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OF GENERAL LITERATURE



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TO THE
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Walnuts and Wine

PROVIDENT

At a small bank in one of the growing cities of the West much of the business comes from the rural districts. One day an old farmer stepped in and looked awkwardly around. It was his first visit to a bank. Advancing to the counter he laid down a long, heavy purse.

"You wish to deposit some money?" said the cashier.

"Yes," said the old man, "I want you to put this in so't my ancestors can get it any time they want it."

E. L. Kelly.



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

Jack was making a visit to his grandparents, who owned a large dairy. He had been forbidden to touch the tempting pans of rich cream. One day his grandmother caught him coming up from the cellar with a very suspicious white rim over his upper lip.

"Jack," she said severely, "I am afraid you have been disturbing my pans of cream."

"No, I haven't, grandma; I just ran my tongue gently over the top."

M. Budd.



ONE OR 'TOTHER

By Sam S. Stinson

An acrobat I chanced to meet,
And these wise words he said:
"We must be light upon our feet,
Or light upon our head."



IN ENGLAND

These American jokes seem to be good only in the States, don'cher know? I was dining with an American lawst summer, and after he had finished his fish he said to the waitah, "Bring me a glaws of watah; this fish wants to swim."

Good joke, bah Jove. When I got back to Lunnon I tried it at my first dinnah; we had no fish, so when we got to the veal chops I said, "Waitah, bring me a glaws of watah; this calf wants to drink"; and, don'cher know, they laughed at me and not at the joke.

St.

LIPPINCOTT'S
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JANUARY, 1906



THE MASTER OF CRAVEN

BY MARIE VAN VORST

Author of "Amanda of the Mill," "Miss Desmond," etc., etc.

I

SINCE Tempest had shut himself up in Craven he had added to rather than diminished his popularity. He refused to be further lionized; either timid or wise in the white heat of his fame's flame, he ran away! Rather than watch his fame fall to ash, or fearful that its tense heat should harm him? For neither reason. He was not thinking of London, or his public, he was thinking of himself.

In Craven, whilst immured, he was as well delightfully at large. The Castle itself was a prison, standing, as it did, twelve miles from any railway, dominating, as it did, the entire county of ——shire. Craven was a fortress for the writer's hours of labor—a pleasure-garden for his leisure. But on this occasion he had not come to it for the sympathetic atmosphere it extended to his work. Craven was not to offer in this sojourn any of its aforesaid tonic—nor was it demanded that it should suggest a new theme, or even cradle an old idea. Mr. Tempest, a solitary inhabitant of his study, asked a new balm of his retreat—it must be a panacea.

"It should be," he said aloud as he replaced a book in the shelves and found another, "a padded cell."

Into the great bow window whose squares of glass let in the whole wide country sweep to his eyes—once a veritable lover's eyes for this English nature, whose graces and beauties Tempest had made to live and bloom in his book till all England echoed his muse—into the bowed windows his housekeeper daily cleverly drew the writing-table. Tempest many times before it had seen hour after hour slip away,

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until, exhausted yet supremely content, he had risen, aching in every limb, the pile of manuscript grown at his hand, his work done, and he himself free and buoyant as only the creator can be before his self-appointed task. But writing materials remained these days untouched.

November had almost gone, and the drear bareness of the landscape, although not yet despoiled of leafage, was hidden on this afternoon by a mist full of rain. Tempest had the extent of blank gloom before him as he faced it by the window, leaning against his work-table, his back to the room. Something of the leaden quality of the outside reflected itself in his countenance. But he had not time to follow his meditations to their end, for a timid rap on the door fell once,—was repeated, then the door opened and his housekeeper came in.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Basil——" He did not stir.

She waited a moment, then advanced: "I beg your pardon, sir."

After another silence he blurted out:

"Well? What for, pray? If you have any good reason to break in on me, Henly, you will give it."

She felt it was not a good reason and trembled.

"I've disobeyed you, sir."

"I'd rather forgive you than hear about it—don't do it again."

"I won't indeed, sir, but——"

Tempest turned reluctantly to the intruder. She said "Oh," involuntarily as she caught sight of his face: the last hour had ravaged it. Her evident affection, not her sympathy, modified his mood.

"What the devil have you done?" he asked, not unkindly. "It can't be worse than coming here to me after my express injunctions."

"It's worse, sir," she nodded: "I've let in a lady."

She breathed freer with the whole confession of her crime's enormity.

Tempest's surprise was as sharp as his displeasure. "A lady—you're dotty!"

She pleaded, "I couldn't help it, Mr. Basil—she had walked from Cravenford,—to see you, sir,—and I hadn't the heart."

"Come!" he exclaimed furiously, "I am not to be obeyed then, Henly? I see plainly you are taken advantage of—of—I mean to say you're astounding! I give orders to leave me in peace, to refuse my doors: to keep my mail, my despatches, away, and you admit God knows whom and for what purpose at your pleasure."

She let him fume, and her patient, gentle bearing of his detestable humor made him ashamed. "What for, pray?"

"I don't know, sir," she said humbly. "I couldn't say no—somehow. She begged for a moment—she had walked the twelve miles and she says she must foot it back. It's late too."

"She has a note-book? Of course!"

"She's a pretty hat on and a long dark coat, and she is so lovely, Mr. Basil, that I——"

She finished subtly—and triumphed, for her master slightly smiled. "It's a farce, and quite ridiculous. You've gone so far I can't drag your hospitality back—as if I had a string to it. Fetch her in."

Tempest passed his nervous hand through his hair, gave a last look to the gray without, as though he confided his melancholy to it—promising to return again for it—never fear! and came out into the room.

When Mrs. Henly reappeared she opened the door, consigned her guest quickly to the study, and withdrew like lightning for fear she should be haled to escort her out again!

The stranger deserted in this fashion looked about her rather startled. Tempest, in a black velvet jacket into whose pockets his hands were thrust, blocked up the foreground. He saw her embarrassment and that her lips were almost white. She bowed to him, still standing where Mrs. Henly's catapult-like ushering had placed her.

"I am Lucy Carew," she announced in a voice that did not waver at all. "I have come all the way from America to see you."

Mr. Tempest started. The sudden addition of thirty-five hundred miles to the twelve was material.

"Trop aimable," he said. "I shall seem ungracious if I say that I receive no one, not even an emissary from the Cape of Good Hope." He chose at random, and as he said it its meaning caught his sensitive ear. He smiled. "You will let me be inconsequent and except *that* point? You see, to be frank, I have refused myself to everyone, Miss Carew (he said her name as though it were a household word), every one—friend, enemy, kind and unkind. I am a recluse——"

"I know," she accepted, "I read in the *Daily Telegraph* that you were. I scarcely dared expect to see you. When I got out at Cravenford and found I should have to walk twelve miles I was nearly discouraged."

"Nearly!" he echoed. "It is a tramp, even for an English girl; your countrywomen are not supposed to be walkers."

"I've not walked much before," she admitted, "and my heels are high; but when I got here it was the worst of all—your housekeeper refused me; and then"—she raised the slight veil she wore, her eyes were sparkling and disclosed no trace of it—"I cried," she said frankly.

Tempest took his hands from his pockets and extended one with the charming gesture he knew so well won him friends. For a brief second his face relaxed, illuminated. He came up to his guest. "Don't cry here," he implored. "I can't imagine what a three thousand three

The Master of Craven

hundred and twelve mile fatigue may be, but if you can rest from some of it in this chair, will you do so? I will ring for tea and lights."

Tempest understood the nature of human feeling too well not to know with a flash how great was the pleasure of his own—and not to realize that he had never experienced quite the like sensation before. Into his outstretched hand a hand slender and strong fell as naturally as though it had waited for just this shelter ever since it had been made. He led the girl to his favorite chair, took delight in seeing her sink into it.

She had quickly undone her veil and taken it off, and he then saw the fatigue under her eyes, the pallor of her face, and withal the freshness of it. It was a luminous face, if such a term might be used—he thought it might. Her figure was concealed by a long, dark coat that rose to her neck, and she nestled into the comfort of the chair with an acquiescence of fatigue her expression did not admit. Indeed, her eyes, fastened on Tempest, were the loveliest things he had encountered for a long time.

The unconventionality of the visit, her calm behavior in it, touched his humorous vein. He slightly mocked her as he spoke, in a tone not the less agreeable and perfectly gracious.

"What wager are you winning? Miss Carew, you have won it! How much of the twelve miles did you walk really?"

She held out a small foot in a badly damaged high-heeled shoe. "A cart brought me to a cross-road and then I walked on—twelve miles the man said it was, and it seemed it!"

Tempest had tasted the rare and delicious mead which fame during lifetime brews. Whether or not the fact that he was accorded to be the greatest living novelist and poet meant that his glory should not go down to posterity, at all events he heard himself so called. All that is fulsome and sweet in popularity he had tasted and sickened of. He did not wish to ask this young woman why she had come to him; he dreaded lest she should say. The moment she should ask him for his autograph the singular and piquant charm of her apparition would vanish and he would become his brutal, savage self again. This unusual visit would not bear vulgarity or even tangibility. Despite the adjustment of his eyeglass he saw her as if through a film; it added to the unreality of her presence.

"You will have tea? Perhaps you will make it for me?"

The lights had been brought in with the drawing of the curtains over the rain-swept window.

Miss Carew's hands lay inert on the chair's arms. She shook her head.

"I am afraid I can't—I am so tired."

Tempest rather clumsily made it and gave her a cup and a bit of toast. Then she stirred with effort and drank slowly. It stimulated her; she had been, to judge by the lines beneath her eyes, near to exhaustion.

During the few moments her host's face had clouded again. Evidently he had forgotten his guest and looked up with a start as she spoke.

"You have not asked me why I came, Mr. Tempest."

"I don't wish to know."

"Ah," she smiled. "If I don't tell you, it will be because you forbid me—and——"

"I do forbid," he said shortly, "if it's a tiresome reason—I won't say women's reasons are usually tiresome, for I am sure they never give the real ones—nothing would be so delightful, I am willing to believe, as a woman's sincere motive or reason for what she does! It's a black rose, a 'merle blanche.' Miss Carew, I've never seen any of the three."

She did not take this opportunity to remark at his psychology of feminine subtleness, but said equably,—

"The result of such forbidding would be the blocking of my whole career."

He echoed the word with scorn. "*Career!* Heaven, you have one? You don't look it, I am glad to say—I am sorry for you," he finished brusquely.

She had unfastened the collar of her coat and it fell back. Her dress underneath was as sober in tone. Tempest rose to move aside the tea-table that was between them.

"Let me help you off with that wrap. It's warm here and you won't feel it when you go out."

He wanted to see her released from the chrysalis of her uncomplaining garments. He threw the wrap on a chair, and she stood before him in a dress of some soft, dark material with white at the neck and wrists. It fitted her well, it fell well around her supple figure.

"My gloves," she said apologetically, "were soaked through. They are drying in your housekeeper's room. I dried there myself for half an hour before she would disturb you."

As she spoke there crossed Tempest's feelings, growing more and more amiable and gracious, a sudden revulsion against her which she could not have understood had he let her perceive it.

"How can I further your career or hinder it?" he asked formally.

She did not appear to take umbrage at his altered tone but, leaning forward in her chair, received him into her confidence with extraordinary facility and an assurance that was compliment in itself.

"I have been obliged quite suddenly to find a means of livelihood. To a woman of my age" (she named it, and he smiled—it was so young) "such a question coming for the first is puzzling. Last week the editor of a well-known monthly offered me a position at a fixed and generous salary if——" here she paused.

As she talked Tempest was studying her mentality and quality of spirit as best he could, being a man as well as a psychologist, and given the fact that a specimen was very good to look at and very gently magnetic to listen to. He found her direct, and boldly devoid of weak, truckling excuses for whatever favor she was to ask—and she was evidently to ask one. He liked her clear enunciation, her soft, short sentences with the warmth under them of an exquisite voice.

"If what?" he helped her.

"If I would fetch him an especial piece of work he was eager for."

"Yes?" questioned her host, for she hesitated.

"An essay, if you like—a study of—you: of your personality. Above all,"—here she flushed and lowered her voice as though the subject and her own daring awed her,—“a synopsis of your new suite of poems, Mr. Tempest.”

Then in a voice whose sharpness struck her as if her senses had all been touched at once—she shrank at it—he asked:

"Who spoke to them of the verses?"

"I," she replied, breathless. "There were only two of them, you know, published in the winter."

"What suite?" he interrupted, glaring at her. The veins swelled on his temples. He had risen and she thought he seemed a dozen feet high. "What suite? What do you mean?"

Miss Carew leaned forward, her hands clasped before her.

"I once read two poems of yours—masterpieces. They were only an epilogue—anyone could see that they were the forerunners of a longer work, the opening and sequence. I have eagerly been looking for the others in vain."

"You are mad!" he blurted out rudely, and walked away from her across the room, got in between table and window, his back to her. After a second he drew the curtain aside and exposed the black, rain-covered pane to the room's light.

She was not, singularly enough, frightened to death. It would be too much to say she felt a power over Mr. Tempest. She had it, however.

"Perhaps I am mad. I feel sometimes one must be to comprehend and be sensitive to certain forms of beauty and greatness."

Mr. Tempest came slowly back into the room, holding his hand over his eyes.

"Will you tell them for me—your public—that there are no more verses to follow these? that there is nothing whatsoever to come out of this muddled and miserable brain of Basil Tempest? Will you tell them that Tempest is never to write another line so long as he lives?"

He was conscious that Miss Carew had risen, that she was standing not far away. She had gathered her cloak on her arm.

"No," she said distinctly, "I will not tell them that."

His eyes still covered, Tempest shrugged his shoulders. "Tell them what you please, but will—you—go? Now—I thank you—but go—you are very good—very good—and clever. I hope I shall not baulk your career—women should not have careers."

He heard a door close, the portière fall. He uncovered his eyes—he was alone.

With an imprecation low and sincere he stood for a moment, his hands clinched by his side, his expression dark and terrible. All likeness to genius and good looks—for it possessed both—was gone from his face. He seemed brooding on horrors. His hair fell over his brow, his head was bent. His eyes now showed bloodshot and full of tears. As strong as he was weak, in his emotions, he was now utterly swayed by them. Like a boy, he brushed away his tears with the back of his hand. After he had stood so for what seemed to him a few moments, and was really a long time, a gust of wind and rain struck violently against the window and he started. With no care to put his disturbed countenance in order for curious eyes, he went out to find Mrs. Henly in her little room, a corridor or so away.

"Where is the lady you forced upon me, Henly?"

"Gone, Mr. Basil."

"How 'gone'?"

"On foot—and alone in the storm."

Mrs. Henly's tone, if it could, would have sent Miss Carew dryshod.

"What folly and stupidity! Why did you permit it, Henly? You use judgment and discretion—what did you let her go for like that?"

"She would hear of nothing else, sir—she seemed disturbed."

Without further parley he turned on his heel and marched out to the cloakroom, hatted and cloaked himself, and went from there to the stables. Although it did not consume half an hour,—the putting between shafts and buckling up of the horse,—Tempest fumed at the groom and with nervous haste himself threw in rubber blanket and rugs. It was pouring in sheets when he came pelting out of the stable; the man threw loose the mare's head and the fresh beast started rapidly out into the roadway.

Tempest had asked for a horse notably neither his fastest nor best, but a sure animal who had eyes for the dark like a cat's and who could have felt her way to Cravenford.

The master of Craven hardly hoped to discover so soon as the park road the guest so rudely allowed to leave his doors. Even a poor walker would have made the Drive and the turn into the main road that led to Cravenford. Nevertheless, he peered, and as it was far from dark it seemed needless to lean forward as Tempest did to search the roadside for so conspicuous an object as a pedestrian young woman of no mean height or figure.

His horse pounded through the mud, bit well in her teeth, her head down; the short, incessant rain was a spur. Tempest thought of the high heels of the lady's shoes, and grew hot with shame. "Feminine folly!" he muttered. "What modern twentieth-century emancipation! A young woman, not only independent, but secure in her lack of convention! Fancy one of our grandmothers appearing in fichu and curls and crinolines at a man's house alone, unchaperoned! Not only would this girl have scorned me if I had dared show appreciation of her sex, but it would have been the height of ruffianism to have been gallant, the acme of ungallantness."

Yet as he mentally compared her to the summoned image of the 1830 lady Miss Carew lost none of her attractiveness in her plain dress, the sharp note of white at neck and wrists, the *taille cambrée*, the svelte beauty of her figure.

"It's absurd," he muttered, "this emancipation of women! They've no right or title to it. For example, now, if I were not driving to her rescue, where would she be, poor dear?" He smiled. "She would melt in the storm."

As before him the road grew indistinct: "Gad, I should have fetched Melton to drive, I can't make out the road. She must have flown to have gone so well on—to escape the boor I was—no wonder!"

Here the mare shied violently, and in holding the cart to balance and quieting her Tempest almost failed to see the cause of the fright. Out of the rain and darkness a figure on a stone had risen.

"Miss Carew!" (she hardly recognized the voice it was so full of live welcome,) "won't you get in at once—please here, at this side. I can't help you, unfortunately—or leave my seat. Can you manage it?—she won't stand."

Miss Carew displayed neither ill-temper nor grudge. In a twinkling she had climbed into the cart—was at his side.

"You will let me drive you back to Craven—warm you, feed you, show you hospitality. I am chagrined, Miss Carew." He had started to turn.

"To the station, please, if it isn't too much to ask."

He was sufficiently impressed by what he believed was the will of the modern woman to not gainsay her.

"I don't wish to obey you, but I have no choice. Put on this macintosh, please, and cover yourself with this rubber—there, over us both. There's a shorter cut to the town if you will tell me if there is a stile—just there it would be—to the right."

"Yes."

"Then we turn here and should reach Cravenford in three-quarters of an hour. Hush," he said as she thanked him. "Trouble! I am ashamed of myself. Don't make me feel more so. Tell me, if I am not too curious, where you are bound for?"

"To London to-night—and to America the day after to-morrow."

Tempest caught his breath. "You mean you were serious! You came to England to see me, and are going back on the first ship?"

"Yes," she said simply.

"But I never heard such a venture! Is all reporting work like that? Seven thousand miles for——"

"Success—yes," she finished. "I suppose so. It seemed to them worth it. I should, of course, have succeeded."

"But you have travelled before—you know Europe."

"Oh, yes," she said. "I was in school in France. I have travelled, but I have never been in England."

"You must stay," he cried enthusiastically. England's a garden—this county especially lovely. Why, Penthuen Castle is within two miles of me—Raynes and the forest of Raynes."

"I know," said his companion,—

"Here to the west, low shelving to the sea,"

and she repeated one of Tempest's sonnets written fifteen years before. Her manner of speaking it was delightful, undeclamatory, understanding, and simple.

He said nothing when she ceased. He did not speak again until they had entered the small hamlet of Cravenford and drew up to the station under a red lantern that swung from the eaves in the rain.

Two men in raincoats stood smoking their pipes under the roof shelter. At Tempest's "Hallo" one of them came out to the platform edge.

"Is that you, Mr. Tempest, sir?"

"Yes, hold the mare, will you, Ramsdill?"

"There'll be no London train to-night, sir—a haccident Slug Morges way. No trains out before to-morrow."

There was a moment's silence on the part of the people in the trap. Then the lady said, "But there are other trains, surely, to other stations?"

"None either way to-night, M'm," reassured Mr. Ramsdill.

Tempest stood up in the cart and shook out his hat, from which the water ran. Ramsdill at the mare's head patted her neck; the sweat running from her wet sides was drowned back on her by the rain.

"I have chosen Craven, Miss Carew, in order that I might be quite out of the world; it has proved to me often that I have succeeded, but never so thoroughly as to-night! There's the station, an alehouse, and a few farms; you can't stay in any of them. We'll drive back then at once to warmth and light."

She thanked him and refused to hear of it. "I shall stay in some one of those houses if they will have me."

He got out of the cart.

"There's a fire in the station, Ramsdill?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me help you out, Miss Carew. Please come in for a few moments and let us see each other, and get out of this infernal dark."

She presented a pitiable sight: drenched through, her hair clinging to her face, her clothing clinging to her like a vine to a tree. He exclaimed with contrition and anger and drew her to the fire, into the red glow.

"You will be ill—your feet and stockings must be dripping. Drink this." He had his flask and forced her to take a generous draught. To all she was obedient.

"Now," he said determinedly, "you must go back with me—don't retaliate so cruelly! Mrs. Henly will care for you like a mother. I can't leave you here."

But wet, meek as her drenched hair made her look, her reddening cheeks proved that all her blood was not beaten out of her by the rain.

"You must leave me here, Mr. Tempest."

"I wish," he said impatiently, "you were not an American, and a modern woman."

She turned her hands before the blaze and he saw how fine they were, how slender and distinguished.

"I am both, however," she replied with a little smile. "I have failed, and I am going back."

Tempest, without further parley, went to the door and called to Ramsdill:

"Can your wife put this lady—Miss Carew—up for the night, Ramsdill? Give her a good bed and some hot dinner and some dry things?"

Tempest had made of Craven and the Ford a shrine for all the county, and for reasons more human than for his genius alone was adored.

"I expect Missus'll be pleased to, Mr. Tempest."

"Come, then," he ordered over his shoulder to the girl, in a tone as masterful as if he had not been beaten.

"Ramsdill has a very decent cottage not half a mile from the Castle—it's clean and well-kept and Polly Ramsdill is a nice creature. I'll let you stay there, or at the Castle." He waited impatiently as she put her foot on the step of the cart. She chose composedly:

"Mrs. Ramsdill's, please."

On the long, wet way back he said: "I've been a boor; will you forgive me?"

"You have been most kind, Mr. Tempest."

"No—no—tell me, please, you forgive me?"

"How can you ask it? I should never have so forced myself——"

"You do then—I am obstinate—say the words."

"Well, then, I do, of course, forgive you, Mr. Tempest."

"Will you prove it?"

"If I can."

The Ramsdill cottage, a type of hundreds of low-eaved, vine-covered, nestling houses, sent out into the rain its one ruddy star through a small window-pane. As the cart approached the door opened and a cheerful bar of light cut into the dark.

"Now," said Tempest, "one more favor, Ramsdill. Can they spare you here to-night? If so, will you drive me back to Craven? I've sprained my wrist and it has been all I could do to get my mare to the Ford."

Lucy Carew opened her eyes the next morning in the blaze of brilliant day. The tenth of November broke in holiday and golden fashion after a night of wild, unusual storm. In the coarse nightdress of her kind hostess she lay in her clean bed in the country-smelling little attic. She had scarcely stirred to rise when a knock at her door held her motionless.

Mrs. Ramsdill, red-cheeked, bashful-eyed, came in like a bright apparition, for she looked at her lodger over a giant bouquet; the profusion filled her hands. She arrived like Flora. She had a note and gave it.

"If you please, Miss, from Craven—there's a hanswer to take."

She regarded with pretty, timid curiosity this handsome young lady who stood well out of the short nightdress, her feet gleaming charmingly displayed below the hem. Above the low, plain collar her neck and dark head rose frankly. Women—beautiful women—do not imagine how much to their beauty's enhancing is sometimes the naïve garments of their simple sisters. Ribbons and furbelows would not have made

Lucy Carew more lovely to look on than as thus the English cottager saw her: the coarse muslin over her swelling breast, her arms bare to the elbows—for Mrs. Ramsdill's gown stopped there. Miss Carew took the roses in her hands.

Mrs. Ramsdill had her wonderings. Tempest was beloved, but he was as well known. Even Cravenford could tell its tales. The good creature mused on her guest and remarked the eyes—how they lost their clearness to sparkle, how cheeks mantled as the letter, with entire ignoring of her company, was broken open.

"I'll wait outside, Miss," she delicately suggested, "and you'll call me for the answer?"

Miss Carew held the roses against her and read her note.

"CRAVEN, November 10.

"MY DEAR MISS CAREW: If what you tell me is true (and how can I suppose you have come three thousand miles to play with my vanity!), then you will feel it worth your while to write the study of which you spoke—unless my conduct as host has blackened me too much in your eyes.

