag'in, some of 'em kin, Miss Hester; some of 'em kin."

"You'd jest as well start out au' say what you want to say without a-beatin' about the bush. I know, jest as well as I know I'm a-livin',

that you've come to tell me that I was a fool fur takin' that child. 'Liphalet, don't pertend: I know it."

"Oh, no, Miss Hester; I wouldn't dast do nothin' like that; you know, 'He that calleth his brother a fool is in danger o' hell fire,' an' I 'low the Lord don't make it no easier when it happens to be a sister. No, Miss Hester, you know yore own business best, an' you've got along this fur without bein' guided by people. I guess you'll git through; but a child, Miss Hester, don't you think that it's a leetle bit resky?"

"Resky? I don't see why. The child ain't a-goin' to eat me or burn the house down."

"No, no,—none o' that,—I don't mean that at all; but then, you see, you 'ain't never had no—that is—you 'ain't had much experence in the bringin' up o' childern, specially boys."

"Much! I 'ain't had none. But I've been brought up."

"That's true, that's true, an' a mighty good job yore mother made of it, too. I don't know of no spryer or stirrin'er woman around here at yore age."

"At my age! 'Liphalet, you do talk as ef I was about fifty."

"Well, ef I do, I ain't a-sayin' what I want to say, so I'd better hush. Where is the little fellow?"

For answer, Miss Prime pushed the door open and bade him peep. Freddie was still upon the floor, absorbed in his book. The man's face lighted up: he pulled the door to long enough to say, "I tell you, Miss Hester, that boy's a-goin' to make a great reader or a speaker or somethin'. Jest look how wrapped up he is in that book."

"Well, I do hope an' pray to goodness that he'll make somethin' better than his father ever made."

"Ef he don't under yore trainin', it'll be because there ain't nothin' in him.—Come here, Freddie," called Hodges, pushing the door open, and holding out his hand with a smile. The child got up from the floor and came and put his hand in the outstretched one.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Miss Hester. "I tried my level best to git that child to make up with me, an' he wouldn't."

"It's jest like I say, Miss Hester: you 'ain't never had no experence in raisin' childern."

"An' how many have you ever raised, 'Liphalet?"

The bachelor acknowledged defeat by a sheepish smile, and turned again to the child. "You want to go a-ridin' in my buggy, Freddie?"

"Yes, sir," said the child, unhesitatingly.

"All right; Uncle 'Liph'll take him out fur a while. Git his hat an' wrap him up, Miss Hester, so Jack Frost can't ketch him."

The man stood smiling down into the child's face: the boy, smiling back, tightened his grasp on the big hand. They were friends from that moment, Eliphalet Hodges and Fred.

They went out to the old phaeton, with Miss Prime's parting injunction ringing after them, "Don't keep that child out in the cold too long, 'Liphalet, an' bring him back here croupy."

"Oh, now, don't you trouble yoreself, Miss Hester: me an' Freddie air a-goin' to git along all right. We ain't a-goin' to freeze, air we,

Freddie, boy? Ah, not by a long sight; not ef Uncle 'Liph knows hisself."

All the time the genial man was talking, he was tucking the laprobe snugly about the child and making him comfortable. Then he clucked to the old mare, and they rattled away.

There was a far-away look in Miss Prime's eyes as she watched them till they turned the corner and were out of sight. "I never did see sich a man as 'Liphalet Hodges. Why, a body'd think that he'd been married an' raised a whole houseful o' childern. He's worse 'n a old hen. An' it's marvellous the way Frederick took to him. Everybody calls the child Freddie. I must learn to call him that: it will make him feel more home-like, though it does sound foolish."

She went on with her work, but it was interrupted every now and then by strange fits of abstraction and reverie, an unusual thing for this bustling and practical spinster. But then there are few of us but have had our hopes and dreams, and it would be unfair to think that Miss Hester was an exception. For once she had broken through her own discipline, and in her own kitchen was spending precious moments in dreams, and all because a man and a child had rattled away in a rickety buggy.

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#### CHAPTER V.

"GOODNESS gracious, Mis' Smith," exclaimed Mrs. Martin, rushing excitedly into the house of her next-door neighbor, "you'd ought to see what I seen jest now."

"Do tell, Mis' Martin! What on airth was it?"

"Oh, I'm shore you'd never guess in the wide, wide world."

"An' I'm jest as shore that I ain't a-goin' to pester my head tryin' to: so go on an' tell me what it was."

"Lawsy me! what next'll happen; an' what does things mean, anyhow?"

"I can't tell you. Fur my part, I 'ain't heerd what 'things' air yit." Mrs. Smith was getting angry.

"My! Mis' Smith, don't git so impatient. Give me time to git my breath: it'll be enough, when I do tell you, to take away yore breath, jest like it did mine."

"Sallie Martin, you do beat all fur keepin' a body on the hooks."

"'Tain't my fault, Mis' Smith. I declare I'm too astonished to speak. You know I was a-standin' in my window, not a-thinkin' nor expectin' nothin', jest like any person would, you know——"

"Yes, yes; go on."

"I was jest a-lookin' down the street, careless, when who should I see drive up to Miss Prime's door, an' hitch his hoss an' go in, but Brother 'Liphalet Hodges!"

"Well, sakes alive, Sallie Martin, I hope you ain't a-considerin' that strange. Why, you could 'a' seen that very same sight any time these fifteen years."

"But wait a minute till I tell you. I ain't done yit, by no means.

The strange part 'ain't come. I thought I'd jest wait at the window and see how long Brother Hodges would stay: not that it was any o' my bus'ness, of course, or that I wanted to be a-spyin' on anybody, but sorter fur—fur cur'osity, you know."

"Cert'n'y," said Mrs. Smith, feelingly. She could sympathize with such a sentiment.

"Well, after a while he come out a-smilin' as pleasant as a basket o' chips; an' I like to fell through the winder, fur he was a-leadin' by the hand—who do you suppose?"

"I 'ain't got a mortal idea who," said Mrs. Smith, "unless it was Miss Hester, an' they're married at last."

"No, indeed, 'twa'n't her. It was that little Brent boy that his mother died the other day."

"Sallie Martin, what air you a-tellin' me?"

"It's the gospel truth, Melviny Smith, as shore as I'm a-settin' here. Now what does it mean?"

"The good Lord only knows. Leadin' that little Brent boy? Ef it wasn't you a-settin' there tellin' me this, Mis' Martin, I wouldn't believe it. You don't suppose Hodges has took him to raise, do you?"

"How in the name of mercy is he goin' to raise any child, when there ain't no women folks about his house 'ceptin' old Marier, an' she so blind an' rheumaticky that she kin sca'cely git about?"

"Well, what's he a-doin' with the child, then?"

"That's jest what I'm a-goin' to find out. I'm a-goin' down to Miss Prime's. Len' me yore shawl, Melviny."

"You ain't never goin' to dare to ask her, air you?"

"You jest trust me to find things out without givin' myself away. I won't never let her know what I want right out, but I'll talk it out o' her."

"What a woman you air, Sallie Martin!" said Mrs. Smith, admiringly. "But do hurry back an' tell me what she says: I'm jest dyin' to know."

"I'll be back in little or no time, because I can't stay, nohow."

Mrs. Martin threw the borrowed shawl over her head and set off down the street. She and her friend were not dwellers on the mean street, and so they could pretend to so nearly an equal social footing with Miss Prime as to admit of an occasional neighborly call.

Through the window Miss Prime saw her visitor approaching, and a grim smile curved the corners of her mouth. "Comin' fur news," muttered the spinster. "She'll git all she wants before she goes." But there was no trace of suspicion in her manner as she opened the door at Mrs. Martin's rap.

"Hey oh, Miss Hester, busy as usual, I see."

"Yes, indeed. People that try to do their dooty 'ain't got much time fur rest in this world."

"No, indeed; it's dig, dig, dig, and work, work, work."

"Take off yore shawl an' set down, Sallie. It's a wonder you don't take yore death o' cold or git plum full o' neuralgy, a-runnin' around in this weather with nothin' but a shawl over yore head."

"La, Miss Hester, they say that worthless people's hard to kill. It ain't allus true, though, fur there was pore Margar't Brent, she wasn't worth much, but, my! she went out like a match."

"Yes, but matches don't go out until their time ef they're held down right; an' it's jest so with people."

"That's true enough, Miss Hester. Was you to Margar't's funeral?"

"Oh, yes, I went."

"Did you go out to the cimetry?"

"Oomph huh."

"Did she look natural?"

"Jest as natural as one could expect after a hard life an' a hard death."

"Pore Margar't!" Mrs. Martin sighed. There was a long and embarrassed silence. Miss Prime's lips were compressed, and she seemed more aggressively busy than usual. She bustled about as if every minute were her last one. She brushed off tables, set chairs to rights, and tried the golden-brown cup-cake with a straw to see if it were done. Her visitor positively writhed with curiosity and discomfiture. Finally she began again. "Margar't only had one child, didn't she?"

"Yes, that was all."

"Pore little lamb. Motherless childern has a hard time of it."

"Indeed, most of 'em do."

"Do you know what's become of the child, Miss Hester?"

"Yes, I do, Sallie Martin, an' you do too, or you wouldn't be a-settin' there beatin' about the bush, askin' me all these questions."

This sudden outburst gave Mrs. Martin quite a turn, but she exclaimed, "I declare to goodness, Miss Hester, I 'ain't heerd a livin' thing about it, only——"

She checked herself, but her relentless hostess caught at the word and demanded, "Only what, Mis' Martin?"

"Well, I seen Brother 'Liphalet Hodges takin' him away from here in his buggy——"

"An' so you come down to see what was what, eh, so's you could be the first to tell the neighborhood?"

"Now, Miss Hester, you know that I ain't one o' them that talks, but I do feel sich an interest in the pore motherless child, an' when I seen Brother Hodges a-takin' him away, I thought perhaps he was a-goin' to take him to raise."

"Well, Brother Hodges ain't a-goin' to take him to raise."

"Mercy sakes! Miss Hester, don't git mad, but who is?"

"I am, that's who."

"Miss Prime, what air you a-sayin'? You shorely don't mean it. What kin you do with a child?"

"I kin train him up in the way he ought to go, an' keep him out o' other people's houses an' the street."

"Well, o' course, that's somethin'," said Mrs. Martin, weakly.

"Somethin'? Why, it's everything."

The visitor had now gotten the information for which she was looking, and was anxious to be gone. She was absolutely bursting with her news.

"Well, I must be goin'," she said, replacing her shawl and standing in embarrassed indecision. "I only run in fur a minute. I hope you 'ain't got no hard feelin's at my inquisitiveness."

"Not a bit of it. You wanted to know, an' you come and asked, that's all."

"I hope you'll git along all right with the child."

"I shan't stop at hopin'. I shall take the matter to the Lord in prayer."

"Yes, He knows best. Good-by, Miss Hester."

"Good-by, Sallie; come in ag'in." The invitation sounded a little bit sarcastic, and once more the grim smile played about Miss Prime's mouth.

"I 'low," she observed to herself, as she took the cake from the oven for the last time, tried it, and set it on the table,— "I 'low that I did give Sallie Martin one turn. I never did see sich a woman fur pryin' into other folks' business."

Swift are the wings of gossip, and swift were the feet of Mrs. Sallie Martin as she hurried back to tell the news to her impatient friend, who listened speechless with enjoyment and astonishment.

"Who would 'a' thought you could 'a' talked it out o' her so?" she gasped.

"Oh, I led her right along tell she told me everything," said Mrs. Martin, with a complacency which, remembering her reception, she was far from feeling.

Shortly after her departure, and while, no doubt, reinforced by Mrs. Smith, she was still watching at the window, 'Liphalet Hodges drove leisurely up to the door again.

"Well, Freddie," he said, as he helped the child to alight, "we've had a great time together, we have, an' we ain't frozen, neither: I told Miss Prime that she needn't be afeared. Don't drop yore jumpin'-jack, now, an' be keerful an' don't git yore hands on yore apron, 'cause they're kind o' sticky. Miss Hester 'ud take our heads off ef we come back dirty."

The child's arms were full of toys,—a jumping-jack, a climbing monkey, a popgun, and the etceteras of childish amusement,—and his pockets and cheeks bulged with candy.

"La, 'Liphalet," exclaimed Miss Prime, when she saw them, "what on airth have you been a-buyin' that child—jumpin'-jacks an' sich things? They ain't a bit o' good, 'ceptin' to litter up a house an' put lightness in children's minds. Freddie, what's that on yore apron? Goodness me! an' look at them hands—candy! 'Liphalet Hodges, I did give you credit fur better judgment than this. Candy is the cause o' more aches an' pains than poison; an' some of it's reelly colored with ars'nic. How do you expect a child to grow up healthy an' with sound teeth when you feed him on candy?"

"Now, Miss Hester, now, now, now. I don't want to be a-interferin' with yore bus'ness; but it's jest like I said before, an' I will stick to it, you 'ain't never had no experunce in raisin' children. They can't git along jest on meat an' bread an' jam: they need candy—an'—ah—candy—an' sich things." Mr. Hodges ended lamely, looking

rather guiltily at the boy's bulging pockets. "A little bit ain't a-goin' to hurt no child."

"'Liphalet, I've got a dooty to perform towards this motherless child, an' I ain't a-goin' to let no foolish notions keep me from performin' it."

"Miss Hester, I'm a-tryin' to follow Him that was a father to the fatherless an' a husband to the widow,—strange, that was made only to the widow,—an' I've got somethin' of a idee o' dooty myself. You may think I'm purty presumptuous, but I've took a notion into my head to kind o' help along a-raisiu' Freddie. I ain't a-goin' to question yore authority, or nothin', but I thought mebbe you'd len' me the child once in a while to kind o' lighten up that old lonesome place o' mine: I know that Freddie won't object."

"Oh, 'Liphalet, do go 'long: I scarcely know whether you air a man or a child, sometimes."

"There's One that says, 'Except you become as a little child'—"

"'Liphalet, will you go 'long home?"

"I 'spect I'd better be gittin' along.—Good-by, Freddie; be a good boy, an' some day I'll take you up to my house an' let you ride old Bess around.—Good-by, Miss Hester." And as he passed out to his buggy he whistled tenderly something that was whistled when he was a boy.

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## CHAPTER VI.

THE life of one boy is much like that of another. They all have their joys and their griefs, their triumphs and their failures, their loves and their hates, their friends and their foes, much as men have them in that maturer life of which the days of youth are an epitome. It would be rather an uninteresting task, and an entirely thankless one, to follow in detail the career of Frederick Brent as he grew from childhood to youth. But in order to understand certain traits that developed in his character, it will be necessary to note some, at least, of the circumstances that influenced his early life.

While Miss Prime grew to care for him in her own unemotional way, she had her own notions of how a boy should be trained, and those notions seemed to embody the repression of every natural impulse. She reasoned thus: "Human beings are by nature evil: evil must be crushed: *ergo*, everything natural must be crushed." In pursuance of this principle, she followed out a deliberate course of restriction, which, had it not been for the combating influence of Eliphalet Hodges, would have dwarfed the mental powers of the boy and cramped his soul beyond endurance. When he came of an age to play marbles, he was forbidden to play, because it was, to Miss Hester's mind, a species of gambling. Swimming was too dangerous to be for a moment considered. Fishing, without necessity, was wanton cruelty. Flying kites was foolishness and a waste of time.

The boy had shown an aptitude at his lessons that had created in his guardian's mind some ambition for him, and she held him down to

his books with rigid assiduity. He was naturally studious, but the feeling that he was being driven made his tasks repellent, although he performed them without outward sign of rebellion, while he fumed within.

His greatest relaxations were his trips to and from his old friend Hodges. If Miss Prime crushed him, this gentle soul comforted him and smoothed out his ruffled feelings. It was his influence that kept him from despair. Away from his guardian, he was as if a chain that galled his flesh had been removed. And yet he could not hate Miss Hester, for it was constantly impressed upon him that all was being done for his good, and the word "duty" was burned like a fiery cross upon his heart and brain.

There is a bit of the pagan in every natural boy, and to give him too much to reverence taxes his powers until they are worn and impotent by the time he reaches manhood. Under Miss Hester's tutelage, too many things became sacred to Fred Brent. It was wicked to cough in church, as it was a sacrilege to play with a hymn-book. His training was the apotheosis of the non-essential. But, after all, there is no rebel like Nature. She is an iconoclast.

When he was less than ten years old, an incident occurred that will in a measure indicate the manner of his treatment. Miss Prime's prescription was two parts punishment, two parts admonition, and six parts prayer. Accordingly, as the watchful and sympathetic neighbors said, "she an' that pore child fairly lived in church."

It was one class-meeting night, and, as usual, the boy and his guardian were sitting side by side at church. It was the habit of some of the congregation to bring their outside controversies into the classroom under the guise of testimonies or exhortations, and there to air their views where their opponents could not answer them. One such was Daniel Hastings. The trait had so developed in him that whenever he rose to speak, the question ran around, "I wonder who Dan'l's a-goin' to rake over the coals now." On this day he had been having a tilt with his old-time enemy, Thomas Donaldson, over the advent into Dexter of a young homœopathic doctor. With characteristic stubbornness, Dan'l had held that there was no good in any but the old-school medical men, and he sneered at the idea of anybody's being cured with sugar, as he contemptuously termed the pellets and powders affected by the new school. Thomas, who was considered something of a wit and who sustained his reputation by the perpetration of certain time-worn puns, had replied that other hogs were sugar-cured, and why not Dan'l? This had turned the laugh on Hastings, and he went home from the corner grocery, where the men were congregated, in high dudgeon.

Still smarting with the memory of his defeat, when he rose to speak that evening, he cast a glance full of unfriendly significance at his opponent and launched into a fiery exhortation on true religion. "Some folks' religion," he said, "is like sugar, all sweetness and no power; but I want my religion like I want my medicine: I want it strong, an' I want it bitter, so's I'll know I've got it." In Fred Brent the sense of humor had not been entirely crushed, and the expression

was too much for his gravity. He bowed his head and covered his mouth with his hand. He made no sound, but there were three pairs of eyes that saw the movement,—Miss Prime's, Eliphalet Hodges's, and the Rev. Mr. Simpson's. Miss Prime's gaze was horrified, Mr. Simpson's stern; but in the eye of Mr. Hodges there was a most ungodly twinkle.

When Dan'l Hastings had finished his exhortation—which was in reality an arraignment of Thomas Donaldson's medical heresies—and sat down, the Rev. Mr. Simpson arose, and, bending an accusing glance upon the shrinking boy, began: "I perceive on the part of some of the younger members of the congregation a disposition towards levity. The house of God is not the place to find amusement. I never see young people deriding their elders without thinking of the awful lesson taught by the Lord's judgment upon those wicked youths whom the she-bears devoured. I never see a child laughing in church without trembling in spirit for his future. Some of the men whom I have seen in prison, condemned to death or a life of confinement, have begun their careers just in this way, showing disrespect for their elders and for the church. Beware, young people who think you are smart and laugh and titter in the sanctuary; there is a prison waiting for you, there is a hell yawning for you. Behold, there is death in the pot!"

With a terrible look at the boy, Mr. Simpson sat down. There was much craning of necks and gazing about, but few in the church would have known to whom the pastor's remarks were addressed had not Miss Prime, at their conclusion, sighed in an injured way, and, rising, with set lips, led the culprit out, as a criminal is led to the scaffold. How the boy suffered as, with flaming face, he walked down the aisle to the door, the cynosure of all eyes! He saw in the faces about him the accusation of having done a terrible thing, something unheard of and more wicked than he could understand. He felt revolted, child as he was, at the religion that made so much of his fault. Inwardly, he vowed that he would never "get religion" or go into a church when he was big enough to have his own way.

They had not gone far when a step approached them from behind, and Eliphalet Hodges joined them. Miss Prime turned tragically at his greeting, and broke out, "Don't reproach me, 'Liphalet; it ain't no trainin' o' mine that's perduced a child that laughs at old folks in the Lord's house."

"I ain't a-goin' to reproach you, Miss Hester, never you fear; I ain't a-goin' to say a word ag'in' yore trainin'; but I jest thought I'd ask you not to be too hard on Freddie. You know that Dan'l is kind o' tryin' sometimes even to the gravity of older people; an' childern will be childern; they 'ain't got the sense, nor—nor—the deceit to keep a smooth face when they're a-laughin' all in their innards."

Miss Prime turned upon him in righteous wrath. "'Liphalet," she exclaimed, "I think it's enough fur this child to struggle ag'inst natural sin, without encouragin' him by makin' excuses fur him."

"It ain't my intention nor my desire to set a bad example before nobody, especially the young lambs of the flock, but I ain't a-goin' to blame Freddie fur doin' what many another of us wanted to do."

“’Deed an’ double, that is fine talk fur you, ’Liphalet Hodges! you a trustee of the church, an’ been a class-leader, a-holdin’ up fur sich onregenerate carryin’s-on.”

“I ain’t a-holdin’ up fur nothin’, Miss Hester, ’ceptin’ nature an’ the very couldn’t-help-it-ness o’ the thing altogether. I ain’t a boy no more, by a good many years, but there’s times when I’ve set under Dan’l Hastings’s testimonies jest mortally cramped to laugh; an’ ef it’s so with a man, how will it be with a pore innercent child? I ain’t a-excusin’ natural sin in nobody. It wa’n’t so much Freddie’s natural sin as it was Dan’l’s natural funniness.” And there was something very like a chuckle in ’Liphalet’s throat.

“’Liphalet, the devil’s been puttin’ fleas into yore ear, but I ain’t a-goin’ to let you argy me out o’ none o’ my settled convictions, although the Old Man’s put plenty of argyment into yore head. That’s his way o’ capturin’ a soul.—Walk on ahead, Frederick, an’ don’t be list’nin’. I’ll ’tend to yore case later on.”

“It’s funny to me, Miss Hester, how it is that Christians know so much more about the devil’s ways than they do the Lord’s. They’re allus a-sayin’, ‘the Lord moves in a mysterious way,’ but they kin allus put their finger on the devil.”

“’Liphalet Hodges, that’s a slur!”

“I ain’t a-meanin’ it as no slur, Miss Hester; but most Christians do seem to have a powerful fondness for the devil. I notice that they’re allus admirin’ his work an’ praisin’ up his sharpness, an’ they’d be monstrous disappointed ef he didn’t git as many souls as they expect.”

“Well, after all the years that I’ve been a-workin’ in the church an’ a-tryin’ to let my light so shine before the world, I didn’t think that you’d be the one to throw out hints about my Christianity. But we all have our burdens to bear, an’ I’m a-goin’ to bear mine the best I kin, an’ do my dooty, whatever comes of it.” And Miss Hester gave another sigh of injured recitude.

“I see, Miss Hester, that you’re jest bent an’ bound not to see what I mean, so I might as well go home.”

“I think my mind ain’t givin’ way yit, an’ I believe that I do understand plain words; but I ain’t a-bearin’ you no grudge. You’ve spoke yore mind, an’ it’s all right.”

“But I hope there ain’t no hard feelin’s, after all these years.”

“Oh, ’Liphalet, it ain’t a part of even my pore weak religion to bear hard feelin’s towards no one, no matter how they treat me. I’m jest tryin’ to bear my cross an’ suffer fur the Lord’s sake.”

“But I hope I ain’t a-givin’ you no cross to bear. I ’ain’t never doubted yore goodness or yore Christianity: I only thought that mebbe yore methods, yore methods——”

Miss Prime’s lips were drawn into a line. She divided that line to say, “I know what the Scriptures say: ‘If thy right hand offend thee’——”

“Hester, Hester!” he cried, stretching out his hands to her.

“Good-night, Brother Hodges. I must go in.” She turned and left him standing at the gate with a hurt look in his face.

On going into the house, Miss Hester did not immediately 'tend to Fred, as she had promised. Instead, she left him and went into her own room, where she remained awhile. When she came out, her lips were no less set, but her eyes were red. It is hardly to be supposed that she had been indulging in that solace of woman's woes, a good cry.

"Take off yore jacket, Freddie," she said, calmly, taking down a switch from over the clothes-press. "I'm a-goin' to whip you; but, remember, I ain't a-punishin' you because I'm mad. It's fur the purpose of instruction. It's fur yore own good."

Fred received his dressing-down without a whimper. He was too angry to cry. This Miss Prime took as a mark of especial depravity. In fact, the boy had been unable to discover any difference between an instructive and a vindictive whipping. It was perfectly clear in his guardian's mind, but a cherry switch knows no such distinctions.

This incident only prepared Fred Brent for a further infraction of his guardian's rules the next day. One of Miss Prime's strictest orders had to do with fighting. Whatever the boys did to Fred, he was never to resent it. He must come to her, and she would go to the boy's mother. What an order to give a boy with muscles and fists and Nature strong within him! But, save for the telling, it had been obeyed, although it is hard to feel one's self an unwilling coward, a prig, and the laughing-stock of one's fellows. But when, on the day after his unjust punishment, and while still stung by the sense of wrong, one of the petty school-boy tyrants began to taunt him, he turned upon the young scamp and thrashed him soundly. His tormentor was not more hurt than surprised. Like most of his class, he was a tattler. The matter got to the teacher's ears, and that night Fred carried home an ominous-looking note. In his heart he believed that it meant another application of cherry switch, either instructive or vindictive, but he did not care. He had done the natural thing, and Nature rewards us for obeying her laws by making us happy or stoical. He had gone up in the estimation of his school-fellows, even the thrashed one, and he felt a reckless joy. He would welcome a whipping. It would bring him back memories of what he had given Billy Tompkins. "Wouldn't Miss Hester be surprised," he thought, "if I should laugh out while she is whipping me?" And he laughed at the very thought. He was full of pleasure at himself. He had satisfied the impulse within him for once, and it made him happy.

Miss Prime read the ominous note, and looked at her charge thoughtfully. Fred glanced expectantly in the direction of the top of the clothes-press. But she only said, "Go out an' git in yore kindlin', Freddie; git yore chores done, an' then come in to supper." Her voice was menacingly quiet. The boy had learned to read the signs of her face too well to think that he was to get off so easily as this. Evidently, he would "get it" after supper, or Miss Prime had some new, refined mode of punishment in store for him. But what was it? He cudgelled his brain in vain, as he finished his chores, and at table he could hardly eat for wondering. But he might have spared himself his pains, for he learned all too soon.

Immediately after supper he was bidden to put on his cap and come along. Miss Prime took him by the hand. "I'm a-goin' to take you," she said, "to beg Willie Tompkins's pardon fur the way you did him."

Did the woman know what it meant to the boy? She could not, or her heart would have turned against the cruelty. Fred was aghast. Beg his pardon! A whipping was a thousand times better: indeed, it would be a mercy. He began to protest, but was speedily silenced. The enforced silence, however, did not cool his anger. He had done what other boys did. He had acted in the only way that it seemed a boy could act under the circumstances, and he had expected to be punished as his fellows were; but this—this was awful. He clinched his hands until the nails dug into the palms. His face was as pale as death. He sweated with the consuming fire of impotent rage. He wished that he might run away somewhere where he could hide and tear things and swear. For a moment only he entertained the thought, and then a look into the determined face of the woman at his side drove the thought away. To his childish eyes, distorted by resentment, she was an implacable and relentless monster who would follow him with punishment anywhere he might go.

And now they were at Billy Tompkins's door. They had passed through, and he found himself saying mechanically the words which Miss Prime put into his mouth, while his tormentor grinned from beside his mother's chair. Then, after a few words between the women, in which he heard from Mrs. Tompkins the mysterious words, "Oh, I don't blame you, Miss Hester; I know that blood will tell," they passed out, and the grinning face of Billy Tompkins was the last thing that Fred saw. It followed him home. The hot tears fell from his eyes, but they did not quench the flames that were consuming him. There is nothing so terrible as the just anger of a child,—terrible in its very powerlessness. Polyphemus is a giant, though the mountain hold him down.

Next morning when Fred went to school, Billy Tompkins with a crowd of boys about was waiting to deride him; but at sight of his face they stopped. He walked straight up to his enemy and began striking him with all his might.

"She made me beg your pardon, did she?" he gasped between the blows; "well, you take that for it, and that." The boys had fallen back, and Billy was attempting to defend himself.

"Mebbe she'll make me do it again to-night. If she does, I'll give you some more o' this to-morrow, and every time I have to beg your pardon. Do you hear?"

The boys cheered lustily, and Billy Tompkins, completely whipped and ashamed, slunk away.

That night no report of the fight went home. Fred Brent held the master hand.

In life it is sometimes God and sometimes the devil that comes to the aid of oppressed humanity. From the means, it is often hard to tell whose handiwork are the results.

## CHAPTER VII.

CYNICS and fools laugh at calf-love. Youth, which is wiser, treats it more seriously. When the boy begins to think of a girl, instead of girls, he displays the first budding signs of a real growing manhood. The first passion may be but the enthusiasm of discovery. Sometimes it is not. At times it dies, as fleeting enthusiasms do. Again it lives, and becomes a blessing, a curse, or a memory. Who shall say that the first half-sweet pang that strikes a boy's heart in the presence of the dear first girl is any less strong, intoxicating, and real to him than that which prompts him to take the full-grown woman to wife? With factitious sincerity we quote, "The boy is father to the man," and then refuse to believe that the qualities, emotions, and passions of the man are inherited from this same boy, are just the growth, the development, of what was embryonic in him.

Nothing is more serious, more pleasant, and more diverting withal, than a boy's brooding or exultation—one is the complement of the other—over his first girl. As, to a great extent, a man is moulded by the woman he marries, so to no less a degree is a boy's character turned and shaped by the girl he adores. Either he descends to her level, or she draws him up, unconsciously, perhaps, to her own plane. Girls are missionaries who convert boys. Boys are mostly heathens. When a boy has a girl, he remembers to put on his cuffs and collars, and he doesn't put his necktie into his pocket on the way to school.

In a boy's life, the having of a girl is the setting up of an ideal. It is the new element, the higher something which abashes the un-abashed, and makes John, who caused Henry's nose to bleed, tremble when little Mary stamps her foot. It is like an atheist's finding God, the sudden recognition of a higher and purer force against which all that he knows is powerless. Why doesn't John bully Mary? It would be infinitely easier than his former exploit with Henry. But he doesn't. He blushes in her presence, brings her the best apples, out of which heretofore he has enjoined the boys not to "take a hog-bite," and, even though the parental garden grow none, comes by flowers for her in some way, queer boyish bouquets where dandelions press shoulders with spring-beauties, daffodils, and roses,—strange democracy of flowerdom. He feels older and stronger.

In Fred's case the object of adoration was no less a person than Elizabeth Simpson, the minister's daughter. From early childhood they had seen and known each other at school, and between them had sprung up a warm childish friendship, apparently because their ways home lay along the same route. In such companionship the years sped; but Fred was a diffident boy, and he was seventeen and Elizabeth near the same before he began to feel those promptings which made him blushing offer to carry her book for her as far as he went. She had hesitated, refused, and then assented, as is the manner of her sex and years. It had become a settled thing for them to walk home together, he bearing her burdens, and doing for her any other little service that occurred to his boyish sense of gallantry.

Without will of his own, and without returning the favor, he had

grown in the Rev. Mr. Simpson's esteem. This was due mostly to his guardian's excellent work. In spite of his rebellion, training and environment had brought him greatly under her control, and when she began to admonish him about his lost condition spiritually she had been able to awaken a sort of superstitious anxiety in the boy's breast. When Miss Prime perceived that this had been accomplished, she went forthwith to her pastor and unburdened her heart.

"Brother Simpson," said she, "I feel that the Lord has appointed me an instrument in His hands for bringin' a soul into the kingdom." The minister put the tips of his fingers together and sighed piously and encouragingly. "I have been laborin' with Freddie in the sperrit of Christian industry, an' I believe that I have finally brought him to a realizin' sense of his sinfulness."

"H'm-m," said the minister. "Bless the Lord for this evidence of the activity of His people. Go on, sister."

"Freddie has at last come to the conclusion that hell is his lot unless he flies unto the mountain and seeks salvation."

"Bless the Lord for this."

"Now, Brother Simpson, I have done my part as fur as the Lord has showed me, except to ask you to come and wrastle with that boy."

"Let not thy heart be troubled, Sister Prime, for I will come as you ask me, and I will wrastle with that boy as Jacob did of old with the angel."

"Oh, Brother Simpson, I knowed you'd come. I know jest how you feel about pore wanderin' souls, an' I'm so glad to have yore strong arm and yore wisdom a-helpin' me."

"I hope, my sister, that the Lord may smile upon my poor labors, and permit us to snatch this boy as a brand from eternal burning."

"We shall have to labor in the sperrit, Brother Simpson."

"Yes, and with the understanding of the truth in our hearts and minds."

"I'm shore I feel mighty uplifted by comin' here to-day. Do come up to dinner Sunday, dear Brother Simpson, after preachin'."

"I will come, Sister Prime, I will come. I know by experience the worth of the table which the Lord provides for you, and then at the same season I may be able to sound this sinful boy as to his spiritual state and to drop some seed into the ground which the Lord has mercifully prepared for our harvest. Good-by, sister, good-by. I shall not forget, Sunday after preaching."

In accordance with his promise, the Rev. Mr. Simpson began to labor with Fred, with the result of driving him into a condition of dogged revolt, which Miss Prime's persistence finally overcame. When revival time came round, as sure as death, it must come, Fred regularly went to the mourners' bench, mourned his few days until he had worked himself into the proper state, and then, somewhat too coldly, it is true, for his anxious guardian, "got religion."

On the visit next after this which Mr. Simpson paid to Miss Prime, he took occasion to say, "Ah, my sister, I am so glad that you pointed me to that lost lamb of the house of Israel, and I am thanking the Maker

every day that He blessed my efforts to bring the young lamb into the fold. Ah, there is more joy over the one lamb that is found than over the ninety and nine that went not astray!"

Mr. Simpson's parishioner acquiesced, but she had some doubts in her mind as to whose efforts the Lord had blessed. She felt a little bit selfish. She wanted to be the author of anything good that Fred became. But she did not argue with Mr. Simpson. There are some concessions which one must make to one's pastor.

From this time on the preacher was Fred's friend, and plied him with good advice in the usual friendly way; but the boy bore it well, for Elizabeth smiled on him, and what boy would not bear a father's tongue for a girl's eyes?

The girl was like her mother, dark and slender and gentle, and perhaps weak. She had none of her father's bigness or bumptiousness. Her eyes were large, and of a shade that was neither black nor brown. Her hair was very decidedly black. Her face was small, and round with the plumpness of youth, but one instinctively felt, in looking at it, that its lines might easily fall into thinness, even pitifulness, at the first touch of woman's sorrow. She was not, nor did she look to be, a strong girl. But her very weakness was the source of secret delight to the boy, for it made him feel her dependence on him. When they were together and some girlish fear made her cling to his arm, his heart swelled with pride and a something else that he could not understand and could not have described. Had any one told him that he was going through the half-sweet, half-painful, timid, but gallant first stages of love, he would have resented the imputation with blushes. His whole training would have made him think of such a thing with terror. He had learned never to speak of girls at home, for any reference to them by him was sure to bring forth from Miss Prime an instant and strong rebuke.

"Freddie," was her exclamation that gave his first unsuspecting remarks pause, "you're a-gittin' too fresh: you'd better be a-mindin' of yore studies, instead o' thinkin' about girls. Girls ain't a-goin' to make you pass yore examination, an', besides, you're a-gittin' mannish; fur boys o' yore age to be a-talkin' about girls is mannish, do you hear, sir? You're a-beginnin' to feel yore keepin' too strong. Don't let me hear no more sich talk out o' you."

There never was a manly boy in the world whom the word "mannish," when applied to him, did not crush. It is a horrid word, nasty and full of ugly import. Fred was subdued by it, and so kept silence about his female friends. Happy is the boy who dares at home to pour out his heart about the girls he knows and likes, and thrice unhappy he who through mistaken zeal on the part of misguided parents is compelled to keep his thoughts in his heart and brood upon his little aproned companions as upon a secret sin. Two things are thereby engendered, stealth and unhealth. If Fred escaped certain youthful pitfalls, it was because he was so repressed that he had learned to hide himself from himself, his thoughts from the mind that produced them.

He was a boy strong and full of blood. The very discipline that

had given a gloomy cast to his mind had given strength and fortitude to his body. He was austere, because austerity was all that he had ever known or had a chance of knowing; but too often austerity is but the dam that holds back the flood of potential passion. Not to know the power which rages behind the barricade is to leave the structure weak for a hapless day when, carrying all before it, the flood shall break its bonds and in its fury ruin fair field and smiling mead. It was well for Fred Brent that the awakening came when it did.

In the first days of June, when examinations are over, the annual exhibition done, and the graduating class has marched away proud in the possession of its diplomas, the minds of all concerned turn naturally towards the old institution, the school picnic. On this occasion parents join the teachers and pupils for a summer day's outing in the woods. Great are the preparations for the festal day, and great the rejoicings thereon. For these few brief hours old men and women lay aside their cares and their dignity and become boys and girls again. Those who have known sorrow—and who has not?—take to themselves a day of forgetfulness. Great baskets are loaded to overflowing with the viands dear to the picnicker's palate,—sandwiches whose corpulence would make their sickly brothers of the railway restaurant wither with envy, pies and pickles, cheese and crackers, cakes and jams galore. Old horses that, save for this day, know only the market-cart or the Sunday chaise, are hitched up to bear out the merry loads. Old wagons, whose wheels have known no other decoration than the mud and clay of rutty roads, are festooned gayly with cedar wreaths, oak leaves, or the gaudy tissue-paper rosettes, and creak joyfully on their mission of lightness and mirth. On foot, by horse, in wagon or cart, the crowds seek some neighboring grove, and there the day is given over to laughter, mirth, and song. The children roll and tumble on the sward in the intoxication of "swing-turn" and "ring-around-a-rosy." The young women, with many blushes and shy glances, steal off to quiet nooks with their imploring swains. Some of the elders, anxious to prove that they have not yet lost all their youth and agility, indulge, rather awkwardly perhaps, in the exhausting amusement of the jumping-rope. A few of the more staid walk apart in conversation with some favorite pastor who does not decline to take part in the innocent pleasures and crack ponderous jokes for the edification of his followers. Perhaps some of the more daring are engaged in one of the numerous singing plays, such as "Oh, la, Miss Brown," or "Swing Candy, Two and Two," but these are generally frowned upon: they are too much like dancing, and time has been when some too adventurous church-member has been "churched" for engaging in one.

In such a merrymaking was the community which surrounded the high school at Dexter engaged when the incident occurred which opened Fred's eyes to his own state. Both he and Elizabeth had been in the prize ranks that year, and their friends had turned out in full and made much of them. Even Eliphalet Hodges was there, with old Bess festooned as gayly as the other horses, and both Miss Prime and Mr. Simpson were in evidence. The afternoon of the day was somewhat advanced, the dinner had been long over, and the weariness of

the people had cast something of a quietus over the hilarity of their sports. They were sitting about in groups, chatting and laughing, while the tireless children were scurrying about in games of "tag," "catcher," and "hide-and-seeK."

The grove where the festivities were being held was on a hill-side which sloped gently to the bank of a small, narrow stream, usually dry in summer; but now, still feeling the force of the spring freshets, and swollen by the rain of the day before, it was rushing along at a rapid rate. A fence divided the picnic-ground proper from the sharper slope of the rivulet's bank. This fence the young people had been warned not to pass, and so no danger was apprehended on account of the stream's overflowing condition. But the youngsters at Dexter were no more obedient than others of their age elsewhere. So when a scream arose from several childish voices at the lower part of the hill, everybody knew that some child had been disobeying, and, pell-mell, the picnickers rushed in the direction of the branch.

When they reached the nearest point from which they could see the stream, a terrifying sight met their eyes. A girl was struggling in the shallow but swift water. She had evidently stepped on the sloping bank and fallen in. Her young companions were running alongside the rivulet, stretching out their hands helplessly to her, but the current was too strong, and, try as she would, she could not keep her feet. A cry of grief and despair went up from the girls on the bank, as she made one final effort and then fell and was carried down by the current.

Men were leaping the fence now, but a boy who had seen the whole thing from a neighboring hillock was before them. Fred Brent came leaping down the hill like a young gazelle. He had seen who the unfortunate girl was,—Elizabeth,—and he had but one desire in his heart, to save her. He reached the bank twenty yards ahead of any one else, and plunged into the water just in front of her, for she was catching and slipping, clinging and losing hold, but floating surely to her death. He struggled up stream, reached and caught her by the dress. The water tugged at him and tried to throw him over, but he stemmed it, and, lifting her up in his arms, fought his way manfully to the bank. Up this he faltered, slipping and sliding in the wet clay, and weak with his struggle against the strong current. But his face was burning and his blood tingling, as he held the girl close to him till he gave her unconscious form into her father's arms.

For the moment all was confusion, as was natural when a preacher's daughter was so nearly drowned. The crowd clustered around and gave much advice and some restoratives. Some unregenerate, with many apologies and explanations concerning his possession, produced a flask, and part of the whiskey was forced down the girl's throat, while her hands and face and feet were chafed. She opened her eyes at last, and a fervent "Thank God!" broke from her father's lips and called forth a shower of Amens.

As soon as Fred saw that Elizabeth was safe, he struck away for home, unobserved, and without waiting to hear what the crowd were saying. He heard people calling his name kindly and admiringly, but

it only gave wings to the feet that took him away from them. If he had thrown the girl in instead of bringing her out, he could not have fled more swiftly or determinedly away from the eyes of people. Tired and footsore, drenched to the skin and chilled through, he finally reached home. He was trembling, he was crying, but he did not know it, and had he known, he could not have told why. He did not change his clothes, but crouched down in a corner and hid his face in his hands. He dreaded seeing any one or hearing any person speak his name. He felt painfully conscious of a new self, which he thought must be apparent to other eyes.

The accident of the afternoon had cast a gloom over the merry-makings, and, the picnic breaking up abruptly, sent the people scurrying home, so that Miss Prime was at the house not far behind her charge.

"Freddie," she called to him as she entered the house, "Freddie, where air you?" And then she found him. She led him out of the corner and looked him over with a scrutinizing eye. "Freddie Brent," she said, solemnly, "you've jest ruined yore suit." He was glad. He wanted to be scolded. "But," she went on, "I don't care ef you have." And here she broke down. "You're a-goin' to have another one, fur you're a right smart boy, that's all I've got to say." For a moment he wanted to lay his head on her breast and give vent to the sob which was choking him. But he had been taught neither tenderness nor confidence, so he choked back the sob, though his throat felt dry and hot and strained. He stood silent and embarrassed until Miss Prime recovered herself and continued: "But la, child, you'll take yore death o' cold. Git out o' them wet things an' git into bed, while I make you some hot tea. Fur the life o' me, I never did see sich carryin's-ou."

The boy was not sorry to obey. He was glad to be alone. He drank the warm tea and tried to go to sleep, but he could not. His mind was on fire. His heart seemed as if it would burst from his bosom. Something new had come to him. He began to understand, and blushed because he did understand. It was less discovery than revelation. His forehead was hot. His temples were throbbing. It was well that Miss Prime did not discover it: she would have given him horehound to cure—thought!

From the moment that the boy held the form of the girl to his heart he was changed, and she was changed to him. They could never be the same to each other again. Manhood had come to him in a single instant, and he saw in her womanhood. He began for the first time to really know himself, and it frightened him and made him ashamed.

He drew the covers over his head and lay awake, startled, surprised at what he knew himself and mankind to be.

To Fred Brent the awakening had come; early, if we would be prudish,—not too early, if we would be truthful.

## CHAPTER VIII.

IF Fred Brent had needed anything to increase his consciousness of the new feeling that had come to him, he could not have done better to get it than by going to see Eliphalet Hodges next day. His war of thought had gone on all night, and when he rose in the morning he thought that he looked guilty, and he was afraid that Miss Prime would notice it and read his secret. He wanted rest. He wanted to be secure from any one who would even suspect what was in his heart. But he wanted to see and to talk to some one. Who better, then, than his old friend?

So he finished his morning's chores and slipped away. He would not pass by Elizabeth's house, but went by alleys and lanes until he reached his destination. The house looked rather silent and deserted, and Mr. Hodges's old assistant did not seem to be working in the garden as usual. But after some search the boy found his old friend smoking upon the back porch. There was a cloud upon the usually bright features, and the old man took his pipe from his mouth with a disconsolate sigh as the boy came in sight.

"I'm mighty glad you've come, Freddie," said he, in a sad voice. "I've been a-wantin' to talk to you all the mornin'. Set down on the side o' the porch, or git a chair out o' the house, ef you'd ruther."

The boy sat down, wondering what could be the matter with his friend, and what he could have to say to him. Surely it must be something serious, for the whole tone and manner of his companion indicated something of import. The next remark startled him into sudden suspicion.

"There's lots o' things made me think o' lots of other things in the last couple o' days. You've grown up kind o' quick like, Freddie, so that a body 'ain't hardly noticed it, but that ain't no matter. You're up or purty nigh it, an' you can understand and appreciate lots o' the things that you used to couldn't."

Fred sat still, with mystery and embarrassment written on his face. He wanted to hear more, but he was almost afraid to listen further.

"I 'ain't watched you so close, mebbe, as I'd ought to 'a' done, but when I seen you yistiddy evenin' holdin' that little girl in yore arms I said to myself, I said, 'Eliphalet Hodges, Freddie ain't a child no more; he's growed up.'" The boy's face was scarlet. Now he was sure that the thoughts of his heart had been surprised, and that this best of friends thought of him as "fresh," "mannish," or even wicked. He could not bear the thought of it; again the tears rose in his eyes, usually so free from such evidences of weakness. But the old man went on slowly in a low, half-remiscent tone, without looking at his auditor to see what effect his words had had. "Well, that was one of the things that set me thinkin'; an' then there was another." He cleared his throat and pulled hard at his pipe; something made him blink,—dust, or smoke, or tears, perhaps. "Freddie," he half sobbed out, "old Bess is dead. Pore old Bess died last night o' colic. I'm afeared the drive to the picnic was too much fur her."

"Old Bess dead!" cried the boy, grieved and at the same time relieved. "Who would have thought it? Poor old girl! It seems like losing one of the family."

"She was one of the family," said the old man, brokenly. "She was more faithful than most human beings." The two stood sadly musing, the boy as sad as the man. "Old Bess" was the horse that had taken him for his first ride, that winter morning years before, when the heart of the child was as cold as the day. Eliphalet Hodges had warmed the little heart, and, in the years that followed, man, child, and horse had grown nearer to each other in a queer but sympathetic companionship.

Then, as if recalling his mind from painful reflections, the elder man spoke again. "But it ain't no use a-worryin' over what can't be helped. We was both fond o' old Bess, an' I know you feel as bad about losin' her as I do. But I'm a-goin' to give her a decent burial, sich as a Christian ought to have; fur, while the old mare wasn't no perfessor, she lived the life, an' that's more'n most perfessors do. Yes, sir, I'm a-goin' to have her buried: no glue-man fur me. I reckon you're a-wantin' to know how old Bess dyin' an' yore a-savin' 'Lizabeth could run into each other in my mind; but they did. Fur, as I see you standin' there a-holdin' the little girl, it come to me sudden like, 'Freddie's grown now, an' he'll be havin' a girl of his own purty soon, ef he 'ain't got one now. Mebbe it'll be 'Lizabeth.'" The old man paused for a moment: his eyes rested on the boy's fiery face. "Tut, tut," he resumed, "you ain't ashamed, air you? Well, what air you a-gittin' so red fur? Havin' a girl ain't nothin' to be ashamed of, or skeered about neither. Most people have girls one time or another, an' I don't know of nothin' that'll make a boy or a young man go straighter than to know that his girl's eyes air upon him. Don't be ashamed at all."

Fred still blushed, but he felt better, and his face lightened over the kindly words.

"I didn't finish tellin' you, though, what I started on. I got to thinkin' yesterday about my young days, when I had a girl, an' how I used to ride back an' forth on the pore old horse right into this town to see her; an' as I drove home from the picnic I talked to the old nag about it, an' she whisked her tail an' laid back her ears, jest like she remembered it all. It was on old Bess that I rode away from my girl's house after her first 'no' to me, an' it seemed then that the animal sympathized with me, fur she drooped along an' held down her head jest like I was a-doin'. Many a time after that we rode away that way together, fur the girl was set in her ways, an' though she confessed to a hankerin' fur me, she wanted to be independent. I think her father put the idee into her head, fur he was a hard man, an' she was his all, his wife bein' dead. After a while we stopped talkin' about the matter, an' I jest went an' come as a friend. I only popped the question once more, an' that was when her father died an' she was left all alone.

"It was a summer day, warm an' cheerful like this, only it was evenin', an' we was a-settin' out on her front garden walk. She was

a-knittin', an' I was a-whippin' the groun' with a switch that I had brought along to touch Bess up with now an' then. I had hitched her out front, an' she kep' a-turnin' her eyes over the fence as ef she was as anxious as I was, an' that was mighty anxious. Fin'ly I got the question out, an' the girl went all red in a minute: she had been jest a purty pink before. Her knittin' fell in her lap. Fust she started to answer, then she stopped an' her eyes filled up. I seen she was a-weak'nin', so I thought I'd push the matter. 'Come,' says I, gentle like, an' edgin' near up to her, 'give me my answer. I been waitin' a long time fur a yes.' With that she grabbed knittin', apron, an' all, an' put 'em to her eyes an' rushed into the house. I knowed she'd gone in to have a good cry an' settle her nerves, fur that's the way all women-folks does: so I knowed it was no use to bother her until it was done. So I walks out to the fence, an', throwin' an arm over old Bess's back, I told her all about it, jest as I'm a-tellin' you, she a-lookin' at me with her big meltin' eyes an' whinnyin' soft like.

"After a little while the girl come out. She was herself ag'in, but there was a look in her face that turned my heart stone-cold. Her voice sounded kind o' sharp as she said, 'Liphalet, I've been a-thinkin' over what you said. I'm only a woman, an' I come purty near bein' a weak one; but I'm all right now. I don't mind tellin' you that ef I was ever goin' to marry, you'd be my choice, but I ain't a-goin' to have my father's sperrit a-thiukin' that I took advantage of his death to marry you. Good-by, 'Liphalet.' She held out her hand to me, an' I took it. 'Come an' see me sometimes,' she said. I couldn't answer, so I went out and got on old Bess an' we jogged away. It was an awful disappointment, but I thought I would wait an' let my girl come aroun', fur sometimes they do,—in fact mostly; but she has never give me a sign to make me think that she has. That was twenty years ago, an' I've been waitin' faithful ever sence. But it seems like she was different from most women, an' 'specially good on holdin' out. People that was babies then have growed up an' married. An' now the old companion that has been with me through all this waitin' has left me. I know what it means. It means that I'm old, that years have been wasted, that chances have been lost. But you have taught me my lesson, Bess. Dear old Bess, even in yore last hours you did me a service, an' you, Freddie, you have given me the stren'th that I had twenty years ago, an' I'm a-goin' to try to save what remains of my life." He was greatly agitated. He rose and grasped the boy's arm. "Come, Freddie," he said; "come on. I'm a-goin' to ask Miss Prime ag'in to be my wife."

"Miss Prime!" exclaimed Fred, aghast.

"Miss Prime was my sweetheart, Freddie, thirty years ago, jest like 'Lizabeth is yor'n now. Come along."

The two set out, Hodges stepping with impatient alacrity, and the boy too astounded to speak.

It was a beautiful morning at the end of June. The sense of spring's reviving influence had not yet given way to the full languor and sensuousness of summer. The wind was soft and warm and fragrant. The air was full of the song of birds and the low droning

of early bees. The river that flowed between the green hills and down through Dexter was like a pane of wrinkled glass, letting light and joy even into the regions below. Over the streets and meadows and hills lay a half haze, like a veil over the too dazzling beauty of an Eastern princess. The hum of business,—for in the passing years Dexter had grown busy,—the roar of traffic in the streets, all melted into a confused and intoxicating murmur as the pedestrians passed into the residence portion of the town to the cottage where Miss Prime still lived. The garden was as prim as ever, the walks as straight and well kept. The inevitable white curtains were fluttering freshly from the window, over which a huge matrimony vine drooped lazily and rung its pink and white bells to invite the passing bees.

Eliphalet paused at the gate and heaved a deep sigh. So much depended upon the issue of his present visit. The stream of his life had been flowing so smoothly before. Now if its tranquillity were disturbed it never could be stilled again. Did he dare to risk so much upon so hazardous a chance? Were it not better to go back home, back to his old habits and his old ease, without knowing his fate? That would at least leave him the pleasure of speculating. He might delude himself with the hope that some day— He faltered. His hand was on the gate, but his face was turned back towards the way he had come. Should he enter, or should he go back? Fate decided for him, for at this juncture the door opened, and Miss Hester appeared in the doorway and called out, "Do come in, 'Liphalet. What air you a-standin' out there so long a-studyin' about, fur all the world like a bashful boy?"

The shot told. He was a bashful boy again, going fearfully, tremblingly, lovingly, to see the girl of his heart; but there was no old Bess to whinny encouragement to him from over the little fence. If he blushed, even the scrutinizing eyes of Miss Prime did not see it, for the bronze laid on his face by summers and winters of exposure; but he felt the hot blood rush up to his face and neck, and the perspiration breaking out on his brow. He paused long enough to mop his face, and then, saying to Fred, in a low tone, "You stay in the garden, my boy, until it's all over," he opened the gate and entered in the manner of one who leads a forlorn hope through forest aisles where an ambush is suspected. The door closed behind him. Interested, excited, wondering and fearing, doubting and hoping, Fred remained in the garden. There were but two thoughts in his head, and they were so new and large that his poor boy's cranium had room for no more. They ran in this wise: "Miss Prime is Uncle 'Liphalet's girl, and Elizabeth is mine."

Within, Miss Prime was talking on in her usual decided fashion, while the man sat upon the edge of his chair and wondered how he could break in upon the stream of her talk and say what was in his heart. At last the lady exclaimed, "I do declare, 'Liphalet, what kin be the matter with you? You 'ain't said ten words sence you've been a-settin' there. I hope you 'ain't talked yoreself entirely out with Fred. It does beat all how you an' that boy seem to grow thicker an' thicker every day. One 'ud think fur all the world that you told him

all yore secrets, an' was afeared he'd tell 'em, by the way you stick by him; an' he's jest as bad about you. It's amazin'."

"Freddie's a wonderful good boy, an' he's smart, too. They ain't none of 'em a-goin' to throw dust in his eyes in the race of life."

"I'm shore I tried to do my dooty by him the very best I could, an' ef he does amount to anything in this world it'll be through hard labor an' mighty careful watchin'." Miss Hester gave a sigh that was meant to be full of solemnity, but that positively reeked with self-satisfaction.

"But as you say, 'Liphalet,' she went on, "Fred ain't the worst boy in the world, nor the dumbest neither, ef I do say it myself. I ain't a-sayin', mind you, that he's anything so great or wonderful; but I've got to thinkin' that there's somethin' in him besides original sin, an' I should feel that the Lord had been mighty favorin' to me ef I could manage to draw it out. The fact of it is, 'Liphalet, I've took a notion in my head about Fred, an' I'm a-goin' to tell you what it is. I've decided to make a preacher out o' him."

"H'm—ah—well, Miss Hester, don't you think you'd better let the Lord do that?"

"Nonsense, 'Liphalet! you 'ain't got no insight at all. I believe in people a-doin' their part an' not a-shovin' everything off on the Lord. The shiftless don't want nothin' better than to leave the Lord to take care o' things, an' then fold their arms an' set down an' let things go to the devil. Remember, Brother Hodges, I don't mean that in a perfane way. But then, because God made the sunlight an' the rain, it ain't no sign that we shouldn't prune the vine."

Miss Hester's face had flushed up with the animation of her talk, and her eyes were sparkling with excitement.

Eliphalet looked at her, and his heart leaped. He felt that the time had come to speak.

"Miss Hester," he began, and the hat in his hand went round and round nervously.

"'Liphalet, fur goodness' sake do lay yore hat on the table. You'll ruin the band of it, an' you make me as nervous as a cat."

He felt a little dampened after this, but he laid down the offending hat and began again. "I've been thinkin' some myself, Miss Hester, an' it's been about you."

"About me? La, 'Liphalet, what have you been a-thinkin' now?" The "now" sounded as if his thoughts were usually rather irresponsible.

"It was about you an'—an'—old Bess."

"About me an' old Bess! Bless my soul, man, will you stop beatin' about the bush an' tell me what on airth I've got to do with yore horse?"

"Old Bess is dead, Miss Hester; died last night o' colic."

"Well, I thought there was somethin' the matter with you. I'm mighty sorry to hear about the poor old creatur; but she'd served you a long while."

"That's jest what set me a-thiukin': she has served me a long while, an' now she's dead. Do you know what that means, Miss

Hester? It means that we're a-gittin' old, you an' me. Do you know when I got old Bess? It was nigh thirty years ago: I used to ride her up to this door an' tie her to that tree out there: it was a saplin' then. An' now she's dead."

The man's voice trembled, and his listener was strangely silent.

"You know on what errands the old horse used to bring me," he went on, "but it wasn't to be,—then. Hester," he rose, went over to her, and looked down into her half-averted face, which went red and pale by turns,—“Hester, 'ain't we wasted time enough?"

There was a long pause before she lifted her face: he stood watching her with the light of a great eagerness in his eyes. At last she spoke. There was a catch in her voice; it was softer than usual.

"'Liphalet," she began, "I'm right glad you remember those days. I 'ain't never furgot 'em myself. It's true you've been a good loyal friend to me, an' I thank you fur it, but, after all these years——"

He broke in upon her with something like youthful impetuosity. "After all these years," he exclaimed, "an' endurin' love ought to be rewarded. Hester, I ain't a-goin' to take 'no' fur an answer. I've got lots o' years o' life in me yet,—we both have,—an' I ain't a-goin' on with an empty home an' an empty heart no longer."

"'Liphalet, you ain't a young man no more, an' I ain't a young woman, an' the Lord——"

"I don't care ef I ain't, an' I don't believe in shovin' everything off on the Lord."

"'Liphalet!" It was a reproach.

"Hester!" This was love. He put his arm around her and kissed her. "You're a-goin' to say yes, ain't you? You ain't a-goin' to send me away miserable? You're a-dyin' to say yes, but you're a-tryin' to force yoreself not to. Don't." He lifted her face as a young lover might, and looked down into her eyes. "Is it yes?"

"Well, 'Liphalet, it 'pears like you're jest so pesterin' that I've got to say yes. Yes, then." And she returned the quiet but jubilant kiss that he laid upon her lips.

"After all these years," he said. "Sorrow may last fur a night, but joy cometh in the mornin'. It was a long night, but, thank the Lord, mornin's broke." Then, rising, he went to the door and called joyously, "Freddie, come on in: it's all over."

"'Liphalet, did that boy know what you was a-goin' to say?"

"Yes, o' course he did."

"Oh, my! oh, my! Well, I've got a good mind to take it all back. Oh, my!" And when Fred came in, for the first time in her life Miss Prime was abashed and confused in his presence.

But Eliphalet had no thought of shame. He took her by the hand and said, "Freddie, Miss Hester's consented at last: after thirty years, she's a-goin' to marry me."

But Miss Hester broke in, "'Liphalet, don't be a-puttin' notions in that boy's head. You go 'way, Fred, right away."

Fred went out, but he felt bolder. He went past Elizabeth's house whistling. He didn't care. He wondered if he would have to wait thirty years for her. He hoped not.

## CHAPTER IX.

So great has been our absorption in the careers of Fred Brent, Miss Prime, and Eliphalet Hodges that we have sadly neglected some of the characters whose acquaintance we made at the beginning of our story. But Nature and Time have been kinder,—or more cruel, if you will. They have neither passed over nor neglected them. They have combined with trouble and hard work to kill one of Fred's earliest friends. Melissa Davis is no more, and the oldest girl, Sophy, supplements her day's work of saleswoman in a dry-goods store by getting supper in the evening and making the younger Davises step around. Mrs. Warren, the sometime friend of Margaret Brent and enemy of Miss Prime, has moved farther out, into the suburbs, for Dexter has suburbs now, and boasts electric cars and amusement parks. Time has done much for the town. Its streets are paved, and the mean street that bore the tumble-down Brent cottage and its fellows has been built up and grown respectable. It and the street where Miss Prime's cottage frowned down have settled away into a quiet residential portion of the town, while around to the east, south, and west, and on both sides of the little river that divides the city, roars and surges the traffic of a characteristic middle-West town. Half-way up the hill, where the few aristocrats of the place formerly lived in almost royal luxuriance and seclusion, a busy sewing-machine factory has forced its way, and with its numerous chimneys and stacks literally smoked the occupants out; at their very gates it sits like the commander of a besieging army, and about it cluster the cottages of the workmen, in military regularity. Little and neat and trim, they flock there like the commander's obedient host, and such they are, for the sight of them offends the eyes of wealth. So what with the smoke, and what with the proximity of the poorer classes, wealth capitulates, evacuates, and with robes discreetly held aside passes by to another quarter, and a new district is born where poverty dare not penetrate. Seated on a hill, where, as is their inclination, they may look down, literally and figuratively, upon the hurrying town, they are complacent again, and the new-comers to the town, the new-rich magnates and the half-rich strugglers who would be counted on the higher level, move up and swell their numbers at Dexter View.

Amid all this change, two alone of those we know remain unaltered and unalterable, true to their traditions. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Martin, the two ancient gossips, still live side by side, spying and commenting on all that falls within their ken, much as they did on that day when Eliphalet Hodges took Fred Brent for his first drive behind old Bess. Their windows still open out in the same old way, whence they can watch the happenings of the street. If there has been any change in them at all, it is that they have grown more absorbed and more keen in following and dissecting their neighbors' affairs.

It is to these two worthies, then, that we wish to reintroduce the reader on an early autumn evening some three months after the events narrated in the last chapter.

Mrs. Martin went to her back fence, which was the nearest point

of communication between her and her neighbor. "Mis' Smith," she called, and her confederate came hurrying to the door, thimble on and a bit of sewing clutched precariously in her apron, just as she had caught it up when the significant call brought her to the back door.

"Oh, you're busy as usual, I see," said Mrs. Martin.

"It ain't nothin' partic'ler, only a bit o' bastin' that I was doin'."

"You ain't a-workin' on the machine, then, so you might bring your sewin' over and take a cup o' tea with me."

"La! now that's so kind o' you, Mis' Martin. I was jest thinkin' how good a cup o' tea would taste, but I didn't want to stop to make it. I'll be over in a minute, jest as soon as I see if my front door is locked." And she disappeared within the house, while Mrs. Martin returned to her own sitting-room.

The invited knew very well what the invitation to tea meant. She knew that some fresh piece of news was to be related and discussed. The beverage of which she was invited to partake was but a pretext, but neither the one nor the other admitted as much. Each understood perfectly, as by a tacit agreement, and each tried to deceive herself and the other as to motives and objects.

There is some subtle tie between tea-drinking and gossip. It is over their dainty cups that women dissect us men and damn their sisters. Some of the quality of the lemon they take in their tea gets into their tongues. Tea is to talk what dew is to a plant, a gentle nourishing influence, which gives to its product much of its own quality. There are two acids in the tea which cultured women take. There is only one in the beverage brewed by commonplace people. But that is enough.

Mrs. Martin had taken her tray into the sitting-room, where a slight fire was burning in the prim "parlor cook," on which the hot water was striving to keep its quality when Mrs. Smith came in.

"La, Mis' Martin, you do manage to have everything so cosy. I'm shore a little fire in a settin'-room don't feel bad these days."

"I jest thought I'd have to have a fire," replied Mrs. Martin, "fur I was feelin' right down chilly, though goodness knows a person does burn enough coal in winter, without throwin' it away in these early fall days."

"Well, the Lord's put it here fur our comfort, an' I think we're a-doin' His will when we make use o' the comfort He gives us."

"Ah, but, Mis' Smith, there's too many people that goes about the world thinkin' that they know jest what the Lord's will is; but I have my doubts about 'em, though, mind you, I ain't a-mentionin' no names: 'no name, no blame.'" Mrs. Martin pressed her lips and shook her head, a combination of gestures that was eloquent with meaning. It was too much for her companion. Her curiosity got the better of her caution.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed. "What is it now?"

"Oh, nothin' of any consequence at all. It ain't fur me to be a-judgin' my neighbors or a-talkin' about 'em. I jest thought I'd have you over to tea, you're sich good company."

Mrs. Smith was so impatient that she had forgotten her sewing and

it lay neglected in her lap, but in no other way did she again betray her anxiety. She knew that there was something new to be told and that it would be told all in good time. But when gossip has become a fine art it must be conducted with dignity and precision.

"Let me see, I believe you take two lumps o' sugar an' no milk." Mrs. Martin knew perfectly what her friend took. "I don't know how this tea is. I got it from the new grocery over at the corner." She tasted it deliberately. "It might 'a' drawn a little more." Slowly she stirred it round and round, and then, as if she had drawn the truth from the depths of her cup, she observed, "This is a queer world, Mis' Smith."

Mrs. Smith sighed a sigh that was appreciative and questioning at once. "It is indeed," she echoed; "I'm always a-sayin' to myself what a mighty cur'us world this is."

"Have you ever got any tea from that new grocery-man?" asked her companion, with tantalizing irrelevance.

"No: I hain't never even been in there."

"Well, this here's middlin' good: don't you think so?"

"Oh, it's more than middlin', it's downright good. I think I must go into that grocery some time, myself."

"I was in there to-day, and met Mis' Murphy: she says there's great goin'-ons up at Miss Prime's—I never shall be able to call her Mis' Hodges."

"You don't tell me! She an' Brother 'Liphalet 'ain't had a fallin' out already, have they? Though what more could you expect?"

"Oh, no, indeed. It ain't no fallin' out, nothin' o' the kind."

"Well, what then? What has Miss Hester—I mean Mis' Hodges been doin' now? Where will that woman stop? What's she done?"

"Well, you see,—do have another cup of tea, an' help yoreself to that bread an' butter,—you see, Freddie Brent has finished at the high school, an' they've been wonderin' what to make him."

"Well, what air they a-goin' to make him? His father was a good stone-mason, when he was anything."

"Humph! you don't suppose Miss Hester's been sendin' a boy to school to learn Latin and Greek an' algebray an' sich, to be a stone-mason, do you? Huh uh. Said I to myself, as soon as I see her sendin' him from the common school to high school, says I, 'She's got big notions in her head.' Oh, no; the father's trade was not good enough for her boy: so thinks Mis' 'Liphalet Hodges."

"Well, what on airth is she goin' to make out of him, then?"

"Please pass me that sugar: thank you. You know Mr. Daniels offered him a place as clerk in the same store where Sophy Davis is. It was mighty kind o' Mr. Daniels, I think, to offer him the job."

"Well, didn't he take it?"

"Well, partly he did an' partly he didn't, ef you can understand that."

"Sally Martin, what do you mean? A body has to fairly pick a thing out o' you."

"I mean that she told Mr. Daniels he might work for him half of every day."

"Half a day! An' what's he goin' to do the other half?"

"He's a-goin' to the Bible Seminary the other half-day. She's a-goin' to make a preacher out o' him."

Mrs. Martin had slowly and tortuously worked up to her climax, and she shot forth the last sentence with a jubilant ring. She had well calculated its effects. Sitting back in her chair, she sipped her tea complacently as she contemplated her companion's astonishment. Mrs. Smith had completely collapsed into her seat, folded her arms, and closed her eyes. "Laws a massy!" she exclaimed. "What next? Old Tom, drunken Tom, swearin' an' ravin' Tom Brent's boy a preacher!" Then suddenly she opened her eyes and sat up very erect and alert as she broke forth, "Sally Martin, what air you a-tellin' me? It ain't possible. It's ag'in' nature. A panther's cub ain't a-goin' to be a lamb. It's downright wicked, that's what I say."

"An' so says I to Mis' Murphy, them same identical words; says I, 'Mis' Murphy, it's downright wicked. It's a-shamin' of the Lord's holy callin' o' the ministry.'"

"An' does the young scamp pertend to 'a' had a call?"

"No, indeed: he was mighty opposed to it, and so was her husband; but that woman was so sot she wouldn't agree to nothin' else. He don't pertend to 'a' heard no call, 'ceptin' Miss Hester's, an' that was a command. I know it's all true, for Mis' Murphy, while she wasn't jest a-listenin', lives next door and heard it all."

And so the two women fell to discussing the question, as they had heard it, pro and con. It was all true, as the women had it, that Miss Hester had put into execution her half-expressed determination to make a preacher of Fred. He had heard nothing of it until the day when he rushed in elated over the kindly offer of a place in Mr. Daniels's store. Then his guardian had firmly told him of her plan, and there was a scene.

"You kin jest tell Mr. Daniels that you kin work for him half a day every day, an' that you're a-goin' to put in the rest of your time at the Bible Seminary. I've made all the arrangements."

"But I don't want to be a preacher," the boy had retorted, with some heat. "I'd a good deal rather learn business, and some day start out for myself."

"It ain't what some of us wants to do in this life; it's what the Lord appoints us to; an' it's wicked fur you to rebel."

"I don't know how you can know so much what the Lord means for me to do. I should think He would give His messages to those who are to do the work."

"That's right, Freddie Brent, sass me, sass me. That's what I've struggled all the best days of my life to raise you fur."

"I'm not sassin' you, but——"

"Don't you think, Hester," broke in her husband, "that mebbe there's some truth in what Freddie says? Don't you think the Lord kind o' whispers what He wants people to do in their own ears? Mebbe it wasn't never intended fur Freddie to be a preacher: there's other ways o' doin' good besides a-talkin' from the pulpit."

"I'd be bound fur you, 'Liphalet: it's a shame, you a-goin' ag'in'

me, after all I've done to make Freddie material fit for the Lord's use. Jest think what you'll have to answer fur, a-helpin' this unruly boy to shirk his dooty."

"I ain't a-goin' ag'in' you, Hester. You're my wife, an' I 'low 'at your judgment's purty sound on most things. I ain't a-goin' ag'in' you at all, but—but—I was jest a-wonderin'."

The old man brought out the last words slowly, meditatively. He was "jest a-wonderin'." His wife, though, never wondered.

"Mind you," she went on, "I say to you, Freddie, and to your uncle 'Liphalet too, if he upholds you, that it ain't me you're a-rebellin' against. It's yore dooty an' the will o' God that you're a-fightin'. It's easy enough to rebel against man; but do you know what you're a-doin' when you set yourself up against the Almighty? Do you want to do that?"

"Yes," came the boy's answer like a flash. He was stung and irritated into revolt, and a torrent of words poured from his lips unrestrained. "I'm tired of doing right. I'm tired of being good. I'm tired of obeying God——"

"Freddie?" But over the dam the water was flowing with irresistible force. The horror of his guardian's face and the terrible reproach in her voice could not check the boy.

"Everything," he continued, "that I have ever wanted to do since I can remember has been bad, or against my duty, or displeasing to God. Why does He frown on everything I want to do? Why do we always have to be killing our wishes on account of duty? I don't believe it. I hate duty. I hate obedience. I hate everything, and I won't obey——"

"Freddie, be keerful: don't say anything that'll hurt after your mad spell's over. Don't blaspheme the Lord A'mighty."

'Liphalet Hodges's voice was cool and tender and persuasive. He laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, while his wife sat there motionless, white and rigid with horror.

The old man's words and his gentle touch had a wonderful effect on the boy; they checked his impassioned outburst; but his pent-up heart was too full. He burst into tears and rushed headlong from the house.

For a time he walked aimlessly on, his mind in a tumult of rage. Then he began to come to himself. He saw the people as they passed him. He had eyes again for the street, and he wondered where he was going. He felt an overwhelming desire to talk to some one and to get sympathy, consolation, and perhaps support. But whither should he turn? If 'Liphalet Hodges had been at the old house, his steps would naturally have bent in that direction; but this refuge was no longer his. Then his mind began going over the people whom he knew, and no name so stuck in his fancy as that of Elizabeth. It was a hard struggle. He was bashful. Any other time he would not have done it, but now his great need created in him an intense desperation that made him bold. He turned and retraced his steps towards the Simpson house.

Elizabeth was leaning over the gate. The autumn evening was

cool : she had a thin shawl about her shoulders. She was humming a song as Fred came up. His own agitation made her seem irritatingly calm. She opened the gate and made room for him at her side.

"You seem dreadfully warm," she said, "and here I was getting ready to go in because it is so cool."

"I've been walking very fast," he answered, hesitatingly.

"Don't you think you'd better go in, so as not to take cold?"

"Oh, I don't care if I do take cold." The speech sounded rude. Elizabeth looked at him in surprise.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked.

"I'm mad; that's what's the matter."

"Oh, Fred, you shouldn't get mad: you know it's wrong."

He put up his hand as if she had struck him. "Wrong! wrong! It seems I can't hear anything else but that word. Everything is wrong. Don't say any more about it. I don't want to hear the word again."

Elizabeth did not know what to make of his words, so she said nothing, and for a while they stood in strained silence. After a while he said, "Aunt Hester wants me to be a preacher."

"I am so glad to hear that," she returned. "I think you'll make a good one."

"You too!" he exclaimed, resentfully. "Why should I make a good one? Why need I be one at all?"

"Oh, because you're smart; and then you've always been good."

The young man was suddenly filled with disdain. His anger returned. He felt how utterly out of accord he was with every one else. "Don't you think there is anything else required besides being 'smart' and 'good'?" He himself would have blushed at the tone in which he said this, could he have recognized it. "I'm smart because I happened to pass all my examinations. I got through the high school at eighteen: nearly every one does the same. I'm good because I have never had a chance to be bad: I have never been out of Aunt Hester's sight long enough. Anybody could be good that way."

"But then older people know what is best for us, Fred."

"Why should they? They don't know what's beating inside of us away down here." The boy struck his breast fiercely. "I don't believe they do know half the time what is best, and I don't believe that God intends them to know."

"I wouldn't talk about it, if I were you. I must go in. Won't you come in with me?"

"Not to-night," he replied. "I must be off."

"But papa might give you some advice."

"I've had too much of it now. What I want is room to breathe in once."

"I don't understand you."

"I know you don't; nobody does or tries to. Go in, Lizzie," he said, more calmly. "I don't want you to catch cold, even if I do. Good-night." And he turned away.

The girl stood for a moment looking after him; her eye was moist. Then she pouted, "Fred's real cross to-night," and went in.

It is one of the glaring sarcasms of life to see with what complacency a shallow woman skims the surface of tragedy and thinks that she has sounded the depths.

Fred continued his walk towards home. He was thinking. It ran in him that Elizabeth was a good deal of a fool; and then he felt horrified with himself for thinking it. It did not occur to him that the hard conditions through which he had come had made him mentally and spiritually older than the girl. He was thinking of his position, how perfectly alone he stood. Most of the people whom he knew would see only blind obstinacy in his refusal to be a minister. But were one's inclinations nothing? Was there really nothing in the "call" to preach? So he pondered as he walked, and more and more the hopelessness of his predicament became revealed to him. All his life had been moulded by this one woman's hands. Would not revolt now say to the world, "I am grown now; I do not need this woman who has toiled. I can disobey her with impunity; I will do so."

He went home, and before going in leaned his head long upon the gate and thought. A listless calm had succeeded his storm of passion. He went in and to bed.

At breakfast he seemed almost cheerful, while Mr. Hodges was subdued. His wife had taken refuge in an attitude of injured silence.

"Aunt Hester," said the young man, apparently without effort, "I was wrong yesterday; I am sorry. I will do whatever you say, even to being a preacher." Something came up in his throat and choked him as he saw a brightness come into the face and eyes of his beloved "Uncle 'Liph," but it grew hard and bitter there as Mrs. Hodges replied, "Well, I'm glad the Lord has showed you the errors of your way an' brought you around to a sense o' your dooty to Him an' to me."

Poor, blind, conceited humanity! Interpreters of God, indeed! We reduce the Deity to vulgar fractions. We place our own little ambitions and inclinations before a shrine, and label them "divine messages." We set up our Delphian tripod, and we are the priest and oracles. We despise the plans of Nature's Ruler and substitute our own. With our short sight we affect to take a comprehensive view of eternity. Our horizon is the universe. We spy on the Divine and try to surprise His secrets, or to sneak into His confidence by stealth. We make God the eternal a puppet. We measure infinity with a foot-rule.

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## CHAPTER X.

WHEN Fate is fighting with all her might against a human soul, the greatest victory that the soul can win is to reconcile itself to the unpleasant, which is never quite so unpleasant afterwards. Upon this principle Frederick Brent acted instinctively. What with work and study and contact with his fellow-students, he found the seminary not so bad a place, after all. Indeed, he began to take a sort of pleasure in his pursuits. The spirit of healthy competition in the school whetted

his mind and made him forgetful of many annoyances without. When some fellow-salesman at the store giped at him for being a parson, it hurt him; but the wound was healed and he was compensated when in debate he triumphed over the crack speaker of his class. It was a part of his training to do earnestly and thoroughly what he had to do, even though it was distasteful, and it was not long before he was spoken of as one of the most promising members of the school.

Having grown as it had, Dexter retained many of the traditions of its earlier and smaller days. Among them was that of making the church the centre of its social and public life. For this reason the young student came in for much attention on account of his standing in the religious college. Another cause which elicited the praise and congratulations of his friends was his extreme youth. That community which could send out a "boy preacher" always deemed itself particularly favored by Providence. Dexter was no exception, and had already begun to bestow the appellation upon young Brent, much to his disgust. He knew the species and detested it. They were mostly ignorant and hypocritical young prigs, in whom their friends had seemed to see some especial merit and had forthwith hoisted them into a position that was as foolish as it was distasteful. They were hailed as youthful prodigies and exploited around the country like a patent medicine or a sideshow. What is remarkable at eighteen is not so striking at twenty-eight. So when their extreme youth was no longer a cause for surprise, the boy preachers settled down into every-day dulness, with nothing except the memory of a flimsy fame to compensate the congregations they bored.

Against this Frederick Brent fought with all his strength. He refused invitation after invitation to "talk" or "exhort," on the plea that he wished to be fully prepared for his work before entering upon it.

But the fame of his oratorical powers was gradually but surely leaking out. The faculty recognized and commended it, so he could not hope long to hide behind his plea, although he dreaded the day when it would no longer serve his purpose.

Some of the "older heads" accused him of an unwarranted fear, of cowardice even, and an attempt to shirk his evident duty. The truth of it was that these same people wanted to hear him and then attack his manner or his doctrine. They could not, would not forget that he was the son of old Tom Brent, the drunkard, and of the terrible, the unspeakable Margaret, his wife. They could not forget that he was born and lived the first years of his life on the "mean" street, when it was a mean street; and when any obstinate old fossil was told of the youth's promise, he would shake his head, as who should say, "What good can come out of that Nazareth?"

But the young man went his way and heeded them not. He knew what they were saying. He knew what they were thinking, even when they held his hand and smiled upon him, and it filled him with a spirit of distrust and resentment, though it put him bravely on his mettle. While he was a man, and in the main manly, sometimes he was roused to an anger almost childish; then, although he did not want to be a

preacher at all, he wished and even prayed to become a great one, just to spite the old fools who shook their heads over him. To his ears had crept, as such tales will creep, some of the stories of his parents' lives, and, while he pitied his mother, there was a great fierceness in his heart against his father.

But as, in the old days, when Miss Prime's discipline would have turned all within him to hardness and bitterness, Eliphalet Hodges stood between him and despair, so now in this crucial time Elizabeth was a softening influence in his life.

As the days came and went, he had continued to go to see her ever since the night when he had stood with her at the gate and felt the bitterness of her lack of sympathy; but all that had passed now, and unconsciously they had grown nearer to each other. It had been a tacit understanding between them until just a few weeks before. It was a warm spring evening; he had just passed through her gate and started towards the house, when the opening chords of the piano struck on his ear through the opened window and arrested him. Elizabeth had a pleasant little voice, with a good deal of natural pathos in it. As the minister's daughter, the scope of her songs was properly, according to Dexter, rather limited, but that evening she was singing softly to herself a love-song. The words were these:

If Death should claim me for her own to-day,  
 And softly I should falter from your side,  
 Oh, tell me, loved one, would my memory stay,  
 And would my image in your heart abide?  
 Or should I be as some forgotten dream,  
 That lives its little space, then fades entire?  
 Should Time send o'er you its relentless stream  
 To cool your heart, and quench for aye love's fire?

I would not for the world, love, give you pain,  
 Or ever compass what would cause you grief;  
 And oh, how well I know that tears are vain!  
 But love is sweet, my dear, and life is brief;  
 So, if some day before you I should go  
 Beyond the sound and sight of song and sea,  
 'Twould give my spirit stronger wings to know  
 That you remembered still and wept for me.

She was alone in the room. The song was hardly finished when Brent stepped through the window and laid his hand over hers where they rested on the keys.

"Why do you sing like that, Elizabeth?" he said, tremulously.

She blushed and lowered her eyes beneath his gaze, as if she already knew the words that were on his lips, or feared that her soul lay too bare before him.

"Why do you think of death?" he asked again, imprisoning her hands.

"It was only my mood," she faltered. "I was thinking, and I thought of the song, and I just sang it."

"Were you thinking of any one in particular, Lizzie?"

Her head drooped lower until her face was hidden, but she did not answer. A strange boldness had come to him. He went on; "I

listened as you were singing, and it seemed as if every word was meant for me, Lizzie. It may sound foolish, but I—I love you. Won't you look at me and tell me that I am right in thinking you love me?" She half raised her face to his and murmured one word. It was sufficient for him; he bent down and kissed her. It was the first time he had ever kissed a girl. He did it almost fearfully. It was a kiss in which reverence struggled with passion.

"You are to be my little sweetheart now, and I am to be in your thoughts hereafter when you sing; only we don't want any more such songs as this one. I don't want to 'remember still and weep for you,' I want to have you always by me and work for you. Won't you let me?"

Elizabeth found her tongue for a moment only, but that was enough for her lover. A happy light gleamed in his eyes: his face glowed. He was transfigured. Love does so much for a man.

From that time forward, when he was harassed by cares and trouble, he sought out Elizabeth, and, even though he could not tell her what was in his heart, he found relief in her presence. He did not often speak of his trials to her, for, in spite of his love for her, he felt that she could not understand; but the pleasure he found in her company put sweetness into his life and made his burdens easier to bear.

Only once had a little shadow come between them, and the fact that so little a thing could have made a shadow shows in what a narrow, constrained atmosphere the two young people lived. Young Brent still had his half-day position in the store, and when the employees of a rival establishment challenged Daniels's clerks to a game of baseball, he was duly chosen as one of the men to uphold the honor of their house upon the diamond.

The young man was not fossilized. He had strength and the capacity for enjoyment, so he accepted without a thought of wrong. The Saturday came, the game was played. Fred Brent took part, and thereby brought a hornets' nest about his ears. It would scarcely have been so bad, but the young man entered the game with all the zest and earnestness of his intense nature, and several times by brilliant playing saved his side from defeat. In consequence, his name was in the mouth of every one who had seen or heard of the contest. He was going home that evening, feeling pleased and satisfied with himself, when he thought he would drop in a moment on the way and see Elizabeth. He had hardly got into the house before he saw from her manner that something was wrong, and he wondered what it could be. He was soon to learn.

"Oh, Fred," said the girl, reproachfully, "is it true that you have been playing baseball?"

"Baseball, yes: what of it? What are you looking so horrified about?"

"Did you think it was right for you, in your position, to play?"

"If I had thought it was wrong I assuredly should not have played," the young man returned.

"Everybody is talking about it, and father says he thinks you have disgraced your calling."

"Disgraced my calling by playing an innocent game?"

"But father thinks it is a shame for a man who is preparing to do such work as yours to have people talking about him as a mere ball-player."

The blood mounted in hot surges to the young man's face. He felt like saying, "Your father be hanged," but he controlled his anger, and said, quietly, "Elizabeth, don't you ever think for yourself?"

"I suppose I do, Fred, but I have been brought up to respect what my elders think and say."

"Don't you think that they, as well as we, can be narrow and mistaken?"

"It is not for me to judge them. My part is to obey."

"You have learned an excellent lesson," he returned, bitterly. "That is just the thing: 'obey, obey.' Well, I will. I will be a stick, a dolt. I will be as unlike what God intended me to be as possible. I will be just what your father and Aunt Hester and you want me to be. I will let them think for me and save my soul. I am too much an imbecile to attempt to work out my own salvation. No, Elizabeth, I will not play ball any more. I can imagine the horrified commotion it caused among the angels when they looked down and saw me pitching. When I get back to school I shall look up the four Gospels' views on ball-playing."

"Fred, I don't like you when you talk that way."

"I won't do that any more, either." He rose abruptly. "Good-by, Elizabeth. I am off." He was afraid to stay, lest more bitter words should come to his lips.

"Good-by, Fred," she said. "I hope you understand."

The young man wondered as he walked homeward if the girl he had chosen was not a little bit prim. Then he thought of her father, and said to himself, even as people would have said of himself, "How can she help it, with such a father?"