"If you will come,—I have sent a carriage for you,—I will do all in my power to make it easy for you to write what you wish. There will be no train to London before late afternoon. If you refuse me the proof of your entire cordiality, I shall come to the Ford—to avoid me you will have to walk, and I fancy your shoes will not help you! Faithfully,

"BASIL TEMPEST."

For the first time in weeks Mr. Tempest slept till morning, and for the first time in weeks awakened not a prey to the black horrors that generally perched on his bedpost to wait the opening of his eyes. "If," as he had often grumbled, "one could only get into the day without beginning it!"

To superintend the gathering of a bunch of roses, to write the note he had sent, amused him, and no sooner was Ramsdill and the trap dispatched than, whistling like a boy, he made a tour of the house, followed by Mrs. Henly, to whom he gave countless directions as to the setting of Craven in holiday trim. Sunlight flashed at him everywhere. It fell in luxuriant floods down the long galleries, routed Melancholy out of nooks in the darkest rooms where ghosts and dismals that Tempest had grown to consider as familiars nested and hatched.

"What a day!" he exclaimed more than once. "Open everything—throw all the windows wide. No, I will arrange the flowers myself!" The gardener had fetched in what Tempest called "torrents of bloom," and he glowed with enjoyment as he piled roses and carnations and lilies into glass and silver according to his fancy. Once he caught

up his buoyant mood to say, "What if the adventurous lady should refuse?" His brow darkened. "She will not—she will come," he decided with an arrogance for which years of success were responsible.

At near noon wheels were heard on the terrace gravel and he went out to meet her and lifted her out of the trap.

"You've brought this weather with you from the States, where I hear everything is golden."

He had not released her hand, which he took in welcome. "Leave me a calendar full of days like this when you go, won't you, so that I can call on them when I like?" He had drawn her into his study window and was by her side.

Before them miles and miles of meadow-land swayed and rippled and undulated like an inland sea hemmed on all sides by a thick forest; the trees were still in yellow leafage and made a halo of gold around the valleying land. No house was in sight. Directly in front stretched a thick, green turf, and to meet it the stone terrace with pillared, mossy railing.

While the American feasted her eyes on the scene's melting beauty Tempest talked to her as perhaps he alone of all the world could have talked. He told her tales of —shire in a humorous, mystic fashion; pryed out for her the secrets, the traditions of the county and its humble, pretty legends. From these he passed to the scenes of "The Revelation," his latest novel, laid here, and gave her a sketch of the history of the creation and development of the book. Then finally he said,—

"Come, let me show you the place where I found Lettice Grammont."

His bewitched listener followed him in a dream, walking on air, enchanted. Hatless, they both slipped out from the terrace into a little park, Tempest leading, and suddenly she found herself in what went for a bit of woodland. At the side of a meadow-brown brook upon whose well-like waters the trees had sent barques of withered leaves to be whirled and destroyed, Tempest said,—

"Stand there, please, where you are, by that birch."

Miss Carew obeyed the fancy and stood motionless, whilst filtering down upon her one by one the flecks and circles of sunlight fell through the leaves, dancing on her brown hair and her brown dress.

Tempest, his brows knit, but his expression radiant, watched her, smiling.

"Do you by any chance remember the book, Miss Carew?"

"Oh, well."

"And you liked it?"

His tone was almost timid, he waited with suspense for her response.

It struck her as curious that her opinion about a work already translated into four languages and whose merit was a household word should be asked.

"Like it!" she exclaimed, and he was answered.

He crossed the brook from her, extended his hand, and helped her over.

"I am glad," he said fervently.

Luncheon had followed in a small breakfast-room whose air was domesticity and intimacy—a faultless meal, faultlessly served, the light rioting in the reflecting surfaces of glass and silver, and dazzling on the cloth.

It was past three when Miss Carew found that she had made the tour of Craven under the guidance of the host himself.

"I must go, Mr. Tempest."

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed impatiently. "What for, pray?"

"In an hour my train leaves for London."

"What train of yours? You have no time, no destination—have you—other than this one spot of the old world? What is waiting for you in London?"

To his direct query, made testily and sharply, she did not reply, but simply held out her hand to him in good-by.

He did not refuse to take the hand, which in his felt prisoned.

"You have been amusing yourself, I see—this has been a little jaunt from London, to what you have made in your romantic mind a shrine? I have made myself ridiculous in taking it seriously."

She withdrew her hand and colored at his tone.

"I have told you quite the truth, Mr. Tempest. I sail to-morrow."

"Without your essay?"

"I must, since you refuse."

"But I don't!" he interrupted. "It shall be written! You have my word. But you must be patient. You are a woman of penetration, you must see that a man of moods can't master them all—not *all*. It takes so much character to do away with one strong habit that the others grow meanwhile, and then all of a sudden, as he rises up with one poor, little, uprooted weed in his hand, finds himself in a forest—the others have grown overnight."

The gloom she had in her short acquaintance with him grown to dread was enveloping him.

"Really, Miss Carew, I'm not an eccentric—don't say it in your study. Let me prove to you how commonplace I am. I'll keep my word too. You must know that the chief reason your editor wants this absurd article (forgive me) is because it will be the only one—and it shall be yours. Didn't you see the skeletons and skulls of the unfor-

tunate reporters who have been devoured at my gates? To-day I wanted the pleasure that I have had. To-morrow——”

She showed her perplexity.

“You must have your things, of course—telegraph for them; or better, I’ll have them telephoned for. Polly can make you comfortable for a day or two. Is it—the article—worth this bit of effort?”

No thought was in Lucy Carew’s mind of worth or effort. She knew she could never write about this dark-browed, elusive man—her chief instinct was that she should leave Cravenford, but her will was not with her instinct.

She consented, therefore, that the telephone message should be sent, and to remain at the friendly cottage for a couple of days.

We are none of us so blasé with pleasure or excitement that we cannot bear at least one repetition of a good thing! Miss Carew found that she was quite able to endure the repetition at an early hour of the roses of yesterday and a note from Mr. Tempest. A second autograph from a celebrity gave her no thought of its value in future Tempestiana, and she opened the envelope with only a flutter of personal feeling, of surprise and delight.

It was not a letter, it was a verse short and perfect—one she knew and loved. It ran in clear, heavy script over a sheet of thick paper—the envelope had lain in the roses.

She read it, drank in its fragrance and beauty with the flowers’ scent, put the envelope with the letter under the pillow and the roses, to outbloom the still lovely ones of yesterday, side by side on the stand in her low-roofed room, then went down to the waiting carriage.

Mrs. Henly met her and showed her into the study, regarded her with benignant approval, and left her alone.

Here in the workshop she waited an hour for the lord of Craven, patiently at first, then with embarrassment. Her observation of the details of the room, an inventory of the books, was long over before he came, full of apologies.

“I have been walking your twelve miles and more, otherwise I could not have seen you to-day, much as I wanted to. I had a bad spirit with me for company, but I tired him out, left him afield, and I have come back alone.”

His voice was joyous and fresh, his face full of animation, and as he frankly took her hand between both of his she was a prisoner held by an irresistible force. When he let her hand go it was with an abruptness which not only let her free but put her, as it were, away from him. He asked her if she were comfortable at Mrs. Ramsdill’s, if her boxes had come in season, and so glanced at her appearance. It

should have satisfied even a tyro in women's habiliments, for from shoes to hat Miss Carew was faultless in her simple toilet.

"You have taken up the most difficult profession in the world," he said. "I say 'taken up;' if you're forced to it—cursed to it—by temper and talent, that's one thing; but to write simply, for example, as a profession, why, it's slavery! Do you," he demanded curtly, "write well?"

"No," she confessed at once.

"Of course you don't!" he accepted with satisfaction. "You couldn't—why should you? You lack the essentials. *D'abord le feu sacré*—you've not got that: experience and more misery than happiness—but both, mark you! both are indispensable, and you——" he paused and scanned her face with the intensity which whilst it fascinated her made her shrink.

"——you have had neither."

Without demur, and an evident distaste to prolonging the personal theme, she said,—

"May I begin to make my notes, Mr. Tempest?"

He smiled. "Will you sit there at my table?"

He put the chair in place, drew before her paper and a choice of pens, ink, and sharpened pencils, left her side and went round in front of her, where he sat down facing her, closing his eyes and folding his arms across his breast.

"Write," he commanded, "what I dictate, please, as fast as you can."

In a low and measured tone, as if every word were a pearl and he weighed it, as if every phrase were a jewel which he held up to see its quality, Tempest began to compose. Not in verse, but in an even, sonorous prose as rich as it was free from mannerism and ambiguity.

The scribe wrote like lightning and listened spellbound as she wrote. The power of what she was going to transcribe shook her as Tempest developed the theme and warmed to his subject. Once as he paused she raised her eyes to his, her own ardent, deep, full of emotion, in tribute for the genius she had been permitted to see. She was unconscious how much of herself her uplifted face betrayed.

Tempest, as if she had bidden his eyelids to lift, opened his eyes, stopped speaking. A flush came into his face, he unfolded his arms and stirred.

"Wait," he murmured, "don't move." He held her eyes for a second, then fell back, set her free, refolded his arms, and continued his dictation.

Miss Carew filled page after page with rapid characters. When he had definitely ceased she sighed, dropping her pencil. If she had

yielded to impulse, she would have buried her head on her arms and so remained under the spell that had magnetized her. Too tactful in the presence of this uncontrolled and personal man to betray anything of herself or her feelings, she sat without comment or movement.

Tempest came up to her and lifted her right hand.

"You are tired out."

"Oh—no—no!"

"But you sighed."

"Because it was at an end."

"That's graceful. You have written two hours." He gathered up the sheets and piled them slowly together. "Why do you push your chair back?"

"I must. I will be late for Mrs. Ramsdill's lunch."

"Mrs. Ramsdill——" He caught himself. "You lunch here."

"No," she said firmly, "not to-day, Mr. Tempest."

Then he said tentatively: "You are tired, of course. I'm a brute, but you may as well know it—a brute absorbed and egotistical."

"You don't think it, Mr. Tempest,—not of yourself,—and I am tired. I suppose my twelve-mile walk is still in my bones."

An extraordinarily gentle look came over his face, his lips parted as if to say something which he altered.

"I won't keep you, then; go and rest, with Mrs. Ramsdill to coddle you—she's a dear little soul,—but to-morrow, please, you shall work for yourself, I promise you."

As she drew on her gloves he said:

"I have not written one line in six months. To a man of my temperament no one knows what that means—of nerves and bad humor and—despair. I will not bore you with my migraines, but I thank you more than you can know, Miss Carew." At the carriage he said: "I hope you will lunch well, and remember that I let you go only from an unselfish scruple. I can say without exaggeration it's an epoch in a self-indulgent life."

She lunched at Mrs. Ramsdill's like a queen, for Tempest had sent fruit and wine and game. The table in the cottage kitchen had a royal air, for the service was from Craven and the wine in dusty bottles, and the fruit—great black and green globes of lusciousness and golden apricots—piled in a silver basket as fragile and white as snow. The Ramsdill linen blushed in coarse red weave, and the homely blue-and-white ware that slipped in to fill out what Craven had not supplied appeared to have cracked and cracked with abashment.

Mrs. Ramsdill served with something like awe, and regarded Miss

Carew with a respect not unmixed with such suspicion as has place in every honest woman's heart when a man showers undue favors on another of her sex.

II.

THE day was early over the meadows and the first dews lying with the frost upon the stubble-fields when Tempest came out of the house to the terrace where his horse waited.

The avenues before him were nests of golden and brown leaves, and his mare at first went gingerly into them, with pretty, careful steps, picking her footing and shrinking as they cracked and rustled. At the foot of the avenue he skirted the railings of the park in search of a small gate for pedestrians and leading out into the road towards Billings Poke and Craven.

He had an idea, doubtless a very reasonable one, that if Miss Carew was as serious and good as she seemed she had every plan to run away—or to slip out of Craven by the morning train.

"She could not slip out before. Not"—and he smiled at the idea—"unless she start again on foot, which I have no doubt she would be capable of doing if she knew me to be so early on the chase."

At Ramsdill's Polly told him the lady had already started to walk to the train and Tim was to follow her later with her boxes.

Tempest, in whom the invigorating day awakened the best of spirits, was delighted. He wanted to find her flying. It pleased him to see his psychology was not at fault, and that he should as well have the pleasure of the chase.

"Yes," he nodded to Polly, who, demure and admiring, stood by the gate delivering her news. "Yes, I knew Miss Carew intended to leave, but I have a telephone for her, an important message which may keep her, possibly—at any rate, I must find her. Why did she start so soon?"

It seemed that Miss Carew had wished to go up Charm's Hill, and in order to make the train she would be coming down Wood Lane in the hour. Tempest rode away. At the end of Wood Lane, just a little to the roadside, he saw the figure of a lady—the only lady in Cravenford, of course. She stood under a beech-tree, or under all there was left of its fine luxuriance the leaves had rained around her in abundance.

Tempest took the direction and rode across the fields to her side.

Miss Carew's surprise and wonder was an added pleasure to him. He was laughing as he came up, and greeted her:

"I have never believed anything was really lost, you know!" He spoke as if to answer her. "They used to send me to find things for them when I was a little chap; the fact of their being lost made me

angry directly, and I started out invariably with my teeth set and saying, 'I will find that at once.' I usually did. I was invaluable for lost scissors and thimbles and spools. Henly will tell you—and here you are! Possibly not really *lost*, but if I had been an hour later, it would have been close to it!"

This was not Craven. There was no master here of a house where she had presumably no right to be. They were in the open, the fresh, delicious fields, in the fresh delicacy of the day around them, shining in their eyes—touching their cheeks.

"How did you, nevertheless, find me here?" she asked. "You must have second sight."

He exclaimed in an undertone: "*Second sight!* If I have, I have used it better than I ever did the first—if this is its mission. At all events, I felt morally sure you would go this morning in sheer impatience with me, and so it seems."

"Yes," said Miss Carew, "I shall have to start for the station in a few seconds."

Tempest drew out his watch. "We have half an hour. I will see that you do not miss your train unwillingly."

Nothing could have happened to the girl to so startle and surprise her, to so disturb her, as this unexpected arrival of the man whom she had determined never to see again. No better use can be made of independence, than to make it serve as a warder before all the doors of freedom, or as a guide who knows the *impasse dangereuse* and circles it.

Tempest, holding his horse's rein—he had dismounted and stood by her—was in a new mood—gay, luminous; she thought she had never seen such a transformation of a face. It was as full of brilliance as it had been full of melancholy.

"I wrote you a note," the girl said timidly. "Mrs. Ramsdill was to post it."

"You did! I will get it from her."

"Oh, no, since you have seen me."

He shook his head. "I want all my letters, and I am curious to see how you took leave. But that is just what I beg you will not take—that is, to-day."

The gentleman who stood by his horse's head she could regard for some reason even with less ease than hitherto she had been able. In his riding-clothes he seemed to have lost his other personality, and was nothing but a well-looking Englishman—in the most fashionable and perfect tenue—who had ridden to see her at an unusual hour over a dewy field.

"You have then definitely given up the sketch, of the writing out of your notes which you so kindly sent me?"

"Yes," she said, and to his surprise.

"Ah, I can't, of course, gainsay your good taste there," he smiled. "I accept that—I suppose I must pay the penalty of my lack of good faith. But it's not about that I have ridden over, it is to beg you will delay your going; I can't read one word of your writing—not a word!"

She looked amused and said, "No one ever told me that before."

"Put it, then, to my lack of education," he laughed, "but please come and read it to me, or at least help me to decipher."

The village clock struck in the remote distance some part of the hour and Miss Carew started.

"There, it is half-past seven, Mr. Tempest. I must go."

"You mean you won't come to Craven to-day and read your manuscript to me?"

She hesitated.

"Why?—why not?" he asked quietly.

If he had searched his wit through he could not have fallen upon a better question. He blocked her path, his horse's coat reddening in the sunlight that now began to brighten.

"Why won't you come?"

Why should she not? In all the world to care—or praise or blame—she saw only the trim figure of Polly Ramsdill and her honest, curious eyes. As if there were Polly alone to know or remark, weakly she said,—

"Mrs. Ramsdill thinks I have left Cravenford."

Exultant, but keeping his triumph under, Mr. Tempest said:

"No, she doesn't. I stopped there in passing and told her—not quite an untruth—that an important message had come for you which might delay you." They had started to walk along side by side across the fields. His bridle was over his arm as she walked beside him, lovely in the weakness and the grace a woman's yielding gives her to a man's eyes. Tempest, even then,—in the barren field, the open road near by,—Tempest contemplated stealing his arm around her and drawing her to him. What would she do? What did she feel of the rush and throb his pulse and brain trembled under? A fierce joy at his victory came across his face as it bent upon her its recklessness and devil-may-care freedom. "Only a day," he mused, "an hour—and, my God, haven't I a right to tear from fate what I can?"

He may have been about to speak to her—to touch her—when she unexpectedly turned to him her frank, pure eyes. There was something so virgin, so young, so good in her face, transcending her beauty, that he was ashamed. The miraculous purity of her unspoiled country seemed typified in her. His spirit changed within him and his voice was very gentle as he said:

"Thank you very much indeed. I shall look for you this afternoon. Shall I send for you, or will you walk?"

"I'll walk," said Miss Carew, and he accepted her decision, saying:

"Then I'll mount and leave you here. You will simply tell Mrs. Ramsdill that you have planned to stay on for a day or two because of your message."

He shook her hand and, getting on his horse, took leave of her in the lane.

But at four o'clock his carriage came for her—he was not, evidently, in a mood to wait for her arrival.

Mrs. Ramsdill came in to Lucy Carew with the announcement and a note.

"Will you not plan to dine here?" it ran. "If you are a rigid conventionalist Mrs. Henly shall sit and knit in her corner."

To Mrs. Ramsdill's presence, to her slightly pursed-up lips, to her "air," was due the response that went to Mr. Tempest, for looking suddenly up Miss Carew caught a sight of her sister woman's face and it gave her pause. Was she a coward, and did not dare to take her life without fear of a peasant woman's comment? Or did the look on the humble, good face reflect only what was in Lucy's own heart—a fear, a dread, distrust, and a certain shame?

She wrote a note and sent it in her stead. But she could not, like a creature with no mind or will, entirely refuse the favor she had promised.

"I am sorry, but I cannot come to-day. I will go to Craven to-morrow between two and three."

III.

TEMPEST so intensely desired what he took the trouble to want at all that he had no rule for the bearing of disappointments, he had until lately admitted none. To accomplish what he deigned to desire he put out whatever effort was required on his part, and with magnetism and intensity drew things towards him. The facility with which things slipped to his hands spoiled him. Petulant of habit, impatient and turbulent of temper, he never waited—when his wish for variety was delayed he went for it and snatched it to himself.

But lately this life had undergone a change. Precedent no longer would, he knew, be indicative of his future. His future! Curse the word and epoch! Why had he consented to accept one?

During the last three days his mind had been resting in the contemplation of gentle things. It had amused and entertained him to take pleasure in the society of this woman of another continent, whose presence alone was so extraordinary, whose advent was so droll and unusual.

He was with women as with other things—tyrannical, an absolutist, boldly asking and taking pleasure where he chose—with more of the brute, perhaps, than the angel in his composition, and a great fund of affection to give and waste, a great, hungry need of companionship to be filled. Except for the periods when he shut himself up in Craven, periods of isolation and fast, there had never been a time in his life not dominated by a woman. He had, for such as himself, scoffed at marriage, claiming that its *douce esclavage* would fatally exorcise his inspirations and that he would make “a devilish bad husband.” During this last exile at Craven he had alternately given thanks for his liberty and the fact that no woman was forced to share his miasmatic humors, and alternately hated his uncompanioned hearth.

But he was utterly unprepared for the note which came instead of Lucy Carew. He read it, the look of content his thought of her coming called forth scarcely cold on his face: he re-read and turned it over in hopes that she would on the last page change her cruel mind! Then he flung it down with an angry exclamation and looked about his lonely rooms. They had lately been to him worse than lonely, and an involuntary shiver passed over him as he glanced at corners where ghostlike habitants were growing tenacious in possession. At the side of the window-casing hung a mirror in an old brass frame between the vivid lights of the full afternoon. Tempest strode up to it, throwing his heavy hair from his forehead; gazed into the glass, peered in, searching the cold, reflecting surface as if he would tear from it some flaming, miraculous revelation of himself.

Turning away with a sigh, he rang for his manservant:

“Pack me a valise and order the motor car—we take the London express. Wire for rooms at the Carlton.”

Either his desire for Miss Carew’s society was not sufficiently strong to warrant his usual brusque storming of her door, or he may have felt a danger not before acknowledged in his relations with women. He did not so much as look towards the rose-covered cottage at the back of its cabbage and hollyhock patch as his motor flashed by it, and Lucy Carew, as chance would have it, was not there to observe his sudden departure. She had gone for a long tramp over fields, and even then was looking at Craven and its towers from a distant hill.

Lady Ormond was one of those women who are part of pleasure as flowers are of feasts. She and her type are needed to make part of the—happiness?—the festivals, rather, that are held in order to awaken what goes in love’s stead throughout the lives of many men and to stimulate what is the more heavy-footed brother of ecstasy—excitement. She was a thorough woman of the world: intelligent, without

ever having followed an idea to its source or conclusion; sympathetic, without ever having in her life been touched; caressing, without ever having known what love was in the course of her thirty-odd years. The nearest approach to reality had been her sentiment for the man to whom for several years she had given her time and her society, with whom fashion had linked her name. No nature could come into relation with Basil Tempest without broadening; were it as narrow as a hair, it must expand or break, and Letitia Ormond's had expanded to its utmost limit—so far that it created a gêne with her at times that actually hurt.

Tempest had gradually drunk of the deepest waters she had to offer, and she knew it. The fact that she had no more refreshing draught to give him at his imperious demand, that he had reached the bed of the stream, would have desolated a woman who really loved. But Lady Ormond wanted to escape—not Tempest, exactly, but the fact of her deficiency. She knew she could never be again to another what she had been to him, and that if he could come to her as he had originally, with the like enthusiasm, the like forceful demand, she would be anew carried away by his charm. Such a Tempest could not come again. In their gradual drifting apart she had not suffered; she had prepared her interests, new claims were ready to assert themselves, and she grew to accept his frequent absences without reproach.

Lady Ormond was "up for Sunday" to entertain some Americans passing through London, and, standing under the careful adjustment of lights, surrounded by half a dozen of the most sought men in London, she looked with surprise to see Tempest making his way through the crowded room to her. His eyes were on her and he half stumbled against a chair in his way. Awkwardness was foreign to him—he was intolerant of it in others—and he was now so cruelly self-conscious that Lady Ormond flushed for him, reflecting the dark-red of his face when he came up and put out his hand.

"Everyone has been asking for you. Why did you not come to Gossmere? When did you arrive?"

He had been given place by her with common consent. The men after greeting him gradually slipped away, all save the American guest, who gazed at Basil Tempest wide-eyed, as one might at a star.

"I have arrived in town within this hour," Tempest said.

"Mr. Tempest"—Lady Ormond turned to the American—"knows how to maintain his popularity—he goes away before his public have half enough of him, and returns before they are tired of wondering where he is. For my part I hate brusque departures. I want to be prepared—I don't like sudden good-byes."

She held out her hand to the American and said rather imperiously: "Will you ask Lady Winifred Sales to dance, Mr. Bain-

bridge? She is alone over there by the palms," thus cutting short Mr. Bainbridge's hero-worship.

"And"—Tempest took her up several phrases back—"sudden returns—you dislike them?"

She was femininely conscious that he had taken note of every detail of her sparkling beauty, and meeting his eyes agreeably said with grace:

"Your returns are never sudden. I am always bringing you back in my mind. You see, Basil, you are always expected."

His face brightened excessively. "That's the prettiest speech I ever heard a woman make. Come, come with me out of this crush, can't you? I have something especial to say, and you know that I do not understand the art of waiting."

She nodded and smiled, delighted to perceive herself glad to see him and that his sudden return without warning did not find her cold.

He followed her across the ball-room to the opposite side, where a room decorated with lys and orchids gave them a corner planned and set apart for just such *causeries intimes* as Tempest determined it should secure.

Lady Ormond sat down in a corner of a little divan, Tempest beside her.

"Letty,"—he lifted her hand to his lips,—“Letty, I exaggerate in my books—they would not be worth writing or reading if I did not. I never really transcribe real life, although they call me a realist. You never heard of a great photographer, did you? Do you think there will be one remembered by men in a hundred years from now? not unless he has made his pictures as unlike life as possible. Well, I don't exaggerate in my life or speech. I am plain—you have even called me brutal. Now I am speaking realistically—I've been living in hell since I left London.”

The marks of suffering were distinct on his face, he looked ill and changed; there was something appealing and touching in his expression, usually arrogance and pride itself. The flippant speech his statement would have called forth from Lady Ormond's humor did not pass her lips. She gave his hand a gentle pressure.

"Basil, you look horribly ill—what is the matter? You are changed."

"Am I?" He threw up his head rather defiantly and impatiently, as if to shake off commiseration. "I've studied my face enough, God knows, these days, but I find it the same."

"Where have you been—at Craven?"

"Yes. Shut up like a bear in his cage."

"And you come out to bite, I suppose?"

"Hush!" he said, frowning. "Don't for God's sake be flippant. I am not in any mood for it. I've had them all,—the moods,—Heaven knows, but this is a peculiarly grim one to-night. If you can, in any way, second it, I will be grateful."

She looked at him curiously but not unaffectionately. "I'll be as grim as you like, Basil. What do you want me to feel?"

Tempest had covered his eyes with his hands, a gesture growing now second nature to him. He laughed softly as she spoke. "How perfect of you, Letty! What do I *want* you to feel! Why, do you then command your sentiments at call? Can I have them up at touch, have you so many more for me than *one*?"

He uncovered his eyes and looked at her, smiling. His expression was cynical and amused. "I don't 'want' or not want you to feel in any particular way. I want to know *how you do feel* and to act accordingly."

She started—with him, at all events, a crisis was reached in their relations. She said, to gain time and to collect herself: "You are quite your most singular self to-night—*Je ne suis pas une femme tragique*, and I think you might return after a four weeks' absence in a little more soothing mood! You are mysterious, and I am bewildered at mysteries. What has gone wrong? Are you dissatisfied with some new creation, or have you lost money?"

He shrugged impatiently. "You know how little the last would affect me. I am going away on a longer journey than four weeks, and I want you to come with me."

She withdrew her hand, which he still held—not snatched it, but slowly and meditatively withdrew it. Tempest felt sensitively her complexion of mind—he had surprised, but not shocked her. Leaning towards her, in a low tone he pleaded with her, storming her citadel, whose weakness he knew. Afterwards, she thought in reviewing the moment that he had pleaded as one for life—as for a raft to be thrown to a drowning man. Was it possible he loved her like this?

"Do you realize what you are asking me to do?" she said in a pause.

"Yes," he said shortly, "give up a London and a husband whose life is notorious, whose existence is a plague to you, a reputation amongst those who have none themselves, a false situation for a sincere one, for a life with the man whom you say you love. Ormond will divorce you, and I will marry you at once."

Lady Ormond had believed the original Tempest who had made her forget everything but himself could not return with the old charm and imperious challenge. She had been wrong then in her belief, for he was talking her over again out of herself and beyond her control.

"Why are you like this?" she murmured with some emotion. "Will you be like this always? If I thought it, I could not hesitate."

At her tone, certainly not the one of brusque denial he had anticipated, Tempest experienced a curious mingling of exultant victory and of sincere regret.

"To-morrow, Letty," he said, and took her hand again, "you must come with me to-morrow."

In her utter surprise Lady Ormond was finding herself equal to Tempest's demands. She did not hesitate for one moment to make a concession he had never asked before. He was rich—would be richer—famous, not yet in the zenith of his celebrity. There was in sharing his life just one sacrifice, and that she determined not to make if she could avoid it.

"Basil!"—she leaned towards him, lifted her head in a way to reveal the clear, pure lines of her neck and chin, her face like a flower turned to the sun,—“Basil, I am not cavilling, but you are so impetuous and impracticable. Let me get the divorce from Ormond. It is merely a form—one I can have for the asking. You don't wish to sacrifice me needlessly, do you? You are not so *orgueilleux* that you must see me humiliated, are you? You are not vain,—really, you know,—won't you let me get out decently?"

He smiled and sighed. "*Decently!*" he repeated with some scorn. "*Can you, Letty?*"

"I will see my lawyers to-morrow."

He frowned and hurried, "Then you refuse to come with me?"

"No," she nodded determinedly, "I *don't* refuse. If you are set on ruining my reputation—for a whim—why, I won't stand in the way of your egoism."

He capitulated. "Well, you have surprised me, Letty; but then you are a perfect type, and I flatter myself now that I can predict the rest. You shall take the narrow and more reputable way, as you think it to be. But you won't come with me, Letty—you won't come."

"Nonsense," she laughed, and covered his lips with her hand. "You have my word."

Under the hand which he held to his lips he murmured something. It was "Good-by—no respite."

Lady Ormond was filled with satisfaction. She had been equal to the supreme occasion with Tempest; she was not an ordinary woman, then; she had proved her mettle and distinction and was worth the greatest man of the hour.

Tempest took his leave early, went to his club, and wrote her a note which she found on her dressing-table when she went, very shortly after, home and to her room.

Tempest was sitting in the smoking-room of the Carlton when a note was brought and every eye was turned to him as the page's voice called, "Mr. Basil Tempest." He beckoned the boy and took the letter, which he thrust into his pocket and went up to his apartment. For a few seconds he turned the letter over in his hands as if he wished to defer certainty, his face gloomy, curious, and still mocking. Then, going close to the electric light so that all its force shone on the page, he took the single sheet of paper from the envelope.

"I don't know whether to blame you or myself—you for dreaming a woman can share the life you write me of—I for refusing. I know you still too well to discuss what you say—to advise or suggest. But I am not equal to the sacrifice. . . ."

"Bah!" he said, and before he had ended tore it in shreds and let the pieces fall as they would on the hotel carpet.

"I know people too well," he said. "There are no surprises for me. It's a curse to understand your kind—I wish I were a fool! It's only when a man's a fool or in love that he has any chance for happiness."

He stood thinking a second or two, wounded in his vanity—if not broken-hearted, then made his preparations for taking the next train for ——shire.

IV.

WHEN at three o'clock the following afternoon Miss Carew arrived at Craven she was met by Mrs. Henly, who, bustling in before her, said:

"You're to be so good as to wait, Miss, in the mornin'-room. I've a fire laid there and I am to see you have books and papers and whatever you will like Mr. Tempest telegraphed."

With her last words she threw open the doors of a room whose atmosphere greeted with its brightness—the color and light of it seemed to extend hands.

With native habit of assigning ranks and places to Mr. Tempest's familiars, Mrs. Henly had estimated this sudden guest, by her simplicity and her grace, to be of as high breeding and as worthy blood as the savage United States can provide. The housekeeper, the dearest and sweetest creature one could find in cameos and black silk and caps in the responsible position of head of any bachelor gentleman's household, watched her master's *affaires de cœur* with an interest and sometimes a jealousy as strong as impotent.

Mrs. Henly talked only with her superiors, she knew she had them—her equals, by reason of being a unique specimen of her type,

she had not as yet recognized. Servants were servants to her. She never spoke to them save to give orders or to minister to one in trouble.

By them she was seen to be very *grande dame* indeed—by Tempest to be quite the most flawless pearl of womankind.

Living, as she did, very isolated at Craven, she was now faintly flushed with appreciative anticipation of the few moments' chat with Miss Carew before the master should appear. Miss Carew had come from the land of freedom, but whilst she suggested its delicious liberty she lost with it no quality. Mrs. Henly's old eyes regarded the figure of the American with favor. Miss Carew asked, "Mr. Tempest has telegraphed—is he away?"

"He was obliged to run up to London yesterday of a sudden just after Shorter fetched in your note." As though the sight of the master's instructions might beguile the guest, Mrs. Henly spread out the pink bit of paper on the table under her hand and read: "Miss Carew arrives at three. Make her welcome, give her books and papers. I shall be up by the express."

"Which means," Mrs. Henly explained, "he left London at six this mornin'; it's a nine hours' run. I've sent the motor to Billings Poke—it's a bit shorter by rail. Mr. Basil does hate rail travel."

Miss Carew did not remark that with apparent ease he took eighteen hours out of the twenty-four for the matter of a short time in town! The despatch with its minute instructions read in itself a welcome to her, and it was a charming place in which to wait.

Craven's empire morning-room opened on a terraced flower-garden, where to trees already nearly leafless a few November roses clung. The walls, hung in yellow brocade, extended to the dullest day a sense of glow and light. The few pieces of furniture, veritable treasures even in their old epoch, indicated the faultless taste and virtuosity of the selector. Before the fire in the same yellow satin a small divan with bronze reliefs on shining legs and back, a few stiff, dignified fauteuils, a long centre-table, a mirror screen. On the mantel a clock and candelabra whose graceful infantine subjects suggested the design to have been intended to please the little King of Rome, a *biscuit* group, a candle-lamp with vivid green shade—these were all.

"It's a pretty little room," Mrs. Henly said indulgently. "All the sun there ever is comes here, but to-day it's a bit chilly, isn't it? So I had the fire lit early."

She was before it with the bellows urging the flame. As she raised her matronly self up she said: "It's Lady Ormond's style; she was never content until Mr. Basil had torn the old things out. It's like a sweet-box to my thinkin' and a bit bare. It needs people to set it

off," she criticised, unconsciously paying the proper artistic tribute to the style of the period the room represented—created to display and to serve as background for the First Empire elegance and simplicity.

But Miss Carew only caught at the name. Lady Ormond! She had seen it often in the papers.

"You know her Ladyship—no," Mrs. Henly took for granted. In a frame on whose mahogany border buzzed the Napoleonic bee in bronze was the photograph of a lady in ball dress. Mrs. Henly lifted it.

"Lady Ormond at the last court ball."

The girl's eyes were met by a pair of eyes handsome and mocking, hard and cold as her own were soft and sweet.

"A professional beauty," Mrs. Henly ranked her. "But," and she connected her with the room as she glanced around Lady Ormond's creation,—a trifle cold."

Miss Carew replaced the picture. The proud beauty, her cape of velvet and sable falling from one bare shoulder, seemed to reign over the room. Miss Carew no longer felt the warmth of its greeting. It had assumed a personality in which she had no part. The personages had come to people it—it suffocated her, and she walked mechanically over to the window and stood there, looking out on the dreary aspect of bare trees, the whirl of withered leaves along the garden paths, and the few last roses, more wintry and melancholy in their desolation than the spectre leaves that had already passed through death.

She said hesitatingly, "Since Mr. Tempest has telegraphed, I suppose it will be best for me to wait a little."

But Mrs. Henly interrupted her. "Wait? Why, Mr. Basil wouldn't hear of you not waiting, Miss! He'd think I had not made you comfortable. What can I get you?" She lingered.

Perhaps Miss Carew understood something of the woman's interest in herself—her natural curiosity, perhaps Lady Ormond in her frame, the boldness of her sway at Craven, made the American say, lifting to the placid English face her clear dark eyes:

"I'm here for the first time in England. I came from my country expressly to write a study of Mr. Tempest for America."

The old housekeeper smiled. "A study of Mr. Basil!" she echoed. "Why, my dear, I had him at ten years old for my own, as I might say, and I couldn't *study* him! It's like learnin' a new language every day. He's never the same."

"It's his charm."

"Oh, I daresay!" Mrs. Henly was doubtful, there being moods she had right to remember as not possessing that characteristic. "But

he'll not tell you anything, Miss. He won't *be* written. I've seen them who would study him as you call it—come and go, chiefly. No one ever stayed as you have." She paused. "You're a writer too, then?"

Miss Carew smiled. "I am afraid so."

"Oh *dear!*" exclaimed the housekeeper reprovingly at the lack of professional enthusiasm. "Mr. Basil loves his writin'! He was no more than six years old when I remember him coming to my room with a little stick of wood. I was under-housekeeper then and quite a young woman. 'Henly,' he said, 'sharpen this into a pencil and I'll write you a birthday story.' And time and again I can see him in the big chair by the fire in the housekeeper's room with the maids and me around him, 'makin' stories,' his eyes big as saucers, his cheeks like roses."

Mrs. Henly had not reminisced about Lady Ormond and she was not conscious of reminiscing now. "Lady Tempest died at his birth, and for all the bringing up he's had—poor dear. One night, Miss, I was in this very room (it was his mother's morning-room, and when the family were away I used to come in and dust the things myself), and a fly had driven up without my hearing it, for it was winter time and snow on the ground; and this door"—she pointed to it—"was pushed in and Parsons (the old, white-headed butler you may have remarked, Miss) came with a little lad by the hand. I'd not seen Mr. Basil for nearly five years. He stood there in his little great-coat and fur cap and says out clear as a bell: 'Henny, father sent me back to Craven. There's a letter for you in my pocket somewheres.' He was not much over ten years old.

"Just take this yellow stuff off the wall," commanded Mrs. Henly with imagination, "and put on a blue paper and curtains to the window to match, and give me back my plain furnishings, and you have the dear old room, Miss, as he stood in it. I have thought sometimes he always connected his lonely coming with it and was glad to change it. I says to him, 'They haven't ever sent you alone, Mr. Basil?' I couldn't believe my eyes—all the way from Paris like a lost foundling," she paraded.

"'Why not?' he answered me as old—as old. 'If I'm to live alone, I expect I can travel alone as well.'

"Sir Geoffrey had married a Frenchwoman and she took a dislike to the child."

"You call him *Mr. Tempest*," the guest said.

"There's Sir Cyril, his brother—he's nine years older. How I've gone on!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Carew, "not too much if you can talk to

me—I'm more than touched by it; you've been a mother to him—or near it."

"All he had, poor lamb, from then till he went to Oxford, and then he made his friends. We had masters here for him. Sir Geoffrey wrote me month by month how to do for him and I had but to follow. If you could get him to talk of it all—there's a study! I sometimes wonder! His thoughts and feelings must have been strange enough some of those days." In Miss Carew's sympathetic silence she went on: "I've been glad he wasn't my own if you will believe me, many times, for such as he was to me he has made my heart ache, and I suppose flesh and blood can ache deeper still for its own."

It was a singular ending. Miss Carew felt it so. Was he ungrateful—or base?

"I get quite savage here," Mrs. Henly apologized. "I never talk—I live in the past."

"It is you who should write the study, Mrs. Henly," said her listener. "There's no one so well fitted. Alfred de Musset's nurse wrote her souvenirs of her master."

"Oh, me!" exclaimed the old woman, "I can't write a letter any more and I've forgotten how to talk. I'd like to see it written in another way, Miss—in his children and on his wife's face. There!" she exclaimed, "it's the motor car—it puffs like a porpoise, doesn't it?" and she hurried out to meet Mr. Tempest.

When Tempest came in the guest started—he had so grown! Her eyes were full of the little image Mrs. Henly had conjured up for her.

Tempest, utterly fagged, in travelling-dress, his hat and gloves in his hand, came forward with eagerness; his face lighted as he put out his hand.

"How enormously kind—how friendly of you—to wait. I stopped at the Ramsdills' in real dread for fear you had gone off somewhere, do you know? And to find you here waiting for me."

He did not remove his eyes from her, the intensity of his look, his taking in, as it were, of every line of her face, his possessive absorption of her, made her redden painfully, and her commonplace words of greeting stopped on her lips.

There seemed between them already an intimacy which had in her mind no excuse for being. She had a feeling of knowing him absolutely as she stood for the short space of a moment under his eager eyes. Furnished already with the little story of his boyhood, she had an advantage over him. Women understand men far better than men understand them, and she saw that no matter what he had gone to London to do, he had been restless, and that he was glad to be back and to find her there. He went over to the window and, unfastening it, stepped out and called back to her to follow him.

"There are just three roses here—I want you to gather them." He held back the stems that she might pluck close down and not hurt her hands with the thorns. Miss Carew picked three tea-roses in full bloom and came back to the morning-room with them in her hand.

"If I tell you I am not in a working-mood, you will desert me?" he asked.

"I came," she said quietly, "to read what I wrote out yesterday." She did not finish "otherwise I have no reason to remain," but he felt it on her tongue and hurried:

"You shall read—I mean if you will be so kind. The fire here is too good to leave. I'll fetch the manuscript and we'll have tea here."

"No tea, thanks—for me."

"Why not?"

He was at the door.

"I'm not hungry—I'd rather not."

"But I'd rather," he said, laughing; "you forget my long fast and ride."

Another intimate little meal here alone with Mr. Tempest she felt she must not, and did not wish to, enjoy—but she had no choice. He returned in a few moments with his sheets of manuscript, and tea followed.

Miss Carew made it this time and served it from the most lovely china her hands had ever touched: egg-shell cups with golden N's upon them. Tempest on the divan near watched her with the intentness that was growing bearable because she determined that it must be habit and not personal to herself.

"You like the china?" he asked. "It goes with the room. What do you think of it? The room, I mean."

"It seems to me," she said bravely, "that it is not Craven, since you ask me. It is foreign, as though it were a mood, a passing fancy; of course, it is perfection of its kind, and a perfect kind for certain parts of Paris, but here, charming as it is, I am not at home in it."

Tempest ate his toast and drank his tea without remark, and she ventured to ask,—

"Do you, yourself, like it?"

"I like it," he said slowly, "for what it has made me forget." He believed his words to be enigmatical to her, and she, guilty at what she thought she knew and could read into them, took up the manuscript from the sofa at his side and without preamble began to read. At first her delivery was timid, with short breaks and a voice that came scarcely farther than her lips. But as the beauty of the work grew upon her it carried her out of herself.

Tempest listened, a shielding hand over his eyes. He remained as he was, without comment, until the silence grew painful. Her eyes, when he at length looked at her, were on the photograph of Lady Ormond, and he put his hand back, took the photograph, and held it out to her.

"Lady Ormond—you find her, of course, lovely?"

"Very lovely."

"No," he contradicted, "you do not mean what you say. You find the face too vain to be lovely—too cold to charm; you think it a shallow perfectness, for perfect it is. The old complaint, *il y manque l'ame?*"

His assertion was a question, although he evidently gave his own point of view, and she was obliged to reply, to say something in response.

"I don't know Lady Ormond."

"Nevertheless, you think all this? Answer me, please."

"Then yes," she said rather defiantly, "since you read another woman's character for me and analyze for me my unformed thoughts."

Tempest smiled bitterly and unfastened the velvet at the picture's back and took the pasteboard out. "Since you feel so about her, isn't it unfair to keep her in evidence?" He leaned over and laid the photograph on the fire. The flames grew sombre under it and then glowed through it, the edges blackened and curled.

Tempest's action, unreserved as it was in the presence of a stranger, did not cause Miss Carew embarrassment. She was conscious of being an unregarded witness—he almost too utterly ignored her. She represented, so she believed, nothing personal, more unremarked than the objects of the room, which were, no doubt, directly connected with their chooser. When the picture had altered to a mass of blackened tissue film Tempest attentively came back to the picture that was as yet undestroyed—Miss Carew in the empire chair, her dark head against the yellow brocade, the firelight on her cheek and on her hands holding the manuscript. He held out his hand authoritatively.

"Now—the manuscript."

She was about to give it him when she caught herself.

"To do what with?"

"To destroy."

Miss Carew held it tightly. A slight red flushed her cheek and anger stirred in her against the burned goddess. Was she such a fetish that this sacrifice must follow?

With tenacious jealousy she clung to the paper she held.

"You can't mean to burn this?"

"Yes—lay it on the flames, please."

"No," she said quietly and as determinedly.

"Why not?"

"Because it is too beautiful. I have read it badly, but it is too beautiful to destroy."

Grave and charming, she leaned forward in her empire chair. He seemed amused—or, more correctly, delighted. His brows unknit, though he still held his hand out.

"Come, give it to me."

She smiled and shook her head.

Tempest leaned forward. "I shall have to take it by force."

She paled a little as he put his hands over hers that held the manuscript; with force gentle as it was strong he took both her hands for a moment, lifted them to him, half way to his lips, then let them fall and said petulantly:

"Why didn't you say you liked it, then, before? You are my public, my audience, and you read without comment." She did not answer. "I will spare you needless words of praise," he smiled, "but you have plead for it—will you sponsor it?"

She had risen, and as if to put the manuscript out of harm's way laid it on the mantel where were her gloves and the roses together. "You have not answered me. Will you sponsor this new novel?"

"I think I don't understand you."

Tempest threw his head back; under his mustache she thought he bit his lip. He made a slight gesture of his hand as if he threw away something he held.

"No," he said, "of course you do not."

The Napoleonic lamp, three straight bronze candlesticks under the vivid green shade, had been lighted, and the light fell on the girl's hands as she drew on her gloves. Tempest started with sudden eagerness as if to speak. Indeed, she waited in a state close to agitation. Then he caught himself up as a man who turns of a sudden in a roadway whither he has been walking at a good swing. Tempest mentally turned on his heel.

"I mean," he said quietly, "that I have not written, as I told you, in six months. That, thanks to some lucky star, I am *en veine* once more. How long this will last I don't know. I may wake up to find myself an idiot to-morrow. To-night, at least, I could write on until daylight. If there is any merit at all in these papers you have written out for me, let it speak as strongly as it can."

He stopped, looked at her, saw her interest, and went on: "I mean to say there will be no more unless this mood continues without interruption."

Still she waited, her face bent a little, her eyes on the roses in her hands.

"That unless I can continue as I have begun, dictate to you, as the inspiration comes, I shall certainly fling the manuscript in the fire."

Miss Carew heard with gratitude the rolling up of the motor car—short as the distance was it had been ordered to take her home. She stood bewildered. His nearness to her, his eyes upon her, overpowered her. She longed to escape, and with no apparent regard to what he so selfishly demanded she took a hurried leave of him.

Tempest, after Miss Carew had gone, walked to and fro in the yellow room: reflecting on her, his eyes still full of the feast of her he allowed himself so freely to make and which she with charming unconsciousness permitted. She was unconscious; there was no doubt of that, otherwise she would not be able to meet his regard with the fine, clear look that made him liken her eyes to wells of light. At the simile he put his hands over his own that burned and stung.

"If I could only steep them in those cool depths, bathe them there, kindle their torch, as my mind's torch has been relit. Henly," he ordered, when the housekeeper appeared in answer to the bell he had rung, "I wish to dine here."

"Yes, Mr. Basil"—as she would have said it had he expressed the intention of dining on the Trafalgar Monument.

"And serve me yourself, will you? Put a few things on a tray, you know, and clear off a little table. Don't let a servant come near me."

"No, Mr. Basil." She looked furtively about the gay box of a room as if, in spite of her eyes, which had seen Miss Carew drive away, she fancied her encornered somewhere; there was a sense of intimacy and coseyness in the little room where the fire had slowly devoured every ugly black ash of the discarded picture. The pungent odors of the roses, drawn out by the warmth, still hung on the air. "This sweet-box," as Mrs. Henly dubbed it, seemed suddenly to have become very sweet indeed!

"You're fagged out with the long trip, sir. It's too much for a day, isn't it?"

"It's enough and to spare. I shall rest here. I want never to see London again." He had said this before and it did not dismay her.

She noiselessly and quickly cleared off a little stand and put it before the divan where Tempest had thrown himself.

"You'll like early supper, sir?"

"Yes, when you choose."

"Wouldn't you go and have your bath and get freshed up, Mr. Basil? I've laid out your things." In the good creature's eyes that rested on Tempest, with the respect and decorum demanded, any

woman would have seen the mute caress that could never be expressed, as she passed back of him, close to him—one could fancy she laid her hand on his hair.

When, an hour later, Tempest returned to the asylum he had chosen in which to follow out a train of thought whose spell he did not wish broken a brightened blaze, a bunch of pale violets in a vase beside a tempting little meal already spread met his eye—just the repast to please his fastidious palate and stimulate without the full, heavy sense of having as usual dined: a cold pheasant, a well-made salad, cooled champagne; then Henly with an ice, and later his coffee. She had with true unbending, as if to cater to his sight, even put on a little apron with bows at the pockets.