All his brightness had been dashed. He was irritated because the thing was so small, so utterly absurd. It was like the sting of a miserable little insect,—just enough to smart, and not enough to need a strong remedy. The news of the game had also preceded him home, and his guardian's opinion of the propriety of his action did not tend to soothe his mind. Mrs. Hodges forcibly expressed herself as follows: "I put baseball-playin' right down with dancin' and sich like. It ain't no fittin' occupation for any one that's a-goin' into the ministry. It's idleness, to begin with; it's a-wastin' the precious time that's been given us for a better use. A young man that's goin' to minister to people's souls ought to be consecrated to the work before he begins it. Who ever heerd tell of Jesus playin' baseball?"

Among a certain class of debaters such an argument is always supposed to be clinching, unanswerable, final. But Mr. Hodges raised his voice in protest. "I ain't a-goin' to keep still no longer. I don't believe the boy's done a bit o' harm. There's lots of things the Lord didn't do that He didn't forbid human bein's to do. We ain't none of us divine, but you mark my words, Freddie, an' I say it right here so's your aunt Hester can hear me too, you mark my words: ef you never

do nothin' worse than what you've been a-doin' to-day, it'll be mighty easy for you to read your title clear to mansions in the skies."

"Omph huh, 'Liphalet, there ain't nothin' so easy as talkin' when Satin's a-promptin' you."

"There you go, Hester, there you go ag'in, a-pattin' the devil on the back. I 'low the Old Boy must be tickled to death with all the compliments Christian people give him."

"A body'd about as well be complimentin' the devil as to be a-countenancin' his works as you air."

The old man stopped with a piece half-way to his mouth. "Now jest listen at that! Hester Prime, ain't you ashamed of yoreself? Me a-countenancin' wrong! Sayin' that to me, an' me ol' enough to be—to be—well, I'm your husband, anyway."

In times of excitement he was apt to forget this fact for the instant and give his wife her maiden name, as if all that was sharp in her belonged to that prenuptial period. But this storm relieved the atmosphere of its tension. Mrs. Hodges felt better for having spoken her mind, and Mr. Hodges for having answered, while the young man was relieved by the championship of his elder, and so the storm blew over. It was several days before our young friend saw Elizabeth again; but, thanks to favoring winds, the sky had also cleared in that direction.

It was through such petty calms and storms that Fred passed the days and weeks of his first year at the seminary. Some of them were small annoyances, to be sure, but he felt them deeply, and the sting of them rankled. It is not to be supposed, because there was no specific outburst, that he was entirely at rest. Vesuvius had slumbered long before Pompeii's direful day. His mind was often in revolt, but he kept it to himself or confided it to only one friend. This friend was a fellow-student at the seminary, a man older than Fred by some years. He had first begun a literary career, but had renounced it for the ministry. Even to him Fred would not commit himself until, near the end of the year, Taylor declared his intention of now renouncing the study of the theology for his old pursuits. Then Brent's longing to be free likewise drew his story from his lips.

Taylor listened to him with the air of one who had been through it all and could sympathize. Then he surprised his friend by saying, "Don't be a fool, Brent. It's all very nice and easy to talk about striking out for one's self, and all that. I've been through it all myself. My advice to you is, stay here, go through the academic discipline, and be a parson. Get into a rut if you will, for some ruts are safe. They keep us from toppling over, when we are buried deep. This may be a sort of weak philosophy I am trying to teach you, but it is the happiest. If I can save any man from self-delusion, I want to do it. I'll tell you why. When I was at school some fool put it into my head that I could write. I hardly know how it came about. I began scribbling of my own accord and for my own amusement. Sometimes I showed the things to my friend, who was a fool: he bade me keep on, saying that I had talent. I didn't believe it at first. But when a fellow keeps dinging at another with one remark, after a while he grows to believe it, especially when it is pleasant. It is vastly easy to

believe what we want to believe. So I came to think that I could write, and my soul was fired with the ambition to make a name for myself in literature. When I should have been turning Virgil into English for class-room, I was turning out more or less deformed verse of my own, or rapt in the contemplation of some plot for story or play. But somehow I got through school without a decided flunk. In the mean time some of my lines had found their way into print, and the little checks I received for them had set my head buzzing with dreams of wealth to be made by my pen. If we could only pass the pitfalls of that dreaming age of youth, most of us would get along fairly well in this matter-of-fact old world. But we are likely to follow blindly the leadings of our dreams until we run our heads smack into a corner-post of reality. Then we awaken, but in most cases too late.

"I am glad to say that my father had the good sense to discourage my aspirations. He wanted me to take a profession. But, elated by the applause of my friends, I scorned the idea. What, mew my talents up in a court-room or a hospital? Never! It makes me sick when I look back upon it and see what a fool I was. I settled down at home and began writing. Lots of things came back from periodicals to which I sent them; but I had been told that this was the common lot of all writers, and I plodded on. A few things sold, just enough to keep my hopes in a state of unstable equilibrium.

"Well, it's no use to tell you how I went on in that way for four years, clinging and losing hold, standing and slipping, seeing the prize recede just as I seemed to grasp it. Then came the awakening. I saw that it would have been better just to go on and do the conventional thing. I found this out too late, and I came here to try to remedy it, but I can't. No one can. You get your mind into a condition where the ordinary routine of study is an impossibility, and you cannot go back and take up the traps you have laid, so you keep struggling on, wasting your energy, hoping against hope. Then suddenly you find out that you are and can be only third- or at best second-rate. God, what a discovery it is! How you try to fight it off until the last moment! But it comes upon you surely and crushingly, and, cut, bruised, wounded, you slip away from the face of the world. If you are a brave man, you say boldly to yourself, 'I will eke out an existence in some humble way,' and you go away to a life of longing and regret. If you are a coward, you either leap over the parapets of life to hell, or go creeping back and fall at the feet of the thing that has damned you, willing to be third-rate, anything; for you are stung with the poison that never leaves your blood. So it has been with me: even when I found that I must choose a calling, I chose the one that gave me most time to nurse the serpent that had stung me."

Taylor ceased speaking, and looked a little ashamed of his vehemence.

"This is your story," said Brent; "but men differ and conditions differ. I will accept all the misery, all the pain and defeat you have suffered, to be free to choose my own course."

Taylor threw up his hands with a deprecatory gesture. "There," he said; "it is always so. I might as well have talked to the wind."

So the fitful calms and Elizabeth's love had not cured Frederick Brent's heart of its one eating disease, the desire for freedom.

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## CHAPTER XI.

IT was not until early in Brent's second year at the Bible Seminary that he was compelled to go through the ordeal he so much dreaded, that of filling a city pulpit. The Dexterites had been wont to complain that since the advent among them of the theological school their churches had been turned into recitation-rooms for the raw students; but of "old Tom Brent's boy," as they still called him, they could never make this complaint. So, as humanity loves to grumble, the congregations began to find fault because he did not do as his fellows did.

The rumors of his prowess in the class-room and his eloquence in the society hall had not abated, and the curiosity of his fellow-townsmen had been whetted to a point where endurance was longer impossible. Indeed, it is open to question whether it was not by connivance of the minister himself, backed by his trustees on one side and the college authorities on the other, that Brent was finally deputed to supply the place of the Rev. Mr. Simpson, who was affected by an indisposition, fancied, pretended, or otherwise.

The news struck the young man like a thunderbolt, albeit he had been expecting it. He attempted to make his usual excuse, but the kindly old professor who had notified him smiled into his face, and, patting his shoulder, said, "It's no use, Brent. I'd go and make the best of it; they're bound to have you. I understand your diffidence in the matter, and, knowing how you stand in class, it does credit to your modesty."

The old man passed on. He said he understood, but in his heart the young student standing there helpless, hopeless, knew that he did not understand, that he could not. Only he himself could perceive it in all its trying details. Only he himself knew fully or could know what the event involved,—that when he arose to preach, to nine-tenths of the congregation he would not be Frederick Brent, student, but "old Tom Brent's boy." He recoiled from the thought.

Many a fireside saint has said, "Why did not Savonarola tempt the hot ploughshares? God would not have let them burn him." Faith is a beautiful thing. But Savonarola had the ploughshares at his feet. The children of Israel stepped into the Red Sea before the waters parted, but then Moses was with them, and, what was more, Pharaoh was behind them.

At home, the intelligence of what Brent was to do was received in different manner by Mrs. Hodges and her husband. The good lady launched immediately into a lecture on the duty that was placed in his

hands; but Eliphalet was silent as they sat at the table. He said nothing until after supper was over, and then he whispered to his young friend as he started to his room, "I know jest how you feel, Freddie. It seems that I oughtn't to call you that now; but I 'low you'll allus be 'Freddie' to me."

"Don't ever call me anything else, if you please, Uncle 'Liph," said the young man, pressing the other's hand.

"I think I kin understand you better than most people," Mr. Hodges went on; "an' I know it ain't no easy task that you've got before you."

"You've always understood me better than any one, and—and I wish you knew what it has meant to me, and that I could thank you somehow."

"'Sh, my boy. It's thanks enough to hear them words from you. Now you jest calm yoreself, an' when Sunday comes—I don't know as I'd ought to say it this way, but I mean it all in a Christian sperrit—when Sunday comes, Freddie, my boy, you jest go in an' give 'em fits."

The two parted with another pressure of the hand, and it must be confessed that the old man looked a little bit sheepish when his wife hoped he had been giving Fred good advice.

"You don't reckon, Hester, that I'd give him any other kind, do you?"

"Not intentionally, 'Liphalet; but when it comes to advice, there's p'int's o' view." Mrs. Hodges seemed suspicious of her husband's capabilities as an adviser.

"There's some times when people'd a good deal ruther have sympathy than advice."

"An' I reckon, 'cordin' to yore way o' thinkin', this is one o' them. Well, I intend to try to do my dooty in this matter, as I've tried to do it all along."

"Hester, yore dooty'll kill you yit. It's a wonder you don't git tired a-lookin' it in the face."

"I ain't a-goin' to shirk it, jest to live in pleasure an' ease."

"No need o' shirkin', Hester, no need o' shirkin'; but they's some people that wouldn't be content without rowin' down stream."

"An' then, mind you, 'Liphalet, I ain't a-exchangin' words with you, fur that's idleness, but there's others that wouldn't row up stream, but 'ud wait an' hope fur a wind to push 'em." These impersonalities were as near "spatting" as Mr. and Mrs. Hodges ever got.

Through all the community that clustered about Mr. Simpson's church and drew its thoughts, ideas, and subjects of gossip therefrom, ran like wildfire the news that at last they were to have a chance to judge of young Brent's merits for themselves. It caused a stir among old and young, and in the days preceding the memorable Sunday little else was talked of.

When it reached the ears of old Dan'l Hastings, who limped around now upon two canes, but was as acrimonious as ever, he exclaimed, tapping the ground with one of his sticks for emphasis, "What! that young Brent preachin' in our church, in our minister's pulpit! It's

a shame,—an' he the born son of old Tom Brent, that all the town knows was the worst sinner hereabouts. I ain't a-goin' to go; I ain't a-goin' to go."

"Don't you be afeared to go, Dan'l; there ain't no danger that his docterns air a-goin' to be as strong as his father's whiskey," said his old enemy.

"Oh, it's fur the likes o' you, Thomas Donaldson, to be a-talkin' o' docterns an' whiskey in the same breath. You never did have no reverence," said the old man, testily.

"An' yet, Dan'l, I've found docterns an' whiskey give out by the same breath."

Mr. Hastings did not think it necessary to notice this remark. He went on with his tirade against the prospective "supply:" "Why can't elder Simpson preach hisself, I'd like to know, instead o' puttin' up that young upstart to talk to his betters? Why, I mind the time that that boy had to be took out o' church by the hand fur laffin' at me,—at *me*, mind you," the old man repeated, shaking his stick; "laffin' at me when I was expoundin' the word."

"That's ter'ble, Dan'l; fur, as fur as I kin ricollec', when you're a-expoundin' the word it ain't no laffin' matter."

"I tell you, Thomas Donaldson, the world's a-goin' down hill fast; but I ain't a-goin' to help it along. I ain't a-goin' to hear that Brent boy preach."

This declaration, however, did not prevent the venerable Dan'l from being early in his seat on the following Sunday morning, sternly, uncompromisingly critical.

As might have been expected, the church was crowded. Friends, enemies, and the merely curious filled the seats and blocked the aisles. The chapel had been greatly enlarged to accommodate its growing congregation, but on this day it was totally inadequate to hold the people who flocked to its doors.

The Rev. Mr. Simpson was so far recovered from his indisposition as to be able to be present and assist with the service. Elizabeth was there, looking proud and happy and anxious. Mrs. Hodges was in her accustomed place on the ladies' side of the pulpit. She had put new strings to her bonnet in honor of the occasion. Her face wore a look of great severity. An unregenerate wag in the back part of the church pointed her out to his companions and remarked that she looked as if she'd spank the preacher if he didn't do well. "Poor fellow, if he sees that face he'll break down, sure." Opposite, in the "amen corner," the countenance of the good Eliphalet was a study in changing expressions. It was alternately possessed by fear, doubt, anxiety, and exultation.

Sophy Davis sat in a front seat, spick and span in a new dress which might have been made for the occasion. People said that she was making eyes at her young fellow-salesman, though she was older than he. Mrs. Martin and her friend whispered together a little farther back.

A short time before the service began, Brent entered by a side door near the pulpit and ascended to his place. His entrance caused a

marked sensation. His appearance was impressive. The youthful face was white and almost rigid in its lines. "Scared to death," was the mental note of a good many who saw him. But his step was firm. As Elizabeth looked at him, she felt proud that such a man loved her. He was not handsome. His features were irregular, but his eyes were clear and fearless. If a certain cowardice had held him back from this ordeal, it was surely not because he trembled for himself. The life he had lived and the battles he had fought had given a compression to his lips that corrected a natural tendency to weakness in his mouth. His head was set squarely on his broad shoulders. He was above medium height, but not loosely framed. He looked the embodiment of strength.

"He ain't a bit like his father," said some one.

"He's like his father was in his best days," replied another.

"He don't look like he's overpleased with the business. They say he didn't want to come."

"Well, I guess it's purty resky work gittin' up to speak before all these people that's knowed him all his life, an' know where an' what he come from."

"They say, too, that he's some pumpkins out at the college."

"I 'ain't much faith in these school-made preachers; but we'll soon see what he kin do in the pulpit. We've heerd preachers, an' we kin compare."

"That's so: we've heerd some preachers in our day. He must toe the mark. He may be all right at college, but he's in a pulpit now that has held preachers fur shore. A pebble's all right among pebbles, but it looks mighty small 'longside o' boulders. Why, Brother Simpson himself never would 'a' got a special dispensation to hold the church all these years, ef it hadn't been fur the people backin' him up an' Conference was afraid they'd leave the connection."

"Well, ef this boy is anything, Lord only knows where he gets it, fur everybody knows——"

"'Sh!"

The buzz which had attended the young speaker's entrance subsided as Mr. Simpson rose and gave out the hymn. That finished, he ran his eyes over the front seats of the assembly and then said, "Brother Hastings, lead us in prayer."

The old man paused for an instant as if surprised, and then got slowly to his knees. It was a strange selection, but we have seen that this particular parson was capable of doing strange things. In the course of a supplication of some fifteen minutes' duration, Brother Hastings managed to vent his spleen upon the people and to pay the Lord a few clumsy compliments. During the usual special blessing which is asked upon the preacher of the hour, he prayed, "O Lord, let not the rarin' horses of his youth run away with Thy chariot of eternal truth. Lord, cool his head and warm his heart and settle him firm. Grant that he may fully realize where he's a-standin' at, an' who he's a-speakin' to. Do Thou not let *him* speak, but speak through him, that Thy gospel may be preached to-day as Thy prophets of old preached it."

Throughout the prayer, but one thought was running through Frederick Brent's mind, and his heart was crying in its anguish, "Oh, my God, my God, why do they hound me so?"

It is a terrible thing, this first effort before the home people, especially when home has not been kind.

When he arose to meet the people's eyes, his face was haggard and he felt weak. But unflinchingly he swept his eyes over the crowd, and that instant's glance brought before him all the panorama of the past years. There before him was the sneaking Billy Tompkins, now grown to the maturity of being called "Bill." Then there was Dan'l Hastings. Oh, that night, years ago, when he had been marched up the aisle with crimson face! In one brief second he lived it all over again, the shame, the disgrace, the misery of it. There, severe, critical, expectant, sat his guardian, the master-hand who had manipulated all the machinery of his life. All this passed through his mind in a flash, as he stood there facing the people. His face changed. The haggard look passed away. His eyes kindled, his cheeks mantled. Even in the pulpit, even in the house of God, about to speak His word, the blood sped hotly through his veins, and anger burned at his heart. But he crushed down his feelings for the moment, and began in a clear ringing voice, "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." The lesson he drew from the words was God's recognition of the fallibility of human judgment, and the self-condemnation brought about by ignoring the prohibition in the text. By an effort, he spoke deliberately at first, but the fire in his heart came out more and more in his words as he progressed. "Blinded by our own prejudices," he said, "circumscribed by our own ignorance, we dare to set ourselves up as censors of our fellow-men. Unable to see the whole chain of life which God has forged, we take a single link and say that it is faulty. Too narrow to see His broad plan, we take a patch of it and say, 'This is not good.' There is One who works even through evil that good may come, but we take the sin of our brother, and, without seeing or knowing what went before it or shall come after, condemn him. What false, blind, petty judges we are! You women who are condemning your fallen sisters, you men who are execrating your sinful brothers, if Christ to-day were to command, 'Let him who is without sin cast the first stone,' look into your own hearts and answer me, how many of you would dare to lift a hand? How many of you have taken the beam out of your own eye before attempting to pluck the mote out of your brother's? O ye pharisaical ones, who stand in the public places and thank God that you are not as other men, beware, beware. The condemnation that surely and inevitably shall fall upon you is not the judgment of Jesus Christ. It is not the sentence of the Father. It is your own self-condemnation, without charity, without forbearance, without love; 'for with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged.'

"Stand by the wayside if you will. Draw aside your skirts in the vainglory of self-righteousness from the passing multitude. Say to each other, if you will, 'This woman is a sinner: this man is a crim-

inal.' Close your eyes against their acts of repentance, harden your hearts against their pleas for forgiveness, withhold mercy and pardon and charity; but I tell you of One who has exalted charity into the highest and best of virtues. I bring you the message of One whose judgment is tempered by divine love. He is seeing you. He is hearing you. Over the parapets of high heaven the gentle Father leans waiting to take into His soul any breath of human love or charity which floats up to Him from this sin-parched world. What have you done to merit His approval? Have you been kind, or have you been hard? Have you been gentle, or have you been harsh? Have you been charitable, or have you hunted out all the evil and closed your eyes to all the good? You have forgotten, O ye of little faith, you have forgotten, you without charity in your hearts, and you who claim to follow Christ and yet have no love for your fellows,—you have forgotten that God is a God of wrath as well as of love; that Christ hath anger as well as pity; that He who holds the hyssop of divine mercy holds also the scourge of divine indignation. You have forgotten that the lash you so love to wield over your brother's back shall be laid upon your own by Him who whipped the money-changers from His temple. Listen! The day shall come when the condemnation you are accumulating against yourselves shall overwhelm you. Stop trying to steal the prerogative of heaven. Judge not. God only is just!"

The silence throughout the sermon was intense. During the closing words which have been quoted, it was like a presence in the chapel. The voice of the preacher rang out like a clarion. His eyes looked before him as if he saw into the future. His hand was uplifted as if he would call down upon them the very judgment which he predicted.

Without more words he sat down. No one moved or spoke for an instant. Dan'l Hastings let his cane fall upon the floor. It echoed through the silent place with a crash. Some of the women started and half cried out; but the spell was now partly broken. Mr. Simpson suddenly remembered to pray, and the gossips forgot to whisper when their heads were bowed. There were some pale faces in the crowd, and some which the galling of tears had made red. There was in the atmosphere something of the same tense silence that follows a terrific thunder-clap. And so the service ended, and the people filed out of church silent still. Some few remained behind to shake the preacher's hand, but as soon as the benediction was over he hurried out the side door, and, before any one could intercept him, was on his way home. But he left a willing substitute. Mrs. Hodges accepted all his congratulations with complacent condescension.

"Dan'l," said Thomas Donaldson as he helped the old man down the church steps, "I was mistaken about the docterns an' the whiskey. It was stronger an' better, because it was the pure stuff."

"I 'ain't got a word to say," said Dan'l, "'ceptin' that a good deal of it was jest sass." But he kept mumbling to himself as he hobbled along, "Jedge not, fur you're a-pilin' up sentences on yoreself. I never thought of it that way before; no, I never."

Brent did not come out of his room to dinner that afternoon.

Mrs. Hodges was for calling him, but the old man objected. "No, Hester," he said, "Freddie jest wants to be let alone. He's a-feelin' now."

"But, 'Liphalet, he ought to know how nice people talked about his sermon. I tell you that was my kind o' doctern. It's wonderful how a child will learn."

Notwithstanding his belief that his young friend wanted to be left alone, the old man slipped into his room later on with a cup of tea. The young man sat before the table, his head buried in his hands. Eliphalet set the cup and saucer down and turned to go, but he paused at the door and said, "Thank the Lord fur the way you give it to 'em, Freddie. It was worth a dollar." He would have hurried out, but the young man sprang up and seized his hand, exclaiming, "It was wrong, Uncle 'Liph, it was wrong of me. I saw them sitting about me like jackals waiting for their prey; I remembered all that I had been and all that I was; I knew what they were thinking, and I was angry, angry. God forgive me! That sermon was preached from as hot a heart as ever did murder."

The old man stroked the young one's hair as he would a child's. "Never mind," he said. "It don't matter what you felt. That's between you an' Him. I only know what you said, an' that's all I care about. Didn't you speak about the Lord a-whippin' the money-changers from the temple? Ain't lots o' them worse than the money-changers? Wasn't Christ divine? Ain't you human? Would a body expect you to feel less 'n He did? Huh! jest don't you worry; remember that you didn't hit a head that wasn't in striking distance." And the old man pressed the boy back into his chair and slipped out.

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## CHAPTER XII.

BESIDE an absolute refusal again to supply, Brent made no sign of the rebellion which was in him, and his second year slipped quickly and uneventfully away. He went to and from his duties silent and self-contained. He did not confide in Mr. Hodges, because his guardian seemed to grow more and more jealous of their friendship. He could not confide in Elizabeth, on account of a growing conviction that she did not sympathize with him fully. But his real feelings may be gathered from a letter which he wrote to his friend Taylor some two months after the events recorded in the last chapter.

"MY DEAR TAYLOR," it ran, "time and again I have told myself that I would write you a line, keeping you in touch, as I promised, with my progress. Many times have I thought of our last talk together, and still I think as I thought then,—that in spite of all your disadvantages and your defeats you have the best of it. When you fail, it is your own failure, and you bear down with you only your own hopes and struggles and ideals. If I fail, there falls with me all the framework of pride and anxiety that has so long pushed me for-

ward and held me up. For my own failure I should not sorrow: my concern would be for the one who has so carefully shaped me after a pattern of her own. However else one may feel, one must be fair to the ambitions of others, even though one is the mere material that is heated and beaten into form on the anvil of another's will. But I am ripe for revolt. The devil is in me,—a restrained, quiet, well-appearing devil, but all the more terrible for that.

"I have at last supplied one of the pulpits here, that of my own church. The Rev. Mr. Simpson was afflicted with a convenient and adaptable indisposition which would not allow him to preach, and I was deputed to fill his place. I knew what a trial it would be, and had carefully written out my sermon, but I am afraid I did not adhere very strictly to the manuscript. I think I lost my head. I know I lost my temper. But the sermon was a nine days' wonder, and I have had to refuse a dozen subsequent offers to supply. It is all very sordid and sickening and theatrical. The good old Lowry tried to show me that it was my duty and for my good, but I have set my foot down not to supply again, and so they let me alone now.

"It seems to me that that one sermon forged a chain which holds me in a position that I hate. It is a public declaration that I am or mean to be a preacher, and I must either adhere to it or break desperately away. Do you know, I feel myself to be an arrant coward. If I had half the strength that you have, I should have been out of it long ago; but the habit of obedience grows strong upon a man.

"There is but one crowning act to be added to this drama of deceit and infamy,—my ordination. I know how all the other fellows are looking forward to it, and how, according to all the prescribed canons, I should view the momentous day; but I am I. Have you ever had one of those dreams where a huge octopus approaches you slowly but certainly, enfolding you in his arms and twining his horrid tentacles about your helpless form? What an agony of dread you feel! You try to move or cry out, but you cannot, and the arms begin to embrace you and draw you towards the great body. Just so I feel about the day of the ceremony that shall take me into the body of which I was never destined to be a member.

"Are you living in a garret? Are you subsisting on a crust? Happy, happy fellow! But, thank God, the ordination does not take place until next year, and perhaps in that time I may find some means of escape. If I do not, I know that I shall have your sympathy; but don't express it. Ever sincerely yours,

"BRENT."

But the year was passing, and nothing happened to release him. He found himself being pushed forward at the next term with unusual rapidity, but he did not mind it; the work rather gave him relief from more unpleasant thoughts. He went at it with eagerness and mastered it easily. His fellow-students looked on him with envy, but he went on his way unheeding and worked for the very love of being active, until one day he understood.

It was nearing the end of the term when a fellow-student remarked to him, "Well, Brent, it isn't every man that could have done it, but you'll get your reward in a month or so now."

"What do you mean?" asked Brent. "Done what?"

"Now don't be modest," rejoined the other: "I am really glad to see you do it. I have no envy."

"Really, Barker, I don't understand you."

"Why, I mean you are finishing two years in one."

"Oh, pshaw! it will hardly amount to that."

"Oh, well, you will get in with the senior class men."

"Get in with the senior class!"

"It will be kind of nice, a year before your time, to be standing in the way of any appointive plums that may happen to fall; and then you don't have to go miles away from home before you can be made a full-fledged shepherd. Well, here is my hand on it, anyway."

Brent took the proffered hand in an almost dazed condition. It had all suddenly flashed across his mind, the reason for his haste and his added work. What a blind fool he had been!

The Church Conference met at Dexter that year, and they had hurried him through in order that he might be ready for ordination thereat.

Alleging illness as an excuse, he did not appear at recitation that day. The shock had come too suddenly for him. Was he thus to be entrapped? Could he do nothing? He felt that ordination would bind him forever to the distasteful work. He had only a month in which to prevent it. He would do it. From that day he tried to fall gradually back in his work; but it was too late; the good record which he had unwittingly piled up carried him through *volens volens*.

The week before Conference met, Frederick Brent, residing at Dexter, by special request of the faculty was presented as a candidate for ordination. Even his enemies in the community said, "Surely there is something in that boy."

Mrs. Hester Hodges was delighted. She presented him with his ordination suit, and altogether displayed a pride and pleasure that almost reconciled the young man to his fate. In the days immediately preceding the event she was almost tender with him, and if he had been strong enough to make a resolve inimical to her hopes, the disappointment which he knew failure would bring to her would have greatly weakened it.

Now, Conference is a great event in the circles of that sect of which Cory Chapel was a star congregation, and the town where it convenes, or "sets," as the popular phrase goes, is an honored place. It takes upon itself an air of unusual bustle. There is a great deal of house-cleaning, hanging of curtains, and laying of carpets, just prior to the time. People from the rural parts about come into town and settle for the week. Ministers and lay delegates from all the churches in the district, comprising perhaps half of a large State or parts of two, come and are quartered upon the local members of the connection. For two weeks beforehand the general question that passes from one housewife to another is, "How many and whom are

you going to take?" Many are the heartburnings and jealousies aroused by the disposition of some popular preacher whom a dozen members of the flock desire to entertain, while the less distinguished visitors must bide their time and be stuck in when and where they may. The "big guns" of the Church are all present, and all the "little guns" are scattered about them, popping and snapping every time a "big gun" booms.

But of all the days of commotion and excitement, the climax is ordination day, when candidates for the ministry, college students, and local preachers are examined and either rejected or admitted to the company of the elect. It is common on that day for some old dignitary of the church, seldom a less person than the bishop himself, to preach the sermon. Then, if the fatted calf is not killed, at least the fatted fowls are, and feasting and rejoicing rule the occasion.

This ordination day was no exception. A class of ten stood up before the examining committee and answered the questions put to them. Among them stood Frederick Brent. He wished, he tried, to fail in his answers and be rejected, even though it meant disgrace; but, try as he would, he could not. Force of habit was too strong for him; or was it that some unseen and relentless power was carrying him on and on against his will? He clinched his hands; the beads of perspiration broke out on his brow; but ever as the essential questions came to him his tongue seemed to move of its own volition, without command from the brain, and the murmurs of approval told him that he was answering aright. Never did man struggle harder for brilliant success than this one for ignominious failure. Then some whisper in his consciousness told him that it was over. He felt the laying of hands upon his head. He heard the old bishop saying, "Behold, even from the lowliest God taketh His workers," and he felt a flash of resentment, but it was only momentary. He was benumbed. Something seemed to be saying in his mind, "Will the old fool never have done?" But it did not appear to be himself. It was afar off and apart from him. The next he knew, a wet cheek was laid against his own. It was Aunt Hester. She was crying and holding his hand. Afterwards people were shaking hands with him and offering their congratulations; but he answered them in a helpless, mechanical way, as he had answered the questions.

He sat through the sermon and heard it not. But some interest revived in him as the appointments were being read. He heard the bishop say, "It gives me pain to announce the resignation of one who has so long served in the Master's vineyard, but our dear brother Simpson has decided that he is too old for active work, and has asked to be retired. While we do this with pain and sorrow for the loss—though we do not wholly lose him—of so able a man, we feel that we cannot do better than appoint as his successor in this charge the young man whom you have all seen so brilliantly enter into the ranks of consecrated workers, the Rev. Frederick Brent."

A murmur of approval went round the assembly, and a few open "amens" broke forth as the bishop sat down. It sounded to the ears of the young preacher like the breaking of waves on a far-off shore;

and then the meaning of all that had happened sifted through his benumbed intellect, and he strove to rise. He would refuse to act. He would protest. He would tell them that he did not want to preach. But something held him down. He could not rise. The light went blue and green and purple before him. The church, with its sea of faces, spun round and round; his head fell forward.

"He has fainted," said some one.

"The excitement has been too much for him."

"Poor young man, he has been studying too hard, working for this."

They carried him out and took him home, and the old bishop offered a special prayer for his speedy recovery, and that being recovered he might bear his new responsibilities with becoming meekness.

When the young minister came to himself, he was lying on the bed in his own room, and Mrs. Hodges, Eliphalet, and a doctor were bending over him.

"He's coming round all right now," said the medical man. "You won't need me any longer." And he departed.

"How are you now, Fred?" asked Mrs. Hodges.

The young man closed his eyes again and did not answer. He had awakened to a full realization of his position, and a dull misery lay at his heart. He wished that he could die then and there, for death seemed the only escape from his bondage. He was bound, irrevocably bound.

"Poor child," Mrs. Hodges went on, "it was awful tryin' on his nerves. Joy is worse'n sorrow, sometimes; an' then he'd been workin' so hard. I'd never 'a' believed he could do it, ef Brother Simpson hadn't stuck up fur it."

"She knew it, then," thought Fred. "It was all planned."

"I don't think you'd better talk, Hester," said her husband, in a low voice. He had seen a spasm pass over the face of the prostrate youth.

"Well, I'll go out an' see about the dinner. Some o' the folks I've invited will be comin' in purty soon, an' others'll be droppin' in to inquire how he is. I do hope he'll be well enough to come to the table: it won't seem hardly like an ordination dinner without the principal person. Jes' set by him, 'Liphalet, an' give him them drops the doctor left."

As soon as he heard the door close behind her, Brent opened his eyes and suddenly laid his hand on the old man's shoulder. "You won't let anybody see me, Uncle 'Liph? you won't let them come in here?"

"No, no, my boy, not ef you don't want 'em," said the old man.

"I shall have to think it all over before I see any one. I am not quite clear yet."

"I 'low it was unexpected."

"Did you know, Uncle 'Liph?" he asked, fixing his eyes upon his old friend's face.

"I know'd they was a-plannin' somethin', but I never could find out what, or I would have told you."

A look of relief passed over Brent's face. Just then Mrs. Hodges opened the door. "Here's Elizabeth to see him," she said.

"Sh," said the old man, with great ostentation; and, tiptoeing over to the door, he partly drew it to, putting his head outside to whisper, "He is too weak; it ain't best fur him to see nobody now."

He closed the door and returned to his seat. "It was 'Lizabeth," he said. "Was I right?"

For answer the patient arose from the bed and walked weakly over to his side.

"Tut, tut, tut, Freddie," said Eliphalet, hesitating over the name. "You'd better lay down now; you ain't any too strong yet."

The young man leaned heavily on his chair, and looked into his friend's eyes. "If God had given me such a man as you as a father, or even as a guardian, I would not have been damned," he said.

"'Sh, 'sh, my boy. Don't say that. You're goin' to be all right; you're—you're——" Eliphalet's eyes were moist, and his voice choked here. Rising, he suddenly threw his arms around Fred's neck, crying, "You are my son. God has give you to me to nurse in the time of your trial."

The young man returned the embrace; and so Mrs. Hodges found them when she opened the door softly and peered in. She closed it noiselessly and withdrew.

"Well, I never!" she said. There was a questioning wonder in her face.

"I don't know what to make of them two," she added: "they couldn't have been lovin'er ef they had been father and son."

After a while the guests began to arrive for the dinner. Many were the inquiries and calls for the new minister, but to them all Eliphalet made the same answer: "He ain't well enough to see folks."

Mrs. Hodges herself did her best to bring him out, or to get him to let some of the guests in, but he would not. Finally her patience gave way, and she exclaimed, "Well, now, Frederick Brent, you must know that you air the pastor of a church, an' you've got to make some sacrifices for people's sake. Ef you kin possibly git up,—an' I know you kin,—you ought to come out an' show yoreself for a little while, anyhow. You've got some responsibilities now."

"I didn't ask for them," he answered, coldly. There was a set look about his lips. "Neither will I come out or see any one. If I am old enough to be the pastor of a church, I am old enough to know my will and have it."

Mrs. Hodges appeared startled at the speech. She felt vaguely that there was a new element in the boy's character since morning. He was on the instant a man. It was as if clay had suddenly hardened in the potter's hands. She could no longer mould or ply it. In that moment she recognized the fact.

The dinner was all that could be expected, and her visitors enjoyed it, in spite of the absence of the guest of honor, but for the hostess it was a dismal failure. After wielding the sceptre for years, it had been suddenly snatched from her hand; and she felt lost and helpless, deprived of her power.

## CHAPTER XIII.

As Brent thought of the long struggle before him, he began to wish that there might be something organically wrong with him which the shock would irritate into fatal illness. But even while he thought this he sneered at himself for the weakness. A weakness self-confessed holds the possibility of strength. So in a few days he rallied and took up the burden of his life again. As before he had found relief in study, now he stilled his pains and misgivings by a strict attention to the work which his place involved.

His was not an easy position for a young man. He had to go through the ordeal of pastoral visits. He had to condole with old ladies who thought a preacher had nothing else to do than to listen to the recital of their ailments. He had to pray with poor and stricken families whose conditions reminded him strongly of what his own must have been. He had to speak words of serious admonition to girls nearly his own age, who thought it great fun and giggled in his face. All this must he do, nor must he slight a single convention. No rules of conduct are so rigid as are those of a provincial town. He who ministers to the people must learn their prejudices and be adroit enough not to offend them or strong enough to break them down. It was a great load to lay on the shoulders of so young a man. But habit is everything, and he soon fell into the ways of his office. Writing to Taylor, he said, "I am fairly harnessed now, and at work, and, although the pulling is somewhat hard, I know my way. It is wonderful how soon a man falls into the cant of his position and learns to dole out the cut-and-dried phrases of ministerial talk like a sort of spiritual phonograph. I must confess, though, that I am rather good friends with the children who come to my Sunday-school. My own experiences as a child are so fresh in my memory that I rather sympathize with the little fellows, and do all I can to relieve the half-scared stiffness with which they conduct themselves in church and the Sunday-school room.

"I wonder why it is we make church such a place of terror to the young ones. No wonder they quit coming as soon as they can choose.

"I shock Miss Simpson, who teaches a mixed class, terribly, by my freedom with the pupils. She says that she can't do anything with her charges any more; but I notice that her class and the school are growing. I've been at it for several weeks now, and, like a promising baby, I am beginning to take an interest in things.

"If I got on with the old children of my flock as well as I do with the young ones, I should have nothing to complain of; but I don't. They know as little as the youngsters, and are a deal more unruly. They are continually comparing me with their old pastor, and it is needless to say that I suffer by the comparison. The ex-pastor himself burdens me with advice. I shall tell him some day that he has resigned. But I am growing diplomatic, and have several reasons for not wishing to offend him. For all which 'shop' pray forgive me."

One of the reasons of which Brent wrote was, as may be readily inferred, his engagement to Elizabeth. It had not yet officially become

public property, but few of Dexter's observant and forecasting people who saw them together doubted for a moment that it would be a match. Indeed, some spiteful people in the community, who looked on from the outside, said that "Mr. Simpson never thought of resigning until he saw that he could keep the place in the family." But of course they were Baptists who said this, or Episcopalians, or Presbyterians,—some such unregenerate lot.

Contrary to the adage, the course of love between the young people did run smooth. The young minister had not disagreed with the older one, so Elizabeth had not disagreed with him, because she did not have to take sides. She was active in the Sunday-school and among the young people's societies, and Brent thought that she would make an ideal minister's wife. Every Sunday, after church, they walked home together, and sometimes he would stop at the house for a meal. They had agreed that at the end of his first pastoral year they would be married; and both parent and guardian smiled on the prospective union.

As his beloved young friend seemed to grow more settled and contented, Eliphalet Hodges waxed more buoyant in the joy of his hale old age, and his wife, all her ambitions satisfied, grew more primly genial every day.

Brent found his congregation increasing, and heard himself spoken of as a popular preacher. Under these circumstances, it would seem that there was nothing to be desired to make him happy. But he was not so, though he kept an unruffled countenance. He felt the repression that his position put upon him. He prayed that with time it might pass off, but this prayer was not answered. There were times when, within his secret closet, the contemplation of the dead level of his life, as it spread out before him, drove him almost to madness.

The bitterness in his heart against his father had not abated one jot, and whenever these spasms of discontent would seize him he was wont to tell himself, "I am fighting old Tom Brent now, and I must conquer him."

Thus nearly a year passed away, and he was beginning to think of asking Elizabeth to name the day. He had his eye upon a pretty little nest of a house, sufficiently remote from her father's, and he was looking forward to settling quietly down in a home of his own.

It was about this time that, as he sat alone one evening in the little chamber which was his study and bedroom in one, Mr. Simpson entered and opened conversation with him.

For some time a rumor which did violence to the good name of Sophy Davis had been filtering through the community. But it had only filtered, until the girl's disappearance a day or two before had allowed the gossips to talk openly, and great was the talk. The young minister had looked on and listened in silence. He had always known and liked Sophy, and, if what the gossips said of her was true, he pitied the girl.

On this particular evening it was plain that Mr. Simpson had come to talk about the affair. After some preliminary remarks, he said, "You have a great chance, dear Brother Brent, for giving the devil in this particular part of the moral vineyard a hard blow."

"I don't clearly see why now, more than before," returned Brent.

"Because you are furnished with a living example of the fruits of evil: don't you see?"

"If there is such an example furnished, the people will see it for themselves, and I should be doing a thankless task to point it out to them. I would rather show people the beauty of good than the ugliness of evil."

"Yes, that's the milk-and-water new style of preaching."

"Well, we all have our opinions, to be sure, but I think it rather a good style." Brent was provokingly nonchalant, and his attitude irritated the elder man.

"We won't discuss that: we will be practical. I came to advise you to hold Sophy Davis up in church next Sunday as a fearful example of evil-doing. You needn't mention any names, but you can make it strong and plain enough."

Brent flushed angrily. "Are there not enough texts in here," he asked, laying his hand upon the Bible, "that I can cite and apply, without holding up a poor weak mortal to the curiosity, scorn, and derision of her equally weak fellows?"

"But it is your duty as a Christian and a preacher of the gospel to use this warning."

"I do not need to kick a falling girl to find examples to warn people from sin; and as for duty, I think that each man best knows his own."

"Then you aren't going to do it?"

"No," the young man burst forth. "I am a preacher of the gospel, not a clerical gossip."

"Do you mean that I am a gossip?"

"I was not thinking of you."

"Let me preach for you Sunday."

"I will not do that, either. I will not let my pulpit be debased by anything which I consider so low as this business."

"You will not take advice, then?"

"Not such as that."

"Be careful, Frederick Brent. I gave you that pulpit, and I can take it away,—I that know who you are and what you come from."

"The whole town knows what you know, so I do not care for that. As for taking my pulpit from me, you may do that when you please. You put it upon me by force, and by force you may take it; but while I am pastor there I shall use my discretion in all matters of this kind."

"Sophy's been mighty quiet in her devilment. She doesn't accuse anybody. Maybe you've got more than one reason for shielding her."

Brent looked into the man's eyes and read his meaning; then he arose abruptly and opened the door.

"I'm not accusing——"

"Go," said the young man, hoarsely. His face was white, and his teeth were hard set.

"You'll learn some respect for your elders yet, if——"

"Go!" Brent repeated, and he took a step towards his visitor. Mr. Simpson looked startled for a moment, but he glanced back into the young man's face and then passed hurriedly out of the room.

Brent let two words slip between his clinched teeth : " The hound ! "

No one knew what had passed between the young pastor and Mr. Simpson, but many mutterings and head-shakings of the latter indicated that all was not right. No one knew? Perhaps that is hardly correct, for on Sunday, the sermon over, when Brent looked to find Elizabeth in her usual place whence they walked home together, she was gone. He bit his lip and passed on alone, but it rankled within him that she had so easily believed ill of him.

But he had not seen the last of the Rev. Mr. Simpson's work. It was the right of five members of the congregation to call a church-meeting, and when he returned for service in the evening he found upon the pulpit the written request for such an assembly to be held on Tuesday night. Heading the list of members was the name of the former pastor, although this was not needed to tell the young man that it was his work. In anger he gave out the notice and went on with his duties.

" Somethin' must 'a' riled you to-night, Fred," said Eliphalet when church was out. " You give 'em a mighty stirrin' touch o' fire. It 'minded me o' that old supply sermon." Brent smiled mirthlessly. He knew that the same feelings had inspired both efforts.

On Tuesday evening he was early at church, and in the chair, as was the pastor's place. Early as he was, he did not much precede Mr. Simpson, who came in, followed by a coterie of his choicest spirits.

When the assembly had been duly called to order, Brent asked, " Will some one now please state the object of this meeting ? "

Mr. Simpson arose.

" Brothers and sisters," he said, " the object of this meeting is a very simple one. From the time that I began to preach in this church, twenty-five years ago, we had purity and cleanness in the pulpit and in the pew."

Brent's eyes were flashing. Eliphalet Hodges, who had thought that the extra session was for some routine business, pricked up his ears.

Simpson proceeded : " One in this flock has lately gone astray : she has fallen into evil ways——"

" Brother Simpson," interrupted Brent, his face drawn and hard with anger, " will you state the object of this meeting ? "

" If the pastor is not afraid to wait, he will see that that is what I am doing."

" Then you are bringing into the church matters that have no business here."

" We shall see about that. We intend to investigate and see why you refused to hold up as a warning one of the sinners of this connection. We propose to ask whom you were shielding,—a sinner in the pew, or a sinner in the pulpit as well. We propose——"

" Stop ! " The young man's voice broke out like the report of a rifle. " Stop, I say, or, as God sees me, here in His temple, at His very altar, I will do you violence. I speak to you not as your pastor, but as a man ; not as an accused man, for you dare not accuse me."

The church was in a commotion. In all its long history, such a

scene had never before been enacted within the sacred walls. The men sat speechless ; the women shrank far down into their seats. Only those two men, the young and the old, stood glaring into each other's faces.

"Remember, brethren," said some one, recovering himself, "that this is the house of God, and that you are preachers of the gospel."

"I do remember that it is God's house, and for that reason I will not let it be disgraced by scandal that would stain the lowest abode of vice. I do remember that I am a preacher, and for that reason I will not see the gospel made vindictive,—a scourge to whip down a poor girl, who may have sinned,—I know not,—but who, if she did, has an advocate with God. Once before in this place have I told you my opinion of your charity and your love. Once before have I branded you as mockeries of the idea of Christianity. Now I say to you, you are hypocrites. You are like carrion birds who soar high up in the ether for a while and then swoop down to revel in filth and rottenness. The stench of death is sweet to you. Putridity is dear to you. As for you who have done this work, you need pity. Your own soul must be reeking with secret foulness to be so basely suspicious. Your own eyes must have cast unholy glances to so soon accuse the eyes of others. As for the thing which you, mine enemy, have intimated here to-night, as pastor of this church I scorn to make defence. But as a man I say, give such words as those breath again, and I will forget your age and only remember your infamy. I see the heads of some about me here wagging, some that knew my father. I hear their muffled whispers, and I know what they are saying. I know what is in their hearts. You are saying that it is the old Tom Brent in me showing itself at last. Yes, it has smouldered in me long, and I am glad. I think better of that spirit because it was waked into life to resent meanness. I would rather be the most roistering drunkard that ever reeled down these streets than call myself a Christian and carouse over the dead characters of my fellows.

"To-night I feel for the first time that I am myself. I give you back gladly what you have given me. I am no longer your pastor. We are well quit. Even while I have preached to you, I have seen in your hearts your scorn and your distrust, and I have hated you in secret. But I throw off the cloak. I remove the disguise. Here I stand stripped of everything save the fact that I am a man ; and I despise you openly. Yes, old Tom, drunken Tom Brent's son despises you. Go home. Go home. There may be work for your stench-loving nostrils there."

He stood like an avenging spirit, pointing towards the door, and the people who had sat there breathless through it all rose quietly and slipped out. Simpson joined them and melted into the crowd. They were awed and hushed.

Only Mrs. Hodges, white as death, and her husband, bowed with grief, remained. A silent party, they walked home together. Not until they were in the house did the woman break down, and then she burst into a storm of passionate weeping as if the pent-up tears of all her stoical life were flowing at once.

"Oh, Fred, Fred," she cried between her sobs, "I see it all now.

I was wrong. I was wrong. But I did it all fur the best. The Lord knows I did it fur the best."

"I know you did, Aunt Hester, but I wish you could have seen sooner, before the bitterness of death had come into my life." He felt strangely hard and cold. Her grief did not affect him then.

"Don't take on so, Hester," said the old man, but the woman continued to rock herself to and fro and moan, "I did it fur the best, I did it fur the best." The old man took her in his arms, and after a while she grew more calm, only her sobs breaking the silence.

"I shall go away to-morrow," said Brent. "I am going out into the world for myself. I've been a disgrace to every one connected with me."

"Don't say that about yoreself, Fred; I ain't a-goin' to hear it," said Eliphalet. "You've jest acted as any right-thinkin' man would 'a' acted. It wouldn't 'a' been right fur you to 'a' struck Brother Simpson, but I'm nearer his age, an' my hands itched to git a hold o' him." The old man looked menacing, and his fist involuntarily clinched.

"'Liphalet," said his wife, "I've been a-meddlin' with the business o' Providence, an' I've got my jest deserts. I thought I knowed jest what He wanted me to do, an' I was more ignorant than a child. Furgive me ef you kin, Fred, my boy. I was tryin' to make a good man o' you."

"There's nothing for me to forgive, Aunt Hester. I'm sorry I've spoiled your plans."

"I'm glad, fur mebbe God'll have a chance now to work His own plans. But pore little 'Lizabeth!"

Brent's heart hurt him as he heard the familiar name, and he turned abruptly and went to his room. Once there, he had it out with himself. "But," he told himself, "if I had the emergency to meet again, I should do the same thing."

The next morning's mail brought him a little packet in which lay the ring he had given Elizabeth to plight their troth.

"I thank you for this," he said. "It makes my way easier."

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE story of the altercation between the young minister and a part of his congregation was well bruited about the town, and all united in placing the fault heavily on the young man's shoulders. As for him, he did not care. He was wild with the enjoyment of his new-found freedom. Only now and again, as he sat at the table the morning after, and looked into the sad faces of Eliphalet and his guardian, did he feel any sorrow at the turn matters had taken.

In regard to Elizabeth, he felt only relief. It was as if a half-defined idea in his mind had been suddenly realized. For some time he had believed her unable either to understand him or to sympathize with his motives. He had begun to doubt the depth of his own feeling

for her. Then had come her treatment of him last Sunday, and somehow, while he knew it was at her father's behest, he could not help despising her weakness.

He had spent much of the night before in packing his effects, and all was now ready for his departure as they sat at breakfast. Mrs. Hodges was unusually silent, and her haggard face and swollen eyes told how she had passed the night. All in a single hour she had seen the work of the best part of her life made as naught, and she was bowed with grief and defeat. Frederick Brent's career had really been her dream. She had scarcely admitted, even to herself, how deeply his success affected her own happiness. She cared for him in much the same way that a sculptor loves his statue. Her attitude was that of one who says, "Look upon this work; is it not fair? I made it myself." It was as much her pride as it was her love that was hurt, because her love had been created by her pride. She had been prepared to say, exultingly, "Look where he came from, and look where he is;" and now his defection deprived her forever of that sweet privilege. People had questioned her ability to train up a boy rightly, and she had wished to refute their imputations, by making that boy the wonder of the community and their spiritual leader; and just as she had deemed her work safely done, lo, it had come toppling about her ears. Even if the fall had come sooner, she would have felt it less. It was the more terrible because so unexpected, for she had laid aside all her fears and misgivings and felt secure in her achievement.

"You ain't a-eatin' nothin', Hester," said her husband, anxiously. "I hope you ain't a-feelin' bad this mornin'." He had heard her sobbing all night long, and the strength and endurance of her grief frightened him and made him uneasy, for she had always been so stoical. "Hadn't you better try an' eat one o' them buckwheat cakes? Put lots o' butter an' molasses on it: they're mighty good."

"Ef they're so good, why don't you eat yoreself? You been foolin' with a half a one for the last ten minutes." Indeed, the old man's food did seem to stick in his throat, and once in a while a mist would come up before his eyes. He too had had his dreams, and one of them was of many a happy evening spent with his beloved boy, who should be near him, a joy and comfort in the evening of his life; and now he was going away.

The old man took a deep gulp at his coffee to hide his emotion. It burned his mouth and gave reason for the moisture in his eye when he looked up at Fred.

"What train air you goin' to take, Fred?" he asked.

"I think I'll catch that eight-fifty flier. It's the best I can get, you know, and vestibuled through, too."

"You have jest finally made up yore mind to go, have you?"

"Nothing could turn me from it now, Uncle 'Liph."

"It seems like a shame. You 'ain't got nothin' to do down in Cincinnaty."

"I'll find something before long. I am going to spend the first few days just in getting used to being free." The next moment he was sorry that he had said it, for he saw his guardian's eyes fill.

"I am sorry, Frederick," she said, with some return to her old asperity, "I am sorry that I've made your life so hard that you think that you have been a slave. I am sorry that my home has been so unpleasant that you're so powerful glad to git away from it, even to go into a strange city full of wickedness an' sin."

"I didn't mean it that way, Aunt Hester. You've been as good as you could be to me. You have done your duty by me, if any one ever could."

"Well, I am mighty glad you realize that, so's ef you go away an' fall into sinful ways you can't lay none of it to my bringin'-up."

"I feel somehow as if I would like to have a go with sin some time, to see what it is like."

"Well, I lay you'll be satisfied before you've been in Cincinnaty long, for ef there ever was livin' hells on airth, it's them big cities."

"Oh, I have got faith to believe that Fred ain't a-goin' to do nothin' wrong," said Eliphalet.

"Nobody don't know what nobody's a-goin' to do under temptation sich as is layin' in wait fur young men in the city, but I'm shore I've done my best to train you right, even ef I have made some mistakes in my poor weak way an' manner."

"If I do fall into sinful ways, Aunt Hester, I shall never blame you or your training for it."

"But you ain't a-goin' to do it, Fred; you ain't a-goin' to fall into no evil ways."

"I don't know, Uncle 'Liph. I never felt my weakness more than I do now."

"Then that very feelin' will be your stren'th, my boy. Keep on feelin' that way."

"It'll not be a stren'th in Cincinnaty, not by no means. There is too many snares an' pitfalls there to entrap the weak," Mrs. Hodges insisted.

It is one of the defects of the provincial mind that it can never see any good in a great city. It concludes that, as many people are wicked, where large numbers of human beings are gathered together there must be a much greater amount of evil than in a smaller place. It overlooks the equally obvious reasoning that, as some people are good, in the larger mass there must be also a larger amount of goodness. It seems a source of complacent satisfaction to many to sit in contemplation of the fact of the extreme wickedness of the world. They are like children who delight in a "bluggy" story,—who gloat over murder and rapine.

Brent, however, was in no wise daunted by the picture of evil which his guardian painted for him, and as soon as breakfast was over he got his things in hand ready to start. Buoyant as he was with his new freedom, this was a hard moment for him. Despite the severity of his youthful treatment in Dexter, the place held all the tender recollections he had, and the room where he stood was the scene of some memories that now flooded his mind and choked his utterance when he strove to say good-by. He had thought that he should do it with such a fine grace. He would prove such a strong man. But he found his eyes

suffused with tears as he held his old guardian's hand, for, in spite of all, she had done the best for him that she knew, and she had taken a hard, uncompromising pride in him.

"I hope you'll git along all right, Frederick," she faltered forth tearfully. "Keep out of bad company, an' let us hear from you whenever you can. The Lord knows I've tried to do my dooty by you."

Poor Eliphalet tried to say something as he shook the young man's hand, but he broke down and wept like a child. The boy could not realize what a deal of sunshine he was taking out of the old man's life.

"I'll write to you as soon as I am settled," he told them, and with a husky farewell hurried away from the painful scene. At the gate the old couple stood and watched him go swinging down the street towards the station. Then they went into the house, and sat long in silence in the room he had so lately left. The breakfast-table, with all that was on it, was left standing unnoticed and neglected, a thing unprecedented in Mrs. Hodges's orderly household.

Finally her husband broke the silence. "It 'pears as if we had jest buried some one and come home from the funeral."

"An' that's jest what we have done, ef we only knowed it, 'Liphalet. We've buried the last of the Fred Brent we knowed an' raised. Even ef we ever see him ag'in, he'll never be the same to us. He'll have new friends to think of an' new notions in his head."

"Don't say that, Hester; don't say that. I can't stand it. He is never goin' to forgit you an' me, an' it hurts me to hear you talk like that."

"It don't soun' none too pleasant for me, 'Liphalet, but I've learned to face the truth, an' that's the truth, ef it ever was told."

"Well, mebbe it's for the best, then. It'll draw us closer together and make us more to each other as we journey down to the end. It's our evenin', Hester, an' we must expect some chilly winds 'long towards night, but I guess He knows best." He reached over and took his wife's hand tenderly in his, and so they sat on sadly, but gathering peace in the silence and the sympathy, until far into the morning.

Meanwhile the eight-fifty "flier" was speeding through the beautiful Ohio Valley, bearing the young minister away from the town of his birth. Out of sight of the grief of his friends, he had regained all his usual stolid self-possession, though his mind often went back to the little cottage at Dexter where the two old people sat, and he may be forgiven if his memory lingered longer over the image of the man than of the woman. He remembered with a thrill at his heart what Eliphalet Hodges had been to him in the dark days of his youth, and he confessed to himself with a half shame that his greatest regret was in leaving him.

The feeling with which he had bidden his guardian good-by was one not of regret at his own loss, but of pity for her distress. To Elizabeth his mind only turned for a moment to dismiss her with a mild contempt. Something hard that had always been in his nature seemed to have suddenly manifested itself.

"It is so much better this way," he said, "for if the awakening had come later we should have been miserable together." And then his thoughts went forward to the new scenes towards which he was speeding.

He had never been to Cincinnati. Indeed, except on picnic days, he had scarcely ever been outside of Dexter. But Cincinnati was the great city of his State, the one towards which adventurous youth turned its steps when real life was to be begun. He dreaded and yet longed to be there, and his heart was in a turmoil of conflicting emotion as he watched the landscape flit by.

It was a clear August day. Nature was trembling and fainting in the ecstasies of sensuous heat. Beside the railway the trenches which in spring were gurgling brooks were now dry and brown, and the reeds which had bent forward to kiss the water now leaned over from very weakness, dusty and sickly. The fields were ripening to the harvest. There was in the air the smell of fresh-cut hay. The corn-stalks stood like a host armed with brazen swords to resist the onslaught of that other force whose weapon was the corn-knife. Farther on, between the trees, the much depleted river sparkled in the sun and wound its way, now near, now away from the road, a glittering dragon in an enchanted wood.

Such scenes as these occupied the young man's mind, until, amid the shouts of brakemen, the vociferous solicitations of the baggage-man, and a general air of bustle and preparation, the train thundered into the Grand Central Station. Something seized Brent's heart like a great compressing hand. He was frightened for an instant, and then he was whirled out with the rest of the crowd, up the platform, through the thronged waiting-room, into the street.

Then the cries of the eager men outside of "Cab, sir? cab, sir?" "Let me take your baggage," and "Which way, sir?" bewildered him. He did the thing which every provincial does: he went to a policeman and inquired of him where he might find a respectable boarding-house. The policeman did not know, but informed him that there were plenty of hotels farther up. With something like disgust, Brent wondered if all the hotels were like those he saw at the station, where the guests had to go through the bar-room to reach their chambers. He shuddered at it; so strong is the influence of habit. But he did not wish to go to a hotel: so, carrying his two valises, he trudged on, though the hot sun of the mid-afternoon beat mercilessly down upon him. He kept looking into the faces of people who passed him, in the hope that he might see in one encouragement to ask for the information he so much wanted; but one and all they hurried by without even so much as a glance at the dusty traveller. Had one of them looked at him, he would merely have said, mentally, "Some country bumpkin come in to see the sights of town and be buncoed."

There is no loneliness like the loneliness of the unknown man in a crowd. A feeling of desolation took hold upon Brent, so he turned down a side-street in order to be more out of the main line of business. It was a fairly respectable quarter; children were playing about the pavements and in the gutters, while others with pails and pitchers

were going to and from the corner saloon, where their vessels were filled with foaming beer. Brent wondered at the cruelty of parents who thus put their children in the way of temptation, and looked to see if the little ones were not bowed with shame; but they all strode stolidly on, with what he deemed an unaccountable indifference to their own degradation. He passed one place where the people were drinking in the front yard, and saw a mother holding a glass of beer to her little one's lips. He could now understand the attitude of the children, but the fact, nevertheless, surprised and sickened him.

Finally, the sign "Boarding Here" caught his eye. He went into the yard and knocked at the door. A plump German girl opened it, and, to his question as to accommodation, replied that she would see her mistress. He was ushered into a little parlor that boasted some shabby attempts at finery, and was soon joined by a woman whom he took to be the "lady of the house."

Yes, Mrs. Jones took boarders. Would he want room and board? Terms five dollars per week. Had he work in the city? No? Well, from gentlemen who were out of work she always had her money in advance. But would he see his room first?

Wondering much at Mrs. Jones's strange business arrangement, Brent allowed her to conduct him to a room on the second floor, which looked out on the noisy street. It was not a palatial place by any means, but was not uncomfortable save for the heat, which might be expected anywhere on such a day. He was tired and wanted rest, so he engaged the place and paid the woman then and there.

"You just come off the train, I see. Will you have luncheon at once, Mr. —?"

"Brent," said he. "Yes, I will have some luncheon, if you please."

"Do you take beer with your luncheon?"

"No-o," he said, hesitating; and yet why should he not take beer? Everybody else did, even the children. Then he blushed as he thought of what his aunt Hester would think of his even hesitating over the question. She would have shot out a "no" as if it were an insult to be asked. So without beer he ate his luncheon and lay down to rest for the afternoon. When one has travelled little, even a short journey is fatiguing.

In the evening Brent met some of the other boarders at supper; there were not many. They were principally clerks in shops or under-bookkeepers. One genial young fellow struck up a conversation with Fred, and became quite friendly during the evening.

"I guess you will go out to the 'Zoo' to-morrow, won't you? That is about the first place that visitors usually strike for when they come here."

"I thought of getting a general idea of the city first, so that I could go round better before going farther out."

"Oh, you won't have any trouble in getting around. Just ask folks, and they will direct you anywhere."

"But everybody seems to be in a hurry; and by the time I open my mouth to ask them, they have passed me."

The young clerk, Mr. Perkins by name, thought this was a great joke, and laughed long and loudly at it.

"I wish to gracious I could go around with you. I have been so busy ever since I have been here that I have never seen any of the show sights myself. But I tell you what I will do: I can steer you around some on Thursday night. That is my night off, and then I will show you some sights that are sights." The young man chuckled as he got his hat and prepared to return to the shop. Brent thanked him in a way that sounded heavy and stilted even to his own ears after the other's light pleasantry.

"And another thing," said Perkins, "we will go to see the baseball game on Sunday, Clevelands and the Reds,—great game, you know." It was well that Mr. Perkins was half-way out of the door before he finished his sentence, for there was no telling what effect upon him the flush which mounted to Brent's face and the horror in his eyes would have had.

Go to a baseball game on Sunday! What would his people think of such a thing? How would he himself feel there,—he, notwithstanding his renunciation of office, a minister of the gospel? He hastened to his room, where he could be alone and think. The city indeed was full of temptations to the young. And yet he knew he would be ashamed to tell his convictions to Perkins, or to explain his horror at the proposition. Again there came to him, as there had come many times before, the realization that he was out of accord with his fellows. He was not in step with the procession. He had been warped away from the parallel of every-day, ordinary humanity. In order to still the tumult in his breast, he took his hat and wandered out upon the street. He wanted to see people, to come into contact with them and so rub off some of the strangeness in which their characters appeared to him.

The streets were all alight and alive with bustle. Here a fakir with loud voice and market-place eloquence was vending his shoddy wares; there a drunkard reeled or was kicked from the door of a saloon, whose noiselessly swinging portals closed for an instant, only to be reopened to admit another victim, who ere long would be treated likewise. A quartet of young negroes were singing on the pavement in front of a house as he passed and catching the few pennies and nickels that were flung to them from the door. A young girl smiled and beckoned to him from a window, and another who passed laughed saucily up into his face and cried, "Ah, there!" Everywhere was the inevitable pail flashing to and fro. Sickened, disgusted, thrown back upon himself, Brent turned his steps homeward again. Was this the humanity he wanted to know? Was this the evil which he wanted to have a go with? Was Aunt Hester, after all, in the right, and was her way the best? His heart was torn by a multitude of conflicting emotions. He had wondered, in one of his rebellious moods, if, when he was perfectly untrammelled, he would ever pray; but on this night of nights, before he went wearily to bed, he remained long upon his knees.

## CHAPTER XV.

BRENT found himself in a most peculiar situation. He had hated the severe discipline of his youth, and had finally rebelled against it and renounced its results as far as they went materially. This he had thought to mean his emancipation. But when the hour to assert his freedom had come, he found that the long years of rigid training had bound his volition with iron bands. He was wrapped in a mantle of habit which he was ashamed to display and yet could not shake off. The pendulum never stops swinging in the middle of the arc. So he would have gone to the other extreme and revelled in the pleasures whose very breath had been forbidden to his youth; but he found his sensibilities revolting from everything that did not accord with the old Puritan code by which they had been trained. He knew himself to be full of capabilities for evil, but it seemed as if some power greater than his held him back. It was Frederick Brent who looked on sin abstractly, but its presence in the concrete was seen through the eyes of Mrs. Hester Hodges. It could hardly be called the decree of conscience, because so instantaneous was the rejection of evil that there was really no time for reference to the internal monitor. The very restriction which he had complained of he was now putting upon himself. The very yoke whose burden he hated he was placing about his own neck. He had run away from the sound of "right" and "duty," but had not escaped their power. He felt galled, humiliated, and angry with himself, because he had long seen the futility of blind indignation against the unseen force which impelled him forward in a hated path.

One thing that distressed him was a haunting fear of the sights which Perkins would show him on the morrow's night. He had seen enough for himself to conjecture of what nature they would be. He did not want to see more, and yet how could he avoid it? He might plead illness, but that would be a lie; and then there would be other nights to follow, so it would only be a postponement of what must ultimately take place or be boldly rejected. Once he decided to explain his feelings on the subject, but in his mind's eye he saw the half-pitying sneer on the face of the worldly young cityite, and he quailed before it.

Why not go? Could what he saw hurt him? Was he so great a coward that he dared not come into the way of temptation? We do not know the strength of a shield until it has been tried in battle. Metal does not ring true until it is struck. He would go. He would see with his own eyes for the purpose of information. He would have his boasted bout with sin. After this highly valorous conclusion he fell asleep.

The next morning found him wavering again, but he put all his troubled thoughts away and spent the day in sight-seeing. He came in at night tired and feeling strange and lonesome. "Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad," we used to say; but all that is changed now, and whom the devil wishes to get, he first makes lonesome. Then the victim is up to anything.

Brent had finished his supper when Perkins came in, but he brightened at the young clerk's cheery salute, "Hello, there! ready to go, are you?"

"Been ready all day," he replied, with a laugh. "It's been pretty slow."

"'Ain't made much out, then, seeing the sights of this little village of ours? Well, we'll do better to-night, if the people don't see that black tie of yours and take you for a preacher getting facts for a crusade."

Brent blushed and bit his lip, but he only said, "I'll go up and change it while you're finishing your supper."

"Guess you'd better, or some one will be asking you for a sermon." Perkins laughed good-naturedly, but he did not know how his words went home to his companion's sensitive feelings. He thought that his haste in leaving the room and his evident confusion were only the results of a greenhorn's embarrassment under raillery. He really had no idea that his comrade's tie was the badge of his despised calling.

Brent was down again in a few minutes, a gray cravat having superseded the offending black. But even now, as he compared himself with his guide, he appeared sombre and ascetic. His black Prince Albert coat showed up gloomy and oppressive against young Perkins's natty drab cutaway relieved by a dashing red tie. From head to foot the little clerk was light and dapper; and as they moved along the crowded streets the preacher felt much as a conscious omnibus would feel beside a pneumatic-tired sulky.

"You can talk all you want to about your Chicago," Perkins was rattling on, "but you can bet your life Cincinnati's the greatest town in the West. Chicago's nothing but a big overgrown country town. Everything looks new and flimsy there to a fellow, but here you get something that's solid. Chicago's pretty swift, too, but there ain't no flies on us, either, when it comes to the go."

Brent thought with dismay how much his companion knew, and felt a passing bitterness that he, though older, had seen none of these things.

"Ever been in Chicago?" asked Perkins; "but of course you haven't." This was uttered in such a tone of conviction that the minister thought his greenness must be very apparent.

"I've never been around much of anywhere," he said. "I've been hard at work all my life."

"Eh, that so? You don't look like you'd done much hard work. What do you do?"

"I—I—ah—write," was the confused answer.

Perkins, fortunately, did not notice the confusion. "Oh, ho!" he said: "do you go in for newspaper work?"

"No, not for newspapers."

"Oh, you're an author, a regular out-and-outer. Well, don't you know, I thought you were somehow different from most fellows I've met. I never could see how you authors could stay away in small towns, where you hardly ever see any one, and write about people as you do; but I suppose you get your people from books."

"No, not entirely," replied Brent, letting the mistake go. "There are plenty of interesting characters in a small town. Its life is just what the life of a larger city is, only the scale is smaller."

"Well, if you're on a search for characters, you'll see some to-night that'll be worth putting in your note-book. We'll stop here first."

The place before which they had stopped was surrounded by a high vine-covered lattice fence: over the entrance flamed forth in letters set with electric lights the words "Meyer's Beer-Garden and Variety Hall. Welcome." He could hear the sound of music within,—a miserable orchestra, and a woman singing in a high strident voice. People were passing in and out of the place. He hesitated, and then, shaking himself, as if to shake off his scruples, turned towards the entrance. As he reached the door, a man who was standing beside it thrust a paper into his hand. He saw others refuse to take it as they passed. It was only the announcement of a temperance meeting at a neighboring hall. He raised his eyes to find the gaze of the man riveted upon him.

"Don't you go in there, young man," he said. "You don't look like you was used to this life. Come away. Remember, it's the first step——"

"Chuck him," said Perkins's voice at his elbow. But something in the man's face held him. A happy thought struck him. He turned to his companion and said, in a low voice, "I think I've found a character here already. Will you excuse me for a while?"

"Certainly. Business before pleasure. Pump him all you can, and then come in. You'll find me at one of the tables on the farther side." Perkins passed on.

"You won't go in, my young friend?" said the temperance man.

"What is it to you whether I go in or stay out?" asked Brent, in a tone of assumed carelessness.

"I want to keep every man I kin from walkin' the path that I walked and sufferin' as I suffer." He was seized with a fit of coughing. His face was old and very thin, and his hands, even in that hot air, were blue as with cold. "I wisht you'd go to our meetin' to-night. We've got a powerful speaker there, that'll show you the evils of drink better'n I kin."

"Where is this great meeting?" Brent tried to put a sneer into his voice, but an unaccountable tremor ruined its effect.

He was duly directed to the hall. "I may come around," he said, carelessly, and sauntered off, leaving the man coughing beside the door of the beer-garden. "Given all of his life to the devil," he mused, "drunk himself to death, and now seeking to steal into heaven by giving away a few tracts in his last worthless moments." He had forgotten all about Perkins.

He strolled about for a while, and then, actuated by curiosity, sought out the hall where the meeting was being held. It was a rude place, in a poor neighborhood. The meeting-room was up two flights of dingy, rickety stairs. Hither Brent found his way. His acquaintance of the street was there before him and sitting far to the front among those whom, by their position, the young man took to be the speakers of the

evening. The room was half full of the motleyest crew that it had ever been his ill fortune to set eyes on. The flaring light of two lard-oil torches brought out the peculiarities of the queer crowd in fantastic prominence. There was everywhere an odor of work, but it did not hang chiefly about the men. The women were mostly little weazen-faced creatures, whom labor and ill treatment had rendered inexpressibly hideous. The men were chiefly of the reformed. The bleared eyes and bloated faces of some showed that their reformation must have been of very recent occurrence, while a certain unsteadiness in the conduct of others showed that with them the process had not taken place at all.

It was late, and a stuffy little man with a wheezy voice and a very red nose was holding forth on the evils of intemperance, very much to his own satisfaction evidently, and unmistakably to the weariness of his audience. Brent was glad when he sat down. Then there followed experiences from women whose husbands had been drunkards and from husbands whose wives had been similarly afflicted. It was all thoroughly uninteresting and commonplace.

The young man had closed his eyes, and, suppressing a yawn, had just determined to go home, when he was roused by a new stir in the meeting and the voice of the wheezy man saying, "And now, brothers, we are to have a great treat: we are to hear the story of the California Pilgrim, told by himself. Bless the Lord for his testimony! Go on, my brother." Brent opened his eyes and took in the scene. Beside the chairman stood the emaciated form of his chance acquaintance. It was the man's face, now seen in the clearer light, that struck him. It was thin, very thin, and of deathly pallor. The long gray hair fell in a tumbled mass above the large hollow eyes. The cheek-bones stood up prominently, and seemed almost bursting through the skin. His whole countenance was full of the terrible, hopeless tragedy of a ruined life. He began to speak.

"I'll have to be very brief, brothers and sisters, as I haven't much breath to spare. But I will tell you my life simply, in order to warn any that may be in the same way to change their course. Twenty years ago I was a hard-workin' man in this State. I got along fairly, an' had enough to live on an' keep my wife an' baby decent. Of course I took my dram like the other workmen, an' it never hurt me. But some men can't stand what others can, an' the habit commenced to grow on me. I took a spree, now an' then, an' then went back to work, fur I was a good hand, an' could always git somethin' to do. After a while I got so unsteady that nobody would have me. From then on it was the old story. I got discouraged, an' drunk all the more. Three years after I begun, my home was a wreck, an' I had ill-treated my wife until she was no better than I was; then she got a divorce from me, an' I left the town. I wandered from place to place, sometimes workin', always drinkin'; sometimes ridin' on trains, sometimes trampin' by the roadside. Fin'lly I drifted out to Californy, an' there I spent most o' my time until, a year ago, I come to see myself what a miserable bein' I was. It was through one of your Bands of Hope. From then I pulled myself up; but it was too late. I had

ruined my health. I started for my old home, talkin' and tellin' my story by the way. I want to get back there an' jest let the people know that I've repented, an' then I can die in peace. I want to see ef my wife an' child——" Here a great fit of coughing seized him again, and he was forced to sit down.

Brent had listened breathlessly to every word: a terrible fear was clutching at his heart. When the man sat down, he heard the voice of the chairman saying, "Now let us all contribute what we can to help the brother on his journey; he hasn't far to go. Come forward and lay your contributions on the table here, now. Some one sing. Now who's going to help Brother Brent?"

The young man heard the name. He grasped the seat in front of him for support. He seized his hat, staggered to his feet, and stumbled blindly out of the room and down the stairs.

"Drunk," said some one as he passed.

He rushed into the street, crying within himself, "My God! my God!" He hurried through the crowds, thrusting the people right and left and unheeding the curses that followed him. He reached home and groped up to his room.

"Awful!" murmured Mrs. Jones. "He seemed such a good young man; but he's been out with Mr. Perkins, and men will be men."

Once in his room, it seemed that he would go mad. Back and forth he paced the floor, clinching his hands and smiting his head. He wanted to cry out. He felt the impulse to beat his head against the wall. "My God! my God! It was my father," he cried, "going back home. What shall I do?" There was yet no pity in his heart for the man whom he now knew to be his parent. His only thought was of the bitterness that parent's folly had caused. "Oh, why could he not have died away from home, without going back there to revive all the old memories? Why must he go back there just at this troublous time to distress those that have loved me and help those that hate me to drag my name in the dust? He has chosen his own way, and it has ever been apart from me. He has neglected and forgotten me. Now why does he seek me out, after a life spent among strangers? I do not want him. I will not see him again. I shall never go home. I have seen him, I have heard him talk. I have stood near him and talked with him, and just when I am leaving it all behind me, all my past of sorrow and degradation, he comes and lays a hand upon me, and I am more the son of Tom Brent to-night than ever before. Is it Fate, God, or the devil that pursues me so?"

His passion was spending itself. When he was more calm he thought, "He will go home with a religious testimony on his lips, he will die happy, and the man who has spent all his days in drunkenness, killed his wife, and damned his son will be preached through the gates of glory on the strength of a few words of familiar cant." There came into his mind a great contempt for the system which taught or preached so absurd and unfair a doctrine. "I wish I could go to the other side of the world," he said, "and live among heathens who know no such dreams. I, Frederick Brent, son of Tom Brent, temperance advocate,

sometime drunkard and wife-beater." There was terrible, scorching irony in the thought. There was a pitiless hatred in his heart for his father's very name.

"I suppose," he went on, "that Uncle 'Liph"—he said the name tenderly—"has my letter now and will be writing to me to come home and hear my father's dying words, and receive perhaps his dying blessing,—his dying blessing! But I will not go; I will not go back." Anger, mingled with shame at his origin and a greater shame at himself, flamed within him. "He did not care for the helpless son sixteen years ago; let him die without the sight of the son now. His life has cursed my life, his name has blasted my name, his blood has polluted my blood."

He dropped into a chair and struck the table with his clinched fists.

Mrs. Jones came to the door to ask him not to make so much noise. He buried his face in his hands, and sat there thinking, thinking, until morning.

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#### CHAPTER XVI.

NEXT morning when Brent went down to breakfast he was as a man who had passed through an illness. His eyes were bloodshot, his face was pale, his step was nervous and weak.

"Just what I expected," muttered Mrs. Jones. "He was in a beastly condition last night. I shall speak to Mr. Perkins about it. He had no right to take and get him in such a state."

She was more incensed than ever when the gay young clerk came in looking perfectly fresh. "He's used to it," she told herself, "and it doesn't tell on him, but it's nearly killed that poor young man."

"Hullo there, Brent," said Perkins. "You chucked me for good last night. Did you lose your way, or was your 'character' too interesting?"

"Character too interesting," was the laconic reply.

"And I'll bet you've been awake all night studying it out."

"You are entirely right there," said Brent, smiling bitterly. "I haven't slept a wink all night: I've been studying out that character."

"I thought you looked like it. You ought to take some rest to-day."

"I can't. I've got to put in my time on the same subject."

Mrs. Jones pursed her lips and bustled among the teacups. The idea of their laughing over their escapades right before her face and thinking that she did not understand! She made the mental observation that all men were natural born liars, and most guilty when they appeared to be most innocent. "Character," indeed! Did they think to blind her to the true situation of things? Oh, astute woman!

"Strange fellow," said Perkins to his spoon, when, after a slight breakfast, Brent had left the table.

"There's others that are just as strange, only they think they're sharper," quoth Mrs. Jones, with a knowing look.

"I don't understand you," returned her boarder, turning his attention from his spoon to the lady's face.

"There's none so blind as those who don't want to see."

"Again I say, I don't understand you, Mrs. Jones."

"Oh, Mr. Perkins, it's no use trying to fool me. I know men. In my younger days I was married to a man."

"Strange contingency! But still it casts no light on your previous remarks."

"You've got very innocent eyes, I must say, Mr. Perkins."

"The eyes, madam, are the windows of the soul," Perkins quoted, with mock gravity.

"Well, if the eyes are the soul's windows, there are some people who always keep their windows curtained."

"But I must deny any such questionable performance on my part. I have not the shrewdness to veil my soul from the scrutiny of so keen an observer as yourself."

"Oh, flattery isn't going to do your cause one mite of good, Mr. Perkins. I'm not going to scold, but next time you get him in such a state I wish you'd bring him home yourself, and not let him come tearing in here like a madman, scaring a body half to death."

"Will you kindly explain yourself? What condition? And who is 'him'?"

"Oh, of course you don't know."

"I do not."

"Do you mean to tell me that you weren't out with Mr. Brent last night before he came home?"

"I assuredly was not with him after the first quarter of an hour."

"Well, it's hard to believe that he got that way by himself."

"That way! Why, he left me at the door of Meyer's beer-garden to talk to a temperance crank who he thought was a character."

"Well, no temperance character sent him rushing and stumbling in here as he did last night. 'Character,' indeed! It was at the bottom of a pail of beer or something worse."

"Oh, I don't think he was loaded. He's an author, and I guess his eye got to rolling in a fine frenzy, and he had to hurry home to keep it from rolling out of his head into the street."

"Mr. Perkins, this is no subject for fun. I have seen what I have seen, and it was a most disgraceful spectacle. I take your word for it that you were not with Mr. Brent, but you need not try to go further and defend him."

"I'm not trying to defend him at all; it's really none of my business." And Perkins went off to work, a little bit angry and a good deal more bewildered. "I thought he was a 'jay,'" he remarked.

To Brent the day was a miserable one. He did not leave his room, but spent the slow hours pacing back and forth in absorbed thought, interrupted now and then by vain attempts to read. His mind was in a state of despairing apprehension. It needed no prophetic sense to tell him what would happen. It was only a question of how long a time would elapse before he might expect to receive word from Dexter summoning him home. It all depended upon whether or not the

"California Pilgrim" got money enough last night for exploiting his disgraceful history to finish the last stage of the journey.

What disgusted the young man so intensely was that his father, after having led the life he had, should make capital out of relating it. Would not a quiet repentance, if it were real, have been quite sufficient? He very much distrusted the sincerity of motive that made a man hold himself up as an example of reformed depravity, when the hope of gain was behind it all. The very charity which he had preached so fiercely to his congregation he could not extend to his own father. Indeed, it appeared to him (although this may have been a trick of his distorted imagination) that the "Pilgrim" had seemed to take a sort of pleasure in the record of his past, as though it were excellent to be bad, in order to have the pleasure of conversion. His lip involuntarily curled when he thought of conversion. He was disgusted with all men and principles. One man offends, and a whole system suffers. He felt a peculiar self-consciousness, a self-glorification in his own misery. Placing the accumulated morality of his own life against the full-grown evil of his father's, it angered him to think that by the intervention of a seemingly slight quantity the results were made equal.

"What is the use of it all," he asked himself, "my struggle, involuntary though it was, my self-abnegation, my rigidity, when what little character I have built up is overshadowed by my father's past? Why should I have worked so hard and long for those rewards, real or fancied, the favor of God and the respect of men, when he, after a career of outrageous dissipation, by a simple act or claim of repentance wins the Deity's smile and is received into the arms of people with gushing favor, while I am looked upon as the natural recipient of all his evil? Of course they tell us that there is more joy over the one lamb that is found than over the ninety and nine that went not astray; it puts rather a high premium on straying." He laughed bitterly. "With what I have behind me, is it worth being decent for the sake of decency? After all, is the game worth the candle?"

He took up a little book which many times that morning he had been attempting to read. It was an edition of Matthew Arnold's poems, and one of the stanzas was marked. It was in "Mycerinus."

Oh, wherefore cheat our youth, if thus it be,  
Of one short joy, one lust, one pleasant dream,  
Stringing vain words of powers we cannot see,  
Blind divinations of a will supreme?  
Lost labor! when the circumambient gloom  
But holds, if gods, gods careless of our doom!

He laid the book down with a sigh. It seemed to fit his case.

It was not until the next morning, however, that his anticipations were realized, and the telegraph messenger stopped at his door. The telegram was signed Eliphalet Hodges, and merely said, "Come at once. You are needed."

"Needed"! What could they "need" of him? "Wanted" would have been a better word,—“wanted” by the man who for sixteen years

had forgotten that he had a son. He had already decided that he would not go, and was for the moment sorry that he had stayed where the telegram could reach him and stir his mind again into turmoil; but the struggle had already recommenced. Maybe his father was burdening his good old friends, and it was they who "needed" him. Then it was his duty to go, but not for his father's sake. He would not even see his father. No, not that! He could not see him.

It ended by his getting his things together and taking the next train. He was going, he told himself, to the relief of his guardian and his friend, and not because his father—his father!—wanted him. Did he deceive himself? Were there not, at the bottom of it all, the natural promptings of so close a relationship which not even cruelty, neglect, and degradation could wholly stifle?

He saw none of the scenes that had charmed his heart on the outward journey a few days before; for now his sight was either far ahead or entirely inward. When he reached Dexter, it was as if years had passed since he left its smoky little station. Things did not look familiar to him as he went up the old street, because he saw them with new eyes.

Mr. Hodges must have been watching for him, for he opened the door before he reached it.

"Come in, Freddie," he said, in a low voice, tiptoeing back to his chair. "I've got great news fur you."

"You needn't tell me what it is," said Brent. "I know that my father is here."

Eliphalet started up. "Who told you?" he said; "some block-head, I'll be bound, who didn't break it to you gently as I would 'a' done. Actu'ly the people in this here town——"

"Don't blame the people, Uncle 'Liph," said the young man, smiling in spite of himself. "I found it out for myself before I arrived; and, I assure you, it wasn't gently broken to me, either." To the old man's look of bewildered amazement, Brent replied with the story of his meeting with his father.

"It's the good Lord's doin's," said Eliphalet, reverently.

"I don't know just whose doing it is, but it is an awful accusation to put on the Lord. I've still got enough respect for Him not to believe that."

"Freddie," exclaimed the old man, horror-stricken, "you ain't a-gittin' irreverent, you ain't a-beginnin' to doubt, air you? Don't do it. I know jest what you've had to bear all along, an' I know what you're a-bearin' now, but you ain't the only one that has their crosses. I'm a-bearin' my own, an' it ain't light, neither. You don't know what it is, my boy, when you feel that somethin' precious is all yore own, to have a real owner come in an' snatch it away from you. While I thought yore father was dead, you seemed like my own son; but now it 'pears like I 'ain't got no kind o' right to you, an' it's kind o' hard, Freddie, it's kind o' hard, after all these years. I know how a mother feels when she loses her baby, but when it's a grown son that's lost, one that she's jest been pilin' up love fur, it's—it's——" The old man paused, overcome by his emotions.

"I am as much—no, more than ever your son, Uncle 'Liph. No one shall ever come between us; no, not even the man I should call father."

"He is yore father, Freddie. It's jest like I told Hester. She was fur sendin' him along." In spite of himself, a pang shot through Brent's heart at this. "But I said, 'No, no, Hester, he's Fred's father, an' we must take him in, fur our boy's sake.'"

"Not for my sake, not for my sake!" broke out the young man.

"Well, then, fur our Master's sake. We took him in. He was mighty low down. It seemed like the Lord had jest spared him to git here. Hester's with him now, an'—an'—kin you stand to hear it?—the doctor says he's only got a little while to live."

"Oh, I can stand it," Brent replied, with unconscious irony. The devotion and the goodness of the old man had softened him as thought, struggle, and prayer had failed to do.

"Will you go in now?" asked Eliphalet. "He wants to see you: he can't die in peace without."

The breath came hard between his teeth as Brent replied, "I said I wouldn't see him. I came because I thought you needed me."