“Henly in an apron! What things I make you do!”

“Not half enough. I never see you these days, Mr. Basil.”

He said gloomily, “No, and you are better not to.”

He lit a cigar from the box that she fetched, and she went away with the coffee-tray and left him to dream—to muse—to take after a little while from his pocket a packet he had brought downstairs with him—to unfold it—consider it with a certain tender scepticism. In the packet of letters were several photographs—Lady Ormond in riding-dress, Lady Ormond in fancy dress. After looking once at each he put them in the fire with the pile of letters which he did not untie. Then he sat heaped in a corner of the sofa and brooded—brooded—watching the fire eat and consume, protestations whose feebleness his great need had found sweet because forbidden—all the long link of association with dishonor for three years. He had never idealized her—a sparkling wit, a good humor, and grace had acted as a gentle counterirritant to his moods. She had never been indispensable, and when her refusal came he had been glad. Why? only because a new interest had, like a fine ray from an unexpected beacon, cut across the lonely, rugged promontory, and his ship was sailing along its path.

“Otherwise, God knows how desolate it would have left me,” he said aloud, and with the word smiled a little and shivered. “Not that I am not desolate as it is, but my new folly has smoothed the way for the exit of the old. That’s about all.” He sat brooding—brooding—until Henly, venturing, came softly in to ask if he wanted anything more.

“Henly!”

“Yes, Mr. Tempest.”

“‘Mr. Tempest!’” he mocked. “If I fetched you a stick to-day, could you sharpen it into a pencil for me, do you think?”

She smiled tenderly. “Ah, no better than in those days, I’m afraid, Mr. Basil.”

"Never mind. But if you knew how I've longed and needed those pencils! Made for me by another—put in my hand—and even then the hand guided!"

"You've not been writin'——"

Whenever Henly omitted the name of her master he might mentally have supplied "my dear" to take its formal place and not been wrong.

"Writing! I haven't written for an eternity."

"It will come, sir."

"Ah! There's no comfort in that. Spring will come,—at least there's a precedent in its favor,—but, meanwhile, so will winter! What's to be done for the one who makes the pencils out of nothing for me? Guides the hand and does more—what's to be done?"

Mrs. Henly, who never allowed herself to be nonplussed by her lord's singular queries, said warmly,—

"Why, something very good indeed."

"To someone who brings the spring out of season."

"If that could be, Mr. Basil," she demurred.

"You are right," he accepted and sighed. "I can't, of course, but the wonder is there just the same."

V.

At the end of the week Mrs. Ramsdill's became a cherished asylum, into which towards every evening Lucy Carew crept to dream, to relieve the strange enchantment that was filling her days. Her room, under the eaves of a cottage whose date was older than the history of her own country, charmed her with its latticed windows and straight curtains of red-checked print; the homely pieces of furniture; the square rag of carpet in the exact centre of the bare floor; the mirror in its old, quaint frame reflecting a patch of sky, a bit of meadow, and reflecting as well the vase of hot-house flowers that invariably stood on the low bureau. Old-world and foreign to her Western eyes, her surroundings grew to possess the attraction of those things which are near enough to fall under the shadow of a great interest.

She went daily to Craven. There had never been a word since the night she left Tempest in the empire-room regarding her appearance or his expecting her. She went; whether or not she knew it to be unconventional; whether or not she feared the criticism of Mrs. Ramsdill and Tempest's servants and was above it; whether or not she knew she had a sacred duty to fulfil to art, to posterity, in enabling the master to work; (for work he did without even the tribute of a personal word for hours!) whether there was another reason for her going—the strongest, most cogent of reasons, against which no woman *can* reason without being aided by man's indifference!—at all events,

to Craven Lucy Carew went faithfully, daily walking the half mile between Ramsdill's cottage and the Castle.

This year there was no November dreariness to chill her spirit or aid her to consider soberly what folly she was guilty of, what danger she ran. Someone drew upon the calendar of brilliant days with reckless extravagance. If it were Tempest, he saw that his scribe approached Craven in a shower of sunshine.

Her walk lay by way of a field and meadow path for a quarter of a mile; a passage through a hedge by means of a little old stile, when she gained, with an abruptness that always seemed a sort of impertinence, the front of the Castle.

Every morning Craven met her appreciative, beauty-loving eyes with fresh insistence. The perfect congruity of its ensemble; the correct ancient lines of Tudor architecture; the space and dignity; the harmony of dim, faded stone; the bigness of the mass, whose importance was visible the country round from hill to hill. Close to the house, like a shadow, was the blur of a pine-growth, the red of beeches in the near encroaching density of the Park, where she had once been with Tempest.

Park and wood—the elm avenue by which she came; the lie of the valleys, their edges softened and moulded by hedged-farms and full-limbed oaks; the haze of atmosphere pink and gold in color; the slow-rising smoke from little, nestling cottages and from the leaf fires on the green, all held by an eternal silence and peace that the old countries alone know, soothed her mind and spirit anew at each long look she gave. Everything on which her eyes rested suggested age and tradition—there was nothing new in the landscape from farm and field, hedge, grove, and noble trees, to the Castle door. It spoke to her, all of it, with one voice. England met her here in a friendly way—in, one might say, a motherly way, making an appeal to some latent heritage in her blood possibly—certainly finding response in Lucy Carew.

These impressions and delights were, of course, above all, the envelope, the subtle, delicious surrounding to the reality of the man who was absorbing her. She at times rebelled at the mastery of the force that drew her so irresistibly and wondered if some voice out of the new world would not speak out, recall her. But alas for Lucy Carew! there was no such voice to call.

She arrived at ten to write in Mr. Tempest's study until a little after twelve. Then, with no invitation from him to remain to luncheon, and a sincere gratitude on her part that there was no question of it, she departed by the way she had come, reaching Ramsdill's for a meal of Spartan simplicity; as if by consent to an unspoken wish of hers, no bon-mots were sent to her there any more.

He gave her no evidence of the pleasure he took in her presence, as with faithful accuracy and unflinching patience she bent over the pages that grew like snow-piles at her side.

But had there been another observer he might have thought as she bent unconsciously over her pages that his eyes studied her—her lovely head there under the dark mass of her hair a sort of firelight seemed to burn the edges with bronze and redden her slender hand as it travelled over the pages; her leaning form; the pure outline of her grave, interested face—indeed, the observer might think that Tempest inspired himself from this youth and loveliness. When she lifted, as now and again she did in query, her eyes to him, he drank from them as from wells.

At Mrs. Ramsdill's during the long afternoon hours she tried to set her mind in order, to ask herself what she was doing, and towards what end she went. There was no one in the world to whom she was responsible; unfortunately free, her life was her own. But this was no reason why she should create for herself especial unhappiness or danger! Her idea of writing a sketch of Mr. Tempest appeared the acme of folly! She would sink down on her bed in a state of nervous excitement, overstrained by the morning's effort and bewildered at her indifference to everything that was not Craven. But the character of her reflections left her no time to dwell on the practical face of the case or to tremble for an uncertain future. Tempest, live and absorbing, filled her thoughts. She had no need to control her attitude in her attic room and would throw herself on her bed, her dark head hidden in her arms, and thus relive the day until her feelings terrified her, and close to unhappiness she would rise, wander up and down, look out of the low window in the eaves to search the road to Craven. How long it seemed; and how it stretched away into her life as she looked, leading to an end she could not divine.

She usually ended by vigorously composing her mind and forcing herself to see that the folly of her interest was no indication for ultimate happiness. Her heart contracted at the reasonable thought that she was probably not at all in the mind of Mr. Tempest except as an unknown American, a woman of different taste and race—nothing more than an agreeable machine, an impersonal aid that ministered to some caprice of his, and which he had not hesitated to employ. This frank view hurt and harmed her, and before it could cure her—had it been able to do so—its falseness shook her control anew. She had at first known him for a frowning, threatening, discourteous gentleman. He now gave himself pains to charm her, or, rather, let himself charm her as he could, and certainly he bewitched and frightened her. To her live imagination he seemed to call her

across the miles that lay between them. As she took her leave of him his look claimed that she should return, and although he never said anything to bring her, even was forbidding in his good-byes, Lucy Carew fancied she could at night hear him calling her across the dark. And it gave her troubled dreams.

Tempest each day after Miss Carew left, lunched in lonely splendor, smoked and meditated, rode or walked as if he had a goal to make before nightfall. He turned from the Ford and chose the most out-of-the-way routes, for fear he might come upon Lucy Carew in some one of her lonely wanderings! She took them, he knew, but she could not have followed his Mad Anthony tramps.

One day before she began to write he said:

"I want you to lunch here to-day and go over to Penthuen with me. I can't write any more until I've been to the Castle. It's an æsthetic tonic I take every now and then, and I know this weather—it's changing; this is the last fine day we'll have for ages. Let's squander it together. Why do you hesitate?" he asked sharply. "I want you to go."

The day was clear and mild; along the hedges the holly reddened and the warm dampness of the air bespoke rain. The windows of the brougham motor were open, and the golden air swam in upon them soft and sweet.

Miss Carew's dress was red, her coat tight-fitting buttoned up to her chin, and a toque of cloth from under whose furry edges the bright line of her hair ran like copper. She glowed in her corner of the car. The day's brilliance seemed held in her as in a fulcrum.

Penthuen stands in a park of oaks through whose bare branches the gray and red of the towers burned and shone.

"It's Elizabethan," Tempest said. They passed through the gates into a broad court between two porters' lodges and rolled slowly along the avenue.

"It's not so beautiful as Craven."

"Ah!" Tempest looked delighted. "Do you really think that? I wouldn't have you feel otherwise, but I'm afraid you're only kind. Penthuen is more historic. *On dit* that Elizabeth had it built for an obscure favorite of hers. She made merry here as ever she made; poor, vacillating woman, she was one of love's cowards. There's no one here to-day."

He held out his hand to help her from the car. "We have Penthuen to ourselves and with the Past."

The Castle was a museum, its treasures famous in two continents.

At the door they dispensed with the old servant who acted as guide and who knew Mr. Tempest to have the privilege of the house.

Miss Carew passed through the Castle by his side, from room to room, an enchanted pilgrim down the avenues of history, from picture to picture, from knight templar to the Spanish Armada. Every now and then Tempest would turn from the object he was discussing to look at her, but after the first time, when she caught his eyes in all their brilliance and passion, she did not meet them again. At the end of the great gallery where the stained windows let in floods of yellow and crimson light he opened the doors and led her out on to a balcony running the round of the Towers.

"Let me show you ——shire as nowhere else you will be able to see it." She leant with him over the railing and silently enjoyed, and at length he said to her in a tone whose vibrant feeling made her shake as if he had struck the stone on which she leaned and it had trembled:

"Why do you keep your eyes from me?"

His question and tone were so unexpected that she could not for the soul of her speak—nor move. She leant as she was, her face from him. After a second, in which she could hear her heart beat, he said quietly: "You are right to do so. Never look at me—or my like—again."

There was such depth of melancholy and despair in his voice that she involuntarily lifted her head—to see that he had started sharply and was looking through the open door behind him into the picture hall; then he gave an exclamation and she saw him flush and start; he turned and took her by the arm, thrusting her a little around the balcony's curve out of sight of the window.

"Stand there," he commanded; "don't move till I come for you." He had averted his face from her, and bowed and lifted his hat and stepped half way out of the balcony back into the room.

"Basil! What a fortunate encounter."

"How do you do?" Tempest said coolly. "Where are the rest of your party?"

"The rest of my party is one Frenchman!—we have driven over from Galeswater, where we are at a dismal house party. I have left the Viscount at the porter's lodge, for when I heard that Mr. Tempest was doing the Castle I decided I would rather see you than the treasure with my gentleman. So I told *him* that, *par grand malheur*, the Castle was refused to-day—that Lady Penthuen was ill, and I should run in and try to see her."

"How well you lie."

"I have often lied well for you," she said gravely. "Let me come out and see the sunset," and she pushed past him. Tempest made no effort to retain her. Lady Ormond leant as Miss Carew had done on

the balcony rail, but she looked at Tempest fearlessly and not at the sunset.

"Basil, I have scarcely eaten or slept since I saw you."

"You are foolish," he said coldly, "but perhaps you are in love."

"Oh, you will say what you please! and I can't blame you. But you are cruel. How well you look, how handsome, and how austere."

She put her hand on his arm. "*I don't believe one word of what you wrote to me.*"

"Hush," he said furiously. "I forbid you to speak of it."

Lady Ormond said gently, "Forgive me—only don't blame me too hardly."

"I don't blame you."

Leaning as she did towards him, her hands on his arm, she failed to draw from his face animation or interest—nothing save cold regard, impatient and annoyed.

"You are not glad to see me?"

"No, Lady Ormond."

"Ah," she cried sharply, "you are never polite. Why do I tempt your rudeness! It was a trap you set for me, Tempest, you tried me—I believe it now."

"Lady Ormond," he said, "you must go to your guest. He will be impatient."

Her eyes filled with angry tears.

"Come," he said more kindly, "scenes are unlike you. What does all this avail?"

"Nothing," she said, "if you have ceased to care for me. You don't believe in me, Basil?"

He shrugged. "There is no question of belief or disbelief. I had your answer—it was a natural one. I would not have had you make any other."

"Not if you loved me?"

"If I loved you, I would pray Heaven for you to do as you did."

"I understand," she said, narrowly reading him. "There is another woman. I was a fool not to see it before." He smiled, and it angered her beyond her control. "I see it all—all," she reiterated in a voice strained between tears and anger. "You put before me an alternative no woman could accept—you wished to be free of me. Basil, you have played a wretched game."

He bowed. "You will think what you like. The principal thing is, you are free."

He had led her from the fatal balcony into the long hall, where he breathed more easily, now they were out of hearing. He could be temperate now.

"Letty," he said, "why do you do yourself such injustice? You make yourself a termagant. You're really only a nice woman, you know."

She said nothing. She had lost him and must accept it, but it angered her beyond her grief. She looked at him fixedly. "What is her name?"

He hesitated, and then, the idea pleasing him, he smiled and said:

"It is what a man in my need would choose it should be—a Latin name. You can follow it out for yourself—it means 'light.'"

She studied him. "If what you told me is true——" but his expression stopped the words on her lips. She bade him good-by without giving him her hand and hastily left the gallery.

Tempest did not retrace his steps quickly, but went back as slowly as he could, at loss what to say or do—irritated, discomfited, and somewhat amused. As he stepped out on the balcony and made the turn, expecting to see the flash of the red dress and to encounter with his own Miss Carew's embarrassment, he started—she was gone!

Tempest actually looked over the parapet before he saw that there was an open window leading to another apartment, and he went hastily into a library which he found that he knew of old. In a high-backed chair in the deep enconce of a window Miss Carew sat reading. The full glory of the sunset wrapped her. Her face was perfectly colorless, but this he did not see, for the light reddened it. Her hands were trembling, but this he did not see, for they were beneath the book she held. She appeared to sit there in peace and to lift to him a serene, untroubled face. He could have fallen at her feet.

VI.

TEMPEST tortured himself with wondering whether or not Miss Carew had heard and how much: if she *had* heard, would it affect her, and why? That it would not be indifferent to her he was too versed in women not to mark, and he read with delight all that this clear-eyed girl revealed.

"If I could have a right to her, would I be so quick to understand her? Probably not! It is simply because she is safe from me that I am tortured by a sight of bliss I can never claim. If things had been so that we might have married I daresay I should have eaten my heart out with doubt regarding her state of mind!"

During the drive from Penthuen to Craven over miles swiftly and easily covered by the heavy-rolling motor Tempest had not been able very satisfactorily to study his companion. Excitement may have blurred his vision; he several times impatiently passed his hand across

his eyes, straining to see what change had come to her face. Once he muttered something under his breath which she could not hear—it sounded like an imprecation.

With all his power of making himself delightful he filled the short hour so perfectly as to leave Miss Carew no time in which to think and puzzle and to withdraw from him. He made her conscious of herself and of him, and crowded out every possible other person from her mind.

On leaving her at Ramsdill's he said nothing whatsoever about seeing her the following day, and before it dawned he had regretted it.

During the early hours he was up at dawn pacing his bedroom: later tramping his study, his face towards the window through which he could catch the first glimpse of Miss Carew when she should appear, he searched the avenue with the eagerness of one who waits for a herald.

Over and over again he murmured: "Well, she has gone! She should have gone long ago. I am quite mad—and have I dared to dream? Letty did a good turn to the child——"

He gathered together the manuscript she had copied in a pile, on the top a sonnet he had written during the last few days. It was half after ten, a good thirty minutes beyond her hour.

"I'll give her another hour to wonder in—to be jealous in—and to make up her mind to be late in—then if she fails me, I will scatter these sheets to the wind. He steadfastly watched the unloveliness of the changed November atmosphere.

He had been right in his prediction—the phenomenal beauty of the autumn was gone, and England had settled down into the early winter gloom. In another five minutes Tempest saw her coming up the alley to the terrace steps.

She found him standing by what he called a sacrificial pile of all their work, one hand on it, one stretched out to her, and a radiant welcome on his face:

"I should have waited just one hour more," he said, "and then have destroyed this stuff, Miss Carew."

Between them there was already the embarrassment of intense personal feeling undeclared. His delight at her return was too much for her composure. She turned away with the excuse of taking off her coat and gloves, and to-day—she laid aside her hat—for the first time he saw her hair free of covering; it gave him the pleasure of thinking her at home in his room.

When he said brusquely, "I don't want to write to-day, Miss Carew," she flushed painfully.

"No? You did not perhaps expect me?"

"I never dare to expect you—I have never dared. If hope is expectation, then I did so. I can't say I didn't look. I was at the window, you saw me?"

"Yes."

"Why do you gather up your gloves again?"

"If you don't care to work?"

"Oh!"—his impatience was boyish. "What a school-mistress! I have 'worked' as you call it, made you work for weeks, a methodical honest labor quite unusual even to me, and yet I have produced *pas mal de choses*. Can't I have one holiday?"

"We had yesterday."

"We," he laughed, delighted. "We," he emphasized, "will have this morning. Let me rest in the agreeable sense of—talking with you—an hour or two." Other words, whose warmth colored even the simple phrase he used, were at his tongue's end.

Miss Carew sat down before her table and her materials and folded her hands over them.

"I have asked you nothing, Miss Carew, during these faithful weeks. I mean about yourself. You must have sometimes thought me selfish?"

"No."

"I am," he confessed, "horribly selfish, but that is not the reason—I have not *wished* to know. You came to me like a dream as it might be, like a fairy godmother out of an old tale on one windy night in the storm—against my will. How rude I was! But you forgave me!" He had drawn near to her. "I like to think of you so—you seemed to have a wand with you, you know; you touched the bewitched fancies in my brain and things came to life again."

Tempest was under a control whose strength only a man of his nearly ungovernable passions knows how to use.

"I've an idea there are no fairy stories in America—at any rate, I don't connect you with anything three thousand miles away. You said something about careers and working for your living——"

Here he stopped. Her slender hands, her slender figure, the grace and femininity of her, coming in contrast with the harsh facts he broached appeared to distress him. "I can't think of money, or the lack of it, in connection with you. I can't believe you are poor, you don't look it."

"Don't think it, please, Mr. Tempest, nor about it. Let me write now, or go."

The presence of Lucy Carew to-day was so grateful to him, her coming so far more than he had let himself hope, his relief that she

had not heard the tirade at Penthuen, that he could not forego the pleasure it was to move her, to see her eyes glow, to watch her fluttering lids, to mark the evidences of an agitation of which he knew the cause by reason of his own pulses. But he was determined to say nothing to alienate or terrify her, to force a retreat he knew she would do well to make—nothing that should spoil relations far too precious to him to renounce.

“I like to think so of you—that you just *appeared*—got out of a pumpkin chariot at my door! You said something about America, but——”

He was struggling with himself. Since he must not say to her what he wished, what he longed to say, anything else would be an insult.

She had taken up her pen, and he let her write for a time, dictating a few pages for re-copy, then threw them impatiently down.

“If you will let me, I will walk to the Ford with you. We must start now, or you will be very late for Mrs. Ramsdill’s.”

At a little lane well on towards the town where he parted with her he said:

“As long as you live you will never know what you have done for me, and I can’t ever tell you—only won’t you understand, since such is the fact—that I can’t endure to think you have hardships to bear?” His tone and the strange phrase chilled her. Did he mean this as a good-by, a dismissal? She grew cold and pale.

They were quite by themselves in the little lane, Craven behind them and the Ford just at the turn. Tempest took her passive hands to him and pressed them against his breast.

Then, with the gesture she had remarked before, he threw them from his and left her standing there, without another word, alone.

On his return to the house he went straight to Mrs. Henly’s little housekeeping room—a cosey, comfortable, homely corner in a wing by itself, almost like a cottage set in the Castle’s very midst.

Every object had a memory for him. No sentimental revolution had made an empire room of Mrs. Henly’s archi-English quarters! Here she had lived a tranquil existence for over forty years, falling heir to the uses and duties of the place when she was a very young woman at the first housekeeper’s decease.

Tempest had associations even with the wall-paper’s blazing roses and knots of floating streamers, which his child’s imagination had untied and retied to find there were no ends, no real continuations, and all the flowers and ribbons fell into confusion in his mind! The mantel clock with its quaint Chinese figures, brought to Mrs. Henly by a sailor brother, had made the little Tempest dream of ships and

those distant ports that possessed the maddening fascination of the far-away and the unknown. He had intended joining the nautical man's ship some day, just as he had intended doing at some period everything that amused him or stimulated his live fancy. In the big armchair with its print-covered back and arms Mrs. Henly had held him and soothed his griefs. His own little chair stood by the fireplace as it had for more than thirty years. He had been a sailor in it; it had been a boat, a chariot, a ship of dreams. To the quaint room with its individual odors (Tempest had always thought of wools and worsteds, and fire and fogs and tea!) he had come stormily with his miseries of boy-love, which he had confided on Mrs. Henly's breast; here, stormily, later, with the miseries of man's love, he had *not* confided. But never had he gone away without some solace from the homely little room. To-day he came in and shut the door. Mrs. Henly sat knitting in her big chair.

"She's old," he thought for the first. "She's aged very much of late, but she'll stand by me till—the end." Then aloud: "Sit still, Henly; don't get up," and Tempest took the corner of the table and sat himself down on it, staring at her.

He was past forty years old, but only she would have known it. There was no gray in the thick, dark hair that grew close as thatch around his beautiful head. Bodily and mentally he was so vibrant, so magnetic, so strong, that youth seemed inherent in him, and he would never be old. To her, indeed, he had never grown up. His naturally uncontrolled nature made him often like a naughty child, and when he was his more lovable self she called him to her heart "my dear, dear boy." As she said, she had wept tears already so bitter that she would not claim a nearer tie if it could have added salt to their brine. Her master said shortly,—

"Henly, she must go."

Mrs. Henly knitted a line in order to collect herself, then put her work down on the table and looked at her master over her glasses. ("He speaks of her as if she were the housemaid," she thought.)

"I'm heart sorry, Mr. Basil."

"Why," he demanded rudely, "why?"

"She's a sweet and gentle lady, coming as she does, clinging to the door as I might say: here as she is, day in and out, no one could or does think harm of her."

He exclaimed furiously:

"*Harm!* how do you dare, Henly, to mean——"

"I mean," said the housekeeper steadily, "that for a young lady alone here—with no mother or friend even—even the Ford would talk; but she bears it in her face what she is—good and true."

"Yes," he interrupted more reasonably, "she does, and good she shall remain. That's why she must go. She must leave Cravenford: no good will come to her for staying on."

"But," interrupted the devoted woman, "to you, Mr. Basil?"

Tempest was forced to smile.

"You would sacrifice anything to that, I think. You have kept silent and patient, never considering her so far, or her reputation, because you thought it was good for me!"

"Oh, sir," she palliated, "I thought no wrong, sir—for her or you."

"Well, well," he waived, and said significantly, "for me there's no good in the world."

The old woman's hands were clasped over her knitting-work, her wedding-ring fine and yellow on her finger—he had seen the ring grow thin with the years. His eyes were on it.

"But there are good things, sir," she whispered softly, "a wife and children."

He laughed, not pleasantly.

"You must renounce your fairy-tales. The only ones that are left are gruesome—tales with which to frighten children."

He frowned and covered his face with his hand: a fine hand, strong and slender, nothing effeminate about it, albeit with the oval nails and psychic finger-tips of the poet.

He recovered himself: "To return to what I came to say—Miss Carew must leave Craven."

"Yes, Mr. Tempest."

"I shall never send her, I shall never show her, let her dream I wish it, because," his eyes flashed at the old, anxious face, "I wish *nothing less—nothing less*—in the world. Do you hear?"

"Yes, Mr. Basil."

"She must not come to-morrow—nor again."

As he threw back his head the shadows on his face appeared to creep from his melancholy eyes and brood over all his features. The spirits of the night and darkness had banded together to cast their baleful wings over him.

"She must not come again."

"No, Mr. Basil."

"I cannot bear it."

She understood him and sat silent, her tenderness and pity fixed on his bowed, brooding figure. As her eyes met his he again covered his over with his too frequent gesture and exclaimed:

"Fire, coals of live flames heated red hot and on each lid. What is this cursed malady that is destroying me? God! to be blind—blind—with the love of beauty so knit in me that it is one with my life!

To give up all the images of the world, the forms of life, the colors that paint the aspect of the universe—to go into this self, this dark, gloomy prison of myself with memories none too glad—or brave or good, be sure! To live with the ghouls of the mind—the angels of light all banished. Never to write again, never to create, because my selfish misery is too great; because I am sapped by revolt and not to be reconciled. Why, to-night I can scarcely see you, and there have been days when I would have torn my eyes open to see her more plainly! To potter around the earth I have been so vain as to think I trod well, to fumble for a chair, to fall instead of walking, to feel my way who have broken it through!

“You have watched the malady come to me, Henly, as you watched it come to my father. You have understood. You have seen me suffer, and I knew you wondered at my control when within I have shrieked with agony.” He paused, then said significantly, “*But there is oblivion.*”

In his anguish his eyes showed blood-red, as if horribly suffused with drops of a supreme Gethsemane. The old woman’s face was sublime in tenderness; her tears were flowing freely.

“And I have dared for a moment to think of happiness!” he breathed. “I have dreamed of a love strong enough to go with me into that deadly darkness—the inferno. But it’s madness! madness! I have proved it. It does not exist, and God knows I will protect myself from suffering any more deeply than now I do. But, as I said, there is oblivion—look here.” Tempest unfastened his cuff and rolled up his sleeves to his inner arm.

The old housekeeper gave a cry, the tears froze on her lids. She sprang to her feet and put her hand on his shoulder.

“Ah—no!” she cried in a stifled voice: “*No—no, Mr. Basil!*”

“Hush,” he commanded her sternly.

And she knew him too well to burst forth into the grief her heart contained. Tempest in his tone alone had become the master who, although he had given his confidence, admitted no familiarity, however dear. The housekeeper trembled as she stood, and Tempest was the controlled one. He said presently:

“You’ll find some means to see Miss Carew and to tell her whatever you like. You will prevent her coming. As for me,”—he shrugged,—“I am incapable of any further strength in the matter. I couldn’t be expected to turn voluntarily from Heaven to Hades.” He smiled his peculiarly sweet, gentle smile and rose to go.

Mrs. Henly followed him to the door. When he had left her she fell upon her knees by the little chair he had used to sit in as a child, and wept for him and prayed for him and determined that if there were hope on the earth to rescue him, he should be rescued.

It did not call for an astute character reader to remark the change in Mrs. Ramsdill's guest. The fine country air of ——shire had failed to freshen or keep the original roses in her cheeks. Her walks to and from the Castle did not stimulate her appetite. She was extremely altered, and the little woman tempted her with the best of her homely kitchen fare in vain.

Polly Ramsdill welcomed the unusual visit of Mr. Tempest's house-keeper with great deference and relief and a burning curiosity to speak of the guest.

Mrs. Henly in rigid black silk with a fetching little close bonnet whose purple strings were tied under her chin had chosen to draw a veil down over her countenance, whose natural serenity was much disturbed. The veil was mottled a little, for even on the way from Craven she had cried through it.

"The young lady's hin—just hin from walkin'." Polly dusted a spotless chair and stood alongside of it hopefully—not venturing to suggest that Mrs. Henly linger, but longing for it. "She's never still, 'm; I do think she walks her flesh off her and her colors as well."

"You think she is poorly, Polly?"

"Well, 'm," coughed Mrs. Ramsdill, "there's some as never does well out of their natural hair; if it were a vegetable, I'd say it were witherin'; if it were a child, I'd say it were pinin'."

Miss Carew would see Mrs. Henly, who went up at once to the room in the eaves.

The American was before the bit of mirror that reflected sky and meadow and her own changed face. Like the Lady of Shalot, she had seen strange things pass in the little glass. She stood with her hat in her hand, for she had just come in. Her hair unconfined, seen for the first by Mrs. Henly, wakened her admiration.

"What lovely hair, Miss, and such a lot of it!"

Polly was right—the stranger's color was gone; tired as she had been the day of her arrival at Craven, she had looked the picture of vigorous health.

"You're not looking as well as when you came to England, Miss."

Miss Carew was well, it seemed—perfectly; she thanked Mrs. Henly.

"But it's no wonder; you're feelin' the long, close writin' I daresay."

Mrs. Henly paused, surprised to find that for the first she thought of the girl. She was young and vigorous, but what health and vitality, what strength of body and mind, and what divine patience were needed for the task Mrs. Henly purposed for the slender creature! But she did not think twice of it. Love—that was all the strength needed if she had it—if not? ah, her poor, blighted boy!

She felt instinctive ease with Miss Carew, in whose presence she had found herself only a few times before. The nature of the stranger, although an unknown quantity, was sympathetic.

The old lady sat down beside Miss Carew on the little bed. She lifted her mottled veil and revealed her disturbed face and tear-reddened eyes. She put out her hands before her in an old-fashioned gesture of despair, gave a choked sob, and murmured whilst her eyes streamed over,—

“Oh, Miss, what a terribly cruel world it is indeed, what a hodd, cruel world!”

As this, to them both, was far too broad and humanitarian a cause for such sudden personal grief, she added, sobbing,—

“Mr. Tempest—Mr. Basil—is very ill indeed.”

Miss Carew's color grew still whiter, and it was a second before she echoed,—

“What has happened to Mr. Tempest?”

“Oh, nothing sudden”—Mrs. Henly got the better of her tears,—“nothing sudden, no more than yesterday—or that you would see—but he's ill, Miss, and my heart is broken for him.”

Miss Carew said: “I have seen that he is nervous and excited, but thought it was a relief to him to work. I have been wrong, perhaps.”

“Oh, no, indeed!” hurried the other. “Far from it, you have been a blessing to him, a good, dear blessing.” Her way of putting it was sweet, and in its form soothed the heartache Miss Carew was beginning intensely to feel. Mrs. Henly was looking at her in a sort of appeal, and continued incoherently:

“The day I let you in, Miss—I see now that I took it on myself, so to say. I sha'n't forget how you stood there wet and cold like a child lost in a storm—you was so eager too, and your eyes was so bright, and you says so determinedly, ‘I *must* see Mr. Tempest.’ Do you remember?”

How she had ever been that enterprising, practical, bold invader Miss Carew was so far from being able to recall that the story did not sound to her like her own.

“And I had just left him a half hour before shut up in that drear-some room with his books, which he wouldn't read, or his papers, which he swore he would never touch again. Why, Miss, you made me think somehow that night as you came in of the stories I used to tell him when he was a boy,—the fairy-tales,—and you gave me the feeling of hoddness as if you just dropped in with the rain and was some kind of a bewitchment.” Her mingled figures were not unpicturesque and the listener did not smile as she thought with a thrill of what Tempest had himself said.

"And I determined to send you to him, Miss. I said, 'Harm him it can't, and anything is better than to see him so;' so while you were thankin' me for being so kind to *you*, Miss, I was thinkin' only of him, I'm afraid—what I shall always be doing to the last."

Lucy Carew could not question her. She felt no wish to do so—she had a dread of what message the woman had come to bring. She was speeding towards some point, and the girl sat patiently before the emotion and the love that struggled in the wrinkled old face; but as again Mrs. Henly's appealing eyes met hers she murmured,—

"Do you regret it, Mrs. Henly—letting me in?"

"Regret it, my dear!" exclaimed the other. "Ah, I don't know! If it's for always, I am heart glad; if it's to make him grieve and suffer more, I shall never, never forgive myself. If there was only some heart that could care for him enough, some hand he would love that could guide him—but to see him!" She wrung her hands and heard Miss Carew say in a voice that sounded hard because of the speaker's control:

"Don't, Mrs. Henly, tell me any more, please. I would rather not hear."

The old woman ceased, wiped her eyes, and sighed.

"Does Mr. Tempest know you came to me, Mrs. Henly?"

"Oh, dear—he bade me come."

"*He bade you come.*"

"Yes, Miss."

"To do what?—to tell me what?"

"I can't ever tell you, Miss."

Miss Carew had taken her companion's hands—her breast heaved with surprise and a sort of terror.

"You must tell me. Mr. Tempest sent you to me for what?"

"But you forbade me to speak, Miss Carew!"

"Of his illness—yes—but what does he wish me to do?"

Seeking to evade disloyalty, and, nevertheless, to accomplish her desired end, Mrs. Henly repeated,—

"If there were only someone who cared for him who could save him." She whispered the words. She instinctively felt the pride in the woman beside her whose clasp on her arm did not lessen. She did not venture a further plea on the part of one who should make the pleas for himself.

Miss Carew said very slowly, with effort and in a voice so low that Mrs. Henly could hardly hear:

"If there were someone—who would go through the world blind in his stead—suffer in his stead—bear all the burdens—near him (if she might be so blessed)—and if not, then far away would bear it all the same—could such things be—even if he were never to know it?"

Mrs. Henly watched her fascinated, a great hope dawning in her heart.

"Oh," she said, "I think he cares for the one too much to take her with him on his way, and so much that he would try to thrust her from him and go on alone to spare her—and him loving her dearly all the while."

The girl with an impulsive gesture threw her arms around the old woman's neck, hiding her face on the motherly bosom. Perhaps she cried softly there tears whose source was not all pain, for her cheeks grew warm and red, the strained white look had gone from her face when at length she lifted it.

"How good you are," she whispered. "What a mother you have made."

"My poor boy," sighed Mrs. Henly. She kissed the girl, pressed her hand, and found that her late flow of eloquence had deserted her—she had nothing more to say. She felt all of a sudden that further words would be inappropriate. Once more she dried her eyes, drew down her veil, and rose to go.

Miss Carew led her to the door, clinging to her arm.

"You have not told me yet your message," she half smiled. "I think Mr. Tempest bade you come to send me away?"

Mrs. Henly smiled faintly, and instead of answering said impressively:

"He's all alone, and he doesn't know what I know, Miss, and——"

Miss Carew caught her arm, blushed furiously, and commanded,—

"Not one word to him, Mrs. Henly."

"Oh, of course not, Miss, how could you think——"

"Or I will be gone forever from Craven—to-night—to-morrow."

"Don't go, Miss," cried the housekeeper in great distress. "I give my sacred promise."

"I trust you, dear," said Miss Carew tenderly, "but," and she questioned with her eyes as well as with her words, "are you *quite sure*, Mrs. Henly?"

The other's face saddened at once. "Sadly sure, dearie."

"Ah, not that: I mean—about his caring so—that he would spare her—at any cost?"

Mrs. Henly took the slender, cold hands between both hers:

"Quite sure," she said.

When she was left alone she found herself shut in with a new world. So full of bewilderment and confusion of sorrow, and dawning joy of doubt and love and despair, that she pressed her hands to her heart and prayed Heaven for strength to carry her through and for wisdom as to what course to take.

She found herself stifled with the thoughts and doubts that rose.

It was not enough for her that a woman should come to seek her and with her own fond eyes read Tempest, and with the skill of selfish love draw from her a confession she never thought to make—even to the man she adored. She required more tangible evidence from him, and as if to corrode and harm the love that welled up for him, the day at Penthuen came forcibly to her mind. With just as much delight as she remembered her hours with Tempest, with just so much distaste did she recall Lady Ormond. She cried to herself:

“I must be sure indeed—very sure; he must want me very much indeed.”

After a sleepless night, she let the following morning go by with no word or sign to Craven. When the last of the interminable hours had dragged themselves to their end Polly Ramsdill brought her a note from Mrs. Henly.

“You can’t have gone, Miss! You *couldn’t* go, I am sure. Remember, he is all alone.”

With her heart on the rack, her steps turned time and again Cravenward, and a spirit, if unworthy, certainly very feminine, pulling her back to reason and to patient waiting for some sign to come to her from the master of Craven, she let pass three dreadful days. They marked her life with suffering. At the third, on its early morning, she woke to hear a horse coming up. It was gray dawn, no more, hardly light, and her window was clear of shade or blind. Lying as she was, she could see in the little mirror the bit of sky, the meadow in the mists, and the road. She saw too the rider who came at a mad pace and drew rein—Tempest himself, his soft hat pulled well over his face. He spoke a second with Mrs. Ramsdill and left a package in her hands and, turning, rode off as madly as ever knight could from a belle dame sans merci. The mists clouded the glass, and Lucy Carew was weeping when Mrs. Ramsdill came with the parcel for her. For a long time she held it unopened, not daring to break the envelope. She knew that whatever the contents might be, the rest of life would be for her henceforth as they should read.

Some dozen sheets of manuscript fell into her hands. She bent over the difficult handwriting—that of one who has written in his sleep, or who rises in the night to transcribe his thoughts in the dark. The uncertain aspect of the lines moved her with a great wave of tenderness that carried her to him like a sea, and as she followed the wonderful words she sat as one held in a spell—marvelling—confused—overwhelmed. One after another the famous sonnets to

LUCIA

fell under her eyes. It was the conclusion of the old, beautiful theme. The series was complete—the suite had reached at last its mature and mellow—its perfect—conclusion.

The verses she beheld were immortal—they were luminous; in spite of the trembling transcription, they shone and burned on the pages in the girl's hands. They were all for her—all to her.

She rose unsteadily with burning cheeks and eyes that glowed through the tears. She started as she was towards the door with the fluttering papers in her hand, as though she would rush to him; then she caught sight of herself in the glass in her nightdress, her dishevelled hair.

She remained musing before the glass, the papers now held to her breast. "A hand he could love to guide him," Mrs. Henly had said—guide him! He was her tyrant, her master! *But he would be blind.* At this thought and all that the verses meant, written half in obscurity and yet so illumined—she realized by reason of her love more perfectly than the man had been able to do the horror of his destiny.

The glass reflected her serious and lovely face, and gradually the sun, for the only time during that long day, came out from behind the fog as the sunrise sent one burst of brightness against the clear glass. It startled her—dazzled her—full as her eyes were of visions, and the glorious luminence hurt her with its cruel beauty.

"Oh, light for you—light for you, Basil," she breathed. "If I could make myself into eyes and vision and sight to be transformed into you and so be forever lost!"

Gradually the brief sunlight passed and the melancholy aspect of the cloudy day definitely filled the room and the glass ceased to be enchanted.

But the modern Lady of Shalot mused:

"I saw him ride across it, and it did not 'crack from side to side.' How *can* there be 'a curse' upon us?" and she turned away to dress in the old, plain dress she wore when she first braved the doors of Craven.

VII.

MISS CAREW habitually came to Craven across the front lawns and terraces, but this day she changed her routine. She made the Parks by way of the main road as she had done on the stormy night several weeks before, when she sought Craven for the first and so boldly demanded interview with its master.

As she followed the avenue in the cold morning she walked through mist. It cleared only to let her figure cut the vapor, which directly

closed behind her again into one of the fogs in which winter England is mysteriously veiled; before her the shapes of trees indistinctly designed themselves like seaweed in a muggy sea.

A little more than three-quarters of the way up the drive she heard the trot of a horse's feet, and before she could step aside to permit, as she supposed, some groom from Craven to pass her, an equine head and body loomed so close that she gave a cry, and the horse was suddenly drawn back until he almost reared.

The hand on the rein was a woman's, the rider a woman, her tri-cornered hat and coat and lips and cheeks all scarlet. She exclaimed, half frightened, half annoyed:

"Heaven! I might have hurt you!" and stared down at the roadside encumbrance—and at sight of Miss Carew nodded a sort of good-morning; an expression of quick curiosity shot across her handsome, mocking face,—“hurt you or been thrown myself. You're not startled?”

The rider held her horse quiet in the fog, and mercilessly scrutinized the young woman, who, dark and slender, of a loveliness no less marked than her own, of a grace no less seductive than her Ladyship's, appeared to have miraculously unfolded into existence in the elm avenue and to have taken form out of fog and mists. She presented a problem—suggested manifold possibilities and at least commanded attention.

Without excuse or preamble,—

“You're walking up to Craven Castle?” the rider asked her.

“Yes.”

“You're nearly there, however, but perhaps you know the way?”

“I think I shall find it.”

The pedestrian's dress was excessively plain. In her hands she carried a little packet which looked like a note-book. She had doubtless a Baedeker up her sleeve.

“You're an American?”

A slight smile touched the grave features of the younger woman.

“How did you know?”

The other laughed frankly.

“The same language, so different in transatlantic mouths. ‘I mean to say you *speak* American.’ Craven isn't open to visitors, like Penthuen and the neighboring castles.”

“No?”

“It's shut and barred, I might say. You won't get in. But I expect you're a hero-worshipper and are going to try for a glimpse of the great writer? Your country people are hero-worshippers.”

“I think we are.”

The lady's horse stretched his long, shining neck. The smoke from his nostrils blended with the mist and stirred the vapor that flew away before his breath. It flew too around the head and form of the American girl and the trim red figure of the little equestrienne, to whom the monosyllables of the stranger were baffling and because of her rival beauty annoying.

She gathered up her slackened reins. "I've been following the hounds," she vouchsafed, "and I've cut through Craven by mistake—in a few minutes I shall hear the horn." She leaned on her pommel, her mind travelling back to her last interview with Mr. Tempest at Penthuen, and suddenly she exclaimed with a sharp "Ah!" of enlightenment, and as though she did not relish the discovery,—

"Why, I've seen you before."

Miss Carew, who knew as well as if she had seen her daily for years, said, "I think never."

"But yes—a day or two ago—you wore a red dress—you were driving with Mr. Tempest in a motor. I was driving behind you to Penthuen."

Miss Carew wore now cheeks that rivalled any red in her wardrobe.

"Ah, *yes*," nodded her Ladyship with a sort of satisfaction that had no ring of pleasure in it. They stood looking at each other through the mist that flew about their charming forms in little gusts of broken clouds, the dampness softening their tint and crisping the ends of Lucy's hair.

"You will find the Castle open, I daresay." Lady Ormond gave a cool laugh. "I did not! and yet I am an habituée!"

She was angry. Everyone palled on her since she had lost Basil Tempest, and this morning she had burned her ships and ridden to his very doors—to learn that he was ill and saw no one: no one but this girl, of course, who so calmly and charmingly went to him with the simplicity of a dairy-maid and the good looks of ten years' youthful vantage over Lady Ormond!

"Ask Mr. Tempest to show you the empire room—it's a bijou," she said maliciously.

As the American's dignity impressed itself upon the Englishwoman by her silence, her maidenliness, by her mounting color, and her angry yet unashamed eyes, with a keen penetration fitting Tempest's enigmatical remark to the lady,—

"Tell me—your name is *Lucy*?"

"Why do you ask?"

Lady Ormond shrugged. "I am Lady Ormond," she said as if to complete the introduction, "a very old friend of Mr. Tempest's, and he has spoken to me of you."

The words did their work. Lady Ormond saw that the blow she dealt told.

"Good-by," she nodded maliciously, "there's the horn," and so it was, faint and far away. She touched her horse and rode into the mist, leaving Lucy Carew trembling like a leaf, for the first time in her relations with Tempest and Craven humiliated and ashamed.

She went on, mechanically conscious of having been dealt a suffering wound.

He had spoken to this woman of her—calling her name to *her!* Oh, *what* had she been doing! how mad and fatuous and foolish she had been! She would have turned then and fled, if the fog had not lifted, as it does absolutely for a second, and the great mass of Craven risen before her. She shuddered at it; for the first a momentary distaste, a sickening jealousy, displaced all the feelings of the past hours. The prints of Lady Ormond's horse's feet were on the damp earth up to the very terrace steps; as for herself, she was a *pis-aller*—a second best. No, she could not bear it—it was too humiliating! Even part of the house bore this woman's stamp. Tempest had displaced the tender memories of his youth to humor the caprice of this woman. What part did Lady Ormond now play in his life?

The Castle was silent. Before her gleamed the large door, its highly polished surface blurred here and there by the mist that lay in little, pearly lines along the carving. Lady Ormond's hand had first touched the knocker, or else the great door had just opened to let her go victoriously forth.

To Lucy Carew her own behavior appeared now in all its rash unconvictionality. She saw the situation as it should have declared itself before and she despised herself. What was she doing here? The thought of Tempest came to her with so much anguish, so piercing was her knowledge of how much she loved him, that she bit her lips, felt her cheeks burn with shame, and sharply she turned to leave Craven forever.

Here the rustle of leaves in the terrace close at hand made her conscious of the indignity of a flight in the sight possibly of some servant to whom she was already too familiar, and as she looked for another refuge the long window of the empire room caught her attention. At sight of the room the last words of Lady Ormond came to her ears. She would go in if it were open, leave the sonnets there on the table, and then slip away. A turn to the window knob and it yielded, and Miss Carew opened the door and stepped quickly and silently in.

At first she thought she had mistaken the room among the many windows as she looked hurriedly around for the bright, dazzling welcome of yellow color. She seemed to have been transported back to a period which, although far nearer her own time, in reality had an air

more ancient than the court days of France. She was standing in the centre of an octagon, old, faded room, its walls hung in shining chintz, its furniture covered with the same material, the pale color of the background softening the gay blue of the flowers and the plumage of the miraculous birds. On a mahogany table was a brass lamp under a shade with silken fringe, a work-table—open—held wools and tapestries; there was a tapestry frame by its side and a low-seated Chippendale chair. Lucy caught her breath, and almost held it lest she breathe against a spell—against an image on a glass. Across the brass fire-dogs lay the red embers of a half-burned-out fire. The room was fragrant with the scent of old-time things,—of a past to which the wide-open flowers of the roses in the bowl by the lamp lent their fresh odor of a day. Nothing in the world could have spoken so tenderly to the aching heart of Lucy Carew as this changed room, altered in her absence by the lonely man who had tried to win back to him his past, and to efface from between himself and the woman he loved memories that might do her wrong.

The sonnets were in her hand. Could she leave them here and go? Could she leave him a prey to a future she did not dare to picture for any human creature—still less for Tempest, whom she loved?

With the transformation around her, the influence of the old-fashioned room, Lady Ormond's impression ceased to dominate. When in another minute she heard Tempest's step in the hall and his voice she waited for him breathless, with a beating heart in which there was but one feeling. He opened the door and slowly came in. As he did not speak and his eyes were on her, she spoke quickly,—

“Mr. Tempest.”

He gave a cry and started forward.

“Stand still,” he said eagerly. “Don't move. I hear you—let me feel my way to you.”

Her heart seemed to stop beating.

“Speak again.”

“Mr. Tempest.”

As he touched her hand, then her arm, his grasp folded on it, and he held her with a grip of iron and looked down into her face:

“Is the room pitch dark?”

“No,” she replied, steadying her voice, “it is a gloomy day, but not quite dark.”

“Not quite dark,” he repeated. “No, for I can see you still! come to the window, please.” He drew her there and turned her face with both hands up to what light there was. His close bending to her, the intensity of his face, its passion and suffering, over which love rode like a king, transfixed the girl, who lifted her own swimming eyes and

trembling lips in compassion, looking at him in turn as if she would aid his sight, of her own free will stamp her features on his failing vision.