"He's yore father, Freddie, an' he's penitent. All of us pore mortals need a good deal o' furgivin', an' it doesn't matter ef one of us needs a little more or a little less than another: it puts us all on the same level. Remember yore sermon about charity, an'—an' jedge not. You 'ain't seen all o' His plan. Come on." And, taking the young man by the hand, he led him into the room that had been his own. Hester rose as he entered, and shook hands with him, and then she and her husband silently passed out.

The sufferer lay upon the bed, his eyes closed and his face as white as the pillows on which he reclined. Disease had fattened on the hollow cheeks and wasted chest. One weak hand picked aimlessly at the coverlet, and the labored breath caught and faltered as if already the hand of Death was at his throat.

The young man stood by the bed, trembling in every limb, his lips now as white as the ashen face before him. He was cold, but the perspiration stood in beads on his brow as he stood gazing upon the face of his father. Something like pity stirred him for a moment, but a vision of his own life came up before him, and his heart grew hard again. Here was the man who had wronged him irremediably.

Finally the dying man stirred uneasily, muttering, "I dreamed that he had come."

"I am here." Brent's voice sounded strange to him.

The eyes opened, and the sufferer gazed at him. "Are you——"

"I am your son."

"You—why, I—saw you——"

"You saw me in Cincinnati at the door of a beer-garden." He felt as if he had struck the man before him with a lash.

"Did—you—go in?"

"No: I went to your temperance meeting."

The elder Brent did not hear the ill-concealed bitterness in his son's voice. "Thank God," he said. "You heard—my—story, an'—"

it leaves me—less—to tell. Something—made me speak—to you that—night. Come nearer. Will—you—shake hands with—me?"

Fred reached over and took the clammy hand in his own.

"I have—had—a pore life," the now fast weakening man went on; "an' I have—done wrong—by—you, but I—have—repented. Will you forgive me?"

Something came up into Brent's heart and burned there like a flame.

"You have ruined my life," he answered, "and left me a heritage of shame and evil."

"I know it—God help me—I know it; but won't—you—forgive me, my son? I—want to—call you—that—just once." He pressed his hand closer.

Could he forgive him? Could he forget all that he had suffered and would yet suffer on this man's account? Then the words and the manner of old Eliphalet came to him, and he said, in a softened voice, "I forgive you, father." He hesitated long over the name.

"Thank God for—for—the name—an'—forgiveness." He carried his son's hand to his lips. "I shan't be—alive—long—now,—an' my—death—will set—people—to talkin'. They will—bring—up the—past. I—don't want you—to—stay an' have—to bear—it. I don't want to—bring any more on—you than I have—already. Go—away, as—soon as I am dead."

"I cannot leave my friends to bear my burdens."

"They will not speak—of them—as they—will speak of—you, my—poor—boy. You—are—old—Tom Brent's—son. I—wish I could take—my name—an' all—it means—along—with—me. But—promise—me—you—will—go. Promise——"

"I will go if you so wish it."

"Thank—you. An'—now—good-by. I—can't talk—any—more. I don't dare—to advise—you—after—all—you—know—of me; but do—right—do right."

The hand relaxed and the eyelids closed. Brent thought that he was dead, and, prompted by some impulse, bent down and kissed his father's brow,—his father, after all. A smile flitted over the pale face, but the eyes did not open. But he did not die then. Fred called Mrs. Hodges and left her with his father while he sat with Eliphalet. It was not until the next morning, when the air was full of sunlight, the song of birds, and the chime of church bells, that old Tom Brent's weary spirit passed out on its search for God. He had not spoken after his talk with his son.

There were heavy hearts about his bed, but there were no tears, no sorrow for his death,—only regret for the manner of his life.

Mrs. Hodges and Eliphalet agreed that the dead man had been right in wishing his son to go away, and, after doing what he could to lighten their load, he again stood on the threshold, leaving his old sad home. Mrs. Hodges bade him good-by at the door, and went back. She was too bowed to seem hard any more, or even to pretend it. But Eliphalet followed him to the gate. The two stood holding each other's hands and gazing into each other's eyes.

"I know you're a-goin' to do right without me a-tellin' you to," said the old man, chokingly. "That's all I want of you. Even ef you don't preach, you kin live an' work fur Him."

"I shall do all the good I can, Uncle 'Liph, but I shall do it in the name of poor humanity until I come nearer to Him. I am dazed and confused now, and want the truth."

"Go on, my boy; you're safe. You've got the truth now, only you don't know it; fur they's One that says, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'"

Another hearty hand-shake, and the young man was gone.

As Fred went down the street, some one accosted him and said, "I hear yore father's home."

"Yes, he's home," said Fred.

Tom Brent was buried on Tuesday morning. The Rev. Mr. Simpson, who, in spite of his age, had been prevailed upon to resume charge of his church, preached the sermon. He spoke feelingly of the "dear departed brother, who, though late, had found acceptance with the Lord," and he ended with a prayer—which was a shot—for the "departed's misguided son, who had rejected his Master's call and was now wandering over the earth in rebellion and sin." It was well that he did not see the face of Eliphalet Hodges then.

Dan'l Hastings nodded over the sermon. In the back part of the church, Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Smith whispered together and gaped at the two old mourners, and wondered where the boy was. They had "heerd he was in town."

Bill Tompkins brought Elizabeth to the funeral.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

IN another town than Dexter the events narrated in the last chapter would have proved a nine days' wonder, gained their meed of golden gossip, and then given way to some newer sensation. But not so here. This little town was not so prolific in startling episodes that she could afford to let such a one pass with anything less than the fullest comment. The sudden return of Tom Brent, his changed life, and his death were talked of for many a day. The narrative of his life was yet to be a stock camp-meeting sermon story, and the next generation of Dexterites was destined to hear of him. He became a part of the town's municipal history.

Fred's disappearance elicited no less remark. Speculations as to his whereabouts and his movements were rife. The storm of gossip which was going on around them was not lost on Eliphalet Hodges and his wife. But, save when some too adventurous inquirer called down upon himself Mrs. Hodges's crushing rebuke or the old man's mild resentment, they went their ways silent and uncommunicative.

They had heard from the young man first about two weeks after his departure. He had simply told them that he had got a place in the office of a packing establishment. Furthermore, he had begged

that they let his former fellow-townsmen know nothing of his doings or of his whereabouts, and the two old people had religiously respected his wishes. Perhaps there was some reluctance on the part of Mrs. Hodges, for after the first letter she said, "It does seem like a sin an' a shame, 'Liphalet, that we can't tell these here people how nice Fred's a-doin', so's to let 'em know that he don't need none o' their help. It jest makes my tongue fairly itch when I see Mis' Smith an' that bosom crony o' her'n, Sallie Martin, a-nosin' around tryin' to see what they kin find out."

"It is amazin' pesterin', Hester. I'm su'prised at how I feel about it myself, fur I never was no hand to want to gossip; but when I hear old Dan'l Hastings, that can't move out o' his cheer fur the rheumatiz,—when I hear him a-sayin' that he reckoned that Fred was a-goin' to the dogs, I felt jest like up an' tellin' him how things was."

"Why on airth didn't you? Ef I'd 'a' been there, I'd——"

"But you know what Freddie's letter said. I kept still on that account; but I tell you I looked at Dan'l." From his pocket the old man took the missive worn with many readings, and gazed at it fondly. "Yes," he repeated, "I looked at Dan'l hard. I felt jest like up an' tellin' him."

"Well, no wonder. I'm afeard I'd 'a' clean furgot Freddie's wishes an' told him everything. To think of old Dan'l Hastings, as old as he is, a-gossipin' about other people's business! Sakes alive! he needs every breath he's got now fur his prayers,—as all of us pore mortals do now," added Mrs. Hodges, as she let her eyes fall upon her own wrinkled hands.

"Yes, we're old, Hester, you an' I; but I'm mighty glad o' the faith I've been a-storin' up, fur it's purty considerable of a help now."

"Of course, 'Liphalet, faith is a great comfort, but it's a greater one to know that you've allus tried to do yore dooty the very best you could; not a-sayin' that you 'ain't tried."

"Most of us tries, Hester, even Dan'l."

"I ain't a-goin' to talk about Dan'l Hastings. He's jest naturally spiteful an' crabbed. I declare, I don't see how he's a-goin' to squeeze into the kingdom."

"Oh, never mind that, Hester. God ain't a-goin' to ask you to find a way."

Mrs. Hodges did not reply. She and her husband seldom disagreed now, because he seldom contradicted or found fault with her. But if this dictum of his went unchallenged, it was not so with some later conclusions at which he arrived on the basis of another of Fred's letters.

It was received several months after the settlement of the young man in Cincinnati, and succeeded a long silence. "You will think," it ran, "that I have forgotten you; but it is not so. My life has been very full here of late, it is true, but not so full as to exclude you and good Aunt Hester. I feel that I am growing. I can take good full breaths here. I couldn't in Dexter: the air was too rarefied by religion."

Mrs. Hodges gasped as her husband read this aloud, but there was the suspicion of a smile about the corners of Eliphalet's mouth.

"You ask me if I attend any church," the letter went on. "Yes, I do. When I first left, I thought that I never wanted to see the inside of a meeting-house again. But there is a young lady in our office who is very much interested in church work, and somehow she has got me interested too, and I go to her church every Sunday. It is Congregational."

"Congregational!" exclaimed Mrs. Hodges. "Congregational! an' he borned an' raised up in Cory Chapel. It's the first step."

"He wasn't borned nothin' but jest a pore little outcast sinner, an' as fur as the denomination goes, I guess that church is about as good as any other."

"Liphalet Hodges, air you a-backslidin' too?"

"No: I'm like Freddie; I'm a-growin'."

"It's a purty time of life fur you to be a-talkin' about growin'. You're jest like an old tree that has fell in a damp place an' sen's out a few shoots on the trunk. It thinks it's a-growin' too, but them shoots soon wither, an' the tree rots; that's what it does."

"But before it rotted, it growed all that was in it to grow, didn't it? Well, that's all anybody can do, tree or human bein'." He paused for a moment. "I 'ain't got all my growth yet."

"You kin git the rest in the garden of the Lord."

"It ain't good to change soil on some plants too soon. I ain't ready to be set out." He went on reading:

"I'm not so narrow as I was at home. I don't think so many things are wrong as I used to. It is good to be like other people sometimes, and not to feel yourself apart from all the rest of humanity. I am growing to act more like the people I meet, and so I am——" the old man's hand trembled, and he moved the paper nearer to his eyes—"I——" What's this he says? "I am learning to dance."

"There!" his wife shot forth triumphantly. "What did I tell you? Going to a Congregational church an' learnin' to dance, an' he not a year ago a preacher of the gospel."

Eliphalet was silent for some time: his eyes looked far out into space. Then he picked up the paper that had fluttered from his hand, and a smile flitted over his face.

"Well, I don't know," he said. "Freddie's young, an' they's worse things in the world than dancin'."

"You ain't a-upholdin' him in that too, air you? Well, I never! You'd uphold that sinful boy ef he committed murder."

"I ain't a-upholdin' nothin' but what I think is right."

"Right! 'Liphalet Hodges, what air you a-sayin'?"

"Not that I mean to say that dancin' is right, but——"

"There ain't no 'buts' in the Christian religion, 'Liphalet, an' there ain't no use in yore tryin' to cover up Freddie's faults."

"I ain't a-tryin' to cover nothin' up from God. But sometimes I git to thinkin' that mebbe we put a good many more bonds on ourselves than the Lord ever meant us to carry."

"Oh, some of us don't struggle under none too heavy burdens.

Some of us have a way of jest slippin' 'em off of our shoulders like a bag o' flour."

"Meanin' me. Well, mebbe I have tried to make things jest as easy fur myself as possible, but I 'ain't never tried to make 'em no harder fur other people. I like to think of the Master as a good gentle friend, an' mebbe I 'ain't shifted so many o' the burdens He put on me that He won't let me in at last."

"Liphalet, I didn't say what I said fur no slur ag'in' you. You're as good a Christian man as—well, as most."

"I know you didn't mean no slur, Hester. It was jest yore dooty to say it. I've come to realize how strong yore feelin' about dooty is, in the years we've been together, an' I wouldn't want you to be any different."

The calm of old age had come to these two. Life's turbulent waters toss us and threaten to rend our frail bark in pieces. But the swelling of the tempest only lifts us higher, and finally we reach and rest upon the Ararat of age, with the swirling floods below us.

Eliphalet went on with the letter. "He says some more about that little girl. 'Alice is a very nice and sensible girl. I like her very much. She helps me to get out of myself and to be happy. I have never known before what a good thing it was to be happy,—perhaps because I have tried so hard to be so. I believe that I have been selfish and egotistical.' Freddie don't forgit his words," the old man paused to say. "'I have always thought too much of myself, and not enough of others. That was the reason that I was not strong enough to live down the opposition in Dexter. It seems that, after all your kindness to me, I might have stayed and made you and Aunt Hester happy for the rest of your days.' Bless that boy! 'But the air stifled me. I could not breathe in it. Now that I am away, I can look back and see it all,—my mistakes and my shortcomings; for my horizon is broader and I can see clearer. I have learned to know what pleasure is, and it has been like a stimulant to me. I have been given a greater chance to love, and it has been like the breath of life to me. I have come face to face with Christianity without cant, and I respect it for what it is. Alice understands me and brings out the best that is in me. I have always thought that it was good for a young man to have a girl friend."

For an instant, Mrs. Hodges resumed her old manner. A slight wave from the old flood had reached the bark and rocked it. She pursed her lips and shook her head. "He's furgot Elizabeth in a mighty short time."

"Ef he hadn't, he'd ought to be spanked like a child. Elizabeth never was the kind of a mate fur Freddie, an' there ain't nobody that knows it better than you yourself, Hester, an' you know it."

Mrs. Hodges did not reply. The wavelet had subsided again.

"Now jest listen how he ends up. 'I want you and Aunt Hester to come down and see me when you can. I will send for you in a week or two, if you will promise to come. Write to me, both of you. Won't you? Your changed boy, Fred.' Changed, an' I'm glad of it. He's more like a natural boy of his age now than he ever was

before. He's jest like a young oak saplin'. Before, he allus put me in mind o' one o' them oleander slips that you used to cut off an' hang ag'in' the house in a bottle o' water so's they'd root. We'll go down, won't we, Hester? We'll go down an' see him."

"Not me, 'Liphalet. You kin go; but I ain't a-goin' nowhere to be run over by the cars or wrecked or somethin'. Not that I'm so powerful afeared of anything like that, fur I do hope I'm prepared to go whenever the Master calls; but it ain't fur me to begin a-runnin' around at my age, after livin' all these years at home. No, indeed. Why, I couldn't sleep in no other bed but my own now. I don't take to no sich new things."

And go Mrs. Hodges would not. So Eliphalet was forced to write and refuse the offered treat. But on a day there came another letter, and he could no longer refuse to grant the wish of his beloved boy. The missive was very brief. It said only, "Alice has promised to marry me. Won't you and Aunt Hester come and see me joined to the dearest girl in the world?" There was a postscript to it: "I did not love Elizabeth. I know it now."

"Hester, I'm a-goin'," said Eliphalet.

"Go on, 'Liphalet, go on. I want you to go, but I'm set in my ways now. I do hope that girl kin do something besides work in an office. She ought to be a good housekeeper, an' a good cook, so's not to kill that pore child with dyspepsy. I do hope she won't put saleratus in her biscuits."

"I think it's Freddie's soul that needs feedin'."

"His soul'll go where it don't need feedin', ef his stomach ain't 'tended to right. Ef I went down there, I could give the girl some points."

"I don't reckon you'd better go, Hester. As you say, you're set in yore ways, an' mebbe her ways 'ud be diff'rent; an' then—then you'd both feel it."

"Oh, I suppose she thinks she knows it all, like most young people do."

"I hope she don't; but I'm a-goin' down to see her anyhow, an' I'll carry yore blessin' along with mine."

For the next week, great were the preparations for the old man's departure, and when finally he left the old gate and turned his back on the little cottage it was as if he were going on a great journey rather than a trip of less than a hundred miles. It had been a long time since he had been on a train, and at first he felt a little dubious. But he was soon at home, for his kindly face drew his fellow-passengers to him, and he had no lack of pleasant companions on the way.

Like Fred, the noises of the great station would have bewildered him, but as he alighted and passed through the gate a strong hand was laid on his shoulder, and his palm was pressing the palm of his beloved son. The old carpet-bag fell from his hands.

"Freddie Brent, it ain't you?"

"It's I, Uncle 'Liph, and no one else. And I'm so glad to see you that I don't know what to do. Give me that bag."

They started away, the old man chattering like a happy child. He

could not keep from feasting his eyes on the young man's face and form.

"Well, Freddie, you jest don't look like yourself. You're—you're——"

"I'm a man, Uncle 'Liph."

"I allus knowed you'd be, my boy. I allus knowed you'd be. But yore aunt Hester told me to ask you ef—ef you'd dropped all yore religion. She's mighty disturbed about yore dancin'."

Brent laughed aloud in pure joy.

"I knowed you hadn't," the old man chuckled.

"Lost it all? Uncle 'Liph, why, I've just come to know what religion is. It's to get bigger and broader and kinder, and to live and to love and be happy, so that people around you will be happy."

"You're still a first-rate preacher, Freddie."

"Oh, yes, Uncle 'Liph; I've been to a better school than the Bible Seminary. I haven't got many religious rules and formulas, but I'm trying to live straight and do what is right."

The old man had paused with tears in his eyes. "I been a-prayin' fur you," he said.

"So has Alice," replied the young man, "though I don't see why she needs to pray. She's a prayer in herself. She has made me better by letting me love her. Come up, Uncle 'Liph. I want you to see her before we go on to my little place."

They stopped before a quiet cottage, and Fred knocked. In the little parlor a girl came to them. She was little, not quite up to Fred's shoulder. His eyes shone as he looked down upon her brown head. There were lines about her mouth, as if she had known sorrow that had blossomed into sweetness. The young man took her hand. "Uncle 'Liph," he said, "this is Alice."

She came forward with winning frankness, and took the old man's hand in hers. The tears stood in his eyes again.

"This is Alice," he said; "this is Alice." Then his gaze travelled to Fred's glowing face, and, with a sob in his voice that was all for joy, he added, "Alice, I'm glad you're a-livin'."

THE END.

## WOMAN'S WORK AND WAGES.

**T**HE aim of this paper is to present as clearly and directly as possible some practical aspects of woman's work and wages by a woman who writes from experience, and not from theory, and who believes—

1st, That it is not to the advantage of the average woman, new or old, to become a direct wage-earner ; and,

2d, That it is not to the advantage of society that she should become a direct wage-earner.

My chief reason for believing that the average woman is better off not to enter the labor market as a direct wage-earner is that, as things stand now, and have stood for thousands of years, she has an income as an indirect wage-earner assured to her by marriage : in other words, matrimony is a profession for which, by nature, tradition, and education, she is better fitted than for any other. The centuries have moulded her to that end, just as, by the cultivation of such intellectual habits as accuracy and application, they have moulded the average man to the purposes of direct wage-earning.

Matrimony is for woman a lucrative profession,—the most lucrative, in fact ; for I know of no other way in which she can earn so much money. Under the present régime only exceptional women under exceptional women earn three thousand dollars a year ; but I venture to say that there are in the city in which I write at least one hundred women who annually have the spending, the control, or the enjoyment of that sum,—not because they are the superiors in native ability or mental equipment or moral endowments of what are termed self-supporting women, but because they have been tolerably fortunate in following woman's natural trade of matrimony.

But money, you say, is a sordid criterion by which to rate the advantages of marriage. So it is, and I do it only to prove that my estimate of marriage as the natural and proper means of woman's support is based neither upon sentiment nor upon convention, but upon actuality, and in no way interferes with my belief that woman finds her noblest and highest development in the married state. But, aside from all the riches of affection and sentiment that are indissolubly connected with the marriage bond (over which I must pass as foreign to my subject), there is the respect attaching to the married state for woman which attaches to no other calling she can follow. So distinctly is this recognized that there never has been a civilized nation—Greece excepted—in which, theoretically, at least, a noble position has not been accorded to the married woman in the family and in society. This is the case in America to-day, in spite of what looks like a widespread disinclination on the part of both men and women to marry.

The usage of centuries has confirmed woman in the rights, duties, and prerogatives of this position ; and the laws of the land maintain her in it. Indeed, in some parts of the United States she has more

than justice done her,—in New York, for instance, where the married woman's control of her own and her husband's property exceeds his control over her property or his own.

I have tried to make plain why I believe that the woman of average powers and average aspirations will, with ordinary luck, do better for herself financially, socially, and legally by remaining an indirect wage-earner through marriage than by entering the labor market as a direct wage-earner; and again I say that I see no good reason why she should give up a certainty for an uncertainty, a safe monopoly for a doubtful investment, and a line of activity in which she has attained unique skill for one in which she must long remain but an indifferent workman.

But the fact remains that, while the majority of women have always viewed matrimony with favor (or, at least, have always acted as if they did), for the last twenty-five years a steadily increasing minority have taken an opposite view of the matter. In comparing different classes of girls we find that, while the ignorant and the poor go on marrying about as they did formerly, there is a marked falling off in the middle and upper classes. In many localities there are not as many men as women. Again, there is a decided tendency in America to separate men and women socially, so that many a woman never receives an offer of marriage from a man whose education or social position makes him her equal. Still further, with the industrial independence of woman has come a social independence, which has begotten not only a repugnance for the domestic duties and relations natural to her, but also a restless desire to substitute for them new activities and powers. Marriage no longer satisfies; women are no longer content to stay at home, but clamor to go out in the world and earn money and be independent. They want to "do something," they say; but they seem to think that helping to rear a family and make home pleasant is not "doing something," while drawing a salary once a month is "doing something."

Doubtless our increasing luxury and worldliness have something of this to answer for. The family income, which was large enough to satisfy the wife in her young days, and has sufficed to bring up the family, cannot give the grown-up daughter all she wants in the way of dress and amusement, so she begins to "do something." Old-fashioned men are slow to see that women nowadays require something more for their happiness than food and clothing; that the old order by which a girl said to her father, "Father, please give me money to get myself a new pair of slippers with," or, "Father, you haven't given me my money for the contribution-box," has ceased to answer. Many a girl becomes a self-supporter as much because she finds this sort of dependence galling as from a desire for more money. Indeed, after the grades of labor are passed into which women are pressed by sheer necessity, there remains a broad belt of varied activities followed by women whose impulse in working is sentimental revolt against the old order rather than any real financial need.

When the New Woman wants to "do something," what she really means is that she wishes to exchange her old, indefinite, heterogeneous

duties for the definite duties in which she sees the majority of the men about her engaged. How this dislike for her own proper sphere came about I cannot stop to trace; but I believe that she makes a great mistake in supposing that her work will become more valuable by being shifted off the old trolley wires onto the new. Woman in the old days was not a drone in the hive, when she kept the house, bore children, read a little, did a little embroidery and painting and music, had a regard for her servants, maintained kindly relations with the poor, did her part in the church. I know that a life so spent never summed itself up in a book published, or a seat in a School Board, or an honorable mention at a foreign university. It was passed in no definite labor, but it nevertheless bore definite and very precious fruit.

The best work of the world—the researches of scholars and scientists, the labors of literary men, of physicians and lawyers—is by its nature indefinite; and it is surprising in reading the lives of the men and women who have contributed most to the great thoughts and the great pleasures of the world to see how plastic and mobile their lives were; how they shifted about from place to place, and spent years, apparently, without accomplishing anything; how prolific they were in failures and disappointments.

Married women may be considered as having settled the question of self-support. It is upon those who do not marry that the problem presses. We often hear it said that the world is hard on women, and many people talk as if some exceptions might and should be made from the laws of modern industrialism in favor of women wage-earners. The world is hard, but no harder, no more unjust, to women than to men; and no legislation was ever yet enacted to protect or favor by artificial means one class of labor against another that harm did not result. If woman enters the business field she must accept the conditions existing; and those conditions are the laws of supply and demand, and the competition resulting from their operation. No man or woman can enter the labor market and not compete, unless he or she possesses quite exceptional qualifications; and to compete is to strive with others for the same thing. Competition is a warfare, where your success is my defeat, where whoever takes up arms must fight, and where the one who exercises the greatest skill and the greatest endurance wins. Competition involves and compels the survival of the fittest, as rigorously as do the laws of life and death.

That the woman who enters the field of business competes at a great disadvantage, owing to her physical disabilities, her lack of business habits and technical training, is true; but if women are to work on the same terms with men (and ask yourself what other terms are possible), they must accept the same conditions that men accept.

If a one-legged man should insist on being a letter-carrier, we might admire his courage and perseverance, but we should urge him to choose an occupation for which he was better suited. He might say with truth that the world is hard on one-legged men: doubtless it is. But what is hardness to the one-legged man is simply justice to the two-legged man. To make special regulations in behalf of cripples would be to create false conditions that could in the end result only in

harm. To make special regulations in behalf of women could only have the same result.

The manner in which the laws of supply and demand operate over the destinies of women is very well illustrated by the controversy with regard to the salaries paid to women school-teachers. Women teachers in the public schools receive much smaller compensation than men teachers,—a seeming injustice which the champions of woman are eager to repair. They say—and with apparent truth—that the lower-grade teachers' wages average less, considering their necessary expenses, than the wages of the cooks of the city. They forget, however, to take into account the two factors that cause this disparity.

What determines the rate of any kind of wages? The proportion of the supply of labor to the demand for it. How does the supply of lower-grade female teachers compare with the supply of cooks? The teacher market has for years been overstocked, and every June sees the congestion increase. If a vacancy occurs in a primary or grammar school it can be filled immediately from a long waiting list of well qualified candidates. It is no such easy matter to replace a good cook: it may be only after months of family discomfiture that her equal is found. A good cook is worth more money than a good primary school teacher because she is harder to obtain, and, owing to the premium set upon her services in consequence of this scarcity, harder to retain.

The inevitable result of a congestion of the labor market is to lower wages. Each candidate practically underbids the other, and the wage that will satisfy the lowest bidder is the wage that all must accept. You will teach for eight dollars a week, Miss S. will do it for seven dollars and fifty cents, Miss T. for seven dollars. I need money so much that I would rather do it for six dollars and seventy-five cents than not do it at all. I practically determine the wages for all the others, who must abide by it or exclude themselves from the chance of engagement. The school board set the price of this kind of teaching at six dollars and seventy-five cents, and then proceed to pick out the best workers they can get for the money. So long as they can engage satisfactory help at that price—and they always can, because the number of girls who must and will teach is constantly increasing and never decreasing—they will never raise it. Why should they? They are in the position of a city contractor, one of whose duties it is to buy female labor to fill the public schools, and another to make the city's appropriations go as far as possible. There is no more reason why a school-teacher should expect more than the market price than why a mason should.

As to the assertion—also apparently true—that women teachers are paid less for doing a given kind and amount of work than men teachers who perform the same work, the champions of our sex choose to ignore the prejudice which exists in the public mind in favor of intrusting the highest school positions to men,—a prejudice which is strengthened by the fact that the supply of men fitted to fill them is much smaller than the supply of women fitted to fill the positions which the public likes to see filled by women. Now, a popular preju-

dice has its market value, like everything else ; and you cannot annihilate it by ignoring it. A popular prejudice which can year after year reserve the most important and the most lucrative positions for men, and which is strong enough to set a premium of hundreds of dollars upon their services, acts just as practically to exclude women and to keep them poor as does some real mental or physical disability. But we have Abraham Lincoln's word for it that you cannot deceive all the people all the time, so that if men continue to be better paid and better treated by school boards all over the country, it can be only because they deserve it.

I grant, of course, that all this is hard for the woman wage-earner ; but I believe that it is strict justice, and I do not see, if the conditions were yet more bitter, how she would have a right to complain, as she often does, that she is not receiving her due. For at present the woman is not the equal of the man in the labor market. An average woman cannot do as much work, or as good work, or as varied work, as an average man could in her position ; she is not his equal as a producer. For one thing, her labor is apt not to be continuous ; she is far more likely than a man to be kept away by the weather, by sickness, by some special exigency in her family, etc. Again, her labor is apt not to be permanent ; that is, it may cease at any moment. In 1895 the average age of women wage-earners was found to be twenty-two years. It is not stating it too broadly to say that any woman, at any time, may get married. Her employer knows in engaging her that when this opportunity occurs she will leave him ; and the fact that she grows more valuable to him the longer she stays will not prevent her from leaving. However capable, however loyal, however ambitious she may be, she will throw up her employer's advantage, she will fling to the winds all her past acquirements, all her future prospects, for the sake of getting married.

Marriage, actual or potential, vitiates woman's worth as a wage-earner, because it weakens her hold on her work, and (in the former case) eventually withdraws her from it altogether. On the other hand, marriage adds to the permanency and continuity of man's labor. For love of wife and child he will work harder and better and longer ; society recognizes him as a more valuable factor ; he is more complete married than single. A woman becomes more complete by marriage also, but her completeness not only fails to confirm her in her trade relations, but tends always to withdraw her from them into domestic relations.

The woman wage-earner has also to acknowledge that there are some things that she can seldom do as well, and other things that she can never by any possibility do as well, as man. Where positions call for large physical endowments, she is defeated by the natural gifts of men. She cannot with the greatest determination or talent in the world make herself large like a man ; she cannot manufacture a big, resonant voice like a man ; she cannot exercise the unconscious policeman'ship of a man.

I cannot illustrate this point of woman's trade inferiority to man better than by telling how these facts operate against a woman in the

business I know most about,—the newspaper business. A good man reporter is expected to know enough to write intelligently about anything, from a godet skirt to the single tax. He must work as long as there is anything to do, he must do whatever he is told to do, he must go wherever he is sent. If a fire breaks out or a murder is committed, he must follow it up at any sacrifice of personal safety or comfort. Now, what woman reporter could equal such a competitor? What woman would consent to place herself in a position to be called upon to compete with him? She could not report a race or a political debate so intelligently, because she has not the prerequisite sporting and political knowledge; she could not manage a sparring match or the sessions of the police courts, because she would find the work too distasteful; she could not respond to the sudden call of her chief to investigate a freshet or to walk a long distance to the scene of some important occurrence at half-past two o'clock in the morning, because it would not be proper for her to go. These are all things that by no possibility can she ever do as easily or as well as the men reporters. And in yet another respect her work is inferior to theirs, because the things that she is strongest in are precisely those which are of the least news value. An afternoon tea is not equal as a piece of news to a runaway; the most eloquent article on the care of the complexion or the care of infants will not sell a paper like a second-class murder or railroad accident. She is the inferior of the men, you see, not only in kind, but in degree. A stupid man may be—often is—the trade superior of a very bright woman.

What then? Is the world unjust? Is her employer hard to the woman reporter? Not at all. The man reporter long ago set the pace; if the woman wants to run the race at all, she must either adapt her step to his or devise a new one of her own. If she succeeds, it will not be by luck or partiality; if she fails, it will not be through any injustice.

But competition is not confined to men and women: it exists between woman and woman, and the conflict between skilled labor and crude labor among women is as cruel as between the man and the woman. Much of the suffering of working women arises from competition with their own sex; for it is evident that, when women of exceptional abilities and advantages enter into competition with those who are inferior in either, the same hardship must result to the latter as if they were the rivals of men.

When women from well-to-do families force themselves into the labor market, they buy their "individuality" and "independence" at the cost of untold misery to their poorer sisters. Jacob Riis says that the wage of needlewomen in New York City has been brought almost to starvation point by the product of girls in the rural parts of Maine, who, residing in their fathers' homes, in localities where living is cheap, earn several dollars a week each by the fine underwear they make and send to New York for sale. They are not supporting themselves: they are simply earning pin-money.

A forceful illustration of this kind came to my notice the other day, when a friend to whom I had shown a bit of embroidery told me

enthusiastically about the work of a friend of hers in Tampa, Florida. She concluded by saying, "She sends a great deal of it to New York, and last year she made four hundred dollars. Pretty good for pin-money, wasn't it?" Now I hold it open to question how much moral right there is to work in this way. If her work had been of a kind that no one else could do, or if it had been in the nature of some invention or creation that was likely to increase the artistic or financial value of that particular kind of needlework, the case would have been different; but I do not understand such to have been the case.

It is just such competition, not the hardness of the business world, or the injustice of men, that grinds women down; and I never hear of girls with all the means of comfortable and even elegant living at their command becoming kindergartners, stenographers, nurses, and clerks without a feeling of indignation at their inhumanity. If they work for pay, they are often taking what morally belongs to another; if they work for nothing, they are directly depreciating the value of the services of those women who must sell theirs. It is customary to ask women of means to give some of their money for humanity's sake to the poor: is it too much to ask them to abstain, for humanity's sake, from taking money from the poor?

I said at the beginning of this paper that I thought women bettered themselves financially, legally, and socially by becoming indirect wage-earners through marriage rather than direct wage-earners in the world of business. I should like to add—and, if you have followed me with anything like sympathy, you will agree with me—that a woman also betters herself in point of happiness. Each career has its trials, its pains; but I believe that the conditions of most married women's lives bring to them more of the things that satisfy a woman's deepest, truest nature than a business life brings to a self-supporting woman.

The displacement of labor caused by the overstocking of the labor market with women help, while it has not resulted in the financial prosperity of the female wage-earner, has acted unfavorably upon the earning capacity of men. Sometimes their wages are cut because of the competition of women; sometimes they are displaced altogether by women. The young man who should marry and become the head of a family finds himself displaced at the counter or in the office by a young woman who may be obliged to struggle single-handed with poverty for years because the man who is her social mate cannot afford to marry her. You can see what a loss this arrangement is to the life of the nation, the core of which is the family. You can also see, when large numbers of women succeed in ousting men from a line of occupation, how much suffering might be entailed on the displaced men and their families. If the time should ever come when woman would compete on terms of perfect equality with man, so that wages were equally divided, the labor troubles that must result would assume the proportions of a public calamity. A man would not then continue to earn say fifteen dollars a week, while his wife earned a like amount; he would earn seven dollars and fifty cents, and she seven dollars and fifty cents. Not only would the family be no richer in consequence of the successful competition of the wife with the husband, but it would be

unspeakably poorer, because that competition would withdraw from the home its greatest source of well-being,—I mean the mother. How detrimentally would such an arrangement react upon the character and development of the children! How it would sap the ideality of life, not only within the four walls of each home, but throughout the community and the nation!

I hold the smallness of wages and the hardships of competition that women are forced to endure a blessed safeguard to civilization, and to woman herself. The world could spare its money more easily than it could spare its love and romance, its tender relations, its beauty, and the grace and loveliness brought to it by the spiritual influence of good women.

*Eleanor Whiting.*

### THE FACULTY OF COMPUTING IN ANIMALS.

**T**HAT some animals can count is, in my opinion, an established fact: that they likewise possess the faculty of close observation and personal discrimination is also a truth which cannot be contravened.

The mason wasps, or mud-daubers, build their compartment houses generally in places easily accessible to the investigator; therefore the experiments and observations which I am about to detail can be duplicated and verified without difficulty.

These interesting members of the Hymenoptera, the *avant-courriers* of the social insects, can be seen any bright day in August or September busily engaged on the margins of ponds, ditches, and puddles in the procurement of building materials. They will alight close to the water's edge, and, vibrating their wings rapidly, will run hither and thither over the moist clay until they arrive at a spot which, in their opinion, will furnish suitable mortar. Quickly biting up a pellet of mud, they moisten it with saliva, all the while kneading it and rolling it between maxillæ and palpi. When it has reached the proper consistency, they bear it away to some dry, warm place, such as the rafters of an outhouse or a garret, and there use it in the construction of their adobe or mud nests.

There may be dozens of these nests in the process of construction, and arranged on the rafters side by side, yet these busy little masons never make the mistake of confounding the houses: after securing mortar they invariably return, each to her own structure. This statement can be easily verified. While the insect is engaged in applying the mortar, take a camel's-hair brush and quickly paint a small spot on her shoulders with a mixture of zinc oxide and gum arabic; then mark the nest. The marked wasp will always return to the marked nest.

As soon as the cells are completed, the wasp deposits an egg in each and immediately begins to busy herself about the future welfare of the coming baby wasps. Just here these remarkable creatures show

that they possess a mental faculty which far transcends any like act of human ideation; they are able to tell which of the eggs will produce males and which females. Not only are they able to do this, but, seemingly fully aware of the fact that it takes a longer time for the female larvæ to pupate than it does the male larvæ, they provide for this emergency by depositing in the cells containing female eggs a larger amount of food. It is in the procurement and storage of this food-supply that these insects give unmistakable evidence of the possession by them of the faculty of computing.

The knowing little mother is well aware of the fact that as soon as the egg hatches the young grub will need food, and an abundance of food at that: so, before closing the orifice of the cell, she packs away in it the favorite food of her offspring, which is spiders. She knows that in the close, hot cell the spiders, if dead, would soon become putrid and unfit for food; therefore she does not kill them outright, but simply anæsthetizes them by instilling a small amount of poison through that sharp and efficacious hypodermic needle, her sting.

Each variety of masons uses a different spider; the common blue mason is partial to the beautiful *Argiope*, which, banded as it is with gray and yellow, is a very conspicuous object when seen on its glistening, upright wheel web. The wasp larva, as soon as it emerges from the egg-membrane, finds fresh and palatable food before its very nose, and at once begins to eat.

In the case of the males, five spiders are deposited in each cell, while eight are always placed in the female compartments. If one or more spiders are removed from the cell, the mother wasp does not appear to notice that her food-supply has been tampered with; she completes her quota, five for the males and eight for the females, and then closes the cell, no matter if there remain in the compartment only two or three spiders. Her count calls for five or eight, as the case may be, and, when she has put on top of the egg the requisite number according to her count, her responsibility ceases.

I have never known a mud-dauber to make a mistake in her computation, although I have endeavored to puzzle this little arithmetician time and again. If a wad of paper be placed in a cell after two or three spiders have been deposited, thus partially filling it, the insect knows at once that something is wrong, and will proceed to investigate. She will remove the spiders on top of the paper, will extract the wad, and will then proceed with her count. On the other hand, if several spiders be taken out when the count calls for only one or two more, the wasp does not appear to notice that the cell is almost empty; she finishes her count as if everything were correct, and then seals up the opening with mud.

The eggs all look alike, even under the microscope: how then is it possible for this little creature to discriminate between them? The queen bee has a peculiar organ called the *spermatheca*, through which or by which she can fertilize her eggs at will, thus producing drones or male bees whenever she so desires. Connected with the oviducts of wasps are organs analogous to the *spermatheca* of bees; hence the ability to lay fertilized eggs rests with the ovipositing female.

The quail lays some twelve or fifteen eggs, and seems to be aware of the fact that some of her eggs are missing when several have been removed from the nest. When one of these birds has laid six or eight eggs, if two or three be removed she will abandon the nest and deposit the remainder of her eggs elsewhere. This behavior on the part of the bird has been attributed to her sense of smell; she, detecting the presence of an enemy by the scent of his hand left behind in the nest, recognizes the danger, and therefore abandons the nest. But numerous experiments along this line teach me that smell has nothing to do with it whatever. I have removed eggs with a long iron ladle, the bowl of which I had carefully refrained from touching, and also with sticks freshly cut in the wood, and yet the birds would invariably abandon their nests. On the contrary, when all, or nearly all, the eggs have been laid, several may be removed either with the ladle or with the naked hand, and yet the bird will not abandon her nest. She seems to be able to count up to six or eight; beyond this latter number her faculty of computing does not extend. After the full laying has been deposited in the nest and the process of incubation has become established, a large number of the eggs may be removed, and yet the bird will continue to set until the remaining eggs have been hatched out. This faculty of computing seems to be present in other birds to some extent; the domesticated guinea-fowl and the turkey sometimes possess it in a marked degree, though in most of these fowls domestication has almost entirely eradicated it. The domestic barnyard hen has had her nest robbed for such a long period of time that she has lost the faculty of counting. But even this meek provider of food for mankind is able, in some instances, to count one: she will not lay in her nest unless a nest-egg be left to delude her. The nest-egg may be wholly factitious and made of china, marble, chalk, stone, or iron painted white; the hen does not seem to care, so long as it bears some resemblance to an egg.

That the turkey-hen can count, the following instance occurring under my own observation would seem to indicate. The bird had a nest in my garden in which she had deposited three eggs. One day another turkey, seized with the desire of ovipositing, spied this nest and laid an egg therein. The original owner of the nest came along soon after the interloper had left her egg; she examined the nest carefully, and turned the eggs with her beak. Finally, she thrust her beak through the shell of an egg and bore it far from the nest before dropping it on the ground. Now, as far as I could tell, the eggs were alike, but the sharper and more discriminating eyes of the turkey undoubtedly saw, on close examination, some peculiarity in color or shape in the stranger's egg, and therefore bore it away and destroyed it. I believe, however, that her attention was arrested at first by the unexpected number of eggs in the nest, and that she was enabled to detect the stranger's egg only after much inspection and comparison.

Many animals have been taught to count, but none of them show that they fully appreciate the value of numerical rotation. Of course, in the vast majority of trained animals, the seeming appreciation is only a trick founded upon the sense of smell, sight, touch, or taste.

Romanes taught a dog to present certain numbers when it desired certain articles of food; these numbers were painted on pieces of card-board, and the animal rarely made a mistake. The same author mentions another dog which had been taught to speak, it having a hundred or more words in its vocabulary. If my memory serves me correctly, this animal could count up to ten, thus exceeding many races of savages that cannot count above five. In neither of these instances, however, do I think that the dogs evinced any abstract idea of numerical values. In the first instance, the number was associated with and stood for food; in the second, the dog simply imitated sounds after the manner of the parrot or raven or any other "talking" animal. But in the instance about to be given I think that the dog evinced an abstract idea of numbers, or else showed phenomenal powers of observation and discrimination. The animal in question, a high-bred collie, received an injury a year or so ago through which she became permanently and totally blind. Recently she gave birth to a litter of six puppies, all of which were uniform in size and in markings. Immediately after the birth of the puppies, the dog's owner had mother and young removed from the dark cellar in which they then were, and carried to a warm and well-ventilated room in his stables. In the darkness of the cellar one of the puppies was overlooked and left behind. As soon as the mother entered the box in which her young had been placed, she proceeded to examine them, nosing them about and licking them. Suddenly she appeared to become very much disturbed about something; she jumped out of the box and then jumped back again, nosing the puppies as before. Again she jumped from the box and then made her way toward the cellar, followed by her astonished owner, who had begun to have an inkling as to what disturbed her. She had counted her young ones, and had discovered that one had been left behind. Sure enough, the abandoned puppy was soon found and carried in triumph to the new home.

So astonished was the gentleman at this blind creature's intelligence that he resolved to experiment further. He removed another puppy and held it in his arms. It was not long before the blind mother showed her distress so plainly that her lost young one was restored to her, whereupon she lay down in the box and gave herself up to the chief function of maternity, suckling her young.

It is beyond reason to suppose that this dog discovered the absence of her young one through her sense of smell. Granted that to the maternal nose each puppy had an individual and particular odor (which I do not believe), it is hardly possible, nay, it is impossible, that the dog's sensorium had recognized and retained these different scents in the short time which had elapsed since their birth. It is much more reasonable to suppose that the dog knew that she had given birth to six young ones and that she counted them when they were removed to their new home. Again, it is a well-known fact that a dog can retain only one scent at a time; hence this fact alone would militate somewhat against the idea that the sense of smell was the detecting agent in this case. Nor could it have been the sense of touch; the mother could not have possibly familiarized herself with the individual form

of each puppy in such a short space of time. It is folly to suppose that each young one had a distinctive taste or flavor; hence the sense of taste must also be eliminated. Thus, by exclusion, there remains but one faculty, the faculty of computing, to account for the dog's actions.

Several years ago there lived in Cincinnati a mule which was employed by a street railway company in hauling cars up a steep incline. This animal was hitched in front of the regular team, and unhitched as soon as the car arrived at the top of the hill. It made a certain number of trips in the forenoon (I have forgotten the number, but will say fifty for the sake of convenience), and a like number in the afternoon, resting for an hour at noon. As soon as the mule completed its fiftieth trip it marched away to its stable without orders from its driver. To show that it was not influenced by the sound of the factory whistles and bells, the following remarkable action on the part of this animal is vouched for by the superintendent of the line, who gave me these data. On a certain occasion, during a musical festival, this mule was transferred to the night shift, and the very instant it completed its fiftieth trip it started for the stables. It took the combined efforts of several men to make it return to its duty. At night there were no bells or whistles to inform the creature that "quitting-time" had come; it had counted the trips, and, having finished its full quota of fifty, it thought that the time for rest and food had arrived.

My meals are always served at regularly appointed hours, which never vary throughout the year; and, since my cook "prides herself" on her punctuality, they are always served on the stroke of the clock. The moment the bell rings, my cat, a large and very intelligent male, takes up a position at the door, and is generally the first to enter the dining-room. A few moments before meal-time, Melchisedek (for he is of royal blood and bears a royal name) becomes uneasy, jumping from chair to floor or from floor to chair, and sometimes mewing gently. The moment the bell rings, he is all animation, and shows by his actions that he fully understands its meaning. He never mistakes the sound of the dressing-bell for that of the tea-bell, though the same bell is used. This cat may not be able to count, but that he notes the passage of time I do not for an instant doubt.

Some monkeys give unmistakable evidences of the possession by them of the computing faculty. In 1889 I made the acquaintance of a very intelligent chimpanzee which could count as high as three. That this was not a trick suggested by sensual impulses I had ample opportunity of satisfying myself. The owner of the animal would leave the room, no one being present but myself, and when I would call for two marbles, or one marble, or three marbles, as the case might be, the monkey would gravely hand over the required number. Romanes mentions an ape which could count three, the material used in his experiment being straws from the animal's cage. Wolff, Darwin, Forbes, and Hartman also give instances of the computing faculty in apes and monkeys.

*James Weir, Jr.*

## NO. 87,617 COLT.

THE great whistle in the erecting-shop of the bridge-works boomed out twelve o'clock, and almost simultaneously the long line of sweating, dust-grimed men began pouring out of the gaping doors, glad of any respite from the 102° Fahrenheit registered inside. It was terribly hot; and in the trifle of shade afforded by the single tree growing within the limits of the yard, I could scarcely bear the weight of even a light cotton duck shirt and trousers. Every one knows what a cinder-yard is on a hot day, when one sinks ankle-deep in the dry dust that spurts up in hot jets about the feet, settling down afterward in the shoes, making one miserable till the end of the day. I was one of the assistant engineers in the designing department then, and had gone into the yard, with an exceedingly erratic transit, to lay out a new line of track; and to lay out even a simple curve with the office transits was more a question of luck than of calculation. The instrument was badly "out of adjustment," and I was setting it up in the shade to rectify its peculiarities when the dinner-hour came. As it was no use keeping on then, I knocked off work, and, sending a man for my dinner-basket, sat down to await his arrival.

"Pretty durned hot, Mr. Holden," said Pearson, one of the yard foremen, stopping to wipe his face as he spoke.

"Oh, it's not so bad," said I, laughing. "Those fellows yonder don't seem to mind it." A gang of Italian laborers farther up the yard were pushing a car loaded with scrap-iron off the main onto the siding, and before the words were out of my mouth the car banged across the switch, and, gathering way every minute, clanked and rattled down the siding, running off at the end on a pile of loose limestone ballast. Of course it was upset and the contents thrown out. The worst of it was that my transit was thrown out of level, which made me swear. But my efforts were mild as new milk compared with the flow of classical bad language in which Pearson addressed the "dagoes" responsible for the accident.

I sauntered up to the capsized car to inspect it, and found, to my great surprise, that the scrap-iron was largely made up of old bent and rusty gun-barrels, old-fashioned revolvers, and several pecks of old iron spurs, the rest being ordinary "scrap."

"Where in the world did all that stuff come from, Baker?" I asked of the scales-tender, who came up behind me.

"Oh, all that old rubbish came up from Cuba, sir," said he. "A railroad company down there sent it up to swap off for new stuff. It's what's left over from their Ten Years' War, I guess."

I stooped and picked up one of the old revolvers, a little better preserved than the others, to keep it as a trophy. The wooden grip was, of course, gone, the barrel bent at a right angle to its normal position, the hammer bent and twisted, and the trigger and guard missing. But it was good enough for a paper-weight: so I put it in my coat-pocket.

When the half-past five whistle blew, I waited outside the gate for Pearson, for I boarded at his house and we generally walked up together in the evening.

The pleasantest hour of the evening for me was the hour after supper, when I could sit outside the house, on the little porch, my feet on the railing, enjoying my evening smoke. Occasionally, not often, I could draw Pearson into conversation, which made it pleasanter, for he was a wonderfully well-informed old fellow and had seen a deal of the world. He had been a civil engineer in Central America when the Panama Canal scheme was young, and had seen the Indians die like sheep along the ill-fated railroad he had helped to build.

It was not often, however, that he could be got to talk about the past; so I was somewhat surprised when he drew a chair up alongside of mine, cocked up his feet on the railing, and got out his pipe, spitting complacently on a chicken that was scratching under a currant-bush in the little hot front yard. The hen, with an angry "cluck-cluck," fled to safer quarters, and Pearson chuckled softly as I passed him my tobacco-pouch, from which he filled his "cutty." I dropped the bag into my coat-pocket, and my hand struck something hard. "Hullo," said I; "look here, will you? Here's a relic of the Cuban War of Independence." And I handed him the old iron I had picked up in the yard. He took it and examined it curiously in the twilight.

"A Colt, isn't it?" I asked.

"Dunno," he rejoined. "Soon see, though." And, pulling out his knife, he began vigorously scraping away the rust beneath the cylinder-block, where the mark is always stamped on a Colt revolver.

"Here's a vernier glass," said I, handing him my transit glass used to read the angles.

"Bring that lamp here," said he, a moment later, scraping away harder than ever.

It was intensely hot, and I could see the great sweat-drops running down his face as he worked. Presently he scanned the iron eagerly with the glass, then——

"Good God!" said he, quickly, starting up.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Just read that number," said he, handing me the pistol and the glass. "What is it, sir? What do you make it?"

"Why, that's plain enough;" said I. "It's 87,617."

"That's what I made it," said he; "but it can't be. It's simply impossible."

"What's the matter with it?" I asked.

"Just you sit there, sir, an' I'll show ye." And in a moment he was up the stairs and down again with a belt and holster of old cracked leather in his hands. Laying them on the table, he drew from the holster an old-fashioned Colt muzzle-loading revolver. "87,616," said he, solemnly.

"Well?" said I.

"I had a pair of 'em in Cuba in '69, sir," said he; "616 and 617. That there's my old gun, an', Holy Mother, if it could talk it could tell you a story that, if I told, you'd call me a liar."

"Go ahead and tell it," said I; "and I'll call you a liar afterward. Aren't you sleepy, though?"

"Sleepy!" said he, scornfully. "Wait till I'm through, an' then ask me if I'm sleepy."

"Go ahead," said I, judicially.

"Give me your tobacco again. So," handing it back to me, "you may or may not know that I come back to this country from Panama in '65. I was all broke up with Chagres fever, for of all countries ever I seen, an' I've seen a good few, that's the durndest, an' I made up my mind to settle down an' live like a white man. How long have you been engineerin', sir?" he asked,—irrelevantly, I thought.

"Nearly eight years," said I.

"That's enough to make you know the truth of what I'm goin' to say,—that when a man engineers for five years, as a rule he's fit for nothin' else. That's the way it was with me. I tried two years of it here, one with the Pennsylvania road an' a year out West. Then when I was up in the mountains, freezin' the marrow in my bones, I begun to want to go back to warm weather. There's a kind o' fascination about the tropics that I can't explain. So when I got a letter from Brown and McGish offerin' me a place as transit man for two hundred dollars a month on a corps goin' to Cuba, I jumped at it. They were goin' to build a little narrow-gauge road from some copper-mines in the Telas range in Matanzas to a little place called Esperanza, on the north coast. The mines had been opened up about two years before, but had suspended operations.

"It was the devil's own hole, sir; only three white men in the place, Mr. Mervin,—Dick Mervin; he was the chief,—Tom Walker, his assistant, an' Jerry Black, who run the level for me. Mr. Mervin an' his sister, Miss May, kept house about a half a mile from the diggin's, an' the rest of us bunked together in a frame shack that we put up, frame bein' better 'n them cussed adobe huts, that get full of lice an' fleas after every rain, in the wet season."

Here I stopped Pearson to ask something regarding the appearance of the girl. One is unconsciously prejudiced by the description of a heroine.

"Well," said he, "she was about up to your eyes, Mr. Holden." (That is five feet seven, nearly.) "Eyes the color of Cardenas Bay when the sun shines on it,—ye don't get that color nowhere out of the tropics, sir: it's God's own blue,—an' hair like red gold. Mighty little head, an' carried it like a thoroughbred. She wasn't a bit stand-offish in her ways, neither; every time either of us went to the house she'd sit an' talk to us just like we had special bids, an' God knows Jerry an' me was rough enough. Walker he was always keepin' company with her, so Jerry an' me got to callin' her 'Miss Tommy' between ourselves. We all thought when she first come there that a woman had no business in such a God-forsaken hole, but after seein' her round the place for a few months we'd 'a' been lost without her.

"Everything 'd 'a' gone right, I reckon, if it hadn't been for one of them cussed yellow-bellies that think themselves the salt of God Almighty's earth. His name was Martinez,—José Martinez. He

was good-lookin' enough in a black sort of way, showin', as Jerry says, his kin to the poor down-trodden nigger. I believe myself he was a half-breed, because he was bad clear through; an' you know a half-breed gets the dirty tricks from both sides of the house. They say he'd been learnin' medicine up here in the States. I know I wish they'd hung him here, all six feet of him, though that would have spoiled my story, but it'd have saved——" And Pearson shook his head solemnly.

"Go on," said I, impatiently.

"Well, he was always hangin' round the house, pretendin' he come to see the sick hands at the mine, but really hangin' round Miss May. After me and Jerry had joked about it for a couple of weeks, Walker got onto it. He hated the dago anyway worse 'n a partridge hates a red dog, consequently he was always polite to him.

"Well, one night the foreman of the mine come to me an' says in his pigeon-English that the timberin' in one of the leads was givin' way an' the men wouldn't go in the shaft to work: so I started up to tell Mr. Mervin, an' just as I got to the edge of the clearin' near the house I seen him walkin' up an' down with the dago. Presently they got right close to me, an', before I could say anything to tell 'em I was there, Martinez says, in English, 'So, Mr. Mervin, after tellin' you this, I come to you to ask the hand of your sister in marriage.'

"Mervin stopped short in his walk like a horse goes back on his haunches when you bring him up standin' with a Mexican bit. 'Are you a citizen of the United States?' says he.

"'No,' says Martinez; 'but I lived there six years. Why?'

"'Because,' says Mervin, 'then you ought to know that in America what the girl says goes. But I think,' says he, quite low, 'that I wouldn't ask her, if I was you.'

"'Is there any one else?' says Martinez. 'Oh, it's Señor Walker, is it? I think you'd do a good thing to run him off the work.'

"'What do you mean?' says Mervin, with the kind of ring in his voice a pick makes when it strikes solid ore.

"'Only that you'd likely have some trouble if the government knew that Gomez got some three hundred pounds of dynamite from you last month.'

"I begun to listen hard then, for I wondered where the devil that dynamite had got to. 'An' you know,' says Martinez, 'that if Walker don't leave they may find out.' An' he looked at Mervin in a queer way.

"Mervin pushes his hat on the back of his head an' jams his hands in his pockets. 'Now then, Señor Martinez,' says he, 'of course I understand your threat. In the first place, I know nothing about the dynamite, an' the man that says Gomez got it from me is a damned liar. Is that quite plain to you?' says he, just as soft as he used to talk to Miss May. 'An', lastly, I don't think you need trouble us again, for if you do—his old man begun to rise then, for he breaks out with—'for if I catch you hangin' round here again I'll break every bone in your miserable body.' An' he could have done it, too. Then he told him something quite personal that Martinez will never

have carved on his tombstone for his friends to read. After he got done with his valedictory, as I seen it called in the papers, he turned an' went up to the house. I cut round to the back, for I didn't want him to see me.

"The moon was shinin' bright as day, an' the great palm-trees in front of the house was waverin' an' flickerin' like big ferns in the night wind that come right in off the bay. Presently, when I got near the house, I seen two people on the veranda, an' I stops short, for I knowed who they was. Walker he was standin' near the railin', sayin' something quite low to Miss May. Her hands was clasped in front like this, an' she was kind of hangin' her head. Then all of a sudden he stops talkin' an' holds out both hands an' gets hold of hers, an' he draws her to him an' holds her to him for a bit, kissin' her all the time. I must have stood there for five minutes, feelin' like a thief, when there was a rustlin' in the chaparral an' Mr. Mervin comes into the clearin', singin' in a laughin' voice. Quite likely you know that old song, sir." And Pearson began to hum,—

"Who would perish in the desert with a forest's shade near by?  
Who would die of thirst tormented while a fountain ripples high?  
Oh, I tell you there's a pleasure, an' you may not, cannot break it;  
You will find 'twill fill the measure, if you want a kiss, to take it."

"Hold hard, old boy,' says Mervin, laughin', as he comes out of the bushes toward the house. Miss May she looks at him just once, an' then runs into the house, an' Walker comes up holdin' out his hand with, 'Wish us joy, old man.'

"So I do,' says Mervin, grippin' his hand. 'Both of you, God bless you.' Then I come up an' told him what I had to say about the timber, an' Walker an' me started off down the horse-track to our shanty.

"The next mornin' early Mr. Mervin sent for me an' says, 'Pearson, I'm goin' off on a little picnic with my sister an' Mr. Walker, an' I want you to keep an eye on things. You an' Black get your dinner at my house,' says he; 'there's some good whiskey there, too, an' while you're about it just drink a health to Miss May and Walker. It's all made up between 'em.'

"We will so,' says I: 'if drinkin' 'll give 'em health an' happiness, we'll fix 'em for life.'

"That was an unlucky day for us. Everything went wrong at the drift. Two cars smashed through the thirty-foot trestle an' near killed a man, an' Jerry near licked the life outen another for hittin' him on the head with a pick. Of course it was accidental, but Jerry says 'ignorance of the law excuses no one,' and pretty near tore him into crab-meat. But the worst of it all was at dinner-time. Jerry an' me had just done grub, an' was sittin' at the table, smokin', with the drinks in front of us, when in comes Josefa, the cook.

"Los soldados! Los soldados!' says she, cryin' an' wringiu' her hands.

"Well,' says Jerry, pourin' some more whiskey into his glass, 'let 'em come. Ask 'em in, Josefa.'

"I jumped to the window, an' seen 'em comin' into the clearin'. There was about twenty of 'em, but Martinez wasn't with 'em. It took me just about two minutes to make Jerry understand how things was, an' he says, 'Say, Jake, let's let 'em take us. You're about Mervin's size, an' I'll do for Walker.'

"'You're a plucky little devil,' says I; 'but I doubt if I've the nerve. Maybe they'll kill us.'

"'Might as well kill us as scare us to death,' says he. 'Anyway, it'll help Miss May. God help the woman that they capture!'

"Their captain halted his men in the open an' come in by himself. 'Señor Mervin,' says he to me, 'I am ordered to arrest you for aiding the rebel cause, as also your friend Señor Walker.'

"'Sir,' says I, quite dignified, 'I protest against this action. I claim the protection due an American citizen.'

"'God help us, then,' says Jerry, 'if that's all the protection we'll get.'

"From the Telas range into Cardenas is about eight miles of the worst road ever I tramped over, an' at the end of the road, as well as I could tell, there was every chance of our facin' a wall with a firin'-squad at our backs. I was scared near sick, but Jerry he kep' on a-whistlin' like he didn't care a damn if school kep' or not.

"Night come on just as we reached Cardenas, an' a devil of a big crowd gathered to see *los perros Americanos*—that's American dogs, sir—who had aided the rebels. They hadn't tied us in no way, but just shoved us along with gun-butts to quicken us, but you can guess we wasn't in no hurry. They put us in one of their cursed adobe huts, with a guard at the door, an' then left us for a bit, an' presently in comes a corporal with four men bringin' irons that they put on our feet. 'Twas a bar about two foot long, with a cuff for the ankle in each end fastened to it with a couple of links.

"'All this comes of your tryin' to play the hero,' says I to Jerry. 'Likely they'll shoot us.'

"'Very likely,' says he, pullin' out his pipe an' lightin' it. 'Wait till dark, though.'

"'What for?' says I.

"'Why, to get away, you fool,' says he. 'D'y'e think I'm a-goin' to stay here to be shot?'

"Then he begun raisin' such a fuss that the sentry come in. 'I want to see the captain,' says Jerry. So, after a deal of palaver, that officer comes in, an' we asks him what are we arrested for.

"'For supplyin' dynamite to the rebels,' says he.

"'Who says so?' I asked; 'Martinez?'

"'Yes,' says he, unthinkin'. 'You'll go by ship to-morrow to Havana, so you'd best get some sleep, an' a few masses wouldn't hurt you,' says he, grinnin'. 'Do you want to see a priest?'

"'No, you grinnin' ape,' says I, 'we don't want to see a priest; but I'd like to look at you across the sights of a Sharp's.'

"He cursed us an' went out, an' Jerry says, 'Jake, when it gets dark I'll yell for water. You stand in the dark, an' when the guard comes in, knock him down, an' don't hit him like you're spankin' a baby. The harder you hit the better, an' if you kill him no matter.'

“‘All right,’ says I; for that guard had hit me in the back with his gunstock on the way from Telas, an’ I wanted a chance to square things up. ‘How’ll we get loose?’

“‘Them irons,’ says Jerry, ‘is only soft iron. If we can get his bayonet, we can pry ’em open at the links.’

“It was dark by that time, an’ in a few minutes Jerry says to me, nervous like, ‘All ready, Jake.’ I got up an’ hopped across to the door, like a big toad, an’ stood in the dark of it, an’ Jerry begins to yell, in a whinin’ voice, ‘Señor! Señor!’ Presently the guard comes to the door. ‘Agua, agua,’ says Jerry; ‘agua, por amor de Dios!’ I was sorry then I hadn’t hit him at first, for I didn’t like to hurt a man who was doin’ me a good turn. But there wasn’t no use arguin’ like that now, so when he puts his head in the door I clips away at it, backin’ up the blow with my body. I took him just here,” pointing to the lower curve of the jaw-bone, “an’ it lifted him half across the room, him fallin’ in a heap. We grabbed him, but, Lord! he didn’t move.

“‘Knocked out,’ says Jerry. ‘He ain’t dead,’ says he, listenin’ to his heart, ‘but he won’t raise no fuss to-night. We’d better tie him up, though.’ So we took away his sword bayonet, gagged him an’ tied him, an’ then stuck him up outside the door so’s to look like he was on guard. Then we set to work with the bayonet to pry off our irons. Of course we couldn’t get the leg-irons off, so we pried open the links, an’ in about a half an hour we was both of us loose.

“‘Take that rifle,’ says Jerry, ‘an’ give me the bayonet, an’ we’ll run for it. We’ll head back for the mines, ’cause we’ve got nowhere else to go, an’—oh, come on!’ says he.

“So we sneaked out of the house, an’, keepin’ in the dark side of the street, crept on toward the old road to the mountains. All would have gone tiptop if that captain had lived on the other side of the street, but he didn’t. I heard a cuss from a man standin’ in the door, and that Gonzalez, the captain, jumps out with a revolver. There wasn’t no time to say please, so I whirled round the rifle, catchin’ him in the belly with the stock, Jerry helpin’ him out with a crack on the head. That eight miles goin’ back was the best time I ever did. It took us an hour an’ a half, an’, let me tell you, it wasn’t no fun runnin’ with a half-pound o’ loose iron jammin’ an’ rammin’ against your ankle-bone at every step.

“When we got to the house, Mr. Mervin an’ the others had just got back from their excursion, so I took him aside an’ told him all. He thought for a minute, an’ says, ‘What’s your advice, Pearson?’

“‘Well,’ says I, ‘I’m better at actin’ than advisin’, but it seems to me we’d do best by sleepin’ here an’ gettin’ out at dawn for Havana by the coast. What arms have you got, sir?’

“‘Is it as bad as that?’ says he. ‘Good God, there’s my sister! How far is Havana?’

“‘About ninety miles, sir. We can do it in two days with the horses. How about the guns? I’ve a couple of Colts.’

“‘I’ve got one,’ says he, ‘an’ a pair of ’66 model Winchesters. For heaven’s sake, start soon.’

"I went down to the stables an' saddled three horses an' two of the mine mules, the likeliest I could get my hands on, an' just as the stars was palin' we set off down the trail toward Cardenas. The road branched about a mile down, an' me an' Jerry was ahead. We hadn't hardly turned into the coast-road when Mr. Mervin says, 'Oh, Pearson, come here a minute,' an' when I reined up my mule alongside him he says, 'Look yonder.' Half a mile down the road there was a cloud of brown dust risin', an' you could see the gleam of the bayonets along their front. I knowed at once they was troops from Cardenas sent to guard the mines. What we didn't know was that they had cavalry, till we seen a smaller dust-cloud part from the column an' come peltin' up the road after us.

"By God,' says Jerry, reinin' back, 'they're after us.'

"Mr. Mervin,' says I, 'if you'll push ahead with Miss May, Walker an' Jerry an' me 'll stand 'em off an' give you a start. You push on for Jibacoa, an' then make for the coast, lyin' up by night an' travellin' by day. Then get a boat an' put to sea. It's our only chance.'

"Suppose we surrender,' says he.

"Did you ever hear of Señor Quenzado's wife an' daughters, who was arrested by 'em on no charge at all?' says Jerry, quite low and quick.

"Mervin turned dead white. 'If it wasn't for the girl,' says he, 'I wouldn't do it; but I must, I suppose. Walker, you and May ride like the devil up the road, while we hold 'em if we can. Go now.'

"I'll be damned if I do,' says Walker. 'Go yourself. My place is here with Pearson and Black.' An' he took a hitch with his halter round his pony's legs, throwing him cleverly in the middle of the road. 'Look out, Pearson. There goes your mule;' for they had opened fire on us an' downed the old jack at the first fire.

"Here,' says I, pullin' out one of my Colts an' handin' it to Walker; 'it's good for a hundred yards with a rest. Keep five shots for them, an' the last for yourself if they catch us.'

"He took it an' whirled round the cylinder. 'I want to keep one of these little pills,' says he, 'for my friend Dr. Martinez.'

"He'll not need a second dose,' says Jerry, 'unless he's copper-lined.'

"Hurry up,' says I to Mervin, who was girthin' Miss May's horse; 'they're gettin' ready to fire;' for I heard the words, 'Tira, mis hombres,' come down the wind to us.

"Mervin jumped for his horse, handin' his rifle to Walker, who opened fire on the Spaniards right away. 'Good-by, boys! Good luck! Come along, May,' says he. An' then there come the roar of a volley up the road, an' when I turned to see where they were, Miss May was lyin' a white spot in the middle of the road. I run to her an' picked her up, but it wasn't no use. I seen that right away. They was only two hundred yards off now, an' I laid her body, for she was stone-dead, over her horse an' cut Walker's pony loose. 'Come on, you fools,' says I: 'there's no use waitin' now.'

“‘Is she—? Is she——?’ says Walker, lookin’ at me like his brain would crack, but not darin’ to finish the sentence.

“‘Yes,’ says I, ‘she is. Get up, you fool, an’ run.’

“‘Jerry jumped up an’ swung into saddle, but there come another volley, an’ Walker jumped three foot in air, come down on his face, an’ lay quite still.

“‘This is madness,’ says Mervin, whisperin’ to hisself. ‘Only three now! Only three! Can your pony carry you an’—an’ that?’ says he, pointin’ to what had been Miss May, as it lay before me on the saddle as we spurred up the path.

“‘He’s got to,’ says I, beatin’ him with my gun-butt.

“Two hundred yards took us to a turn in the trail, an’ I turned in my saddle just in time to see Walker, that we all thought dead, jump to his feet an’ pump shot after shot into the column not thirty feet away. Their two officers fell first, an’ I seen four others go down like ninepins. Then he threw away his empty rifle an’ starts runnin’ to us, pistol in hand. They was so took by surprise that for a minute they didn’t think of firin’ at him. Then they fired, an’ we seen him stagger along sidewise like a runnin’ man does, tryin’ to keep from fallin’. His hand went up to his head, his pistol cracked, an’ he rolled over in the road, sendin’ up a little cloud of dust as he fell.

“‘My God, Mr. Mervin,’ says I, ‘did you see that?’

“‘Yes,’ says he, dazed like, rubbin’ his hand across his face; ‘but I don’t understand.’

“‘Why,’ says Jerry, pushin’ into the chaparral an’ pullin’ us after him, ‘the fool was playin’ ’possum so’s to get even with ’em; an’ he done it, too.’

“‘Good God, how foolish!’ says Mervin. ‘How plucky, but how foolish!’ Then he broke down, an’ begun to cry like a baby.

“We pushed on some two miles till we struck the cane thickets, where we could hear any one a mile away, an’ we camped for the night. That was an awful night. Mr. Mervin he just sat alongside of—of what I’d carried in front of me on my saddle, an’ talked an’ laughed low to hisself. Jerry an’ me looked at him, an’ dug a hole in the swamp with some sticks, an’ we buried her there, her that had been Miss May. That was at daybreak, an’ then we pushed on for Jibacoo, Mr. Mervin ahead, not sayin’ a word, then me, an’ Jerry last.

“Presently I heard Jerry say, like he’s talkin’ to hisself, ‘No, sir, I ain’t a regular prayin’ man. You know mighty well I ain’t one o’ these people what’s always askin’ for somethin’. I ’ain’t asked ye nothin’ for twenty years, an’ if ye’ll help me now I’ll ask ye no more. Just put me face to face with Martinez at arm’s length. You needn’t help me, only don’t help the dago, an’ you’ll see the damndest all-round killin’-bee since the time of Cain an’ Abel.’ I was nervous anyway, an’ Jerry’s prayer upset me, an’ I sat down an’ laughed like a crazy man, the others standin’ round watchin’ me, not movin’ a muscle.

“By a miracle we made the coast, an’ stole a boat, an’ was picked up by a British bark bound for Savannah.”

“What became of the others?” I asked.

“Why, four years later they went down in the *Virginus*, and

Mervin was shot with Fry's men in Morro Castle. Jerry he got away an' swum out to the British man-o'-war Niobe, lyin' in the harbor. Captain Lorraine,—he was a man, sir,—when he heard the firin', sent his men to quarters an' run out his guns, tellin' 'em that if a rat squeaked he'd shell the town."

"Where's Black now?" I asked.

"Went down there two years ago," rejoined Pearson. "I told him before he went he'd better take out papers as an English citizen, an' he did."

*George Brydges Rodney.*

### THE INDIAN AFOOT.

THE rancher of the far West depends absolutely upon his horse as means of locomotion. When dismounted he cuts as clumsy a figure as does the sailor set ashore. His walk is likely to be a waddle, or, at best, a shuffle. The quadruped has become a complement to the biped, and a well-worn figure of speech, expressing sore predicament, is the man afoot.

Hence the rider possessed of some little imagination and gratitude not only loves the sturdy little beast which bears him, but comes to regard it with a sort of awe. All day long, on a diet of grass, over hill and across prairie, the bronco carries his burden of booted man and ponderous saddle. A touch of the spur, and the pony breaks into a canter. The air is like wine, and the rider, intoxicated with it, urges his horse still faster. There is a sense of freedom, of untrammelled motion through the spaces of the wilderness, which the horse-man in the city does not know.

But when was man contented? Nature, the rider will reason, has treated him unfairly in making him the dependant of a shaggy mustang. Why was not he, the lord of creation, fitted with sinews and a frame which would enable him to roam these unconfined acres at will? What a fine thing it would be were the human machine so constructed that he could walk the earth the peer of a piebald bronco! Often, in feeling my own helplessness without a horse, I have asked myself the question, What would be the anatomy of the human being blessed with the endurance and travelling capacity of the meanest pony on the prairie? How large would be his lungs? How broad his chest? How great the girth of flank and calf?

The answer came unexpectedly, one day, and filled me with humiliation. Heretofore the only Indians with whom I had come in contact were the Sioux of Dakota,—Indians who live on horseback and who, on the whole, make a sorry showing as pedestrians. But the red man of New Mexico and Arizona is another being. As a pedestrian he fills the measure of historian Fiske's conjecture: "The ancestors of the Red Man doubtless made their way hither on foot during some one of the many periods when North America was joined both to Siberia and to Northern Europe."

The Indian who first demonstrated to me that a horse is essential only to a pampered child of civilization reached the pueblo of Zúñi, New Mexico, one hot afternoon, with mail for the Presbyterian missionaries. That morning they had sent him on this errand to the post-office at the Mormon village of Ramah, some twenty miles distant, and, as his horse was not close at hand, he had made the journey there and back on foot. This, I learned, was an ordinary occurrence. As for the Indian's physique, it set me smiling at my mental picture of a human horse. The Zúñi was rather undersized, and no one would have picked him out for an athlete. Yet he had accomplished with ease, and as a matter of course, a feat which would make his white brother boast for a lifetime. Afterwards I heard many stories—some of them entirely reliable—of the Pueblo Indian's prowess as a walker: how an old man of Zúñi had fetched the mail from Fort Wingate—the journey both ways footing up fully eighty miles—between sunrise and sunset on a summer day; how the Moquis of Arizona would walk from their village to their irrigated lands, forty miles away, spend several hours in farming, and foot it back through the loose sand the same evening.

To one who comes to know these Indians, most of the stories are credible enough. Their religion and their traditions prescribe for them an unending series of out-of-door games and dances, which would make a sprinter of an invalid, if it did not kill him. Their lungs are as blacksmiths' bellows; they have hardly any superfluous flesh, and their hearts are in good working order. One of their pastimes is the sport known to them as *dee-kwa-we*, kicking the stick. For this their best runners are chosen and organized into two bands or "teams," some six Indians on each side, with captains to direct their movements and umpires on ponies to see that there is fair play. The game bears some resemblance to our own "shinny," the knur or "ball" propelled, painted red and black, being about six inches in length and whittled to a point at both ends; but, instead of a stick, the propelling power is the bare feet of the participants, who grasp the bit of wood with their toes and cast it from them with wonderful skill. The course commonly chosen was an imaginary circle of some twenty miles, beginning at Zúñi, taking in Thunder Mountain, the great mesa to whose summit the Pueblos once retreated when harassed by the Spaniards, and back again to the village. The runners, encumbered only with breech-clouts, make their way through the sand and sage-brush, crossing arroyos, scrambling over rocks, and deftly picking up the stick with their toes from cactus and the mouths of prairie-dog holes. Each band has its own "ball," the starting-line is likewise the goal, and the Indian who first kicks the stick across it wins the victory for his side. The time generally required for this performance is from four to five hours, the exercise being one which involves skill and endurance rather than speed.

But the Pueblos are not the only Indians who easily dispense with horses. Of all the red men who roam the plains, the Apache is the greatest peripatetic prodigy. Were not his endurance on foot established by the army records and by the testimony of the officers whom

he has served as scout in many a bloody campaign, the stories told of him would seem beyond belief. Walking has been described as "a series of interrupted falls," and scientists who have studied human locomotion will tell you that by keeping this in view and conforming the motion of legs and body thereto great distances may be covered with ease. There is unquestionably something in the theory. Travelers have noted the peculiar gait of the Indian burden-bearers in South and Central America and elsewhere, and have compared it with the "new art of walking" introduced some time ago into the French army, which is described as consisting "in not fully straightening up the leg at the moment when it is perpendicular to the ground, and in dragging out the leg that remains behind to its full length."

Whether or not all this may be learned and practised by any one who takes the pains, the Apache's gait—neither a walk nor a run—is but one element of his performance. From a child he has lived out of doors, awake and asleep, and both nature and the needs of warfare have contributed to his bigness of chest and strength of limb. Breathing the rarefied air of the country he inhabits, and inured to every form of hardship, he will make shift to live and fight on a diet of acorns, mescal, and prairie-dogs, and he has even been known to enrich his larder with the lizard of the desert.

These scouts, when in the service of Crook and other Indian fighters, were never mounted. Yet, burdened with rifle and ammunition, canteen and knife, they would make détours from the cavalry command, rejoining it at the end of a hard day's march, without showing signs of distress, while not only the cavalry horses but the troopers who bestrode them would be fagged out; this, too, day after day, under a scorching sun, over burning sands and across rough country, often making a dozen miles at a stretch without stopping to rest.

General Crook is quoted by Mr. Edward S. Ellis as having seen an Apache lope for fifteen hundred feet up the side of a mountain without showing the least sign of fatigue, there being no perceptible increase of respiration. Captain H. L. Scott, of the Seventh Cavalry, has related some astonishing feats performed by the Chiracahua Apaches forming Troop L of his regiment. He tells how nine of these Indians, after a hard day's work, by way of recreation pursued a coyote for two hours, captured the nimble brute, and brought it into camp, and how, on another occasion, the scouts gave chase to a deer, ran it down some nine miles from camp, and fetched it in alive. Hence I see no good reason for doubting the word of an old-timer I met in the Rocky Mountains who told me that, in the days before the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad was built, the Pima Indians of Arizona would recover settlers' stray horses, along the overland trail, by walking them down in the course of two or three days.

After this, one may begin to believe that "Lying Jim" Beckwourth, whose remarkable adventures early in this century are preserved in book form, was a much maligned man, and that he spoke no more than the truth when he said he had known instances of Indian runners accomplishing upwards of one hundred and ten miles in one

day. Beckwourth, in dictating his experiences to Mr. T. D. Bonner for publication, recited this circumstance to sustain the story of his own race for life while tracking stolen horses, one morning, in the Snake River country. He was discovered and pursued by several hundred Blackfoot Indians, and immediately crossed the stream and made for camp at Blackfoot Buttes. Here, to his horror, he discovered that Sublet's party, having found no water, had proceeded to the river, forty-five miles distant. Beckwourth followed their trail, and reached the camp at nightfall, ahead of his pursuers. He estimates that he ran, in all, ninety-five miles, and calls the survivors of Sublet's company to correct him publicly if he is in error concerning the distance.

Indeed, there are records which seem to justify the tale. It is true that the Greek soldier who ran all the way from Marathon to Athens, to bear the news of victory, and dropped dead when he had delivered the message, had covered only twenty-six miles; yet he may have been worn with fighting when he started. On the other hand, Deerfoot, the Indian runner of the Cattaraugus reservation, who once held the record in England and America, ran twelve miles in fifty-six minutes, in London, in 1861; and extraordinary stories of his long-distance running are told. Captain Barclay, of England, walked a thousand miles in a thousand hours, and W. S. George, the world's greatest amateur distance runner, followed the hounds on foot. Henry Schmel, in June, 1894, walked from Springfield, Illinois, to Chicago, one hundred and eighty-eight miles, in sixty-nine hours and fifty minutes. In 1892, Schneidereit, an Austrian printer, finding himself in Calcutta without means, walked all the way home to his native town, Rathenow, travelling on foot for two years across India, Afghanistan, Persia, Turkey, Southern Russia, Bulgaria, Roumania, and Hungary, and thence into Austria.

But these instances, which might be multiplied, are for the most part feats accomplished under special conditions or stress of circumstances, or by picked men. In Apache-land every Indian is a runner, asking no odds of earth or weather; and whether it be the peaceful Pueblo, trudging to his irrigated lands, forty miles and back, or the venomous Chiracahua, tamed to do service for Uncle Sam, the Man on Horseback may well regard him with amazement.

*William Trowbridge Larned.*

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### LOST IDEALS.

DEAR fanciful guests at a child's lone feast,  
 Must I lose you at last in life's mystical East,  
 Where the dreams of my childhood disappear  
 Like stars that fade as the day draws near?  
 Or again, when the evening of life comes on  
 Shall I find, like the stars, I but fancied you gone?

*Florence Radcliffe.*

## THE SACRED FLOWER.

**T**HERE is hardly a flower that has not its nook in the pantheon, but, of all blossoms, the rose has had most honor in the religions of the world. Nor can we wonder that it is so. The beauty of the rose is matchless, and man ever makes the material thing he most esteems the symbol of the deity he most adores.

The Hebrew poets sang of the rose, as Solomon in the Song of Songs: "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley." But there was among the rabbins a distinctly religious veneration for the rose; they even made it the symbol of the Shekinah, the flame of God's presence. The Kabbala reveals this clearly. In the Zohar (Aemor) it is written,—

"Quod sicut rosa crescit ad aquas et emittit odorem bonum, sic Malchuth hoc gaudet nomine, cum influxum assugit a Binah quæ bonum elevat odorem."

Thus the sacred rose, the supreme flower of light, was made the sign of God's presence, its gentle glories the exponent of the tremendous splendors of the Infinite.

The like symbolism continued in the new dispensation. Christ was typified by the rose. According to the explanation of St. Jerome, the word Nazareth means a flower, and Nazareth was situated in Carmel, the garden of God. There was, then, a peculiar appropriateness in the loving designation of Jesus as the Flower of the Garden, the Rose of the World. An extension of the imagery made the red rose represent the white blossom sprinkled with the Redeemer's blood.

In the cultus of the Virgin Mary the rose soon found a distinguished place, and it was characteristic of her, as the lily was of St. Joseph. Both the white and the red rose were devoted to her worship, and their religious worth was formally set forth by St. Dominic when he instituted the rosary.

Indeed, Christian fancy has not hesitated to make the rose a theme for much explication of divine truths. Perhaps the most charming effort in this direction was that of St. Basil, though he borrowed the thought from the East. He tells us that in the sinless age roses bloomed from thornless stems. Then sin entered into the world, men waxed corrupt, and the rose-stem put forth thorns, as if to guard itself from the vile hands that would gather it.

Dante, too, has made use of the rose in his Divine Comedy, employing it, after the fashion of the Kabbala, as the habitation of God in paradise:

How wide the leaves,  
Extended to their utmost, of this rose,  
Whose lowest step embosoms such a space  
Of ample radiance! Yet nor amplitude  
Nor height impeded, but my view with ease  
Took in the full dimension of that joy.  
Near or remote, what there avails, where God

Immediate rules, and Nature, awed, suspends  
 Her sway within the yellow of the rose  
 Perennial, which, in bright expansiveness,  
 Lays forth its gradual blooming, redolent  
 Of praises to the never-wintering sun ?

Probably Dante gained his poetical conception of this heavenly rose from the Tamara Pua of the Brahmins. According to this Oriental symbolism, a silver rose is made the representation of God's presence. In the garden of paradise ever blooms a silver rose. This supernal flower contains the images of two women, yet these two are one. The one manifestation of the woman is called the Lady of the Mouth, the other the Spirit of Tongues. In the heart of the flower is the permanent home of God himself.

The mystical rose in the heavenly garden is to be found again and again in the religious legends of the world. One tradition declares that the Buddha was crucified because he ventured to pluck a flower. There is much vagueness as to the exact kind of flower, and, as a result of the uncertainty, his avatar is symbolized sometimes by the lily, or the podma, but often by the rose. The Hindoos assert that Indra was crucified for daring to rob paradise of a rose.

One name of the rose, *frute del arbor*, suggests another direction to our researches as to the religious rose, and the results of the investigation are especially delightful. This exploration brings us to our own continent. The Peruvian legend of the fall of man made Eve sin by plucking a rose in the garden. There is an evident connection between this and the old Mexican belief. The Mexican Eve received, after the fall, an angelic visitor, who declared to her that she should bear a son destined to bruise with his heel the fatal serpent. This messenger bestowed upon Eve a rose, in token of the divine promise, and an age of roses straightway came upon all the earth.

The origin of St. Basil's conceit concerning the rose-stem is to be found in the Boun-Dehesh of Zoroaster, which involves the rose in the events of the fall: the stem was without thorns until Ahriman, the principle of evil, entered on the scene. Zoroaster also tells that every angel has his flower, and that the rose belongs to one of the highest of all, an archangel ever by the throne of God.

In a general way, the rose has appeared to some extent in the symbolism of all the ancient nations. The Chinese employed it, and the Egyptians made it prominent. Ordinarily it has represented femininity, and this signification may be traced from the monuments beside the Nile to the tremendous ruins in Central America. Naturally, it was the distinctive flower of many goddesses, from Venus to the Scandinavian Hulda, termed the Frau Rosa.

A favorite tradition as to the origin of the rose makes it the earth's crown of glory, first assumed when Venus was born of the wave's foam. At the moment of her birth, the first rose-shoot sprang from the delighted ground; on the tiny sprig the gods sprinkled nectar,—and, behold, the rose!

But there is no end to the traditions that deal with the rose's first cause. Perhaps the earliest Greek legend is that in which the dainty

flower grew from the blood the wounded Adonis shed, while the mourning Venus's tears formed the anemones. One of the most emphatic of all fabled tales as to the rose's genesis is the story that it was given in answer to Flora's prayers. She found the most beautiful of her nymphs dead, and in her grief she besought the gods to make the dead body the queen of flowers. Her sorrow so moved the immortal company that all bestirred themselves in Flora's behalf. Apollo gave his liveliest beams, Bacchus supplied the nectar, Vertumnus granted the perfume, Pomona provided the fruit, while Flora herself ingeniously contrived a diadem of flowers. The result of such divine efforts has forever since been the loveliest of blossoms in the sight of gods and men.