"That lovely hair!" he touched it. "It has light all along it like sun in the reeds—on the leaves; it can hold the light so, dearest. Why can't my eyes? Those lovely eyes! Sometimes I think they are wells where all the light is held in inexhaustible depths. I would drain them dry. Those lovely lips! I have no likeness for them. I only know mine long for them. I have looked at you often enough, God knows, and yet to-day I feel I have never seen you before. Because I am losing you, I shall soon have only remembrance to feed upon."

"Lose me? Oh, *why?*" she whispered, and unable to control her emotion hid her face on his breast.

"Don't cry so, don't, Lucy." After a few minutes, in which he soothed her tenderly, she mastered herself and, withdrawing a little, laid her cool palms against his eyelids:

"You need never lose me unless you wish."

"My God!" he said passionately, "why have I been tempted like this? Why, it's a crime to take you, Lucy, darling."

"You don't love me," she said simply, "or you would not think it; you don't want me, or you couldn't feel it."

"*Want you!*" He laughed. "Haven't I proved it? Must I kiss you again and crush you as I could to prove how one you are with me? Don't you *know!*"

She blushed crimson.

"I am a wreck—a crippled creature."

"Hush!" she pled. "I only want to be sure of one thing. Do you—love me?"

Tempest kissed her. "I don't think that's the word!"

"Ah!" she said softly, "it's a good one, and enough to keep me with!" She drew the hand she held against her heart.

"You don't realize, my darling," he said, "that I am going blind. I shall be as blind as sleep."

With great sweetness she asked: "Would you think it a lovely dream to find me always in that sleep?"

He answered her without words—touched by the delicacy of her thought.

Against the arm she leaned were the marks of the temptation to which he had yielded in moments of supreme suffering. Should he tell her? The habit, begun before she came to him, had been ever since her advent entirely under control. It could never tempt him now again. Why should he tell her, cause her added grief, since he could not—would not—let her go? She must share his lot, it was her fate.

But he said,—

“You will save me, Lucy?”

“I will love you, Basil.”

“You will save me so.”

As he held her, so tenacious is the woman of her points that, as Lady Ormond's brilliant figure flashed across Lucy Carew's mind she whispered her name.

“And I shall fear *every* woman now!”

Tempest laughed.

“You needn't! I think I have loved you all my life—you in other women—and now all women in you.”

“This sweet, dear room, Basil!”

“Ah, you like it? I couldn't think of anything else to do in those horrible days when you kept me waiting, so I transformed it. I have dreamed of seeing you here—my love—my wife—in a dozen different pictures, but never of finding you like this.”

She told him how she had come and of her meeting with Lady Ormond. “I was jealous of her—even that night here.”

“I knew it,” he laughed.

“Oh,” she exclaimed, chagrined, “*how* did you?”

“I *hoped* it, at all events, and that's why I burned her picture before you—so that she, at least, shouldn't be between us.”

She asked timidly,—

“You—cared—then—for me?”

“*Then?* I cared the night you came in your little, wet shoes. I could have kept you then, with no further words, no parting, and never let you go. I love like that,” he said.

She drew a little from him. “How well you know how you love, Basil!”

He held her by force, drawing her until her lips were on his.

“Yes,” he murmured, “how well I know.”

It was past the luncheon hour when Mrs. Henly, who had wandered the house over for her master, gently opened the morning-room door. At first she distinguished nothing in the sombre room where across the window the mists blew a gray curtain.

Then she saw Tempest standing with a slender, dark lady by his side. They were talking earnestly and did not hear her come in. She waited a minute in the shadow, her loving eyes on his transfigured face. The dear old room had taken its aforesaid form once more.

“Give me back me blue chintz walls and me old-fashioned furniture,” she had said to Miss Carew, and back again they were, as though the fairy wand the girl had brought had recalled them. Tempest, thus surrounded, seemed to have found his youth again. His face, as she

could see it bending to the woman's before him, was radiant. He was smiling, and in the picture he made to the eyes of the old creature who had mothered him, she forgot the blight, and malady, and only saw the wonder of the love that should be eyes and light for Basil Tempest, and holding him divinely by the hand should lead him softly all his days.



MY HEART

BY FRANK LEO PINET

MY heart, it was a silver flute
 With keys of gold and ivory;
 My heart, it was a silver flute
 A-throb with melody.

My heart, it was a silver flute
 Whereon thy lips they blew;
 My heart, it was a silver flute,
 Thy lips they were not true.

My heart, it was a silver flute
 That piped a sacred vow;
 My heart, it was a silver flute,
 And it is broken now.



THE SUMMONS

BY HARRY A. ROTHROCK

O DEATH, when thou art sent for me
 Come not with tedious step and shrouded face
 As unto one who, coward like,
 Dares not the summons meet:
 Rather come promptly, yet for one moment pause
 And draw thy veil aside, that I may see
 The sweet, true eyes, and then,
 Putting my hand in thine,
 May I fare bravely forth along the road
 That leads from lesser unto greater Life.

FRANKLIN'S TRIALS AS A BENEFACTOR*

By *Emma Repplier*



TO be the benefactor of humanity is to open business on a magnificent scale, and it must be admitted that the grandeur of such a title would compensate few of us for the fatigues of office. No man could fail to be flattered by such a voluntary tribute to his broad philanthropy; certainly, Franklin never repudiated the title so often applied to him, even while he must have chafed under its burdens. On the contrary, he seems to have assumed its manifold duties and endured its incessant demands upon his time in a spirit whose kindness, common-sense, and philosophy cannot fail to excite the deepest admiration.

A man who is one of the pioneers in the science of electricity, who invents stoves and improves the construction of chimneys, fire-places, lamps, clocks, and spectacles, can hardly expect to escape the consequences of such a varied inventive benevolence. Naturally he appeals not only to a scholarly and scientific class, but to a far larger number, who desire to save coal, to preserve their health and eyesight, and to guard their homes against lightning. No self-respecting benefactor would grudge information on such important points.

But for one genuine case of ignorance seeking knowledge, or undeserved misfortune craving assistance, there were hundreds who seemed to think that the representative of the United States in France had nothing else to do but to answer their questions, to procure them occupation, and to support their families.

During the early years of the Revolution one large class of Franklin's correspondents was composed of young men, in or out of the French army, all noble, all needy, burning with eager enthusiasm for the American service and the glorious cause of liberty, and asking only to have their expenses to America defrayed and to enter the army with a rank suitable to their exalted position and attainments.

* From unpublished sources in the possession of the American Philosophical Society, through whose kind permission this material has been utilized.

In their petitions all styles of address are employed, shading from the boldly assured to the honestly confiding, from the applicant who thinks his "talents would do credit to any position Franklin may honor him with," to the modest fellow who declares his only claim to notice is a "healthy mind in a healthy body." When they themselves do not write, their relatives and friends cheerfully undertake the task for them, but in either case their talents lose nothing in the telling, and no doubt is left in the mind of the reader that each young man in turn possesses all the qualifications needed for a general: at least during the perusal it is impossible to doubt, for the French language lends itself so charmingly to compliments, and it is all so gracefully and convincingly set forth, that not until the echo of their eager pleading dies away do we realize and challenge the flimsiness of their titles.

Who but a Frenchman (in this case le Baron de Razetti) could write proudly, enthusiastically, of his own character, talents, and military attainments, and then just before closing remark casually that at present he lies in hiding, owing to a paltry debt—a circumstance too trifling to regret did it not deprive him of the pleasure of paying his respects to Franklin in person. But this debonair treatment of the subject is an exception. Debt and disgrace are kept well in the background; nothing can be finer than the motives openly avowed which drive these enthusiasts from their beloved France. Their hearts are incapable of any feeling but the most disinterested devotion to the American cause, and they wait only for permission to shed their blood in the defence of liberty. One young man, Franklin is informed, has every qualification befitting an officer, being only twenty-three years old, and fairly "criblé de blessures."

Another protests (methinks too much) his indifference to wine, women, and song, and declares his only true happiness to lie at the mouth of a cannon. With one voice they protest a deathless devotion to the American cause, deny with equal vehemence and disgust that personal motives play any part in their request, and desire, sometimes pathetically, sometimes proudly, that they may not be confounded with those adventurers who make use of the present war for their own base ends. If they ask for money, it is because they come of a poor but noble family; and if they demand the rank of colonel, it is because their abilities and experience deserve no less.

As is well known, this influx of foreigners, ignorant of the country and the language, proved such a source of annoyance that Congress was obliged to take measures to stop it. Franklin has written on the back of some of these applications a rough draft of his reply, setting forth that he is particularly instructed by Congress not to

give encouragement to any persons desiring to serve in America as officers, and that already there are many officers in that country who cannot find employment. But though a plan of unvaried discouragement was pursued, their enthusiasm was difficult to smother, and until the end of the war applications continued to arrive.

If Franklin imagined that after he had procured for many of these young Frenchmen positions in the American army his troubles in their behalf were at an end, he was doomed to disappointment. Their relatives very shortly desire to know where they are in America, what they are doing, and why they have not written. Franklin is implored in every key of anxiety and despair, for the sake of unhappy fathers, lone widows, or distressed aunts, to reveal the dear one's whereabouts; if in prison, to get him out; if destitute, to send him money, and if dead, to procure them a certificate of the fact. Often these appeals come from within convent walls or monastic cloisters, offering in exchange for the eagerly desired tidings the efficacious prayers of the faithful. When one takes into consideration their probable conception of the size and relative position of the colonies, this apparent faith in Franklin's power of second sight becomes less extraordinary.

To quote one instance out of many: le Chevalier la Coste de Mezière, having quitted the service of Russia in order to return to France, is subsequently lost sight of by his relatives and friends. A report arising that he waited upon Franklin in Paris, they write at once and beg to be informed "*au nom d'une famille désolée*" whether this officer sailed for America in order to enter the army there, and if so, what has become of him. Franklin, apparently pricked into something like irritation, wrote on the back of this letter: "I know nothing of this M. de Mezière. America is large. He may have landed there without my having heard of him." Then, his habitual kindness reasserting itself, he added, "I will make inquiry, and if I learn anything, I will acquaint you with it."

As soon as the fiat had gone forth that practically no more French officers could enter the American army, a numerous class arose who, in lieu of fighting, desired to settle there. These bombarded Franklin with letters, desiring to be informed of the best place to buy land, the best climate, the best business or trade to adopt, the best means of getting there, and—should they arrive safely—the best road to success. They generally end by requesting something more substantial than information, either letters of recommendation, or money to pay their passage over, or both. On the back of one such application from a surgeon Franklin wrote: "I have no orders to send over any physicians; America is open to all who desire to settle there, but they

must pay their own expenses." Another gentleman desires to know something about Boston, whether a man can live pleasantly there, and if the price of provisions is very high. Apparently it never occurred to this would-be settler that nations, when engaged in a desperate struggle for freedom, are seldom in a position to offer strangers the inducements of an existence at once pleasant and inexpensive.

One enthusiast, writing in alternate Latin and French, places at the top of his letter the words, "Omnia mea scripta sub rosa sunt." He then declares that he has taught his infant son to lisp, "Pater meus est amicus Americanorum," and, after many incoherent expressions of devotion, he avers that even in church, so carried away is he by enthusiasm for the American cause, the minister often speaks for more than a quarter of an hour without his hearing a single word—a circumstance which is not wholly confined to the experience of enthusiastic lovers of liberty.

One Frenchman, wishing to settle in America with two of his friends, encloses a list of twenty-one questions which he desires Franklin to answer, the twenty-first being "S'il est libre d'y garder le célibat, et si on y laisse la liberté de conscience!"

It is not always in the guise of a suppliant that Franklin's correspondent is seen. Often we behold him as the earnest adviser, the would-be guide, of this inspired mob of rebellious colonists. Nor does he withhold his censure where he deems it due. Count MacDonald, a Frenchman in everything but name, writes graphically of his own military capacity and then proceeds thus: "I think, gentlemen, you came too soon to the offensive; the defensive was the only point for you until such time as you got together a good train of artillery, and some good and renowned officers and engineers to discipline your troops." The said officers and engineers, it transpires later, are to be brought over to America by the Count, who also offers to furnish a plan of campaign calculated to retrieve any past errors of judgment.

Another military expert, laboring apparently under the belief that Boston was indeed the "Hub" if not the entire wheel, writes confidently that given the materials he demands, "l'aimable république de Boston parviendra à se rendre maîtresse de toutes les forces que les Anglais possèdent en Amérique en deux campagnes . . . et les forcera de renoncer pour jamais à la conquête de Boston."

A plan laid before Franklin with much detail was the design on the part of eight or ten Germans to found a college in America for the education of young gentlemen of every religion. The objection that not one of the ten could understand or speak English is forestalled by the remark that at first the college would have to be for Germans only until the instructors had attained sufficient knowledge of English to teach in that tongue.

Much more practical is the writer who has heard of the wretched food given the army in America—worm-eaten biscuits and tainted water—and who sends Franklin a history of the said worms, and promises, should this prove of use, to send another pamphlet on weevils.

The benevolent inventor must not be omitted. Whether it be a new kind of cannon warranted to force any enemy to retreat, or a cheap and sustaining kind of bread made out of potatoes, no niggardly regard for ink and paper, to say nothing of Franklin's time, prevents the slow unfolding of their schemes, with the inevitable conclusion that should Congress accept this invention, it would go far towards procuring for them that independence which is the goal of their desires.

"Hard luck" stories are frequent from both men and women. The infinite variety of the ills revealed only serves to heighten the sameness of the remedy demanded—the invariable panacea, money. With a few exceptions, the reason for their request never varies. Is not Franklin known far and wide as the benefactor of humanity, and will it not be a source of delight to such a man to feel he is the champion of the unfortunate and oppressed?

To one such applicant Franklin writes as follows: "It is with greater inconvenience to myself than you perhaps imagined that I furnished you with the fifty guineas. I have too many occasions for money here and too little with which to answer them. But I have relied and do rely on your honor and punctuality for the speedy repayment." This gentleman was at least known to Franklin, a claim to consideration which few of his petitioners possessed. One of these, a prisoner for debt, supplicates in verse, with the following apology for his poetical short-comings: "*J'avoue que dans l'accablement ou j'étais et ou je suis encore, il m'est impossible de produire un chef d'œuvre digne de votre attention. . . . Pardonnez à la situation affligeante où je me trouve, les égarements de mes pensées et le désordre qui règne dans mon style.*"

Yet another unfortunate, though he has lost everything, is still able to declare proudly, "*On ne peut pas même soupçonner de la moindre faute de ma part.*" He proceeds to compare himself to Virgil, who in the end had all his goods restored to him by the Emperor, and evidently relies on Franklin to prove the comparison justified by a like happy termination.

For weeks Franklin was pestered with heart-rending letters from a Mrs. Parsons, who insists that she and her husband would never have come to Paris had not Franklin encouraged Mr. Parsons with hopes of a position in the American army. Upon her husband's returning to England to try to raise some money, she is left without

friends, alone in Paris, and her letters are graphic descriptions of suffering, her clothes having been seized by an irate landlord in lieu of rent, and she herself threatened with instant eviction. Finally, after eight or ten of these letters, when the reader begins to wonder with increasing impatience what Franklin means to do, comes his answer, denying that he ever gave Mr. Parsons encouragement to come to Paris; that notwithstanding this, and out of sympathy, he lent him fifteen guineas, which he supposes he must lose, "as (he writes) I have not the smallest imagination that so imprudent a man will ever be able to pay his debts. Nevertheless, he desires me to pay his debts in Paris. This is too much for one stranger to expect of another. . . . I have never seen and perhaps shall never see you, but as you tell me you have not a shilling, I send you a guinea with my best wishes that you may be soon in a happier situation."

Perhaps among all the stories none will be found more remarkable than the letter from a French Benedictine monk, confessing that at Easter he was drawn into a game of cards, where he played heavily and lost. With no possible means of repaying this money, he writes to Franklin, imploring his assistance for the sake of his reputation, which, he remarks naively, is his only treasure. Again Franklin seems roused from his usual philosophic calm. Endorsed on the back in his handwriting we read this curt summing-up: "Wants me to pay his gaming debts and he will pray for the cause of America."

Many are the applications from poor prisoners, most often Americans, who, having been captured and impressed into the British navy, were afterwards taken by French vessels and left to languish in French prisons. Several of these complain bitterly of their fate "among a parcel of French thieves, with only six sous a day to live on, nothing but dirt to lie on, and iron bars through which to gaze all day long." Another suppliant, in describing his escape from an English prison before he fell into the hands of the French, writes regretfully, "I only eat five meles of vittles in fourteen days."

A prisoner in the Abbaye St. Germain applies to Franklin, "not as a countryman, but as a fellow-creature, who is reduced by a captivity of upwards of three years, by sickness and every sort of evil, to the last degree of unhappiness." He adds with true pathos: "In happier days I had occasion to prove myself a lover of liberty; . . . in my present sad situation, my way of thinking is of little consequence. The unhappy have no friends."

Although the great mass of petitioners applied to him as "his country's friend but more of human kind," the alleged reason for writing occasionally varies.

One applicant, la Baronne de Randerath, desires a sufficient sum

of money to follow out the doctor's instructions and take her husband to Aix. She bases her hope of a favorable answer on the fact that her husband and Franklin are both Masons, though belonging to different lodges.

Le Chevalier de Kermorvan opens his letter with the announcement that the Queen of France has given birth to a daughter, and adds that such a joyful occasion being auspicious for the asking and granting of favors, he takes this opportunity to beg Franklin to write a line on his behalf to the Minister of War. Such an innocent opening might well have decoyed the most suspicious of benefactors.

Similarity of name provides an excellent excuse for claiming relationship, and this point of vantage gained, the request is easily made. M. Saint Sauveur boasts his descent from a maternal grandfather named Franquelin, and thereon bases his claim to Franklin's protection. A distressed lady in Spain named Francalanza tries to prove in several distracted pages her undoubted relationship to Franklin, and upon the strength of this assertion she demands a yearly allowance.

One gentleman thinks that he is a relative, not of Franklin's, but of Washington, his name being the same, and his grandfather having come from England. He adds with an enthusiasm which his celebrated relative would probably have been the last to share, that could he be sure of such a connection he would fly to Washington without a moment's hesitation, and strive by every effort in his power to merit the name of such a great man.

A butcher of Mayence, George Arnold, desires particulars as to the celebrated General who bears his name. He has seen him described in the papers as "*filz d'un bourgeois et boucher de Mayence,*" and this strange coincidence convinces him that the General is his son, from whom he has not heard for four years.

It would be an incomplete account of the trials of a benefactor did one fail to mention that array of authors who desired information, advice, a perusal of their works, or money with which to publish them. A Frenchman in Geneva writes that he has compiled two volumes of a military work, which he cannot afford to have printed, but which he avers every soldier ought to know by heart. He makes the following curious proposal: that Franklin should send him one hundred louis; fifteen to enable him to come to Paris, seventy for a stay of two months while Franklin examines the manuscript, and fifteen for his return trip to Geneva.

The vanity of this class of writers is only equalled by their sensitiveness. The Chevalier de Berny, having received from Franklin no acknowledgment of a work he sent him, writes eight or ten times to demand the reason for such neglect, each letter waxing more indignant

and outraged as the silence on Franklin's part remains unbroken. He declares passionately that as kings and queens have noticed his work, it is not for Franklin thus to ignore it. One would think his perseverance alone entitled him to the line he apparently never received.

Many were the poets who sang Franklin's praise, and varied are their achievements. What they lack in talent they make up in ardor. One writer encloses a translation of the celebrated Latin couplet which he thinks so truly applies to Franklin,—

" Il arracha par ses rares talents
La foudre aux dieux, le sceptre aux tyrans!"

One young admirer sings his praise in the following verse:

" A ton maintien respectable et sévère,
A tes traits vigoureux, où tous est caractère,
Illustre et fier Américain,
Chacun dira sans te connaître
Cet homme assurément doit être
Un philosophe, ami du genre humain—
Moi, j'aurais dit, c'est un républicain!"

Best of all I like the quaint tribute of M. Montaudoin written under Franklin's portrait, and to this enthusiast I therefore cede the final word:

"Ce sage vous a fait connaître
Ces effets merveilleux d'un feu subtil et prompt
Venant de la nature et son âme peut-être.
Plus d'un laurier couvre son front:
Il a fait à Philadelphie
Un temple à la Philosophie
Un trône pour la liberté,
De l'Europe, bientôt bannie;
Dans les deux mondes respecté,
Il est par son heureux génie,
Ses mœurs douces, sa bonhomie,
Son ton et sa simplicité,
Sur tout pour sa philanthropie
L'honneur de l'Amérique et de l'humanité."



FRIENDSHIP

BY ETHEL M. KELLEY

I PASS the ardent hours of day
With boon companions blithe and gay—
But ah! the twilight time I spend
Before the hearthstone of a friend.

THE DOOR TO THE RIGHT

By Baroness Von Hutten

Author of "Pam."



"And every man at last cometh to the landing on Life's staircase onto which open two doors. And through one of these doors he must go."

EDGE had never seen his cousin's widow until that June evening. He had been in America when Bertie was killed—in the West, with a Boston biologist of whom he had, in his shy, silent way, made a friend. The cablegram found him in Montana, after following him for several weeks.

Bertie Moyle and Edge had been friends, but had not met for years, and Edge had no intention of returning home the sooner for the catastrophe, but a week later two more cablegrams reached him.

The one from his lawyer informed him that Moyle had made him his executor and, with the widow, joint guardian of the little boy. He added that Edge's presence in England was imperative. The other cablegram said, "Please come immediately," and was signed simply "Isabella."

He knew that Bertie had married a Spaniard, but he knew so little of her character and personality that the thought of her occupied him continually during the long overland journey, and then in the solitude of the steamer.

For Edge did not become acquainted with his fellow-travellers. He was a tall, thin man, with a long neck and a mouth whose quivering tenderness was quite concealed by a thick, grizzled mustache. His small eyes were cold and his chin obstinate, and, his shyness expressing itself by a sort of thorny reserve, people rarely judged him worth cultivating.

So for hours at a time he was at leisure to wonder about Isabella Moyle.

He decided at length that she would prove a beautiful, languorous woman, with arched feet and dusky eyes.

The affairs would, of course, be much involved, for Bertie had always lived gayly on a sad income, and his work would be to arrange her money-matters for her, perhaps taking advantage of her feminine

ignorance to give her a little pecuniary aid as well, and then—he was to meet the Boston biologist in Arizona in September.

His plans being thus comfortably made, his preconceived ideas of his new duties satisfying him perfectly, he stepped out of the fly at the door of the house Bertie had rented a year before, and at once beheld the neat edifice built by his imagination fade helplessly beside the reality prepared for him. Mrs. Bertie Moyle, who rushed at him down the cool black-and-white marble hall, was neither beautiful nor languorous. She was a small, thin woman with a dazzling yellow skin and quick, nervous movements that seemed to Edge, still clinging to the picture he had made of her, almost indecorous in a widow of six weeks.

She gave him both her little, dry hands and smiled.

“I am so glad you have come, Michael,” she cried in a shrill voice. “We have been so bothered—oh—my cousin, Pedro Rameno.”

Edge turned and saw a small man with a fat, blue chin and nicotine-stained fingers, between two of which an evidently frequent cigarette was burning. “My cousin is staying in the village.”

“Charmed,” the Spaniard said, bowing gravely. He wore dull jet sleeve-buttons and studs and a loose, black cravat.

Edge looked at him, and saw that his glance was met with discomfort.

“I was in Montana—I came at once.”

When Edge entered the drawing-room half an hour later Isabella was making tea, and the cousin, who had lit a fresh cigarette, stood on the hearth-rug teaching a small black poodle to beg.

Mrs. Moyle handed her husband’s kinsman a cup of tea and then began at once: “It is kind of you to come, Michael. Poor Bertie left a letter for you, in which he asks you to look after me—and Tony. I’ve forgotten where I put the letter, but I remember exactly what it said——”

“You read it?” asked Edge slowly.

“Yes. Of course, I wanted to know how things stand. And”—she gave a little laugh—“they don’t stand at all; they totter, they fall! Don’t they, Pedro?”

Pedro nodded. “Poor Bertie was no business man.”

“My cousin was a gentleman,” retorted Edge curtly. He knew instinctively that the Spaniard had never called Bertie Moyle by his first name during his lifetime.