Alchemy made the rose one of its chief secret signs. In this use it was ordinarily the symbol of light, the condensation of which was the philosopher's stone, the true essence of gold. One possible origin of the alchemical meaning of the rose is to be found in Herodotus. The historian states that Midas, the Phrygian king, had a garden of roses, and each rose in this garden had sixty petals. The rose was sacred to Bacchus, and it was Bacchus who gave to Midas the means for the transmutation of metals.

It would be useless to attempt an enumeration of the poetical passages in which roses are famed, in connection either with deities or with mere mortals. Homer began the use when he sang of rosy-fingered Aurora, and when he described Aphrodite as perfuming the body of Hector with attar of roses.

Sappho vowed in rhythm that the rose was queen of all flowers, and Anacreon, Bion, Theocritus, Apollodorus, and every poet since their time have joined in the chorus of praise. Often the tales of the rose gave it a certain magical value, as where Lucius, in the *Metamorphoses* of Apuleius, is restored to human form by eating a wreath of roses.

The poetical insistence of the rose as the symbol of silence had its origin in a quasi-religious employment. After the original dedication of the rose to Aphrodite, Cupid delivered it over to Harpocrates, the god of silence, in the hope that by this means the amours of the goddess of love might be kept secret.

Religion and poetry have united to make the Persian stories the most exquisite of all that owe their origin to the rose. The Persians have a feast of roses, beginning when the buds first open and continuing throughout the season. The Bulbul Nameh lauds the rose as God's own flower, and adds that he has set the nightingale to keep ward over it. Whensoever a rose is plucked, the bird gives forth a cry, the sweetest and the saddest cry that mounts to heaven. In the spring-time the nightingale hovers over the fragrant petals until it swoons in a perfumed ecstasy. Nor is the flower less faithful than the bird, for it does not bloom until the nightingale sings to the bud. Then at the marvellous strains the flower unfolds its glories to the waiting air.

*Marvin Dana.*

## DO ANIMALS DRINK?

"ARE we going to drink like men or like beasts?" Sheridan asked one day, as a number of congenial spirits took their seats around the board.

"Like men," was the universal response, spoken with a slight tinge of indignation.

"Then we are going to get jolly drunk; for beasts drink only to slake their thirst; men never know when they have had enough."

Nevertheless, Sheridan was wrong. Like all humorists, he was careless of his facts, so he could only raise a laugh. Animals do drink. Many of them have a natural and some an acquired taste for liquor. They enjoy it as men enjoy it; they suffer as men suffer from its after-effects. They acquire jags, they have a roaring good time, they suffer from *katzenjammer* and *delirium tremens*: they even die of the rum habit.

Nature has her rum-shops, her saloons. She produces plants which devote themselves to the manufacture and sale of intoxicants. The South-American toddy-tree is well known to naturalists. It is well known also to the South-American beetle the *Oryctes Hercules*. When the latter goes on a spree he never goes it alone, after the unneighborly habit of the human drunkard. He collects his friends and acquaintances to the number of thirty or forty; the whole crowd run their short horns through the bark of the toddy-tree, revel in the out-flowing juices, and, while inebriated, are easily caught by the human natives.

The toddy-tree parts with its liquor free of charge. There are other plants which are less generous. They exact no less a penalty than the death of the unfortunate drunkard. And what do they do with the body? Strange as it may seem, they eat it. In this manner they obtain the food which nourishes them and sustains their healthful existence.

At the end of each of their long green leaves these plants have a pitcher-shaped receptacle. We might style this the growler; but it never needs to be rushed. It is always full of what with special appropriateness might be called bug-juice,—a watery liquor, sweet to the taste and inebriating to the senses. Only in fine weather is the growler open for business. On rainy days it is firmly shut up to keep out the rain that would dilute and spoil the contents. Nature's saloon-keepers do not water their stock.

Let us imagine a fine day and a thirsty bug. It makes little difference what the bug may be: ants, flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches, all sorts of insects, are the plant's customers. His bugship is out for a morning cocktail or an after-dinner *pousse-café*. He walks along the leaves till he reaches the growler. He crawls in, swigs and swigs. Ten to one he never gets out alive. His body is gradually consumed and absorbed by his traitorous entertainer.

Another variety of vegetable rum-shops have larger growlers, which do not close up during rain-storms. Consequently their liquor is of a weaker variety; but it is quite strong enough for the object the plant has in view, which is merely to attract custom. When the patron has once crawled into the growler, he finds it difficult to crawl out again. He may not be very boozy; he is only "feeling good," whatever may be the equivalent for that term in bug-language. But the inside of the growler is lined with strong hairy projections, all pointing downward towards the liquor and not upward towards the brim. *Facilis descensus Averni*. Here is an excellent moral for the temperance orator,—a suggestion for an admirable metaphor. Like the human drunkard, the poor bug found the step downward an easy one. But, once in the toils of the demon, he cannot extricate himself. He makes useless struggles. At last he falls exhausted into the liquor and is miserably drowned.

Most of the higher animals—as monkeys, elephants, bears, horses, and dogs—have a natural fondness for fermented liquors, and suffer from the abuse of these liquors as men do. From the book of Maccabees it is evident that war-elephants were maddened of old with new wine, as they have been and are with arrack down to the present time. Managers of menageries and employees at the various zoological gardens know that the elephants under their care are prepared to go on a wild drunk whenever opportunity offers. Whiskey is officially given them when they are ill or low,—the quantity varying from five to ten gallons, according to the requirements of the case. This is put into their drinking-water. Bears and monkeys drink beer like German students, and love whiskey equally well. In Africa the natives make use of this evil trait to capture their poor relations. The monkeys there are extremely fond of a beer brewed by the natives. So the latter place quantities of the liquor within easy reach of the monkeys, and wait until their victims are thoroughly befuddled. In this state they are unable to recognize the difference between negro and ape. When the negro takes the hand of one of them to lead him off, a second monkey takes the hand of the first, a third that of the second, and so on. A single negro may sometimes be seen carrying off a string of staggering monkeys. Fresh doses of beer in decreasing quantities are administered to the captives, so that they may only gradually awaken to the sad results of their spree.

Magnand and Challand, two famous French physicians, have studied the effects of alcohol on the dog and found that it is essentially the same as on man. The first dose makes him very lively and demonstrative, but in the end he becomes awkward and unsteady on his legs, his eyes grow dim, and at last he falls into a deep sleep, from which he awakens sick and fretful.

The persistent use of brandy has been found to develop in dogs as well as in other animals a mental derangement similar to delirium tremens. The victims are subject to all sorts of hallucinations. At first these occur only in the dark. A dog to which Magnand had administered large doses of brandy for four weeks began to howl piteously at night as if attacked, and became quiet only when a light

was brought. After another week he saw his hobgoblins even in daylight, when he would run around biting and snapping at the empty air, skulking away with piteous whines, as though chased by an enemy too terrible to encounter.

Another physician, a kindly soul living in the city of Montpellier, made extensive experiments to ascertain the effects of wine, brandy, and absinthe on fowls. To a chick they showed themselves apt disciples. Many an old rooster was equal to his bottle a day. But the toppers, unlike their human brethren, lost flesh speedily, especially those who drank absinthe. Two months of absinthe sufficed to kill the strongest rooster, the most Amazonian hen. Brandy was less immediately fatal; the fowls which indulged in that alone lasted four months and a half, while wine-drinkers pure and simple enjoyed a good time for full ten months. Alcohol affected not only the health of these feathered toppers, but their personal appearance also. The combs of the roosters, like the noses of human subjects, swelled up to a preternatural size and assumed a brighter hue of carmine.

It was suggested at the time that the doctor should continue his experiments, and, by the introduction of the teapot into the hen-house, find out whether there is any ground for the suspicion entertained in some quarters as to the innocent properties of tea. A few experiments also in "late hours" were urged upon him, and social reformers fondly imagined that one week of political reunions, concerts, balls, and crushes might possibly be found as disastrous in its effects as two months of absinthe-drinking.

Inquiry among New York horse-owners shows that there are many horses which are addicted to drink, especially among those gigantic animals driven by brewers. Accustomed to malt as food, they easily acquire a liking for the fermented juice of the malt. They grow stout, like the veteran beer-bibbers. One driver has a horse which has grown so observant that he stops before every beer-saloon on his route, in expectation of a treat. Often he comes home heavily loaded, for he has many human friends who are willing to "set 'em up" for him. If the driver is in a hurry, he has to exercise great ingenuity in selecting back streets to dodge the saloons.

Judge Stechler, of New York, was once called upon to decide a very curious case. The plaintiff brought suit to recover the value of a horse which, in a spirit of the keenest satire, had been named *Old Temperance*. "*Old Temperance*" was fond of a quiet jag. When his owner gave up the carting business he determined to dispose of the horse by a raffle. A crowd gathered to enjoy the sport. The raffle was to occur in a saloon. But as the drinks went round "*Old Temperance*" was not slighted. He grew lively. Finally one of the crowd jumped upon his back and rode him at a terrific rate around the block. A mob of howling boys followed and pelted the horse with missiles. Just as "*Old Temperance*" was rounding the home stretch, he suddenly stopped, throwing his rider off his back, and with one loud neigh fell dead.

"He didn't say neigh in time," quoth one of his spectators. At which facile jest there was a general laugh.

In Norfolk, Virginia, is—or was—a famous parrot known as Markoe. The owner is a lady who purchased it from a sailor and speedily discovered that he showed all the convivial habits of his former master. "Under the influence" Markoe is so clever and amusing that visitors often beg the privilege of offering him a glass. The servants, too, in spite of repeated orders, find delight in making him drunk.

Once Markoe got delirious on champagne given him by a member of the family. He cut up such pranks that his mistress shouted to him, "You're drunk, sir, and had better go away." Markoe slunk away in disgrace to a hiding-place, and there slept off his jag. Soon after a visitor came to call on Mrs. T. As he took his seat he was surprised to hear a severe displeased voice saying, "You're drunk, sir, and had better go away." The voice was that of the hostess. The visitor knew not whence it came, but snatched up his hat and rushed from the room as Mrs. T. was entering it. Mrs. T. had heard her words repeated; she knew at once that it was the parrot, and was overwhelmed with confusion at what the visitor would think. Judge of her surprise when, a little later, as she had sat down to pen a profuse apology, a servant brought her a letter from the gentleman. He humbly acknowledged that he had taken a little too much for dinner, but he had not known that the fact was apparent, and begged for forgiveness, which was freely granted.

A lady of Joliet, Illinois, is the owner of another dissipated pet. This is a crow whose fondness for liquor has earned him the name of Budge. He likes beer and whiskey, and will drink until he gets dizzy. Then he will squat down by the glass and now and then stick his bill in the liquor.

Still another feathered drunkard is a resident of Lebanon, Tennessee. Perhaps drunkard is a harsh epithet, for the awful example in question was drunk but once, and reformed as soon as he sobered down. He is a large screech-owl known as Billy, who has taken up his abode in a tree close to the windows of little Eddie T. Billy is devoted to the child, follows him around all day, and at night sits on the railing of his bed until the little fellow has dropped off to sleep, when he flies away to attend to his own business. Once Eddie fell sick, and the doctor ordered him to be stimulated with whiskey toddy. A day or two later, as Mrs. T. was engaged in her household duties, she heard a strange disturbance in the sick-room,—loud screeches followed by a kind of hoarse chuckling, a wild fluttering of wings, and then her son's voice calling her. She ran in alarm to his room, and there found Billy pirouetting about on the floor in a mad whirl of drunkenness. He had evidently got at the whiskey. When he caught sight of the lady, he flew at her with distended claws, and drove her from the room. Then he continued his dance, interrupting it now and then to dash himself angrily against the different pieces of furniture, as if he detected a personal enemy in each. Finally his furious *pas seul* became an idiotic reeling about the room. Chuckling and clucking like an old hen, his head tucked to one side and leering at the ceiling, he spent a merry half-hour, and then, tired out, fell over in

an undignified heap. He was put out on the lawn to sleep it off. Waking up a few hours later in a very bedraggled condition, he crept away, and was not seen for several days. Since that time he has been humble and quiet, and extremely cautious about what he eats and drinks. If anything is offered him in a glass, he ruffles up his feathers and flies out of the room in a fit of virtuous indignation.

A curious story of a fish drunkard went the rounds of the papers some years ago. It was told with all circumstantial detail, even to the name of the owner. We will summarize it, and leave the reader to be the judge of its credibility. The fish, a large brook sucker, was caught in Clinton County, Pennsylvania, in May, 1889, named Old Tom, and placed in a small fish-pond. It soon became used to its new surroundings, fraternized with the goldfish who were its only companions, and grew to be as tame as they. Its manner of feeding, by extending its queer snout and sucking in anything that came within its reach, was the cause of great amusement to all spectators. One day its owner tried an experiment. He bought a small nursing-bottle, filled it with milk, and attached a long tube to it with the usual mouth-piece. Dropping the tube into the water in front of the sucker's nose, the fish gradually sucked in the mouth-piece and took a gulp of the milk. But he evidently did not like it, for he spat it out at once. Mr. S. had another idea. He tried lager beer. Old Tom took a gulp, and seemed delighted. Indeed, he sucked half the contents of the bottle before he let go his hold. Then he cavorted around the pond and had a high old time with the other fishes. After half an hour of this sport he moved to one side of the pond, close to the bank, and remained there all the rest of the day, scarcely moving, even when prodded with a stick. Evidently the beer had affected the sucker, and he was suffering the penalty. But next day he was all right again and eager for more beer, which was accordingly given him. He swigged a larger dose than ever, got "as full as a tick," chased the other fishes around the pond, and indulged in a series of drunken somersaults on the surface of the water.

He had grown used to liquor now. He was no longer broken up, though it was evident enough his coppers were hot by the avidity with which he next morning took a dose of milk punch which S. had thought would sit well on his stomach. But the morning jag thus acquired proved a hummer. Old Tom dashed around, spoiling for a row, and, finding that the other fishes got hastily out of reach, grabbed a big crawfish by the tail and tried to suck him in. The crawfish resented the familiarity, and struck out with his claws. Old Tom was scared, and let go. The crawfish still clung on, and could be shaken off only after the liveliest sort of a tussle.

Old Tom, now sobered down completely, retired behind a big stone and remained in remorseful contemplation till afternoon. Again he sallied forth, and S., seeing that he was looking for a ball, kindly furnished him more beer, which set him off again in a wild fit of intoxication. Next morning he looked so seedy that S. mixed him a cocktail. Evidently it went to the right spot. Old Tom was himself again at once. But from that period his doom was sealed.

Every morning he came up for his nip, and if he did not get it tore around like a madman. Beer got too mild for him, and whiskey was substituted.

For three months he was kept continually loaded. Then S. tried to break him of his evil ways. First he diluted the morning dram, then he shut it off entirely. But in a day or two Old Tom showed strange symptoms. He would glare wild-eyed about him. He would take precipitous flight from imaginary foes and hide behind stumps, peeking out from his ambush in evident terror.

"He's got the jams," cried S.: "I've shut off his liquor too quickly."

Hastily rushing for the bottle, he gave Old Tom a corker. It needed three doses, however, to straighten him out and quiet his nerves. After that S. did not dare to shut off the liquor again. But continual drunkenness began to tell on Old Tom. He grew bleary-eyed, bloated, and seedy. He had lost his interest in life, he had forfeited his self-respect. His old-time companions shunned him and gave him a wide berth. He seemed keenly sensitive to his degradation. At last, one morning, after he had been drinking heavily, he moved over towards the big stone which he had made his lounging-place since society in the pond had ostracized him. For a few minutes he gazed at it in a curious way, then he made a sudden dash forward and hurled himself against the stone. A moment later his lifeless body was floating on the surface of the pond.

"He had committed suicide," S. says, "as sure as his name was Tom."

*William S. Walsh.*

### THE ELECTION AT CAYOTE.

**T**H**ERE** are towns and towns. Cayote was not an old town, nor was it a new town; it was that species peculiar to the far Southwest, a lively mining camp translated into a dead village. It claimed to be a manufacturing centre, but, like many another claim, it did not pan out according to assay. The town's manufactures consisted of a woollen-mill, a foundry, a system of water-works, and a bank. Curtis, the cashier of the bank, and a handful of other new-comers pointed with commendable pride to these improvements, and claimed all the credit therefor, but the old-timers looked on the innovations with suspicion strongly tinged with contempt. And the old-timers were in the majority. They spoke slightly of the improvements, and not without reason. The water-works had never paid expenses; the dividends on the woollen-mill stock were still something the future held in store; the foundry was but an overgrown blacksmith-shop. But the bank paid. That was a good investment—first-class. Curtis said so, and if Curtis didn't know, who did?

But this was not all. The advent of these things brought many other new schemes and theories. There were two churches and a diminutive cohort of the Salvation Army. To the churches—as churches

—the pioneers did not object, but they deeply disapproved of the doctors of divinity who officiated. This sentiment was reciprocal.

That the pioneers had their vices is not to be denied. They drank, they played cards, and they swore with frequency and vehemence,—all of which, according to Curtis and the two eminent divines, assured eternal torment. The pioneers had no objections to the theories the trio thrust at them and tried to hammer into them, but when it was proposed to abolish these ancient amusements their protests were loud and their language profane. They referred to the clergymen in uncomplimentary terms, and revived the memory of one Father McGrath, the first priest in camp, a gentle, kindly man, who played cards with the boys until he became known in the county as the “poker-playing parson;” an earnest, noble man, who nursed the boys when sick, and buried them when they died; a priest whose catholicism knew no petty sects, but was great enough to cheer the dying sinner with words of comfort; and when, in an unsuccessful attempt to save Dutch Joe’s worthless life, he laid down his own, the boys sent to Phoenix for a marble shaft on which was fairly chiselled, “A Parson—But a Man.” But they hung his slayer first.

The apostles of reform were rampant. The two clerical gentlemen said, both from the pulpits and on the street-corners, that Cayote was a modern Sodom and Gomorrah, and that unless the wickedness ceased they would not be surprised at the destruction of the town after the manner of the two cities aforesaid. They quoted passages from the Old Testament to substantiate these views. But the pioneers disrespectfully said that the two clergymen had subsisted too long upon a diet of dried fruit and soda-crackers; and the pioneers didn’t take much stock in prophecies anyway. They cited the instance of the Arizona Kid, an Apache youth who claimed to have miraculous powers, and who prophesied that the bullets of the white man would prove harmless; but a bullet from a Colt’s 44 in the hands of an irreverent pagan of a cow-puncher had brought the prophet to the ground and his prophecies to naught.

Now between Cayote and a neighboring hamlet called Pilot Rock there had long existed an intense rivalry. In the old days, before the railroad was built, when Whispering Johnson (whose whispers could be heard for six miles) freighted behind a team of twelve obstinate mules of dubious ownership, when lives were cheap and whiskey four bits a drink, this rivalry was a matter not only of local pride, but of personal hatred. The man from Pilot Rock who recklessly ventured into Cayote was certain to receive a welcome he would remember—and bear the marks of—to his grave, and but few of the Cayote men who strayed into the Rock came back to tell of the greetings they received. Dutch Joe escaped with his life, but he bore upon his person the feathers from twenty-three grouse, deftly intermixed with half a barrel of tar, and men called him “The Buzzard” thereafter. When news reached Cayote that Joe Gannon, the enterprising proprietor of the Élite saloon at Pilot Rock, had at great expense imported a piano for the further delectation of his patrons, a committee of fifty organized, went to the town with the mineralogical name, and forcibly converted that piano into a tangled

chaos of twisted wire and kindling-wood. The mortality among the raiders was heavy, but, as Hank Judson expressed it, "We gits three of them 'Rockers,' an' that there pianner was shore sp'iled, anyways." A candidate for legislative honors was nearly mobbed by an infuriated populace because he had the temerity to say that the Rock was a "pretty good camp;" and to tell a Cayote citizen that he looked like a "Rocker" was to bring out every gun in camp and shock the statisticians who prepared the mortuary tabulations for insurance companies. And it is of record that a horse-thief had been pardoned and made much of because he said that in personal appearance and habits the denizens of the Rock compared unfavorably with the Digger Indians. Thus the word went forth that all manner of uncleanness abode at the Rock.

Therefore, when Curtis and the two eminent divines held up the Rock as a fitting model for Cayote, and referred to the "Rockers" as enlightened and progressive persons, they touched the honor of Cayote very nearly, and a riot was averted only by the fact that the perpetrators of the slander carried no weapons. But Whispering Johnson sat on a beer-keg in front of the saloon, and, by a judicious use of his Winchester, in twenty minutes had shot away the gilded weathercock on the spire of the church and nearly amputated the spire itself, which act was referred to as "sacrilegious vandalism."

It should be understood that a small town differs from a large town in other things than population. It is not a miniature, nor are the people the same, either in society or in business. The bank cashier in the city is an insignificant nobody, a mere clerk who is considered worthy of trust; but in the village he is the arbiter of fate, the incarnation of importance. Does a man think of embarking on a business venture, he communes earnestly with the cashier of his village bank. Does he aspire to an office, he enlists the services of the bank cashier. The bank cashier is the local deity. Next to him in influence comes the mayor. He also is the exerciser of an all-pervading authority. He is no mere figure-head, for he not only enforces the laws, but makes most of them. He is hampered by no division in an aldermanic board; he is legislature, judiciary, and executive in one. When the powers of mayor and bank cashier are centred in one man, that man wields an authority not second to the Czar's. And Curtis was cashier of the bank and mayor of the town.

So when Curtis, aided and abetted by the two clerical gentlemen, enforced his threats by arresting Whispering Johnson on the charge of wilfully and maliciously defacing a building, a whirl of indignation arose among the pioneers; but when their friend was fined ten dollars for committing mayhem on a church, and a tax of ten more was exacted for "cussin' the court," their rage was boundless. Something had to be done; the power of Curtis must be curtailed. The pioneers had hitherto kept out of politics; they did not care who was mayor, providing he let them and their pet amusements alone. But Curtis had interfered with them in the most reprehensible manner; therefore must Curtis be abolished. The solution was simple. Curtis had been elected a year before without opposition; opposition would be developed sufficient to result in the smashing of Curtis. Thus reasoned the

simple-minded pioneers. Missouri John voiced their sentiments when he said,—

“This yere little man Curtis an’ them gospel sharks is too gay. I’m a law-abidin’ citerzin an’ all that, but when I want to cuss, I cuss. Whisperin’ got cinched fer ten dollars ’cause he calls this yere Curtis a dam’ fool, which he is. ’F I kain’t call a dam’ fool a dam’ fool in this man’s town, it’s time I goes where I kin. This yere Curtis has jest nachelly got to be ki-boshed.”

It is one thing to give a man power, but it is quite another thing to take that power from him, and so the pioneers speedily found. Two strong parties formed, and the nominees for the mayoralty were J. Henry Curtis and “Yankee” James Huffman. Two hundred and sixteen voters were in the town, so evenly divided that a change of ten votes would elect. At the outset of the campaign the pioneers were taken somewhat aback by the political tactics of the bank cashier. He introduced several novel and startling features in his campaign. He engineered torchlight processions with plenty of Roman candles and sky-rockets; he held big meetings in “Liberty Hall,” and he pulled wires dexterously. The customers at the bank were sounded, and those in favor of “law and order” received accommodations, while those inclining toward Yankee Jim and “personal liberty” were told that money was tight and that loans were being called in. This remarkable state of affairs had its effect. Several of the old settlers deserted the standard of the pioneers and shamelessly took sides with the adherents of Curtis. They wanted “accommodations.” The five men in the foundry and the sixteen in the woollen-mill were whipped into line and bidden to vote for law and order. So the campaign progressed merrily.

The fight seemed to narrow down to a personal battle between Curtis and Yankee Jim. The latter was not versed in the delicate art of wire-pulling, nor was he an orator. But he was more than popular. Not that Curtis was unpopular, but the opinion prevailed in Cayote that he “lugged on too much dog.” Then he was a tender-foot, and that was a handicap. But he was confident. “Be beaten by a shaggy old moss-back like Yankee Jim? Never!” The two clergyman took up the refrain and chorussed, “Never.” They held forth on the sidewalks and in the churches, pleading and praying with their erring brethren to “cease from evil doing and stamp out this foul blot upon their fair city.”

When this remark came to the ears of the pioneers, a meeting was held and Yankee Jim was delegated to speak to the clergymen. He called upon them and conferred mightily, using many strong words. “If you speak of us boys yere as a ‘foul blot’ again,” said Jim, as the conference ended, “you’ll go to the bottom leakin’, young man. Now you yere me.” Whereupon these excellent persons let it be generally understood that the lawless element had begun a course of intimidation, and had threatened the two eminent divines with great bodily harm because of speaking out against the devices of Belial. When this became known, Jim swore oaths of weird construction and stupendous proportions. But he was not idle. His mode of canvassing

was peculiar. He did not obtrude himself upon the voters; he did not harangue them upon the street-corners nor in Liberty Hall; but he would catch them one at a time and invite them to have something with him. They never refused. Then when the "something" had been followed by another of the same, he would tell his auditor strange tales of the ancient feud between Pilot Rock and Cayote; he would dilate upon the low order of intelligence common to the "Rockers," and enthuse upon the superiority of Cayote in every particular. He thus succeeded in creating a more than pardonable pride in Cayote and an enthusiastic hatred of all that pertained in any wise to the Rock. Hatred is the easiest sentiment to inspire, and by the time election came the Cayote citizens were ready to march *en masse* to Pilot Rock and erase it from the map.

On the day before the election was to be held, Yankee Jim's face was wrinkled into a beaming smile, and Whispering Johnson was noticed to slap his knee with great emotion and give vent to a series of howls expressive of his satisfaction. This excited comment, for Johnson was not a demonstrative man, save on great occasions. Then he was hilariously violent. None knew the cause of his present exhilaration, though many had tried with honeyed words and seductive flatteries to obtain his confidence. Curtis saw him and immediately voiced the opinion that the enthusiast was drunk; the two parsons proclaimed it a disgusting exhibition and called Johnson a vessel of wrath. But the vessel of wrath hooted at them derisively. He was drunk—but not of alcohol. It was pure joy; and he gloried in his excess.

On the heels of this came the news that Yankee Jim had challenged Curtis to a joint debate. Curtis accepted the challenge gleefully, never doubting his ability to tear his rival's arguments to tatters and pulverize the tatters without mercy. Two o'clock came, and the speakers mounted a platform improvised from two doors and eight empty whiskey-barrels. The crowd stood expectant. Curtis, much to his disgust, was forced to speak first. He was not a man of imposing presence, being but little over five feet high, but he had all the tricks of the country debating society, and was fond of long words. For an hour and twenty minutes he hurled polysyllables at the dense heads of that unappreciative crowd, concluding thus:

"Therefore, gentlemen, I solicit your franchises. Not that I want the office for myself, but I ask them as the representative of good government, law and order, morality and religion."

Then Yankee Jim rose, all six feet of him, and a murmur of surprise ran through the assembly. He was attired in a black Prince Albert coat; a tall white collar confined his throat; his shirt-front was decorated with an enormous pink necktie. Never before had he been thus arrayed. He stepped to the edge of the platform and surveyed the crowd in silence, pulled a plug of tobacco from his hip pocket and deliberately bit off a large chew, which he rolled about in his mouth with evident relish. Two-thirds of his audience promptly did the same thing. For three minutes there was not a sound save the rustling of two hundred jaws in unison. Then Jim spoke.

"Boys," said he, and his heavy voice rumbled in dull growlings over their heads, "boys, I'm no speaker—you all know that. But I'm a-goin' to tell you somethin' you do know, an' somethin' you don't know."

A wild yell from Whispering Johnson interrupted him. Waving a huge hand in the direction of the admirer, he began again.

"Boys, I come to this yere camp w'en the only thing yere was Mizzoory John's outfit, con-sist-in' of a rocker, a slab of sow-belly, an' a quart o' whiskey. Me an' Mizzoory jest potted along till we hit big pay dirt an' the rush begun. Me an' Mizzoory an' some more of the old timers made this town. I built the first house an' run the first bar, an' Whisperin' Johnson druv the first mule team into yere. An' after we builds this yere town, in comes this yere Curtis an' them two sky pilots an' a derned Salvation Army. An' yere they air. They say they want law an' order. What the devil hev we got now? Ain't we got law an' order? You kin jest gamble we has. Didn't we hang that man from Maricopa—I misremember his name——"

"Hopkins," from one in the crowd.

"Yes. Jest so. This yere Hopkins. Didn't we hang him up for a-shootin' of Father McGrath? An' w'en he was proper dead, didn't we bury him decent? An' w'en Baldy Dunn killed that there Chinyman, didn't we call him down proper? He was a-wobblin' from that there cottonwood-tree inside o' thirty minutes. Ain't we law-abidin' an' peaceable? An' then these yere gospel sharks says we shan't drink whiskey. What's whiskey good fer if you don't drink it?"

He paused for breath, and his hands strayed up to his neck. A moment of fumbling, then a jerk, and the gorgeous pink creation lay in the dust. A quick toss of the head, accompanied by a tearing sound, and the tall white collar joined the tie. A wriggle of the big shoulders, a muttered "Dern the thing!" and the Prince Albert flopped onto a barrel.

"There," said the orator as he again faced the crowd, "that's more like it. About this whiskey-drinkin', now. This yere town wouldn't ha' been built if it hadn't been for that whiskey Mizzoory hed in his outfit. We'd ha' starved to death w'en them cayotes stole our grub if it hadn't 'a' been for that there old forty-rod. 'You mus'n't swear,' says Curtis. You couldn't ha' built this yere town without it. Could Whisp'rin' Johnson hev got them mules of his'n over that there divide without a-cussin' of 'em? I hev noticed that the man who cusses his mules most frequent makes the best time between yere and Phoenix.

"But that ain't all. This yere little man Curtis is a-goin' to change the name of this camp. Cayote ain't stylish enough for him. He wants to call it Athena. That's a nice name for a town, that is. A-the-na! An' he wants to make this town into a measly Pilot Rock. He says the Rock is a nice 'moral' town. But we don't want to be no Pilot Rock. It ain't no manner of use. They never was but one white man in that rat-hole, an' Mizzoory got him eight years ago. You-all don't like the Rock, an' if a Rocker was to come yere to-day he'd shore get hurted—bad. An' in spite of this yere objection which we properly has to that there hole in the ground, this yere little man Curtis," reach-

ing out powerful arms which clutched the terrified mayor by the collar and lifted him from the floor, "this yere mizzable little cuss used to live there. He's a Rocker, an' the worst of the breed!"

The half-strangled Curtis was flung to the floor and lay gasping for breath. His opponent pointed at him contemptuously.

"Elect such a thing as that mayor of Cayote?" roared the heavy voice. "Why—why—well, I'll be damned if you do!"

Whispering Johnson uplifted his voice in one prolonged howl, and the crowd whooped deliriously behind him. Then they adjourned. At the election next day Curtis received thirty-seven votes.

*Theodore Gallagher.*

### PEOPLE-IN-LAW.

PEOPLE-IN-LAW are necessary evils. If people will marry, they must submit to the infliction of a number of new relations. Sometimes this infliction is bitter, sometimes sweet, and sometimes it has very little taste, but generally it has a taste.

When a man and a woman join hands at the altar, they contract an alliance not only with each other, but, in an indirect way perhaps, with their respective families. Many do not attach much importance to this fact, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that no amount of sophistry can explain away.

A young woman has promised to marry the man who appears to her possessed of all the attributes that make up a manly man.

She has long ago made up her mind, however, that John's sisters are "loud" and his mother "impossible;" she wonders how such people can have a son and brother like "dear John," and after marriage she intends keeping them at a distance.

The wedding day arrives, and she hears John's mother call her "daughter," but to her ears it does not imply much; it is only one of the forms to be gone through on that happy day.

Then comes the honeymoon time, and for two whole weeks the bride has John all to herself. No thoughts of his relations obtrude themselves on that blissful time.

When the couple return to town, to take up their abode in the cozy home that "dear John" has prepared, Mrs. John finds herself greeted by her mother-in-law and sisters-in-law, as well as by her own mother and quiet school-girl sister. The two latter, however, are quite overshadowed by John's relations, and Mrs. John resents the fact in her heart.

As the days go by, she discovers that her people-in-law show no disposition to relinquish entirely John's society because he has married a wife. He is still the son and brother, although he has become a husband, and the first frown that she remembers to have seen on his brow is caused by a petulant remark of hers that she wishes his sister Flora would stop somewhere else than with them while her own home is shut up during the temporary absence of the rest of the family.

Mrs. J. sees the frown; a cold shiver runs down her back to think of the possibility of a "dispute with John," and as gracefully as she can she changes the conversation.

But how about John? He suddenly remembers little speeches uttered by his bride, which had no significance for him at the time. Their meaning comes home to him now, and he recognizes the existence of two parties in his domestic commonwealth,—his wife on the one side, and his mother and sisters on the other.

He thinks of his youth and early manhood, and of how innocently proud they had been of him and of his first successes. He remembers that long spell of fever he had, and how tenderly his mother nursed him through it all, and how his gay sister Flora gave up a visit she had long set her heart on, in order to help take care of him. Must he give up his mother and sisters now that he is married?

All day long these thoughts are in his mind, while his poor wife at home is conscious that there is a cloud on the horizon of that married life that was to have been so happy.

If Mrs. John be a sensible woman, she will recognize that her attitude towards her husband's family is a mistaken one, and resolve to make the best of them,—find out their good points, and overlook what she thinks disagreeable in them, remembering that she herself is probably not perfect in their eyes.

Should Mrs. John not be a sensible woman, she will cry her eyes out, and think John is very unreasonable to expect her to like his relations, when she "really cannot" do so.

Poor John will spend much time in keeping matters smooth between the two households, and some day when one of his friends tells him he intends getting married, John will say,—

"Look here, old fellow, I have the best wife in the world, but I don't know that I would get married if I were single again."

I do not think this picture is exaggerated. Such cases will occur so long as men and women enter into ill-considered marriages,—marriages where neither of the contracting parties spends a thought on the subject of the new relations they acquire upon their wedding day.

Is it not reasonable to suppose that those contemplating marriage should be at some little pains to ascertain whether the connections thereby to be formed will or will not be the thorns surrounding the rose of married happiness? If the dear one's good qualities overbalance the imperfections of his or her friends, it is well to remember that thorns will not prick if handled with skill.

*Alan Cameron.*

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TO AN OLD TREE.

**R**ETURNING spring perpetuates thy youth,  
As time renews the vigorous sap of truth.

*Grace F. Pennypacker.*

*BLUNDERS IN BIRD-NESTING.*

**T**HIS is an ill-chosen title, perhaps, yet it is purposely selected because it affords an opportunity to express an opinion on the subject of man's attitude towards bird-life. Bird-nesting in the sense of destroying or disturbing a bird's nest is a crime, and the blunder is on the part of the criminal, who degrades himself. Science, under whose name so much cruelty takes shelter, is no adequate shield to the wretch who deliberately destroys a nest. The maturing of a brood concerns the community, but the color of the eggs and structure of the nest are not matters of transcendent importance, and can be determined without interfering with the rights of the birds.

But the blunders I have in mind, if such they are, are those of the birds themselves; errors of judgment, as seen from our stand-point. As an instance, there are at this time three nests of song-sparrows on the ground in my lane, which runs in a nearly north-and-south direction. These nests are on the west side, and are tilted so as to get the full benefit of the sun in the forenoon. Each nest is deftly concealed by the dead grass of the past summer being drawn over it, and to two of the three are short roofed runways, better built than many I have seen made by a meadow-lark. So far, the birds have been wise, but in all three cases the nests have been placed dangerously near the wagon-track,—in one case within fifteen inches of a deep rut, and the others much less than twice that distance away. The result is, the bird is forced, or so it supposes, to leave the nest every time a carriage passes, and this is quite frequently during the day. Likewise, the sitting bird hurries away on the approach of every foot-passenger. These annoyances and real sources of danger were doubtless not considered when the sites were chosen, and perhaps were unheeded during nest-construction, but the facts must have dawned upon the builders before the eggs were laid. Why, then, they took the apparent risk is incomprehensible to us. From a man's point of view, these birds blundered. In their six little heads was not enough wit to foresee in time inevitable consequences. For many days I have been trying to see what were the compensating advantages of these three similar nest-sites, and I have not been able to solve the problem. However, the three broods were reared successfully, and perhaps this will be held as an evidence that it was I and not the birds that blundered.

But birds not only do blunder occasionally, but acknowledge the fact. I have been daily going the rounds of many nests in all sorts of places, and spent many an hour patiently watching the building of the nest. The Baltimore oriole has more than once commenced a nest on a still day, but found that the wind preceding a summer shower caused too much motion, and the unfinished structure was abandoned. One pair of robins fixed upon a cozy hollow in an apple-tree, but, having no roof overhead, they found their nest in a pool of water after a night's rain. Nevertheless, all else being favorable, birds are willing

to risk possible discovery rather than relinquish a position that pleases them. An uncle of mine told me that he took an old crook-neck gourd in which wrens had a nest, gradually moved it nearer and nearer the kitchen door, and finally hung it to one of the bare rafters overhead. The wrens protested, of course, and yet were not willing to be beaten if they could help it. They raised the first brood of that summer in the kitchen, but found a new nesting-place for their second brood. The following summer, so Uncle Timothy said, the wrens came back and inspected the gourd in the kitchen, but concluded to take no risks. As my uncle was a geologist, of course the story may be slightly colored, but I have confirmation of the essential facts.

But, as birds have other enemies than man, it is surprising how much they leave to chance, running risks which, from our point of view, might easily be avoided. For several days I watched a pair of robins that chose as a nesting-site the swaying twigs of a tall pine-tree. Day after day I watched and wondered, and with every puff of wind expected to see the nest come tumbling to the ground. But all went well in those airy regions, and never were two robins happier, if we can judge by their actions. When the nest was finished and probably an egg or two laid, the end came. I happened to be out of doors in the night, and, while looking at the tree-tops darkly limned against the moonlit sky, saw an owl floating in mid-air like a black cloud. Suddenly it swooped down. The robins screamed, and then there was death-like silence. One of the birds was seized, the other was frightened from its home, and the deserted nest remains a monument to their folly. What advantage there could be in a nest in such a position is not demonstrable. True, we do not see the world with a bird's eyes, but we are supposed to have a keener mental if not physical vision, and we must think that the birds blundered. They of course had a purpose in building where they did, but lacked foresight to the extent of not realizing possible disadvantages. Do such birds, escaping death, profit by experience, or repeat their folly? Probably, with them, thought-transference does not go far enough to permit the giving of advice, and improvement can lie only in the one direction of experience. I think there is satisfactory evidence of this, but it is of such a character as not to be convincing when put upon the printed page. A good deal of our ornithological knowledge must be the result of personal observation, and, while this is ever food for thought and a delightful subject of contemplation when we happen to be alone, its bloom is rubbed off, its significance is lessened, its value is depreciated, when subjected to the criticism of others who have not seen as you have seen, or, as so often happens, have not seen at all.

*Charles C. Abbott.*

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### COWARDICE.

**H**OW often fleeing cowards lose their breath,  
And they do outrun Life who run from Death!

*Lee Fairchild.*

## THE LITERATURE OF JAPAN.

**T**HERE seem to be three ideas which pervade all general works on Japan,—apology for the past, wonder at the present, and a glorious prediction for the future. To the Western world Japan's past is but little known, her present is reflected in the newspapers and periodicals of the day, her future may in part be read between the lines of the present.

Volumes have been written about Japan, yet so far no comprehensive history of the people, their literature and arts, has appeared in the English language. Japan is a most interesting and valuable field for some Grote or Motley of the day.

The difficulty of translation from Japanese is great. In the first place, the language is an agglutinative one, and consequently hard for a Westerner to acquire. The poetry is one of form, and does not possess, except in the drama, remarkably deep thought or feeling. There are, besides, many plays upon words which cannot be transferred into a foreign tongue. The best prose tales and chronicles, which belong to the oldest or classical literature, are written in a dialect differing as widely from the Japanese now spoken as the language of Homer differs from the Romaic of to-day.

It is not making too bold an assertion, therefore, to say that the available translations fall far short of the merits of the originals; so much so that the Western reader is apt to underestimate the true value of this literature.

The literary expression of the Japanese may be divided as follows: the classical literature, from the composition of the earliest odes to the opening up of Japan by the Americans in 1853, and the literature from that time to the present. The classical literature is original and characteristic of the Japanese; the modern consists principally of adaptations and translations of foreign works.

The Japanese are almost universally condemned by writers for the imitation practised by them of late years of Western literature, art, science, and invention,—in fact, of Western civilization. And yet this imitation seems natural and right. Imagine, if possible, the nation of Japan leaping across the civilization of hundreds of years in half a century. Think of her emerging from the darkness of the Middle Ages and standing suddenly forth in the light of the nineteenth century. Surely it would have been worse than madness for her to have said, "This new civilization is better than ours, yet we will not imitate it. We will retain our originality, and perhaps in ages to come we shall reach the enlightened state now enjoyed by the rest of the world."

But fortunately the Japanese did not say this, but gave themselves up to the acquisition of the wonderful stores of knowledge opened to them.

It is a fact worthy of note that the beginning of almost all litera-

ture has been poetry. Prose comes much later. Japanese literature is a partial exception. The earliest written works consist of prose stories, each accompanied by a short poem. I say short, for brevity in Japanese literary composition is considered of the highest importance. Much of the poetry consists of single stanzas of but thirty-one syllables. These prose stories were written, in most cases, by the author of the poem accompanying them. As time went on, the prose story increased in size and importance, and the poem decreased correspondingly. When the poem had disappeared entirely, the Japanese romance was fully developed.

The great mass of classical poetry, as has been said, lacks feeling. It is almost devoid of emotion. This is doubtless due to the personality of the poets, who were either princesses or nobles, writing to gain the favor of the court or as a pastime.

There was only one poet who came from the humble ranks of life, and he was the greatest Japan has produced. This man, Hitomaro, was but little honored during his life, but in later years his verses became so popular that he was deified by the grateful Japanese. His poetry in its translated form, although superior to the verses of his rivals, is yet too fanciful in thought and imagery to merit very high praise from the practical-minded Westerner.

All that is of merit in the classical poetry has been gathered by Japanese scholars into two large volumes, the book of a "Myriad Leaves," and "Odes Ancient and Modern." These two volumes of early poetry are the most original of all the literature: the rest bears the stamp of Chinese influence. A glance at these volumes reveals two characteristics: the almost total absence of verses on war, the subject of so many masterpieces in other literatures, and the supremacy given by the poet to love between parent and child. This last characteristic is an evidence of the Buddhist influence, which became all-powerful in the latter half of the classical period. The native religion of the Japanese, the Shintô creed, has played an unimportant part in the history of the nation. It is nothing more than a worship of ancestors, which the hallowing influence of time has deepened into a spiritual love.

The lack of a true religion is supplemented by a copious mythology and hero-worship. The influence of this on the early literature is marked, and is especially evident in the book of *Tales and Lyric Drama*. This Lyric Drama is perhaps the most interesting department of Japanese literature in the estimation of the Westerner. In respect to origin and development, it is almost identical with the Greek drama. There are many fine specimens of these old plays still on the stage in Japan, although to the majority of the people the dialect in which they are written is unintelligible.

The conclusions of Professor Fiske in his "Myths and Myth-Makers" are brought strongly to the mind of a reader of the old dramas. Many of the legends we have cherished as distinctly our own are discovered in these lyrics.

The best of all the dramas in portrayal of character and excellence of verse is "Nakamitsu." That the Buddhist influence was strong,

even at that early period, is made manifest by the key-note of this drama, "Loyalty of Subjects to their Prince." The play of "The Feather Robe" is remarkable for its fancifulness. Some passages are similar to Milton's "L'Allegro."

The production of these dramas, as well as most of the native poetry, ceased upon the opening of Japan to foreigners. Since then the pursuit of literature has been neglected for science and politics.

The literature of Japan was slow in its development: even up to the middle of the nineteenth century the poetry had not passed out of the lyric state. No Japanese epic has been written. The prose developed faster than the poetry, and, contrary to all precedents, romance appeared first.

During the last fifty years the Japanese have been building intellectually. They have stocked their new temples with the knowledge of the West. Within the last three years they have developed an individualism. The war with China has taught them their power. Henceforth, in the words of Virgil, "they will be able because they seem to be able." Undoubtedly a brilliant future is just unfolding to them, a future which for their literature and art will be Periclean in its splendor.

*Joslyn Z. Smith.*

### THE BOOK-LOVES OF STATESMEN.

**T**HE American statesman of the stage differs materially from him of actual life. The popular idea that stump-speaking, windy harangues, adroit hand-shaking and baby-kissing make up the capital of our public men is no more true than that the Honorable Bardwell Slote, as depicted in Florence's play "The Mighty Dollar," is a fair representation of the typical American Congressman. Few of our statesmen have attained prominence who have not been students, and the greatest among them have been widely read and noted for their learning. Benjamin Franklin made an international reputation as a scientist and as a man of learning, and every member of Jefferson's Cabinet was a well-educated man.

Albert Gallatin was highly educated. He was fond of science, and during his later years devoted himself especially to the study of ethnology. He wrote an essay upon the semi-civilized nations of Mexico and America, and he has been called the father of American ethnology. He was fond of Scott, and his favorite novel was "The Antiquary," which he read once a year. He believed in reading for style rather than for story, and he said that novels should be read the last chapter first, in order that the appreciation of the style should not be lost in the interest excited by the story. He was an admirer of Jeremy Bentham, and he acknowledged himself indebted to him as his master in the art of legislation. He was a thorough Latin scholar, and at one time taught French at Harvard College. He was a contributor to the magazines, and he wrote many articles upon financial subjects.

Daniel Webster was the best general scholar in college at the time

he was at Dartmouth. He was especially well up in Latin. At fifteen his reading included Addison, Pope, Watts, and "Don Quixote." He possessed wide information on a number of subjects, and had a clear and retentive memory. His quotations were chiefly drawn from Shakespeare, Milton, Homer, and the Bible.

James Madison was also a great Bible student. He remained at Princeton a year longer than necessary, for the sake of acquiring Hebrew. He studied the whole history and evidences of Christianity, and it was largely by his influence that freedom of conscience was established by law in Virginia. His health broke down at college, and it was years before he recovered it.

Thomas Jefferson laid down rules of study for Madison, Monroe, and others of his friends, and these rules, which were the same as those he adopted for himself, were as follows :

From daybreak until eight in the morning the student should confine himself to Natural Philosophy, Morals, and Religion; reading treatises on Astronomy, Chemistry, Anatomy, Agriculture, Botany, International Law, Moral Philosophy, and Metaphysics. Religion, during these early morning hours, was to be considered under two heads, "Natural" and "Sectarian." For information concerning sectarian religion the student was advised to apply to the following sources: Bible Commentaries by Middleton in his works, and by Priestley in his "Corruptions of Christianity" and "Early Opinions of Christ," and the Sermons of Sterne, Massillon, and Bourdaloue. From eight to twelve he advised Madison to read law and condense cases, "never using two words where one will do." From twelve to one he was to read politics: the books advised were Montesquieu, Locke, Priestley, Malthus, and the Parliamentary debates. In the afternoon the student's mind was to be relieved with history; when evening closed in, he might regale himself with literature, criticism, rhetoric, and oratory. No, not regale himself, but sit down to a hard and long evening's work, as Jefferson did himself, keeping it up sometimes till two in the morning. The student was recommended in the evening to write criticisms of the books he read, to analyze the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, to read good English orations and pleadings with the closest attention to the secrets of their excellence, to compose original essays, and to plead imaginary causes with a friend. Hamerton, in his "Intellectual Life," does not imagine a mind which could stand such a strain.

It is little wonder that Madison broke down under such cramming, and it would probably have brought Jefferson to a state of nervous prostration had it not been for his fiddle, his horses, and his farms. Jefferson became in after-life one of the most learned men of his time, and he was throughout his whole existence a student. He did not like Scott's novels nor Hume's History of England, and, it is said, he never ceased to hate Blackstone's Commentaries. One of his granddaughters says that he read Homer, Virgil, Dante, Corneille, and Cervantes as easily as he read Shakespeare and Milton. In his youth he loved poetry, but in his old age he lost his taste for this, except for Homer and the great Athenian tragedies, which he continued to the

last to enjoy. He went over the works of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides during the year of his death. He was very fond of history, and studied it in all languages, preferring the ancients. He derived greater pleasure from his knowledge of Greek and Latin than from any other branch of literature. "I have," says his granddaughter, "often heard him express his gratitude to his father for causing him to receive a classical education. I saw him more frequently with a volume of the classics in his hand than any other book. Still, he read new publications as they came out, never missed a number of the *Reviews*, especially of the *Edinburgh*, and kept himself acquainted with what was being done, said, or thought, in the world from which he had retired."

When Jefferson was in love he was especially fond of reading Ossian: Parton says that he spent a great part of his honeymoon in reading these poems to his wife. He became so infatuated with them that he wished to learn Gaelic in order that he might study the poems in the original. He was all his life a great book-collector, and his library, which he sold to Congress for about one-half its cost, or about twenty-three thousand dollars, was so large that it made sixteen wagon-loads of three thousand pounds each.

John Randolph of Roanoke quarrelled with his doctor on his death-bed about the pronunciation of certain words, and both his letters and his speeches are full of literary allusions. His duel with Clay arose from a comparison of Clay and Adams as a coalition corresponding to that of "Blifil" and "Black George" in Fielding's novel "Tom Jones," which Randolph referred to as a combination unheard of till then, of "The Puritan and the Blackleg." Randolph's whole life was made up of lamentations of remorse, and for him the world in every way went wrong. He lamented throughout his life his rambling way of reading, but he covered nearly every field of English literature. Before he was eleven years of age he had read Goldsmith's Roman History, "The Arabian Nights," and Voltaire's "History of Charles the Twelfth." He read "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," Plutarch, Pope's Homer, "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver," "Tom Jones," "Orlando Furioso," and Thomson's "Seasons." Shakespeare and "The Arabian Nights" were his idols. His letters abound in quotations from Shakespeare; and in these letters he often discusses the books he is reading. In a letter to Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," he says "that no poet in our language, Shakespeare and Milton apart, has such power over my feelings as Byron, and I cannot yield his precedence to Walter Scott."

On his way to England, Randolph chatted with Jacob Harvey of New York about books. Harvey says at this time Randolph's favorite author was Milton, and that he frequently gave readings from "Paradise Lost" to the company on shipboard. He did not like Young, Thomson, Johnson, or Southey. They were, he said, too artificial. Of the poems then current he placed "Tom Cribb's Memorial to Congress" first on the list for its great wit and satire, and "The Twopenny Postbag" next for similar excellencies. Third came "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," for every variety of sentiment well expressed; "but," he

concluded, "I cannot go Moore's songs; they are too sentimental by half, all ideal and above nature."

Speaking of Moore, Randolph met him in the House of Commons, and describes him as a spruce, dapper little gentleman, who, upon acquaintance, turned out to be a most fascinating and witty fellow. Said Mr. Randolph, "I told him that I envied him more for being the author of the two satirical poems above spoken of than for all the beautiful songs which play the fool with the young ladies' hearts." Randolph passionately admired Burns as well as Byron, but he said he could not pretend to decide between them in point of genius. John Randolph's religion was much affected by his feelings, and he chose those parts of literature which verge upon the erratic and insane. He was very near insanity himself during a part of his life, and at one time he wrote that he preferred "Lear" to all the rest of Shakespeare's plays, and that in "Timon of Athens" only was the bard really in earnest. He read the Bible also with care and diligence: the story of his conversion describes his struggles as to its comprehension. He could not understand the Epistles of St. Paul, but, he said, by the aid of Locke's "Paraphrase" he hoped to comprehend them.

Randolph did not like novels. He advised Harvey not to read any, concluding his lecture as follows: "When you go home, sir, tell your father that I recommend abstinence from novel-reading and whiskey punch. Depend upon it, they are both injurious to the brain."

John Quincy Adams was perhaps the hardest student among American statesmen. He began as a boy, and continued his studies throughout his long life, until he fell dead in the Capitol at Washington. He left a library of twelve thousand volumes, and a chest of valuable manuscripts, original and translated, prose and poetry.

His earliest letter in existence was written to his father while he was yet under ten years of age. In this he says,—

"Mamma has a troublesome task to keep me a-studying. I own I am ashamed of myself. I have but just entered the third volume of Rollin's History, but I designed to have got half thro' it by this time. I am determined this week to be more diligent. I have set myself a stent this week to read the third volume half out. If I can keep my resolution, I may again, at the end of the week, give a better account of myself. I wish, sir, you would give me in writing some instructions in regard to the use of my time, and advise me how to proportion my studies and play, and I will keep them by me and endeavor to follow them.

"With the present intention of growing better, I am, dear sir, your son,

"JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

"P.S.—If you will be so good as to favor me with a blank book, I will transcribe the most remarkable passages I meet with in my reading, which will serve to fix them on my mind."

These words seem rather old for a boy of ten, but he kept up the plan laid down in them throughout his life, and it was the common

saying of statesmen of his day that Adams knew everything, and that what he had not on his tongue he could find in his diary. He had a good memory : it is said that he could quote with precision from works which he had not looked over for forty years. He was familiar with Greek, Latin, French, German, and Italian. His literary loves were in history and literature, moral philosophy and law. His favorite English poet was Shakespeare, and he considered Ovid the Shakespeare of the Romans. Cicero he diligently studied and translated. But he did not much admire the poetry of Byron. Pope was one of his favorites in early life, and in later years he was very fond of Watts's psalms and hymns. It is said that he often rose from his seat as he repeated them, and that among his favorite stanzas was the following :

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dressed in living green ;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.

Andrew Jackson's library, so General Brinkerhoff, who was a tutor at the Hermitage, tells me, showed that he was not a man of high literary culture. His books were chiefly the presents of friends or of publishers, and the library was a conglomeration of all kinds of literary material. Some of the books were good, and many were not worth shelf-room. They ranged from Barlow's "Columbiad" down to small editions of "The Devil on Two Sticks," and from the Penny Cyclopædia to Mrs. Gaston's Cook-Book. The books which Jackson read were mainly theological, agricultural, and historical. He was a Bible-reader during his later years, and he always had nightly worship in the White House during the time he was President.

John C. Calhoun, like Madison, broke down his health by overworking as a student. He had no opportunity of general reading until he was thirteen years of age, when he visited his brother-in-law, a Presbyterian clergyman. There was a circulating library in the house, and in fourteen weeks young Calhoun read the whole stock of historical works within it, consisting of Rollin's Ancient History, Robertson's Charles V. and America, and Voltaire's Charles the Twelfth. He did not seem to care for novels, but after finishing these he turned to Cook's Voyages. He was working away at "Locke on the Understanding," when his health gave out. His eyes became sore, he grew pale and thin, and his mother sent for him to come home and turn his attention to hunting, fishing, and other country sports. He passed four years in this way, and then went to Yale College. He was a man of wide reading, and often surprised specialists by his knowledge of their branch of the professions or sciences. A naval officer once said that he did not like him, because he never liked a man who knew more about his profession than he did. Professor Brady, the noted photographer, once told me that when he took Calhoun's daguerrotype he was surprised by his knowledge of the then comparatively unknown art of photography, and that Mr. Calhoun, in a two hours' conversation, taught him some things concerning a matter upon which he (Mr. Brady), then the recognized authority of the country, was ignorant.

Aaron Burr was one of the most accomplished men who ever appeared upon the stage of American history. He was throughout his life a student, and it is said that while he studied law he spent twenty hours out of the twenty-four at his books. He was a French scholar, and while he was courting Miss Prevost his favorite authors were Rousseau and Voltaire. He had in after-life a fine library, and he was one of the few men in America who kept an account with a bookseller at London. He bought new books as they came out, and read Gibbon, volume by volume, as it appeared. He was a great admirer of Jeremy Bentham, was fond of Scott, and, like the most cultivated public men of America of his time, was a student of the *Edinburgh Review*.

When Franklin was thirty he made it a rule to spend twelve hours a week at his books; it was at this time that he began the study of languages. He soon learned to read French, Italian, and Spanish. Italian he learned, says Barton, in company with a friend who was very fond of chess. Franklin proposed that the victor should impose the task upon the vanquished in these games, such as learning a verb or writing a translation, and that the task should be performed after the next meeting. Franklin thought that the modern languages should be acquired first and Latin and Greek later. He says he found his Latin very easy to read after his knowledge of the three modern languages. He did not approve of Latin and Greek as a principal means of education, and one of the last acts of his life was to write an able protest against the system.

President William Henry Harrison held directly opposite views as to classical study. He was a great admirer of the classics, his inaugural address being full of allusions to the Greeks and Romans. He allowed Daniel Webster to revise it. Webster, on going to a dinner the night after he had completed this work, was asked how he felt. He replied that he was terribly tired, for that he had killed that day about forty proconsuls and two or three Roman emperors, whom the President had brought to life in his inaugural.

Patrick Henry has generally been known as a fiddling, lazy, non-reading genius, and Wirt carries out this idea of him in his biography. It is a question whether this supposition is a true one. Patrick Henry's sisters say that he was a hard student, and that his father's library was large and well selected. Henry was a classical scholar. It is said that he read the Latin as easily as the English. His favorite author was Livy. His Latin Virgil was still in existence a few years ago, and its margins were filled with closely written notes.

*Frank G. Carpenter.*

## CHARLES LAMB AND ROBERT LLOYD.

## SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

## I.

ROBERT LLOYD was the third of the twelve children of Charles Lloyd, the Quaker banker of Birmingham, whose country house at Bingley gave Bingley Hall its name. Robert's elder brother was that Charles Lloyd who, in part of 1796 and 1797, lived, first as pupil and then as friend, under Coleridge's roof, who almost persuaded Lamb to "turn Quaker," and whose poems were added to those of Coleridge and Lamb in the volume which Cottle published in 1797. Coleridge was then twenty-five, Lamb twenty-two, and Charles Lloyd two days Lamb's junior. The great tragedy of Lamb's life had taken place a year earlier.

The Lloyd family was an interesting one. In 1796 its head, Charles Lloyd, the banker, was a man of nearly fifty, resolute in probity, a champion of Quaker principles, a stern disciplinarian and vigilant parent, yet at the same time possessed of such lenitives as a love of agriculture, admiration of the classics, sympathy with the poor and the oppressed, and a preference, common among wealthy Quakers, for spacious ways of life. He was master of several languages, and his memory was prodigious, enabling him to repeat without hesitation the whole of the *Georgics* and *Bucolics*.

Charles Lloyd, the son, had none of his father's confidence. He was constitutionally weak, a sufferer from epileptic fits, and his mind, though singularly luminous and active, was too frequently employed in wrestling with problems beyond its capacity. He became early a prey to religious doubts and fears, seeking refuge first in Rousseau, and afterwards in Coleridge and metaphysics, and passed gradually into a state of despondency analogous to that of Cowper. He enjoyed lucid intervals, but to the end was subject to long and awful periods of depression, during which it was found necessary to place him under restraint. Coleridge probably did him no good. Their companionship, beginning in the autumn of 1796, lasted, however, only a short while. In the summer of 1797 came a break, and for some years Lloyd passed out of Coleridge's life. With Lamb he remained longer on friendly terms. In 1798 they produced together a volume entitled "Blank Verse." But a misunderstanding arose, and the two men drifted apart and apart remained.

In both cases the cause of offence was more Lloyd's misfortune than his fault. A gentler, purer-minded, more devoted creature did not exist; but he had a luckless tendency to divulge just those personal secrets which he ought most jealously to have preserved. That at one time Lamb loved him with sincerity we know from the affectionate references in Lamb's letters to Coleridge, and from the verses "To Charles Lloyd, an Unexpected Visitor," which appear in Lamb's poems. But, although Talfourd says of Lloyd that "his admirable

intellect" was capable of the "finest processes of severe reasoning," we must consider him no companion either for Lamb or Coleridge. He lacked nimbleness, flexibility, fun. And in time his extreme sensibility was doomed to grow tiresome.

Before the final separation came Lamb seems more than once to have resented Lloyd's conduct. According to Canon Ainger, in a note appended to his edition of Lamb's Letters, the stanza of "The Old Familiar Faces,"

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:  
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;  
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces,

is a reference not, as has generally been supposed, to Coleridge, but to Lloyd. Coleridge is the

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother.

The poem was written in 1798, in the same month in which Lamb wrote to Coleridge, "I had well-nigh quarrelled with Charles Lloyd."

The serious rupture, however, did not come, fortunately for posterity, until after Lloyd had introduced Lamb, visiting him at Cambridge in the autumn of 1799, to Thomas Manning, then a tutor at Caius. We owe Charles Lloyd gratitude for this, for it was Manning who furnished the Chinese story upon which the "Dissertation on Roast Pig" pivots, and who inspired some of the best of the letters.

Robert Lloyd was of a mind less dogged and contemplative than that of his brother Charles. From the evidence of a number of private letters written by Robert Lloyd to his wife and members of his family, we may suppose him to have been sensitive and ardent, impatient of restrictions, intolerant of deception, frank, affectionate, and a very poor judge of character. Charles seems to have been incapable of laughter, but one can fancy Robert laughing often. When Lamb met him first, late in 1796 or early in 1797, he was eighteen (he was born in December, 1778), and apparently was visiting Charles during a holiday from Saffron Walden, in Essex, where, much against his will, he was apprenticed. Lamb was prepossessed at once. "Lamb," says Charles Lloyd in a letter to Robert, dated March 2, 1797, "desir'd to be remember'd to you whenever I wrote—he took a great liking to you." And again, writing on September 20 of the same year, "Lamb often talks of you." It must have been soon after this that the correspondence between Lamb and Robert Lloyd began.

Lamb's letters to Robert Lloyd are not his most characteristic; are not to be ranked with those to Manning, Coleridge, Wordsworth, or even Barton. It requires two to make a perfect letter—the writer and the recipient must be in partnership; and Robert Lloyd was not the best of partners. Hence there is little of Lamb, as we know him from Canon Ainger's volumes, in the early letters, yet it is interesting to see how reasonably, temperately, and wisely this young man (young, but prematurely aged) of twenty-three could advise a still younger on grave matters. The Lamb that we do there meet, although unfamiliar and lacking the sportiveness and mischief that we so prize in him, has a

rare beauty and strength. It is impossible to read this little bundle of letters without increased respect for the shining excellences of a good man and great genius. Although we feel Robert Lloyd to have been at first something of a drag upon his friend, later he developed into a worthier correspondent. It was no small thing to draw from Lamb some of the passages that follow: the praise of London, the outburst against morbid despondency, the eulogy of "The Complete Angler," the analysis of Richard III.'s character, the testimony to Jeremy Taylor's sweetness and might, all are precious additions to that fragrant and imperishable body of delicate and distinguished literature which we know as Lamb's Letters.

Robert Lloyd, though not unsettled to the same extent as his brother Charles, was yet dissatisfied both with his employment and the religion of his fathers. The prospect of crystallizing into a business man seems to have had very little attraction for him. He chafed continually, as we gather from the rebukes called forth from Lamb. This, given in its completeness, is the first letter of the series; the date is missing, but we cannot be far wrong in fixing it somewhere early in 1798,—as nearly as possible one hundred years ago:

MY DEAR ROBERT,—I am a good deal occupied with a calamity near home, but not so much as to prevent my thinking about you with the warmest affection—you are among my very dearest friends. I know you will feel deeply when you hear that my poor sister is unwell again—one of her old disorders—but I trust it will hold no longer than her former illnesses have done. Do not imagine, Robert, that I sink under this misfortune; I have been season'd to such events, and think I could bear anything tolerably well. My own health is left me, and my good spirits, and I have some duties to perform. These duties shall be *my object*. I wish, Robert, *you* could find an object. I know the painfulness of vacuity, all its achings and inexplicable longings. I wish to God I could recommend any plan to you—stock your mind well with religious knowledge; discipline it to wait with patience for duties that may be your lot in life; prepare yourself not to expect too much out of yourself; *read* and *think*—this is all commonplace advice, I know: I know, too, that it is easy to give advice, which in like circumstances we might not follow ourselves. You must depend upon yourself—there will come a time when you will wonder you were not more content. I know you will excuse my saying any more. Be assured of my warmest affection.

C. LAMB.

In the next letter Lamb is still the kindly mentor. Apparently Robert Lloyd had been moved to one of those excesses of admiration of a fellow-man to which youth is subject. Lamb's reply is interesting, both for its solid sense and its personal revelation. This is one passage:

Our duties are to do good expecting nothing again, to bear with contrary dispositions, to be candid and forgiving, not to crave and long after a communication of sentiment and feeling, but rather to avoid dwelling upon these feelings, however good, because they are our own. A man may be intemperate and selfish, who indulges in *good feelings* for the mere pleasure they give him. I do not wish to deter you from making a friend, a true friend, and such a friendship where the parties are not blind to each other's faults is very useful and valuable. I perceive a tendency in you to this error, Robert. I know you have chosen to take up an high opinion of my moral worth, but I say before God, and I do not lie, you are mistaken in me. I could not bear to lay open all my failings to you, for the sentiment of shame would be too pungent. Let this be as an example to you.

In the next letter we have a piece of special pleading of grave and touching beauty. Robert Lloyd, like many young Quakers, was impatient of the quietude and inaction of his ancestral creed. This is not the place for an inquiry into that creed; it is here enough to say that the professions of the Society of Friends are less compatible with youth than with age. Quakerism is venerable, and in many aspects lovely, but youth is the negation of very much that George Fox taught. Robert Lloyd seems to have rebelled against the Quaker strictness of attire. A letter from his mother, dated August, 1798, has this passage: "Permit me to drop one hint more and then I hope this sermon will be ended. I was griev'd to hear of thy appearing in those *fantastical* trousers in London. I am clear such eccentricities of dress would only make thee laughed at by the World, whilst thy sincere Friends would be *deeply hurt*. Canst thou love thy father and yet do things that sink him as well as thyself in the opinion of our best Friends? Thou art my dear son form'd to make an amiable figure in society, but for once trust to the judgment of thy Mother, neither thy Person or mind are form'd for eccentricities of dress or conduct." And a little later Robert's father was moved to write, "Thou wilt please me by observing simplicity in thy dress and manners. Do not let the customs of the World influence thee." But the boy's especial dislike seems to have been the silent meetings, gray and uneventful, with no ritual for the organization of wandering thoughts, no music to allure the soul from mundane trappings. Lamb reasoned with him patiently and lovingly:

I am sadly sorry that you are relapsing into your old complaining strain. I wish I could adapt my consolations to your disease, but, alas! I have none to offer which your own mind and the suggestions of books cannot better supply. Are you the first whose situation hath not been exactly squar'd to his ideas? or rather, will you find me that man who does not complain of the one thing wanting? That thing obtained, another wish will start up. While this eternal craving of the mind keeps up its eternal hunger, no feast that my palate knows of will satisfy that hunger, till we come to drink the new wine (whatever it be) in the kingdom of the Father. See what trifles disquiet us. You are unhappy because your parents expect you to attend meetings. I don't know much of Quakers' meetings, but I believe I may moderately reckon them to take up the space of six hours in the week. Six hours to please your parents; and that time not absolutely lost. Your mind remains, you may think and plan, remember and foresee, and do all human acts of mind sitting as well as walking; you are quiet at meeting—one likes to be sometimes; you may advantageously crowd your day's devotions into that space—nothing you see or hear then can be unfavourable to it; you are for that time at least exempt from the counting-house, and your parents cannot chide you there. Surely, at so small expense you cannot grudge to observe the fifth Commandment. I decidedly consider your refusal as a breach of that God-descended precept—Honour and observe thy parents in all lawful things. Silent worship cannot be *unlawful*: there is no idolatry, no invocation of saints, no bowing before the consecrated wafer in all this, nothing which a wise man would refuse, or a good man fear to do. What is it? Sitting a few hours in a week with certain good people, who call *that* worship. You subscribe to no articles. If your mind wanders, it is no crime in you, who do not give credit to these infusions of the spirit. They sit in a temple, you sit as in a room adjoining—only do not disturb their pious work with gabbling, nor your own necessary peace with heart-burnings at your not ill-meaning parents, nor a silly contempt of the work which is going on before you. I know that if my parents were to live again, I would do more things to please them than merely sitting still six hours in a week. Perhaps I enlarge too much on this affair, but indeed

your objection seems to me ridiculous, and involving in it a principle of frivolous and vexatious resistance.

You have often borne with my freedoms; bear with me once more in this. If I did not love you, I should not trouble myself whether you went to meeting or not—whether you conform'd or not the will of your father.

And so from the less familiar Lamb we part. Henceforward the letters are more in a vein with which it is our delight already to be acquainted.

Here, for instance, in the first of them to bear a date—November 13, 1798—is a spirited pæan of the joy of living, such as no pen but Lamb's could have composed :

One passage in your letter a little displeas'd me. The rest was nothing but kindness, which Robert's letters are ever brimful of. You say that "this world to you seems drain'd of all its sweets!" At first I had hoped you only meant to intimate the high price of sugar! but I am afraid you meant more. O, Robert, I don't know what you call sweet. Honey and the honeycomb, roses and violets are yet in the earth. The sun and moon yet reign in Heaven, and the lesser lights keep up their pretty twinklings. Meats and drinks, sweet sights and sweet smells, a country walk, spring and autumn, follies and repentance, quarrels and reconcilements have all a sweetness by turns. Good-humour and good-nature, friends at home that love you, and friends abroad that miss you—you possess all these things, and more innumerable, and these are all sweet things. You may extract honey from everything; but do not go a-gathering after gail. The bees are wiser in their generation than the race of sonnet writers and complainers, Bowless and Charlotte Smiths, and all that tribe, who can see no joys but what are passed and fill people's heads with notions of the unsatisfying nature of earthly comforts. I assure you I find this world a very pretty place.

A week later Lamb sent his young friend some extracts from his play "John Woodvil." Two months afterwards a startling event happened. Robert ran away—we cannot be quite sure whether from Saffron Walden or Birmingham, from master or parent, but certainly from Quaker restraint—and appeared suddenly at Lamb's. On January 21, 1799, Lamb wrote to Southey the letter printed in Canon Ainger's edition (vol. i. p. 100): "I am requested by [Charles] Lloyd to excuse his not replying to a kind letter received from you. He is at present situated in most distressful family perplexities, which I am not at liberty to explain, but they are such as to demand all the strength of his mind, and quite exclude any attention to foreign objects. His brother Robert (the flower of his family) hath eloped from the persecutions of his father, and has taken shelter with me. What the issue of his adventure will be, I know not. He hath the sweetness of an angel in his heart, combined with admirable firmness of purpose; an uncultivated, but very original, and I think superior, genius." What happened after this step, or how Lamb extricated himself from such an embarrassing position, is not known. Robert seems to have taken a holiday, for in a letter from Lamb in the spring of 1799 reference is made to his return from a visit to Worcester. Lamb next turns to the case of a mutual acquaintance of Robert and himself, then staying in London as his guest. Thus :

He is perpetually getting into mental vagaries. He is in Love! and tosses and tumbles about in his bed like a man in a barrel of spikes. He is more sociable; but I am heartily sick of his domesticating with me; he

wants so many sympathies of mine, and I want his, that we are daily declining into *civility*. I shall be truly glad when he is gone. I find 'tis a dangerous experiment to grow too familiar. Some natures cannot bear it without converting into indifference. I know but one being that I could ever consent to live perpetually with, and that is Robert. But Robert must go whither prudence and paternal regulations indicate a way. I shall not soon forget you—do not fear that—nor grow cool towards Robert. My not writing is no proof of these disloyalties. Perhaps I am unwell, or vexed, or spleen'd, or something, when I should otherwise write.

The allusion to prudence and paternal relations is probably a glance at the flight from Saffron Walden. The letter continues with the following dissertation on taste, which is no less pertinent to-day than it was then :

Assure Charles of my unalterable affection, and present my warmest wishes for his and Sophia's happiness. . . . I am much pleased with his poems in the "Anthology"—one in particular. The other is a kind and no doubt just tribute to Robert and Olivia, but I incline to opinion that these domestic addresses should not always be made public. I have, I know, more than once exposed my own secretest feelings of that nature, but I am sorry that I did. Nine out of ten readers laugh at them. When a man dies leaving the name of a great author behind him, any unpublished relics which let one into his domestic retirements are greedily gathered up, which in his lifetime, and before his fame had ripened, would by many be considered as impertinent. But if Robert and his sister were gratified with seeing their brother's heart in print, let the rest of the world go hang. They may prefer the remaining trumpery of the "Anthology." All I mean to say is, I think I perceive an indelicacy in thus exposing one's virtuous feelings to criticism. But of delicacy Charles is at least as true a judge as myself.

The Anthology was the "Annual Anthology" for 1799, edited by Southey. Charles Lloyd was, to be precise, represented in it by more than two poems. He had four: the "Lines to a Brother and Sister," some blank verse "To a Young Man who considered the Perfection of Human Nature as consisting in the Vigour and Indulgence of the more Boisterous Passions," and sonnets to a Woodpecker and the Sabbath.

After leaving Worcester Robert seems to have continued to travel, for in a letter from his sister Priscilla (afterwards the wife of Christopher Wordsworth) in June of the same year—1799—he is addressed at Bath. His sister enters with gentle reasonableness into his difficulties, sympathizing with his objection to business and suggesting possible solutions. Apparently he had some thoughts of living with Lamb, for Priscilla says, "Lamb would not, I think, by any means be a person to take up your abode with. He is too much like yourself—he would encourage those feelings which it certainly is your duty to suppress."

Lamb's next letter to Robert offers a pleasant glimpse of the elder Lloyd. The date is December, 1799. It begins,—

DEAR ROB.,—Thy presents will be most acceptable, whenever they come, both for thy sake and for the liquor, which is a beverage I most admire. Wine makes me hot, and brandy makes me drunk, but porter warms without intoxication, and elevates, yet not too much above the point of tranquillity. But I hope Robert will come himself before the tap is out. He may be assured that his good honest company is the most valuable present, after all, he can make us.

These cold nights crave something beside porter—good English mirth and heart's ease. Rob. must contrive to pass some of his Christmas with us, or at least drink in the century with a welcome.

The letter continues :

I have not seen your father or Priscilla since [the visit to town]. Your father was in one of his best humours—(I have seldom seen him in one not good)—and after dinner, while we were sitting comfortably before the parlour fire, after our wine, he beckoned me suddenly out of the room. I, expecting some secrets, followed him, but it was only to go and sit with him in the old forsaken compting house, which he declared to be the pleasantest spot in the house to him, and told me how much business used to be done there in former days. Your father whimsically mixes the good man and the man of business in his manners, but he is not less a good man for being a man of business. He has conceived great hopes of thy one day uniting both characters, and I joyfully expect the same.

The letter concludes with this postscript :

Mary joins me in remembrances to Robert, and in expectation of the coming beverage.

Do you think you shall be able to come?

Monday night, just porter time.

Robert Lloyd also appears to have met Manning about this time, for the next two letters in our bundle are in Manning's hand. In the appreciative tone of these missives we have another proof that Robert Lloyd must have been a very engaging fellow. This is an extract from Manning's first note, written probably early in 1800 :

I was, indeed, very happy at Lamb's. I abode there but three days. He is very good—I wish you and he and myself were now sitting over a bowl of punch, or a tankard of porter. We often talked of you, and were perfectly agreed—but I won't tell you what we agreed to about you, lest you should hold up your head too high. You'll be sufficiently vain, I doubt not, Master Robert, at having been made the subject of conversation between such great men as *Lamb* and I (are likely to be). I was introduced to Coleridge, which was a great gratification to me. I think him a man of very splendid abilities and animated feelings. But let me whisper a word in your ear, Robert—twenty Coleridges could not supply your loss to me, if you were to forsake me. So if any *friendly interposer* should come and tell you I am not what I seem, and warn you against my friendship, beware of listening to him.

Here, for the sake of chronological order and for its bearing upon the Lloyd family, a passage from one of Lamb's letters to Manning at Cambridge (Canon Ainger's edition, vol. i. p. 116) may be inserted. The date is March 17, 1800. "Tell Charles [Lloyd] I have seen his mamma and have almost fallen in love with *her*, since I mayn't with Olivia. She is so fine and graceful, a complete matron-lady-quaker. She has given me two little books. Olivia grows a charming girl—full of feeling, and thinner than she was; but I have not time to fall in love." (Olivia was another of Robert's sisters.) Manning's second letter to Robert—July 15, 1800—contains this passage :

I often picture to myself a contingency, which most likely never will take place, but yet may, and which I contemplate with a strange fondness and de-

light: 'tis of you and myself travelling together abroad, in the South of France, or in Italy, or in Switzerland, or in some part of Spain. *Your* susceptibility and *my* mathematical caution would form an excellent travelling temperament, I think. If there was peace over Europe, and you and I had each of us independent fortunes, I am sure I should propose it to you. I should like to know whether this idea pleases you as it does me, but I should guess not, for which I could give most sage reasons; and if I guessed wrong, I could give you most sage reasons again to account for the erroneousness of my former reasons—in short, *if I should guess*, it would be guessing.

The projected tour was never accomplished; and with this letter Manning passes from the correspondence.

In the same month of 1800 a letter of Lamb's offers this characteristic confession:

I have had such a deadness about me. Man delights not me, nor woman neither. I impute it in part or altogether to the stupefying effect which continued fine weather has upon me. I want some rains or even snow and intense cold winter nights to bind me to my habitation, and make me value it as a home—a sacred character which it has not attained with me hitherto. I cannot read or write when the sun shines. I can only walk.

Lamb goes on to say that he has been staying with his friend Gutch at Oxford:

Gutch's family is a very fine one, consisting of well-grown sons and daughters, and all likely and well favoured. What is called a Happy Family—that is, according to my interpretation, a numerous assemblage of young men and women, all fond of each other to a certain degree, and all happy together, but where the very number forbids any two of them to get close enough to each other to share secrets and *be friends*. That close intercourse can only exist (commonly, I think), in a family of two or three. I do not envy large families. The fraternal affection by diffusion and multi-participation is ordinarily thin and weak. They don't get near enough to each other.

In the autumn of the same year, 1800, a letter of Lamb to Manning, dated October 5 (Canon Ainger's edition, vol. i. p. 140), gives the following piece of news: "Robert Lloyd is come to town. Priscilla meditates going to see 'Pizarro' at Drury Lane to-night (from her uncle's), under cover of coming to dine with me . . . *heu tempora! heu mores!* I have barely time to finish, as I expect her and Robin every minute." A letter of Robert's to his father, written during this visit, contains, it is amusing to note, no mention of the theatre. Thus: "My dear Parents,—Priscilla wrote you word of my arrival here. I am well, and so is my sister. At present I have been in Tower Street, with a few digressions to my friend Lamb."

*E. V. Lucas.*

# MERE FOLLY.

BY

MARIA LOUISE POOL,

AUTHOR OF "DALLY," "KATHARINE NORTH," "TENTING AT STONY BEACH," ETC.

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**Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.**

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MERE FOLLY.

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I.

AT SAVIN HILL.

**T**H**ERE** was one large wicker chair on the piazza, and in the chair sat a girl. It was a spacious piazza, the roof of which was supported by gnarled tree-trunks, the bark and the knots carefully preserved so as to look "rustic." The deep eaves drooped in a rustic manner also, and there were trumpet-vines and wistaria, and various other creeping things of the vegetable world, wandering about in a careful carelessness, like the hair of a woman when it is dressed most effectively.

The lawn swept down rather steeply and stopped suddenly against a thick stone wall that was covered with ivy.

On top of this wall, ruthlessly trampling back and forth on the leaves, was a small boy dressed in the fashion of a member of the navy. His blue pantaloons flapped very widely at the ankles, and were belted about him by a leather belt on which was the word "Vireo" in gilt letters; his brimless cap was tipped perilously on that part of the head where the warm affections used to be located in the days of phrenology. On this cap also appeared the word "Vireo" in gilt. This figure, outlined as it was against the bright blue of the sky, had the effect of not being more than about sixteen inches long. And in truth Leander Ffolliott was very small for his age, which was ten years and five months. He did not feel small, however; his mind might suitably have inhabited a giant's frame, so far as his estimation of himself and the Ffolliott family generally was concerned. But the rest of the family did not always agree with him in this estimation, and at such times of disagreement the boy was given to screaming and kicking until the air round about this summer residence resounded, and seemed actually to crackle and glimmer in sympathy with the mood of Leander.

Just now he had stopped in his trampling of the ivy leaves. He was standing with his legs wide apart, and was bending forward somewhat, stirring with a stick something on the top of the wall in front of him. His atom of a face was screwed up, his lips sticking out.

"Sis!" he suddenly shrieked; "I say, Sis!"

The girl on the piazza stopped reading and looked at the boy.

"What's the matter?" she called out.

"You just come here; you come here this minute! Stop readin' that nasty book, 'n' come along!"

"Carolyn, you'd better go," said a voice from the inner side of an open window; "if you don't he may be so tried with you that he'll fall off the wall. I've told him not to get on that wall, anyway."

The girl rose and turned her book down open upon her chair. Then she sauntered slowly along over the lawn, so slowly that her brother Leander stamped his foot and called to her to hurry, for he couldn't wait.

"You'd better hurry, Carolyn," said the gentle voice at the window: "I'm so afraid he may fall."

So the girl hastened, and in a moment was leaning against the wall and asking, without much interest,—

"What is it, Lee? You do shriek so!"

Leander was now standing upright. He had put his foot, encased in yellow leather, hard down on the something he had been poking at. His freckled face was red, his eyes shining with excitement.

"By George!" he exclaimed; "you can't guess in a million years what I've found! No, not in ten million! I 'ain't picked it up yet. I wanted you to see me pick it up. Oh, thunderation! won't I just do what I darn please with the money? You bet! Fifty dollars! Cousin Rod owes me fifty dollars! I don't s'pose he'll be so mean as to say that ad. of his has run out 'n' he don't owe me anything. Do you think he'll be so mean as that, Caro? Say!"

At this thought Leander's face actually grew pale beneath tan and freckles.

The girl was not very much impressed as yet by her brother's excitement. She was used to seeing him excited.

"You know Rod wouldn't do anything mean," she replied, calmly. "But what are you talking about? Of course it can't be——"

"Yes, 'tis, too. And it's fifty dollars. Now you needn't go 'n' tell Rod he no need to pay it, 'cause 'twas one of the family. I won't stand it if you do! I——"

"Stop your gabble!" interrupted the girl, imperatively. "Lift up your foot."

She took hold of the boy's arm as she spoke. A certain spark had come into her eye.

The foot was withdrawn. In a cleft between the stones, where the ivy leaves had hidden it, lay a ring. It was turned so that the stone could but just be seen.

She extended her hand, but it was promptly twitched away by her brother.

"None er that!" he cried. "I ain't goin' to let you pick it up;

then you'll be wantin' to share in the fifty dollars. You can't do that, —not by a long streak. Here she goes!"

He stooped and then held up a ring between his finger and thumb. The sun struck it and made the engraved carbuncle shine dully red.

"That's the very critter!" exclaimed Leander, triumphantly.

"Let me take it," said the girl.

She spoke shortly, and in a way that made the boy turn and look at her curiously. But he obeyed instantly. He laid the ring in the palm of her hand, thrust his own hands into his pockets, and stood gazing down at his sister.

Carolyn Ffolliott looked at the trinket with narrowing eyes. Her lips were a trifle compressed.

"There ain't any mistake, is there?" the boy asked, at last, speaking anxiously. "That's the ring Rod lost, ain't it? Anyway, it's one exactly like it,—that red stone with something cut into it."

"There isn't the least chance of any mistake," was the answer. "Of course it's Rod's."

Carolyn gave back the ring.

"And I sh'll have the reward?"

"Of course."

The girl appeared to have lost all interest in the matter. She turned to go back to the piazza.

Leander made an extremely tight, hard, dingy fist of one hand, with the ring enclosed, and then he leaped down from the wall, landing so near to his sister that she staggered away from him.

"I wish you would behave respectably!" she cried.

"Pooh!" said Leander. He ranged up by her side and walked across the lawn with her toward the house.

He had now put the ring on his thumb and was holding it up in front of him, gazing at it. He was greatly surprised that his sister took no more notice of it. But you never knew what to expect of a girl. Anyway, she shouldn't have any of that money.

"I'll bet I know how the ring got there," he remarked, presently.

"How?"

"Why, you gaby you, the crow, of course. But I don't know how he got it. Flew into Rod's room some time, I s'pose. If he thinks such an almighty lot of it, Rod better look out. I guess fifty dollars 'd get a lunkin' lot of cannon crackers, don't you think, Sis?"

"Yes," absently.

"But I better have some pin-wheels, 'n' Roman candles, don't you think?"

"Yes."

Leander turned and peered up at his sister's face.

"You mad 'cause you didn't find it?" he asked.

"No."

"All right. I guess I'll get you 'n' marmer some kind of a present. I'll make marmer tell me what she'd like for 'bout fifty cents. Hi! marmer! I'll let you have three guesses 'bout what I've found——"

Here Leander slammed in through the wide screen door which opened from the piazza into the hall.

Leander's sister resumed her seat. She had taken up her book, and now sat looking at it in much the same attitude that had been hers when her brother called her. She could hear his shrill voice inside the house as he told his mother of his find.