Pedro laughed. “Of course—a gentleman.”

Edge was a quiet man, but he was not what is called good-natured.

“I prefer to discuss my cousin’s affairs with you alone—Isabella,” he said, using her name reluctantly.

She rose at once. “Let us go to the library.”

They talked for an hour, and at the end of that time Edge went out for a walk.

Isabella's cut-and-dried way of speaking, her queer, unwomanly comprehension of the situation, her rapid calculations and quick utterances, had surprised and puzzled him. She was so much more practical and businesslike than he himself.

The facts, laid briskly before him by her, were simply that she was not only penniless, but in debt. After she had explained all the details of the case she had risen and said, cheerfully smiling, "Isn't it dreadful?" The burden, unloaded from her shoulders and neatly packed onto his, left her apparently perfectly at ease, and he heard her singing as she went back to the drawing-room while he left the house.

The objectionable cousin and she appeared a few minutes later on the terrace, and Edge, as he crossed a distant lawn, looked at them with disgust in his pale eyes.

The cousin's presence, when he had hinted at its undesirability, she had declared to be absolutely essential to her well-being.

"Of course, you'll not like him; Bertie detested him," she had said, "but I am devoted to old Pedro."

Edge was a rich man and his wants were simple and few. Nothing easier than to pay poor Bertie's debts and settle a small income on the widow. He looked at his watch. It was six; there was a nine o'clock train for London.

With a sigh of relief he turned back to the house, and then, as he entered an avenue of old limes, stood still. Up the mottled road, his yellow hair one minute pale in the shadow, the next flashing in the evening sunlight, a little boy was riding a pony. Beside him hobbled an old, bow-legged groom. The picture was charming, and Edge recalled suddenly a day years ago when he and his younger brother had first been set on pony-back at home in Edgeham. There was a look of Teddy in the blond child's face too, and Edge felt a thrill of the passionate love for beautiful people that very plain people often know.

"Hello!" said the child as he saw the tall, gaunt man staring at him.

"Hello!" returned Edge awkwardly.

The old groom touched his bare head. "Mr. Michael, sir?"

Edge remembered him suddenly—old Biggs, whom poor Bertie had had for years.

"Yes, Biggs—Mr. Michael. This is—you are Tony," he added, still with his quaint shyness, turning to the child.

Tony slipped off the fat pony and came to him. "Are you my uncle?" he asked.

"I am—yes, I'm your uncle. I'm your papa's cousin."

The little boy's sensitive mouth quivered. "My papa's dead," he said, and then suddenly he burst into tears, his thin fingers pressed to his face.

A few minutes later Edge and the little boy entered the house together, the man's hand lying on the child's shoulder. They were friends.

Michael Edge had had so few friends in his life that the lonely child's love for him was inexpressibly sweet. The boy was strikingly like his delightful, happy-natured father, and Edge took for granted at first that the likeness was a thorough one.

In this he soon saw he was mistaken. Tony lied—not, Edge realized thankfully, with the ease and grace of the born liar, but awkwardly, and for the sake of comfort.

"You did eat that peach, Tony," he said severely. "Why did you say you did not?"

"Because mother would have whipped me." The little boy hung his head.

"It is wicked to lie."

"Mother does; and so does Cousin Pedro."

Edge frowned. Then his face cleared. "Your father did not."

Tony's lip shook as it always did at the mention of his father's name.

"I know," he whispered.

A week passed. Edge had stayed on at the inn from day to day; Herbert Moyle's lawyer had been down and the simple plan for the widow's future had been submitted to and approved by him.

There was no reason why Edge should stay any longer, but he was still there. Rameno and Mrs. Moyle watched him curiously; they did not understand.

Then one day they learned the reason of his unobstructive obstruction.

Edge had been taking a long walk, and on his way crossed the stable-yard. There, sitting in a ring on upturned barrels and buckets, he found two stable-boys and Rameno and Tony. Within the ring two game-cocks were fighting to the death in the excited silence of the little group.

"Damnation!"

The men, starting to their feet, drew back at the sight of the man's white face, and then, lifting the terrified child in his arms, Edge ran back to the house.

An hour later he found Isabella alone in the library.

"Isabella," he said shortly, "your cousin must go."

"Go? Pedro?" She jumped up and stood staring at him.

"Yes. I am—Bertie's executor, and Tony's guardian, and—it is absurd, his being here, and disrespectful to Bertie's memory. He *must* go."

Her thin face whitened slowly.

"That is a threat? I mean—about the money? You won't give it to me unless I send my only friend away from me?"

Edge winced.

"No,—" he said slowly. "I will give you the money anyway but—I must beg you to send Rameno away."

She laughed, relieved.

"He is going—next week. But he will come back. I—I cannot live without the—the help and advice of some man."

"He is not the proper man," persisted Edge shortly.

"How can I bring up a son all alone?"

"You cannot make a gentleman of the boy if that cad—I beg your pardon, Isabella——" he broke off short, annoyed with himself, and then went on quietly.

"Bertie's son must be an *English* gentleman, you know. And he must have—English influences—now, while he is so young——"

She watched his face for a moment, her eyes narrowed intently.

"I am Spanish, Michael."

"Tony is English."

"You have been very generous to give us the money, but we shall be very poor—in England. In Spain we should be rich——"

Edge frowned angrily. "Surely you would not take my money to Spain!"

"Why not?"

"But it would be—impossible."

She laughed. "You forget—I am Spanish. I have not your English exaggerated sense of honor. You have promised me the money——"

He turned to the window to hide the look that he felt on his face.

As his eyes fell on the sunny lawn he saw Rameno and Tony. The Spaniard had set the child on a flower-hung sundial and was throwing bits of chocolate into his open mouth. Edge caught a sound of Spanish words. He turned back to Mrs. Moyle, whose eyes had followed his.

"Tony is very fond of Pedro," she observed. "The child is far more Spanish than English."

"Isabella! Now, listen to me. If you will promise to give up Rameno,—and by clinging to him you lose the chance of meeting nice English people—they won't stand him, you see,—I will let Tony have a good English governess, which will relieve you of much of the care of him."

She listened, smiling lightly.

"You are very kind, Michael—and then?"

"And then I'll send him to Eton and to Oxford."

He watched her anxiously, the Spanish words still coming in at the window. Suddenly her face changed, and became kinder.

"You are very fond of him," she said gently. "You—love—Bertie's little boy?"

"Yes, I love him," Edge returned simply. "I am a lonely man, Isabella, and I will make him my heir in all probability. But I want him to be English. He *must* be English."

She nodded slowly.

"I must think it over, Michael. You are very kind. I must—tell poor Pedro. You will not mind?"

Edge took up his cap.

"Oh, no, I don't mind," he said grimly. "I'll send him in to you."

That evening Mrs. Moyle came to Edge and asked him to go out onto the terrace with her.

Edge had been upstairs in the nursery and had seen Tony asleep in his little bed. The nurse, a middle-aged English woman, had taken the occasion to ask his advice about some little matters concerning the child. "I was christened a Presbyterian, sir," she said, "but she makes 'im wear a silver medal on 'is poor, little, baby breast,—ther's the cord,—and she's taught 'im a prayer to—the saints, sir, which it isn't like a Protestant's."

"I'll speak to Mrs. Moyle, Bennett," Edge assured her. "I think Mrs. Moyle will soon engage an English governess for him."

Mrs. Moyle, who wore a scarf over her well-dressed hair in a peculiarly un-English way that evening, sat down in one of two basket-chairs at the end of the terrace and motioned Edge to the other.

He noticed a strong scent about her for the first time.

"Well?" he asked simply.

She unfurled a big fan and began using it in a way he hated.

"It—cannot be, Michael. I cannot have my boy be anything but what my father was—a Spanish gentleman."

It was so utterly unexpected that Edge was silent for a moment.

Then he said: "Your father has nothing whatever to do with it. Tony's father was English and Tony is English."

"But I—I am Spanish—oh, so Spanish! I may say that until this evening, while reflecting on your very kind offers, I never realized how Spanish I am. I am sorry to have to pain you, but—I must refuse those very kind offers. And another thing, I am going to Spain to live. If you wish to, of course you may take back the little income you promised. I recognize the justice of such a step——"

"But in that case what will you live on?"

She hesitated, wafting the hateful scent to him with a hateful movement of her fan.

"In that case I shall—marry Pedro. He has not much money for England,—only about what you offered to settle on my son and myself,—but in Spain it will suffice."

Edge felt the very ground slipping from under him. He knew that Moyle's will gave him no authority to oppose Isabella's second marriage, and she was joint guardian of the child. If she married Rameno, Tony would go to Spain. He rose.

"Do you—love Rameno?" he asked unsteadily.

She shook her head with some dignity.

"No. I am fond of him, but I do not love him. I loved my husband. But I am very fond of my own country and my own people, and—the inducements to stay here are not great enough."

"Would you let me adopt Tony?"

The thought of losing the child had suddenly become unbearable to him.

She rose and stood close to him, looking up into his agitated face.

"No. Where I go, my child goes, and where my child goes I go."

Edge was not a slow-thinking man, and after a pause he said quietly: "You mean—that you would marry me?"

"Yes. As your wife, I should have a position that would satisfy me—and compensations for the loss of my own country. You do not love me, and I do not love you, but it would be a bargain. In return for your name, your money, and your position, I give you—practically—Tony. You could make of him what you wish. He would be—English."

Edge drew a long breath. "And Rameno?"

"Oh, Pedro! Poor old Pedro—he would go back to Spain."

After a pause she went on: "There is a Moorish proverb saying that there are always two doors open to one: the door to the right and the door to the left. Here are your two doors—you must choose."

Edge did not answer.

"I am a rather clever woman," she went on impartially, "and though I am plain, I am not unattractive. Bertie loved me."

"I know," muttered Edge.

"I am very easy-going—easy to live with—and Tony would be an Englishman."

So Michael Edge married, when a decent time had elapsed, his cousin's widow. He chose the door to the right, and it closed quietly behind him forever.

Tony died at Eton, when he was eleven.

The Edges are still alive.

JACK'S BILL-BOARD GIRL

By Norval Richardson



JACK stood spellbound before the first section of the poster he had just pasted on the board. He had stepped back across the pavement, and with his feet well apart, his hands deep in the pockets of his tight knee-breeches, he lost himself in a mist of anticipation. The possibilities for speculation were really remarkable and he liked the idea of what was coming next; it gave him a satisfying sense of creating the thing himself.

What would the next section unfold to his vision if it were to be as attractive as this first?

Before him now were the most fascinating red slippers with heels unconscionably high, and coming out of them a pair of slim ankles that began to swell bewitchingly just where the paper ended.

With a sigh Jack pulled himself out of the fairy future and picked up the sheet marked number two. His hands almost shook as he unfolded it—he was so much afraid that he was going to be disappointed. Then, as the sheet lay open before him, he blinked his eyes once or twice in conjecture, for he could not make out quite what it was. However, when he stretched it out on the board, and with the glue-brush smoothed it down into place, a whole world of rippling white ruffles evolved themselves and floated out over the high-heeled slippers and fascinating ankles.

Jack's impatience grew. The glue-brush fell into the bucket, and he grabbed section number three recklessly and almost threw it into place. Then number four and five, and Jack jumped from his ladder and mopped his brow with a tattered coat-sleeve before looking up at the beautiful fairy of his own creation.

This was the most delicious moment of all; he shut his eyes and walked across the pavement again, so that when he turned around and opened his eyes she would be there in the completeness of her rose-colored glory.

And she was beautiful! Jack was not disappointed. The red slippers and rippling ruffles had grown into a long, voluminous red skirt which tapered up to the tiniest of waists and then swelled out again into a remarkably low-cut bodice. Afterwards came the most

beautiful neck and shoulders and long, slender, perfect arms encased their full length in black gloves, and between the first two fingers of the right hand was a cigarette, the smoke gently curling off into nothing.

But it was the face to which Jack glued his eyes. It was delicately oval, with huge, black eyes, and lips the fresh redness of which he had never seen before—the angelic smile was quite beyond his dreams.

Surrounding the beautiful features was a mass of golden, fluffy hair, and attached by a mere thread, it seemed to Jack, was a most stupendous hat that projected far out to the very edge of the paper.

Jack sat down on a log lying by the curb. Unconsciously he clasped his hands and his head bent forward as the magnetism of the picture made him forget everything—even that he had left the bucket of glue in the middle of the sidewalk.

He might have been there an hour, possibly two—anyhow, it seemed likely that the rest of the posters would hardly be hung that day, and it was only when a startled, indignant exclamation broke in upon his dreams that Jack awoke to real life again.

“Merciful heavens!”

Jack turned quickly, and rose much more alertly when he saw the person with the voice. Her appearance, enforcing the previous impression of her voice, was calculated to make most anyone act quickly.

She was one of those people with whom one never associates any age. They seem to be always in the undecided region of forty or thereabouts—she was neither young nor old. At this moment her hands were raised in a gesture of the utmost horror, her hard, florid face wore an indignant expression, her gray alpine hat, gold-rimmed spectacles, stiff shirt front, and heavy boots, all spoke loudly a great upheaval of shocked propriety.

From the picture she turned her glaring eyes upon Jack. In his extremity he stood one foot upon the other.

“What are you doing here, looking at that horrible picture?” Her voice was most commanding and stentorian.

Jack stole one glance back to his beautiful lady, and there was a slight twinkle in his eyes as he looked back to the woman opposite.

“Don’t you think she is pretty?” he hazarded, with a true sportsman’s love of the danger incurred.

“Pretty! What do you mean?” And then under her breath, “The tendency of the rising generation! What is to become of us?”

In a moment her eyes fell on the bucket of glue, brush, ladder, and wheelbarrow of folded papers.

"Merciful heaven!" she cried again, and Jack felt a strong hand grab hold of his chair. "Do you mean to tell me you are posting up those—those obscenities!"

Even as Jack trembled in her grasp he could not subdue his curiosity over the last word.

"Is that what you call 'em, ma'am?"

"Never you mind, youngster. Answer my question. Did you post that up there?"

"Yes, ma'am," very meekly.

"And who gave you instructions to do it? My, that a child like you should be allowed to do such a thing!"

Jack did not want to tell her, but her grasp showed no sign of relaxing. The question was repeated again before he fully made up his mind that it was best to answer.

"The manager of the theatre, ma'am."

"What is his name?"

"Mr. Dale, ma'am."

"Does he pay you for it?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How much?"

"Fifty cents for the afternoon. You see, I do it when I get out of school."

The grasp was becoming less severe.

"And how long have you been doing that sort of work?"

Jack wished he could have said months, even weeks would have given him the dignity of experience, but to come right out and say this was his first afternoon of work, even his first poster, made him even more timid in his questioner's presence.

"I just started to-day, ma'am."

The lady sighed, as though with great satisfaction.

"Good! Very good! This shall be your first and last day at this sort of work. Do you understand me? Don't you dare to put up another of those pictures!"

By this time Jack had wriggled out of her grasp, had jumped across the gutter, and was now standing a safe distance out in the street.

"But I can't stop. I'm under contract to get all those posters up this afternoon," he said, loudly defiant now. "'The Girl from Down Yonder' is going to show here Saturday night, and, you see, this is Wednesday and the advertisements must be up to-day sure, or she won't have a big house."

The dragon set her teeth firmly together. For a moment her attitude suggested deep consideration; then her face broke into what Jack supposed she considered a smile.

"If the manager of the theatre gives you fifty cents for the afternoon, I shall give you one dollar." She held out the crisp new bill across the gutter towards Jack. "Promise me that you will not put up any more of those posters."

Jack shook his head firmly.

"No, ma'am, I wouldn't take anything to stop putting up them pictures. I'd do it for nothing. I never did see anybody in my life as pretty as she is." And again his eyes sought the glorious creature in the red gown. The dragon's teeth fairly chattered now, her broad, heavy hands suddenly drew themselves into fists. Jack took a step further away.

"I shall report the manager of this theatre—and you, too, to the Mayor of this town this very evening. This place shall not be covered with such indecencies."

"I don't care what you do," Jack answered from his safe distance. "One thing—you can't stop me putting up the rest of the pictures, anyhow."

This seemed to be too much for the virtuous lady of the spectacles. She turned about suddenly with a new idea, and before Jack could realize what she meant to do she had lifted the glue-bucket and poured the contents over the neatly folded posters in the wheelbarrow.

"Now, try to put up some more of those things," she said with unsuppressed rage, stalking off down the pavement for all the world like some incensed deity.

Jack came dangerously near to weeping when he saw the hopeless condition of his future poster girls. They were all ruined. There was no use trying to put them up. There was nothing for it but to return to the theatre and tell the manager all about it. Then in impotent rage he turned and shook his fists at the retreating figure of his enemy. She was not quite half a block away yet, and it took him but a moment to pick a pebble from the street and send it skipping futilely down the pavement after her.

The loss of dignity which the shock of surprise brought to the retreating figure was sufficient for Jack; he turned to his beautiful girl with the tilting cigarette smoke, and they laughed over it together long and heartily.

II.

JACK could not understand why the manager seemed so amused when the young bill-poster returned to the theatre office with his bedraggled lot of posters.

"You see, sir," he explained, after the manager's good-natured reception of the incident, "she was mighty angry and said she was

going to report it to the Mayor of the town, and that will knock me out of my job."

Jack ended with a very solemn face, for the half dollar for his afternoon's work seemed a very remote possibility now.

"Never you mind," the manager said encouragingly, still laughing. "You go right ahead and put up all you can this afternoon. They can't stop you. There is nothing unlawful about those pictures. Here's a fresh batch."

So the remainder of the afternoon went gloriously as Jack rushed from one bill-board to another with his precious cargo. He did not stop to dream over the completed lady any more—he feared too much a repetition of the serious interruption which had made him lose so much time with his first one.

Before the early autumn twilight had dimmed the streets he had posted ten boards with "The Girl from Down Yonder," and already he had experienced the most satisfying pleasure in seeing crowds of other boys stop spellbound, even as he had, before the gorgeous lady.

But she was his—all his—and they could do nothing but stand off and look at her while he continued to build her up in radiant beauty from a few sheets of paper and a bucket of glue.

When the darkness had made it too late to do any more work he took a last glance at his enchantress. A brilliant electric light had suddenly flooded the whole street with a bright light and shone luminously upon her. It seemed to suit her better, this artificial light, even better than the searching afternoon sun. The overlapping strips where she was put together did not show so plainly and her eyes glowed more like diamonds, her décolleté gown seemed more in place. Altogether the surrounding darkness seemed to have enhanced her beauty.

A new idea rushed over Jack. What if he could see her? See her in real flesh and blood: not paper and glue. See her moving about in that gorgeous gown, see her dance and kick with those fascinating slippers, and greatest joy of all—see her smoke a cigarette. Why hadn't he thought of that before? The manager might give him a ticket, and even if he wouldn't, he could take one of his precious half dollars and get a seat in the gallery. Then he turned knowingly back to the poster for a last look and nodded to her in the most confidential manner.

"I'm going to meet you, Miss——" he hesitated over her name. It was not on the paper. "I wonder what your real name is, anyhow," he murmured to himself. "A feller can't call you 'Miss Girl from Down Yonder,' can he?" Then back to him came the memory that it must be long past supper-time, and he ran down the street at a rapid pace, not forgetting to throw one long, adoring kiss over his shoulder.

III.

"OHO," said the bully of the school to Jack the next morning, "so you got into trouble, did you?"

Jack's heart beat hard.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, only you ain't going to be allowed to put up any more nasty pictures on the streets. I told you you would get into trouble," for the bully had tried to get the same job himself.

Jack looked at him in distressed perplexity.

"Didn't you see the morning paper?" the bully asked.

Jack could only shake his head.

"Well, I heard Pa reading it at breakfast, and he said a lady had asked the Mayor to prohibit any more posters of 'The Girl from Down Yonder' to be put up. She said they weren't fit for nice people to look at."

"Well?" questioned Jack breathlessly.

"So the Mayor said he would appoint a committee to look at the pictures this morning, and if they didn't like 'em, they would have to come down."

"What time were they to meet?"

"About ten o'clock, I suppose. Why do you want to know, anyhow?"

Jack turned away listlessly and sat down at his desk.

When the teacher passed to her desk she noticed that his head was bowed on his hands—a very unusual thing for Jack.

"Good-morning, Jack," she said, stopping a moment beside him.

"What is the trouble this morning?"

Jack did not look up. "Nothing, ma'am," he said with a choke in his voice. "I just feel mighty bad."

"Perhaps you had better not stay, then," the teacher said sympathetically. Jack was one of her favorites.

"I guess I hadn't, ma'am—'cause I don't feel a bit good." So in a few moments Jack walked reluctantly out of the school, dragging one foot after the other in utter dejection until he reached the corner. Then, safely out of sight of the school-house, he fairly flew along the pavement, not stopping for a moment until he had reached the Mayor's office.

Nor was he a moment too soon, for just as he reached the steps that led down to the pavement and had sat down for a few minutes to catch his breath, six men came out of the office and walked across the street to where the largest of all the bill-boards was placed.

Jack followed them at a respectful distance, and when they had gathered on the pavement before the picture he moved up closer, so as to hear the remarks they were going to make.

"Why, there's nothing the matter with the girl."

"She's all right, I should say. She's a beauty, man, look at her shoulders."

"I wouldn't miss seeing her for a lot. When does she show here?"

"I say, she's a peach."

"That old woman was jealous—that's what's the matter with her."

All this was music to Jack's ears. The stability of the beautiful lady's position was assured, he felt confident.

The men turned away, laughing among themselves. One of them, stopping a moment to light a cigar, felt his sleeve pulled, and looking down saw a boy's face turned eagerly up to his.

"She is pretty, ain't she?" Jack's voice trembled a little in his excitement.

"You bet she is, youngster," the big man answered. "She's a peach."

"And you are going to let her stay up, ain't you?"

"Sure!"

IV.

So Jack completed his first job of hanging posters for the Fergersonville Opera House. There were forty of them altogether, and one could not possibly miss knowing that a very attractive performance was to be given Saturday evening.

The intervening days, after he had finished the pictures and was waiting for the real lady, were very long ones to Jack. He could hardly restrain himself, his impatience had become so great, after he had realized that he could see the original of all his dreaming. The manager had promised him a ticket in the gallery, and nothing was left now but to wait. Nothing else held any interest for him. He could not keep his thoughts from wandering back to her, even during recitation.

On Saturday morning he made a tour of inspection about the town to see if every poster was in good condition.

At one place a crowd of boys were adding a mustache and goatee to the lady's exquisite features, and immediately Jack got into a fisticuff which left him somewhat bruised, so that when he passed her again, and saw that a great rent had been torn out of the front of her skirt and several plumes were missing from her hat, he shut his mouth tight and walked on with a resigned expression. "After all, it's because they're jealous of her good looks," he murmured to himself in consolation, remembering what one of the men had said about her.

That afternoon, late, just before supper, he ran down to the corner to take a last peep at her. Only a few hours more and he should see her—her real, real self!

As he turned the corner suddenly he ran with force against a seemingly very solid person, and even before he looked up and saw the face he felt conscious of a certain familiarity with the shirt front before him; then the voice brought back the memory with a fearful rush.

"So, young man, we meet again!"

Jack never knew how he did it, but he sprang to the top of the bill-board and swung his legs across it. He was at a very safe distance now; there was no possible way for her to reach him.

She stood with her feet rather well apart, her hands resting on her hips, staring right up at Jack, whose gaze had now begun to border very closely on the impudent.

"You know what those men said about you that morning when they looked at her?"

He pointed to the poster below him, at the same time grinning broadly.

"What?" the stentorian voice asked commandingly.

"They said you were jealous because you were so ugly and she was so pretty. They said ugly women always hated pretty ones."

The smile on Jack's face as he spoke these words was merely seraphic.

The lady of the outraged proprieties gave him one withering glance and stalked off down the street. Jack whistled and wondered at her terrible temper, for he saw her shoulders shake convulsively as she passed from his sight.

V.

WITH the opening of the theatre doors Jack made a rush for his seat in the gallery. He never thought of the intervening distance between him and the stage, nor the stifling hot air which seemed to beat down on him from the close ceiling, nor the jostling of the crowd, and the impatient applauding of the people when the curtain did not rise promptly.