After a few moments Carolyn heard the clock in the hall strike ten. At about ten the mail for "Savin Hill," as their place was called, was brought over from the village.

But she continued to look intently down at her book for several minutes more. Then she rose slowly; she stood and gazed off across the lawn to where a sharp line of glitter showed between some savin-trees that had been left standing on the other side of the wall. These trees slanted southwesterly, as do most of the trees on the south shore of Massachusetts, being blown upon so much of their lives by the northeast wind.

That line of glitter was Massachusetts Bay. Across the girl's vision moved two or three sails; but she did not seem to see them. Her eyes showed that she was not thinking of what was before her.

Presently a clock somewhere in the house struck the half-hour after ten.

A servant came out on the piazza with some papers and letters in her hand. She hesitated, then came forward. "You told me to bring the mail out here, Miss Ffolliott," she said, as if in apology.

"So I did; thank you."

"Why, Carolyn!" exclaimed a middle-aged lady, hurrying by the servant, "isn't this odd about Rodney's ring?"

"Very," answered the girl. She held the papers in her hand and did not raise her eyes as she spoke.

"I do wonder what he'll say," went on her mother. "I do wonder if he still cares. How upset he was! And how curious that he should have lost the ring just before the engagement was broken! It did seem almost like a forerunner."

Mrs. Ffolliott held the trinket in her hand. Her son was standing beside her still, with his hands in his pockets. He was watching the ring somewhat as he would have watched it if his mother had been likely to devour it.

"You know Devil took it, of course," answered Carolyn, without raising her eyes. "There's no other way to account for its being in the wall there."

"It always seems so profane to speak of the crow in that way," murmured Mrs. Ffolliott.

Whereat her son frankly exclaimed, "Oh, marmer, don't be a jackass! That's the crow's name, you know."

"But he ought never to have been named in that way. I objected to it from the first."

"Pooh!" this from Leander.

"I know," went on the lady, "that it was Rodney himself who named him, but——"

"Come now, marmer," the boy interrupted, impatiently, "you always say that."

"Here's a letter from Prudence at last."

It was the girl who spoke, now looking up at her mother.

"Read it to me, dear," was the response. But it was some moments before the mother and son could finish the altercation now entered into as to who should have charge of the ring until such time as it could be returned to the owner.

Mrs. Ffolliott succeeded in gaining permission, Leander perceiving that the article would be safer in her care. But he cautioned her not to expect any share of the reward.

Then he walked out of sight to some region momentarily unknown to his parent, and peace reigned on the piazza.

Mrs. Ffolliott sat down in the chair and placidly waited.

Carolyn stood leaning against the wall of the house. The open letter hung from her hand.

"That new man hasn't brought back the veranda chairs since he swept here," now remarked Mrs. Ffolliott. "I wish you'd tell him——"

"Yes, I will, presently," replied the girl. "Shall I read this to you now? She's coming home."

"Coming home!"

"Yes. Here's what she says: My dear old fellow——"

"Does she call you that?" interrupted Mrs. Ffolliott.

There was a slight smile on the girl's face as she answered,—

"Yes; she seems to mean me."

"Oh, dear! Well, it's just like her. But then anything is just like her. Go on, please."

"My dear old fellow," again began Carolyn, "I suppose there is stuff that martyrs are made of, but none of that stuff got into my make-up, so I don't mean ever to pose for that sort of thing. That is, never again; but I've been doing it for the last four weeks.

"You see, mamma would have me stay with her at Carlsbad. It has seemed as if I should die. And how horrid you would feel if you should have to tell people, 'My dear cousin Prudence died at Carlsbad.' Because, you see, they don't die at Carlsbad; they hustle off somewhere to die and be buried. And if I should give up the ghost here I should be thought quite odd. But I shouldn't care for that. Only I want to live, and I mean to. That's why I'm not going to stand it.

"There hasn't been a man here that it would pay to speak to, much less to look at. I might just as well have been a nurse. I shouldn't have been so bored, for if I had really been one that knowledge would have sort of upheld me—at least, I think it would.

"And mamma will have me with her when she takes the mud baths. I have to stay right there and see her step into the big tub of ground peat and sprudel water. And there are snakes in it; anyway, mamma feels just as if there were, and makes me feel so, which amounts to much the same thing, because if there were, they wouldn't be poisonous, you know. She sits up to her neck for half an hour. Black mud! Then a nurse comes and lifts out one arm; pours water over it. Then the other arm; pours water over it. Then mamma gradually rises and goes into a regular sprudel bath. I'm just per-

vading about as the dutiful daughter who is staying at Carlsbad with her mother. Every third day sprudel is omitted.

"Mamma has me with her when she goes to the springs to drink. Drinks six glasses; stops after each glass to walk one-quarter of an hour. We walk one solid hour before breakfast. I go with the procession of drinkers, with mamma on my arm. Oh, that procession of drinkers solemnly walking the time out!

"I always look to see if there are any new men. You know I must do something. And there always are some new ones. But they are watching themselves, their insides, you know, to see what the mud baths and the water are doing for them already. And I can tell you as a positive fact that a man who is watching to find what a mud bath has done to him is as uninteresting as a dummy. You try it and see, if you don't believe me.

"One day I did have a bit of a sensation. I was going along just as primmy as prim, with mamma on my arm, when I suddenly felt as if somebody were staring at me. So I turned my eyes, and there was Lord Maxwell gazing right at me. He was one of the procession of drinkers. He was limping. Perhaps he has rheumatism, or, rather, of course he has it, or he wouldn't be here.

"I wonder if I flushed. I couldn't positively tell. But I bowed, and he raised his hat, and his face grew red. But the procession kept right on. If I should see him, he wouldn't talk of anything but how many glasses he had to drink; he wouldn't, because it can't be done here in Carlsbad.

"Mamma converses a great deal about her food. For some reason she makes me listen, or pretend to listen. I know all about how she can eat bread, but no butter, and stewed fruits, and once in a while an egg. You can skip this if you want to, but I can assure you I can't skip it; I have to take it three times a day, and sometimes in the night—the talk about it, I mean. I have a bed in mamma's room, and I have to be wakened and told how mamma detests bread without butter; and she never did like eggs.

"I've borne the whole thing like an angel, I do believe; particularly since Lord Maxwell came. He hasn't been very interesting, but I was hoping all the time he would be. He still wears red neckties in the morning. He has gone now. He thought some other mud might do more for him than this mud. And I've told mamma that she positively must get along now with her maid and her nurse. And she's a lot better, anyway. And I'm going to start from Antwerp; and I shall alight at Savin Hill about as soon as you get this. And you must receive me with frantic delight. My love to Aunt Letitia, and to Leander, and to Devil; and millions of kisses to your own self. But I'll give them to you. I 'don't nohow expect' that Rodney Lawrence is to be in Massachusetts this summer. But if he should be with you, kind remembrances to him. I saw a man a few weeks ago from New York who said that Mr. Lawrence was bound to make his mark. I don't suppose he cares for compliments any more.

"Ever your

"PRUDENCE."

As Carolyn finished reading the letter she folded it carefully and stood there in silence.

Her mother drew a long breath. She contemplatively patted a bow of ribbon on her morning dress.

"That's just like Prudence Ffolliott," she said, at last.

"What is like her?"

"Why, starting off and coming home all in a moment like that."

"She has been abroad more than a year."

"Has she? Well, I've missed her unaccountably, but I must say I was relieved when she went. And now I shall be glad when she comes."

Carolyn turned her head and gazed at her mother for a moment. Then she smiled slightly as she said, "One is bound to miss Prue one way or the other."

Mrs. Ffolliott continued to smooth the bow of ribbon.

"And Rodney coming too!" she exclaimed.

"That will make it interesting to all of us, don't you see?"

The girl made this remark a trifle satirically.

"And Leander has found the ring she gave him!"

The pronouns in this sentence were so indefinite in their reference that Carolyn smiled at them. But she did not take the trouble to reply. She knew her mother's manner of speaking.

Mrs. Ffolliott rose from her chair after a moment. She came to her daughter and put her hand on her arm as she asked, impressively,—

"Can't you telegraph to Rodney not to come?"

At this instant something made the girl turn quickly. Her face flushed crimson. She uttered an exclamation and ran forward to the open door.

On the other side of the screen there stood a man. He was tall, he was young, and at just this juncture he was laughing silently.

He hastily swung open the wire door and stepped onto the piazza. He put one arm about the elder woman and one about the younger, and kissed first one and then the other.

"Aunt Tishy," he said, "I reached that door just in time to hear you ask if I couldn't be telegraphed to not to come. No, I can't be."

Mrs. Ffolliott was gazing with delight up at the young man's face. Carolyn stood looking at him demurely.

"Is the scarlet fever here and are you afraid I'll take it?" he asked.

"Did you hear anything else we said?" she inquired.

"Not a word."

"It has happened so unfortunately," now began the elder lady.

"But what are we going to do?"

"Mamma!" exclaimed Carolyn.

The young man began to be puzzled. A line came between his eyes.

"If you really want me to go——" he began.

"No, mamma is silly, that's all," said Carolyn, frankly.

"As if that were not enough!" Here Lawrence laughed, but the line did not leave his forehead.

"You'll have to tell him now, mamma," said the girl, "or he will really think we don't want him."

Mrs. Ffolliott hesitated. And as she hesitated a glitter grew quite decidedly in Lawrence's eyes. The Ffolliott home had always been his home, and though "Aunt Tishy" was not his aunt, but only a second-cousin, she had been very kind to the boy whom she had persuaded her husband virtually to adopt when he had been left alone before he was ten years old.

"Yes, you will certainly have to tell me," he said; and he drew himself up a little as he spoke. "I thought," he went on, "when I overheard you speak of sending me a message, that you were going away somewhere; but if it's not convenient for you to have me——"

"Now it's you who are silly," Carolyn interrupted.

"You see," said Mrs. Ffolliott, "we have just heard from Prudence."

"Well?"

Lawrence knew that Carolyn was carefully refraining from looking at him, and this knowledge keenly exasperated him.

"I thought that—I didn't know but——"

Having proceeded thus far, Mrs. Ffolliott paused.

Lawrence laughed, not quite pleasantly.

"You thought that if a man was once a fool he was always a fool?" he asked.

"I don't know, I'm sure," the lady answered, helplessly. "Caro, you tell him."

"One would think you were going to cut off an arm or a leg," he said.

"It's all quite ridiculous," the girl began. "Prudence writes that she is tired of staying abroad, and she is coming here. What she says is that she may 'alight at Savin Hill at any moment.'"

Lawrence walked to one of the piazza pillars and leaned against it.

"I suppose I must have been even more of a raving maniac about Prudence Ffolliott than I knew, and I knew I was the most infernal idiot that ever walked on the face of the globe," he said, looking at Carolyn. "At least I came to know it, you understand. But a man gets over a lot of things. You'll find there won't be a bit of melodrama or anything of the sort. You'll have to let me stay, if that's all you've got against my staying." Here the speaker laughed gayly.

"That's so nice, I'm sure," said the elder lady, comfortably; "and now we won't think anything more about it."

But Lawrence did not seem to hear her. He was still gazing, somewhat markedly, at the girl, who smiled a little constrainedly at him as she said,—

"It's very odd, but Leander has just found that ring that Prue gave you, and that you lost so unaccountably."

"Has he?" The young man closed his lips tightly for an instant. Then he laughed and said, "In that case I must owe the boy fifty dollars. That's the reward I offered. I remember at the time I wanted to offer five hundred, but you told me, Caro, that the smaller sum would be just as effective."

Lawrence turned and walked across the veranda. Mrs. Ffolliott went into the house. The young man returned to Carolyn's side.

"It all seems a thousand years ago," he said. "I was wild—wild for her. I suppose I was somebody else—don't you think I was somebody else, Caro?"

"No. And it is not quite two years since then."

"How literal you are!"

"Am I?" she asked, smiling.

"Yes. And such a comfort to me. Caro, I'm going to kiss your hand."

He took both of the girl's hands, held them closely, then kissed them gently.

"I'm sorry you and Aunt Tishy seemed to think you must arrange so that I shouldn't see Prudence. It makes me appear such a weak fellow. Do you think I am a weak fellow, Caro?"

"No."

"Honest Indian?"

"Honest Indian."

"Oh, I'm glad of that. I find I am asking myself so many times if Caro thinks this or that of me. Perhaps you'll call that weak?"

But the girl only laughed at this remark.

Then they talked of a great many things, until Lawrence asked, suddenly, "Where did Leander find that ring?"

Carolyn told him.

"Odd! Of course it was Devil's work?"

"Yes. He took my gold thimble, you know."

The young man said, "I'm sure Lee won't let me off: he'll exact every penny. I would gladly have given all my possessions to get it back again when I lost it. But now——"

Here Lawrence paused. He was gazing persistently at his companion. But she did not seem to be aware of this gaze. She did not try to help him out with his sentence. She was standing in perfect quiet: she was not a nervous woman, and she could remain for several moments without moving.

It was six months since Lawrence had seen Carolyn. He was wondering if she had always impressed him as she impressed him now. If she had done so, he thought it was inexplicable that he should have forgotten.

But then, formerly, he had been somebody else. That accounted for everything, of course.

At this fancy he smiled.

And he wished that carbuncle had not been found. It seemed awkward to have that turn up now when he had ceased to care for it. It was like a ghost stalking out of the past.

He took a step toward the door.

"I'm as dingy with heat and dust as a savage," he remarked. "I suppose I can have my old room?"

"Of course."

"All right, then. Do stay out here until I come down, Caro: will you?"

He advanced now toward her.

"Will you?"

"If mamma doesn't call me."

"Very well."

Lawrence went into the hall and to the foot of the stairs. With his hand on the post, he paused. He stood there an instant, then he turned back. He rejoined the girl on the piazza. She had walked to the railing and was leaning both hands upon it. Lawrence caught a glimpse of her profile, and his own face grew tender at sight of it.

"Where in the world have my eyes been?" he asked himself.

She turned quickly as he came through the door.

"I came back because I was afraid Aunt Tishy would call you," he said.

"Oh!"

"Yes."

Then the two stood in silence.

"You see, I wanted to ask you about that man person who was hanging around you when I was at home the last time."

"What man person?"

"No wonder you don't know. I ought to be more specific. I mean the Morgan fellow."

"Nothing about him that I know."

Lawrence flung back his shoulders. His eyes began to sparkle.

"All the better for me, then," he exclaimed. "Caro," he went on, more softly, "do you think you could possibly make up your mind to marry me?"

There was a moment's silence, during which the girl's eyes were drooped. She had not flushed; she had grown white.

"Could you do it?" he repeated, gently.

He bent and took her hand. She withdrew it.

"I'm sorry you've asked me this," she said.

To these words he made no reply. His face grew a trifle set.

"Because," she went on, hesitatingly,—“because I feel almost sure—at least I'm afraid——”

"Well?" He spoke peremptorily.

"I'm nearly certain that you don't know surely that—that you've stopped loving Prudence."

He burst into a laugh; but he stopped laughing directly. He took her hand again. "Is that all?" he asked.

"Yes; I think that's all. And that's quite enough. You see, I was here when you were in love with her: I know something about how you loved her. You did love her. And you can't have forgotten it in less than two years. Why, I couldn't forget such an experience in a lifetime. It must have been like—like fire sweeping over your heart."

"But a man comes to his senses; a man gets over anything, you know. And I've had my lesson."

Lawrence was speaking eagerly now. His whole face began to glow.

"If you could only say yes to me, dear Caro!" he went on. "If

you feel hopeful that you could learn to love me—tell me, do you think you could learn?"

She smiled, and Lawrence asked himself why he had never before particularly noticed her smile.

"I think I could learn," she said at last.

"Then you are promised to me? Caro, say, 'Rodney, I am promised to you.'"

He had drawn her more closely.

"Say it."

"Rodney, I am promised to you."

"Thank you, dear little girl, thank you. We shall be as happy as the day is long. I begin to be happy already."

She looked up at him wistfully. Her features were not quite steady.

"Oh," she whispered, "I hope you haven't made a mistake!"

"I'm sure I've not."

He kissed her, but she shrank a little from him. She put her hand on his breast and thrust him from her.

"If you find you have made a mistake," she said, solemnly, "remember you're not bound,—not bound one instant after you see how blind you've been."

"I am glad to be bound to you," he returned, as solemnly as she had spoken,—"grateful beyond words, Caro, as time will prove to you."

The girl suddenly took the man's hands and held them fast, looking earnestly in his face as she did so.

Then she said, nearly in a whisper,—

"Yes, I love you, Rodney."

But the instant she had uttered those words she was aware that he had not spoken thus, and a scorching blush rose to her face and burned there until she was almost suffocated with it.

"Bless you for that! Oh, you don't know how I bless you for that!" exclaimed Lawrence, quickly. "And I love you with a love that lasts,—that means something,—that takes hold on life."

He spoke fervently. He had his arm about Caro now. His eyes were shining.

It was at this moment that a small figure in a naval suit appeared on the outside of the piazza, at the farther end of it. This figure noiselessly vaulted over the railing and as noiselessly came forward.

Within a few yards Leander paused, with his hands thrust to the very depth of his pockets, and his small legs wide apart. His eyes were what romance-writers used to call "glued" to the two standing there. His mouth was stretched in an appreciative grin. Directly it changed from a grin to a round shape, and a shrill whistle was emitted from it.

The two started. Lawrence wheeled round, frowning. He subdued his first impulse, which was to take that atom and fling him over the railing.

Leander nodded amicably.

"How de do?" he inquired.

"I'm pretty well, thank ye," answered Lawrence.

The boy looked with a new and curious interest at his sister. "Was she in love?" he was asking himself. And he immediately put the question aloud:

"I say, Sis, are you in love? Is that why you 'n' Rodney were huggin' so?"

"Hold your tongue," Lawrence promptly commanded.

"All right." Then, contemplatively, "I s'pose you 'n' Sis are spoons, ain't you? That's what the new chambermaid 'n' the coachman are. He told me the other day that he 'n' she were spoons. They were huggin', too. And I asked him about it."

"I'll swear you asked him about it," responded Lawrence.

Then the young man made a diversion. He walked forward and laid hold of Leander's shoulder.

"I heard you found a ring," he said.

The boy puckered his face and gazed up at the face above him.

"You bet," he replied at last. "Prove property and pay for this advertisement, *and*—fork over the fifty dollars—that is, if you want her."

At this stage in the conversation Leander's sister escaped to her own room, where she sat for a long time by the window, looking off on the bay.

Below she heard the murmur of voices, the shrill tones of her brother and the deeper tones of Rodney.

She put her hand down to her belt. Her fingers touched something which rustled. She had thrust her cousin's letter into her belt. She now drew it out and read it again. She read it as if it were written in a foreign language and as if she were translating it, word by word.

## II.

### A SLIGHT ACCIDENT.

When it is summer-time, and you are engaged to the most perfect man in the world, and you are at a lovely sea-side cottage with him, and are boating, and playing tennis, and trying to play golf, and cycling, and it is a little too early for any of all those people who are going to visit you really to arrive,—when such conditions prevail, you don't expect time to drag.

And time did not drag with Carolyn Ffolliott: it flew.

A week had gone when one day at breakfast Mrs. Ffolliott remarked that she had almost a good mind to worry.

Her daughter looked at her questioningly, and Leander, with his mouth full, said that "Marmer'd rather give a dollar any time than miss a worry."

But marmer took no notice of her son: she continued to gaze at Carolyn with her brows wrinkled.

"Prudence, you know," she went on. "She said she might come any minute."

"I suppose she changed her mind."

"Perhaps. But I've been dreaming about her: I thought she was drowned, and when I told you, Caro, you laughed, and said it was a good thing. I was so shocked I—but, good heavens! Caro, what makes you look like that?"

"Like what?"

"Why, just as you did in my dream,—that same light in your eyes—"

"Mamma!" broke in the girl, angrily. But she did not say anything more.

At that moment a servant came into the room with a salver in her hand, and on the salver lay a yellow telegraph envelope.

Carolyn half rose from the table, then she sat down, for she saw the servant was coming to her.

To these people a telegram was little different from an ordinary note. Everybody telegraphed about everything. Notwithstanding this, the girl could not keep her hand quite steady as she tore open the cover.

Her mother watched her face; she was still thinking of her dream. Immediately Carolyn began to smile. She read aloud,—

"Please send your wheel over to station for 11-40 train.

"PRUDENCE FOLLIOTT."

The elder woman stirred her coffee desperately. "She isn't drowned, then," she said.

"Apparently not, since she wants my wheel."

"Shall you send it?"

"Yes."

"Shan't you drive over to meet her?"

"No."

"Well," said the elder lady, forcibly, "I call it ridiculous, coming home from Europe on a bicycle! I don't see when she learned, either. I thought she had been giving her mother mud baths, and all that sort of thing, and being devoted and—and what not."

"As for that," responded Carolyn, "I don't know but Prue would be able to learn to ride a wheel in a mud bath itself."

"Bully for Prue!" cried Leander.

"My son!" said his mother, at which he grinned, but kindly refrained from repeating the remark.

Carolyn had risen from the table. She held the message crumpled in her hand.

"Shan't you meet her anyway?"

"How can I if I send my wheel?—but I have an idea that she doesn't care. I don't precisely know what she does mean, so I shall wait."

"I shan't wait," suddenly announced Leander. "I shall spin down there myself."

"And when is Rodney coming back, did you say?"

"Not until to-morrow."

Mrs. Ffolliott indulged in some remarks on the ways of young people at the present time, to which no reply was made.

So it happened that when the eleven-forty train steamed up to the little station, there were on the platform but two people, the agent and a small boy in a suit so close and abbreviated as to be almost no suit at all.

This boy was standing by his own wheel, and another bicycle leaned against the wall of the building.

Leander was scowling along the steps of every car, and saying to himself,—

“I’ll bet she hasn’t come. Women never do anything right. I wanted to race her home.”

Three men and a small girl had alighted. It was no use looking any more. There, the train was moving.

“Oh, thunder!” said the boy.

He was turning away, when something touched his shoulder, and somebody asked,—

“Leander, why are you saying ‘thunder’?”

He flung about quickly. He snatched off his atom of a cap and looked up at the tall girl beside him.

“Now, that’s O. K.,” he said, “and I’ll race you home. How do you do? You do look grand, though. And you can’t ride a bike in *that* suit,—no more’n a bosc.”

“Can’t I? We’ll see. Let us kiss each other, Leander.”

“All right. I ’ain’t no objections.”

The two kissed. Then Leander put on his cap.

Prudence Ffolliott was dressed with extreme plainness in a perfectly fitting suit of brown with a white hat, and she had on gloves like those which a few girls can find, and which most girls pass all their lives trying to find. And yet it might seem an easy matter to get rather loose brown gloves like these. She had a small leather bag in one hand.

She glanced up and down the platform. The train had sped away. The long waste of track lay desolate beneath the brilliant sun. The woods came up close on the other side of the rails. On this side a country road wound up a slight acclivity. There was one “open wagon,” drawn by a sorrel horse, slowly ascending this hill. In the wagon sat three men very much crowded on the one seat. In the still air was a low, continuous sound.

Prudence listened; she sniffed the air.

“I hear the waves,” she said. “The tide is coming in; and the wind is east.”

“Yes,” said Leander, “I should have gone perchin’ if I hadn’t come down here. And I might as well have gone, for you can’t ride. Just look at all the pleats and pipes ’n’ things on your skirt! It’s too bad! And Sis sent her bike down. You wired for it, you know.”

“Yes,” said the girl, “I know I wired for it. Wait for the transformation scene. How is Caro?”

“She’s well enough,” said the boy, shortly.

“And Aunt Letitia?”

"Well 's ever."

"Any company yet?"

"Only Rodney."

It was an instant before the girl asked,—

"Is Mr. Lawrence there?"

"Yep. 'N' he 'n' Sis are such spoons that they ain't either of 'em any fun."

"Spoons, are they?" Prudence laughed slightly.

"Yep. 'N' I found Rod's ring, and marmer 'n' Sis raised a most awful row 'bout my takin' the reward. They said it wasn't gentlemanly of me, bein' a friend and relation, to take it. Still they did let Rod give me two ten spots. But I didn't get marmer any present out of that, you bet!"

"What ring was it?"

While Prudence was talking she opened her bag and selected from its contents a leather strap.

Leander was so absorbed in watching her, and in wondering what she would do, that he did not hear her question.

He already began to have faith that she would be equal to any emergency,—that is, as nearly equal as anything feminine could be.

"What ring did you find?" she repeated.

As she spoke she took a pair of white gloves from the bag and extended them to the boy.

"Please hold them," she said. His little brown fingers closed over the gloves.

"Why," he answered, "that red stone, you know, with the head cut into it."

"Oh!"

She made no other remark for some time. The boy continued to watch her. He rather admired the deft way in which her hands removed something which made her belt slip from its place, and the next moment her skirt, which he had derided, dropped down to the floor of the platform, her jacket was flung off, and there Miss Ffolliott stood in a full bicycle suit of white flannel. It was then that Leander noticed that her shoes and hat were white, as he said, "to begin with."

He jumped up and down. "Hurray!" he cried, in his thin, sharp voice. "I guess you c'n do it."

"I guess I can," she answered. "Now I want to strap up this skirt, and we'll take it and the bag along. Are you good on a bike?" She turned and looked at her companion with a laugh in her eyes. She had just now so lithe and active an appearance that the boy wanted to clap his hands. She took the white gloves from him and began to put them on.

"Good on a bike?" he repeated. "Well, you just wait. Are you good on one yourself? I ought to be: marmer says she's expectin' every minute to see me brought in with all my bones smashed. But I don't take headers nigh so often 's I used to. Ready?"

Leander gallantly brought forward his sister's wheel and held it. Within the station the agent was peering out from his window at the

girl in white. He was shocked, but he was extremely interested, and he did not wink in his gaze until the boy and woman had wheeled out of sight along the lonely country road.

Leander immediately found that his small legs were called upon to do their utmost, but he kept on bravely. And he would not pant: he assumed an easy appearance. He even tried to whistle. But he had to give that up.

He glanced covertly at his companion. She sat up straight, and her figure showed very little movement.

Presently she asked, "Why didn't Caro come to meet me?"

"She kinder thought you didn't care to have her, as you sent for her wheel."

No answer. Then, "Perhaps she's gone somewhere with Mr. Lawrence."

"No, she ain't, either. Rodney's off just now—comin' back tomorrow. I say!"

"Well?"

"Slow up a bit. I can't stand this. I give in. I guess my legs ain't long enough. You're stunnin' on a bike. Caro's rather good, but—Hullo! what's that ahead, anyway? Let's put in 'n' get to it."

So they put in. In another moment they saw that the something was a man; then that he was lying flat on his face; then that it was Rodney Lawrence.

It was the girl who discovered who it was. Instead of shrinking back a little, as Leander had done in spite of himself, when they found that it was a man lying there, Prudence forced her wheel up to the prostrate body, jumped off, and looked down at him. She stood perfectly still for an instant. Then she turned toward Leander.

"It's Rodney," she said, in a low voice.

"I don't believe it!" cried the boy.

He felt that it was impossible for Rodney to be hurt so that he would lie as stiff and dreadful as that. Some other man might be hurt thus, but not Rodney. With this rebellious disbelief in his fast-beating heart, Leander dismounted: he stood a little behind Prudence and peered round her at the object on the ground.

"It is Rodney," repeated the girl.

Her face was quite white, and her eyelids, as she looked down, fluttered as if they would close over her eyes and thus shut out the sight of the senseless man. But she was calm enough as she turned to the boy.

She did not immediately speak. She glanced round the place. There was a wood on each side of the road. They might be there half a day, she knew, and no one would come along. It was not the main road, which itself was not much travelled.

She seemed to give up her intention of speaking. She pulled off a glove and knelt down in the gravel. She put out one hand and gently turned the head so that the face was a little more visible. She shuddered as she did so. The vertical sun struck on a diamond on her hand and made it send out sharp rays of light.

With a swift motion the girl turned the stone inward. Then she shuddered again.

She rose.

"I'll go on to the first house," she said, "and get help."

"No, I'll go," exclaimed Leander, quickly, and in an unsteady voice.

"I can go in much less time than you could do the distance. You don't know how fast I can ride. It's almost three miles to the next house. Are you afraid to stay here and wait?"

The boy trembled and hesitated. Then he was ashamed to say he was afraid.

"I'll wait here," he said, huskily.

Prudence sprang on her wheel and started off. Leander watched her. For an instant he forgot everything else in admiration as he saw her whiz out of sight.

"By George!" he said to himself.

Then he looked back at that still figure. He braced himself up. He remembered that he was a boy instead of a girl.

He sat down on a stone by the wayside. He leaned his chin on his hands and stared at Rodney. Was that Rodney? If the man were dead, why, then it was not anybody; it was—oh, what was it?

And how could Rodney, so full of life and health and strength, be there so helpless?

A great many strange and solemn thoughts came to the boy's mind as he sat there.

And all the time he was listening for wheels, hoping that a carriage would come along.

The mosquitoes buzzed about his face and stung him unheeded.

He noticed that Rodney wore corduroys and leather leggings, and that a whip lay on the ground a few yards off. Leander went and picked up the whip, which he knew very well.

But how strange even the whip seemed! So Rodney had been riding; and he had come home sooner than he had been expected.

If he should be really dead, Leander supposed that his sister would mourn herself to death. He supposed his sister was in love with this long, still figure of a man.

All at once the little watcher felt the tears springing up and blinding him. He rubbed his fists into his eyes, but the tears would come. It was while he was doing this that he thought he heard a sound: as he could not distinguish what the sound was, he dared not take his hands from his face, and he dared not move.

Was it really a groan?

His curiosity overcame his terror. He looked at the man in the road. Lawrence had raised himself on his elbow, but he immediately sank back again.

Leander ran to him.

Lawrence gazed in a blind sort of way at the boy. Then he half smiled, and said, feebly, "I suppose you're dead too, Lee, and we're both in heaven."

"I ain't dead, for one," answered the boy. And then he sobbed outright in the intensity of his relief.

"Then perhaps I'm not."

A long silence, during which Lawrence stared rather stupidly at nothing, and Leander stared at him.

After a little the boy bethought himself to ask if he couldn't help.

"I don't know. I thought I'd wait until my mind cleared more."

He raised his head again.

"What's that?" he asked.

He was looking at a white glove that lay near him on the ground.

He dropped his head and slowly reached forth his hand till he grasped the glove.

"It's hers," was the answer.

"Hers? Caro's?" he asked, eagerly.

But as he spoke the faint odor of iris came to him from the bit of leather in his grasp. He knew that odor of iris: it had always been inseparable from anything belonging to Prudence Ffolliott.

"No," replied Leander: "it's Prue's."

Lawrence lay silent. His face was dull and clouded.

"Oh, I do wish I could do something!" exclaimed Leander. "She's gone on for help."

"Who's gone on?"

"Why, Prue, of course."

Lawrence lifted himself up on his elbow again.

"I had a nasty fall," he said. "I thought I was done for. Where's my horse?"

"I 'ain't seen any horse."

"It was one I was trying. Luckily, he'll go home to his own stable, and the stable-men won't break their hearts with anxiety."

The young man spoke quite like himself; and his face began to gain in color. He pressed his hand to his head. He laughed a little. "I must have a thick skull of my own," he said.

He turned and twisted, and then he rose to a sitting posture.

The glove had dropped to the ground. He looked down at it, made a slight motion as if he would take it, then turned away.

"I'm sorry I've made such a scene as this," he said. "It's unlucky that you should have happened along here now. You see I should have come to myself all right, and nobody been frightened. Give me a hand, Lee. There! The deuce! I can't do it, though!"

Lawrence sank back on the ground, and again lay quiet.

Leander could prevent himself from wringing his hands only by remembering that he was a boy. He recalled how in all the stories of adventure he had read the right person always had a bottle of whiskey or brandy to produce at the right moment. But he had nothing. He hadn't even a string in his pocket. He "went in" for the lightest possible weight when on his wheel.

Thank fortune, there was Prue coming back. She had made good time, even to his anxious mind.

The girl's wheel glided up, and she alighted from it as swiftly as a bird would have done.

III.

"I WANT TO ASK YOU A QUESTION."

She bent down over Lawrence, who opened his eyes and looked at her.

"Oh!" she said, in a whisper. The thought which sprang swiftly into her mind was the thought of the last time she had seen this man. It was the time when she had told him that she had changed her mind about marrying him and had decided to marry Lord Maxwell. But later Lord Maxwell, for financial reasons and under parental influence, had also changed his mind, and had married somebody else. This was in Prudence's thought as she said, "Oh!" in a whisper. }

"You see I'm not dead," remarked Lawrence, "only devilishly unlucky."

Prudence stood up erect.

"It quite relieves me to hear you say devilishly," she responded,—"cheers my heart, indeed."

"But why?"

"Because men who are mortally hurt are more pious: if they wanted to say a bad word they would not do it. Thank you."

Lawrence smiled.

"I could cheer your heart still more," he answered, "for there are a lot of bad words just galloping to be said."

Prudence did not reply. She turned to Leander and asked if Mr. Lawrence had been conversing like this, and had he been shamming when they had first found him.

At this Lawrence groaned. After a few moments the boy and woman assisted him to rise. He leaned heavily on them, but seemed to improve somewhat.

"I don't think you've done much more than break a few ribs and a collar-bone or so," said the girl, cheerfully.

"And p'raps concussed your brain a bit," added Leander, whose spirits were rising rapidly.

"There comes the cart," announced Prudence. "It hasn't any springs, but I didn't know but you were past minding springs. I did insist on a mattress being put in; only it isn't a mattress, but a feather bed."

Lawrence groaned again.

"That's right," she said: "don't suffer in silence."

It was not long now before the two men who came in the cart had assisted Lawrence into it. At first he refused to sit down on the feather bed. He caught a glimpse of Prudence's laughing face as she said, "If you don't, I shall think you're ungrateful for all we've done for you."

On this the young man sank down on the bed. "I've only been stunned," he said, morosely, "and you needn't make any more fuss about it."

"All right; have it your own way; but I insist on the ribs and the collar-bones. Now I'll go on and prepare the minds of your friends."

Before anything more could be said, Miss Ffolliott treadled away.

Leander lifted his machine into the cart, and then placed himself between it and the feather bed. The horse started on his walk to Savin Hill.

As he started, Lawrence raised his head and looked back to the spot of ground where he had fallen. He saw something white lying there, and he knew that it was Miss Ffolliott's glove.

(Miss Ffolliott herself rode swiftly along the shady, solitary road. She knew the way very well. She had ridden and driven here many times with the man who was lying there in the farm cart. He had been in love with her,—extravagantly,—furiously,—delightfully. She smiled as she remembered. Some men could make love so much more agreeably than others. She supposed that was a matter of temperament.

And he wasn't hurt very much, after all. And he and Caro were "spoons" now. She smiled more broadly.

"I always suspected that Caro cared," she thought, "and I was right. How funny it is! Well, I shall know precisely the state of the case in three seconds after I've seen them together. And I've come now."

She seemed to slide without propulsion along the road. She whistled two or three bars of a tune she had often whistled while she had sat beside her mother when the latter lady had been up to her neck in ground peat and sprudel water.

Sometimes the girl flung back her head and sniffed the air, much as a young colt sniffs when it has just been let out into a field after a long confinement.

But she did not relax her speed. It was not long before she turned into a better kept road, and here she saw ahead of her, and walking toward her, the figure of her cousin Carolyn, who began to hasten directly.

They fell on each other's necks after the manner of girls, and kissed and hugged.

Then Prudence held her off and examined her, smiling slightly all the while.

"Lee told me you were no good any more," she said, at last.

Then Caro blushed and blushed.

"I suppose you're happy?"

"Yes."

"Of course. Well, I've been to the mud baths of Carlsbad, and I'm not particularly happy. However, I congratulate you; and I won't be *de trop* any more than is absolutely necessary for the sake of appearances."

Prudence propelled her wheel with one hand; the other arm she put about her companion's waist, and so the two went on.

"Mr. Lawrence has returned," presently said Prudence.

"How do you know?" the other asked, quickly.

"Because we met him, Leander and I, on the Pine-wood road. Now if you scream I won't tell you anything more; and it really isn't anything to speak of, only he is on his way here now, and on a feather

bed also, because they didn't have any mattresses. If it isn't ribs it's collar-bone,—what was it the Physiology used to call collar-bone?—and he's sane, and knew me, and wanted to swear, but wouldn't, much. So you see you needn't be alarmed a particle."

Carolyn had detached herself from her companion and was gazing at her, her lips growing white as she listened.

"His horse threw him," added Prudence, shortly.

"Threw him?"

"Yes," with still more impatience. "What else do you want me to say? Didn't I tell you he was on his way home, and that it was a feather bed only because I couldn't get a mattress? I did as well as I could."

Here Prudence gave a short laugh, and lightly kissed her companion's cheek.

Carolyn tried to appear calm. Her imagination had leaped to every dreadful thing. She wanted to turn her back on this girl, but instead of doing that she looked at her intently and asked, steadily,—

"Are you telling me the truth?"

"Absolutely. I don't think your precious young man is hurt much, only shaken up a bit."

The two girls were silent for a few moments. Carolyn had turned, and they were both walking back over the road that they might the sooner meet the cart that was bringing Lawrence to Savin Hill.

"Providence made a great mistake in sending me to find your lover," at last said Prudence. "If Providence had wished to do the perfectly correct thing you would have been on the Pine-wood road this morning. But then, when does Providence act quite up to the mark? I'm tired of Providence myself."

Though Carolyn gazed at the speaker, she did not apparently hear her. Her eyes wandered off down the road.

After another short silence Prudence spoke again.

"I hope there are people coming to the house this summer. I should go raving mad if I had only you and Rodney, and you two in love with each other."

The girl shrugged her shoulders and shuddered. As there was no answer she repeated,—

"I suppose you are in love with each other, aren't you?"

"I suppose so," mechanically.

"That's what I thought. Are there people coming?"

"Oh, yes."

"Men?"

"A few."

"Ah, I revive! If you had had as much to do with sprudel water as I have, you would be as thankful as I am at the prospect of seeing some men who are not slyly feeling their pulse while they talk to you. You needn't look so curiously at me. It is strictly proper for a girl to like men, only it's very improper to acknowledge the liking. And when they begin to get in love—Oh, isn't that the head of the procession appearing? Yes. Now, Caro, run and throw yourself upon your betrothed, and sing in a high soprano how thankful you are to

see him yet again—again—a-g-a—in! You see I've not forgotten my opera."

But Carolyn did not run. She walked slowly forward, her hands, very cold, hanging inertly down, her lips pressed tightly together.

Of one thing she was sure,—that she would not make a scene. Yes, she would die rather than make a scene.

There was the bed, and there was Lawrence lounging upon it. Leander was standing rigidly straight, grasping the stakes of the cart. He shouted shrilly as he saw his sister. The old horse, which always stopped on any pretext whatever, stopped now and drooped as if he would lie down.

"I say, Sis," said Leander, jumping from the tail of the cart, "don't you go and begin to cry, and all that stuff."

"I don't think your sister will cry, Leander," remarked Lawrence, with some dryness.

Carolyn came to the side of the cart. She said that she hoped Mr. Lawrence was not much hurt, and Mr. Lawrence replied that he should be all right in a few hours.

Then the horse was induced to start on. After a while they all reached the house, and Lawrence was helped to his room, while Leander volunteered to go on his wheel for the doctor.

In due time the doctor came, and pronounced that the young man would be as well as usual again in a few days.

The two girls were standing on the piazza when this decision was announced to them by Mrs. Ffolliott.

Carolyn walked quickly to the nearest chair and sat down. She fixed her eyes on that line of dazzling brightness which was the sea. But she saw nothing. Prudence sauntered to the railing and leaned against it.

Presently Mrs. Ffolliott returned to the house, and the two were alone.

Prudence walked to a long chair near her cousin and placed herself luxuriously in it. She still wore her bicycle suit. She crossed her legs, and, leaning forward, embraced her knees with her clasped hands.

"Got a smoke about you, Caro?" she asked.

"No. And I didn't know you had taken up smoking."

"No more I have. But my attitude, and the piazza, and a certain natural depravity in my own breast suggested the question. I think I shall try cigarettes. And one can have a truly divine thing in cigarette-cases now. And a woman's hand is peculiarly fitted to show jewels when holding a weed out—thus."

The speaker extended her left hand, while she seemed to puff smoke from her lips as she did so.

Carolyn smiled slightly as she said,—

"You are just the same, aren't you?"

"Of course. You didn't think I had met with a change, did you?"

"Hardly."

Carolyn clasped her hands and gazed down at them. A cloud was on her face.

"You are not worrying about that great strapping fellow up-stairs, are you?" Prudence asked the question sharply.

"No."

"You didn't seem to feel much when you met him just now," remarked Prudence.

"I didn't want to make a scene," was the reply.

Prudence contemplated her companion for a moment in silence. Then she said that she had a bit of advice to offer; advice was easily given, and it never hurt any one, because no one ever followed it.

"What is it?"

"Don't be quite so self-controlled, or Rodney will begin to think you seem indifferent because you feel so. You know men are creatures who have no intuition, and who can't see the fraction of an inch below the surface. And though they say they don't like scenes, they do, when it's love for them that makes the scene. I don't charge you a cent for this information. I do wish I had a cigarette; I'd try it this very minute.

'Twas off the blue Canary Isles  
I smoked my last cigar!"

Prudence sang in a deep bass that threatened to choke her. She grew red in the face, and did not try to go on any farther with the song.

Carolyn glanced at her and laughed.

"Somehow," she said, "I believe I thought Carlsbad would make you over."

"You see I think I might have been made over if I had taken mud baths myself," was the reply, "but only seeing mamma take them didn't seem to have much effect,—only to bore me almost to death. Did you ever notice that, after you have been bored to extinction, and have escaped, you are liable to commit very nearly anything? You are so exhilarated, you know. Now I'm going to do something startling. I don't know yet whether I shall steal the Ffolliott silver, or—" here the girl paused to laugh, "or Carolyn Ffolliott's lover. For the first I might be put in jail; for the latter there's no punishment that I know."

Prudence leaned back now and clasped her hands over the top of her head.

"I do wish you wouldn't talk so!" Carolyn exclaimed.

"Why? It's fun to take out the stopper and let yourself bubble over."

"Prudence——"

"Ma'am?"

"I want to ask you something."

"Go right ahead. Questions cheerfully answered; estimates given upon application."

But Carolyn hesitated. Then she said that she wished her cousin would be serious.

"Serious! You don't call me gay, do you? Why, the solemnity that dribbled over me from mamma isn't washed off yet. It will take

a whole summer, and several men in love with me at once, and fighting about me, to take away the melancholy that I acquired at Carlsbad."

As she finished speaking, Prudence rose and stepped out onto the lawn. She ran across it and leaned on the wall at the end of it. Beyond lay the bay, flashing brightly in the sunlight. But her strong eyes did not blench as she gazed.

"Is that the Vireo in the sandy cove?" she asked.

"Yes."

"It's a little thing, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"I believe I could almost manage that myself."

"Yes."

Prudence turned toward her cousin, flung her head back, and laughed. A young man lying impatiently on a bed in a room on the second floor heard that laugh, and tossed his head on the pillow as he heard.

He inwardly compared the sound with Carolyn's musical gurgle when she was amused, and then said aloud that it was amazing that he had ever fancied that he had cared for Prudence Ffolliott. She must be out there by the wall. He raised himself on his elbow, but, though he could look through the window, he could see only the ocean and the sails on it, and the long trails of smoke from two steamers that were gliding away toward "the utmost purple rim."

That phrase came into his mind, and with it the memory of one evening, down on the beach, when Prudence had quoted that verse, and how her voice had sunk and thrilled as it pronounced the words and she had glanced up at him.

What an ass he had been! Well, he was thankful that was all over. It was incredible that he had been moved so by that woman. He was beyond all that now; and he was in love with the dearest girl in the world.

Prudence laughed again, and again Lawrence raised himself on his elbow, and once more saw nothing but the ocean and the sails. Then he turned with his back to the window, groaned by reason of his hurts, muttered something that sounded like "Damn it," and in a few moments fell asleep.

Prudence still remained by the wall, her arms upon it and her brilliant face toward the sea. And Carolyn still sat in her chair on the veranda. She was not looking at Massachusetts Bay, but at her cousin. She was wondering about her with an intensity that was almost painful. Among other things, she was trying to determine what it was in Prudence Ffolliott's face that made it interesting and that gave it something very much more effective than beauty of feature. It was a mocking, flashing, melting, fiery, tender face; a face full of daring, of possibilities, and suggestions, and shadows, and brightnesses; and it was unscrupulous, and passionate, and cruel, and selfish, and——

Having thought of all these adjectives, Carolyn roused herself and smiled at her own folly and told herself it was an impossible thing that any human countenance should be so contradictory. She recalled

the story her own mirror told her. As for beauty, she possessed a share of that.

This thought strengthened and comforted her. She left her chair and joined her cousin by the wall. Prudence put her arm about Carolyn, and the two stood in silence a few moments. The water before them was vivid, shining green and blue and purple; and it was just ruffled by a gentle east wind that made the whole world seem a bright, joyous place to live in.

"How many times I've thought of just this place on the Savin Hill lawn, and just this outlook over the bay!"

Prudence spoke very gently, and sighed slightly as she spoke.

"Have you?"

"Indeed I have. What did you imagine I thought of in that dreadful hotel with mamma and the maid and the nurse and the peat and the water? I had to think of something. And I wondered if I should ever sail in the Vireo. And now I mean to sail in her the very first minute I can manage it. I got me the loveliest sailor-hat in Paris, and a ribbon with 'Vireo' on it, and a yachting-suit that looks as if it was made in Paradise. Yes, I sail the Vireo the salt seas over."

"I didn't know you went to Paris."

"I did. I wanted some clothing fit for mamma's daughter and your cousin to wear. And I've got it. You just wait and see. That's why I was a little late in coming across. Oh, how divine that color is beyond Long Ledge! Life is worth the living, isn't it, Caro dear? Yes, it is certainly a blessed thing to be alive. This world is a beautiful place. Yes, I must go out in the Vireo this very day, even if the wind isn't right for much of a sail."

Prudence leaned her head lightly on her companion's shoulder while she recited in a half-voice and with exquisite penetrating intonation,—

"The day, so mild,  
Is Heaven's own child,  
With earth and ocean reconciled.  
The airs I feel  
Around me steal  
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

"Over the rail  
My hand I trail  
Within the shadow of the sail;  
A joy intense,  
The cooling sense  
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

"With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Where Summer sings and never dies.  
O'erweiled with vines,  
She glows and shines  
Among her future oil and wines."

As she finished the lines Prudence lifted her head and smiled at her companion.

That smile somehow made Carolyn's heart sick, it was so softly brilliant. She had a wild notion, for the instant, that a woman who could smile like that, and whose eyes melted like that, was a woman to fly from across the whole world.

"Prudence——" began Carolyn, as she had once before begun.

This time Prudence did not say, "Ma'am." She responded, "Yes," in a half-whisper.

Carolyn stood up a little more erectly; she felt her hands growing cold. She went on,—

"I've often wondered how you happened to engage yourself to Rodney Lawrence."

"I shouldn't think you'd wonder about that, when you've just been and done the same thing yourself," was the response.

"Now don't be flippant."

"No, I won't be. Go on."

"Well," Carolyn began again, "perhaps I ought to say that I wonder how, having engaged yourself to Rodney, you could jilt him for anybody else in the world."

"Not for Lord Maxwell?"

"Not for a thousand Lord Maxwells."

"One is quite enough, thank you. Well, if I did wrong, I was speedily punished. I jilted Mr. Lawrence for his lordship; his lordship jilted me for the brewer's daughter. I notice that brewers' daughters over in England get much more than their share of the male nobility."

"You said you wouldn't be flippant."

"So I did. Have you any more remarks to make?"

"Yes. I remark that I thought you were in love with Rodney."

There was now a short silence. Prudence was standing with her hands clasped among the vines on top of the wall in front of her.

"Did I seem so?" she asked.

"Yes."

Prudence turned still farther away as she answered,—

"I was in love with him."

"Oh, Prudence, you are certainly unaccountable!" burst out Carolyn.

"That's just what I think myself."

As she spoke, the girl turned back toward her companion and laughed.

"Oh, yes, I was certainly in love with him. The sun rose and set in his eyes for me; I thought of him by day and dreamed of him by night; when he looked at me I felt my heart give one delightful throb and then go on as if it were beating to delicious music. He was never absent from me really; he——"

"That's quite enough," interrupted Carolyn, harshly; and she added, after a moment,—

"I don't believe one word you have said."

"Why not?" Prudence lifted her eyebrows.

"Because if you had loved him like that you would not have thought of any one else."

"Pshaw! While the fever was on, you mean."

"Prudence, why won't you be serious?"

"Because you are serious enough for two,—yes, for a dozen."

Carolyn's face had been gradually growing white. She now walked away, following the wall and staring out toward the ocean.

Prudence leaned forward on the wall, her arms extended over the thick green of the creeper that covered the stones. There was some new light in her eyes, but it was not easy to tell what that light meant.

When Carolyn returned she met her gaze with frankness and said,—

"Caro, what is it you want to say to me? You haven't said it yet."

"No, I haven't. I'm trying to ask you a question."

"Go on."

But the other girl still seemed to find extreme difficulty in saying what was in her mind. Finally she asked,—

"Are you going to try to win Rodney back to you?"

There was something deeply piteous in Carolyn's lovely face as she spoke; a pain, a hope and doubt which made the tears rise to the eyes of her companion.

"You dear little thing!" cried Prudence. "How ridiculous you are! I couldn't do it if I tried."

"Oh, I don't know," was the response. "I wish you hadn't come now. Mamma dreamed that you were drowned, and that I was glad of it. That was horrible. It frightened me. I remember how Rodney felt about you. It's useless to pretend that I don't remember, or that he is in love with me in that kind of a way. You'd find out all about it, and I may just as well tell you. I've loved him ever since I can remember; I suffered when you and he were engaged; but I meant to be reconciled to anything that would make him happy. You see, I want him to be happy, whatever happens—"

"You foolish thing!" here Prudence murmured. But the other did not seem to hear this exclamation. She went on,—

"And if I didn't think he'd be happy with me I never would have said yes to him,—no, not for anything in the world. I know he has a strong affection for me, and I——" The tender voice faltered for an instant, then went on. "I love him beyond anything I can imagine in this world or the next. I suppose I am wicked, and an idolater, and all that, but it's the truth, and I can't help it. Now are you going to—are you going to be very, very kind to him? You know you almost broke his heart once, and now I think you might let him alone. Will you?"

Instead of replying immediately, Prudence hurriedly passed her hand over her eyes; then she said, lightly,—

"I don't think you have any idea how much breaking a man's heart will bear and 'brokenly live on.'"

She smiled as she made the quotation.

"You needn't answer me like that," said Carolyn. "I suppose men's hearts are something like the hearts of women, after all. But we won't discuss that. I want you to reply to me. I've talked so

frankly to you because I thought on the whole I would do so. I was determined that there should be no misunderstanding. Now, what are you going to do?"

"Nothing."

"Do you mean it?" she asked, eagerly.

"Absolutely nothing,—save to look on, when I can't help it, at this beautiful drama of love——"

"And you are not going to flirt with Rodney?" Carolyn interrupted.

"No," the other said, firmly.

Carolyn drew a deep breath; then she laughed. "I know I've been talking in the most ridiculous way possible," she said; "but no matter. I had a desire to have you give me your promise, and you have. But you needn't think I don't know exactly how foolish I've been; because I do."

As Carolyn finished speaking she came to her cousin's side and took her hand for an instant. To her surprise, she found it as cold as her own, though the sun was shining hotly down upon the two.

"If I were a man," began Prudence, "and saw two girls like you and me, I shouldn't look at me, I should just go and fall in love with you."

"No; you wouldn't do any such thing; you'd think—oh, I know what you'd think. Oh, dear!" she partially turned toward the house, "is that Leander's voice? There's no one in the universe but a boy who can be in all places at once. I thought he had gone fishing.—Leander," turning and speaking with some asperity, "I thought you had gone coddling."

"You must be a fool, then," promptly replied Leander, coming forward with his hands in his pockets. "I ain't goin' coddin' with the sun like this, 'n' the tide like this, 'n' late as this, I tell you. What you two been talkin' about?" He scanned the faces before him, squinting his eyes almost shut as he did so. "I declare, you look exactly as if you'd been tellin' secrets. Have ye?"

"Yes, we have," answered Prudence.

Leander came yet nearer. He reached out one grimy hand and took hold of his sister's skirt and pulled it.

"Tell me," he said. "It's such good fun to have a secret. I know two of the cook's, and one of that new chambermaid's."

"Then you know enough."

"No, I don't, either. I never tell on one if I promise, you know; but I scare 'em half to death sayin' I will tell if they don't do so and so, you know. There's the cook, now. She's got so she makes my kind of choc'late cake 'bout every day, 'cause she thinks if she don't I'll tell marmar something she did one time when you were all gone."

Here the boy laughed, and danced a short shuffle on the close-cut grass.

"You're a low-bred little cad, then," said Carolyn, so sharply that she rather wondered at herself.

Leander stopped dancing. His face grew very red.

"You dasn't say that again!" he shouted. "I guess you wouldn't say such rotten, nasty things if Rodney was here. You're as sweet as

California honey when he's round. And I ain't a cad. 'N' if I am, who's a better right? 'N' you're a cad's sister, then,—that's what you are!"

"Welcome diversion!" cried Prudence. "We were getting very tired of telling secrets. Where's that tame crow? I haven't seen him yet."

But the boy could not answer. His face seemed swelling, his sharp eyes were filling.

"Leander, I beg your pardon," hastily said his sister.

"I ain't a cad!" said the boy, in a shrill quaver. "Rodney told me I was real gentlemanly 'bout that reward." Then, with a sudden fury, "I hate you, Carolyn Ffolliott, 'n' you needn't beg my pardon!"

Leander spun round and hurried away. As he did so a black speck appeared over the savin-trees.

## IV.

"I REALLY OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN AN ACTRESS."

Carolyn called imperatively to her brother to come back. Immediately after her call Mrs. Ffolliott appeared on the piazza.

"Caro," she said, remonstrantly, "what have you been saying to Leander?"

"I've been calling him a little cad."

"My dear! How could you? Now he'll be somewhere kicking and screaming, and probably doing himself an injury. How could you be so thoughtless?"

The girl made no reply; but Prudence ventured to suggest that if Leander were screaming at the present moment he would be heard plainly in the part of the world where his mother and sister were standing.

Mrs. Ffolliott twisted her hands together. "Leander is so sensitive," she said, pathetically.

By this time Carolyn had started forward to find her brother. But she paused at her cousin's exclamation,—

"Why, here's Devil now. And why has he a cord tied to his leg?"

The black speck that had sailed up over the savins gently descended and alighted in front of Prudence. It was a glossy black crow, that now immediately pulled up one foot, cocked its head on one side, and gazed knowingly at the girl as she extended a finger toward it.

It looked at the finger and drew back a little, as if it had said, "No, you don't!"

Prudence laughed. She was glad to laugh. She wanted to stretch up her arms in her relief. She had hardly known how great had been the tension upon her in these few moments with her cousin.

"You'd better tell Leander you're sorry," called Mrs. Ffolliott to her daughter; "and I wish you'd be a trifle more careful——"

Here she was interrupted by a whoop from somewhere: re-enter Leander at a full run.

"I say!" he yelled, "Devil's gnawed his cord. I was punishin' him. I say, Sis, have you been 'n' done anything to him? Oh, there he is! He's got to catch it for this!"

The boy threw himself forward with his hands out to seize the cord that extended from the crow's leg over the wall and off to the top of the nearest tree. But as the tips of his fingers touched the string, Devil gave a hoarse caw and sailed off toward the water.

Leander shrieked out, "Oh, darn that Devil!" hit his toe on a bat he had left on the lawn, and fell forward with great force on his nose, which immediately began to bleed profusely.

Then there was running to and fro by the three women, and a demanding of lint, and alum, and this thing and that by Mrs. Ffolliott. She looked with terror at the stream of blood that poured from that small nose.

As Carolyn had often said, her mother was frightened when Leander was well, fearing he might be ill, and when he was ill, being sure he was going to die.

As soon as Leander could speak he demanded cobwebs. He said that cobwebs were to be stuffed into his nose, and he should immediately die if this remedy were not applied.

"Does he think we have our pockets full of cobwebs?" asked Prudence, in so light a tone that the boy, as he half lay in his mother's arms, kicked one leg violently in resentment, and said indistinctly that he wished Prue's nose bled worse 'n' his.

"Thank you," sweetly responded Prue; "then we could bleed and die together, and there'd be no more worry about us."

This the boy also resented as savoring of mockery, and he kicked again. Mrs. Ffolliott was actually weeping by this time, lest her son should do himself an injury. She begged Prudence to be careful; she asked her not to speak again, for she might inadvertently say something that dear Leander might not like.

Upon this Prudence turned and walked away, but at the end of the piazza she paused to inform the group assembled that she was going to the barn, for she was positive she had once seen cobwebs in the roof of the hay-loft.

She did go to the stable and climbed into the mow, but by the time she had reached the door by which hay was put in, she forgot all about Leander and his nasal hemorrhage. The door was open, and there was the sea but a few rods away, with no intervening wall in front. The building stood on a bit of rising ground, and the girl looked on a short stretch of glittering sandy beach. She sat down on the threshold, her feet hanging out.

After she had gazed intently for some moments she exclaimed aloud,—

"It's just the place for a soliloquy. Enter the heroine in a white cycling-suit, having come for cobwebs. Why, yes, it was cobwebs I came for. But I'm not a cat, and I can't go up into the peak there after them. No doubt Leander will presently stop bleeding; and if he doesn't, there are already more than enough boys in the world."

She glanced up into the roof, a half-smile on her face. Then she

resumed her gaze at the sea, swinging her feet outside the door as she did so.

"I always did think soliloquies were great fun," she said, aloud, "particularly if it's the heroine who is doing the talking. Now I suppose I'm the heroine at Savin Hill; if I'm not, I mean to be, somehow. It's always best to be the heroine if it's possible. A second fiddle has its uses, but it's pleasanter to be first fiddle. I should just like to ask what you expect of a girl who has been a Carlsbad nurse for months,— expect of her when she gets out, I mean. You expect some kind of a fling, don't you? Very well; all right; I don't think you'll be disappointed. Just wait until the folks begin to come here and until I begin to wear my new frocks. Of course Rodney Lawrence can't be counted now. He's out of the running. He is going to marry Carolyn Ffolliott and be adored all the rest of his life. At forty he'll be a fat, self-satisfied wretch.

"I hope there isn't anybody near enough to hear me."

She looked about the big chamber, which now had very little hay in it. She inhaled the air, which was odorous with the ocean smell and the fragrance of a thicket of wild roses which grew among the rocks in front of the barn and slightly to the left. Nowhere do wild roses grow more rankly, more beautifully, than on the New England coast: the keen salt wind seems to stimulate them to a greater loveliness.

She leaned back again upon the side frame of the door, and resumed her gaze at the sea. She had discontinued her monologue.

A sail came floating along around the point of rocks that guarded the northern side of the cove. It was a small craft, a tiny sky-blue yacht in which sat one man holding the tiller as he leaned back in a half-reclining position, his eyes scanning the shore, but scanning it lazily, and not as though he expected to see anything familiar. The wind was light and puffy, and sometimes the boat seemed as if it would stop; swinging slowly over the waveless water.

"I could manage a boat like that well enough," Prudence said to herself, "and it would be great fun, too.

"I heed not if  
My rippling skiff  
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff:  
With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Under the walls of Paradise."

Having repeated the lines, she suddenly leaned forward and said, "Ah!" with a quick, keen interest.

The man in the boat was looking at her; he took off his cap and waved it.

He seemed to be a very tall, athletic person, wearing white trousers, a blue sack-coat, and a white cap. He had thick light hair very closely cut, long, light Dundreary whiskers, a smooth chin that was so markedly retreating that it apparently required courage to refrain from allowing it to be covered with a beard, prominent blue eyes, short upper lip, and extremely white teeth. This new-comer was sufficiently

near the shore to permit all these items of personal appearance to be noted.

"May I land, Miss Ffolliott?" he called out.

"I don't know why not. But I'm not the owner of the beach here," she answered.

In response the man laughed. The next moment he had half reefed the single sail. He took the oars and brought the boat crunching on the sand; he flung out the anchor and then leaped after it, pressing it down with his foot. Then he stood up and looked at the door of the barn, where Prudence still sat in the same position. She had watched his movements, a half-smile on her face, her eyes narrowed to two glittering lines.

"This is jolly good luck, isn't it?" he asked. Then he hastily added, "For me, I mean. When did you come?"

"This morning," she answered.

"Oh, I say now," he continued, "isn't this jolly, though? Are you going to stay long?"

"All summer, if I feel like it."

"I say, now, are you, really?"

"Not really, but apparently, you know. Really I shall be somewhere else."

The man laughed delightedly.

"May I come up there in that hay-loft? It is a hay-loft, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is a hay-loft; but it isn't mine, any more than the beach is mine."

"Then I shall come."

He ran up the steps two at a time. Miss Ffolliott shook hands with him without changing her position, save to reach forth a hand negligently. He sat down at the other side of the doorway. He looked out at the sea.

"Jolly kind of a prospect, isn't it?"

"Yes, if one likes salt water. How came you over here?"

"Came in the Cephalonia."

"When?"

"Two weeks ago."

"You look very well. Did the mud baths cure you?"

"I suppose so; anyway, something cured me. I'm as fit as a man need be."

"Why don't you say 'as right as a trivet'?"

"Didn't think of a trivet. Isn't it jolly to see you, though?"

"Thank you."

The two gave one full glance at each other, then Prudence laughed.

"Why do you laugh?" he asked, in an aggrieved tone.

"I don't know, unless it's because your conversation sounds so familiar."

"Well, laugh if you feel like it: I know conversation isn't my strong point."

"I know it isn't."

"I say, you're not very polite."

"And you're not very polite to tell me I'm not polite," she retorted.

The man laughed again, and began, "I say, now——" when Prudence interrupted him.

"Don't tell me it's jolly to see me."

"No, I won't; but it is——"

"There, you are at it again!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon."

The new-comer threw his head back and laughed once more. His companion did not join him. She gazed at him with apparent seriousness. When he had ceased laughing, Prudence inquired,—

"Did Lady Maxwell come over with you?"

Lord Maxwell's face grew more grave.

"Yes; we took the trip for her health. The doctors said a sea-voyage would tone her up, so we came over here. And now they've sent her to the Sulphur Springs. I've just taken her there. Her mother's with her, you know, and her maid, and her mother's maid, and somehow it seemed as if I'd better take a run round over the States, you know."

"Is Lady Maxwell's health improved?"

"I can't exactly tell. Some days she seems better, and then she'll be all down; malaria, you know."

"No, I didn't know."

"Yes; had Roman fever once, so her mother says. Wasn't treated right. I say, is this what they call Massachusetts Bay?"

Lord Maxwell swept out his arm toward the water.

"Yes, that's what they call it."

The gentleman expatiated again upon the beauties of his surroundings; he assured his companion that she must have no end of a jolly time, and then asked, with some abruptness, "Any men here?"

"One now; but a prospect of more."

There was a brief silence after this question and answer. Then Lord Maxwell exclaimed, "I say——"

Prudence looked at him, a smile lurking about her lips and in her eyes.

"You're always laughing at me, Miss Ffolliott!" he said, but his manner showed that the fact did not make him miserable.

"What were you going to say?" she inquired.

"Only that it isn't a bad hotel over yonder where I'm stopping, and if you'd let me come here and call now and then, I'd stay there a week or two. Is this your aunt Ffolliott's place that you told me about,—that you called one of your homes?"

"Yes."

"Would she permit me to call?"

"Certainly. Any friend of mine would be welcome," with a little air of *hauteur* and distance.

"Oh, thanks. And now I suppose I must go."

He rose and looked down at her, as if he were hoping she would tell him not to go so soon. But she said nothing.

"I suppose you wheel?" glancing at her dress.

"Yes, of course."

"I might have known you would: so do I. Perhaps you'll let me take a spin with you?"

"Perhaps."

"And you like sailing as well as ever?"

"Yes."

"Then I hope you'll go out in this bit of a boat of mine; she's a real fine one; and I like something I can manage all myself, so I got a small one. You'll try her?"

"Perhaps."

"You don't seem very eager?"

"Don't I?"

"No. And we're old friends, aren't we?"

He asked the question with a wistful frankness. Before she could answer it, he went on in some haste,—

"I never knew whether to believe you really when you told me you forgave me. You said you understood precisely how I was situated, and that you didn't blame me, for you might have done the same thing. Do you remember?"

"Oh, yes, I remember all about everything. And I do forgive you."

"I'm so glad! And we are friends?"

"Yes, we are friends."

Prudence had risen to her feet now. Her eyes were raised to the face above her, and the man met a softly brilliant look that recalled the past vividly to him and made him think that he could not do better, since he must kill time some way, than to stay over at that sea-side hotel, though he had been thinking a half-hour ago that he might as well move on. He was also telling himself that Prudence Ffolliott was more sensible than most girls; she understood how a "fellow might be obliged to do some things when he wanted to do other things:" this was the way Lord Maxwell put the case in his own mind. And she wasn't going to lay anything up.

He looked at her gratefully. What a fetching kind of a face she had! He didn't know whether there was a really pretty feature in it, but that didn't matter. It had been a devilish set of circumstances that had obliged him to break off with her; yes, a devilish set. He had done it as honorably as he could; but he had never liked to think of his behavior at that time. It was such an immense relief to know that she didn't bear malice.

"Well," he said, abruptly, "I'll go now. Good-by."

He held out his hand, and Prudence put her fingers in it for the briefest space of time.

He ran down the stable stairs and down the slope of beach.

As he lifted his anchor to fling it into his boat, a crow flew down between him and the anchor, cawing as it flew.

He started back with an exclamation.

"It's only Devil," called out the girl from the door, laughing gayly as she spoke.

"That's just what I thought it was," was the response.

Lord Maxwell gazed an instant after the bird, which flew up to where Prudence stood and perched on the threshold beside her, curving its black neck and looking down at the man.

Maxwell pushed out and spread his sail. At the bottom of all his thoughts concerning this meeting was a feeling of pique that, after all, Miss Ffolliott cared so little for his failure to marry her. But he ought to be glad of that. Did he want her sighing and dying for him?

He glanced up at the sail, which almost flapped, so light was the wind. He had stopped thinking of Prudence, and was now thinking of the woman he had married. His thoughts did not often linger upon that subject. He didn't know of any earthly reason why they should. But just now he remembered with exceeding distinctness that Miss Arabella Arkwright had a thick waist and thick fingers; that she had at first shown a very annoying inclination to call him "my lord," but, thank fortune, he had made her drop that; and he was quite sure that she no longer referred to him as "his lordship;" he was glad of that also. And she had greatly toned down in regard to her dress. There was no fault to find with her money, however. She had no end of it,—literally no end, Lord Maxwell was grateful to know. Even the payment of his debts had not appreciably lessened the amount.

It had been extremely jolly for the first six months for this nobleman to be aware that he had no creditors, and to have no fear that he should overdraw on his banker. But it was sadly true that even the novelty of having money enough for every whim began to be what he called "an old story." He could get used to that, but he couldn't quite get used to the fact that Arabella Arkwright was his wife. He knew she was not to blame for his having had to break with a woman he fancied, and who could amuse him, but he often caught himself feeling as if she were to blame. At such moments Lord Maxwell fiercely reproved himself for a low-bred wretch. He was "not much for intellect," as he often said, but he thought he wanted to have the feelings of a gentleman, and to act like one.

Prudence Ffolliott resumed her seat in the door of the hay-mow. Devil remained beside her. The cord which Leander had tied to its leg still dangled from it. Occasionally the bird pecked at the string, but he had not yet succeeded in detaching it.

Now as he sat he would turn a bright eye toward his companion, looking as if he knew unutterable things about her, but would never tell them, never, never.

She extended her hand and touched the top of the bird's head with the tip of her finger.

"You and I know strange things, don't we, Devil?" she asked.

Devil turned his head this way and that. He hopped a few inches nearer.

"Do you care for Rodney Lawrence, Devil? Oh, you don't? Because he saved your life when you were just out of the shell; and he tamed you; and all you are you owe to him. You don't care if you do? All right. That's like a human being; that's ingratitude. And

you stole his ring from him, did you? and hid it in the wall, and it wasn't found until he didn't care for it any more. No, he doesn't care now."

Prudence rose and walked about over the hay-strewn floor. Her cheeks had grown red. Her eyes had sparks in them. Suddenly she put her hands together, then flung them out with a dramatic gesture. Then she smiled.

"I really ought to have been an actress," she said, looking at the crowd, and speaking as if addressing it.

## V.

## BEING A CHAPERON.

Rodney Lawrence decided that he would not stay in his room more than twenty-four hours. Therefore on the following morning he essayed to dress himself, and was much disgusted to find that somehow his head was odd, and that a general stiffness and soreness made him feel as he fancied a man of eighty years must feel.

So he gave up the attempt. He donned a dressing-gown and put himself with some violence on a lounge near the window with a book in his hand. This he did for three consecutive days.

Company had arrived meantime. The young man heard talking and laughing and singing and piano- and banjo-playing in the house, and apparently all about him.

Once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon Mrs. Ffolliott paid him a short visit. She always told him she was glad to see he was improving, and always asked if he wouldn't like some calf's-foot jelly.

This morning, when she had made her customary visit, he had immediately volunteered this remark:

"Aunt Tishy, I don't want any calf's-foot jelly. I never did like it, and I don't like it now."

The lady had smiled in a somewhat vague manner as she patted the young man's cheek in response. Then she said that Rodney was so fond of his joke.

"I suppose you'll be down-stairs by to-morrow, won't you?" she asked; and this also was her customary question.

Lawrence made an impatient movement. He was fond of Aunt Tishy, but he often wished she were not quite so inconsequent.

"I shall be down as soon as I can, you may be sure of that," he answered. "Are the same people here?"

"Yes, but Mrs. Blair goes this afternoon. Good-by, Rodney dear. I'll send you up a fine dinner."

Then Mrs. Ffolliott walked toward the door. But the young man recalled her.

"Aunt Tishy, where's Leander? He's only been here twice, and he was on the wing then. He isn't entertaining Mrs. Blair and the rest, is he?"

"Oh, no." Here Mrs. Ffolliott smiled approbatively, as she often

did when her son was mentioned. "Lee says he's in the chaperon business."

"The chaperon business? What on earth does he mean by that?" Lawrence tried to speak amiably.

"Why, he's been boating and cycling with Prudence and Lord Maxwell a good deal."

Lawrence instantly averted his eyes from his companion's face. His voice had a deeper note in it, though it sounded quite indifferent, as he said,—

"I didn't know Lord Maxwell was here."

"Oh, yes; that is to say, he isn't here; he's over at the Seaview. He's stopping there, but he has been over here often."

"Oh, he has? And Lee is chaperoning Prudence, is he?"

"That's what he calls it; anyway, Prudence said of course she wasn't going out alone with Lord Maxwell. She said it would bore her to death to go alone with him."

"And so Leander goes to keep her from being bored to death?"

"Yes. She says Leander makes everything amusing."

"I wish, then, he'd come and amuse me. I don't have even Lord Maxwell."

"I'll tell Lee. You'll be sure to be down to-morrow, Rodney?"

So Mrs. Ffolliott swept out of the room. Lawrence turned again toward the window, magazine in hand. He seemed to read assiduously; he turned over the leaves regularly; his eyes ran along the lines scrupulously.

Presently there came a soft tap on the door. Lawrence's face brightened; he dropped the book on the floor and rose laboriously. He went to the door and opened it.

Carolyn stood there. She had on a hat and seemed in some haste. She carried a red rose in her hand.

Lawrence seized the hand eagerly. He drew her in and kissed her. She glanced back through the open door along the hall. She blushed delightfully.

"You're not afraid that some one will see me kiss you and thus know that you belong to me?" he asked, banteringly.

"It's too much like a chambermaid to be kissed in the hall," she answered, with a laugh.

"Oh, is it?"

"But I'm not afraid that people will think I belong to you: I'm——"

She hesitated so long that Lawrence drew her yet nearer, with a fine disregard of the open door.

"You're what?" he asked.

"I'm proud to be yours."

Here she turned her face away and held up the rose to shield her.

"My darling!" he exclaimed. She glanced at him shyly. It was enchanting to see the lovely face so happy.

"Now I must go," she went on, after a moment. "They're waiting for me. Oh, I wish you were able to come to drive with us! You are truly much better?"

"Truly. I shall surely be out in a day or two. Stay one minute. Why didn't you tell me Lord Maxwell was over at Seaview?"

Carolyn flushed deeply, but she answered, promptly, "Because I thought I wouldn't recall anything disagreeable to you; and I know he must be disagreeable."

"Pshaw! What do I care about him? Why, Carolyn," his voice sinking to a tender intonation, "haven't I got you to think of, to live for, now? What more do I want, and what can hurt me so long as I have you?"

The young man's face was full of a feeling that accorded with his words.

"Carolyn!" called her mother from the lower hall.

"Let me see you once more to-day," whispered Lawrence, and then the girl ran down the stairs.

Lawrence hobbled back to his lounge again. He was thinking that he was the luckiest fellow in the world, and why shouldn't he and Carolyn be married in the very early fall, say the first day of September?

He was still thinking this, when a sharp, fine rat-tat on the door made him call out,—

"Come in!"

Whereupon the door was opened and shut with great swiftness, and Leander Ffolliott advanced to the lounge.

He was dressed in his suit as a member of the United States navy, the same habiliments which he wore when we first had the honor of meeting him. He once explained why he liked these "togs" better than anything else he had, better even than the much abbreviated cycling-suit, in which he looked like a mere atom of humanity. These, he said, were regular trousers; they were not the "darn things that came only to his knees." It will be seen that he was already looking forward to pantaloons.

Leander paused near where Lawrence was lying. He had his hands in his pockets, of course, and he was jingling jackstones industriously.

"Well," he said, "how does it go?"

"It doesn't go at all," was the response. Then Lawrence held out his hand and said, "Shake, old fellow."

The boy extended a hand and grinned appreciatively.

"I s'pose you ain't goin' to be hauled up long?" he asked.

"I don't know. I hear you've got a job. How do you like it?"

"What?"

"Why, being a chaperon?"

Leander laughed shortly. He sat down on the edge of a chair.

"I tell you, ain't Prue jolly?" he exclaimed.

"Do you find her so?"

"You bet I do! No end. So does the Britisher."

"The Britisher?"

"Yes, you know,—the lord fellow that's got eyes, but no chin to speak of. You've seen him, 'ain't you?"

"Never had that pleasure."

"That so? Thought you had. He's in plain sight here a lot."

"He hasn't been in plain sight much from this window," said Lawrence.

The boy looked at him keenly. "Got a pain?" he asked.

"No. Why?"

"You spoke so sharp. I s'pose you ache a good deal?"

"Some. Are you always with Maxwell when he comes?"

"Lordy! no, I ain't. In the evening, if he 'n' Prue are walkin' round in the garden, I ain't with 'em then. But I'm along if they ride horseback, or go in the boat,—the Britisher's boat, you know,—or wheelin', and so on. Prue says I make things more interestin'."

"Oh, you go to make things interesting?"

"That's about it."

Leander's shrewd little eyes would roam about the room and then come back to the face of the man on the lounge. He now added, "But I guess I don't make things as interestin' as Prue does."

"I guess you don't."

"No, you bet. She's a one-er for that, ain't she?" he remarked, with animation.

"Yes, she is."

There was a short silence now, during which Leander took a set of jackstones from his right pocket and began a game on his knee, getting no farther, however, than "two-sers," as his knee was very small.

Lawrence watched him. He was amused and interested. There were many questions he might ask, but he would not interrogate the boy, save in a general way.

"The Britisher never wants to go back to his hotel," at last remarked Leander. "I don't see why he stays at a hotel if he doesn't want to stay. I say, do lords always have that sort of a chin?"

"I don't know."

"And when they come over here, do they always put their wives into some kind of sulphur springs?"

"I don't know."

"'Cause that's where his wife is, in sulphur springs, and it don't do her any good, either."

Lawrence burst into a laugh, and, after staring an instant, Leander joined him shrilly.

After that the conversation turned to other subjects. Leander gave a detailed account of how his nose was finally stopped from bleeding, and informed his friend that, though his mother was scared almost to death, he himself was not in the least alarmed. Having exhausted this subject, he went to the window and immediately cried out, "There's Devil! Do you know what I'm doin' when I ain't chaperonin'?"

No, Lawrence did not know.

"I'm teachin' Devil to carry letters,—just as if he was a carrier dove, you know." Here he chuckled. "You oughter have heard Flora Blair sing, 'Oh, carry these lines to my lady-love!'"

Leander raised his voice to a high squeak and shut his eyes languishingly as he mimicked the singer. He opened them again and continued,—

"She said 'twas an old song, and, oh, wasn't it lovely? Her singin' "

that made me think of havin' Devil learn, you know. I tie a teenty bit of paper on his leg, and then—oh, I'll tell you all about it some time. Prue's helpin' me. She says it may come handy when one of us is shut up in a dungeon, you know. Don't you think so?"

Lawrence nodded. His mind was hardly following the boy's words now. There was creeping upon him a dull sense of dissatisfaction, he knew not why.

Leander prattled on, the words sounding confusedly in the still room. At last Lawrence's ears caught the sentence, "For Caro wouldn't let Lord Maxwell have the Vireo and take us all down to the Point of Rocks. She was as silly as she could be, but she wouldn't give in. When I asked her afterwards, she said the Vireo shouldn't go out till you were able to sail her."

Lawrence inwardly called himself childish because of the warm glow that came to his heart as he heard.

"Bless her! bless her!" he said to himself. "She cares for me."

In two days more the young man was down-stairs. He still moved rather stiffly, but his face was radiant as he sat on the piazza with Carolyn.

"We're going to have a long morning all by ourselves," said the girl, but she had scarcely spoken when two people came strolling along in the shrubbery at the left of the lawn.

Lawrence did not suppress an exclamation of impatience when Prudence came in sight, followed by a tall man whom Lawrence had not seen.

Prudence hastened forward. She came to Lawrence and held out her hand, looking up at him with a warm glance of delight.

"Welcome, Mr. Lawrence, welcome!" she said, in a low voice.

"Thank you," he responded, somewhat coldly.

"And so you're really better?"

"Oh, I'm all right now. I suppose you have all been desolated by my absence."

Lawrence knew that these last words were in very poor taste, but an inexplicable bitterness in his heart made him say them. He tried immediately to laugh them off.

"Oh, yes," returned Prudence, "we have refrained from smiling, all of us, save Leander, who is a heartless wretch."

Then she introduced the two men to each other, and they bowed stiffly, and Lord Maxwell said it must be no end of a bore to be shut up in a room: he had tried it, and he knew.

Having said thus much, his lordship turned markedly to Prue. "I say, let's see what's the matter with your wheel. You've forgotten all about it, you know."

As the two walked away, Lawrence avoided looking after them. He turned toward Carolyn, and saw that she had her eyes fixed upon Prue's retreating figure. There was a look of anxiety on her face.

"Oh, I do wish she wouldn't do so!" she exclaimed.

"Do what?"

"Why, go on so with Lord Maxwell. Of course everybody notices it."

"And his wife in sulphur springs," laughed Lawrence.

The girl glanced at him quickly, and then laughed.

"That's what Lee told me," Lawrence explained. Then he added, with some edge to his tone, "I suppose no one but an Englishman would have the courage to shave such a chin as he wears. Most of us poor men-folks would let a beard hide that. Why, it makes him look almost imbecile."

And again Lawrence had the unpleasant consciousness that he was speaking childishly.

Carolyn leaned a little toward her companion. She smiled charmingly as she said, in a bantering tone, "Don't let's care anything about the Maxwell chin."

Then they both laughed.

It was an hour later in the day that Prudence, walking down toward the shore, came upon Lawrence sitting on the ground placidly smoking a cigar.

She was alone, and she paused irresolutely as she saw him.

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VI.

THE EVENING BEFORE.

Lawrence rose and threw away his cigar.

"Where's Carolyn?" she asked, quickly.

"Called into the house. Where's Lord Maxwell?"

"Gone back to Seaview. It seems as if we ought to console each other, doesn't it?"

"Yes. But I won't even try to make Maxwell's place good."

"Thank fortune you can't!"

"Is that the way you speak of absent friends?"

Prudence deliberately sat down in the shade of the tree near where Lawrence had been sitting.

"Let us converse," she said.

The young man resumed his position.

"No," remarked Prudence, presently; "that isn't the way I speak of absent friends. I don't know that Lord Maxwell is a friend——"

"What is he, then, I should like to know?"

"Oh, well, perhaps you may call him 'first firter' just now."

Here Prudence pulled a long blade of grass and thoughtfully examined it.

"First firter? Ugh!"

After this Lawrence kept silence, and the girl picked the grass to pieces. He glanced at her; he saw that her face was softening in a way he remembered. He thought he would rise and walk away; then it did not seem quite courteous to leave her so markedly.

"I hope you enjoy it," he said, finally.

"Sitting here with you? Oh, yes," she replied, in a gentle voice, but with a quizzical smile.

"No," he said, rather too forcibly; "firting with Maxwell."

"I don't enjoy it at all," she remarked, plaintively.

"Then I'd be hanged if I'd do it!" he commented, emphatically.

"I suppose he likes it, though."

"Rodney, please don't talk to me so."

[Prudence suddenly lifted her eyes and looked at Lawrence. Her whole face seemed to quiver for an instant with some uncontrollable emotion. Then she turned her head aside and was silent.]

Lawrence sat there rigid, waiting for the next words to be spoken. He did not intend to be the one to speak them; but after a moment he said, slowly forming his sentence,—

"I think a friend would advise you not to keep up this apparent intimacy with Lord Maxwell."

Prudence laughed as one laughs who will not weep.

"One must do something," she said.

She did not glance at him now, but he looked at her, boldly and insistently.

"What do you mean?" He put the inquiry authoritatively.

She turned still farther away. "Do you require everything to be explained?" she asked, in a voice just audible.

He hesitated. Then he answered, "I beg your pardon. I require nothing."

She seemed to be waiting that she might have herself more under control. At last she said, "I deserve that you should speak in that way to me."

Lawrence thrust his hands into the pockets of his loose coat. He could shut them fast there and no one would see them.

"Deserve?" he repeated. "I don't understand."

"Yes, you must understand."

The words were spoken softly and tremulously; but the head was still averted. Prudence now went on hurriedly, as if she could not speak fast enough, and as if she were saying something that had long been in her mind to be spoken.

"It must be right to tell you how I've suffered for my—my mistake—I could almost call it crime—of two years ago. I—I—oh, I have suffered!"

The voice ceased, and the speaker covered her face with her hands.

Lawrence felt his heart growing hot with the sudden access of crowding emotions. He gave the girl one look which took in the graceful, well-remembered figure as if it were then and there being stamped afresh on his mind.

"Before you married and were happy with the woman you love," Prudence now went on, quickly, "I wanted you to say you forgave me."

"I forgive you," he said, promptly, and with unnecessary distinctness.

Prudence raised her head. Her face was wet, her eyes large and full of light.

"I didn't mean to make a scene," she said, still more hurriedly. "I know you don't like scenes, and I don't like them myself. But I didn't expect ever to see you alone again, and, happening to meet you,

I had to tell you that I couldn't live if you didn't forgive me. You do?"

"Yes."

"Give me your hand upon it."

Lawrence drew a hand from his pocket and extended it, grasping closely the hand Prudence placed in it.

"It's a strong hand and true," she said, smiling: "Carolyn will be happy. And she deserves to be."

Prudence withdrew her hand immediately. The two sat in silence, both gazing straight ahead with a look in their eyes as if they saw nothing.

"You will be so much happier with Caro than you would have been with me." Prudence spoke quite cheerfully. "I don't suppose I would have been anything like a model wife, and Caro will be. She'll be always wanting you to be comfortable; while I—I shouldn't have been so thoughtful, I'm afraid; I should only have just——" She stopped abruptly.

Lawrence, with his face still straight ahead, repeated,—

"Only have just——"

"Loved you,"—in a tone so penetrating and so sweet that the man who heard it looked like a stone man, in that he made no visible response. She went on directly, in a matter-of-fact way, "I mean, you know, if things had gone on as we once planned."

"If you had not jilted me."

"Yes." She hesitated, and then said, "But you just told me that you forgave me."

"So I do."

"You ought; for if I had not done that, you wouldn't now be engaged to Caro; and you'll be so happy with her."

Lawrence moved uneasily. He glanced about him indefinitely. It did not seem to him as if he could abruptly walk away from this girl.

"Are you very tired of me?" she unexpectedly inquired. "Do you want me to go up to the house and tell Caro you are waiting here?"

Here she laughed, the sound ringing out in the still air. But before he could reply, the girl had risen to her feet.

Lawrence rose quickly also. "Are you going?" he asked.

"I bore you so," she said. She was standing before him, her hands clasped and hanging down in front of her. Her face was turned to him, but her eyelids were drooped.

He gave a short laugh. He tried to speak, but his tongue blundered over the words. At last he said, constrainedly, "You speak that which is not." Then he tried to laugh again.

Prudence looked about her rapidly. She took a step nearer to her companion.

"It isn't in the least likely that we shall ever be alone together again," she said, in a half-voice: "so why need we quarrel?"

"Why, indeed? I have forgiven you, and we are going to be friends. Isn't that our attitude toward each other?"

Prudence clasped her hands. "Oh, Rodney, you don't forgive me, and you don't like me any more!"

He stood silent, grimly looking at the woman before him.

"I can't go on with my life thinking you bear me ill will,—I tell you I can't!" she said.

"But I don't bear you ill will. If Lord Maxwell had not married some one else, do you think you would have experienced this access of repentance?"

The instant Lawrence had spoken thus he would have given much to be able to take back the words. But the sting of bitter memory, the recollection of past suffering, overwhelmed him. }

Prudence turned so white that it almost seemed as if she would fall. But she did not fall; she stood up straight and stiff. Even her lips appeared to be stiff, for she tried twice to speak before she said,—

"Mr. Lawrence, will you give me that ring? Leander says you have it again."

For answer Lawrence put his thumb and finger in his waistcoat-pocket and drew forth a ring in which was set a large, dark red stone. He held out the trinket in silence and laid it in the palm of the extended hand.

"I believe this is the end," he said, after a moment.

Her whole aspect changed in a flash. She smiled while she closed her fingers over the ring. She was glancing at some object behind Lawrence.

"It's not the end," she responded, in a low voice: "it's what I call the sequel." Then, louder, "I'm glad you've come, Caro, for I don't know what would have happened if we had been left to ourselves, Mr. Lawrence is that belligerent. We have quarrelled about everything we've mentioned."

Carolyn advanced along the path behind Lawrence, who, for the life of him, could not refrain from hesitating perceptibly before he turned. In the violence of the revulsion he could hardly breathe. What would Carolyn think of him if she saw his face, which he knew must tell her something, and which he was sure would tell the wrong thing? And how odd in him to hesitate! }

There was Prudence strolling negligently away. Just now she reached a curve in the path. She paused and turned back. She waved her hand. She sang gayly,—

"Oh, Love has been a villain  
Since the days of Troy and Helen,  
When he caused the death of Paris  
And of many, many more!"

"What good spirits Prudence has!" Carolyn exclaimed, as she reached her lover's side.

"Yes," he answered; then the eyes of the two met, and the girl drew back somewhat.

"Has anything happened?" she asked, in a whisper.

"Nothing,—nothing," he returned, and then added, violently, "I

thank heaven that it's you who will be my wife,—you, you, Caro, and no one else!"

She shrank from him still more, but he caught her hands and insisted upon drawing her nearer. With her head on his shoulder she said, indistinctly,—

"I hope, oh, I do hope, Rodney, that you are not making a mistake! You're sure, aren't you?"

"Sure? A thousand times sure," he replied, eagerly. "And why should we put off our marriage? You haven't any reason."

"Yes, I have; a very strong one."

"I doubt it; and I shall not consider it."

"I want you to be positive, sure beyond question, that you know your own mind."

"Ah!" came triumphantly from Lawrence, "then we'll be married to-morrow."

From that day the young man was possessed with the resolve that his marriage should not be deferred. And of course he won over Carolyn and her mother.

Really, there seemed no need of delay. The two had always known each other; they had sufficient means.

So the day was set for the first week in September. Lawrence came and went in the very highest spirits. They were to start on a long journey, going in the Cunard steamer that sailed on the afternoon of the day. "We will be gone two years at least," Lawrence said. "We'll go everywhere and see everything. Nobody will ever be as happy as we will be."

And Carolyn was quite sure that no one was ever as happy as she was then. She wrote a long letter to Prudence, who was in Newport with her mother, who had come back from Carlsbad. She told her every detail. There was to be no wedding party, only just the family present; mamma had insisted otherwise, but she and Rodney had overruled her; they would probably never be married again, and they wanted things their own way. Only Prue and her mother must come.

And so Prue and her mother came the day before, and were met by Lawrence, who was very thin, with black hollows under very brilliant eyes, and whose manner was full of spirit and gayety.

"It is evident enough that Rodney is in love with you, my dear," said Prue's mother as she kissed her niece, "and you'll be happy ever after, of course; and that's the way things ought to be."

The marriage was to take place on the morrow. At eight o'clock on the night before, the family rose from the dinner-table. The two girls disappeared up the stairs. The mothers sat in the drawing-room over a fire of logs on the hearth, talking over, for the twentieth time, every detail of the next day. Had Caro really got everything in her trunks? Was she to have the right wraps on board ship?

Lawrence went out of the house. He lingered on the piazza. He lighted a match and looked at the barometer.

"Set fair," he said, aloud. He took off his hat and passed his hand over his forehead.

"That's good," he went on, still aloud: "I'm glad it's set fair."

Caro ought to have everything fair ; and I shall have fair weather too if I'm with her. There was never a luckier fellow in the world than I am."

He kept his hat off. He looked up at the sparkling heavens as he said, reverently,—

"Pray God I may make her as happy as she deserves to be!"

He went on down the path that led toward the water, not minding much which way he was going. There was a brisk southwest wind blowing, though it was not cool ; rather there was a softness in the air, which was full of the noise of insects.

All at once the young man turned with a distinct purpose toward the bay. He had thought of the Vireo, which lay moored at the wharf in the inlet.

"I'll go out for an hour in her," he thought. He hastened across the field, and in a few moments was going down the slope of the shore.

It was not a clear night, for clouds swept up from the south and hastened over the sky, so that the stars shone out only intermittently in the deep blue-black of the heavens. This was a wind to drive the Vireo at a fine pace over the bay.

Lawrence was impatient to be off. As he unfastened the rope from the post on the wharf, something came pell-mell down the beach, clattering over the shingle and up to his side.

"Oh, I say!" cried Leander, "is that you? I didn't know but it was some scamp goin' to steal the Vireo."

"Did you think you could help it?" asked Lawrence, as he flung down the rope.

"You bet. Goin' out?"

"Yes. Why aren't you in bed?"

"Bed? Ain't you green? Guess I'll go with you." And Leander prepared to clamber on board.

But Lawrence was not in a mood to hear the boy's chatter. He reached forward and took hold of Lee's jacket collar, lifting him back onto the wharf.

"I'd rather be alone," he explained ; "and Aunt Tishy'd be sure to worry about you."

As he spoke he leaped into the boat and began to push it off from the planks.

Contrary to Lawrence's expectation, Leander submitted calmly, not to say hilariously. He was heard to dance about on the wharf, and to laugh.

"Goin' alone, are you? All right ; go it. If you want any chaperonin' done, just send a cable message ; money back if you're not suited. Ta ta ! Be good !"

Leander sat down on the wharf and drew his knees up to his chin. In this position he pulled out of his pocket two cigarettes which he had that day taken from Lawrence's case. Then he took a match from another pocket and "lighted up," puffing so fast that he soon began to choke.

Meanwhile, Lawrence, with the facility of custom, and notwith-

standing the darkness, had put up the sail, and the boat skimmed swiftly out over the water.

There was a tiny cabin, a place only made for shelter in a storm. At the entrance of this cabin now a voice asked,—

“Is that you, Lee? How did you get the sail up without my help?”

VII.

“A BLESSED CHANCE.”

When Lawrence heard that voice his hand suddenly slackened on the rope and the sail almost swung loose. The boat wavered, then with a quick firmness his grasp on tiller and rope strengthened, and the craft gathered herself and darted forward, the water splashing away from her sides, the wind humming.

Lawrence did not turn his head, and at first he did not speak. The sail and the darkness shielded him.

“I thought I heard talking,” went on the voice, “but the wind blew so I couldn’t be sure. I hope no one knows about our lark. It would spoil the fun : besides, they’d worry.”

Silence again. The boat gained in speed as it left the shelter of the land.

Was it a moment or was it a half-hour that passed before the voice said, sharply,—

“Leander!”

“It’s not Leander,” was the just audible answer.

To this there was no response for so long a time that Lawrence almost began to think that his sense of hearing had played him false. Had he really heard anything? He made a great effort to become calmer. He had pulled the sail taut and fastened it. He now stood perfectly still, with the tiller in his hand. The boat was heeling over as she went on, the water hissing past her. He took note that the sky seemed to be clearing; the stars were brighter.

He remembered that Leander and Prudence used to go out in the Vireo sometimes by themselves, for Prudence, as Carolyn often said, was better than most skippers, and Lee made a good second officer.

After a while Lawrence knew that Prudence had left the cabin; he knew that she was standing close to him, steadying herself by the mast.

“Sit down,” he said, with authority.

She obeyed, placing herself in the stern-seat near where he stood. In a moment he sat down beside her. He wondered if he should think to hold the tiller, his surprise was so great.

“Did you know I was here?” she asked.

“No. I felt a sudden wish to take a sail. I came down here; I met Leander at the wharf; I wouldn’t let him go.”

“You wanted to be alone?”

“Yes,” he said, with hesitation.

A silence, and then Prudence exclaimed, “Oh, how strange this is!”

“Yes.”

Lawrence spoke mechanically. Presently he asked, "Shall I put the boat about?"

"I think you might better."

"Yes; of course we'll go back directly."

Another silence. Lawrence made no movement to turn. Then he coldly suggested that, now they were out, they might as well run across the bay. To this there was no reply.

After a while Prudence asked softly, leaning near, that she might be heard, "I hope you're not too unhappy because you happen to be with me: are you?"

"No."

"You know I'm not to blame. You know I didn't plan it."

"I know that."

The boat went on. Neither of the two spoke for a long time. Then Lawrence put a question. "Are you miserable?"

"No."

"And yet I'm not Lord Maxwell."

"Oh, please don't!"

"Prudence, give me your hand."

The girl's hand, cold as an icicle, was reached toward him, and was instantly crushed in his. He must still hold the tiller with his other hand, must still think of his boat.

"Prudence——" he hesitated.

He heard her whisper, "Rodney——"

Then he cried, "Why did you do such a damnable thing? Why? Why? We might have been two years man and wife."

At first she made no reply. He felt her shiver, then draw nearer to him.

The wind drove a blast toward them, and then all at once grew more gentle.

"I was mad to do it," she said, "and now I am punished,—punished cruelly,—and I shall suffer all my life. But you're going to be happy. I'm glad of that."

There were pauses between her sentences.

"Shall you be glad to have me happy with some one else?"

His voice had fallen to the cadence she remembered so well.

"Anything,—anything,—so that you are happy."

She spoke passionately, and she sobbed heavily after her words.

Lawrence drew himself away, as if by command of something outside of himself. Then quickly he came nearer. He put his free arm about her and kissed her; he kissed her again and again, her lips responding to his caress, touching his own as they had done—ah, how long ago was it? It seemed as if time had been annihilated and he was back to that day when she had said she loved him. And how he had loved her!—as the cataract rushes over the cliff: the old trite comparison was the true one. At the meeting of their lips the torrent rushed over his soul again. What did anything matter, so that he had her again? Her arms were about his neck, her face was against his. He heard her say, "Dearest," in the same tone in which she had first spoken it to him more than two years ago,—the tone he had tried to forget.

"We are not to blame," she said. "We didn't try to meet. It was a blessed chance—oh, a blessed chance! And now we have met, how can we part?"

She hung upon him. She seemed to have flung from her all the self-control which she knew so well how to maintain.

It was as if her love had mastered all else; Lawrence felt it to be thus. It was love for him, he felt, that was stronger than everything besides. This conviction went to his head; it made him long to forget the present, that was not hers, in that past which had been hers.

And how strange, how unaccountable, that he should have found her in the boat! *Was* it a blessed chance?

Another and a wilder rush of wind; a black cloud just overhead sent down a dash of rain, which ceased as suddenly as it began.

It seemed to Lawrence that he had great presence of mind because he continued to keep control of the rudder. He tried to think as well as to feel, but his quick-coursing blood prevented thought.

How could he ever have believed for one moment that he loved Carolyn? Why, his whole heart belonged to this woman who was clinging to him as if it would be death to her to be put away.

He wished to speak, to say something that he ought to say, but his voice stopped in his throat.

The Vireo flashed by a dark body that had a light shining at its bows,—some ship swinging at anchor. Vaguely Lawrence heard a man on the deck above him shout out something, he could not distinguish what.

He and Prudence were flying through space—together. Then, still vaguely, and with a threatening horror, he thought of that picture of Francesca and her lover flying always through trackless air, never stopping, gulfs below them, infinitude above them. They had supped full of love, and now——

"Dearest!"

It was the voice of Prudence saying that word again. Lawrence wished to rouse himself to some sense of duty; but duty appeared to be something indefinite and very far away; and then perhaps he had been cherishing some old-fashioned, mistaken sense of what was duty. If that were so——

"Are you going to turn toward the shore?"

Prudence asked the question as if she were speaking of a thing impossible to do. She was looking at him with eyes whose beauty and deep, seductive power he could perceive through the dusk.

He held her still closer.

"Do you tell me to turn?" he murmured.

He knew that she hesitated; he felt a slight shudder go through her frame. Her very hesitation spurred him.

"If you tell me to turn," he said, in the same half-tone, close to her cheek, "I shall obey. But you will not tell me."

Silence. The spray from the waves sprinkled over the two. Far ahead, but growing brighter, a line of lights showed where the north shore curved.

Prudence pressed still nearer to him.

"God forgive me!" she cried: "but I can't ask you to go back."

"And if we go on now, we shall not part again?" He spoke rapidly; there was a note of desperation in his words which she perceived.

"Go on," she said: "we will never part again."

She kissed his lips lightly, then put her head on his breast.

"God forgive us! God forgive us!" Lawrence also cried; and he added, as he held his burden tightly, "I can't let you go. No, not if heaven and hell tried to part us. Now you are mine."

But not all the intoxication of that moment could prevent the picture of Carolyn's face from coming suddenly and clearly before Lawrence as he spoke. That once it came, then vanished.

It was several moments before Prudence lifted her head and looked about her.

The north shore had approached still nearer,—so near that her strong eyes could see bonfires on the beach, and children feeding the flames, and cottages behind, lighted up by the flickering brilliance.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I don't know. Wherever you say. Somewhere where there's a clergyman who will marry us?"

"Yes. And we must make some definite plan."

"You make the plan."

"I will try. As for me, I'd like to go on like this for days, driven by the warm wind between ocean and sky, and with no one but you,—no one but you." She repeated the words in a tone just loud enough for him to hear. "You love me, then?"

"Love you? Do I not prove it?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," she cried, in that intense tone which seems the voice of passion itself; "and as for me—oh, I will also prove to you how happy you make me."

A short time after Lawrence rose; he trimmed the sail. He looked at his watch; it was ten o'clock. The breeze was abating, and he succeeded in keeping the match-flame ablaze as he examined the dial.

"If the wind holds on at all," he said, "we can make Salem, or some of those towns."

"Why not Boston?" asked Prudence, who deftly helped her companion with the sail, or steered while he worked.

He glanced toward her. They had lighted a lantern and fastened it in the bows. Its rays fell on the girl's face. It was radiantly, excitedly pale; the soft luminousness of it might make a man forget many things.

"And the Scythia sails to-morrow," she said.

She spoke after thought: she feared her words would hurt, but she had already roughly arranged her plan.

It was the Scythia in which Lawrence had engaged passage for himself and wife.

Prudence knew that he grew white, that he shut his lips tightly; but she also felt sure that the plan would soon present itself to him as the most feasible. Lawrence would go abroad with his wife; only his wife would not be Carolyn Ffolliott, but Prudence Ffolliott.

In that case all arrangements were already perfected. How could she have done better if she had known Rodney was coming down to the boat that night? She was striving with all her powers to think clearly and to the point.

She turned toward her companion and looked at him pleadingly, gently, and yet with power. Her face showed love, utter love; and it was that love which he could not resist.

"Let it be the Scythia," he said, shortly. Then, with tender violence, "Prudence, do you guess how I must love you? Do you guess what you must be to me? Good heavens! I don't know myself!"

Before the girl could reply, in a lull of the decreasing wind, some indefinite, curious sound was heard in the bit of a cabin.

Lawrence started nervously. "What can that be?" he asked, sharply.

"Rodney," she said, persuasively, "don't let's be superstitious. That must be Devil."

"That crow? Is he on board?"

"Yes: Leander brought him, for fun, he said; he wanted to find out if Devil had any sea-legs. The crow perched on the back of a chair and seemed to go to sleep. I suppose he has wakened now."

"I don't know what we shall do with him."

"Let him loose before we leave the boat."

"But Aunt Letitia—they are attached to him."

"He will find his way home. Don't you know Lee has been drilling him,—taking him away and letting him go back, and tying a note to his leg? You need not fear: Devil knows enough."

At this moment the crow appeared in the narrow doorway, a ray of light striking him and bringing out his form in a curious, uncanny way. He made a harsh noise, lifting one foot as he did so and looking first at Lawrence and then at Prudence.

The girl held out her hand and exclaimed,—

"Oh, you dear Devil, what are you thinking when you look like that?"

Her light tone relieved the tension which both had been feeling. The crow hopped forward toward Prudence's hand.

"What if we tie a note to him?" she asked. "Don't you think we might do that?"

Before Lawrence could reply, there was a loud shout close to them and above them—a sound of men swearing—a blow on the Vireo—a rush of black waters—another sound as of the coming together of heaven and earth—in the midst of it all a strange cry from the crow.

Lawrence had caught Prudence in his arms.

Presently he came to his senses and knew clearly that he was in the water, that Prudence was floating easily on his arm, that the Vireo had been run into and perhaps destroyed.

"Prudence," he said, quickly, "I'm sure they'll pick us up."

"Yes," she answered, quite calmly, "I'm sure they will."

It was a coastwise steamer, and almost immediately they saw her black bulk a few rods away; and then a light fell on the water from a boat near, and a man shouted. Lawrence raised his own voice in reply.

## VIII.

## ON BOARD THE SCYTHIA.

The two were lifted into the boat. They were shivering in the wind, but their eyes were on fire with the excitement of the last two hours.

"Don't take us to that steamer," said Lawrence to one of the men who was rowing: "put us on board something that will carry us to the land. We must be in Boston to-morrow. Must,—do you hear?"

The young man spoke imperatively. He was possessed by an imperious longing to get to a clergyman, that he and Prudence might be married directly; and they must embark on the Scythia. That was the one feasible thing to do,—the one thing now to which he would bend all his energies. He was burning to get to the shore. He thought he could almost attempt to swim there,—anything, rather than the perplexities and delays which would come if they were obliged to go on board that coastwise steamer.

"I can't do it, you know. I can't do it," answered the man, "'less we happen to come upon somethin'. There's the steamer hove to 'n' waitin'. No, I don't see how it can be done."

Lawrence was fuming. How was he going to bear any delays? It was as if the very air he breathed were poisoning him until he could leave America behind him. He had a fancy that if America were only far away there would be no clouds over his sky.

"What's that?" hurriedly asked Prudence, interrupting the man, who was again saying that "it couldn't be done, nohow."

A tug was coming puffing and panting along, a little thing, dirty and reeling in a reckless way over the water, with three men in it, all of them, by the light of their lantern, gripping pipes between their teeth.

"Hullo!" shouted Lawrence, leaning forward. "Fifty dollars if you'll take two passengers up to Boston to-night."

"Hey?"

Steam was shut off, and the two craft came alongside each other. Lawrence repeated his offer.

"Why, there's a woman!" was the response. "We can't take no woman; no 'commydations, no nothin'."

He replaced his pipe in his mouth and then said, "I don't s'pose she could stand it."

"I shan't mind," said Prudence, quickly. "Rodney, we'll go aboard."

As she rose, a little black shape, forlorn and draggled, came fluttering from somewhere in the row-boat and alighted on the girl's shoulder. Her first impulse was to push the crow from its resting-place, but she restrained that impulse, and the bird maintained its position when she stepped into the tug, for she assumed that the master of it would take them to Boston.

So in ten minutes from the time they had been picked up the two were steaming toward the city. One of the men had brought forward

an old coat, which he offered to Lawrence, suggesting that he "wrap it round his wife."

Prudence appeared not to hear the words, but she drew the garment closely about her and tried not to shiver. Lawrence sat near her; he put his arm about her and held her to him. Often he turned and looked down at her face, upon which the lamp shone. At those moments he told himself that he could not live without her; that he had been insane to think he could do so.

The little craft rolled and spun over the bay, puffing, and reeking with odors of oil; sometimes sliding down into black water as it came upon the wash of a big vessel; but always it held on its way, and in an hour the lights of Boston began to show plainly as the craft moved in and out among the shipping in the harbor.

"I wish that crow had not come," exclaimed Lawrence once, when a hoarse murmur from behind Prudence came to his ear.

Prudence smiled rallyingly.

"Are you going to be superstitious?" she asked.

"No; but that crow is a link with Savin Hill. I want to forget that I was ever there."

The girl made a movement nearer her lover.

"I will help you to forget," she said, with a glance. "Or"—and she drew herself up slightly—"there is yet time to go back. Leander knows it was by accident we were on the Vireo. We can take a train from Boston out to Savin Hill, tell them about our accident, and all will be as before. You will return to your old life, and I—God help me!—I return to mine, in which I must never think of you. It is not too late, Rodney. Choose."

As she spoke, Prudence held herself aloof, looking at Lawrence. The crow crept out from behind her and hopped onto her knee, cocking its sharp eye up at Lawrence and making a chuckling noise as it did so.

"I have chosen," he answered, in a whisper, "and I would not go back. Do you think I could leave you,—you? No, not though I were to go through even more dishonor to gain you."

The crow chuckled again. A dark flush rose to the young man's forehead.

"I will throw him into the sea!" he cried, in a smothered voice.

But Prudence stroked the bird's head with her finger.

"No," she said; "we will send him back to Savin Hill when it is daylight. He will go. And shall I tie a note for Aunt Tishy to his leg?"

"No," was the answer. "I don't know yet that I want to send any word. Dear, let us cast the past behind us. Don't let us refer to it. We begin to-night a new life. Oh, surely love will atone, my darling,—my darling!"

"If you are only sure you will be happy." She was gazing up at him.

"Sure!" A tender fury was in his voice. "Prudence, it is paradise to be with you."

So they sat beside each other in the dirty little tug, and murmured

the extravagant words which are not half enough extravagant, because no words have ever been made which do much more than hint at any height of emotion, be it what emotion it may.

In Boston the two took a carriage at the wharf. Lawrence parted from his companion in the public parlor of a quiet hotel at the South End. He explained briefly how they came to be in such a plight, and the matron of the house furnished Prudence with some garments until her own should be dry. Once in her room, the girl called for pen and ink and paper.

"If Rodney will not write to them, I must," she thought.

Sitting at the table beneath the gas-jet, Prudence's face showed pallid and weary, but there was an invincible light in her eyes, a crimson on her lips, that spoke of something besides fatigue.

The crow was perched on the back of a chair near her. He had drawn one foot up in his feathers and closed his eyes.

Prudence held her pen in her hand and looked at Devil. Then she laughed slightly as she said, aloud, "We made an odd group, didn't we, Devil? No wonder the clerk stared. A drenched man and woman and a crow arriving at eleven o'clock at night, with no luggage.

"Will you go back to Savin Hill in the morning, Devil? As for me, I will never go back. How could I? And Rodney shall be happy. Oh, yes, he shall be happy; for I love him."

She put the pen to the paper; she wrote, "Dear Aunt Letitia," then her hand stopped. She sat looking forward: there was a beautiful light upon her face.

A clock struck somewhere in the building; it struck twelve. The girl roused herself and looked down at the paper before her.

"After all," she thought, "why should I write? How they will hate me! Let Rodney tell them what he chooses."

She walked about the room for a few moments. She tried to lie down on the couch, but she could not remain quiet. A fire of memory, and hope, and a strange, indefinite fear were in her heart. Her pulses beat so heavily it was out of the question to try to rest.

It seemed to Prudence that she recalled every word she had ever said to Carolyn Ffolliott. Plainest of all she remembered how she had promised not to try to win Rodney back to her. What a ridiculous promise! Could any one expect such a promise to be kept? Absurd!

Prudence walked about the room again. She supposed it would be morning some time. Some time the hour would strike when she and her lover would be on the ocean and beyond recall.

It was a strange thing that she could so clearly remember Carolyn's honest eyes when she had asked for that promise.

Prudence shook herself impatiently. Then she tried once more to write the note to her aunt. But she could not do it. She tore the paper across and flung it into the grate; after this she began to walk again. The crow got down on the floor and hopped along behind her, sometimes pecking at the carpet. She turned to him in a kind of fury. She was wishing she had the courage to wring his neck. But she would make him go back in the morning. She could not have him with her.

How bright his eyes were! Now, as she gazed at him, she fancied his eyes said,—

“You’re a liar! You’re a liar!”

Thank fortune, he could not speak. She would surely kill him if he could speak. But she had never killed anything yet, and it must be rather a dreadful thing to do. Still of course it could be done. Anything could be done.

When it came to be three o’clock the girl was so exhausted that she laid herself on the bed and pulled the clothes up about her. As her fingers touched her throat she shuddered, thinking of how she could stop the crow’s breath. She had left the light burning, and she now lifted her head and glanced about. Yes, there was Devil on the back of a chair near the fire. She smiled.

“It is like Poe’s raven,” she murmured. “Perhaps he will say ‘nevermore’ to me.”

Then she resolutely shut her eyes and was asleep directly.

A few hours later, in the bright sunlight of a lovely September morning, Prudence scoffed at her fancies of the darkness.

She was dressed in her own clothes, and was waiting for Lawrence. She had drunk a cup of strong coffee, and had been walking in the little park near the hotel. No one was out, apparently, save servants and market-men, and now and then a man or woman hurrying by with a satchel to catch a train.

The crow had gone with Prudence. She had permitted him to go, hoping he would spread his wings and fly away. But no; he hopped sedately behind her, and when she turned he blinked up at her mildly. Once she took him in her hand and flung him up in the air, for that was the way she and Leander had taught him to fly off home. Now Devil flapped his wings obstinately, then alighted on the ground near her.

Two or three children stopped to gaze at him. Prudence asked a boy if he would like to have a tame crow, but he promptly answered that his cat would eat it.

Thus it happened that when the Scythia left the wharf that day, near a certain man and woman who stood together on deck there was a little black shape sitting on some luggage. One of the hands began to take up the bags.

“Hullo! where sh’ll I stow the bird?” he called out.

Lawrence turned, and his face darkened. But a hand was laid softly on his arm.

“Dear,” said his wife’s voice, “let us call the crow our mascot. Surely you can’t blame him because he won’t forsake us!”

Then Prudence promised the man that she would pay him well if he would take care of Devil during the voyage.

She glanced laughingly at her companion.

“I couldn’t give him away, he wouldn’t leave us, and I can’t kill him.”

Lawrence’s face cleared. He put his hand over the hand on his arm. “Nothing matters,” he said, in an undertone, “so long as we are together.”

## IX.

"COLD PORRIDGE HOT AGAIN."

A small boy in a blue navy suit was running up the beach. The wind was blowing against him as he ran, and he frequently stumbled; but he didn't mind the stumbles. He was chuckling to himself, and when he burst into the room where his mother sat with her sister his chuckle became a noisy laugh.

"Don't laugh so loud, Lee," said Prudence's mother, holding up her hand. "I think I'm going to have a headache."

But Leander did not stop his laugh in the least. He came up to the hearth between the two women, and stood in front of the fire; for there was a low fire,—“to cheer her up,” Mrs. Ffolliott had said.

"I tell you, marmar," he exclaimed, "here's a go!"

Before he could farther explain his remark the door opened again and Carolyn entered. She went up to her mother and sat down on a footstool by her, leaning on her lap.

"I wanted to be with you, mamma, this last evening," she said.

Mrs. Ffolliott felt her eyes fill, but she spoke cheerfully.

"Where's Prue?" she asked. She stroked her daughter's hair.

"Oh, she went out half an hour ago," was the reply. "She said she was so nervous she couldn't stay in the house; besides, she had an engagement with Leander. What are you here for, Lee?" She looked in surprise at her brother.

"What you here for, yourself?" was the immediate response. Then the boy resumed his laugh. "Won't there be a lammin' s'prise on the Vireo?" he exclaimed. "I hope he'll think she's a ghost. But I got cheated out of my sail all the same—'n' the wind's just whizzin' good."

Leander glanced at his sister and cried out, "What you lookin' at me so for?"

"Is there any reason why I shouldn't look at you?" she asked, calmly.

"No; only you needn't eat me."

Carolyn turned her eyes toward the fire and remained silent. A red spot came quickly to each cheek: yet she could hardly have explained why her face should burn. And what was Lee talking about? Why wasn't he in his bed long ago if he wasn't with Prue?

"It's too windy for you to go sailing," said the boy's mother.

"Is it? You bet 'tain't, then. And they'll have a first-class breeze. The Vi'll go it, I tell you."

"Who's gone?"

Mrs. Ffolliott put the question with little interest, but she saw that her son wished to talk on the subject, therefore he must be allowed to do so.

"Why, Rodney 'n' Prue. 'N' the joke of it is that Rodney didn't know anybody was aboard, 'n' all the time there was Prue in the cabin; 'n' Devil was there too. Rcd came rushin' down, 'n' I was goin' to get in too, 'n' he said no, he wanted to go alone. 'N' so I let him; 'n' I'll bet he'll be frightened out of his boots when Prue walks out. If

she's bright, 'n' she is, she'll come a ghost, or somethin', on him. She could do that splendid. Couldn't she do a ghost splendid, Caro?"

"Yes," said Caro.

Caro's mother glanced at her smilingly; the affair was a good joke to her also; and how funny Lee had made it! Then she glanced again in a startled way. She leaned over and drew her daughter to her, but the girl would not lean against her.

"Carolyn," cried her mother, in a sharp voice, "what is it? There's something dreadful in your eyes! It is like what I dreamed about you when you wished Prudence was drowned. You remember?"

Carolyn drew herself up. She put a hand over her eyes for an instant.

"Mother," she said, reproachfully, "how can you be so foolish? And you must have a very vivid imagination to-night. There's nothing dreadful in my face, is there, Aunt Ellen?"

Prudence's mother smiled languidly and replied that Letitia was full of notions this evening.

A strong rush of wind came shrieking about the house; a puff of smoke leaped out of the chimney across the hearth.

"Bully time for a spin in the Vireo," remarked Leander. "It was kinder mean that Rodney didn't let me go. Do you s'pose he's found out yet that Prue's on board, Caro?"

The boy was rubbing his smarting eyes as he spoke. His sister had now risen; she was standing by the hearth, with one hand on the mantel. She was telling herself that the first involuntary movement of her heart had been mean and disloyal, and she had thrust that emotion from her. Did she distrust the man to whom she gave herself? And Rodney did not know Prudence was on board. How ridiculous, nay, how dishonoring to her own soul, had been that involuntary distrust!

"Do you s'pose he's found it out yet, Caro?" persisted Leander.

"I don't know, I'm sure—yes, of course. How the wind does blow!" Another gust came sweeping down from the land.

"Yes, bully. I say, you ain't afraid, are you, Sis? They both know how to sail the Vi. I wonder how far they'll go?"

"Don't talk so much, Lee: you confuse me."

Carolyn deliberately walked away from the hearth and to the door that led into the hall.

"You're not going out, are you?" asked her mother.

"Yes; I want to go."

"How can you? Why, it's a real September gale."

But Carolyn opened the door and went into the hall. She was followed by her brother, who flung open the outer door and ran out ahead. The two walked round to the south side of the house, where the wind swept in full force. But Carolyn was aware, in spite of her anxiety, that she had no real cause to fear for the safety of those on the Vireo, since they knew how to manage a sail-boat. The wind was off shore; if it drove the boat, it would drive it out to sea. She herself had been out more than once in a wind like this. It was the return which was not so easy, or rather the return required a longer time.

"Let's go down to the wharf," suggested Leander; and his sister was glad to go. The wind hastened their steps. They stood a few moments on the narrow planking. The water was black before them; the tide was coming in, but the waves were flattened by the southerly wind.

"'Twas mean of Rodney not to let me go," Leander repeated. This grievance seemed to grow upon him. "But he'll find he isn't alone, for all that," he chuckled.

Carolyn was thinking one thought over and over:

"To-morrow we shall have left Prudence,—to-morrow we shall have left Prudence."

Then she suddenly stopped that iteration by telling herself that it was true that Rodney no longer cared for Prudence. Had he not shown plainly enough that he had recovered from that infatuation? Was it an infatuation? How often we like to call the love which is not offered us, or which we do not quite understand, by that term!

"And to-morrow we shall be far away. I will make him happy. Surely, surely, God will let me make him happy!"

The girl turned back toward the house. And now the wind seemed trying to take her up bodily and fling her into the sea.

Leander struggled on beside her, talking, talking. She wished his tongue might be still for one moment.

At last he dropped a little behind by the path which led to the stable. He shrieked after his sister that he was going to see if his ducks had got loose.

Carolyn walked on, her body bent forward to meet the gale. Thus walking, she came suddenly upon a man who was hurrying in an opposite direction.

He drew back, uttering an exclamation, and taking off his hat as he did so.

Neither could see the other at first in the darkness.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said. "Is it Miss Ffolliott?"

"It is Carolyn Ffolliott," was the answer; "and you are Lord Maxwell?"

"Yes;" and then the gentleman hesitated.

Even in the dusk, and notwithstanding her preoccupation, Carolyn had the impression that Lord Maxwell was under some unusual excitement.

"May I walk back to the house with you?"

Without waiting for her reply, Lord Maxwell turned, and the two went on.

"Miss Prudence Ffolliott is here?"

There was a certain intensity in his voice which added to the girl's emotion.

"Yes—no," she answered, in some confusion; "she is staying here, as you know, but just now she is out in the Vireo."

"When will she be in?" He put the question quickly.

"I don't know."

Having given this answer, Carolyn expected the man to leave her immediately; but he did not. He kept on beside her until they reached

the piazza, where hung a lamp. By the light of this lamp Carolyn saw his face. She restrained any manifestation of her surprise, but she asked, quietly, "Are you ill, Lord Maxwell?"

"No, thank you, no."

He moved restlessly as he stood. His face was flushed to a deep red; his prominent eyes had a strange fire in them. Carolyn's instant thought was that he had dined, and had also drunk more than was usual with him.

She was silent for an instant, then she said, "Won't you come into the house and see mamma?"

He moved again.

"No, no," he said, hastily. "You are very good, but I can't, really I can't. I say, now," he added, abruptly, "it's too confounded beastly that Miss Prudence is gone, you know."

Yes, he had certainly been drinking too much. Carolyn drew herself up a little. She wondered how long he would stay.

"I've had a telegram,—Sulphur Springs, you know. Lady Maxwell worse,—not likely to live."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!"

"Eh? Oh, yes, of course,—sorry, you know."

The speaker pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and passed it over his face.

"It isn't the least likely she'll live," he said, huskily. "I'm going to take the next train, you know; but I had time to come over here. I wanted devilishly to see your cousin—oh, I beg pardon, I wanted very much to see her, you know. We're old friends and all that, you know. When did you think she'll be back?"

"I don't know."

"Hope she didn't go alone; dev—I mean, hard wind, you know. Is she alone?"

"No."

"Who's with her?"

"Mr. Lawrence."

Carolyn spoke with the utmost coldness, but she answered promptly.

"Lawrence? Damn him! What's he——"

"Lord Maxwell!"

"Oh, I beg pardon—ten thousand times, I'm sure. Do forgive me! You see, Thorbury—know Sir Charles Thorbury?—has just come over, and he and two or three of us have been dining. And if I take a drop more 'n usual it plays the dev—it goes to my head. Beastly shame! Do forgive me! But I know what I'm about well enough: I want to see the other Miss Ffolliott. I'd give a thousand pounds to see her 'fore I start."

Lord Maxwell drew out his watch and held it beneath the lamp.

"Jove! I've got to go this very minute! But you tell her, won't you, Miss Ffolliott, that Lady Maxwell's very ill,—not expected to live,—Sulphur Springs no good, after all. Good-by. Wish you joy,—wish you joy. Forgot 'bout your marriage. Good-by."

Carolyn did not speak, and he walked away,—walked with perfect

steadiness, though he had talked thus. In fact, he was as much affected by his sudden news as by his champagne.

Carolyn remained a few moments where he had left her. She was thinking that, if Lady Maxwell died, then surely this time Prudence would herself become Lady Maxwell. But how could her cousin consent to pass her life with a man like that? Good-natured? Yes, perhaps, but a mere animal. Then the girl caught herself comparing the Englishman with Rodney Lawrence; she always compared every man with Lawrence, much to the advantage of the latter.

After a few moments Carolyn returned to the house. She walked restlessly up the stairs, and then into the tower which overlooked the ocean. She opened the window next the water and leaned out of it: the warm air swept over her as it rocked the tower. How dark it was! And to-morrow she was to be married.

At that moment it seemed to her that she would never see Rodney again,—that on this night all life, that was really life, would stop for her.

She roused herself quickly from such morbid fancies.

The rack of cloud was rushing over the heavens, the stars shining now and then between the dark masses. Carolyn's gaze was fastened on the sea, which lay black and strangely still beneath the wind; but a southerly wind was like a calming hand on the water of this part of the bay.

"There is not the least danger,—not the very least," she said, aloud. "They know how to manage a boat. Rodney will only go a little way. In an hour or two they will be back."

So the girl resolved not to yield to any such imaginings. She hastened down to the room where her mother and aunt still sat over the smouldering fire on the hearth. She walked calmly up to her mother's side and resumed her place on the footstool by her.

"Have they come home yet?" asked Prudence's mother.

"No: it's hardly time."

"There's one consolation," said the elder lady; "nothing ever happens to Prue; she'll do the strangest things, and nothing ever happens to her. We needn't worry in the least."

"No, not in the least," responded Carolyn.

She sat at her mother's feet and watched the ashes gather over the coals on the hearth. The women talked fitfully, and the girl tried to listen to what they said. One of them recalled how nervous she had been when her own wedding-day had been set. She said that, though she never doubted her lover in the least, she had a dreadful conviction that something would happen to keep him from coming to be married. Here the speaker laughed as she went on,—

"My father said that if I had such an opinion as that of Leander Ffolliott I'd better never marry him, even if he did come."

"But he was there,—he was not a minute late?" asked Carolyn, with uncontrollable interest.

Her mother smiled at her, as she answered, complacently, "He was early; of course he was early. But why do you look so pale, Caro?"

Carolyn had no time to answer, for Leander came plunging into

the room fresh from the pen where he kept his fowls. He announced that the wind was going down, and that it was time for "Rod 'n' Prue" to be back. He was besought by his mother to go to bed, but refused utterly, saying that he was going to sit up for Prue.

He threw himself down on the rug before the fire, and in less than five minutes was asleep.

The three women sat on. Occasionally Prudence's mother inhaled the odor from her vinaigrette and made some insignificant remark. She was evidently trying to keep awake. At last, when the clock struck eleven, she rose and said that she must try to be fresh for the next day, and that Prue was very thoughtless to stay out so long.

Thus Carolyn and her mother and the sleeping boy were left in the room. The girl went herself and brought more wood, which she placed carefully on the coals, as carefully as if her own fate depended upon the sticks igniting. Presently the flames curled up about the fuel, licking the bark, with a purple light at the edges.

Mrs. Ffolliott leaned back and dozed a little; Carolyn gazed steadily at the fire. After a while the clock struck twelve.

The wind had subsided now, save for an occasional long-drawn moan about the house.

Mrs. Ffolliott sat up straight. She tried to look as if she had not been asleep.

"Really," she exclaimed, "I must say that they are very thoughtless, very thoughtless indeed. I wonder at them."

Carolyn made no reply. She did not change her position in the least. She sat with her arm across her mother's lap, her face toward the hearth.

"Yes," Mrs. Ffolliott repeated, "I do wonder at them. Are you going to sit up any longer, Caro?"

"Just a little while longer," was the answer, in a quiet voice; "but you go, mother: you'll need the rest."

"No, no: I'll stay with you."

The speaker drew the afghan more closely over the boy asleep on the hearth. Then she put her head against the back of the chair and again fell asleep.

When she had breathed heavily for a time, Caro carefully withdrew from her position beside her and walked noiselessly to the window. She flung aside the curtain and looked out. A heavy rack of cloud was in the east and south, but above the stars shone clearly.

Carolyn stood with her hands pressed closely on her breast, gazing up at the heavens where the stars glittered.

"I must keep still,—still," was her only coherent thought.

At last she began to walk toward the door, going noiselessly, lest she waken the sleepers. Silently she opened the door, and silently she closed it. She lingered a brief space, leaning against the wall and listening.

"They may be coming now," she was thinking. She bent her head forward. Had she heard steps and voices?

No, she had heard nothing: it was her own fancy. Her temples were throbbing so that she could not hear plainly.

She went on to the outer door. This had been locked and bolted. But she turned the key and drew back the bolt. When she stepped without she actually gasped in the intensity of her excitement. But she moved quietly, her lips held tightly together, her eyes gleaming, her face colorless.

Once outside the door, she stepped off the piazza and began to run. She ran at the full speed of which she was capable; but, curiously, she did not run toward the shore, but down the carriage-drive that led to the public highway. Once on the road, she did not slacken her pace until she was so breathless that she must pause. Then she stood still in the middle of the road, panting, but conscious of a certain relief from the tension that had been upon her as she had sat by her mother's side.

"I could not have kept still one moment longer,—no, not one instant."

She spoke loudly into the silence of the night. A low wind sobbed through some birches near her. It was only a low wind now; all violence had gone out of it.

When Carolyn looked back upon this night, she always recalled precisely how the wind sounded in the birches as she stood in the road, struggling for breath after her run. There was a damp perfume of rose-geranium clinging to her skirts, for she had trampled upon a shrub of geranium as she had once swerved from the path.

She tried not to listen, but she could not help straining forward to hear something, though she was fully aware that she had come away from the shore. She was also fully aware that by this time Lawrence and his companion could easily have returned; that is, if they had gone a few miles only, as was to be expected.

They had gone farther. What was Prudence saying to Rodney? What the tone of her voice? What the glance of her eyes in the dusk?

"What? What?"

Carolyn shouted out that word. She was almost beside herself, and, knowing this, she shrank back as she heard her own voice call thus into the darkness.

"I must be still,—still," she said, again. "If I give way, I cannot tell what I shall do."

A pause, during which she listened. Then she said, with a terrible vindictiveness,—

"I hate her!—hate her!—hate her!"

There was a wild satisfaction in shouting this to the night.

"But how foolish I am!"

She pushed her hair back from her face, and was startled to feel how burning hot her cheeks felt to her cold hands.

Soon she turned and walked homeward,—walked soberly, as if she were thinking calmly of a subject indifferent to her. She went in at the door, which had been open, and softly entered the room she had just left.

Her mother wakened and raised her head.

"They've come, haven't they?" she asked.

“No.”

“Oh, well,” she said, comfortably, “I suppose they went farther than they intended; but it was very thoughtless of them,—very; and I shall tell them so. Don’t you think we might better go to bed, Caro dear?”

“You go, mamma; do go,” was the girl’s response.

“Oh, no, not without you.” Mrs. Ffolliott leaned forward in her chair, looking into the fire. “What curious things one will dream!” she said, with a smile. “I must have been asleep, for I wakened trying to think of the last two lines—do tell me, Caro,—

‘Cold porridge hot again,  
That loved I never—’

what is the rest?—It’s so annoying, a little thing like that. Can’t you tell me?”

The girl stood behind her mother’s chair, and repeated, softly,—

“Old love renewed again,  
That loved I ever.”

X.

THE PASSENGER LIST.

All days and all nights pass, therefore this night passed. The first light of morning came palely in at the windows upon the two women who were still by the hearth. But Leander, when half awake, had been kind enough to yield to his mother’s entreaties at about two in the morning, and had allowed her to lead him to his room.

After that hour Mrs. Ffolliott had not slept. She grew more and more alarmed. She fidgeted about from door to window, to the piazza, to the grounds. But Carolyn did not accompany her; she sat by the fire, sometimes shivering as she crouched forward. Every few moments she repeated to herself the lines her mother had brought to her memory,—

“Old love renewed again,  
That loved I ever.”

It was one of the clearest, loveliest mornings of September.

“They are drowned; perhaps their bodies will be washed ashore. Oh, my poor Caro!” Thus Mrs. Ffolliott, embracing her daughter when she came in from the piazza. She continued at intervals to say, “They are drowned! They are drowned!”

The servants rose and began gayly the duties of Miss Carolyn’s wedding-day, but directly they also were enveloped in the gloom. Prudence’s mother had an attack of hysteria as soon as she came into the breakfast-room, and it was Carolyn who led her back to her own chamber. It was Carolyn who organized what search was possible, and who sent out messages to towns along the shore. She did it

persistently and nervelessly, her face coldly set, her voice clear and even.

Her mother looked at her in helpless wonder; her aunt repeated again and again that she wished she had as little feeling as Caro, but then too much feeling had always been her curse. Caro must "take after" the Ffolliotts.

On the morning of the third day Carolyn sent word to her mother that she would not be down to breakfast; she thought she must have taken cold, and she did not wish anything sent up. So her mother presently appeared in her daughter's room.

"It isn't a cold, it's a fever," the elder woman exclaimed, as she looked in the girl's face.

"Oh, no," said Carolyn; "I'm not so lucky as that: it's only heroines who have brain fevers and die in such circumstances; and I'm not a heroine."

She spoke the truth in part. She only had a lingering, low fever, from which she began to recover when the weather became frosty.

It was when Carolyn was able to walk out upon the piazza that her mother told her that parts of the Vireo had been found and identified unmistakably; they had been washed ashore a few miles down the coast.

"It's no use hoping any longer," she said.

"I don't hope; I haven't hoped from the very first," was the answer.

There was something so strange in the girl's tone that her mother looked at her in a kind of terror.

Carolyn, closely wrapped, was sitting in the sunlight on the veranda.

"I don't know what you mean," said Mrs. Ffolliott, feebly. "I'm sure I had the strongest hope for several days. It seemed to me they *must* have been saved somehow; and Rodney was such a good swimmer."

"So was Prudence a good swimmer," said Carolyn.

"Yes, she was. But I don't see what happened to the boat: they were——"

"Mother," said Carolyn, wearily, "don't go on talking like that."

"No, no," the mother said, soothingly, but in a perplexed voice; "I won't say anything. We have to bear whatever Providence sends upon us."

Carolyn suddenly sat upright in her chair. "Do we?" she asked, fiercely. Then she made an effort to restrain her words. She sank back again upon the seat. "They are not drowned," she said, calmly, as if merely asserting an evident fact.

Mrs. Ffolliott came close to her daughter and gently stroked her forehead.

"There, there," she said, as if speaking to a child; "we won't talk about it." Then she added, as an after-thought, "But I've ordered the mourning."

"The mourning!"

Again Carolyn sat upright. This time she laughed. At that laugh the mother drew back a little.

"I tell you they are not drowned," the girl repeated.

"Then where are they?"

"What does it matter where they are? They are together."

"Carolyn!"

"Yes, together."

"Poor child! Don't let's talk of this any longer. When you are stronger, your mind will be stronger, and you won't have these fancies."

Carolyn did not reply to these words. She lay silently in her chair, gazing off to the line where the horizon met the ocean.

She was thinking, suddenly, that it was here on the piazza that she had been sitting when Leander had found the ring that Prudence had given to Rodney; and then Rodney had come and had asked her, Carolyn Ffolliott, to be his wife.

Well, it was all over. But she would not put on black because her lover was faithless.

As the weeks went on, nothing more was heard of the two who went out in the Vireo that night; that is, nothing was heard by the people at Savin Hill. But they went nowhere, and saw only a very few friends; and as the season grew on toward winter they saw fewer and fewer. The neighbors had gone back to their city homes. Prudence's mother had left them for the South.

Flurries of snow began sometimes to hide the ocean from the girl, who sat often at her chamber window. Then came three or four perfect days in November, the Indian summer. It was on one of these days that Mrs. Ffolliott entered the room where her daughter sat by the hearth. Carolyn was reading, or seemed to be reading. She held a book in her hand nearly always when she was not at work.

Mrs. Ffolliott had a copy of a Boston daily paper, and the paper fluttered and rustled in her hand as she came forward nervously.

"Carolyn," she said, in a high voice, "you just read that: you might as well read it first as last. The strange part of it is that we haven't seen it before. Of course other folks have seen it. And they wouldn't tell us. I call that unkind. I happened upon this paper in a waste-basket. It had never been unfolded. I don't know what we've done to have such a thing happen to us. I'm glad you held out about not putting on black. How ridiculous we should have looked, going round in black!"

While she talked Mrs. Ffolliott held the paper beyond her daughter's reach, though the latter extended her hand for it.

"Let me see it," said Carolyn, authoritatively.

The mother hesitated an instant, then she put the paper on the girl's lap and pointed to the list of passengers on the Scythia.

"Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Lawrence," Carolyn read, then she read again. She heard her mother saying,—

"It's the same steamer and the same date that you were going with him."

Mrs. Ffolliott was not thinking of grammar as she spoke.

Carolyn looked up, a hard light in her eyes.

"Only he married Prudence instead of me," she said. "It was a

fine plan, wasn't it? No one could have made a better. Of course people hated to tell us. Oh!"

She dropped the paper and clasped her hands. In a moment the hard look had left her face. Her lips quivered as she said, "He always loved her; he never loved me. No, he never loved me. Do you suppose he'll be happy with her?"

"I'm sure I hope not," was the angry reply, "and I don't see how it's possible, either. The scoundrel! The ungrateful wretch!"

"Oh, mamma!"

"You don't mean to say you're going to defend him, Carolyn Ffolliott!"

"No, no," she said, in a low voice that trembled piteously; "but I can't stop loving him because he doesn't love me. You see, mamma, I've got to love him. Oh, I wish I hadn't! I wish I could thrust him out of my mind!"

"Got to love him!" cried Mrs. Ffolliott. "Carolyn, I'm ashamed of you. I thought you had more spirit. Are you going to whine in this way? Why, I'll—I'll have you shut up! Do you think I'd have gone on like this if your father had served me so?"

The girl did not answer. She was sitting motionless, with her hands lying inertly in her lap.

Mrs. Ffolliott, in the suddenness of this discovery, hardly knew what she did. She grasped her daughter's shoulder and shook it.

"Have some pride!" she exclaimed.

But Carolyn did not resent the words or the touch. She was staring straight in front of her mother, a nerveless droop to her mouth, a touching despair in her whole aspect.

"You are not going to go about wearing the willow, are you? Oh, the scamp! The villain!"

The sharp voice echoed in the place.

Carolyn now tried to rise. She turned indignantly to her mother, her eyes flashing.

"If you call him such names I'll leave the house!" she said, firmly.

"Good heavens! She defends him! The vile——"

"Mother!"

"Carolyn!"

The girl asserted herself. She spoke with dignity. "You are speaking of the man who was to be my husband; please remember that. And I love him; remember that also. By accident he met that—that——" her voice sharpened—"he met Prudence. She, of course, tempted him: she would tempt an angel from heaven. And he loved her. It was all a mistake, his thinking he cared for me,—that is, to marry me. Now we've got to bear it. Prudence—but no," coldly, "why should I talk of her?"

"You defend him!" Mrs. Ffolliott cried, with hysterical repetition. "That a child of mine should——"

"Mother!" said the girl again, "we won't talk of this."

"Not talk of this insult!—this——I say he's a scamp, and he shall never come into my house again!"

"He will probably never try. We shall never see him again. And he won't be happy with her. Oh, I want him to be happy, whatever happens!"

Carolyn said the last words as if she did not know she was not alone. Her face at the moment had a look of such fervid loveliness that her mother involuntarily turned away as if from something sacred.

XI.

A KNOCK-DOWN BLOW.

After this Carolyn refused to talk of Lawrence or Prudence. She immediately decided to go back to their city house and go on with the winter precisely as usual.

Mrs. Ffolliott made two remarks, and then dropped the subject. One of these remarks was, "I can't tell how thankful I am that we didn't put on black, though I should have done it if you hadn't stopped us, I must say." The other was, "If your father had been living, Caro, things wouldn't have happened like this;" though how Carolyn's father would have prevented these things from happening was not explained.

The girl and her mother went everywhere and received the same as usual. After their five hundred friends had looked at Caro in great but partially concealed curiosity as to "how she took it," they all tried to act as if nothing had happened, and most of them conceded that it was wise of Miss Ffolliott to go right on with her ordinary life.

Some of them remarked, "But there is a curious look about her eyes, isn't there? I suppose she really cared for that man."

One afternoon in January, while Carolyn was in her own room, her furs still on, for she had just come in from a walk, a servant brought her a card. As she read "Lord Maxwell" on the pasteboard, her face changed. She hesitated an instant, then she said, "I will go down."

The gentleman was standing by the hearth; a thick yellow beard covered his chin, and this change so improved his appearance that Carolyn was surprised almost into doubting his identity.

"It's so good of you to see me," he began, "so awfully good, you know."

She held out her hand. She was trying not to be agitated. It seemed to her that she was very weak because at sight of this Englishman her pulses began to flutter. She sat down on one side of the hearth: he continued standing. He laughed slightly, and said he believed he was getting nervous; he'd rather stand; no, on the whole he'd sit. So he sat down also.

"I say, Miss Ffolliott," he spoke hurriedly, "I hope you'll pardon me for calling, you know. I was going to be in town, and I hunted up your address. Is—is your cousin Miss Prudence with you?"

"No."

Carolyn found it at first a simple impossibility to add more. The

very strength of her wish to give the information concerning her cousin in a matter-of-fact way prevented her from doing so.

Lord Maxwell leaned forward with his hands on his knees. His large, prominent eyes were fixed on the fire.

"You were anxious about Lady Maxwell when I saw you last," now said Carolyn.

"Yes; I remember. She died; yes, she died, you know." The gentleman sat up straight. "We did everything we could, but it wasn't any use. I didn't feel like going back to England. Her mother went. I've been out to the Rockies; been hunting no end,—big game, you know; but somehow I didn't care much. My wife was a good woman, Miss Ffolliott."

Carolyn made an inarticulate murmur in response.

"Yes," he went on, "I came right here. Thought I'd call and see old friends, you know. Made sure you could tell me where Miss Prudence Ffolliott is. Can you?"

"No." And again the girl found it almost impossible to go on. But this time she did continue: "Prudence married Mr. Rodney Lawrence, Lord Maxwell. They never came back that night. I wonder you had not heard?"

The young man rose to his feet, but immediately sat down again. His face grew red, and then pale. He opened his lips to speak, and presently said, "Haven't seen a paper; haven't heard any news. By Jove!"

The exclamation came harshly,—so harshly that he immediately begged pardon.

He sat gazing intently into the fire. It was really painful to witness his struggle toward composure. As for Carolyn, she was wondering now at her own calmness. She was thinking, "He loves her too."

Then she fell to wondering what Prudence would think and feel when she knew that now, by her own act, she had missed a brilliant marriage, for the second time had missed a peerage. But below everything in her mind was the keen, insistent question, "Why do they love her so?"

Lord Maxwell evidently tried to rouse himself. He looked at the girl opposite; something in her face made his eyes grow dim. He wanted to speak: his thoughts groped for words that should express—what? His mind was in a painful confusion; he hated to suffer as he was suffering now. And this girl who was looking at him,—how kind she was!—and, by Jove, she had just been going to marry Lawrence! He had forgotten that at first. What a cursed muddle it all was! Had she cared too? But women were so strange, and proud, and—All at once Maxwell was pouring out hurried words, having a confidence that this girl would not scorn him, would be kind, and he must speak to some one; a man couldn't hold his peace when such a thing as this had happened. And he had been sure that Prudence would engage herself to him, and they would be married as soon as it was respectable. Hadn't she jilted Lawrence for him? Hadn't she—but what had he done himself? And now he wondered if she had loved

Lawrence all the time; but surely she had loved him, Maxwell, when—— He wanted to swear again.

“Here I’ve been thinking of her every minute,” he burst out,—“thinking of her when I ought to have remembered my wife. But I didn’t care; I didn’t care for anything but to get a smile from Prudence. Damn it!—Oh, do forgive me, Miss Ffolliott! A man doesn’t know what he’s saying. And when Lady Maxwell died, I wouldn’t write; I was bound I’d wait till I came back here, you know; I resolved on that,—kind of penance, and that sort of thing, and——”

“It was too late, Lord Maxwell,” interrupted Carolyn, coldly, “already too late before you had joined your wife.”

“Was it?” Maxwell was now walking about the room, his hands in his pockets. “I’ll wager ten to one you think I’m a fool to care so, and so I am. But what’s a fellow to do? I tell you I’m hard hit,—devilishly hard hit—beg pardon.”

“Men seem to be fools about Prudence Ffolliott,” remarked Carolyn: “she seems to be that kind of a woman.”

Though she spoke in a very quiet voice, hearing her own tones made her shrink from herself in a contemptuous surprise. Had she fallen so low as to allow herself to speak thus? She would have given much to recall her sentence. She drew herself up with some haughtiness as she added, “Please forget that I used such words. Naturally I don’t like to think of my cousin. I will say to you, Lord Maxwell, that you are not the only one who has suffered by reason of that woman.”

Carolyn succeeded in pronouncing the words “that woman” in an entirely neutral tone. Having done so, she immediately fell to despising herself for having said them at all. They seemed to her far beneath her own ideal of what she ought to be. In the sudden stress of her penitence and pain she leaned forward and made a gesture for her companion to stop in his walk.

“Lord Maxwell,” she said, tremulously, “I don’t mean to bear malice, or to judge. How am I to know the strength of temptation which besets somebody else? I am always praying to be forgiven. The seeing that you suffer—yes, it must be that—makes me talk to you in this way, though I don’t know you much,—though——”

Her voice trembled into silence. Her eyes, dim with tears, were lowered. Lord Maxwell seized her hand; he held it fast in both his own for an instant.

“By Jove!” he exclaimed, “you’re a good woman! I wish I’d known a woman like you years ago. I did have a sister, but she died; somehow a fellow can’t get on if he doesn’t have a good sister, or know some woman like you.”

He paused and dropped her hand. Two tears fell from his eyes to his cheeks. He took out his handkerchief and openly wiped them away.

“I’m a regular donkey, don’t you know?” he said, “but you can’t tell what it is to me to see a woman like you. I knew there must be such women somewhere; and I’ve had such a load of things on my mind lately. And I’ve been wishing I’d tried more to make my wife have a better time; but I couldn’t get Prudence out of my mind no-

way. Fact is, she bewitched me. And I counted on finding her now, and—and—well, you see, hearing she's married was a regular knock-down blow,—took the stiffening right out of me. So I've been and behaved like a baby—and I an Englishman!"

Here the speaker smiled in a doleful manner. Then he turned toward the door. "I believe I'll go now; might as well. Good-by, Miss Ffolliott."

He turned back again, shook hands, and then walked out of the room.

Carolyn remained in her chair by the fire. She leaned her head back and closed her eyes. Her features gradually became as calm as if they did not belong to a being who could be happy, and who could also suffer.

## XII.

"DON'T BE CRUEL TO ME."

"Did you bring my wrap,—the gray velvet?"

The man addressed slightly raised his arm to draw attention to the fact that he was carrying a garment.

"Oh, thanks. Is there anywhere to go this morning?"

"I thought we were to sit somewhere in the old fort. You signified a wish to that effect."

"Did I? If I've signified a wish, do let's carry it into effect. We will sit on the water battery, then; though I've noticed that only lovers sit there."

The man made no reply. The two walked across the Plaza, mounted the sea-wall, and were presently established on the battery, apparently absorbed in gazing across the Matanzas River out toward the open sea.

"Shall we play we are lovers?" asked Prudence, after a while, turning to her husband with a smile.

"I'm afraid the attempt will be too great a strain upon you," answered Lawrence; but he smiled back, and leaned a trifle nearer his companion.

She turned her eyes away immediately, and seemed to drop the idea of playing at lovers.

Lawrence's figure stiffened slightly as it withdrew; but he said nothing until he took a cigar-case from his pocket. Then he remarked,—

"I'm so glad you don't object to smoking."

"But it seems coarse to go beyond cigarettes," she answered.

"Does it? Then you are not coarse yet."

"Thank fortune, no. I wonder if Leander has learned to chew tobacco."

No reply. Lawrence smoked slowly, gazing intently at a large yacht that was just entering the river.

"Four months is a tremendous while, isn't it?" Prudence put up her hand to yawn behind it as she spoke.

"That depends," said Lawrence, gravely.

"On what, for instance?"

"On the degree in which you are bored."

"Ah! Well, there's something in that, Rodney. But tell me, truly, how long does it seem to you since we were married?"

"Precisely four months and three days and a half."

"You are nothing if not accurate, dear."

She put up her hand and yawned again.

"Accuracy is something," he returned.

He was holding his cigar in his hand now, and looking down at the red tip with the utmost apparent interest.

After a short silence, Prudence said, "I wish you happened to have a cigarette about you, Rodney."

"I have. Your case is in my pocket."

She held out her hand. "Give me one, then. I didn't know this water battery was so deadly dull."

Lawrence made no movement to accede to her demand. He flung away his own half-burned cigar.

"Give me one, please."

"No. I prefer that you shouldn't smoke here in public."

"Oh!"

Her eyes narrowed as she looked at her husband; then she burst into a light laugh, and turned to look again at the river. Lawrence glanced at her, then he too gazed at the water.

A little shallop shot into sight close to the battery. It was rowed by a man who looked up and saw the two. He lifted his cap; he stared persistently at the woman, his eyes showing an open admiration. Then his boat glided on toward the wharves.

"Is that Meramble?"

"Yes; quite an Italianized-looking man, isn't he?"

There was a slight access of color on Lawrence's face, but his voice was perfectly even in its lightness, as he responded,—

"Was that an Italianized stare he gave you?"

Prudence shrugged her shoulders; and that was the only reply she made to the question.

More boats and more yachts came by. Sometimes there was waving of hats and handkerchiefs from those on board to the two on the battery.

"We must look quite a Darby and Joan," remarked Prudence.

"Quite," said Lawrence.

Again Prudence turned her eyes quickly on her husband. Then she asked,—

"Do you remember what Mr. Meramble sang at the Ormiston's last night?"

"No."

"I do; it was so 'cute. You were close to the piano: you ought to remember."

"I recall Mr. Meramble's shirt-collar and his tie, but not his song." As he spoke, Lawrence laughed. It must be confessed that his laugh was extremely irritating.

"Listen," said Prudence.

Then, in a veiled, sweet voice, she sang,—

"Can you keep the bee from ranging,  
Or the ring-dove's neck from changing?  
No. Nor fettered love from dying  
In the knot there's no untying."

Lawrence sat so motionless that he almost had an air of rigidity. He continued his straight-ahead stare as he remarked, in an indifferent voice, "Meramble looks like a man who would not only sing like that, but act like that."

Prudence did not speak for some moments. Then she said she wondered why men seemed to hate each other so: she never could understand it.

"Then what you have not understood may be beyond your comprehension altogether."

Here Lawrence drew out another cigar, contemplated it, and then returned it to its case.

"How pleasant the water battery is!" exclaimed Prudence.

"Perfectly delightful!" was the man's response.

Another silence. Then Prudence turned with an indescribable, confiding movement toward her husband. She slowly removed her glove, looking down at it as she did so. She gently and caressingly laid her bared hand in her husband's, which was lying listlessly on his knee. The masculine fingers closed quickly about the feminine ones.

But Lawrence did not yet turn his head. He knew that Prudence had moved imperceptibly nearer. Presently he heard a soft whisper, "Dearest!"

He turned now, and his eyes met a warm glance that was even more thrilling than the word had been.

A fire sprang instantly to his eyes as he murmured,—

"My darling! My darling wife!"

She responded to the eager pressure of his hand, the eager brilliance of his eyes. Then she said, with tender gayety, "It isn't so stupid on the water battery, after all, is it?"

"How can it be stupid where you are?"

"Oh, thank you! That's just what I intended you should say, Lawrence. It's so nice not to have you disappoint me."

Here the two smiled into each other's eyes; and then Prudence added, "You are never dull, you dear old fellow, only when you choose to be. That's why it's so very, very trying, you know."

"But I don't want to try you," Lawrence responded.

"Perhaps it's just because you're a man, dear," she said, lightly, but still with the sweet, warm look in her eyes.

"Then I fear I can't help it if the trouble is so deep-seated as that." There was an ardent strain below the lightness in his voice. "Prue," he added, in a half-whisper, laughing slightly, "if we were not on the water battery I'm almost certain I should kiss you."

"On the Plaza, for instance?" she asked, with a raising of the brows. "I suppose we look quite ridiculous, as it is. Please throw

my mantle over our hands; that is, if you insist on keeping my hand in yours."

Lawrence flung the gray wrap over their clasped hands. He began to talk gayly. Suddenly he ceased speaking. Group after group had gone past them as they sat there, but now a man in white pantaloons, with a blue coat over a white rowing jersey, came walking over the battery. This man was middle-aged, swarthy, with a heavy black, carefully kept beard, and black eyes with a puffiness beneath them. He came up hat in hand.

"Of course I know I'm *de trop*, Mrs. Lawrence," he said, easily, "but then a man may decide to be even that for the sake of a word with you."

He nodded at Lawrence, who bowed with extreme distance in return, and who altogether had a look, as his wife informed him later, of wishing to rise and throw this new-comer into the sea.

"Only you'd have had a terrible armful, dear," she concluded, with a laugh and a glint of the eyes.

Having spoken thus, Mr. Meramble calmly sat down on the other side of Mrs. Lawrence and asked her if she didn't think he had rowed by in excellent form. Whereupon they entered into a brisk talk about rowing and yacht-racing and kindred topics.

Lawrence grew more and more glum, and at last rose and said he believed he would go back to the Ponce.

To his surprise, Prudence also rose.

"Wait a moment, dear," she said, sweetly, "and I'll go with you."

And of course Meramble rose, and refrained from accompanying them.

"I wish you were not quite such a donkey, Rodney," said Prudence, as the two walked away.

"Thanks for your good wish." Lawrence had a sense of suffocation upon him. This sense was caused by his now having fully decided in his own mind that his wife used just such tones and just such glances with other men as she had used—nay, as she still used—with him. This conviction, he felt, was reached rather soon after his marriage, and he was in the first acute suffering of the full discovery which had been slowly, like a dull pain, coming to his consciousness.

"I don't mean that you are habitually a donkey," she went on, as they strolled through the Plaza, "but only occasionally, and, of course, just when you particularly ought not to be."

Here the speaker bowed to an acquaintance, and Lawrence hurriedly raised his hat without seeing whom they had met.

"Just now," she continued, "you ought to have been especially sweet to Mr. Meramble."

"Why? Because the creature is a blackguard and a male flirt?"

Prudence raised her brows again. But she touched her husband's sleeve, and her glance tried to meet his.

"Because," she answered, "he is one of those animals who like to make husbands jealous."

Lawrence turned toward his wife with a restrained ferocity.

"And you would let him?" he asked, speaking in a whisper lest he should speak too loud.

Prudence threw back her head and laughed: the merry sound made people near turn and look at her.

"Good heavens!" muttered Lawrence under his breath, "what a thing it is to be a woman!"

"Not half so much of a thing as it is to be a man. A man is a miracle of suspicion and trust, of belief and incredulity. Don't you believe me, you angry old Rodney?" she asked, with another touch on his arm, and a swift, sweet modulation of voice.

"Yes," he answered, grimly; "I believe everything you tell me."

"Oh, no, you mustn't do that, for soon you'll be blaming me for deceiving you. But we're getting off the subject,—Mr. Meramble. He likes to make you jealous. It is kind of exciting, you know, to suspect that some one is behind a door, or somewhere, fuming and biting his nails down to the quick: you've noticed that jealous people always bite their nails to the quick, haven't you?"

"I can't say I have."

"Well, they do: I suppose they enjoy it. Now about Mr. Meramble: have you anything special against him, Rodney dear?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Do you want it in plain words?"

"Oh, dear, yes. I'm not afraid of plain words; and really I'm getting interested in him."

"Are you? The plain words are that he is a gambler and a seducer of women."

"Oh! And perhaps he smokes, too?"

The words left the smiling lips with a flippancy that seemed to Rodney nothing less than atrocious.

And yet he could not help hoping that she was saying them only to shock him. He had often thought of late that she liked to shock him: he could not understand such amusement, however.

"We won't talk any more here in public on this subject," Lawrence said, when he believed he could speak in his ordinary tone: "if we wish to exhaust the topic, let us go back to the hotel."

"Very well; and perhaps you'll have me whipped if I don't agree with you. I heard of a man the other day who said it was only cowardice on his part that he didn't whip his wife."

To this remark Lawrence made no reply. The two were walking now toward the Ponce. Unconsciously Lawrence hastened his steps.

When the door had closed upon them in their own apartments, Prudence suddenly turned to her husband, flung her arms about his neck, and pressed her head against his breast. She sobbed; she clung to him as if she could never let him go; and when he sat down with her held close in his arms, she lifted her tear-wet face, put a hand under his chin, and held his face away while she looked long and tenderly into his eyes.

How could he have been so angry? How could he ever forget for a moment the look he saw on her face now?

These were the questions he was asking himself, while his heart beat with the old rapture, the old intensity of joy in her presence.

"You ought not to be cruel to me," she murmured, after a while. Then, with a long, quivering breath, her head sank on his shoulder, and the two sat silent.

At last Lawrence became aware that his wife had fallen asleep. He looked down at her with inexpressible tenderness. He lightly kissed her forehead. He was already telling himself that he had been harsh, brutal. Was she never to speak to any one save him?

But, though he thought thus, though the burden in his arms was so unutterably dear to him, he had a conviction that he should not be able to refrain from returning to the subject of Meramble. Things were not yet satisfactorily settled. Lawrence could not understand how any self-respecting man could be willing that any of his womankind should be more than barely civil to a person like Meramble. Even women here in St. Augustine who skimmed very near the fence that separated the respectable from those that were not respectable, stopped at Meramble. Some of them looked over the fence longingly, for Meramble was said to be mysteriously entertaining, and charmingly devoted when he chose to be so. And there was about his appearance something that seemed a cross between a man of the world and a bandit. And he could sing; why, those who had heard him averred that even Mario could never have so "charmed with a tenor note the souls in purgatory" as could this man.

Still, Meramble was "in society" and yet was only tolerated. The stories about him perhaps made him more interesting, while they made people afraid. The men nodded distantly at him; what friends he found were women who would not be thought intimate with him, but who would not cut him dead, on "account of his brigand face," their husbands said.

It may be permitted to remark here that the time when a man thinks he has been "harsh and brutal" is the time when his wife can most easily "twist him about her finger."

When Prudence woke, ten minutes later, she found Lawrence sitting motionless lest he should disturb her. She opened her eyes and gazed sleepily at him for an instant. Then she smiled and nestled still nearer to him.

"You dear old thing," she said, in a whisper, "you must be aching in every bone. You may move now."

Lawrence changed his position slightly, but still held her.

"There's one thing I want to ask," he said, presently.

Prudence raised her head. "Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, with a smile, "when a person wants to ask one thing it's sure to be something dreadful."

She began to stroke her husband's face. Lawrence took her hand and held it fast.

"Nevertheless, I must ask it," he said.

"Well," she said, resignedly, "go on."

She lay looking at him with soft shining eyes, her lips curved in something far sweeter than a smile.

"Are you going to be cruel to me?" she asked.

"Was I ever cruel?"

"No, no, dear old boy. Now go on."

At this moment it seemed really ridiculous to Lawrence to ask what he had in mind to ask. But he kept to his resolve.

"I want you to promise not to—well, promise to snub that Meramble. Don't be any more than barely civil to him. You know what I mean. It's pollution for a woman to be kind to such a man."

Prudence raised her head and laughed.

"Is that all?" she said. "Ask me something harder than that. What do I care for Mr. Meramble? Pshaw! I can give you that promise easily enough."

"Oh, you will, then?" he asked, eagerly.

"Certainly."

And upon this Lawrence was afraid he had been a silly tyrant. But he now inquired why, then, Prudence smiled on that confounded scamp.

"Smiled on him?" she inquired, in bewilderment.

"Yes; in a—well, in a peculiar way, calculated to make him think you cared for him—or would like him to care for you—or—oh, no matter what. Stop smiling on him, anyway."

Here Lawrence tried to laugh. He felt awkward and foolish.

Prudence rose. She knelt down in front of her husband and crossed her arms over her bosom.

"My lord," she said, in a low voice, "your will is my law. So be it, even as you have said. I will smile no more on that Meramble man person. And if your slave does not obey, cut off her head; then she will smile no more on any one."

Lawrence leaned forward and caught his wife back in his arms.

His spirits suddenly rose wildly, and they kept at this high tide for several days. Prudence was as she had been immediately before and after their marriage, passionately in love with him, gay, saucy, tender, caressing.

Therefore he was somewhat surprised that, when he came home from Jacksonville one morning, he should meet an acquaintance who should say,—

"You've missed the excursion down to Matanzas, Lawrence."

"Yes, but I meant to miss it," was the response.

Afterward Lawrence remembered that the man looked at him with some curiosity as he remarked, carelessly,—

"Mrs. Lawrence likes such junketings better than we do. She's gone in Meramble's launch."

"Yes," Lawrence heard himself saying, carelessly, "she's always happy in a boat. How did the tennis-match come out? Eustace won, of course?"

Then Lawrence walked slowly from the station by this man's side, and put questions about the tennis-match, and seemed interested in the lengthy replies. But when he was at last left alone he strode eagerly

down to the wharves. He knew there was no regular conveyance to Matanzas, but as he felt now he would go if he had to walk or swim there. He would not try to analyze or subdue the fury in his heart. It was not that he was jealous in the ordinary sense of the word. But that broken promise gave him a poignant and terrible sense of desecration.

As he asked here and there at the wharves for a sail-boat, he could hardly bring himself to listen to the replies because of the agony of humiliation that overwhelmed him. He recalled with piercing vividness every look and tone as his wife had given the promise. What had she meant? And did she love him? Impossible to doubt it; and yet—— The sting of that “yet” was unbearable.

He found a small sail-boat which he could hire. The wind was just right, and he started. It seemed to him that he did not look to the right or left as his boat glided down between the Florida bank and the shore of Anastasia Island. The soft air was sweet with the smells of pine woods and salt water. The white gulls flew over him; the marsh ponies galloped up to the brink of the river to look at him, then as he came nearer they snorted and galloped away again, mane and tail flying.

It was several hours before his craft sailed up to the rickety old wharf near the ruin of the Spanish fort.

Two or three people were strolling on the beach, poking the fiddler crabs with canes, or looking idly off about them.

“Hallo, Lawrence: so you decided you’d come, after all, eh?”

“Yes; thought better of it when I found I got back from Jacksonville in time.”

Lawrence would not ask concerning his wife. A burning pain seemed to have seized his heart. He had not eaten since morning, and then but a few morsels of food. He was obliged to battle against a certain tremor of the limbs that sometimes came upon him. He walked along among the fiddler crabs that were everywhere darting into their holes and then coming out again. He examined these crabs as if they were of the greatest interest to him. He talked a great deal with the people he met. Two or three of them spoke afterward of his appearance, and some averred that there was a peculiar expression in his eyes. But there are people who make use of such phrases after a thing has happened.

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### XIII.

#### AN INVOLUNTARY BATH.

Strolling thus in front of the old house with its big chimneys and verandas, Lawrence thought he would go and sit down on one of those verandas: people who saw him would suppose he was enjoying the scenery, and he was conscious of an imperative desire to think calmly. That was what he had been trying to do all the way down here,—think calmly. He called himself an idiot, an unmitigated idiot, for coming at all. How should he better things by coming?

He rose from the old bench on which he had been sitting, and walked round the corner of the house. Walking thus, he came upon a man and woman standing there within the shade of some thick clambering vines.

The man's back was toward Lawrence, but the woman's face was plain to his sight, with upraised eyes and—he could not be sure of the expression, for Prudence instantly advanced, saying, briskly,—

“So nice of you, Rodney, to come, after all. Mr. Meramble was just suggesting that we go back to the launch and take a turn outside and see where Menendez and his ruffians came in.”

“Capital idea,” responded Lawrence, a trifle too pleasantly. “I always thought Menendez was rather overestimated as a scamp. You remember we looked the whole thing up when we came to Augustine, Prudence?”

He glanced at his wife with a most amiable expression. Meramble hastened to ask Lawrence to go in the launch, and Lawrence accepted with rather profuse thanks. He talked glibly as the three made their way to the bit of a craft, which required no work save what its owner could do himself.

Two or three times Prudence gave her husband a swift look in which perhaps there was a hint of questioning terror. She had never seen him in the least like this. She recalled, for the first time since she had heard it, the remark her aunt Letitia had once made to the effect that Rodney had a terrible temper when he was roused, but that he usually kept it under control.

You would have said that these three people were on the best of terms with one another as they went talking and laughing down to the launch, and as they embarked and the little craft began to glide out into the open sea. Prudence afterward told some one that, as her husband looked full at her with such extremely pleasant eyes, she didn't know why she should think of Bluebeard and a few other characters noted for amiability to their wives.

At any rate, there was something in the suavity of Lawrence's manner that soon made it a great effort for Prudence to speak at all, try as she would. Her smile became constrained; her heart beat heavily. She sat under the little awning and looked at the two men.

Lawrence was telling a story with good effect; sometimes he smiled as he talked; he was really very entertaining and very good-humored. His wife endeavored to forget the time when she had given him a certain promise. Were such promises ever kept, any more than the false vows that men were continually making?

The launch was going quite fast, straight out on the smooth water to sea. The land was already two or three miles away.

Prudence saw Lawrence turn and look toward the coast that lay low, its white sand glittering in the bright light. Then he glanced toward Meramble.

“Can you swim, Mr. Meramble?” he asked, presently.

“Certainly,” the man replied, with a slight accent of surprise.

“So fortunate,” returned Lawrence,

“Why fortunate?”

"Because I am presently going to throw you into the sea," was the suave answer.

The other man thought this was a joke, and a very poor joke. But he laughed, and said that there might be a difference of opinion about that.

"Oh, no, I think not; I think I can do it easily."

"Ah!"

Meramble's white teeth glittered in his black beard. Yes, it was a joke in the very worst possible taste, and before Mrs. Lawrence, too. But he smiled all the same as he uttered the interjection.

The sense of electricity in the clear air suddenly became almost intolerable.

"Damn him!" Meramble was saying to himself, "what's he talking like that for?"

Lawrence sat silent a few moments, gazing toward the shore. Prudence made an effort to keep up some kind of conversation. Though Rodney terrified her, she was secretly admiring him. She was thinking that she had not known he could be exactly like this.

Lawrence turned from his contemplation of the receding shore to objects nearer.

He rose with the utmost quietness of movement. He stooped slightly, and, notwithstanding the quick and furious warding motion made by Meramble, that gentleman was lifted bodily up and flung over the boat's side, where he fell splashing into the water.

The boat darted away from him, but not so soon that the two in it could not hear the horrible oath he uttered.

"Oh, Rodney!" cried Prudence, starting from her seat.

"Sit down," said Rodney, calmly, but his face was not quite steady. Now that his anger had done something to satisfy itself, he must begin to feel the reaction in some way.

"He will drown," said Prudence.

"No matter."

"But you will be hanged."

"In that case you will be a widow."

Here Lawrence began to laugh. Drops of moisture appeared on his forehead.

Prudence rose again. This time she came and was going to sit down by her husband, but he made a gesture for her to go back.

"He won't drown,—never fear," he said.

"As if I cared whether he drowned or not!" she cried. "It's you I care for."

At this Lawrence laughed again. He was watching Meramble, who was swimming after them, his black head shining on top of the water.

Now he withdrew his eyes from Meramble and fixed them on his wife. He felt as if a devil were in him that was not yet satisfied. And why should he still have that furious, unreasoning love for this woman? Had she not jilted him once, and when she could not get her English lord, had she not won him again? Did she love him? Had she ever loved him? Good God! it was dreadful to look at

her now and doubt her. There was terror in her face, but there was something else too, the thing which had lured him and held him, and which he was afraid would always hold him; and it seemed to be love for him,—some cruel passion which a woman like her was capable of feeling, even while she coquetted with other men. He did not understand it; he was not going to endure it.

Lawrence was sitting in the place just occupied by Meramble. He wished to be ready to attend to the launch; he had put it about directly, and they were now returning to the shore. Prudence had taken her seat near him. With some appearance of timidity she leaned forward and touched his sleeve.

"I would never testify against you," she said, in an awed whisper, her terror plainly visible.

"Testify?" he repeated, scornfully: "never fear about that. That creature won't drown; and he'll never tell how he came to have this bath. I didn't seem to have any opportunity to thrash him, so I threw him over. If you think he's going to drown, I'll stop and pick him up. I'm afraid he won't love me any the better for this. I had to do it, however, or kill him outright."

Lawrence spoke so rapidly that his words were hardly distinguishable. He no longer attempted to seem amiable. There was a ferocious light in his eyes, and he was very pale. Altogether he looked as a man may look who for the time has given himself over to the devil. Being an honorable man with an unseared conscience, he would have to pay a good price in self-contempt for the last half-hour. But the time for the self-contempt had not yet struck.

Prudence sat quietly trembling,—nay, she was almost cowering,—watching her companion with great eyes that made her face wild and strange. Why is it that an outbreak of savage Berserker blood so often excites admiration in the spectator? Does a drop of that same barbarian blood mingle yet with the milder current of civilization?

It was not the way of Prudence to keep silent, no matter what was happening. But she was afraid to speak now, and afraid to remain silent. She hesitated; she wanted to grasp her husband's arm, but the slight touch she had given him was all she dared. Was this the man whom she had been able to influence? Odd that she should be so proud of him because he had picked up Meramble and tossed him over the boat's side. Odd that she should be sure that she should never have any interest in Meramble again. How contemptible he had looked, flying over the side! But he had had a great way with his eyes, and he was said to be dangerous.

Here she laughed hysterically.

Meramble, swimming along behind, happened to hear that laugh, and he gnashed his teeth as if he were the villain of a melodrama. And he swore also, and swam still faster through the smooth water. If he had had a pistol in his hand at that moment, it is quite probable that he would have fired at those two in the launch, and I am quite certain he would have aimed at the woman first. Fortunately, however, in these days of high enlightenment we do not usually have revolvers within reach every time we are indignant.

"Do let him get in, Rodney," Prudence at length exclaimed, as soon as she could stop laughing.

At this Lawrence literally glared at her. Then he asked if she were so anxious concerning her friend's safety.

"No," she answered, hardily; "I don't care a penny whether he drowns or not. But you—oh, I'm afraid for you! He won't love you after this."

Then, in spite of herself, she began to laugh again, and then she burst into a violent fit of weeping, bending forward and hiding her face in her hands as she did so.

"No," said Lawrence, grimly, "I don't think I've done anything to win his affection."

As he spoke he slowed the launch. Its owner presently came up alongside and laid hold of the boat's edge.

"Do you want to get aboard?" inquired Lawrence.

It was an instant before Meramble could reply. Poor devil, it was hard on him!

"Is there any other craft near?" he asked, finally.

Lawrence gazed leisurely about him. "None within five miles, I should say," was the answer.

To this Meramble made no reply in words. The launch came to a stand, and he scrambled aboard. It is dreadful when a human being has within him quite so much of a wild-beast rage. Meramble knew that he had been made ridiculous before this woman. He knew that he was dripping and ridiculous now. He had not been in any real danger: real danger would have eliminated the ridiculous.

Lawrence rose, bowed, and relinquished the charge of the launch to its owner.

Meramble sat down without a word. Since he could not use the violent oaths which were all the words he wanted to use, he did not know why he should speak at all.

So it was in entire silence that the three went back to land. The group on the shore came down to the wharf uttering exclamations and inquiries.

Meramble explained that he had been awkward enough to fall into the water, but that Lawrence (with a look at that gentleman) had been kind enough to rescue him, and he added that he, Meramble, should never rest until he had been able to do as much for Mr. Lawrence.

Somebody on the wharf affirmed that at this speech Mrs. Lawrence shuddered unmistakably. Therefore a wise few immediately asserted that there was more in Meramble's falling into the water than met the eye.

When Lawrence tried to recall how he and his wife reached St. Augustine and the Ponce that night, he could never remember the slightest thing. Apparently they did get back the same as the rest of the party.

The next day the owner of the sail-boat came to Lawrence and demanded to know what had become of it. Then Lawrence endeavored to carry his mind back to the sail-boat and to explain. But it ended in his paying the man an exorbitant price for the boat, and so settling the matter that way.

## XIV.

## A BULL TERRIER.

After this Prudence said she would not stay in St. Augustine another day ; she affirmed that the place was hateful to her. She said she expected to find Rodney with a dagger stuck through him if he left her for a moment.

Lawrence listened calmly to all this. The two were on the water battery of the old fort again, and he was smoking. It was the week following the expedition to Matanzas.

Prudence looked pale and very charming in a white suit that fitted as her clothes always fitted. Lawrence once told her, with a suspicion of bitterness in his tone, that if she were to be led out to execution she would not pray, she would only ask if her gown were becoming, and was her hair right?

"Where do you want to go?" he inquired.

"I don't care."

"That means you do care."

He reached forward and knocked the ash from his cigar against a stone. To-day his face was almost colorless, and his eyes were hard ; and the dreadful thing about his eyes was that when they were turned upon his wife they did not change.

As for Prudence, she would have said that her heart was like lead. She dared not soften her voice when she addressed her husband, lest he might turn savagely upon her, though his manner now was as gentle and cold as a flake of snow. She glanced at him shyly, and was inwardly irritated that she should feel timid. She did not wish to be afraid of anything. One is not comfortable when one is afraid. And she was admiring him also ; and she wished to tell him of that admiration, and hang upon him, and smile, and caress him.

"No," she said, at last, in response to his words ; "it means exactly what I say."

"Since when have you meant what you say?"

He turned his cool, veiled eyes upon her, scanning her interrogatively.

She plucked up courage and replied, lightly,—

"Oh, I've always had seasons of meaning what I say."

"Indeed ! But how is one to know when it is the season for truth?"

He spoke carelessly, as if he had no interest in the reply, whatever it should be. He puffed out a cloud of smoke and watched it float away.

Prudence drew her light mantle closely about her. She would not press her hands together beneath it, though she was tempted to do so.

She had expected an explanation, storm, tears, renewed tenderness. Surely he could not be tired of her so soon.

She did not answer his question, but apparently he did not notice this.

"Rodney, let us go away," she said, earnestly. "I hoped Mr. Meramble would go, but since he stays I can't endure my anxiety about you. I can't—I can't!"

Her voice grew unsteady. She looked at her husband entreatingly ; tears gathered in her eyes.

"I am sorry to have you suffer from anxiety on my account," he responded, courteously, "but I think we will remain here. Augustine is a small place, I know, but it will hold Mr. Meramble and me."

"Please go !"

She moved a little nearer. A faint flush came to his face.

"Sorry to refuse you, Prudence, but you ought to see that after having flung Meramble into the water I can't run away as if I were afraid of him. Still, we don't fight duels nowadays, you know."

"But sometimes folks kill some other folks," she returned.

Lawrence shrugged his shoulders and said nothing.

"And Mr. Meramble's smile is so very glittering : it makes my backbone cold," Prudence went on ; "and when he looks at you I feel like screaming."

"I wouldn't scream, if I were you," Lawrence remarked.

"I shan't, if I can help it ; but I'm sure the time will come when I can't help it."

"In that case I'll call you insane and put you into an asylum."

Lawrence spoke these words so calmly that his wife shivered again, though she knew he was jesting. The glance she gave him now was not pleasant.

She turned toward the river and gazed at it, while her companion smoked. Already it seemed months since the other day when he and she had sat there and she had made him look at her with love.

"I'm nearly certain that it has leaked out that Mr. Meramble didn't fall into the water," said Prudence, after a silence. "I suppose somebody must have been looking through a glass at us. People are always looking through a glass at the ocean and telling each other what they see. That man will do something, I tell you. He isn't smiling in such a shining way for nothing."

"Very well ; let us wait and see what he does. We shall have thus some interest in life left to us ; that will be something for which to be grateful to your friend."

"My friend !"

"Certainly ; and he may thank you for his ducking."

Lawrence again puffed out a cloud of smoke and watched it dissipate in the blue air. But his wife refrained from speaking.

A few more days passed. On one of them Prudence remarked that they had made a great mistake in leaving Europe ; in Europe they wouldn't have met Mr. Meramble.

"It might as well be Meramble as another ; it was sure to be somebody," Lawrence returned.

That afternoon a great many of the winter residents attended a tennis-match. Of course Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence were there ; so was Meramble ; and just as the game was over this latter gentleman suddenly appeared near Lawrence, who was in the midst of a group of men and women.

Meramble's face was crimson, and he was smiling. People looked at him curiously as he made his way among them. He carried a dog-

whip in his hand ; but then there was a bull terrier at his heels, following closely, his red eyes watching his master.

"How do you do, Mr. Lawrence?" Meramble asked.

His voice was a trifle loud ; but Lawrence spoke very low as he answered, distantly, "How do you do, Mr. Meramble?"

"Never was better in my life, thanks. I owe you one. Sometimes I have a fancy to pay my debts—as now."

There was quite a theatrical air about the man as he spoke ; indeed, his appearance usually savored of the melodrama.

"Ah! That so?" said Lawrence, calmly. He was thinking, "That fellow knows that people know I flung him in."

He had barely time to finish this thought when Meramble started forward and swung his dog-whip square across Lawrence's face. Lawrence felt a stinging blindness that confused him and made him reel for the instant. And he could not gather himself before something else had come upon him. Meramble's dog was at his throat ; the brute had fastened himself there and was swinging by his hold.

There was a rush, a shouting, a scramble of several men forward to get the dog off.

Meramble stood back and looked on ; he was still smiling with a glitter of black eyes and white teeth.

Somebody got hold of the dog's legs. But somebody else was nearer still, and in the utter confusion in Lawrence's senses he yet heard a voice say sharply, "No! no! His throat! His throat!"

And all the time he himself was trying to find the dog's throat ; but he was like a man whose hands would not obey him. The stroke so near his eyes had cut like a knife, and his brain was still reeling from it, and from the onset of the dog.

But he thought he recognized the voice crying out thus ; and, curiously, in the hurrying blackness of the moment he was aware that he inhaled the odor of iris.

It was really but a second before he knew that his wife's fingers, strong and unflinching, were choking the beast from him. He heard her panting, then he heard the gurgle in the dog's throat ; the teeth had to let go.

The terrier dropped to the ground, and was caught up by some masculine grasp and flung somewhere.

Lawrence blindly opened his arms and gathered his wife into them. She lay trembling on his breast.

Some irrepressible in the crowd uttered a cheer for Mrs. Lawrence ; the cheer was taken up, and every man there, save two, roared lustily in another "cheer for Mrs. Lawrence."

In the midst of it all, Lawrence, holding Prudence, heard her whisper, with her lips on his face,—

"My dearest!"

In that instant his heart gave a glorious bound of ecstatic happiness.

Immediately she withdrew from his arms ; somebody went off for a physician, for Lawrence's throat was torn and bleeding ; somebody else offered an arm to him to assist him back to the hotel. There was

a babel of talk and exclamation, and in the midst of it Meramble, still almost purple in the face, and still smiling, walked away.

When he was well clear of the crowd this gentleman paused and looked about him. Then he whistled a long-drawn-out note. A moment after this note had died on the air a black-and-white bull terrier with red eyes, and with some drops of blood on his muzzle and chest, came at a slow sling trot from some place unseen and ranged at his master's heels. Then dog and man walked out of sight, and I think out of the pages of this chronicle.

Lawrence's lacerated throat kept him in his room for some days. He lay on a lounge and tried to listen to Prudence as she read or talked to him. She was very sweet and very lovely. Lawrence felt the old charm of her presence, her smile and her voice; he thrilled as he recalled over and over again her voice, and her words, and her act when the dog was at his throat.

But all the time, notwithstanding everything, there was with him the dull memory of her wantonly broken promise about her behavior to Meramble. He could remember too vividly her face as she had been talking with Meramble on the veranda of the old house at Matanzas.

When this remembrance was at its keenest, it was only by great self-restraint that Lawrence refrained from starting up and shouting out a curse for the woman who could do such a thing. But she loved him? The old, dreadful question; she loved him? Even now, in the midst of smiles and tears and kisses, she could make him believe her.

For the first three days Prudence was devotedly attentive; she scarcely left his side, and her devotion was plainly spontaneous.

A slight fever had set in, though the wounded throat was doing as well as such a hurt could do. Prudence began to grow listless in the very slightest degree.

Lawrence made her leave him and go down into the court, where a party were heard laughing and talking. After she had gone, with painful intentness he listened for her voice.

Ah! there it was. He raised himself on his elbow. Yes, honey sweet, gay, seductive, suggestive. He listened, his wounded throat throbbing as he did so. It was not that he desired to know what she said, it was only her tones that he must hear. And he groaned as he heard them.

He wished he might be able to understand her. He was not the first man who has wished to be able to understand a woman.

As Lawrence sank again on his couch, another day came back to his mind,—that day when he had been lying in his room at Savin Hill and had heard Prudence laugh outside.

Then he had been going to marry Carolyn Ffolliott. Then—he groaned again and moved uneasily.

It was terrible for a man like Lawrence to have one spot in his life which he dared not touch. He winced every time he came near that place in his mind. He wished that it might be covered up, encysted like some morbid growth in the body, and not remain so atrociously alive. As a man runs away from some place where he knows he will be hurt, so Lawrence's mind always ran away from the

thought of Carolyn. Yet somehow, within the last few weeks, he could not help thinking of her.

He had stopped his ears against any news from Savin Hill. He even shrank from looking too closely at a Boston newspaper, lest he should see the name of Ffolliott.

Not a week ago Prudence had silently put before him a paper with her finger on a paragraph. This was the paragraph :

“At a reception lately given by Mrs. Letitia Ffolliott at her residence on Commonwealth Avenue, among the prominent guests was Lord Maxwell. His lordship came to the States some months ago, bringing an invalid wife. His friends will learn with regret that Lady Maxwell has since died. We understand that Lord Maxwell will remain in Boston for some weeks.”

Lawrence's lip curled as he read these lines, and Mrs. Lawrence laughed.

“His lordship!” she exclaimed, and laughed again.

“How the fair women will smile upon him!” cynically remarked Lawrence; and he added, “Well, he hasn't a teaspoonful of brains, but he has his title.”

“Yes,” said Prudence, “and now he has the brewer's money without the brewer's daughter. Perhaps he will marry Carolyn Ffolliott.”

Having sent this shaft, Prudence refrained from looking to see if it went home.

Lawrence said quietly that he did not believe Carolyn would marry a man she did not love; but then, she might love Maxwell.

And here the subject had dropped; but neither of these two forgot it.

Lawrence grew very restless during those days when he was confined to his room at the hotel. The lacerated wound induced some fever, but still he was doing as well as possible. After the first, Prudence did not stay with him. She could bravely attack a dog in his behalf, but it appeared that she could not stop in a sick-room. Lawrence urged her to go, and, after a due amount of reluctance, she went. Her husband had plenty of time to think; he could not always thrust remembrance from him. He seemed to himself to be a very poor kind of a being. Where were his hopes for a career of usefulness and dignity in the world? Were they all lost for a woman's smile? And his self-respect? Had he bartered the peace of years for the rapture of moments?

And Prudence was getting tired of him. It was impossible any longer to doubt that fact; as impossible as it was to doubt that other fact that she had once had a passion for him which she was willing to indulge when she could not marry an English nobleman. She greatly preferred him, Lawrence. Here Lawrence uttered a very grim-sounding word.

In spite of himself, Lawrence did a great amount of thinking in those days, when he did not mean to think at all, and when he could often hear, in court or veranda, his wife's gay laugh mingling with the plash of fountains and the murmur of music.

But she said she was greatly bored, that it was hard to wait until Rodney could get out again.

The second time she said this, Lawrence responded by saying that as soon as he was able they would go North.

"What! before spring?" she asked, in surprise, and with a hint of indignation.

"Yes, before spring. I've been idle long enough. You've forgotten that I'm a lawyer. I had just begun to have a little success. I'll put on harness again."

Prudence glanced at him with an elevation of eyebrow; she was wise in her way, and she knew that now was one of the times when it would do no good for her to plead.

Thinking over the matter afterward, Prudence decided that it would, after all, be more interesting to go North.

XV.

"TOO MUCH FOR ANY WOMAN TO FORGIVE."

Though summer comes very slowly to New England, it yet does come, and when it has fully arrived its sumptuous beauty makes amends for all delays.

It was summer again at Savin Hill. There was the ocean in its splendor just as it had been the year before. The year before? Was it not rather a dozen years before? This was the question Lawrence put to himself as he stood on one of the cliffs from which he could see the towers of the Ffolliott summer residence. He and his wife had come down to Seaview to stay for a while. He thought that, unless he chose, he would not be likely to see the Ffolliotts. He could hardly understand why he longed to be at the old familiar shore. He supposed it was because he was not quite well,—not ill, by any means, but not in his usual robust health. He hardly knew what was the trouble. He seemed to have recovered from the attack of the dog. The physician whom he consulted did not mention any disease, but he gave strong advice against work at present. "Just have a good time," he had said, at which Lawrence had laughed.

Now, as he stood on this cliff, his eyes dwelt upon that chateau-like house which had once been a home to him. Never a home to him again. Sometimes his dishonorable way of leaving that place so rankled in him that he wanted to cry aloud, or weep like an hysterical woman. That was because he was not well, of course, though not ill; no, indeed, not ill. He would soon be at work again. When he could once work he would cease to be so weak. As for Prudence, she no longer hung upon him with passionate caresses; she was careless, though good-natured. He fancied he had seen a half-concealed contempt in her glance of late. Well, no one could despise him as much as he despised himself. He sometimes thought that he was one of those poor creatures who could do evil, but who were not strong enough to stop thinking about it after it was done.

"In short," he said, aloud, "I haven't the courage of my wickedness."

At first Prudence had made him forget everything but herself: she was a kind of hasheesh to him. But she was getting weary of him,—nay, was already weary.

Lawrence had sat down on the cliff by this time. Somebody was coming up the other side. In a moment a boy's head appeared. Lawrence leaned forward quickly. Leander Ffolliott sprang up and came forward,—a little taller for one year's growth, but otherwise much the same.

"I bet ten to one 'twas you," he said, "when I saw you first."

He held out his hand, and the two greeted each other cordially. Lawrence was sorry for himself that he should be so glad to see this youth, but he perceived by Leander's manner that the boy knew nothing of any reason why they should not be on good terms. This knowledge touched the man. He leaned back and put his hands under his head as he gazed at his companion. How ridiculously glad he was to see him!

There stood the boy, feet wide apart, hands in his pockets, hat tipped to the back of his head.

"You ain't well, are you?" was Leander's first question.

"Pretty well, thank you. How is it with you?"

"Tip-top. I say, where's Devil? Is he alive?"

"Very much alive. We take him everywhere."

"That so? Wish you'd give him to me."

"I will."

"Golly! Will you?" The boy jumped on one foot, and then on the other. "I'll go back with you after him. But mebby you'll bring him?"

"No. You may take him."

Leander screwed up one eye and contemplated Lawrence on the rock before him.

"I will. Say, you married Prue, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"So I thought, near 's I could tell. Folks been awful mum 'bout the whole thing. I s'pose 'twas kind of odd, wa'n't it?"

"Perhaps."

"Yes, I guess 'twas," was the response, "'cause I asked Caro one day if 'twas odd. She said 'twasn't odd, 'twas natural; but I didn't believe her, all the same. Been sick much?"

"I'm not sick."

"You don't look right, somehow. Let's go down to the house. Folks'll be awful glad to see you. Come on."

"I don't think I'll go now."

"Why not? I say, ain't it funny that the Britisher's there again this summer?"

"Is he?"

"Yes. Comes a lot. Sparkin' Sis, I s'pose. Sparkin' Prue last summer, you know,—wife takin' sulphur somewhere. Wife dead now. I say, is Prue 's much of a brick 's ever?"

"I think so."

"It must be awful jolly, then, to have her round all the time, same 's you have folks when you're married to 'em. I wanted Prue to wait for me, 'n' marry me. She said she would; but you see she didn't."

"Yes, so I see; but if I should happen not to live you might have a chance still."

Leander eyed the speaker for some seconds in silence before he said, "You wa'n't drowned when the Vireo went to pieces?"

"Apparently not."

"Yes, it does seem so. Did she go on a rock?"

"No: run into."

"And what became of you 'n' Prue?"

"Picked up."

"So you thought you'd get married?"

"Yes."

"Well, the folks felt awful when they thought you were all dead; 'n' so did I. Afterward I overheard marmar say she didn't think it possible you could be such a scamp. I s'pose she meant as not to be drowned. Funny, though, wasn't it?"

"Very."

"They were goin' to put on black, but Caro wouldn't; she said you wa'n't drowned. I say, how do you lug the crow round?"

"We have a big cage and have it in the baggage-car."

Leander contemplated this fact in silence for a time. It was plain that some things puzzled him. Then he took out his watch, evidently something new, for he had already looked at it twice in this interview.

"I guess it's about time she was here," he remarked.

"Who?" asked Lawrence, quickly.

"Why, Caro, of course. I was going to show her how my new fish-pole works. It's down below there. Oh, there she is now."

Lawrence sprang to his feet. He was too late. Carolyn stepped up onto the rock where the two stood.

She had not noticed any sound of voices; she was there in front of this man, and could not retreat. But she gave no sign of wishing to retreat. After the first instantaneous and uncontrollable flutter of features, she was calm—how calm she was! So Lawrence thought. He supposed it was the calmness of contempt. He knew that she ought to feel contempt for him; more than that, he ought to wish her to feel it.

If he had only been manly in his manner of desertion! If he had only told her that his old passion for Prudence had sprung into life again stronger than ever: that would have been bad enough, but that now seemed honor itself compared with what he had really done.

He gave one look into her steady, lovely eyes. Had she always been as beautiful as she was now?

He told himself, meanly and bitterly, that she could not have suffered much from what he had done. After all, he might have been very much mistaken in his estimate of her love for him. Perhaps women could not love deeply, anyway.

Lawrence did not know how pale he was ; but he soon perceived that Carolyn was growing white after her glance at him.

"I hope you'll be kind enough to speak to me, Miss Ffolliott," he said, as soon as he could command his voice.

When he had spoken thus, he was afraid there was too much pleading in his tone.

He had often pictured himself as writing to her, explaining everything and beseeching her to pardon him ; but he had never quite dared, even in his thoughts, to stand before her as he did now. And yet he had come to this shore because he longed to come ; he must have known in the bottom of his thoughts that here it would be possible to meet her, though he might guide his movements so as to make such a meeting improbable.

"Certainly," Carolyn answered, promptly, "I will speak to you. I am sorry to see you looking so ill."

"You need not be sorry. I have been ill, but I am greatly improved now. I hope to go to work in the fall."

He turned about somewhat confusedly to look for his hat, which was lying on the rock. He picked it up and seemed to be going. But he did not go. In the midst of his painful consciousness was the wish that Leander were not present. But the boy was quite visible, and was plainly listening to every word, while his eyes dwelt first upon one face and then upon the other. Was he scenting a "secret"? He still retained his love of secrets, and it must be a jolly one that could make these two people look precisely like this. Things had been very odd indeed the time the Vireo did not come back ; perhaps he really would find out now.

"Did you bring your fishing-rod, Lee?" asked Carolyn.

"Yep," said the boy, but he did not stir.

The girl turned. "Come," she said, "and let us see how it works." She spoke with perfect steadiness, but a small, bright red spot had now appeared on each cheek.

"Miss Ffolliott!" exclaimed Lawrence.

She paused and looked back at him. Lawrence had now forgotten the boy ; he had almost forgotten everything but that he must try and get this girl's forgiveness. For the instant nothing in the world, save her forgiveness, seemed worth anything.

"I wanted to ask you one question," he said, humbly.

He did not know that his hand which held his hat was trembling pitiably ; but Carolyn saw it tremble. She seemed to hesitate, then she said, quickly,—

"Leander, run down to the beach and wait for me."

Leander mumbled something, but he did not quite dare to disobey when his sister spoke like that. He walked away as slowly as he could possibly move, and he was continually turning his head back to look at these two. But even at this gait he did in time reach the little sandy beach, and they saw him sitting there and piling up sand over his feet.

Now Carolyn turned and asked, "Did you wish to say something to me, Mr. Lawrence?" and immediately, "Will you please sit down? You look very ill."

"No; I will stand. I won't detain you long. I wanted to ask you if you think you can ever forgive me?"

Lawrence's voice was low and shaken; his hollow eyes, darkly marked beneath them, were fixed on the girl's face.

She hesitated; he hastened to say, "I hope you don't think I mean for not marrying you,—I know well enough that that was a happy chance for you,—but for the grossly insulting way in which I left you. It is very little to say that it was not planned—that I did not seek—that it was chance—that——"

But the man would not intimate what part Prudence had acted on that evening. He resumed in a harsh tone, "Chance gave me the opportunity to be a villain, and I embraced the opportunity. Now can you forgive me?"

Still Carolyn was silent. She was standing without the least movement, save the tremulous motion of the knot of silk at her throat. She was not looking at her companion; her eyes were fixed on the ground.

Presently he began again. "I see how it is. It is too much to beg of any woman to forgive. Now I ought to ask you to forgive me for asking you to forgive. Can you do that?"

He did not wait for any answer to this last question. Still with his hat in his trembling hand, he turned away and began to descend the rock. But a sudden and imperative physical weakness made him stumble. He could have cursed that weakness.

Carolyn sprang forward; she caught hold of his arm.

"You *are* ill!" she said, in a half-whisper. "Will you sit down here for a moment?"

From very helplessness Lawrence was obliged to comply. He sat down; he did not try to speak. He had nothing more to say; and he was beginning to know how foolish he had been to say as much as he had said.

Carolyn sat down also, a few feet away from him. The tide had turned, and the waves were splashing intermittently against the base of the rocks below them; out in the bay the water had assumed that look of new life which the incoming of the tide produces. The girl dully wondered why, at such a moment, she should note all this. But she did think of these phenomena more keenly than when her mind was at liberty. And at the same time it seemed as if she saw nothing and knew nothing but that ghastly face with its terribly brilliant eyes that had been looking at her like eyes from some other world.

She moved her hands now, as if some movement, however slight, would be a help to her.

This was Prudence Ffolliott's husband. And it was plain that he was not happy. But perhaps that was because he was ill. She tried not to be confused by the pity his physical weakness excited in her. She wished to be kind, but not too kind. She wondered what was the exact way in which she ought to behave.

She glanced swiftly at Lawrence. He was sitting with his hands resting on his knees, his gaze fixed unseeingly before him; she knew that he did not see anything; and she knew how indignant he would

be if he realized how weak he looked. She must not wound him. Her eyes melted, her whole face softened indescribably, and her voice when she spoke partook of this change.

"You see, don't you," he said, quickly, "that all that I can say to you is to beg for pardon. After that I will not annoy you."

"I forgive you," she answered, at last. "I forgave you long ago."  
 "God bless you for that! Oh, Caro, God bless you for that!"

The words burst from his white lips, and the old familiar name came unconsciously.

How differently he was behaving from the way he had meant to behave if he ever saw Carolyn again! When he had spoken thus, some consciousness of this fact seemed to come to him. He sat up more erectly. Then he rose to his feet.

"It was all a mistake, our engagement," said Carolyn, now speaking as if she were referring to the affairs of some other woman. "I am to blame. I ought never to have allowed it. Let us not mention the subject again."

"Very well. But you have been to blame in nothing. Good-by."

Lawrence walked slowly down toward the beach where Leander was still piling up sand. He did not even see that youth, or hear him when he shouted, "Remember about Devil." The man walked on as fast as he could. The boy gazed after him, muttering that he should like to know what was the matter, anyhow. He immediately climbed the rocks again. Evidently his sister did not hear him, and Leander stood gazing at her in silence, with a growing conviction that he had by no means fathomed the matter, but that he would do so yet.

Carolyn was sitting crouched forward, with her knees drawn up and her hands over her face.

"If she's crying, she'll be whimpering so I can hear her," thought the boy. But she did not whimper so that any one could hear her.

Leander waited until he became impatient; then he called out that if she wanted to see the fishing-rod she had better come along.

The girl rose immediately and accompanied her brother; she succeeded in displaying a proper degree of interest in the rod, so that its owner offered no criticism on her conduct.

As for Lawrence, he did not stop in his walk, following the shore, until he reached the hotel. He had not expected to find his wife in, but she was at a table in their sitting-room, apparently writing letters. The crow was on the back of her chair, occasionally thrusting his head about so that he could look over her shoulder, as if he could read the words she had written.

Lawrence sat down quickly. He thrust his hand into the breast-pocket of his coat and drew out his cigar-case. Having selected a cigar, he did not light it, but sat looking at it.

Prudence laid down her pen.

"You look rather done up," she remarked, in an indifferent voice.

"Yes, I feel so," was the response.

"I shouldn't think you'd walk so far," she said, with the same indifference.

There was no answer to this.

Presently Lawrence said, "I've given Devil away."

At this the bird drew himself up and looked at the speaker.

"What?" came somewhat sharply from Prudence.

Lawrence repeated his words.

"But I'm not going to part with the crow," said Prudence, positively. "He knows all my secrets," here she laughed, "and, besides, he's my mascot. No, I shan't part with him."

"He hasn't brought you any great luck, it seems to me."

Lawrence put his unlighted cigar back in the case, stretched out his legs, and gazed at the toes of his shoes.

"That's true enough," returned Prudence, "but I'm always hoping he will. I'm going to keep him. To whom did you give him?"

"Leander Ffolliott."

Prudence started perceptibly. She looked for an instant intently at her husband, her eyes narrowing in their old way as she did so.

"Have you been there?" she asked.

"No; I saw the boy on the rocks."

"Perhaps you saw the boy's sister also?"

"Yes, I did."

"Oh!"

Prudence tipped her head back and laughed ringingly, her eyes still upon her husband's face. There was a little added color on her cheeks. The laugh was somehow so exasperating, so strangely insulting, that Lawrence rose to his feet in a fury. But he sat down again directly and resumed his old position.

"You seem to be amused," he remarked, coldly.

"Yes." She laughed again. "I was imagining the meeting,—such astounding propriety as I know characterized it. You would do the right thing, and Caro is nothing if not proper. Caro is a darling girl, and I love her dearly, but you must confess that she *is* proper, Rodney dear."

"Yes, I confess that," he said, grimly.

"Certainly; she would never take the least little part in a French novel."

"Never," he agreed, with emphasis.

Prudence gazed at her husband a moment without speaking. Her eyes changed. She rose and went to him; she stood by his side, put an arm lightly about his neck, and bent down slightly toward him. He sat perfectly quiet.

"I'm sorry you allowed yourself to get so tired," she said.

"Oh, I shall get over that," he replied, carelessly.

"Yes, but it hurts you."

He smiled in silence.

She moved slightly nearer. There was the old indefinite something in her manner which had once charmed him so.

"Don't reproach yourself," she said, pleadingly: "you know you didn't love her then."

No answer.

Prudence bent nearer and kissed her husband's lips. But they did not respond.

"You loved me," she murmured, kissing him again.

In the silence that followed, during which Lawrence sat like a stone, Prudence gradually drew away from him. She stood looking at him, and the softness left her face.

"Perhaps you don't love me any more," she said, finally.

Lawrence roused himself. Everything seemed black before him, but he was conscious of trying to be gentle and courteous.

"Perhaps I never loved you," he answered.

"Oh!"

It was strange how the woman's countenance had darkened: it did not look grieved, but angry. At that instant, if her face had worn a different look, Lawrence's heart might have suddenly melted and some things have happened differently. But no, he told himself afterward, how could she change herself? What was to be would be. The old fatalistic saying recurred to him again and again. But what was he, that he should blame any one for anything?

"Prudence," he said. He put out his thin, burning hand and took hers; but in a moment she withdrew it. She stood before him, her graceful, erect figure in a blaze of sunshine that poured in through the window behind her.

Lawrence wondered that her touch could give him no thrill now: his blood ran coldly beneath her kiss. Was he beginning to know her? or was it that he had known her when she had so enthralled him?

These questions went through his mind so persistently that he was confused.

"I have been a puppet in your hands," he said. He added, with an inexplicable smile, "But then, there was Mark Antony."

He leaned wearily back in his chair. Prudence went to her own chair and sat down in it. The crow hopped round to her knee; he sat there looking at her, first with one eye and then with the other. She thought it was curious that she should recall, just at this moment, that night she had spent in the Boston hotel after the Vireo had been run down, the night before she had been married. She and the crow had been together then, and she had thought of killing him. It seemed to her that the bird had called her a liar,—a liar. She tried to throw off this remembrance.

She looked at the man sitting so wearily opposite her. So he believed he had never loved her? Well, she still believed that she had loved him. It was galling that he should have told her that. He ought to have known better than to say such a thing. So she had been a kind of Cleopatra to him? Well, he was not a Mark Antony to be held by love; but he hadn't loved, he said. She also was becoming confused. She put her cold fingers up to her temples and pressed them there for an instant.

Never shall amorous Antony  
Kiss kingdoms out for you.

Where had she read those lines? But it was no matter where she had read them.

"Your interview with Carolyn seems to have had a disastrous effect," she said. "What did she say to you?"

"She said she forgave me."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; I asked her, you know."

"You asked her?" she said, with an elevation of the eyebrows.

Lawrence nodded. In a moment his wife said, "Now I should really hate to have a man ask me to forgive him for not marrying me. I should hate that. I should want somebody to come and thrash that man for me."

Lawrence raised his head and met his companion's sparkling glance of resentment.

"Of all the stupid things you ever did, Rodney Lawrence, that was the most stupid."

"But I didn't ask her precisely that," he said. "I told her she was lucky not to have me for a husband; but I did beg for forgiveness for the way in which I left her."

"Oh!"

Prudence's way of uttering this interjection was as if she had struck a stinging blow across her companion's face. He winced inwardly, but still he met the stroke bravely. He had told her this in accordance with a resolve he had made long ago that he, on his part, would have no concealments from his wife. Perhaps the discovery that she sometimes prevaricated, sometimes colored simple statements, sometimes told downright falsehoods, had strengthened this resolve in him. On his side he would have simple, straightforward truth. But what was he, that he should rebuke her? had he not broken the most sacred word a man can give,—broken it in the most insulting way possible? This thought came to him when he was tempted to rebuke. Then he would tell himself, with a corroding bitterness of feeling, that as a man sows so he must reap. He was reaping now.

"I suppose you think you love Carolyn." Prudence said this after a silence.

## XVI.

### TÊTE-À-TÊTE.

Lawrence allowed himself an uneasy movement in his chair, and he did not answer.

Prudence sat stroking the head and neck of the crow, which still remained on her knee.

"Since we are having such a very interesting conversation," she said, "pray let's continue it. There's nothing so spicy and agreeable as a *tête-à-tête* between a husband and wife who are thoroughly disillusioned: don't you think so?"

Lawrence said nothing. He glanced about the room like one who would be glad to escape. He was weary and faint, but he would not seem weary if he could help it; and there was a weight like lead on his heart. He thought, with seeming triviality, that he had never

before quite known what that phrase "a heart as heavy as lead" meant.

"You have decided now that you never loved me," she continued.

"Why need we discuss that question?" he asked.

"Oh, because it suits me to discuss it. I feel analytical this morning. Let us dissect a few feelings. My husband has just had an interview with an old flame, and now he comes and tells me he thinks he never loved me. You must believe that I shall be interested in this subject. Pray, Rodney, if I may ask, what did you feel that made it possible for you to take me to Boston that night?"

Lawrence sat gazing at Prudence as she spoke. He had a fanciful notion that his heart was like ashes as well as like lead. How could he have been so blind? He could not now imagine that he had felt what he had felt for Prudence. Some one has said that there is nothing so dead as a dead passion.

"I suppose," he said, slowly and drearily, "that I had a fancy for you. You infatuated me: it was a kind of intoxication."

"Do you eliminate passion from love?"

She put the question as if she were making an inquiry concerning a symptom of disease.

"No, but love is not all passion. It has a basis of tenderness and respect: it is not a delirium."

"From which you recover to despise yourself?"

She seemed to add this to his sentence.

Lawrence rose; he stood a moment in front of his wife, gazing down at her. He was bewildered by the tumult of his emotions, by his strange indifference to Prudence, and, perhaps more than all, by his physical weakness.

He turned toward the couch near and stretched himself out upon it. His wife rose and put a shawl over him, and he said, "Thank you," in a mechanical way. Then he asked, trying to prevent his voice from showing irritation,—

"Is it really necessary for us to continue this talk?"

"Perhaps not; but if I prefer to go on, dear Rodney?"

Lawrence closed his eyes.

"Go on," he said.

"How kind of you to let me have the last word! But you see I think I'll take up the study of psychology, with you and me as object-lessons. Can't we mount a scrap of our feelings on a bit of glass and put it under that microscope of yours? Really, I didn't think I should come to look back almost with envy to that time when I nursed mamma at Carlsbad. At least I wasn't married then, and Lord Maxwell came to the place. To be sure, he had symptoms, and a man with symptoms isn't much better than a block of wood to flirt with."

Prudence's voice was running on with a semblance of gayety; and now she laughed.

"I wonder what sort of a flirter Caro finds Lord Maxwell. Of course he's stupid, for is he not a man? I heard Mrs. Yorke say yesterday that people began to talk as if Maxwell would marry Caro—"

lyn. She may be the countess in the family, after all. Then mamma can say, 'My niece, Lady Maxwell,' instead of 'My daughter, Lady Maxwell.' Of course it won't be quite so fine, but it will do. I suppose Caro will visit every cottage on his lordship's estate, and will make no end of flannel petticoats. In novels, you know, the good lady carries petticoats and strong soup to the poor, and reads to them. Can't you see Caro doing that, Rodney?"

Lawrence lay with his eyes closed. He opened them now to glance at his wife. She was looking full at him, and their mutual gaze met as two shining bits of steel might meet. It almost seemed as if one listening might have heard the clash of metal on metal.

Lawrence immediately closed his eyes again.

"Can't you see Caro doing that?" repeated Prudence, relentlessly.

"I haven't an active imagination like you," he answered, at last.

"What a pity!"

Prudence, after a moment, turned to her writing again. Her husband lay there and heard her pen going over the paper.

He began to think more calmly, and it came to him that he had not done a good thing in telling Prudence that he had never loved her. There was no need of his saying that. He would give much now if he could recall those words; but he knew he could not remove the sting of them. What a brute he had been! What a very different person he was, every way, from the person he had meant to be! He did not feel able to understand it all. He wished he could banish the memory of Carolyn's lovely, truthful face. He was sorry he had seen her. Did human beings always want the thing they could not have?

For what seemed a long time he heard his wife's pen on the paper; then the noise grew indistinct, and Lawrence knew that he was going to sleep, and was thankful for the knowledge.

But he did not sleep long. Nothing special awakened him, however. He opened his eyes: they rested on Prudence, who had stopped writing. She was sitting with her hands folded on her lap, gazing at him. How old and hard her face appeared! She smiled immediately, smiled brilliantly and without any softness.

"I was waiting for you to waken," she said.

"Well?"

"I hadn't quite had the last word yet," she said, with a slight laugh.

Lawrence sat up.

"I was a brute to tell you I had never loved you," he exclaimed, abruptly.

"Never mind; we must always tell the truth, you know," she returned, lightly.

He said nothing. He was trying to brush the clouds away from his brain and think clearly.

"And since we must speak truth," she went on, "I was waiting to tell you I was distractedly in love with you,—it was no make-believe,—but that I was deadly tired of the whole thing in a few months. It's not quite a year yet, is it? That's why I wanted to amuse myself with Mr. Meramble, or somebody. But when you flung Meramble

into the ocean, you did it so well, and he seemed so insignificant, that I was almost in love with you again. But it didn't last. Now I've had the last word; I imagine we understand each other."

She rose and stretched her arms above her head. She glanced at her watch.

"I'm going sailing with Mrs. Yorke and a few others. I hope you won't need anything before I come back. Don't you think you'd better try to have another nap? You look very tired. And I hope you won't forget your medicine, and all that kind of thing."

She went into the inner room, and in a few moments came back with hat on and parasol in her hand.

Lawrence was walking back and forth in the room. He paused near his wife and laid his hand on her arm.

"I hope you won't remember the foolish things a poor half-sick fellow says," he began. "I hope, since we are to spend our lives together, we may be on friendly terms, Prudence."

Prudence was occupied in furling her parasol and in fastening the folds. She did not raise her eyes as she answered, "Of course we shall be friendly. You didn't think I should begin to quarrel with you, did you? I'm not quite so vulgar as that. I'm not going to mend your stockings, or warm your slippers, or that kind of thing, you know. We are like other people, that's all."

Prudence now glanced up at her companion. There was a fire in her eyes that blazed still more as she continued,—

"I imagine I have a great deal of temperament, as the French say. Now, good-by. I don't know whether we shall sail down to Plymouth or not."

She left the room. The crow walked after her to the door, made a guttural sound, then occupied himself by pulling threads from the carpet.

Lawrence leaned against a window-casing, and gazed vaguely at the bird.

"What did she mean by that?" he asked aloud. "What is it to have a great deal of temperament? Perhaps I have it myself."

He turned toward the window, from which he could see the ocean.

"Not quite a year ago. Really, it's horrible to come to this in less than a year. There they go. How charming Yorke thinks her! See him take her parasol and carefully hold it between her and the sun. His wife is carrying her own sunshade. See Prudence look up at her cavalier and smile at him. Oh, what an egregious ass I have been! And now let me drink what I have brewed."

He turned from the window. He gave a short laugh. "Why, I am actually becoming a soliloquizer. To how much lower depths shall I sink, I wonder?"

After a short time he left the hotel and walked out to a group of rocks that at low tide stood up bare and brown in the sunlight. Just now no one was there, so he chose them as a resting-place. His tall, gaunt form, as it made its way slowly along the beach, looked out of tune with its gay surroundings.

When he had seated himself, a sail came gayly round the little

promontory and glided within a few rods of him. Some one waved a handkerchief at him; he lifted his hat mechanically, and saw that it was his wife who was saluting him. Then the craft gathered speed and reeled away out into the great blue space.

Prudence, sitting in the bows, leaned forward as if to greet still more quickly the immensity and grandeur of the sea. She never tired of the ocean. Her whole face seemed to kindle; beautiful curves came to her lips as she sat there silently. The sensuous nature drank in, with a kind of dainty greediness, the scene before her. To love the beautiful passionately, to be moved strongly by it, and revel in it, and be drunk with it,—perhaps Prudence did not actually formulate the belief that to do this made her a refined person, somehow above the merely upright human being; but she certainly had a nebulous conviction to that effect. She had an unexpressed contempt for those people who pretended to be guided by their consciences, or by what they called religious principle. Of course it was all a matter of temperament, she said. She once remarked, with one of her light laughs, that she did not know what it was to be a pantheist, but she rather thought that she was one; she would be either that or a devout member of the Roman or Greek Church,—something which had a gorgeous ritual into which she could plunge her senses and stimulate them with sumptuous dreams, and images, and music, and perfume of incense. Yes, after all, she believed she preferred that kind of thing to being a pantheist; though, on second thoughts, perhaps pantheism included all these.

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XVII.

“ARE YOU GOING TO MARRY LORD MAXWELL?”

Carolyn Ffolliott was sitting on the piazza at Savin Hill, sitting in much the same position and with the same surroundings as when we first met her in the opening chapter of these chronicles. Only it was a year later. A year usually writes very little on the human face, though it may have brought experiences which will in time make their imprint visible.

Carolyn was reading; her brother Leander was sitting on the lawn, trying to unravel the tail of a kite; her mother was walking slowly back and forth, watching her son. There was the sea, just as it had been; and apparently there were the same sails, and the same coal-barges drawn by tugs, and the same steamers far away in the offing.

“It’s rather stupid here this summer, don’t you think?” remarked Mrs. Ffolliott; “and I’m afraid Leander isn’t having as a good a time as usual. Are you, Lee dear?”

“Yep, bully,” was the prompt reply. “Only there’s Prue ain’t here, you know.”

As if as a sort of comment upon this remark, there was the sound of steps at the other end of the veranda, and a young woman in a bicycling suit came walking forward. There was a bright color on her face, but then she had been “biking,” and it was warm.

Carolyn, as she saw Prudence, rose quickly, her own face growing red, a spark coming to her eyes.

Prudence came on, going straight to Mrs. Ffolliott.

"Dear aunty," she exclaimed, "I've wanted to see you so"—kiss—"that I finally decided I would come over"—kiss—"and I was sure you couldn't bear any malice after all this long while. You dear Aunt Tishy, you, you were always as much like a mother as my own mother herself; and then you didn't have rheumatism, either: so you were better-natured, you know."

Here the speaker laughed excitedly. She still held her aunt's hand in both her own. She did not seem, at this moment, to see her cousin, who was gazing steadily at her.

"You're not going to turn me out, are you, Aunt Tishy? You don't know how I've missed Savin Hill. It's more like home to me than any place in the world. You won't turn me out?"

In the bottom of her heart Mrs. Ffolliott was thankful for this diversion. She remembered, first, that time did not usually hang heavily where Prudence was; but then, immediately, she remembered, secondly, that Prudence had run away with Carolyn's lover on the eve of their marriage; she had not forgotten that—how could she? But—oh, dear, how complicated things were!

She now kissed her niece with an air of not knowing what she was doing, as indeed she hardly did know. Then she began by saying she was sure, she was very sure she was sure—and just here Leander dashed up and cried out that this was the jolliest thing that could happen, and he'd get his wheel, and they'd go down the East road, and he'd beat her all holler in no time.

"Perhaps you'll beat me, but you won't beat me holler, I'm positive," she responded.

She shook hands with the boy; then she stooped and kissed his forehead; whereupon, to the amazement of the witnesses, Leander flung his arms about her neck and kissed her cheek resoundingly.

When Prudence lifted her head, the girl standing there watching her was surprised to see that there were tears in her cousin's eyes.

We are often surprised when people whom we think rather wicked and false show signs of natural feeling or affection.

Carolyn was moved too. She was a tender-hearted creature, who could never bear to see anything suffer; and she was sure that Rodney was not happy with his wife. No man who looked as he did was a happy man. If she had believed that he was happy, would she have been able to do as she did now? Who can tell? The human heart, besides being "desperately wicked," is a very mysterious organ.

Carolyn advanced a few steps, and the two looked into each other's eyes for the first time since Prudence had been Rodney's wife. In the eyes of Prudence were pleading, and deprecation, and just enough unhappiness to win upon her cousin; and all these feelings were also truly in her heart. She was one of those subtly wise women who know how to make use of genuine emotion.

Carolyn did not put out her hand. She could not quite do that,—not yet, anyway. She said, "How do you do, Prudence?" in quite

the ordinary way, and as if the two had met the day before and nothing particular had happened since.

"Very well, thanks. Are you well, Cousin Caro?" was the response.

To this Carolyn answered that her health had never been better. Then Mrs. Ffolliott, with some nervousness in her manner, asked after Rodney's health, adding that she had heard very distressing rumors about him.

Carolyn looked away from Prudence as the latter made reply :

"Rodney, poor boy, is getting to be a terrible hypochondriac. I don't know what we shall do with him. We must all try to amuse him."

As she pronounced the word "all" she glanced markedly at Carolyn, who was gazing off to the horizon.

"Then he isn't really ill?" asked Carolyn, turning calmly toward her guest and speaking as if referring to some stranger.

"She certainly has good stuff in her," was the mental comment of Prudence as she answered aloud, "Not very ill, I'm sure. A few functional disturbances of some of the organs, I forget just what ones; the liver, I imagine, and heart."

"I should think being at the sea-shore might benefit him," said Mrs. Ffolliott, solicitously.

"Oh, yes, of course it will."

Thus Prudence dismissed the subject.

She walked to where Carolyn had taken her place immediately after greeting her, a pillar of the piazza against which she was leaning.

"Caro," she said, softly, "let me see you a moment, please."

Carolyn showed the surprise she felt. She lifted her brows interrogatively as she asked, "Do you mean alone?"

"Oh, yes: what can one say with Leander present?"

"Let us go down to the beach, then," answered Carolyn, and the two started, being followed by Leander until that person consented to go back on condition that Prue would return and ride a race with him that very morning.

On the ridge of dry sand above high-water mark Carolyn and her cousin sat down. Neither spoke for some time; Carolyn was resolved not to be the first to break the silence. She would not aid Prudence in whatever she had to say, and she was so weakly human that she could hardly help shrinking a little away from her as she sat beside her. But she did not shrink; she sat with that utter quiet of which she was capable, hardly an eyelash stirring.

As for Prudence, she put one hand down in the warm sand and burrowed into its depths, trying to absorb herself in the action. She had come on an impulse to see Carolyn and to gain an entrance to Savin Hill again. It had been uncomfortable to have to reply that she did not know, when people put inquiries to her about the Ffolliotts. And she was tired of suffering this sort of banishment. She wanted her aunt and cousin to be reconciled to her. People in the end always thus far had been obliged to become reconciled to her. This, to be sure, was rather a difficult matter.

How very irritating Caro's face was! This she felt as she glanced at that face calmly contemplating the movements of a dory which a man was rowing out to his fishing-smack.

"Caro dear," she at last began.

Carolyn turned promptly toward her, and waited.

This waiting was, for some reason, inexpressibly exasperating to Prudence, whose face flushed, and who was obliged to wait on her own account before she could speak as she wished to speak. Evidently she was to receive not the slightest help from her companion.

With the rapidity of lightning, Prudence changed her plan as to what she would say. There came a certain line on either side of her mouth, a line which Carolyn had seen before and wondered about.

"Do you want to know the very inmost, secret reason for my coming, Caro?" she asked.

She removed her hand from the sand and carefully dusted her fingers with her handkerchief, smiling to herself as she did so.

"If you'd like to tell," was the answer.

"I'm dying to tell," she said, turning now fully toward her cousin and fixing her eyes upon her face.

"Then," said Caro, placidly, "if you're dying to tell, I'll try to wait until you speak."

Prudence felt her fingers tingle with a vixenish desire to slap the face before her. Really, was Caro so provoking as this in the old days?

"Well, then, I came to congratulate you, my dear."

"Congratulate me?"

"Certainly. I hear one thing said every time your name is mentioned."

Here Prudence came to a full stop, and tried to be patient until Carolyn should ask a question. But Carolyn resumed her watching of the man in the dory, who had now nearly reached the smack.

Prudence began to plunge her hand once more in the sand. Her face was growing red. What had changed matters between her and the girl beside her? Formerly she had easily maintained the ascendancy; now, indefinitely, she felt that she had lost this ascendancy.

There was color in Carolyn's face,—her blood she could not control,—but her features were as calm as if she could not think or feel. This one fact made Prudence afraid that when she did speak she might stammer from sheer anger and astonishment. Was this the cousin whom she had considered a sort of namby-pamby, goody-goody girl who would be easily controlled?

It wasn't of the least use to wait for some word from Carolyn: so Prudence said,—

"You seem so calm, I suppose everything is all settled."

"What is settled?"

"Your marriage to Lord Maxwell."

For reply Carolyn gave a glance of contemptuous interrogation.

"Oh, yes," Prudence reasserted, "and let me tell you that every girl is not so lucky."

No response.

"I suppose you're flesh and blood, and not wood!" she cried, indignantly.

"I don't think I'm wood."

"I've a great mind to pinch you and see."

"Very well."

"Caro, do you remember that time when you told me how you loved Rodney?"

Now the girl winced visibly beneath this cruel thrust. But she answered, promptly, "Yes."

"Well, I don't believe a word of it; I don't believe you could ever love anybody,—lucky creature that you are!"

Carolyn looked for one instant at the eyes fixed upon her. Then Prudence suddenly threw her arms about her cousin, and exclaimed, with an outburst of tears,—

"Oh, do forgive me! I'm half crazed! I don't know what I'm saying! I have to suffer so, and nobody seems to think a woman like me can suffer!"

Carolyn remained rigidly quiet; she would not pretend to respond to this embrace; inwardly she turned sick at it. Yes, of course Prudence could suffer; and she ought to suffer.

Carolyn was astonished at the vigor of her own resentment. And why had Rodney Lawrence's wife come here? To spy out the land? Well, she should not be much rewarded if that had been her object.

Finding that her embrace and her tears seemed productive of very little, Prudence sat up and put her handkerchief to her face for a moment.

"I know," she said from its folds, "that there are some things a woman cannot forgive. But, though I stole your lover away from you, I've not been supremely happy since. And I know you used to pity unhappiness."

"I hope I'm still sorry for any one who is unhappy," said Carolyn, steadily.

"I suppose you're going to marry Lord Maxwell: aren't you?"

This question was put with abrupt rapidity, and Prudence dropped her handkerchief and darted a look at the face beside her.

Carolyn could not tell why she suddenly resolved not to reply to this question; perhaps she made this resolution because of the eager curiosity which leaped from her cousin's eyes as she spoke. She did not answer; she averted her face lest Prudence should read the truth there, but she was conscious of a sense of shame as she did so.

"Won't you tell me?" persisted Prudence.

"I would rather not say anything on the subject," was the response.

Prudence's eyes flashed fire. Until now she had not in the least believed the rumor.

Was this girl—this—this—oh, was she to become Lady Maxwell, while she, Prudence Ffolliott, had cut herself off from such a congenial career as that with a husband whom she could twist this way and that—while she, because of the passion of a moment, was tied to a man who was tired of her, and whom just now she was sure she hated? Thoughts like these rushed hotly through her mind in a confused troop.

So, after all, Carolyn was just like other girls. Why, of course she was. Why shouldn't she be? And Maxwell was now very wealthy. Prudence sat up straight. She thrust her handkerchief into the pocket of her little cycling-jacket.

"I beg your pardon," she said, with great suavity. "I didn't know but that you might be willing to tell me. I suppose I must wait, however, until the announcement is made."

Having said this, she rose and brushed the sand from her garments. She remarked that she would run up to the house and have a spin with Leander.

Carolyn walked up with her, and the two conversed affably, and parted with great politeness on both sides.

But as Prudence mounted her wheel outside, her hands trembled, and she was white instead of being flushed.

When Leander returned, he informed his mother and sister that Prue wasn't any good any more, and that he had beat her all holler without half trying. Also, as an after-thought, he said they had met Lord Maxwell on his wheel at the turn in the east road, and that the Britisher had gone on home with Prue.

### XVIII.

#### LEANDER AS A MEANS.

You don't marry a woman because she is religious, or is inclined to tell the truth, or has this or that trait of mind. You are much more likely to fall deeply in love and to ask her to be your wife because of a certain droop of a lock of hair over her forehead; or perhaps a particular trick of smiling lips caught your fancy and set it on fire. Why, I know a man who begged a woman to be his wife just because he was convinced that she had the most delightful little lisp in the world. Fortunately, or unfortunately, she refused him, and he has since united himself to a woman whose speech is remarkable for clearness of tone. I often wonder whether he wishes that she lisped, or if he has decided that he can be happy without a lisping wife. And how remarkable it is that, when once you have won your love, the little thing which attracted you, for some mysterious reason, ceases to be attractive, and you wish her mind was something more in sympathy with yours, or that her temperament was better fitted to yours. Ah, that matter of temperament! One can put up with a good deal that is wrong if only the temperaments be rightly adjusted.

I am not going to claim these as particularly my thoughts. They were the thoughts that were going rather indefinitely through Lawrence's mind one afternoon as he lounged in a little sail-boat opposite the hamlet where he was spending the summer. His wife had gone on an all day's cycling trip with Lord Maxwell. The two had left the hotel at about ten in the morning. As Prudence had put on her gloves before leaving her room, she had remarked to her husband that she hoped he would amuse himself in some manner while she was gone.

There was Caro only three miles away : he might call on her if he were not so odd.

As she spoke thus, Prudence had looked steadily for a moment at the man standing in the window with his back to the light. She could not forgive him for refusing to visit at the Ffolliotts'. His refusal seemed so absurd to her ; but he persisted in it. It was now two weeks since the time when she had ventured there and had come away thinking that Carolyn was engaged to Lord Maxwell. Since then she herself had seen a good deal of that nobleman, but she had not quite been able to make up her mind as to the existence of an engagement between him and her cousin.

Lawrence did not think it worth while to reply to this suggestion that he call on Carolyn. He was engaged at this moment in intently watching Prudence as she pulled on her gloves. Having drawn them on, she came to his side and extended a hand for him to fasten the glove.

As he performed this little office with his customary deftness, she regarded him with more care than was of late usual with her.

Since one particular interview, she had hardly been able to look at him without remembering that he had told her that he had never loved her. As she had not a particle of what she called love left for him, it was rather surprising that this remembrance should so rankle in her mind. And he did not betray—worse than that, she was sure he did not feel—the slightest irritation that she was so much with Lord Maxwell of late. How very disagreeable he was ! And she had loved him ; yes, she had certainly loved him even before the spice of the attempt to get him away from his betrothed was added to that feeling.

She lingered a moment after her gloves were fastened, still gazing at her companion.

“ What do you think of a separation ? ” she asked.

He looked at her quickly. “ I had not thought,” he answered.

“ Please think, then. You let me have the crow, and a generous allowance, and I'll go my way. There seems no reason why life should be so extremely disagreeable as it has been of late. Good-by. Don't get too tired, and don't forget your medicine.”

She opened the door and left the room. She returned immediately to say that she had promised Devil he might go with her to-day. She chirruped, and the bird hopped out of the door, which was closed again.

Lawrence stood in the window and saw the two ride away on their wheels, the crow flying along leisurely after them, alighting occasionally to investigate something on the ground. He saw his wife turn and call Devil just before she wheeled out of sight.

It seemed to Lawrence that he was always standing in the window watching his wife go somewhere ; and always she was gay and spirited, and people liked to be with her.

There was that long, light-colored Englishman,—was there any truth in the talk about him and Miss Ffolliott ? It would be rather a curious thing if Prudence should take two lovers from Carolyn.

Here Lawrence shut his hand tightly, and, being alone, indulged

himself in flinging his fist out into the air. But he immediately felt that this was an extremely childish action.

He supposed she was not really sincere in her remarks about a separation, but if she were—— He did not finish this thought.

Recalling this day later in his life, Lawrence's mind was always somewhat confused concerning it. He knew that after lunch he had gone out in his boat, and that, instead of sailing, he had dropped anchor not far off shore. It had been a gray, cloudy day, with very little wind. Lying with his hat over his face, Lawrence had fallen into a deep sleep; and he remembered that he had dreamed horribly. When he fully awoke it was sunset, and the first thing he saw was the crescent of a very new moon set in the flush of the west, with its attendant star near it. The clouds had all dispersed; it was a superb sunset. There was not a breath of wind now, so he rowed in toward the shore; he was obliged to row very slowly, for he was not strong; it often seemed to him of late as if an unconquerable weakness had fastened upon him, and he had a morbid conviction that his wife would soon have her coveted freedom. It was unnecessary to make arrangements for a separation.

Lawrence went up to the hotel and tried to eat his dinner. Then he sat on the piazza and made an attempt to smoke. Some people who had been cycling came home, a buzz of talk and laughter heralding their approach.

In the white glare of the electric lights Lawrence looked to see Prudence and her escort wheeling up the broad driveway.

"Saw Mrs. Lawrence and Lord Maxwell on the Jerusalem Road," said one young man, as he sat down near Lawrence and lighted a cigarette. "I vow I don't know which is the better rider, your wife or Maxwell. They were talking of going over to Hull. They challenged me to come along, but I thought of the fifteen miles back here."

Presently the young man went in to dinner. Lawrence still kept his seat, though the wind had come up east with the turn of the tide toward the flood. He began to shiver, and at length rose to go and get an outside coat. He returned immediately with the coat buttoned closely about him.

It was not until near ten o'clock that he really began to wonder why Prudence did not return; and even then he was aware that this hour was not late, and particularly it was not late in these long summer days, when it seemed to be still day until far into the evening.

There was a dance in the parlors, and Lawrence tried to watch the dancers from his place on the veranda. When another hour, and yet another, had gone, and the clocks had struck twelve, the man's heart began to burn within him. It seemed to him also that one spot, on the top of his head, was on fire. But he was no longer conscious of being weak and ill. He believed he had never felt stronger in his life. He ran up the stairs to his room; but when he had arrived there he forgot what it was he had come for. He thought he said, "That cursed woman!" below his breath.

He wished he could see Carolyn Ffolliott,—not see her to speak

with her, of course, but just look in her face. Just to look in her face would strengthen and comfort him, he was sure.

With this thought in his mind he left the hotel and walked away in the direction of Savin Hill. It was three miles there.

He did not expect to see Carolyn at this time of night, but the walk would take up his mind, and he was stronger than he had been since his illness. By the time he returned to the hotel perhaps Prudence and Lord Maxwell would be back.

He got over the ground rapidly. In a short time he had entered the side gate which opened into the vegetable-garden.

The brilliant starlight made it possible for him to see his way with sufficient clearness; every yard of ground was familiar and dear to him. He passed on slowly along the dew-wet path until he came to a small space which was Carolyn's flower-garden; he knew she worked in this spot with her own hands, digging and weeding, and that she allowed here only her own especial favorites.

He stood a moment here. He could not distinguish the different plants, but the warm night air brought out heavily the perfume of heliotrope and mignonette. Carolyn used to be in the habit of wearing every day a little bunch of these flowers. But then that time was a thousand years ago.

Lawrence stepped carefully into the garden and peered about until he found and gathered a sprig of each of these flowers. Holding them in his hand, he went on toward the house.

As he saw a light in the room that he knew was "Aunt Tishy's," he began to fear that some one might be out in the grounds this lovely evening, and come upon him. That would be a very awkward meeting for him. But if he could happen to see Carolyn——

He walked on slowly. The turreted house towered up blackly. He heard Mrs. Ffolliott's little terrier barking somewhere within the building. He leaned against a tree that stood on the edge of the lawn. He felt like an outcast. Where were all his dreams of usefulness and happiness? He had an idea that he had been considered what is called a "promising young man." And he had really meant to do something. He smiled forlornly and tried to rouse himself. He thought that his musing was like the musing of an old man. What an inconceivable act of folly he had committed!

He shook his shoulders impatiently. He turned, thinking to retrace his steps to his hotel. Perhaps Prudence had returned by this time.

Was it possible that Carolyn was going to marry Lord Maxwell? And was that one reason why Prudence was so excessively kind to the Englishman now? His mind went galloping from one subject to another.

Something moved in the tree above him. He raised his head and looked up into the darkness of the leaves.

"There are some birds there," he said, idly.

The sound was made again, and now Lawrence started quickly as something fluttered down to the ground near him. He could only dimly see a dark object which hopped close to his feet, making a little rasping noise as it did so.

Lawrence stooped quickly and lifted Devil in his hand. The crow's feet clung about his fingers, and the bird made his chuckling, strange sound, and pecked blindly at the hand that held him.

Lawrence knew that he was unreasonably startled at the presence of Devil. He walked forward quickly along the gravel path, not noticing that he was on the way that led from the house.

Had Prudence returned, or had the bird decided that he would himself come home? It was not strange that the crow had flown to Savin Hill. Leander, who sometimes rode his bicycle to the hotel, had given the information that Devil was frequently at his old home.

Lawrence began to hurry. He would go back to the hotel. It had been very foolish of him to come thus far. And suddenly he was conscious of being tired. But he did not slacken his pace.

All at once he became aware that there were steps behind him, steps running.

He drew back quickly into the shrubbery. Were there other prowlers besides himself in the Ffolliott grounds to-night? He hoped that he should not be seen.

The next moment he saw that it was a woman coming, and the next he was sure that it was Carolyn.

She must be in trouble; something must have happened.

She seemed to fly by him, so fast she went. He heard her panting.

He stepped from the shrubbery after she had passed. His only thought was to help her.

"Carolyn!" he called.

She stopped short.

He hastened up to her.

"Carolyn," he said, again.

She drew back a step. "What! You?" she said, in a half-whisper.

"Yes. What is the matter? Oh, do let me help you!"

She came nearer now, as if in time of trouble she would naturally draw near to him. Then she started back and began to fly on again. But she cried in answer, "Lee is dreadfully ill. I'm going to send Jack on the black horse to the village for the doctor."

The words came distinctly to him as he hurried on after her. When he had taken in the meaning of her reply he stopped in the walk. There was the stable close by, and the man Jack slept in a room of the building.

Lawrence stood a moment undecided. Ought he to go away?

No; surely it was proper for him to stay and know how it was with the boy. And this used to be like a home to Lawrence. It was terrible for him to feel that it was home no longer. All the old and natural sense of protective tenderness toward this household sprang into full life again.

He hastened to the house, pausing at the side door to which he knew Carolyn would return; and indeed he found this door open, and a light burning in the room close by. He stood here listening. All the time the crow had remained securely perched on his hand. It now flew up on his shoulder.

Presently he heard the sound of a horse's hoofs going rapidly along the road to the village. Then the light, quick footfall on the walk again, and Carolyn came up to the door.

Lawrence moved aside. The girl just glanced at him as she hurried forward.

"Only let me wait here until you can let me know how he is," said Lawrence, quickly.

"Come in," she said, hastily. "You must not stay outside."

Carolyn passed on into another room, and then he heard her go up the stairs. The young man was so well acquainted with the house that he could locate every sound.

After a few moments of waiting, Lawrence grew uncontrollably anxious. Sometimes, when a door opened, he could hear the high, sharp tones of Leander, tones that revealed that the boy was not in his right mind; sometimes the tones rose to a furious shout.

At last Lawrence could bear it no longer. He pulled the crow from his shoulder and put it down in a chair. Then he ran up the stairs, forgetting that he was not as strong as usual. He entered Leander's room just as the boy was trying to leap from his bed, and his mother and sister were struggling to keep him there.

"Oh, Rodney! help us!" cried Mrs. Ffolliott, breathlessly.

Lawrence walked forward and put the two women aside. He held out his arms: Leander sprang into them, nearly throttling him in the violence of his embrace.

But Lawrence could not sustain the burden for more than a moment. He turned to find a seat, then he sank down on the bed, holding the boy fast all the time.

Mrs. Ffolliott was wringing her hands and crying, "Oh, what shall I do! Oh, what shall I do!"

But Carolyn was standing straight and still, her eyes on Lawrence, watching to discover if there was any way for her to help.

Leander's eyes were wildly dilated; his limbs seemed to have a convulsive movement.

"Let us try a hot bath," said Lawrence.

Then Carolyn flew to prepare it. Meanwhile Lawrence sat on the bed, the boy's arms fast about his neck, the mother walking frantically here and there in the room. Every few moments she exclaimed, "Will the doctor never come?"

But Lawrence did not say anything. His heart was heavy within him. To this mother the world itself seemed to circle about simply that her son might live upon it.

Carolyn came back to say that the bath would soon be ready. She went to her mother and put her arm about her. "Let us be as brave as we can," she whispered; and she kissed her mother's cheek.

The time dragged in that deadly way which so many of us know.

Lawrence did not rise. He sat rigidly still, holding Leander. He looked at Carolyn, whose face suddenly blanched still more. She turned to her mother.

"Please see if the water is just right, mamma: you'll find Jane there."

Mrs. Ffolliott went out of the room.

"Carolyn," said Lawrence, in a voice just above a whisper. The girl came slowly to the bed.

## XIX.

"I SHALL COME BACK."

"Dear Caro," said Lawrence, in the same whisper, "can you bear it?"

The girl sank down on her knees by the bed. She reached up and caught hold of Lawrence's arm; she clung to it.

"No! no!" she cried, in a half-voice; "it can't be! Let us try the bath! Let us try everything! The dear little brother! I will not have it so!"

She rose as quickly as she had knelt. She endeavored to take the boy from the arms that held him.

"I will carry him," said Lawrence, rising. He had no hope, but he walked steadily to the bath-room. He helped the mother put the rigid form in the hot water.

The next moment he uttered a quick exclamation below his breath. Had a faint flush come to the white little face?

The mother bent over her son. She rubbed his limbs; she pressed her cheek to his; she seemed almost to breathe her own breath into him.

Carolyn stood leaning against the door-frame. She could do nothing more; she could only wait, her pulses beating in her throat and threatening to choke her.

Suddenly Lawrence stood upright. "Thank God!" he breathed. He turned to Carolyn and took her hand, holding it firmly. They did not speak; they stood there hand in hand.

It had all happened so quickly to him, the terror, the relief, that now it still seemed as if he had not come to Savin Hill, as if he must be in his own room at the hotel, and dreaming all this.

But the touch of that soft, tender, and strong hand,—was not that real? And now the hand was withdrawn.

"Hullo, Rodney! that you?" A small, piping voice from the bath-tub thus spoke.

"Run and get another blanket," said Mrs. Ffolliott.

In another moment the blanket was tightly wrapped about the boy in his dripping night-gown, and Rodney had taken him again in his arms. Thus the procession started back to the chamber they had just left. Mrs. Ffolliott was now weeping aloud and as unrestrainedly as a child.

"What's the row, anyway?" asked a weak voice from Lawrence's shoulder.

"Wait," said Carolyn from behind.

"I won't wait, either," said the boy, feebly, but quite in character. "Tell me now."

"You've been ill."

"Have I? I feel kinder queer, I do believe."

A silence followed, and continued until the boy had been invested with a dry night-robe and covered in bed.

"I don't want Rod to go," he now announced. "I want Rod to lie down on this bed."

"Rodney, you must," said Mrs. Ffolliott.

"But, mamma, it may not be convenient——" began Carolyn.

"I want Rod!"

There were indications that the small legs under the bed-cover were about to kick with what strength they had.

"I'll stay," said Lawrence.

So it came about that he did not go back to the hotel that night, and that the crow spent the remainder of the time until morning on the same chair where his master had placed him in one of the lower rooms at Savin Hill.

The doctor came and spoke vaguely of "convulsive seizure," said nothing could have been better than a warm bath, left some medicine, and drove away.

Lawrence kept his promise to the boy, and passed the night on the bed by Leander's side.

In the early morning he rose. The boy was asleep, but it was evident that he would be ill,—how ill could not yet be told.

Weary, indescribably depressed, the young man went slowly down the stairs.

A servant had apparently been watching for him, for a tray with hot coffee and bread-and-butter was immediately brought to him. Having eaten and drunk, a spark of courage seemed to come to his consciousness.

He looked out of the window. An east fog had risen in the early morning, and all the world was a dense mist. He could hear the low booming of the sea against the shore.

Do you think he thought of Carolyn as those in battle think of peace, as those in despair think of that time when they may hope?

He turned from the window and went to the room where he had left Devil. He would take the crow and go back to his own life again. He shivered uncontrollably.

The house was utterly still. A clock struck six. Mrs. Ffolliott was with her son.

Yes, there was the crow, looking as if it had not stirred all night. But it moved now as its master approached, raised itself, and turned its head that it might gaze at him with one eye. It lifted its wings also, and stretched out one leg, gaping as it did so.

The man's pulses gave a great start, and he sprang forward, seized the bird, and found a small roll of thin paper fastened to its wing.

"So you are a carrier dove," he said, harshly.

He took the paper to the window and unfolded it with hands that trembled in spite of all his efforts to make them firm.

Yes, there was his wife's handwriting, close, upright, regular; her hand had not trembled when she had penned these lines.

Lawrence's lips set themselves hardly under his moustache, as his eyes, beneath heavily frowning brows, glanced at the first words. These words were "My dear Rodney."

Having read thus much, Lawrence turned and pulled a chair up to the window. Then he looked at the door; what if some one should come in? It not being his own room, he could not turn the key. He felt as if he were on the brink of a precipice and he must be alone that he might gaze over the edge of it unhindered.

Was it possible that he hated the woman who had written this? And now had she disgraced him?

He walked out of the room with the letter held tightly in his hand. As he reached the outer door Mrs. Ffolliott's voice called from above the stairs,—

"Rodney! You mustn't go! Lee may want you when he wakes."

"I will come back," he answered.

"Be sure! Come right back."

Lawrence made an inarticulate sound in response, then he closed the outer door behind him and stood in the open air.

He hastened beyond a thicket of syringa; then, leaning against a tree, he opened the paper again.

"MY DEAR RODNEY,—It strikes me that Devil will be a remarkably fit messenger for the letter I'm going to write you. You see, I shall have it all written when I ride away this morning, but I think it will be more appropriate to take it with me and let Devil deliver it. You'll be sure to find it sooner or later.

"I'm going away with Lord Maxwell. I suppose you'll think I'm the only one to blame in the affair, and perhaps I am. But no matter about that. You needn't believe for a moment that I'm the least little bit in love with him, for I'm not. Who could love a man with a chin like his, and who was always telling you how jolly you are? No, I don't love him, but I *was* intensely in love with you. I've made a fine plan, I think. This is it: I go off with Donald—that's Lord Maxwell, you know. That makes a kind of a scandal, to be sure, but it will soon blow over. I'm so deadly tired and deadly dull being with you, and you're so deadly tired and deadly dull being with me, that I, for one, think almost anything will be better than our staying together. You'll be able to get a divorce without the slightest trouble; and I'll get my freedom too. Then we can change partners, as if the dance were over, and we glad enough that it is over. Marriage need not be such a hard and fast affair, for there's nothing in the world that people make such mistakes about as they do about marriage. Now, why not 'all change hands,' as they used to do in the old dances?

"I'm going to be very frank with you, Rodney. I'll confess that I might not take such a decided step as this if I were not afraid Maxwell would marry Carolyn. The dear girl! she has already refused him once, so he tells me; but what does one refusal mean? Just nothing at all; though it might, with Carolyn. But I don't want to risk that. They say the third time never fails, and I shall be Lady Maxwell sooner or later. Of course I shall be under a cloud for a

while, but I'm not afraid but that I can win my way. And Donald is perfectly infatuated with me. That goes without saying. This time no brewer's daughter will step between us. How I am going on! But I wanted you to understand the whole thing. I hope you won't delay any about the divorce. Of course I know you love Carolyn; of course I know you'll thank me in time for what I'm doing. Why didn't I wait and try the incompatibility plea? Because Maxwell might marry Carolyn, and then you'd be as disappointed as I. So I'm sure, on the whole, you'll agree with me. And for the sake of regaining your freedom you'll forgive me for the scandal I make by doing this way. I'm sorry this way seemed to be necessary, for I don't mind saying I shrink from it. Now, my dear Rodney, don't swear: you'll live to thank me."

Thus the letter ended, without even a name signed to it.

"But it doesn't need a name," Lawrence said. He stood there and read the pages three times, each reading seeming to shed a still brighter glare on the character of the writer.

"That is the woman I married," he was thinking. "That woman!"

He turned about and faced the house, the turrets of which he could see above the trees, blurred in the mist. He walked out from among the syringas, walking unevenly, like a man who is drunk.

Above, in her chamber, Carolyn saw him. She was standing by the open window. She leaned forward and watched him, her tired eyes dilating as she watched. After a moment she left the room and ran quickly down the stairs and out of the house.

Suddenly, as Lawrence went staggering on, a slender shape glided up to him and drew his hand quickly within an arm.

"Rodney, lean on me," said Carolyn, in an unsteady voice. "Oh, how ill you are! Here, sit on this bench. I will go and get some one to help you."

Lawrence sank down on the bench, but he caught at the girl's skirt, saying, breathlessly,—

"Stay! Stay! Read this."

The letter fluttered out toward her. She stopped, standing perfectly still. She recognized her cousin's writing, and her eyes darted over the lines, not reading much, but taking in, as by a flash of lurid light, the whole sense of the base epistle. She did not speak, but stood gazing down at the letter after she had ceased to read it. She did not wish to look in her companion's face: she felt that she could not. Her own cheeks were hot with humiliated indignation.

Lawrence had leaned his elbows on his knees and covered his face with his hands. He was not thinking; he was not even feeling. A dull sensation of sinking down—down, he knew not where, was all that he was conscious of. Then some keen stab, as if from a hot knife, went through him. He started up, turning his face toward Carolyn. He flung out his hands as if he were groping blindly.

"Oh, Caro, my love!" he cried, not knowing what he said.

Then he fell forward on the ground at her feet.

The climax of illness and anxiety and unhappiness seemed to have been reached. The inanimate body was taken to the room which had always been Lawrence's and put upon his old bed.

Then followed days and weeks of illness, during which the man was sometimes delirious, sometimes lying in a stupor.

A nurse and Mrs. Ffolliott and Carolyn watched over him.

At last, when summer had waned toward its end and there were already hints of the autumn glories, Lawrence opened his eyes and saw Mrs. Ffolliott sitting by him.

"Is it a good while?" he asked, feebly.

She bent over him. "A few weeks."

"And Lee?"

"He's all right. Don't talk."

"No. I can't."

Then, in a moment, "Aunt Tishy, I'm going to die, and I'm glad of it."

"No, no!"

"Yes, I am. And I want you to tell Caro that I love her,—love her!"

He closed his eyes; he spoke dreamily, then was silent.

But he did not die. He began to gain, steadily, and he often remarked that it was a great mistake; then was the time for him to

Carolyn came no more to his room. Sometimes he heard her voice when a door opened, or he could hear her singing far off somewhere.

Frequently the crow was allowed to come to the chamber, where he would gravely amuse himself by hopping over the floor, occasionally picking at something; or he would sit on the top of a chair and look at the man on the bed.

At last Lawrence could go down-stairs and sit in the sun on the lawn, the shadow of a man, his long, bony frame stretched out, his gaunt face and great eyes turned toward the shining blue water.

Every day he told himself that perhaps the next day he could go away. He was longing to work; he felt the springs of life and strength slowly rising within him. Happiness was not for him, but there was work.

One day Mrs. Ffolliott came across the grass and sat down beside him. Indeed, she often did this, but he thought there was something special in her manner just now.

"You're getting very much stronger and better, aren't you, Rodney?" she asked.

"Oh, yes; I shall soon be all right," was the reply. "And I shall go away as soon as I can. How good you've been to me!"

"Don't mention such a thing. Rodney——"

The speaker paused. She looked uneasily about her.

"Caro says it's time you were told," she went on, and then stopped again.

Lawrence sat up erect. He began to brace himself for he knew not what.

"You might hear it from some one else, now——"

"Hear what?" in an imperative voice.

Mrs. Ffolliott twisted her fingers together. But she tried to go on.

"That day when Prudence went bicycling with Lord Maxwell——"

"Yes, I have her letter; I know all about it," he said, in a hard voice. "Don't be afraid to speak of it."

"No, you don't know. Oh, how can I tell it? She was killed. They were run into: she was thrown onto a rock,—killed instantly. Lord Maxwell was badly hurt, but is nearly recovered. We couldn't tell you before. We knew it the next day. Oh, the dreadful, dreadful thing!"

Mrs. Ffolliott had risen. "Oh, don't look so!" she cried.

"Aunt Tishy, please leave me a few minutes."

She could hardly hear what he said, but she did hear it, and walked away.

She looked back and saw him leaning forward in the old attitude, with his hands over his face.

Up-stairs Caro saw him also. Her own face was ashen. She left the window and sat down.

He was still sitting thus when Mrs. Ffolliott went back to him. She put her hand on his shoulder.

"Rodney," she said, "I must remind you that no one knows what—what there was in her letter—that they were going away together—only Lord Maxwell, and you, and I, and Caro. You see, that's all, no scandal."

"And she is dead. Now I am going to leave you, really."

It was three days later that Lawrence announced that he was going, and he would not yield to remonstrances and assertions that he was not well enough.

He saw Caro alone when he bade her good-by: he had asked to see her alone.

"Lee is going to keep Devil," he said. "The boy wanted him."

Caro was in the embrasure of a window, leaning against it. She made a silent motion of assent.

Lawrence walked about the room.

"I'm going to try to make something of my life," he went on.

He came and stood a moment before the girl. He took both her hands. But all he said was,—

"Caro, I shall come back."

THE END.

*KLONDIKE AND CLIMATIC REFLECTIONS.*

THE astronomer Flammarion proves that our sun is dying of spontaneous combustion, and that all life on earth will ultimately perish in frost, but mitigates the alarm of his readers by adding that the store of solar fuel may suffice to supply the planetary markets for the next five hundred million years.

A more serious risk is the possibility that civilization will push up north beyond the point where human nature can stand the strain of overwork and the weight of overcoats. "Freight bicycles" will only postpone the impending collapse. The leaders of progress have long passed the latitude of fitful winter rains, and are fast approaching a region where their advance will be hampered by perpetual snow blockades.

And there seems no prospect of a reaction, corresponding to the reflux tide of migration from the far West to the less arid East. More than four hundred years ago Montaigne consoled a Spanish refugee with the remark that "we might as well recognize the fact that civilized man is becoming a fur-clad animal;" but the hegira from the ancient birthlands of culture began before the foundation of Rome. Ever since the head-quarters of science were removed from Egypt to Greece, the centres of civilization have advanced towards the north pole, —from Athens to Rome, to Genoa, Venice, Paris, London, Berlin, and Edinburgh, and on our side of the Atlantic, where no persecution urged the exodus, from the paradise of the southern Alleghanies to the frozen swamps of Lake Michigan.

The discovery of America has also refuted the idea that the poleward migration was an inevitable result of the gradual exhaustion of the summer-land regions. The Eden of the South American tropics attracted chiefly gold-seekers, while home-seekers struggled for the privilege of freezing their ears in the haunts of the grizzly bear, and even within the limits of our own national territory the luxury of a steer-killing blizzard has been an inducement outweighing the advantages of cheap land and free fuel, November picnics and March strawberries. "Good vinelands" are not appreciated below the latitude of the New England fox-grape: in a gift-distribution of free homestead grants the four rivers of Paradise would be rejected as streams that "won't cut much ice." The fascination of a new colony seems to depend on the grip of its winter frosts.

What does it all mean? Have the muses fallen in love with Hrymir, the old Scandinavian ice-demon, or is the blizzard ordeal a test of superior fitness, like the initiation torments of the Sioux aristocracy?

The philosopher Haller, who never ceased to pine for the garden-land of the southern Alps, nevertheless maintained that any maniac who should take it into his head to plant a city in a Finland snow-moor would compel his ambitious contemporaries to imitate his ex-

ample, "because," he says, "the portentous stimulus of a northern climate will develop ingenuity and energy beyond all normal limits, and those who have succeeded in pushing to the front under such circumstances will easily distance the world of the more easy-going latitudes, and thus oblige their southern competitors to clamber up the pole in self-defence."

He also speaks of the "sifting process of a constant northward migration," and a temperature of twenty-five degrees below zero does have a tendency to freeze out tramps—though they all come back in June; but it may also result in the permanent suppression of various breeds of microbes, and thus furnish the main key to the enigma of the snow-land craze.

Not as if perfect health were incompatible with a climate of perpetual summer; on the contrary, the hope of attaining the age of the patriarchs has probably been forfeited together with our tenure of the primeval tropics; but, given our preference for non-natural articles of food and modes of existence, our chance of survival seems to improve with every degree farther up north. A Canadian hunter can digest a quantum of fried pork that would kill six Hindoos. The same dose of alcohol that would make a Malay run amuck like a mad wolf will afflict the Muscovite boor only with a fit of maudlin sentimentality. Habitual in-door life on the Gulf of Naples breeds lung-microbes that defy all the specifics of Staats-Ober-Medicinal-Rath Koch, but the gales that fan the cradle of the Missouri expurgate the sick-room atmosphere in spite of double windows and weather-strips. Frost is a foe of organic life, but for that very reason it is the most efficient antidote. Hrymir, the Norse Boreas, is the champion microbe-killer and the patron saint of dyspeptics.

"With your predilection for dark-eyed beauty, you ought to try your luck in Spanish America," says the Mexican visitor.

"I have often thought of that," replies the Chicago Don Juan, "but" (in a whisper) "a fellow wants to stay where he can get a divorce once in a while;" and, with all their appreciation of French cookery, our epicures prefer to remain where they can recover from made dishes. When Arctic voyages have been divested of their discomforts, Melville Island will perhaps attract more *bona fide* health-seekers than the summer archipelago of the Bahamas.

From that point of view the Klondike experiment assumes a more than mineralogical interest. Winter oranges are peddled in St. Paul, and the scream of the iron horse has silenced the howls of the Manitoba snow-wolves; but this is the first time in the history of pioneer enterprise that Caucasian civilization has tried to push its outposts beyond the parallel of northernmost Labrador. Squatters who had built tabernacles in the uplands of the Black Hills and braved the ice tornadoes of Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, turned pale at the mere mention of Hudson's Bay Territory and Lake Winnipeg; but Klondike is seven hundred and fifty miles farther north than that lake: it is as far north of Boston as Boston is of Key West, and much farther north from Philadelphia than Philadelphia is from the city of Mexico.

"If this is freedom, I prefer slavery and pear-trees," said a com-

panion of Jacques Cartier when his orchard froze on the lower St. Lawrence; but, compared with Dawson City, Quebec is a tropical pleasure-resort.

Yet who knows if the mother of inventions will not hatch contrivances that may render the valley of the Yukon as habitable as the valley of the Vistula, "once studded with fir woods, and now with prosperous villages"?

There was a time when the Romans considered the Caucasus an unfit habitation for a civilized human being; and the poet Ovid, in his exile at Tomi, on the shores of the Euxine, complained of more shivers than a Russian reformer in an Irkutskaya snow-bank. Germany his countrymen described as a land "horrid with frozen pines." They relaxed their precautions against desertion when their legions ventured into the wilderness north of the Danube, not thinking it possible that a sane human being would run the risk of getting left behind in a country where the very bears had to crawl under ground in winter.

And northern winters must, indeed, have scared the wits out of thin-skinned settlers before the terrors of an ice-storm had been modified by the invention of chimney-flues. The ancient Italian plan of counteracting a frost was to fill a brazier with glowing charcoal and carry it into a corner of the parlor where my lady and her visitors wished to warm their delicate hands. The converts of Cato considered it manly to get along with a minimum of such artifices, and Juvenal mentions an old sinner who dispensed with braziers altogether and admonished his shivering servants to remember that "the grasshoppers would soon be back."

Lamps at that time were not much better than pitchwood torches, and smoked so intolerably that æsthetic citizens generally went to bed at sundown, if the state of the weather did not favor the alternative of a moonlight promenade. In sleepless nights, Caligula, the master of the civilized universe, used to run up and down his marble halls, "passionately invoking the dawn of the morning." Goethe perpetrated a doggerel advising inventors to drop *perpetuum mobile* and devote their talents to the construction of candles that would burn without needing to be snuffed every few minutes.

Lamp-chimneys, indeed, were invented only ninety years ago in French Switzerland, and chimney-flues A.D. 1500, or soon after, in Venice (then a metropolis of luxuries). For millions of square miles in the wilderness of winter-lands those two inventions have done what the invention of the steamboat did for the island-world of the South Sea. A man whose means permit him to bring the implements of artificial summer along can often live more comfortably in Canada than in Brazil, where, according to Sydney Smith's account of Waterton's experiences, "a man risks to be wounded by some representative of insect life every minute of the twenty-four hours, and bugs with seven wings are struggling in the teacup while a nondescript with nine eyes in its belly is hastening across the bread-and-butter."

The difficulty of suppressing such intruders may explain a mysterious old proverb to the effect that "no man should hope to live under palms with impunity" (though Prince de Ligne suspects an allusion to

the temptation of southern vices); but it must be admitted that the privilege of living under Canadian pines has often to be bought at a fearful price of toil. The prerogative of defying Nature for six months in the year has to be paid for in some way or other; the northward migration of civilized mankind has for millions reduced life to an alternation of drudgery and troubled dreams.

The Roman Cæsars, it is true, paid half the expenses of those free circus games, celebrated sixteen times a month, for a series of centuries; but the Italian climate paid the other half. The ruins of stupendous arenas are found all along the shores of the Mediterranean, and may have contributed to the ruin of their patrons; but the fact remains that the "flight to the freedom of the hardy North" has transferred a large percentage of the refugees from a merry-go-round to a treadmill.

Incidentally, however, it has reclaimed some fourteen million square miles of bear-woods: inventions upon inventions have reduced impossibilities to mere difficulties, and may yet reduce difficulties to a comfortable minimum. Who knows if the exigencies of a Klondike winter may not solve the problem of economizing that eighty-five per cent. of stove-heat which on the present plan is permitted to escape through the chimney-flue, or help to introduce light yet calorific dry-goods that can be warranted to resist Arctic blizzards as the mysterious mail coats of Herr Dowe resist rifle-bullets? More than ten years ago an ingenious Netherlander called attention to the fact that a linen blouse, ruffled, *i.e.*, puckered up in a multitude of little folds, and enclosed between sheets of ordinary linen, is warmer than a four times heavier coat of broadcloth, and that two such blouses—still as light as a jacket—will make their owner almost weather-proof; but the caprices of fashion did not favor the innovation. Alaska winters might counteract such prejudices by favoring the survival of the fittest, regardless of tailor fits, and create a demand for the "night-sacks" that enabled Captain Marshall to bivouac among the glaciers of the eastern Caucasus. Professor Tyndall, after a sojourn in a moss-stuffed *chalet* of the Engadine, recommends a plan of building winter dwellings with double board walls, stuffed with a mixture of sea-grass and paper-mill waste, after impregnating both the wood and the padding with one of those numerous cheap solutions that will make cotton rags as non-combustible as woven asbestos. To a brick house, he says, a building of that sort would be as superior for protective purposes as a heavy woollen blanket to a bed-cover of potsherds, and a Yukon Valley settler who should adopt that suggestion may actually get along with less fuel than the proprietor of an old-plan dwelling on the lower Mississippi.

Experiments may also introduce a multitude of grains and berries, if not of tree-fruits, that could be made to ripen a crop in the short summers of eastern Alaska. Potatoes, "Irish," so called, but actually Peruvian, have been modified by artificial selection till they now thrive six thousand miles north of their original home, and the success of a new variety in the Klondike Valley would settle the question of survival for countless squatters in the midland region of British North America.

Steam locomotives will encounter unheard-of difficulties in the Alaska strongholds of the frost demons, but the risk of a snow

blockade may be greatly lessened by Major Cridland's simple expedient of building railways on a continuous line of low trestles, almost safe from ordinary snow-drifts, and much cheaper than the bulky snow-sheds of the California sierras.

In that way upper Alaska may become fairly habitable, and

Those who the heights and depths have seen  
Must needs know all that lies between.

The wilderness of the midway North will ripen a crop of big cities, and believers in the eternal fitness of things will begin to understand why both Asia and North America attain their maximum breadth near the fiftieth degree of north latitude.

But city life, already so indescribably complex, will become more artificial than ever, more dependent upon a multitude of "modern conveniences," apt to get out of order at inconvenient moments.

Shall we venture a peep through the keyhole of the future?

"DAWSON CITY, March 4, 1948.

"During the second act of the Gypsies' Opera some fiend in human shape turned off the hot-air pipes in the basement of the Shetland Building, and before the mischief could be remedied the monkeys of the actor representing the organ-grinder succumbed to the chill, and several ladies had to be carried out with frozen toes."

"March 21.

"The burglars who forced the safe of the Northwestern Fur Company were tracked to 409 Kamtschatka Street, and the proceeds of the robbery are supposed to have been buried in the yard adjoining the building; but, as the ground is now frozen to a depth of twenty-five feet, investigations will have to be postponed till June, unless the mayor should decide to procure a train of gravel-smelters from Sitka."

"April 10.

"The delivery-wagon of the Crystal Water Company experienced another *glissade* near Hekla Terrace, and some sixty balls of ice rolled down-hill before the reindeers could be stopped."

*Felix L. Oswald.*

### THE UNDERTONE OF PAIN.

O EARTH, thy carpet is so green to-day,  
I would forget the graves it hides away;  
I would not hear the sighs of grief and care  
That tremble in thy balmy, sunlit air.

But Nature's touch upon the soul within  
Is as the master hand on violin;  
And through thy music's softest, sweetest strain  
There throbs an endless undertone of pain.

*Carrie Blake Morgan.*

*SUICIDE IN INDIA.*

**T**HE teachings of Brahminism obviously favored the commission of suicide. The Brahmins held that the soul was loaded with a certain amount of sin, which had to be got rid of before the cleansed soul could return to the Great Spirit, Brahma, of which it was a part. According to Brahmin ideas, there was nothing individual about the soul: it was merely a part of the Great Spirit, separated therefrom for a purpose, and when that purpose was effected it became again merged into the divinity of which it was a part. Now the purification of the soul was neither a rapid nor a simple process. It was carried out only by tribulation and suffering, and by religious observances practised throughout a long series of earthly pilgrimages. The doctrine of transmigration held that the soul was sent back from Brahma again and again, until at last, by repeated purging, it became sufficiently pure to be received into its divine source.

The natural result of this teaching was a contempt for life and a desire for death. To the Brahmin the body was a mere covering for the soul during its stay on earth, and was considered of no value. Life itself was regarded as a period of servitude in consequence of sin, and was looked upon as valueless; it was, in fact, a thing to be got rid of as soon as possible. The one aim seems to have been to get back to rest in Brahma. This, however, could be accomplished only by a certain number of painful earthly pilgrimages, which became less painful as the soul became gradually purer. As a result of this belief, as soon as the Brahmin thought that he had made fair progress in the purification of his soul by prayer and other spiritual exercises, he hastened out of the world. By this act he not only shortened his earthly existence, but, in his next incarnation, he entered upon a happier life than the one he had voluntarily given up. "Numbers of persons," writes Dr. O'Dea, "who felt themselves doomed to many more transmigrations in penalty for sins, and were dissatisfied with their present condition, would commit suicide in the hope of improving it by the next incarnation, for of the sinfulness of suicide there appears not to have been the slightest suspicion."

With the diseased and otherwise afflicted, as would naturally be anticipated, suicide was more common than with the healthy. They had a double incentive to the act. Not only did these persons by death get one step nearer their ideal condition, but they got rid of that suffering which made life intolerable, and they supposed they stood a chance of having less to endure in their next appearance upon earth. Thus, lepers and other sick persons among the Hindus committed suicide in immense numbers every year, partly upon religious grounds, and partly to rid themselves of an existence which their sufferings had made unbearable. Of the thousands who annually ended their lives in some sacred river or stream, the majority were probably the victims of religious fanaticism; but it is nevertheless true that a portion were

driven to the suicidal act by physical suffering. It is still the custom for Hindus who are attacked by an incurable disease or a painful illness to resort to this method of terminating their stay upon earth.

There can be no doubt that drowning was, and continues to be, the mode of death most commonly resorted to by the Hindus. In certain districts, however, and sometimes for special reasons, other modes were adopted. It has been related that there formerly existed machines which were used by devotees to perform the difficult task of self-decapitation. The machine was of the shape of a half-moon, having a sharp edge, and was placed at the back of the neck, chains being fastened at the two extremities of the crescent. The prospective suicide, after putting his feet in the chains, gave a violent jerk downward, and consequently severed his head from his body.

While drowning was, as I have said, the favorite method of committing suicide, yet starvation and burial alive were by no means unknown. Fire seems to have been often employed by lepers. The general belief was that lepers were likely to be afflicted with the same disorder when they next appeared on the earth; whereas those who cast themselves in the fire and so perished were cleansed of the disease, and appeared in healthy bodies at their next incarnation. The observance of the "suttee"—the immolation of a widow on her husband's funeral pile—caused many suicides by fire; but the comparative ease with which the system was suppressed in British India, coupled with our knowledge of human nature, leads one to believe that the majority of these women were unwilling victims.

The Buddhists took the same pessimistic view of life as the Brahmins: life was a misfortune, and the faithful were always ready to abandon it. The Buddhist, however, stood to gain more by death even than the Brahmin, and, as his estimate of the value of life was no higher, suicide was still more common among the followers of Buddha than it had been prior to the promulgation of the new religion.

By the Buddhists suicide is looked upon, even to-day, as justifiable under almost any circumstances. In China, it is true, some suicides—especially those caused by gambling—are regarded as dishonorable, but everywhere that Buddhism has penetrated, human life is held as of little or no value, and suicide is committed on the slightest provocation imaginable, or without any provocation at all. With Buddhists life is a penance, and death is the doorway to eternal joy. It is, therefore, not surprising that they are ready to commit suicide on the slightest pretext. Among the Chinese, a trivial insult is frequently followed by the death, not of the aggressor, but of the offended individual, who ends his life and, in his opinion, casts infamy upon his assailant.

Religious fanaticism among the Buddhists reaches a level of development almost beyond belief. To-day, both in China and in Japan, numbers of religious fanatics destroy their lives in the presence of their friends, in the firm belief that they go direct to Buddha. In Japan, when a man has made up his mind to end his life, he invites all his friends to come to hear of his determination. He then persuades as many of them as he can to die with him. A feast is arranged, and at its conclusion—just as we drink coffee and smoke cigars—the en-

thusiastic suicides kill themselves in the presence of their assembled friends.

Charlevoix, in his "Journal du Japon," written about 1730, says, "Nothing is more common than to see boats filled with fanatical worshippers lining the shore, who weight themselves with stones and plunge into the sea, or scuttle their vessels and sink with them beneath the waves, all the while pouring forth glad hymns to their idols. A crowd of spectators, standing looking on, praise them to the skies, and entreat their blessing before they disappear. The votaries of Amida immerse themselves in caves having only one small breathing-hole and barely sitting-room, where they quietly await death by starvation. Others plunge into sulphur-pits, invoking their gods and entreating them to graciously accept of their lives."

A report of a speech made by Eleazar to the garrison of Masada is given by Josephus in his "Wars of the Jews." It is very interesting, because it enables us to realize that suicide in India eighteen hundred years ago was not very different from suicide in out-of-the-way parts of India to-day. The Jewish leader said, "What shall we say concerning the Indian philosophers and Brahmins, a wise and virtuous sort of people? They look upon life only as a necessary function of nature, an office which they discharge uneasily enough, and not without some impatience to be rid of the trouble. And they are not weary of life either on account of pain or inconvenience, but for the love of immortality and a blessed condition that shall never have an end. Nay, they take solemn leave of their friends, too, as if it were but a journey, and tell them when they are going; nobody offers to hinder them, but, on the contrary, they wish them joy and send formal messages by them to their acquaintances, in a full and certain confidence that they understand one another. And so, when they have received all their orders and instructions, they commit their bodies to the fire, as a preparatory purification, and go off with acclamation, and to the satisfaction of all the spectators. For, among the Buddhists, friends follow one another more cheerfully to death than they would to a long journey, joying with those who are now entering into a state of immortality, and only lamenting the rest that stay behind. What a shame it will be for us now to fall short of the Indians in a matter of this importance!"

Such was suicide among the Brahmins and the Buddhists; and by far the greater number of suicidal deaths was unquestionably due to a belief that self-destruction was a religious duty.

*Lawrence Irwell.*

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### GASTRONOMIC GERMANY.

WHEN you have examined the constitution of the German *cuisine*, you are much tempted to grow loquacious. You are conscious of having discovered that the psychology of a nation cannot be constructed upon a mere analysis of its made dishes. Your estimate of Brillat-Savarin sinks: he could not tell you what you are, even

from *all* the menus of your lifetime. Freiligrath's philosophic conclusion that "man is what he eats" you straightway qualify as true only when referring to cannibalism. And you will aver that only in the case of palæolithic man can you construct a man from the crumbs that fall from his dinner-table. And all this you will want to prove, and consequently will grow talkative with presenting of much evidence.

And yet, in your sane moments, you will have a sneaking affection for the statement that a German is a German because he eats what he eats. As a general rule, he may be said to eat five times a day. But his hunger is constantly being stilled. He starts early in the day with a cup of *café au lait* and a small buttered roll. This keeps him going till eleven, when he demolishes a slice of buttered rye bread spread with slices of hard-boiled egg, raw chopped beef, or cheese. This he washes down with a glass of ale, thus stilling his inner man till dinner-time. Dinner takes place towards one o'clock, and consists of soup (generally nourishing), a plate of meat with potatoes and fruit (cranberries, prunes, or apricots), occasionally cheese; seldom sweets, rarely a green vegetable. Three hours later, coffee is taken, served with a piece of cake or thick bread-and-butter. This is the hour precious to the gossip and the busybody, the time for spreading scandal. Towards eight, the appetite again asserts itself: the hour of the ubiquitous sausages has arrived; their name is legion, and they share the honors with slices of ham, smoked goose-breast, pieces of raw pickled herring, and, in summer, hard-boiled eggs and potato salad. Such is the German method of spreading the meals over the day. Of course there are exceptions. Many families have two ample meals a day, but the bulk of the population eats mostly buttered bread and snacks. In justice to Germany, one must say that the fare in many a home will compare favorably with that of many an American family. In the German restaurant the *cuisine* is on the whole monotonous and the food singularly insipid: all meats seem to have the same flavor, all are served with the same heavy, viscous sauces, and invariably escorted with the same soap-like potatoes. Stodginess and heaviness are the great blots on the German fare. The element of variety, too, seems considered superfluous: a chunk of veal or pork may constitute a meal. Dessert and *hors-d'œuvres* now and then appear as a concession to French taste. The sensation produced by the peculiar charm of a refined repast is well-nigh unknown: there is no thought of coupling eating with æsthetic surroundings; more often than not it takes place in a crowded, smoke-filled room. The lack of delicacy in the manners of the table is surprising: even pocket combs and hair-brushes can, not unfrequently, be seen in use in a restaurant. As a rule, it matters but little what you pay, the quality is the same throughout; monetary differences merely involve quantitative changes: a fifty-cent meal means no more than double the quantity of a quarter-dollar one. All these facts may explain why, to quote Montaigne, "*Les Allemands ne goûtent pas; ils avalent.*" So much for German gastronomics in the abstract.

In the concrete, the subject is almost too painful to face, the difficulty being to steer clear of exclamations denoting positive offensive-

ness. Some of the kickshaws which figure regularly upon the German table are reputed to be most sustaining; they certainly are intensely and ostentatiously wonder-inspiring. One preparation is everywhere met with under the name (more or less phonetically spelled) of *Beef-steak à la Tartare*. Its basis is raw chopped beef; this, spread out into a pat of elliptical shape, is crowned with the raw yolk of an egg; raw finely chopped onion is sprinkled over it, a garniture of gherkins is added, and the whole is eaten with much gusto and no worse consequences than a durable thirst. In many of the dishes you discover all the humor, feeling, and imagination of a Wagnerian composition; you find the resolute desire to build up harmony upon discord. Of this nature may be considered the traditional menu of New Year's Eve, carp, pancake, and punch. These three, brought into immediate juxtaposition and consumed in plethoric quantities, generally have the desired effect,—that of inducing a hysterical good humor.

For stodginess nothing beats the favorite dish, *panaché*: it consists of pickled pork, sour cabbage, and a *purée* of split peas boiled down to the consistency of stiff dough. Experiments on this mass produce deplorable capers and cause one to grunt mournfully. A variety of this diet is found in Berlin: you substitute boiled balls of dough and indifferent prunes for the peas and cabbage, and you have the dish popularly termed "the Silesian Kingdom of Heaven." Cold eels, embedded in a translucent, glutinous substance, figure in all workmen's taverns, while roast goose is *de rigueur* for all solemnities. A dainty which we recently met with in Berlin recalled Darwin's remark that "hardly any experiment is so absurd as not to be worth trying:" it consisted of finely powdered horseradish served up with frozen whipped cream!

One may sum up one's judgment by saying of German cooking what the art critic said of nature: "it has infinite potentialities." Not the least of these is its ambition to discover victims that survive its charms only in the form that the walls of Jericho survived the trumpet-blast of Joshua.

*Walter Cotgrave.*

## ROBINS.

LIKE many other things in nature we call "familiar," the American robin provides an illustration of the fact that the word does not imply that our knowledge of the object spoken of is complete. As to this bird, the term has a numerical signification: we see more robins than other birds because of their instinctive habit of nesting close to the habitations of man.

It would seem from this that the task of gathering information concerning the characteristics of the bird is a comparatively easy one. So successful, however, is this feathered familiar in avoiding publicity when necessary to shield itself, its nest, or its young, that it requires a persistent observer to reveal the hidden but always interesting points

of robin-life; and only by extending his observations over several seasons is he able to resolve all doubts into discoveries.

For many years naturalists like Audubon and Wilson studied and wrote of this bird before it was known that there were "robin-roosts" as well as pigeon-roosts. Only within the last few years was the fact brought out that a bird more familiarly known than the passenger pigeon followed this mode of spending the night, although it adopted spring instead of fall for massing by hundreds in a high sheltered wood for a night's protection from cold, or because it is the period before pairing-time, or for some other reason at present beyond man's ken. With what stealth must this well-known and much observed bird have found its way in such numbers to the same patch of timber night after night in the early months of the year, according to locality, coming from all directions so swiftly that a secreted observer could not count, keeping up a chatter that could be heard for a long distance, until the last bird, somewhat belated perhaps, found shelter in the darkening grove, when all became silent as thousands of wings were folded to rest!

Another peculiar trait of the robin, unnoted except by so keen an observer of bird ways as Maurice Thompson, is that, with all its friendly and confiding relations with the human family during the time of nesting and rearing its young, in the fall of the year it becomes a wild bird, betaking itself largely to the woods and even the secluded parts of the mountains, at this season showing little disposition to be on familiar terms with man, giving a note of alarm and flying high and swiftly when surprised at his approach. At this time they range over extensive tracts of country, but nearly always evince a tendency to seclusion. The writer has seen them in small flocks flying over a wide valley at such an elevation that only by the well-known sharp squeak, rather than by the eye, could he determine that they were robins.

Even in its migratory habits this bird is somewhat peculiar. They seem to move southward in the fall with more tardiness than most other birds, allowing the increasing severities of the cold season to push them off the winter's edge. Or are these late goers the birds inured to cold by a residence in States farther north, which, coming southward, take the place of others that have gone earlier in the season? The question of identity, always a difficult one, almost precludes argument on this point.

Again, it is thought by some that these birds do not make one grand flight northward in the spring, as the swallow or swift family are said to do, but that, beginning to build as early as January in the Gulf States, immense numbers, finding themselves discommoded by a limited feeding-area, spread themselves over the inland States by degrees, nesting in February in Tennessee and Kentucky, in Pennsylvania in March, and in the States northward in April, the advance birds being pushed onward by a great army of migrators behind.

As to their numbers, they amount to almost incredible aggregates. Counting the robin-nests on a certain farm, I found the number to be forty. Tabulating the productive increase of the eighty birds for ten years, I was surprised at the result given below:

Years.	Increase of Birds.
First . . . . .	240
Second . . . . .	960
Third . . . . .	3,120
Fourth . . . . .	9,600
Fifth . . . . .	29,040
Sixth . . . . .	87,360
Seventh . . . . .	262,320
Eighth . . . . .	393,840
Ninth . . . . .	1,181,760
Tenth . . . . .	3,545,520

With as high a percentage for losses as one-third (surely high enough) from all causes, we still have the enormous aggregate of 2,363,680 birds proceeding from the original forty pairs in ten years.

The farm on which these nests were found is above the average size of cultivated tracts in Pennsylvania, has two orchards of large trees, a good-sized grass-yard filled with fruit- and shade-trees, and has more than the usual number of trees scattered over the fields. So, if we reduce the average of nests to ten on a farm and keep my average, as above, of two broods in a season and three young at each hatching, the two hundred thousand farms in Pennsylvania will produce in the present year alone not less than eight million robins, after deducting one-third for losses.

It is known only to those with catching ears that the robin possesses a ventriloquial power that might be envied by man. On a bough but a few feet above your head he will ventriloquize his sweetest love-song to his mate while you imagine the bird producing the tones is on some distant tree, so complete is the deception.

*George R. Frysjnger.*

### THE SPIDER.

CEASELESS, untiring, spin thy thread,  
 Grim spider Fate. We are not thine.  
 Though meshed by thee where'er we tread,  
 Though bled by thee and hard bestead,  
 We are not thine.

Thou hast not art to snare the mind,  
 O spider Fate. It must be free.  
 From cobweb chains that seek to bind,  
 From cobweb clouds that almost blind,  
 We must be free.

So when thy malice all is done,  
 Then, spider Fate, in spite of thee,  
 We know the battle will be won ;  
 We know the peace at set of sun,  
 In spite of thee.

*L. H. Earle.*

## IN TIME OF PEACE.

**T**HE active militia of the various States, called the National Guard, in contradistinction to the constitutional militia, which, as is well known, includes all able-bodied citizens of this country between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, has, during the past few years, changed greatly for the better, and has attained a position very different from the one held by the militia before the war of 1861-65, or by the National Guard during the twelve years immediately following that period. Prior to the war there was nothing in this country worthy the name of militia, save in a few instances of scattered organizations, which were largely private associations, without State aid, and to all intents and purposes independent of State control. After the war there was an effort in many States to organize bodies of troops which should be supported, in part at least, by the State and subject to the call of the State authorities for service within the State limits. The effort, however, was not a success, considered generally, and the State troops, when called upon, proved inefficient, not through lack of willingness to perform the duty demanded of them, but because of ignorance, lack of drill and discipline, and want of proper arms and equipment.

It was not until after the extended strikes and riots of 1877 that the National Guard began to assume the shape in which it is to-day. The service of that year, in spite of, or because of, some few noteworthy exceptions, had shown the general inefficiency of the Guard as it then existed, and demonstrated the imperative necessity for the existence of armed and disciplined State organizations, which should be able to cope with the troubles yearly growing more frequent and more serious, and should render unnecessary the calling in of Federal troops to quell civil disturbance. From that time the advance in the efficiency and ability of the troops of the various States has been continuous, if slow; and, although still far from the point which it is hoped to attain, the National Guard has proved itself an able coadjutor of the civil authority, and, with its one hundred and twelve thousand men, constitutes a force by no means despicable, whether as a factor in the maintenance of law and order, or as a body of armed and disciplined troops ready to respond to the call of the national government should the emergency arise.

It is as an aid to the civil authorities of the State that the National Guard must be considered chiefly; this is its primal object, and toward this its education is directed. The enforcement of law and the preservation of order are its first duties,—duties both difficult and dangerous, demanding great patience, self-control, and firmness on the part of officers and men. To these qualities must be added a knowledge of military tactics and discipline, an acquaintance with the laws of the State in relation to the service on which the troops are called, the ability to adapt themselves to circumstances, and, above all, tact in handling the discontented and lawless elements against which the troops are most often arrayed.

The majority of the citizens of this country do not realize to what an extent the State troops are depended upon, how often they are summoned to the aid of the civil powers, and what valuable assistance they render when thus called upon. Ignorance of the movements of the Guard is so almost universal that were the average citizen to be told that within the past decade there has taken place a campaign wherein the troops of a prominent State were in the field for a period of over two years, the statement would be so new to him that he would probably express polite disbelief in it. More and more every year is the Guard being relied upon; and the calls upon it grow more frequent as each term of service demonstrates its ability to cope successfully with the sources of trouble which call it out. The number of the occasions on which the Guard of the various States has been called upon within the ten years from January 1, 1886, to December 31, 1896, is astonishing, and no less astonishing is the wide variety of service it has been called upon to perform.

During the period indicated, a time of peace, there have been over ninety-eight thousand men under arms, on active service, in forty-one States and Territories. In one year alone, 1894, over thirty-seven thousand troops were in the field. This does not include the troops of the United States, nor the vast number of armed deputy sheriffs and United States marshals, who were enforcing, or attempting to enforce, the laws of the States and nation. During these ten years the troops of the States were called upon no less than three hundred and twenty-eight times, on some occasions the whole available force of a State being under arms.

The greatest cause of service has been strikes and riots growing out of labor troubles. Of the three hundred and twenty-eight times of call, one hundred and twenty have been on account of difficulties arising from the labor question. In this is included the Tennessee campaign, which grew out of the war on convict labor by the free miners, a campaign which opened July 16, 1891, and did not close until October 30, 1893. During this time the Tennessee troops, either in whole or in part, were continuously in the field; miners were captured by the troops, and soldiers, taken by the miners, were carried back into the mountain fastnesses as prisoners; troops were besieged or were besiegers; there were attacks and repulses, surrenders and reliefs, ambuscades and surprises; and on both sides were fatalities and casualties.

In 1892, at Homestead, 8300 Pennsylvania troops were on duty. During the summer months of 1894 the States of Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Maryland, and West Virginia were armed camps. In the months of May, June, and July of that year the troops of Illinois were in the field sixteen times, and on thirteen different occasions were the Ohio troops called out. The Chicago riots called out 4243 of the Illinois Guard, which, with 2500 troops of the regular army, 4000 policemen, and a large number of special and deputy marshals, made an armed force of over 13,500 men in one State and at one point alone. In Ohio the coal riots of June of that year put 3600 men under arms, while 1500 of the soldiers of Maryland were in the field. New York had her turn in the next year, when 5900 of her troops were needed to suppress the riots arising from the Brooklyn street-railway strikes.

Under the head of labor troubles come such events as the Anarchist riot in Chicago on May 5, 1886. State troops have guarded the camps of unemployed men, have been called upon in Iowa, Montana, Nebraska, Ohio, Virginia, Utah, and West Virginia to control the movements of Coxey's army, and, in West Virginia, have had to prevent the invasion of the State by lawless strikers from another commonwealth.

Next to labor troubles comes the aid of the civil authorities in the prevention of lynching, of which duty there are sixty-six instances on record. Virginia heads the list, with twenty; Ohio comes next, with seven. It is in Ohio that the two cases most widely known have occurred, where the troops were compelled to fire on the mob, in both instances with fatal effect. In one case, at Washington Court-House, in 1896, the law was upheld; at Urbana, in 1897, an instance not properly included in this list, the troops were withdrawn, after killing two and wounding ten of the mob, and the prisoner was lynched. In the first case, at Washington Court-House, two of the mob were instantly killed, three died in a short time, and a number were more or less severely wounded. One volley of twenty-five shots was fired here, and of these twenty-four took effect. Five Northern States and ten Southern ones have used their troops to prevent lynchings.

State troops have been called upon to suppress race troubles in thirty-six cases,—anti-Chinese in California and the State of Washington, whites and negroes in the other instances, which are all confined to the Southern States. The Guard has been called upon to prevent seven prize-fights and an equal number of Indian outbreaks. Political troubles have been the cause of eleven periods of active service,—legislative disputes in Colorado and Kansas, a question as to who was governor in Nebraska, and election riots of various kinds in Alabama, Florida, Texas, and Virginia.

Sheriffs are learning to regard the State troops as their natural allies, and are turning more and more to them for aid in the performance of their duties. The Guard has been called upon to bar the escape of prisoners, to prevent their rescue, to guard executions, and to quell prison riots. It has helped remove negro squatters in North Carolina, and has chased outlaws in Alabama. It has turned out in pursuit of murderers, and has helped a sheriff in Iowa to capture a gang of tramps. In Ohio it kept a mob from destroying a city's water-works, and in Texas it suppressed another mob which tried to prevent the removal of small-pox patients to the hospital. County-seat wars in Kansas and Nebraska have summoned it five times; and the Guard has preserved order, protected property, and aided in saving life at twenty fires, after three cyclones, and at two floods, one of these last being the memorable disaster at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, in 1889.

In New York the State troops have served civil processes, and enforced injunctions against a railway. They have also enforced a cholera quarantine, at Fire Island, in 1892, on which occasion the amateur sailors of the naval militia were prevented from doing cruising duty by reason of sea-sickness. Guarding courts in Kentucky, enforcing the dispensary law in South Carolina and the oyster law in Virginia, protecting public land buyers in Wisconsin, quieting religious riots in

Georgia, Michigan, and Montana, protecting the medical college at Topeka, Kansas, from destruction by a mob infuriated by repeated grave-robberies,—these are some of the widely varying duties which the troops of the States have been called upon to perform.

That these duties are well done is a point on which the trained officers of the United States army have given unequivocal testimony. In their reports to the War Department the military attachés of the governors of Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, and Illinois speak most highly of the Guards' "soldierly and efficient methods," their "cheerful and uncomplaining spirit," their self-restraint, the coolness and judgment of the officers, the courage, endurance, and willingness of the men, and the thorough dependence which may be placed on the faithfulness of the State troops. After witnessing the behavior of the troops in the trying coal-riots of 1894, Captain H. O. S. Heistand, 11th U.S. Infantry, on the staff of Governor McKinley, said of the soldiers of Ohio, "The Ohio National Guard can be absolutely depended upon to perform faithfully any duty intrusted to it." The same may be said of the troops of other States. When called upon for active service they are not found wanting, and instances of failure, on the part of officer or man, to answer such a call, are almost unknown. Promptness and willingness mark the citizen soldiery, whether it be to guard peacefully a civic celebration or to face a Chicago mob.

*Henry Holcomb Bennett.*

### JUDGMENT.

WHEN she lay dead,  
The many looked upon her face, and said,  
"The life is gone, so filled with shining deeds,  
So full of ministry to human needs;  
And we who loved her are bereft:  
What have we left?"

When she lay dead,  
A man looked sternly on her face, and said,  
"Thank God, the evil of her life is past;  
What I have known the world would know at last.  
Now all is silence, peace: for me,  
I shall be free!"

When she lay dead,  
The great God looked from his wide heaven, and said,  
"Only the One who made it knows the whole  
Of strength and weakness in a human soul.  
Cease, then, thy wonder; peace; let be:  
Leave her to me."

*Grace Duffield Goodwin.*

## DOGS AND RAILROAD CONDUCTORS.

**C**OURAGE, either physical or moral, is little available against those peculiar fears and apprehensions by which almost every man is sometimes beset. I knew an eminent professional man, noted for firmness on occasions of real exigency, who paled at the sight of a frog; another who, whenever he found himself about to meet a cat, or even a kitten, turned at once and made off with haste in another direction.

Now such infirmities seem unreasonable. Not so (at least to me) seem my own feelings when in the presence of dogs and conductors on great railroads. A dog-bite gotten in the time of my youth, though inflicting but a trifling wound, inspired apprehension of the canine race from which I long ago ceased to hope for relief in this life. The assault was wholly unexpected and undeserved. I was engaged in a friendly scuffle with a companion, when the beast, noting, mean, low-born cur that he was, that I was getting the worst of it, seized one of my knees. It was some comfort when his owner, taking him by the throat, belabored him with his walking-stick amidst howlings of regret with which everybody present, except myself, was more than satisfied. Since that time I have carefully avoided dogs,—that is, strange dogs. I love my own, but I hate other people's; and from my soul have I envied those men who, not being afraid of the brutes, are never attacked by them.

It is curious, to me wonderful, how well dogs understand people. They seem at a glance, or very soon thereafter, to decide in their minds whether or not it would be safe to assail one who enters their owner's premises. My own opinion is that every one of them, big or little, of high or low degree, would like to bite every stranger that he sees. Their love for their master makes them jealous, or makes them pretend to be jealous, of everybody who approaches them, and they debate momentarily whether or not a comer is afraid of them. If he is not, they either extend a friendly salute which always is deceitful, or assume to be indifferent. If he is, they give him a bite, more or less deep, then slink away from possible consequences.

For years and years I have followed the rule, when visiting a person residing out of town, unless I know positively that he keeps no dog of any size, to halt at the gate, raise a halloo, and await not only my host's invitation, but his approach and his accompaniment into his house. I could not tell the number of times wherein I have been barked at furiously from the inside by dogs whose owners declared that in all their lives they had never done such a thing before to a man of genteel appearance.

The counsels and admonitions bestowed upon me might have excited some gratitude if they had not been wholly useless. I have been asked so many times that it makes me almost sick to have the question repeated, "Why don't you just go along without noticing such things, not being, or at least pretending not to be, afraid? Not one dog in ten thousand will try to bite a gentleman unless he is provoked or he sees that he is being avoided."

"What is the use of such talk as that to me?" I always ask, in turn. "How can I help noticing a fool of a brute who I know would like to have some of my blood? And how can I help being afraid, or how can I pretend not to be afraid, when I recognize the danger of his getting it to be imminent, and he sees me trembling in my very shoes? And how can I take for granted that every dog, or that *any* dog (my conscience!), should know me to be a gentleman, particularly in an emergency when I don't feel quite certain in my own mind whether I *am* one or not? There are men, vast numbers of men, who at first sight do not recognize a gentleman any more than they detect a well-dressed and well-mannered shoplifter. What then can one expect of a dog, who is not concerned to know about human character, but is intent upon blood and meat?"

And therefore I avoid contact with all dogs except my own. When I am thrown among strange canines I try to observe such calmness and such discretion as are possible, just as I do in other undesirable and embarrassing society. There is, however, a certain amount of self-respect which every gentleman is bound to preserve in all circumstances. This I maintain as well as I can, reflecting that I am, in most important gifts, any one dog's superior, and that I can kill him if his behavior to me should deserve death.

As for the dread I feel when in the presence of conductors on great railroads, though less in both kind and degree, it is as decided. With such persons as a class I have a good deal of sympathy. They are asked so many thousands of apparently useless questions, and are bullied so often with complainings against matters for which they are in no wise responsible, that I am sometimes reminded of the justness of Mr. Tony Weller's accounting for the prevalence of gruffness among the keepers of toll-gates by the need of working off upon those with whom it will be entirely safe some of the resentment for offences inflicted by others beyond their capacity to deal with.

Early in life I accustomed myself to be as polite to every such official as I knew how to be. Being forgetful and absent-minded, I need, or I seem to myself to need, to ask a goodly number of questions when on a journey; yet, although I use the most respectful and apologetic words, tones, and manners that I can invent, rising from my seat, beginning with "Captain," and willing to begin with "General" if preferred, and endeavor to show the personage that I regard him as an inexhaustible and most gracious source of all needed information, how do you suppose I feel when, after all these offered amenities, a brief and indistinct if not a petulant answer is given in a low voice, and he rushes on?

Contrasted with such experience, I have observed a passenger, no bigger than I am, and, in my judgment, little if any better looking, no matter how furiously a conductor was making his way along the aisle, give him a look and a low distinct call, as of one who is used to command, wait till he stopped, then put in deliberate detail as many questions as the bold inquirer pleased, and get the information sought with satisfactory, sometimes elaborate, explicitness. Such a man said to me, one day, "My friend, you don't go at those fellows right. You ought to show by your manner that you know what their business is

as well as they do, and that it is not more to take up or punch your ticket than to give such information as you need while travelling on their trains. You ask as if you were apologizing for the trouble you are giving. I ask as if I knew what my rights are and was determined to have them. If I don't get a satisfactory answer, or if it is fretfully given, I just let out on the fellow in a way that leads him to suspect either that I have an interest in the road or that I am a man of enough consequence not to put up with trifling. This I have to do but seldom, because I begin right. That is not only best, but kindest. The poor fellows are often bedevilled by useless questions of greenhorns, who are seldom away from home and don't understand how to put them; but you have been travelling long enough to know better, it seems to me."

I have tried hard to profit by such experience and such admonitions, and I cherish an humble hope that I have improved somewhat. Yet even now I seek the information I am always needing, first from fellow-travellers near by, then from the brakeman, after giving him a cigar, and it is only in necessary cases that I resort to the conductor, who, with his buttoned uniform, swift gait, and curt phrases, seems too formidable to make any collision with him pleasant.

The secret of it all is the same as in the case of dogs. It is not to be afraid, or, if that is impossible, to pretend not to be; and if you can't do even that, to—well, just do the best you can, and be thankful when you've got safely to the place where you are going, especially when it is Home.

*Richard Malcolm Johnston.*

### THOUGHT.

FROM man's first generation, lo, I grew.  
 While I am old, yet am I ever new.  
 Colossus-like I stride the world, my weight  
 Half borne upon the present time and date;  
 The other half I rest upon the Past,  
 And poising thus shall stand while man shall last.

Between my feet the pygmy races crawl,  
 As brooklets 'twixt the boulders beat and brawl,  
 Unnoted, as a river in a wood;  
 But now and then a voice that seemeth good  
 I hear. I stoop, I lift it up on high,  
 And, lo, the shallow world that wandered by,  
 With its own voices vexed, has stopped to hear  
 That one high voice that rings so true and clear.

For this is Thought; if it be old or new  
 It matters not, so be the thought is true,  
 So true that all men know it by its name,  
 And, being what themselves would speak, they give it fame.

*Marion Manville Pope.*

## THE MAN WHO HUNG ON.

THE rattle of the *Gazette's* press was the only sound in the long, one-storied brick structure occupied by its editorial and printing rooms. The half-grown boy who, with Judson himself, made up the staff of the paper, kept the press going steadily, a feat learned by long practice. He reached up one hand, shoved a sheet down to the guides, keeping the crank turning with his foot and the other hand, and the old machine rattled on like a skeleton fluttering in the wind.

Beyond the partition, in the little square apartment dignified by the name of office, though almost as bare and unsightly as the printing-room, sat Judson, proprietor and editor of the *Gazette*, his elbows resting on the desk-lid, his face in his hands. There was a hopelessness in his attitude, a despairing stoop to his shoulders, which revealed, more than did the shabbiness of his apparel and of the little office, the depths to which he had come.

Judson had come out from the East five years before, with all the hope and enthusiasm of a boundless ignorance of the country to which he had journeyed, to carve his fortune. In these five years he had gained quantities of experience, but the fortune had thus far proved elusive,—very elusive indeed.

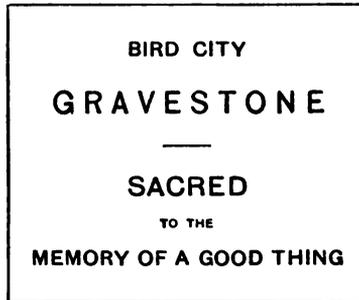
He had put his faith in the then promising settlement of Bird City, and had started in to mould and guide public thought through the columns of the *Gazette*. But as the months passed the enthusiasm of the Bird City citizens began to die out. The town had been built upon the flat prairie, leagues from a river of any importance and without any other tie of communication with the rest of the world. It had been rosily prophesied by the founders of the town that it would one day become a great railway centre. The nearest railway, however, still remained twenty-odd miles away.

Bird City was not even the centre of a "thriving farming country." Thriving farming sections are growing scarce in the West these years. Slowly at first, the population of the town decamped. It was a suggestively unfortunate name,—Bird City; it was soon literally spreading its wings and migrating to other and more promising lands.

But Judson hung on. At first his faith in the ultimate success of the boom town was unshaken. The great P. W. & N. M. would throw out a branch line which *must* take Bird City in as its centre of operations. Then, when faith had grown cold, pride kept him at his post. The doggedness of his New England ancestry made him cling to the *Gazette* and in its editorial columns from week to week blow the retreat of Bird City as though it were an advance. But public confidence was shaken, and even the brightest and most piquant editorial comments, when printed alongside of obviously "dead" advertisements, could not hide the fact that the prosperity of Bird City had departed.

The real-estate agents, those harbingers of the Western boom, who become harpies of ill omen when the boom bursts, "folded their tents

like the Arabs, and silently stole away." The last outgoing agent left a keepsake for Judson (nailed to the door of the *Gazette* office) in the shape of a neatly carved "slab" headstone, which was lettered



Judson was tempted to let the ironical sign remain. Faith in that elusive will-o'-the-wisp, prosperity, had long since departed, and pride was fast disappearing also. But, without either of these to brace him, Judson hung on. In fact, he *had* to. There was nothing else for him to do. All he had, and that was little enough, was tied up in the *Gazette* office.

Judson felt the bitterness of the situation more keenly than ever to-day. Finances were at their lowest possible ebb. He had been at work all night setting up the paper now on the rattling old press in the other room. When the edition was off he should have to tell Sawyer to go. The paper had not taken in a single subscription or a dollar for advertising in a fortnight. Judson's overcoat had bought the ink necessary to get out this present issue. The thought made him shiver as he sat there before the desk, for the wind was beginning to blow chill across the prairie.

The old press stopped its asthmatic rattle, and Sawyer brought in one of the damp sheets.

"She's getting warmed up now, an' the 'rag' looks pretty well," he said. "Why don't you have a fire in here?"

"I'm not cold," returned Judson, reaching out a blue hand for the paper.

Sawyer cast a glance into the empty wood-box, and said, as he went back into the printing-room,—

"Better come in here. *I've* got a fire."

Judson spread the paper out upon the desk and looked at it. With all his poverty, the *Gazette* did not show it typographically. It made a far neater appearance than many more prosperous papers. The *Gazette* was not unknown among its contemporaries, either. Its well-turned editorials and pointed paragraphs upon general matters were widely copied, sometimes with credit given, oftener without. Several city dailies were notably brighter editorially the day after the *Gazette* reached their offices.

Judson put the best that was in him into the paper. It was his child, the offspring of his brain. The exercise of those talents which

in college had been the basis of the faculty's brilliant prophecies regarding him made the *Gazette* a really valuable publication. But scarcely a dozen of Bird City's scanty population recognized that fact.

He threw aside the paper at last and rose. At the farther end of the street was a man—one of the few merchants remaining in the town—who owed him a bill. He would try to collect it, and, if successful, could pay Sawyer and perhaps have a bit left. But he hesitated as a sudden puff of wind shook the loosened windows and swept in beneath the door; he shrank from facing the blast.

But the trip was necessary. The man would never come to him, and it was urgent that he should have the money. He folded up several exchanges and placed them across his chest, buttoning his coat tightly over them. One never realizes how much protection from the cold a newspaper is, until he has tried this.

But while he still hesitated, the door suddenly swung open and a visitor entered. At a glance Judson saw that he was not a resident of Bird City. He sat down, slipped the papers from under his coat, and assumed his most business-like air.

"The wind is actually fierce to-day," said the stranger, smiling. He drew off his gloves and took the remaining chair in the little office. "Does it always blow this way in these parts?"

"It's apt to at this season. What can I do for you?" inquired Judson.

"This is the office of the *Gazette*, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"You're the only paper in town?"

"We certainly have that distinction."

The visitor glanced over the room. "I guess you're no better off than most country papers, eh?" he suggested, frankly.

"Well," admitted Judson, "we are not exactly rich."

"I've been through your town," said the other. "It's like a graveyard, isn't it?"

"Well, at this time of year——"

"Yes, yes, I know. These boom towns always *do* slump. By the way,"—he leaned over and tapped the society pin on the lapel of Judson's shabby coat,—“by the way, we should know each other.” He displayed the same insignia upon his own waistcoat; and they shook hands. The visitor offered Judson a cigar, and nothing further was said till they had “smoked up.”

"What college?" inquired the visitor, behind his blue cloud.

"Williams."

"Y' don't mean it! So'm I."

They shook hands again. Judson smiled and pulled at the cigar luxuriously. "I was in '89," he said.

"That so? I followed you out the next year. Must have known of you. They didn't tell me your name up town when I inquired for the office of the paper."

"It's Judson," said the proprietor of the *Gazette*.

"Judson! Not Mortimer Judson?" cried the other.

"The very same."

"By George! I'd never have known you. You must remember me. I was Stebbins, of '90."

"Little Stebbins, I declare! I should not have known you. You must come up to the house with me and meet my wife. Dear! dear! I'd never have thought of seeing one of the old boys out here. Why, I used to pony you in your Greek comps."

"Sure. And, thank heaven, I've forgotten every line of Greek I learned, and have felt much easier ever since."

They both laughed, and Stebbins added, "But I should never have thought to find you in this country. How is it? Why, the place is absolutely dead!"

Judson hesitated, and a little flush dyed his cheek. "Things are not very promising here just now, I grant you," he said, slowly. "But I think—that is, I hope—that better times will come. Bird City has an excellent site. When the P. W. & N. M. throws out its branch line to the southwest——"

"By the way," interrupted Stebbins, "I'm connected with the P. W. & N. M."

"You don't say!"

"My governor's president. I'm sort of an advance agent myself."

Judson stopped smoking. He looked across at the younger man: there was something in his eyes Stebbins did not understand. He plainly saw evidence of "hard times" in the little office; but how hard these times were only the man who hung on knew.

"You see," said Stebbins, "the P. W. & N. M. has finally decided to extend its branch. We've been quietly at work for some time, and ground is already broken between here and Racine. The route proposed before the boom has been abandoned. Folks wanted too much for their land. Now we've bought up the land quietly and will have trains running next summer. It's a good thing you hung on, Judson. This is your lot back here, I take it?" he added, glancing out of the window. "Well, it'll face the station. What I looked the paper up for is to advertise some titles. They're too late for this week, I suppose?"

"We're running off the edition now," said Judson, weakly.

"Well, no hurry. There'll be a good deal of this sort of stuff come your way. You treat us white and you'll lose nothing by it."

Judson sat up and breathed again. "This is big news for Bird City," he said. "It will be the making of it."

"It'll be the making of your paper," said Stebbins, cheerfully. "I expected to put our work out mostly in Racine; but of course an old college friend and a fellow of the same society——"

"Thank you," said Judson, gravely, and he accepted the bundle of copy Stebbins drew from his pocket.

"By the way," the railroad man added, "until we get this department in some kind of running order, you needn't look for payment through the usual red-tape channels. You figure up this stuff now, and I'll pay for it and get it off my mind." He drew a roll of notes from his pocket.

"As you please," said the other, calmly, but he figured on the

margin of the slips with trembling fingers. He went to the door a moment later and bowed his visitor out.

"I'll accept your invitation to dinner some other day," said Stebins. "I shall be around here most of the winter."

Judson went back to his desk and stared from the crisp bank-notes to the printed slips. Suddenly he called Sawyer. The clack of the press ceased, and his satellite appeared.

"Sawyer," said the editor, with unshaken voice, "stop the press and pull off the editorial page. We're going to issue an extra."

"A what!" gasped Sawyer.

"Yes, sir. And, by the way, Sawyer," pursued Judson, calmly, "here's what we owe you to Saturday night. Be quick about that form, please. I'll give you the first 'take' of copy in a few minutes."

But after the wondering Sawyer departed the man who hung on bowed his head, and the tears fell upon the printed slips and the bank-notes strewn over the desk-lid.

*W. Bert Foster.*

### THE TERRORS OF AUTHORSHIP.

THE poet Young, it is said, composed his "Night Thoughts" with a skull before him, in which he would sometimes place a lighted candle, and when this expedient failed to inspire his sepulchral muse he was accustomed to wander among the tombs at midnight. The result of this extraordinary method of composition was very successful, if we are to judge by its popularity.

One other author is mentioned who courted the horrors for the profit there was in them. This was the now ancient Mrs. Radcliffe, who also achieved great popularity in her day and generation. Her method was to sup on half-raw beefsteaks plentifully garnished with onions. The nightmares which ensued furnished excellent material for her gloomy and highly sensational romances.

But these were exceptions. Most authors have had more of the horrors than they cared for, without making any special effort to procure the article. It has caused them a vast deal of trouble, and they have not been slow to complain about the matter, but rather have made it a point to complain. The truth is, authors were, and perhaps still are, whether for good or for bad reasons, noted for their complaints.

At the very beginning of their labors they often encounter that which throws them into an agony. Gibbon, for a long and anxious period, was unable to decide how he should begin his great history. Tasso doubtfully pondered five different subjects for the epic which made him immortal. Carlyle refers to "coarsed nervous disorders" which at times prevented him from writing a line that was satisfactory.

Gray was another author who often found it impossible to compose. When he wished to write the Installation Ode, he could not begin it for a long time. During this period, when the poet was almost crazed

with his cogitations, a friend happening to call was received by him at the door, and thus accosted :

“Hence, avaunt! ’tis holy ground.”

The astonished visitor afterwards learned that these were the first words of the now celebrated ode.

There are modern authors in this category. Anthony Trollope experienced hours and sometimes days of agonizing doubt before beginning a new novel. The popular writer Hall Caine is of the same disposition, except that his agony comes with each chapter, and he says the mental strain is immense, for he writes in his head to begin with. Frank R. Stockton waits an hour for a word, but seems to take the matter cheerfully.

Some writers, especially poets, have been grievously troubled because they could work only by moods. Edgar Allan Poe was of this sort, and thus wrote to Lowell : “I am excessively slothful and wonderfully industrious by fits. There are epochs when any kind of mental exercise is torture, and when nothing yields me pleasure but solitary communion with the mountains and the woods, the ‘altars’ of Byron. I have thus rambled and dreamed away whole months, and awaked at last to a sort of mania for composition.”

Other poets, as is well known, have exhibited this “mania for composition,” and it has even been held characteristic of the species. Shakespeare alludes to “the poet’s eyes in a fine frenzy rolling,” and Horace, in reference to some individual, exclaims, “There goes a madman or bard.” And it is not to be wondered at that poets, as well as some other writers, have been considered mad, when we learn that Petrarch believed that he was visited by Laura, that Descartes heard a voice in the air which called him to pursue the path of truth, that Tasso declared that he held lofty conversations with a spirit that glided toward him on the beams of the sun, and that Pascal started, at times, at a fiery gulf which opened by his side.

Less serious were the morbid conditions which caused Savage, Addison, and others to suffer torments over their punctuation and the minute details of the printing of their compositions. Balzac was never satisfied, although he was sometimes a week on a page. Burns was exceeding anxious over his poems, and it was the same with Campbell, Rogers, and Leigh Hunt. Of a somewhat different type was Jeffrey, of whom it is recorded that his manuscript was inexpressibly vile, for he wrote with great haste, generally used a wretched pen, and altered, erased, and interlined, without the slightest thought of the printer. “He had a horror and hatred of the work of the desk.”

Pope, when engaged on the Iliad, wished himself hanged, for it not only engrossed his thoughts by day but haunted his dreams by night. Shelley, also, complained that he was haunted by spirits until his work was published, although he knew of but few who would care to read it. Even the cheerful Charles Dickens was often troubled by the phantoms of his characters during the progress of his works. He strove to shut them in his study, and said that finally he was successful.

George Eliot, in one of her letters, referring to her novel of "Daniel Deronda," writes as follows: "My book seems to me so unlikely ever to be finished in a way that will make it worth while giving to the world, that it is a kind of glass in which I behold my infirmities." And again of the same work, "As usual, I am suffering much from doubt as to the worth of what I am doing, and fear lest I may not be able to complete it so as to make it a contribution to literature and not a mere addition to the heap of books."

Montesquieu wrote thus to a friend: "I thought I should have killed myself these three months to finish a *morceau* [for his great work], which I wished to insert, on the origin and revolutions of the civil laws of France. You will read it in three hours; but I do assure you that it cost me so much labor that it has whitened my hair."

The eminent modern French writer Gustave Flaubert suffered tortures in his efforts to attain perfection. When composing he would sometimes spring to his feet, shriek aloud, call himself "blockhead," "idiot." No sooner was one doubt removed than another arose. At other times he would sit at his writing-table as one magnetized, lost in contemplation. His friend Turgenief declared that it was exceedingly touching to see his struggles with language. He would work a whole day and sometimes all night on a single page.

It is curious that Wordsworth, who sometimes referred to his productions as "valuable," "immortal," etc., and who usually appeared to have an exceedingly exalted opinion of himself, should thus write in regard to his poem called the "Prelude:" "I was indeed grateful to God for giving me life to complete the work, such as it is. But it was not a happy day for me. I was dejected on many accounts. When I looked back upon the performance, it seemed to have a dead weight about it. The reality fell so far short of the expectation. The sense which I had of this poem being so far below what I seemed capable of executing, depressed me much."

Some authors have been delighted when their work was finally put into print, but not so with Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, who relates her experience as follows: "The story goes to press. Then come the days and nights of wishing it had stayed at home. Then the steady action of the brain, which has for weeks stiffened about the story, goes on till it meets the reactions awaiting all strenuous labor. I recast, remodel, retouch, destroy the whole thing a dozen times in my mind, and recreate it, scathing myself that I ever suffered it to leave the safe protection of the little pasteboard pad, held across the lap, on which I write. The proof-sheets come, at once a species of relief and of torment. The changes which can and which cannot be made in the text combat each other, and no proof leaves the study without three revisions."

Rousseau, Racine, and some others could not endure to read over their works after they were written. Even the strong-minded Dr. Johnson seems to have been inclined this way; at least he did not read his important work "Rasselas" until years after it was published, one time when he was travelling with Boswell. Dr. Beattie wrote of himself, "Since the Essay on Truth was printed in quarto, I have not dared

to read it over. I durst not even read the sheets to see whether there were any errors in the print, and was obliged to get a friend to do that office for me. These studies came in time to have a dreadful effect upon my nervous system, and I cannot read what I then wrote without some degree of horror, because it recalls to my mind the horrors that I have sometimes felt after passing a long evening in those severe studies."

Much of these troubles of authors are no doubt caused by their anticipation of the criticism to which their work will be subjected as soon as it is given to the world. From the very beginning of their composition this ordeal of inevitable criticism can hardly fail to be constantly before their minds. Of course, if they could content themselves with merely writing and not publishing they would avoid the difficulty, but this is not to be expected, and there have been very few who were thus content. Some have, however, reserved their productions under protest, as did Sir Isaac Newton, a man of extreme sensibility.

After the critics actually begin their work, the author's case is indeed one deserving commiseration. Nobody will dispute that there is now some ground for his anxieties and complaints. Here the tale of woe is legion, and not by any means all ancient. So late a writer as George Eliot found it necessary not to read criticisms on her books, in order to preserve herself from complete discouragement.

Nearly all the great authors suffered severely at the hands of the critics. Pope was seen to writhe in his chair at the shafts of Colley Cibber. Byron was made reckless and half mad. Dryden and Humelived in a constant state of anger and mortification: the latter at one time declared he intended changing his name and leaving his country forever. Tasso, Collins, and others were even driven into lunacy.

Hazlitt, because of unfavorable criticism, imagined himself ostracized: he thought himself slighted even by strangers whom he met in the street and who never dreamed of such a thing. Tom Moore guarded himself against criticism as against the plague. He would never forgive even a friend if he mentioned to him a criticism. He read but few periodicals, and burned letters coming from a suspicious source.

Walter Savage Landor, after being unmercifully criticised, wrote thus to a friend: "This cures me forever, if I live, of writing what could be published; and I will take good care that my son shall not suffer in the same way. Not a line of any kind will I leave behind me."

He did not mean it, certainly; but it would seem this resolution might well be taken and kept by the whole craft of writers, if they would live with any peace and comfort in the world.

*Elmer E. Benton.*

## CHARLES LAMB AND ROBERT LLOYD.

## SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

## II.

AND now we come to one of the gems of the correspondence,—the eulogy of Father Izaak. The date is February 7, 1801 :

I shall expect you to bring me a brimful account of the pleasure which Walton has given you, when you come to town. It must square with your mind. The delightful innocence and healthfulness of the Angler's mind will have blown upon yours like a Zephyr. Don't you already feel your spirit *filled* with the scenes?—the banks of rivers—the cowslip beds—the pastoral scenes—the real alehouses—and hostesses and milkmaids, as far exceeding Virgil and Pope as the "Holy Living" is beyond Thomas à Kempis? Are not the eating and drinking joys painted to the life?—do they not inspire you with an animated hunger? Are not you ambitious of being made an Angler? What edition have you got?—is it Hawkins's with plates of Piscator &c.? That sells very dear. I have only been able to purchase the last Edition, without the old plates which pleased my childhood; the plates being worn out and the old edition *difficult* and expensive to procure. The "Complete Angler" is the only Treatise written in Dialogues that is worth a halfpenny. Many elegant dialogues have been written (such as Bishop Berkeley's "Minute Philosopher") but in all of them the Interlocutors are merely abstract arguments personify'd; not living dramatic characters, as in Walton, where *every thing* is alive, the fishes are absolutely character'd, and birds and animals are as interesting as men and women.

That passage in itself makes the letter golden; but Lamb was in a generous mood—he went on to sing of the graces of his beloved London :

I perfectly understand the nature of your solitariness at Birm. [Birmingham] and wish I could divide myself, "like a bribed haunch," between London and it. But courage!—you will soon be emancipated, and (it may be) have a frequent power of visiting this great place. Let them talk of Lakes and mountains and romantic dales—all that fantastic stuff: give me a ramble by night, in the winter nights in London—the lamps lit—the pavements of the motley Strand crowded with to and fro passengers—the shops all brilliant, and stuffed with obliging customers and obliged tradesmen; give me the old Book-stalls of London—a walk in the bright Piazzas of Covent Garden. I defy a man to be dull in such places—perfect Mahometan paradises upon Earth!—I have lent out my heart with usury to such scenes from my childhood up, and have cried with fulness of joy at the multitudinous scenes of Life in the crowded streets of ever dear London. I wish you could fix here. I don't know if you quite comprehend my low Urban Taste; but depend upon it that a man of any feeling will have given his heart and his love in childhood and in boyhood to any scenes where he has been bred: as well to dirty streets (and smokey walls, as they are called) as to green Lanes "where live nibbling sheep" and to the everlasting hills and the Lakes and ocean. A mob of men is better than a flock of sheep, and a crowd of happy faces jostling into the playhouse at the hour of six is a more beautiful spectacle to man than the shepherd driving his "silly" sheep to fold.

It is now that at last we realize what a truly worthy young man this Robert Lloyd was. Lovers of good literature owe him a debt which will be difficult of liquidation: first for having artlessly extracted

precious words from one of the choicest minds that England can boast, and secondly for having preserved them.

Thus did the Quaker recusant incite Charles Lamb to write of Jeremy Taylor. The date is April 16, 1801 :

Doctor Jeremy Taylor late Lord Bishop of Down and Connor in Ireland and Administrator of the See of Dromore: such are the titles which his sounding title pages give him; and I love the man, and I love his paraphernalia, and I like to name him with all his attributions and additions. If you are yet but lightly acquainted with his real manner, take up and read the whole first chapter of the "Holy DYING"; in particular turn to the first paragraph of the 2 sect. of that chapter for a simile of a rose, or more truly many similes within simile—for such were the riches of his fancy, that when a beauteous image offered, before he could stay to expand it into all its capacities, throngs of new coming images came up, and jostled out the first, or blended in disorder with it, which imitates the order of every rapid mind. But read all the first chapter by my advice; and I know I need not advise you, when you have read it, to read the second. Or for another specimen, (where so many beauties crowd, the judgment has yet vanity enough to think it can discern a handsomest, till a second judgment and a third *ad infinitum* start up to disallow their elder brother's pretensions,) turn to the story of the Ephesian Matron in the second section of the 5th chapter of the same "Holy DYING" (I still refer to the *Dying* part, because it contains better matter than the "Holy Living," which deals more in rules than illustrations—I mean in comparison with the other only, else it has more and more beautiful illustrations than any prose work besides)—read it yourself and shew it to Plumstead (with my LOVE, and bid him write to me) and ask him if WILLY himself has ever told a story with more circumstances of FANCY and HUMOUR.

The paragraph begins "But that which is to be faulted," and the story not long after follows. Make these references, while P. is with you, that you may stir him up to the Love of Jeremy Taylor, and make a convertite of him. Coleridge was the man who first solemnly exhorted me to "study" the works of Dr. Jeremy Taylor, and I have had reason to bless the hour in which he did it. Read as many of his works as you can get. I will assist you in getting them, when we go a stall hunting together in London, and it's odds if we don't get a good Beaumont and Fletcher cheap.

(Plumstead was Robert's younger brother.)

In the next letter, belonging also to 1801, Lamb returns to Jeremy Taylor. Robert Lloyd seems to have replied to the previous letter by asking Lamb why he did not turn his admiration to account by making a selection of Jeremy Taylor's beauties. The reply is conclusive :

To your enquiry respecting a selection from Bishop Taylor I answer—It cannot be done, and if it could it would not *take* with John Bull. It cannot be done, for who can disentangle and unthread the rich texture of Nature and Poetry sewn so thick into a stout cord of theology, without spoiling both *lace* and *coat*? How beggarly and how bold do even Shakespeare's Princely Pieces look, when thus violently divorced from *connection* and *circumstance*! When we meet with "To be or not to be," or Jacques's moralizings upon the Deer, or Brutus and Cassius' quarrel and reconciliation, in an "Enfield Speaker" or in "Elegant Extracts"—how we stare and will scarcely acknowledge to ourselves (what we are conscious we feel) that they are flat and have no power. Something exactly like this have I experienced when I have picked out similes and stars from "Holy Dying" and shewn them *per se*, as you'd shew specimens of minerals or pieces of rock. Compare the grand effect of the Star-paved firmament and imagine a boy capable of picking out those pretty twinklers one by one and playing at chuck farthing with them. Everything in heaven and earth, in man and in story, in books and in fancy, acts by Confederacy, by juxtaposition, by circumstances and place. Consider a fine family—(if I were

not writing to you I might instance your own)—of sons and daughters, with a respectable father and a handsome mother at their heads, all met in one house, and happy round one table: earth cannot show a more lovely and venerable sight, such as the Angels in heaven might lament that in their country there is no marrying or giving in marriage; take and split this Body into individuals—show the separate caprices, vagaries, &c., of Charles, Rob or Plum—one a Quaker, another a churchman,—the eldest daughter seeking a husband out of the pale of parental faith—another warping perhaps—the father a prudent, circumspective, do-one-good sort of man *blest* with children whom no ordinary rules can circumscribe—I have not room for all particulars; but just as this happy and venerable Body of a family loses by splitting and considering individuals too nicely, so it is when we pick out Best Bits out of a great writer. 'Tis the sum total of his mind which affects us.

We pass to further literary criticisms. On June 26, 1801, Lamb writes,—

Cooke in "Richard the Third" is a perfect caricature. He gives you the *monster* Richard, but not the *man* Richard. Shakespeare's bloody character impresses you with awe and deep admiration of his witty parts, his consummate hypocrisy, and indefatigable prosecution of purpose. You despise, detest, and loathe the cunning, vulgar, low and fierce Richard, which Cook substitutes in his place. He gives you no other idea, than of a vulgar villain, rejoicing in his being able to over reach, and not possessing that joy in *silent* consciousness, but betraying it, like a *poor* villain, in sneers and distortions of the face, like a droll at a country fair; not to add that cunning so self-betraying and manner so vulgar could never have deceived the politic Buckingham, nor the soft Lady Anne. Both, bred in courts, would have turned with disgust from such a fellow. Not but Cooke has *powers*; but not of discrimination. His manner is strong, coarse and vigorous, and well adapted to some characters. But the lofty imagery and high sentiments and high Passions of *Poetry* come blank and prose-smoked from his prose lips. . . . I am possessed with an admiration of the genuine Richard, his genius, and his mounting spirit, which no consideration of his cruelties can depress. Shakespeare has not made Richard so black a monster as is supposed. Wherever he is monstrous, it was to conform to vulgar opinion. But he is generally a man. Read his most exquisite address to the Widowed Queen to court her daughter for him: the topics of maternal feeling, of a deep knowledge of the heart, are such as no monster could have supplied. Richard must have *felt*, before he could feign so well, tho' ambition choked the good seed. I think it is the most finished piece of Eloquence in the world: of *persuasive* oratory, far above Demosthenes, Burke or any man. Far exceeding the courtship of Lady Anne. *Her* relenting is barely natural after all; the more perhaps S.'s merit to make *impossible* appear *probable*, but the Queen's *consent* (taking in all the circumstances and topics, *private* and *public*, with his angelic address, able to draw the host of [a piece is here cut from the letter] Lucifer) is *probable*. . . . All the inconsistency is, that Shakespeare's better Genius was forced to struggle against the prejudices which made a monster of Richard. He set out to paint a *monster*, but his human sympathies produced a *man*.

Are you not tired with all this *ingenious* criticism? I am.

*Richard itself* is totally metamorphosed in the wretched acting play of that name, which you will see: altered by *Cibber*.

Lamb's next letter to Robert Lloyd, dated March 13, 1804, throws light on that young man's employment during the three years' interval. He had been falling in love. Lamb writes,—

Am I ever to see you? for it is like letters to the dead or for a friend to write to his friend in the Fortunate Isles or the moon, or at the Antipodes, to address a line to ONE in Warwickshire that I am never to see in London. I shall lose the very face of Robert by disuse, and I question, if I were a painter, if I could now paint it from memory. . . . I could tell you many things, but you

are so spiritual and abstracted, that I fear to insult you with tidings of this world. But may your approaching husband-hood humanize you. I think I see a dawn. I am sure joy is rising upon you, and I stand a tip-toe to see the sun ascending till it gets up and up, and "while a man tells the story" shews at last a fair face and a full light.

Robert Lloyd was married to Hannah Hart in the summer of 1804.

In Lamb's next letter—September 13, 1804—he makes a pronouncement of his own concerning marriage:

I thank you kindly for your offers to bring me acquainted with Mrs. Ll. I cannot come now, but assuredly I will some time or other, to see how this new relation sits upon you. I am naturally shy of new faces; but the Lady who has chosen my old friend Robert cannot have a repelling one. Assure her of my sincere congratulations and friendly feelings. Mary joins in both with me, and considers herself as only left out of your kind invitation by some LAPSUS STYLI. . . .

All these new nuptials do not make me unquiet in the perpetual prospect of celibacy. There is a quiet dignity in old-bachelorhood, a leisure from cares, noise, &c., an enthronization upon the armed chair of a man's feeling that he may sit, walk, read, unmolested, to none accountable—but hush! or I shall be torn in pieces like a Churlish Orpheus by young married women and bride-maids of Birmingham. The close is this, to every man that way of life which in his election is best. Be as happy in yours as I am determined to be in mine, and we shall strive lovingly who shall sing best the praises of matrimony, and the praises of singleness.

Adieu, my old friend in a new character, and believe me that no "wounds" have pierced our friendship: only a long want of seeing each other has dis-furnished us of topics on which to talk. Is not your new fortunes a topic, which may hold us for some months (the honey months at least)?

And then came another gap of even longer duration; for the date of the next letter is February 25, 1809. It may be that the correspondence continued, but that Lloyd did not preserve the letters; more probably neither man wrote. Nothing is more easy than to break a correspondence, even of the most familiar character; and nothing so frequently causes such a break as marriage. We must suppose that Robert Lloyd gained new interests and ceased to write. Lamb's letters had always been replies to his young friend; and therefore when the young friend ceased to write, Lamb naturally ceased too. Meanwhile, Robert had become a partner in the bookselling and printing business of Knott and Lloyd at Birmingham, and had settled down with no further indecision or temptation to rove. Early in 1809, however, he visited London, on business and pleasure combined, and wrote to forewarn Lamb. Lamb replied on February 25,—

A great gap has been filled up since our intercourse was broken off. We shall at least have some things to talk over, when we meet. That you should never have been in London since I saw you last is a fact which I cannot account for on the principles of my own mental formation. You are worthy to be mentioned with Claudian's old Man of Verona. I forbear to ask you any questions concerning your family—*who* are dead, and *who* are married?—I will not anticipate our meeting. I have been in total darkness respecting you all these years. I am just up, and have heard, without being able to confirm the fact, that Drury Lane Theatre is burnt to the ground.

I live at present at Number 16, Mitre Court Buildings, Inner Temple. I shall move at Ladyday, or a little later: if you don't find me in M. C. B. I shall be at No. 2 or 4, Inner Temple Lane. At either of which places I shall be happy to shake my old friend Robert by the hand.

The story of this momentous visit is told in some sprightly letters written by Robert Lloyd to his wife,—letters of greater interest far than those which he penned as a wooer. The first—dated March, 1809—runs thus :

MY DEAREST HANNAH,—My head has been in a perpetual whirl since I came here, and in two days I have lived many weeks. I would fain have written to you by to-day's post, but it was scarcely practicable. The first thing after breakfast we went to the Horse Guards to hear the band play while they mounted guard. We afterwards went to Mr. Millar's, bookseller, in Albemarle Street, where he had a complete treat. For instance, we saw a copy of the "Shipwreck," printed on velvet, and the price thirty guineas. Indeed, I never saw such splendour in the furniture of Books before. Mr. Millar was not in the shop, but in a Book room fitted up in the first style of elegance. From thence we went to the London Institution, where I was completely delighted. The House of Commons afterwards attracted our notice—the place where *Fox* and *Pitt* sat occasioned most lively emotions. I should have gone to-night in the Gallery, but a circumstance as follows prevented me: having called at the India House and met with my *old* friend Lamb, who asked me to dinner, which I of course accepted, necessarily prevented my attending the House of Commons. Lamb, and his sister *especially*, received me in a very kind manner. We supped with *Godwin*, and from him I am this moment returned (12 o'clock). You would, I know, my dear love, have been delighted in beholding this family—he appears to keep no servants, and his children occupy their places. I was much gratified in seeing the three children of Mrs. Wollstonecraft, two girls and a son; one of the girls, the eldest, is a sweet unaffected creature about 14. She handed me porter, and attracted much of my attention. Mrs. *Godwin* is *not* a pleasant woman, a Wife far different from the one you would suppose *such* a man would have selected. I dine out again to-morrow, and shall sup with Lamb. Godwin is a Bookseller!

Robert was mistaken in crediting Mary Wollstonecraft with three children. We cannot, however, blame him, for Godwin's must have been a confusing household. She had but two, the ill-starred Fanny Imlay, born in 1794, and Mary, in 1797. In 1809, therefore, Fanny would be fifteen and Mary twelve; so that it was probably Fanny, and not the future Mrs. Shelley, who plied the young visitor with porter.

Here is another extract :

I dined with a Bookseller, and then adjourned to my old friend Lamb. Mr. Rickman, secretary to the Speaker, Captain Burney, Brother of Miss Burney the novelist, and Mr. Dyer, the poet, were of the party. We had nothing but cold pork and cheese, and no other beverage than porter. Pipes were introduced. I did not return till half past 12.

Robert adds, "Drury Lane *still* smoaks. What a sad ruin does it exhibit!" In another note he says, "I still go on enjoying myself exceedingly." And in another are these instructions: "Pray dispatch me from the Dog Inn at seven o'clock in the evening 2 pair of white silk stockings. I must go smart to the Opera." On March 31 he writes,—

I drank tea in company with Mr. Godwin last night; he is a most delightful man—the modulation of his voice was beautiful, and his language uncommonly correct. I shall call upon him again to-morrow, to give him an order. Poor man, he is much to be felt for.

Here is a hint that Lamb's eulogy of "The Complete Angler" had not been in vain :

Lamb was quite delighted with the Walton I brought with me. I go with him to Captain Burney's to-morrow evening, and most of Sunday I shall pass with my old friend.

And four days later, April 3, 1809, we have a pleasant glimpse of Mary Lamb :

I spent yesterday with Lamb and his sister—it is sweetly gratifying to see them. They were not up when I went. Mary (his sister) the moment I entered the Room, calling from her chamber, said "Robert, I am coming"—they appear to sleep in rooms by each other. If we may use the expression, their union of affection is what we conceive of marriage in Heaven. They are the world *one* to the *other*. They are writing a Book of poetry for children together. Lamb and I amused ourselves in the afternoon in reading the manuscripts. I shall send one or two of the pieces in my next. Lamb is the most original being you can conceive, and suited to me, in some of his habits, or ways of thinking, to a tee.

On the following day Robert kept his promise. Four pieces chosen from the "Poetry for Children" were included in a letter beginning,—

I dined with our brother and sister to-day. We decline going to the Opera. I prefer Lamb's company, which I shall enjoy to-night. I shall endeavour to see Mrs. Siddons and Kemble in "Macbeth"—paper won't allow of more.

The pieces were "Choosing a Name" ("I have got a new-born sister"), "Breakfast" ("A dinner-party—coffee, tea"), "Choosing a Profession" ("A Creole boy from the West Indies brought"), and "Summer Friends" ("The swallow is a summer bird"),—the first signed "C. L." and the three others "M. L."

The next letter has this passage :

I was much pleased with Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in "Macbeth" on Tuesday. I spend this evening with Lamb—my spirits are uncommonly flat. I dined yesterday with Charles's old friend White. By the bye, I saw Mrs. Clarke yesterday—she was walking in Cheapside with a Mr. Sullivan, who is now reported to live with her: she has very fine large eyes—and very much like a picture in the shops, where she is represented as lying almost at length on a sofa. I have not seen it in Birmingham; the one I saw there is not at all like.

Charles's old friend White is James White,—Lamb's Jem White,—the author of "Falstaff's Letters" and the friend of chimney-sweeps. Some years earlier Charles Lloyd the younger and White had lived together. The Mrs. Clarke is, of course, the notorious adventuress of that name.

From London Robert wrote also to his father a letter which contained this message :

Lamb is quite delighted and pleased at the idea of thy becoming a poet, and would be highly gratified with a sight of the "Book of Homer," which we printed for thee.

The reference is to a translation of Book XXIV. of the Iliad, with which—and other translations—the elder Lloyd had been filling

some of his leisure. Robert Lloyd's firm had, in 1807, struck off a few copies, and one was now sent to Lamb. He replied in a lengthy paper of criticism, June 13, 1809, most of which is too particular for citation here; but the following sentiment is interesting :

What I seem to miss, and what certainly everybody misses in Pope, is a certain savage-like plainness of speaking in Achilles—a sort of indelicacy. The heroes in Homer are not half civilized: they utter all the cruel, all the selfish, all the *mean thoughts* even of their nature, which it is the fashion of our great men to keep in. I cannot, in lack of Greek, point to any one place, but I remember the general feature as I read him at school. But your principles and turn of mind would, I have no doubt, lead you to *civilize* his phrases, and sometimes to *half christen* them. . . . I wish you joy of an Amusement which I somehow seem to have done with. Excepting some things for children, I have scarce chimed ten couplets in the last as many years.

The translator replied promptly to his critic (as authors will), and on June 19 Lamb wrote again. Here is an extract :

I am glad to see you venture *made* and *maid* for rhymes. 'Tis true their sound is the same. But the mind occupied in revolving the different meaning of two words so literally the same, is diverted from the objection which the mere ear would make, and to the mind it is rhyme enough. I had not noticed it till this moment of transcribing the couplet. A timidity of rhyming, whether of bringing together sounds too near, or too remote to each other, is a fault of the present day. The old English poets were richer in their diction, as they were less scrupulous.

In the mean time Lamb had lent a copy of this or another translation to a friend, who kept it long. On July 31, 1809, Lamb at length was able to return it to Birmingham, and in doing so he made the following interesting comparison between Homer and Milton :

I find Cowper is a favourite with nobody. His injudicious use of the stately slow Miltonic verse in a subject so very different has given a distaste. Nothing can be more unlike to my fancy than Homer and Milton. Homer is perfect prattle, though exquisite prattle, compared to the deep oracular voice of Milton. In Milton you love to stop, and saturate your mind with every great image of sentiment; in Homer you want to go on, to have more of his agreeable narrative. Cowper delays you as much, walking over a Bowling Green, as the other does travelling over steep Alpine heights, where the labour enters into and makes a part of the pleasure.

Lamb's last letter to Robert Lloyd is dated January 1, 1810. Robert seems to have sent him a turkey, for Lamb begins,—

DEAR ROBERT,—In great haste I write. The Turkey is down at the fire, and some pleasant friends are come in, to partake of it. The sender's health shall not be forgot. . . .

Coleridge's Friend is occasionally sublime. What do you think of that Description of Luther in his Study in one of the earlier numbers? The worst is, he is always promising something which never comes; it is now 18th Number, and continues introductory, the 17th (that stupid long letter) was nothing better than a Prospectus, and ought to have preceded the 1st number. But I rejoice that it lives.

When you come to London, you will find us at No. 4 Inner Temple Lane, with a few old books, a few old Hogarth's round the room, and the Household Gods at last establish'd. The feeling of home, which has been slow to come, has come at last. May I never move again, but may my next lodging be my coffin.

In writing to Manning on the next day Lamb amplified the last remark thus: "Here I hope to set up my rest, and not quit till Mr. Powell, the undertaker, gives me notice that I may have possession of my last lodging. He lets lodgings for single gentlemen."

And here the correspondence, as we have it, ends. In the following year Robert Lloyd died, at the early age of thirty-two, his death occurring within a few weeks of that of his brother Thomas, whom he had been nursing with characteristic zeal, and his sister Caroline. The actual date of Robert's death was October 26, 1811. He left a widow and four children. In the November number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* appeared this discriminating and kindly testimony to Robert Lloyd's sweetness of disposition, from Charles Lamb's pen:

To dilate in many words upon his character, would be to violate the modest regard due to his memory, who in his lifetime shrunk so anxiously from every species of notice. His constitutional misfortune was an excess of nervous sensibility, which in the purest of hearts produced rather too great a spirit of self-abasement, and perpetual apprehension of not doing what was right. Yet, beyond this tenderness, he seemed absolutely to have no self-regards at all. His eye was single, and ever fixed upon that form of goodness, which he venerated wherever he found it, except in himself. What he was to his parents, and in his family, the newness of their sorrow may make it unseasonable to touch at; his loss, alas! was but one in a complication of domestic afflictions which have fallen so heavy of late upon a very worthy house. But as a friend, the writer of this memorial can witness, that what he once esteemed and loved, it was an unalterable law of his mind to continue to esteem and love. Absences of years, the discontinuance of correspondence from whatever cause, for ever so great a length of time, made no difference. It seemed as if the affectionate part of his nature could suffer no abatement. The display of what the world calls shining talents, would have been incompatible with a character like his; but he oftentimes let fall in his familiar talk and in his letters, bright and original illustrations of feeling, which might have been mistaken for genius, if his own watchful modest spirit had not constantly interposed to recall and substitute for them some of the ordinary forms of observation which lay less out of that circle of common sympathy within which his kind nature delighted to move.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* article ends there. But, as we learn from a letter written by Charles Lloyd the younger to Robert Lloyd's widow, Lamb said more, and sent to Charles a draught of the article in its completeness. The editor abbreviated it by the following passage:

To conclude,

"Love, Sweetness, Goodness, in his countenance shin'd  
So dear, as in no face with more delight."

But now he is gone—he has left his earthly companions; yet his departure had this in it to make us less sorrowful, that it was but as a gentle removing of the veil, which while he walked upon earth, seemed scarcely to separate his spirit from that world of heavenly and refined essences with which it is now indissolubly connected.

"I contemplate," adds Robert's brother, "his character as the most sweet and affecting that I ever knew."

E. V. Lucas.

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.



The Old Navy and  
the New. Memoirs  
of Rear-Admiral  
Daniel Ammen,  
U.S.N. Second  
Edition.

A close friend from boyhood of General Grant, and the chosen companion of General Sherman, Admiral Porter, and many of the men made famous by bravery in the civil war, Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen had endless material to draw upon for these delightful *Memoirs*, and he does it with the literary skill of a practised author. Indeed, this rare trait of narrative has been possessed by so many of the great captains of our army and navy that it may almost be claimed as a natural prerogative accompanying leadership in the field and at sea.

Admiral Ammen began his naval career when the old navy was passing into the intermediate stage which gave birth to armor-clad monitors and other fighting ships that would have astonished Decatur and Perry in their frail wooden craft. He made numerous peaceful voyages to many parts of the world; for a long time was employed in the coast survey about Nantucket; and when the war began, plunged into the midst of it, finally receiving command of the monitor *Patapsco*, which took part in the storming of Fort Sumter. Incidentally we are given the report made by the captains of the monitors after their earliest use at Sumter and Moultrie, and the revelation of the primitive mechanisms by which they were worked offers a significant contrast to the perfect methods and appliances in which we are all now engrossed. The navy of thirty years ago seems ages old when set over against the magnificent structures, working with the precision of a watch, to which we owe our defence in this year of war.

The experiences of Admiral Ammen during the fight between North and South are stirring as well as important in their historic relations; but surely every reader will dwell most on the pages where he may have intimate glimpses of General Grant in the character of a life-long comrade, who never forgot his friend even in the midst of war or when on his royal progress around the world. To Daniel Ammen, indeed, the general owed his life; for when they were boys in Ohio, young Grant fell into a turbulent current and was rescued by his friend, whose presence of mind sent him at a run down-stream, where he climbed out on some willows and grabbed the drowning youngster. There must have been much in common between the two, for they both rose by force of character to the highest national posts, and they were accustomed to meet in cheerful and congenial intercourse until the great soldier died. On many occasions General Grant revealed his opinions to Admiral Ammen with singular frankness. Said he, one day in 1867, "I am now Acting Secretary of War. I accepted the position reluctantly, and would not have done it at all were it not

to protect the Treasury against unjust cotton claims. Were an unscrupulous man to be Secretary of War, a mere scratch of his pen could defraud the country of many millions of dollars, and it was to avoid the possible appointment of such a man that I accepted the appointment." Again he said, "A few days ago I had a visit of an hour or more from President Johnson, who spoke on indifferent subjects until just before leaving, when he said, 'General, there is one question in which I feel a great deal of interest; and that is, in the event of an open rupture between myself and Congress, on which side you will be found.' I replied, 'That will depend entirely upon which is the revolutionary party.'" Such intimate revelations abound in reported conversations and in the correspondence, and they have a particular significance at this crucial time, when the army and navy are called into renewed action after a blessed interval of peace.

Hence it is that Admiral Ammen's *Memoirs* are richly deserving of a second edition, which comes out with timely effect for perusal by a new generation.



*My Pretty Jane.*  
By Effie Adelaide  
Rowlands.

A pure, sweet love-story is *My Pretty Jane*, by Effie Adelaide Rowlands, which the Lippincotts issue as the April number of the *Series of Select Novels*, so long and so favorably known. The scene of *My Pretty Jane* is patrician England. The little maid, so called, is the only daughter of Sir Richard Ludlowe of Carno Court, "a commercial knight" and courtly widower, who married Cynthia Denistoun, lovely, but imperious, cold, and over-young for her middle-aged lover.

Naturally, *My Pretty Jane* found her old home sadly changed by its new mistress. But the young girl's sweetness and forbearance won in the end, and, best of all, she had at her feet George Nugent, who came into a title, to the chagrin of my naughty lady, whom he once wooed.

The story is told with directness and simplicity, and will divert, but never bore, a reader who demands entertainment as a first element in fiction.



*The American in Paris.* A Biographical Novel of the Franco-Prussian War. By Eugene Coleman Savidge. Second Edition.

A very remarkable novel is *The American in Paris*. It has made a deep and lasting appeal to those who greet a book for merit rather than name; and it will now, in a cheaper edition, reach the many who deny their favor until a story is tested by time.

The author of *The American in Paris*, which issues from the Lippincott press, is Eugene Coleman Savidge, who wrote *Wallingford*. The later book is, however, the more notable, because of its historic reach, its variety of character, and its international significance. In it Mr. Savidge has stored a wealth of historic quotation, so put as to seem the spoken words of the original utterer. Thus we listen, as through a phonograph, to Gambetta, Louis Napoleon, MacMahon, Bismarck, Minister Wash-

burne, Moltke, King William, Eugénie, Thiers, Grant, Bazaine, and Zola, and these, with many more actual as well as fancied figures, traverse the busy pages in a procession which seems to picture Paris entire as it was before, during, and after the Franco-Prussian war.

The larger episodes hang upon a thread of romance woven by the hero Kent, a young Californian attached to the American embassy, and Hortense, one of the ladies of Eugénie's court. The love between these two, in its vicissitudes and in its relative characteristics, subtly shadowed but without insistence, typifies the Gallic and Saxon strains in human life. The wooing is like a poem of light and shadow, where moral and illicit, ideal and real, worldly and spiritual, contend for mastery.

The description of the fall of Paris is intensely real and powerful, and bears with it an impressive lesson in Saxon dominance at this era of warfare. The period dealt with by Dr. Savidge, though not remote from our own, is but little studied by the present generation, and to have its essential features embodied in a historic romance of so fascinating an order is a distinct benefit.

**Glamour. A Romance.**  
By Meta Orred.

If the reader seeks unadulterated romance of the thrilling order invented by the Germans, carried forward by Godwin and Monk Lewis and Mrs. Shelley, and transplanted hither by Brockden Brown and Poe, let him, or her, seek without delay *Glamour, A Romance*, by Meta Orred.

A Prologue takes us to England, Lord Noell's Great House, where, on the broad terrace, Maurice and Gabrielle, girl and boy, are at play. They are my lord's wards, and Gabrielle comes to love Maurice, but he, of a restless spirit, evades the promptings of his own heart. When, under the influence of an old family tradition, he encounters in Italy the Princess Salluce, his will is enslaved and Gabrielle fades from his mind.

The grim but irresistible sway of the magnificent princess, the weird powers exercised by ancient sorceries, and the magic of an heirloom ring are the determining causes of the *dénouement*.

*Glamour* appears as the May number in Lippincott's *Series of Select Novels*, and it maintains in interest and other good qualities the unusual standard of this set of paper novels.

**Technical Mycology.**  
By Dr. Franz Lafar. Translated by C. T. C. Salter.  
Vol. I. Illustrated.

When a science reaches new and higher ground all the world benefits by a readjustment of every-day processes to its larger view and wider application. This has been the case in the last few decades with the science of biology. It was not very long ago that the abundant phenomena of biology were classed under the broad head of chemistry. Gradually the more definite division emerged and became a science in its own right, and to-day there is a profound and endless literature devoted to its revelations. It has taken a leading place in the justification of "the ways of God to man," and

its rich yield of light is thrown on homely trades to the material advantage of all human kind.

Brewing and distilling, with all their allied crafts and professions, have benefited much by these scholarly developments, and around the ancient processes has formed a perfect library of treatises, some good, many bad, all aiming to teach the practical craftsman how to apply the accessions of knowledge thus vouchsafed him.

Summing these up and extracting the good from the bad is this important and complete work entitled *Technical Mycology: the Utilization of Micro-Organisms in the Arts and Manufactures*. This is, in brief, a practical hand-book on fermentative processes, for the use of brewers and distillers, analysts, technical and agricultural chemists, pharmacists, and all who are interested in the industries dependent on fermentation. The author, a young German professor of high rank, is Dr. Franz Lafar, of Vienna. His learned but singularly lucid and useful volume is introduced by no less a pen than that of Dr. Emil Chr. Hansen, Principal of the Carlsberg Laboratory of Copenhagen, who expresses his entire approval of the work and his admiration for its comprehensive thoroughness. The translation is done with accuracy by Mr. Charles T. C. Salter, a scientist of London. The volume has ample illustrations; and it will be followed by a second, which will complete the fruitful subject and provide the manufacturer with a never-failing scientific guide.



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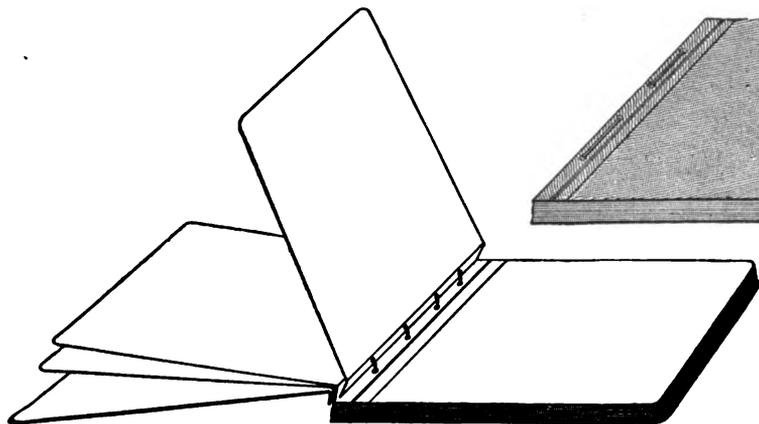
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