He congratulated himself that his posters had done good work, for the theatre was evidently packed. "The Girl from Down Yonder" was going to appear before a very enthusiastic audience. The "Standing Room Only" sign was already on the sidewalk.

Jack fairly stopped breathing when the curtain went up. He expected her to be right there in the middle of the stage, with her red gown, cigarette, and all the little details with which he had become so familiar.

But she was not there, nor did she appear for a long time, and Jack had begun to lean back and relax just a little—for his anticipation was growing exhausted—when a most stupendous motor car rushed out from behind the scenes and she was really there before him.

Jack knew her at once, though she did have on a long red auto-coat and carried a red parasol,—which the poster did not call for at all,—but even that could not disguise her from Jack's hawk-like gaze. He had not been looking at her and dreaming about her for four days and nights without being able to recognize her when he saw her.

She stepped daintily from the car amid the thunderous applause of the audience, lowered her red parasol, and shed the long, red coat. Now she was her real self, except for the cigarette, and even as Jack was wondering if she had forgotten that part of the picture, she sat down at one of the little tables and opened a very glittering little box and gingerly selected a cigarette. Then the waiter brought her a very tall glass of something pale green, and between the sips from the green stuff and puffs at the cigarette she began to sing the most bewitching song Jack had ever heard. He did not understand thoroughly the subject, but the way she sang the song was entirely satisfying to him.

The rest of the performance was nothing more or less than heaven. Jack remained entranced, even between the acts he did not move, he was so afraid he might lose just one minute of all this great joy.

When the curtain went down on the last act, and the people rose from their seats and began to move out, he followed reluctantly, almost with despair. It was all over now: he was to see her no more—she was going away forever. With the sting of his sorrow came one last straw which seemed to offer the possibility of still a little pleasure—he could see her when she left the theatre and got into her carriage.

So he lingered in the shadow of the stage-door until all but one of the lights had been put out, and still she did not come. Two men finally came out and stood a little way from him—he could hear their voices distinctly.

“Yes, it's a very clever advertising scheme—never fails to bring a crowd. You see, it's a case of a whole lot of free notices in the paper, and there is never any danger of Mamie being recognized when she gets her disguise on. The best part of it is that she enjoys it immensely herself. Whenever we get an empty week she tries to make the town a few days before, so the excitement can get well under way.”

The door opened with the last words and a woman in a short skirt, an alpine hat, and gold-rimmed spectacles came out and joined the two men.

Jack's heart throbbed with all sorts of sensations. What on earth could that woman be doing at the theatre? He felt certain that she was planning to hurt his girl dreadfully in some mysterious way.

But she walked away with one of the men in a most unconcerned way, and the last he saw of her she was getting into a carriage, followed

by the man. Then Jack rushed to the fellow who had been left standing at the door.

"Who was that lady?" he asked eagerly, pulling at the fellow's arm.

The big man looked down at the boy leisurely through a cloud of cigar-smoke.

"That's the leading lady of the company, kid."

"The Girl from Down Yonder?" Jack gasped.

The man nodded carelessly and walked away. Jack sat down limply on the doorstep: things were very topsy-turvy to him just at that moment—but then, you must remember, Jack was only twelve.



ORGAN MUSIC

THE music began with a movement soft, low, melodious, beyond expression, and yet strong, firm, and regular as of a thousand armed men marching to victory. It grew into volume and power till it was irresistible, yet still harmonious and perfect. Charles understood it. It was the life of a just man growing towards perfection and honour.

It wavered and fluttered, and threw itself into sparkling sprays and eddies. It leapt and laughed with joy unutterable, yet still through all the solemn measure went on. Love had come to gladden the perfect life, and had adorned without disturbing it.

Then began discords and wild sweeping storms of sound, harsh always, but never unmelodious: fainter and fainter grew the melody, till it was almost lost. Misfortunes had come upon the just man, and he was bending under them.

No. More majestic, more grand, more solemn than ever the melody reasserted itself; and again, as though purified by a furnace, marched solemnly on with a clearness and sweetness greater than at first. The just man had emerged from his sea of troubles ennobled.

—HENRY M. KINGSLEY, in "Ravenshoe."



FIREPLACES

BY ISABELLA HOWE FISKE

THE embers of the sunset
Burn red on Winter days,
And two straight polished andirons
Stand dark against the blaze.

THE ATONEMENT

By Luellen Cass Teters



A PLUMP figure in a loose blue calico wrapper stole cautiously to a crack in the door, which afforded the view of a young woman industriously sewing on innumerable fluffy pink ruffles; then, in its rotundity, it rolled softly over to a kitchen window that presented a substantial picture of a sturdy, healthy-looking man in the garden, stooping over methodical, even beds of vegetables. The calico wrapper moved again to the crack; a fat pink hand swung the door noiselessly ajar; a head crowned with an aggressive row of curl papers that lent a bristling air to a face colored with red-mottled, sagging cheeks, thrust itself into the next room.

"Eunice," breathed a sepulchral whisper, "put your sewin' away. There isn't any more use of you wastin' your time that way. You won't need that pink dress. Your pa's goin' to die."

"Pa?" The girl's brown head raised in a startled movement; her needle fell among the rosy muslins in her lap. "Oh, mother, it can't be true! Why just look at him out there in the yard; he's the picture of health. I never saw him look so well in my life."

Mrs. Dabney sank into a chair, in a blue shapeless mass.

"I know it, Eunice," she admitted, watching her husband's strong sinewy arms as he caught up a rake and vigorously uprooted some stubborn weeds. "I know it, but it's his fate. I've just got to give in to it. I tried his stars three times—an' once with tea grounds, an' it's always the same. His Saturn is powerfully bad. It blackens every good planet that aspected his horoscope. 'Tain't no use fightin' Saturn. I give that up last month when I forecasted that Liddy's new baby would have the scarlet fever, an' I told her in time for her to prevent it. An' then I forecasted old Mrs. Jennings would pass off on the seventh——"

"I remember," Eunice interrupted gently, "But none of it come true, mother. Liddy's baby wa'n't sick at all, an' everybody in town knew that old Mrs. Jennings was going to die, what with her jaundice; and besides, she lived five days after you said she'd die. I remember, 'cause our church sociable came on the twelfth, that same week. Now perhaps you've made the same mistake about pa—I promised Jed

Townsend I'd be at the masquerade party on the fifteenth, and wear this pink dress so's he'd recognize me. Minty Kent told him she'd wear blue; she's just crazy over him, and if I don't go, she'll cut me out. He's coming all the way from the city to attend it, too——" There was an intonation of stifled tears in her faltering accents, as she finished.

Her mother sat upright with injured dignity.

"Eunice," she announced solemnly, "you can't go. That's the very day his Saturn walks across his life, cuttin' it off in its manhood. Your pa is doomed to die on the fifteenth. There ain't no way out of it."

"Is—is it really true?" Eunice was impressed by her earnestness.

"True as gospel. I almost wish I didn't know it so sure; he ain't ready to die yet. There's his new suit that Frank Widener's makin', an' only the pants done—an' he throws in a grand suit case, to get his trade. An' there's all the gardenin' an' the hayin' when it comes time. Poor man, poor man—how will we ever get along without him! That brindle cow never would let me milk her——" She folded her fat hands in resignation over her ample curving lap. "But it's the will of the Lord," she added piously.

Eunice went on making ruffles; the staccato click of the machine disturbed the silence. It also recalled Mrs. Dabney to realities gradually. She arose, and began folding up the pink fabric that surrounded her daughter in shimmering masses.

"There ain't no use workin' any longer on this thing, Eunice," she declared meaningly. "It's wicked, what with death a-starin' him in the face. We'd ought to be gettin' some black mournin's ready instead."

"But, mother, there must be some mistake," Eunice persisted, unconvinced. "Why, yesterday, he ate every bit of that custard pie I baked, and three helpings of ham and eggs."

"Some of them is took that way, before," Mrs. Dabney put in grimly. "Old George Beemer that died of appleplexy spent the day before he went eatin' quince preserves an' hot butter biscuit. The doctor told him there wa'n't no hope, an', says he, callin' his wife Lulu: 'Make some hot biscuit, girl—it's the last hot bread I'll probably get——' he was that fond of them. Your pa's appletite is false; it's the last deceit of the carnal flesh. You won't need that dress, Eunice Dabney. Besides, at the seance the other night Mrs. Green said a tall man with side whiskers, an' a limp on his left side come, askin' if his brother was ready. It was your pa's brother Luke to a T, a-lookin' for him. It's too bad, I know, havin' Minty cut you out with Jed, an' there's cousin Tim's family plannin' to leave that week for the seashore—Dora made a beautiful green lawn to travel in, with

eight white lace flounces that she only paid five cents a yard for. Poor pa; it's jest his lot. He always was so unfortunate. He got shot in the heel when he was in the war, an' his bravery never got a cent of pension money for him; an' then he was doctored by a specialist for liver trouble for six months an' all the time it was his lungs; an' then he married me, an' we never had a son—only you. An' here he's goin' to die jest the month before them white peaches he was so fond of, ripens."

"Are you goin' to tell him?" Eunice asked thoughtfully, biting the thread in her mouth.

Mrs. Dabney reflected for some few moments.

"No," she decided audibly, "but I'll see old Mr. Parsons, who used to be school teacher. He does write such beautiful epitaphs, an' it'll save considerable time if I should go ahead an' order one now. Your pa's Jupiter gives him so much ambition; if it hadn't been for it he'd never have been so prominent as he is, bein' constable. Lots of men ain't riz half so high, an' they know lots more about ploughin' and such—men of eddication they are. An' his Venus gives him a great big heart for lovin' you an' me; an' his Mars made him just fighter enough to sell that boney horse for forty dollars, an' the man he sold it to never dare say one word; he knew it was no use, for your pa is a big man. Mr. Parsons can mention it all in epochs, like it does in history. Makin' poetry is jest like makin' a sunbonnet; the trimmin's go on last, but you've got to have it fit you first and sewed up strong. Now don't take on, Eunice—we've all got to go this way. Of course it's too bad your pa's time has come before he's finished his crops, an' got that suit case, but the Lord can't wait for them things when he's needin' a man angel right bad." She arose dejectedly, assuming a definite bulky outline, and the door swept her from sight.

Eunice listened until the last echo of her feet had died out; then she resumed her seat at the machine, and stealthily went on with her sewing. It was not that she doubted the insight that guided her mother in her astrological pursuits, but past failures to prophesy correctly had made her mildly skeptical. It would be as well to get the dress as near finished as possible.

"Eunice!" she heard her father calling her from the garden. "I declare to goodness but this bride rose is jest full of buds—the first time in years. It's meanin' a weddin'—come out an' see the size of this bud." She essayed to complete a frill before replying, impatient to have all of the trimmings in readiness.

"Yes, pa," she replied hastily, starting anew on another strip, her feet swiftly moving up and down the pedals. There was a sudden click as of machinery balking against over-pressure. No strength of

her hands could move the stubborn wheel. She threw her work aside in annoyance, running out to where her father stood.

"I wish you'd fix the machine for me, pa," she said under her breath, as soon as she got out of earshot of her mother who was peering dismally at them out of the kitchen window. Mr. Dabney followed his daughter into the sitting room, and began to apply his efforts towards remedying the state of affairs. He unscrewed the top of the machine where the foot piece was, rolling it back out of the way, so that he could jerk out a refractory thread that had twisted in the machinery below, causing the whole trouble. There was a sharp noise, and the heavy top fell smartly on his thumb, summoning a distinct cry of pain to his lips. The sound of distress succeeded in bringing in Mrs. Dabney, and Eunice, mindful of her mother's premonition fluttered around in an excitement that bordered on superstitious fear. Between them they bathed the injured member in hot water, and hustled around the groaning man until their lamentations and half suppressed exclamations of commiseration engendered for him a splitting headache.

"I think I'd feel better lyin' down, mother," he confessed after an uncomfortable deluge of cold water on his head, and a forced injection of herb tea that puckered up his mouth. Mrs. Dabney and Eunice exchanged significant glances at his words; it was the beginning of the fulfilment of the omen.

"Yes, pa," said Mrs. Dabney meekly, overcoming her housewifely scruples about having her bed mussed before night-time. "I don't suppose you be wantin' hot biscuit, too?" There were in her mind fleeting recollections of her esteemed and deceased townsman's material cravings.

"Not till eatin' time," he answered. "But I would like some of that strawberry wine you was savin' for Eunice's weddin' if it ever took place," he suggested.

Mrs. Dabney swallowed the protest in her throat.

"Give it to him," whispered Eunice, rattling the tea kettle that was in her hand while she spoke. "His stay is so short—I guess the stars told the truth——"

"It's a week from to-morrow," sighed her mother as her feet started on the creaking cellar stairs. "Poor man, poor man!—an' none of them white peaches ripe yet, an' he ain't got his new suit case with that suit of clothes——" The syllables of her unctuous voice floated through the yawning darkness. Eunice shivered timidly. The very unexpectedness of the accident was a confirmation of the hinted disaster. It was plainly her manifest duty to abandon all thought of wearing her pink dress, or of attending the masquerade party. She mentally tried to resign herself to the prospect of Minty Kent walking

off triumphantly with her lover; but her acquiescence went no deeper than her lips.

After Mr. Dabney was made drowsy with a copious glass of the thick syrupy beverage, and shut up in the bedroom, her mother followed the girl from the room.

"We'll get old Mrs. Foster to set by him an' watch him this afternoon, while you an' I go to the store an' lay in some black goods, Eunice," she said impressively. "An' then you can come on home an' look up the patterns while I stop in an' see old Parsons about the epitaphs—somethin' suitable for a prominent constable. I've been thinkin' it over some, an' it would be nice to have somethin' like a handcuff carved in granite, an' words about his bein' arrested by angels an' took off to the jail of Paradise. That would please pa immensely; he's that proud of his prominence. I—I don't mind tellin' you, Eunice, that I got some black bordered writin' paper when I was in town last, for three dozen eggs, knowin' it would come in handy some time. I'll use a sheet of it now on Tim, he's so fond of stylish things—that man always carries a pocket handkerchief, jest like a city dude. I'll ask them not to go to the seashore—they expected to have a grand time there—an' mix in with fashionable folks every day. Tim was goin' to have a lemonade stand." She heaved a doleful sigh, wiped the corner of one eye with her sleeve, and disappeared in the house with ponderous grace.

Eunice remained on the porch; sweet, forbidden thoughts of her lover came to her; she wondered if she had the strength to renounce him at all. Then she sharply upbraided herself for her lack of filial duty, and tortured herself with innumerable realistic pictures of the awful day of her parent's demise.

They put on their plainest dresses later in the day, after old Mrs. Foster, who officiated in turn at births and deaths with stoical indifference, had been summoned by Eunice's call over a perspective of back fences. Visibly, Mrs. Foster abounded with unexpected angles and bones. She had a predatory nose that seemed to play vigilance over the highway of her mouth, and its habitual expression was indeed not charitable toward the wordy merchandise that it emitted. In fact, it gave her a doubting air, and for that reason perhaps one entered into lengthier explanations with her than was necessary.

Mrs. Dabney and Eunice walked briskly down the street, returning the merry greetings of passing friends with grave salutations..

"Sick, Mrs. Dabney?" asked an inquisitive neighbor in a red and white dress, heavily blocking their path. "You're goin' round with a mile on your face, it is that long——"

"Mr. Dabney ain't well," Mrs. Dabney explained briefly, hurrying by.

"What's the matter of him?"

"It's his Saturn." Mrs. Dabney cast the words over her retreating shoulder.

"It must be one of them new city diseases he's got," confided the boldly striped dress to the nearest neighbor, eager to impart the information. "Every time the doctor gets a patient he jest makes up a different name for it. I guess it's his appendick after all, an' he's lots worse than she lets on. Poor man! I wonder if Mrs. Dabney won't marry again? I seen old Mr. White's horse hitched at their gate two hours by my clock last week. It looks suspicious."

The two women reached the store in haste, selecting their purchases of black alpaca and dense black veils, much to the apparent perturbation of a speculative storekeeper whose stealthy methods of interrogation failed to elicit the meaning of their sombre preferences. A handsome young man in blue overalls followed them most of the way home, finally overtaking them as Mrs. Dabney's fleshy form turned in at the gate of a neat white cottage at whose front window a stooped greyish man peered over a huge book, like Father Time deep in his chronological accounts.

"May I speak with you, Eunice?" he called out gently. The girl quickly cast her head around, recognizing, with a tender blush, the familiar inflections.

"We haven't time, Jed," her mother answered for her, pushing her on. "Eunice an' I are in a hurry."

"Oh, very well," he replied curtly. "I was only goin' to ask Eunice to go buggy ridin' to-night—it's full moon. But I guess I can find some one else——"

"Oh, mother!" Eunice's clear eyes glittered with tears. "He'll get Minty——" Townsend's lithe figure was fast disappearing up the street; the white latticed supports of budding honeysuckle vines showed over the porch of the Kent house, above the cloudy yellowish tops of greenening trees, a few rods before him.

"How can you act that way, Eunice Dabney?" Her mother reprovingly pinched her arm. "After all the big Venus your poor pa has for you too, an' you not carin' to be at his bedside these last precious days of his stay on earth—it's real ongrateful of you——" Her speech touched a vibratory chord in the girl's heart. She felt as culpable as she was made to appear. She stole noiselessly into the house, seeking out Mrs. Foster at once to ascertain what new conditions might have arisen in their absence.

"He's not peart at all." Mrs. Foster's nose seemed to sniff the air with suggestiveness. "I woke him up an' gave him three cups of dandelion tea—we'll do all that science can, but he's been in a heavy

spell since you folks left. He's liable to be delirious when he wakes up—big men like him acts like maniacs sometimes——” Eunice waited to hear no more; she ran upstairs to her little white-papered room in the attic, weakly crying. The firm tread of her mother as she returned from her quest at Mr. Parsons's took her downstairs again. Mrs. Dabney was always chary of imparting news, selfishly withholding it as long as possible from ready ears. It was so that she held back whatever of the delightful joys of life passed to others, through her hands, until the relish of enjoyment was marred by the crust of too prolonged delay. She first slowly laid away her bonnet in a band-box, placing her gloves with rigid outstretched fingers on top of it and leisurely covering them with tissue paper. Then she seated herself carefully on the edge of the sofa. From out the depths of her shopping bag she took a huge sheet of paper, and majestically unfolded it, extending it to her daughter who had relapsed into a seat facing her.

“Read it,” she continued. “It's the grandest thing I've ever heard since Judge Weston orated in the Grove the Fourth of July, an' had to have his tonsil took out from screamin' so loud. Mr. Parsons wrote it for Will Chambers, when he was sheriff an' died from kidney trouble. But his widow didn't like the way he compared his drowsy to water of Jordan, so she took another pome in which he called death a harvest hand cuttin' the oats afore it was ripe. This one is jest what I want—I only paid two dollars for it, an' see all them verses. There's twenty-three, an' every one has two big words in it. Mr. Parsons is a splendid scholar. He was makin' a conundrum when I called. Read the first three verses out loud, Eunice, an' jest let me enjoy their poetry. It's worth dyin' for——” She leaned back against the hard wall behind her, in a receptive attitude.

Eunice cleared her throat, first swallowing hard. Her heart throbbed laboriously. She essayed a few lines, and broke off convulsively, with streaming eyes.

Mrs. Dabney reverentially put it away in her black bag.

“We'll have it published in the paper, after he's gone,” she remarked in a muffled tone, in which her grief could not completely efface the ring of triumphant pride. “Poor man—poor man—whatever will we do without him!—that brindle cow nearly hooked me once.”

The appetizing dishes Mrs. Foster urged upon them at supper, a meal that she had prepared herself with great glee because of the well-filled pantry shelves, remained untasted. They were leaving the dining table when Mr. Dabney's voice rang out loudly from the bedroom.

“It's deliriums,” croaked Mrs. Foster, her angular red arms high on her hips. “Old John Dixon raved that way before he went.”

Eunice, flitting to the room and back, was biting her lips nervously.

"He wants hot biscuit," she quavered tearfully.

Mrs. Dabney threw her apron over her head, softly crying. "That's the way old George Beemer was took," she said brokenly.

"Shall I make some?" Mrs. Foster awaited orders.

"You might as well; it don't make much difference now." Mrs. Dabney's mouth drooped mournfully at the corners. "I've got this letter all ready for Tim. You can drop it in the mail box as you pass, goin' home, Mrs. Foster. It's my duty to notify him."

"Yes it is; an' you'd better engage a undertaker, too. It's their busy season now, what with green fruit comin' on. There's one at Belleville that does things so stylish; him an' I often work together; he always wears a white flower in his coat as if he was goin' out to a party. An' what, say I, is the use of makin' death so sad lookin' with black? Why can't it be like a young girl's weddin'? It's the journey to the Lord, an' why should we cry over any one gettin' the invitation to come first? When they lay me out, Mrs. Dabney, I jest want my brightest dress put on, my high laced boots for walkin', my bonnet with the red roses, my kid gloves, an' my new purse that Liddy sent me Christmas from town for carin' for her when her baby come, with the five dollar piece in it—jest as if I was settin' out to take the train, an' wanted to look my purtiest so's to attract attention an' make a fine impression on my friends when I got there. That's the way I want it—I don't want no snivelin' after me—but congratulations, jest as when a mother brings her child safely into the world—I'll be gettin' safely out of it—that's the idee." She tossed her gray head, whisking clouds of flour through the sieve, and plunging her rough red hands into the snowy mass as she squeezed whitish lumps of lard through her fingers.

An atmosphere of sorrow menaced the tranquillity of the house for the next few days; the whirr of the machine kept a seamstress occupied with black garments that made dark spots in corners of the rooms where they were scattered whenever Mr. Dabney's springy step sounded. For he had arisen, despite the efforts of his estimable wife, who simply regarded his action as evidences of the fever's madness, and reluctantly allowed him the privileges of the house. True it was that his finger still pained him, for the nail had been partially severed by the accident, and this augmented his wife's belief in his approaching demise. The enforced confinement in the house had paled the weather-bronze of Mr. Dabney's skin, simulating the appearance of ill health, and under the circumstances work was practically impossible for him, with a lame hand.

Mrs. Dabney sought out Eunice a morning later; there was a letter in her hand.

"Tim's takin' the first train here," she said abruptly. "It's only one day more now—he's fadin' away like a purty flower, poor man. Eunice, tell Mis' Sanders not to make your alpaca so short in front. I jest happened to remember. Oh, did you see Jed drive by with Minty last night? Well, don't you care; he ain't worth spillin' a tear over—he don't know anything but law books, and raisin' chickens; he never could even milk a cow. Jest you wait, you'll get even with him. I invited one of them college chaps over to the funeral; he's writin' for the paper now, an' he's real smart for a college graduate. Them boys ain't of much use in the world—some way books ruin them. Poor pa—has he raved any to-day?"

"He seems all right," Eunice listlessly replied; an intolerable anguish raged within her at the thought of her lover's perfidy; she wanted to get away by herself, from curious eyes. She fell to counting off the hours, on that fateful day on which her mother had prophesied the passing away of her father.

Mr. Dabney spent the morning in the garden, and returning exhausted from the hot sun, stretched full length on the sofa and dozed off to sleep.

Toward noon, the rumble of wheels took Mrs. Dabney and Eunice to the front door. A little obese man in an obviously new suit, and a high shouldered young woman, looking uncomfortable in her thick black dress, were descending from a station wagon. It was cousin Tim and his wife.

"Poor Persis!" Dora fell on the older woman's neck, while her husband supported Eunice's drooping form. "We're heart broken. How have you laid him out? Does he look natural like? We've brought these everlastin' flowers, in a pillow. I remember cousin Dab. liked purple, so we had them dyed on purpose, jest like the necktie he used to wear. Them letters say R. I. P.—Repose in peace. We'll put that on top of the grave."

The women broke into long shuddering wails; neither one could find utterance for the truth, under such a vivid conjuration. They led the way into the house, Tim with an arm around his two weeping relatives. Midway, the procession halted. Mr. Dabney, the heartiest personification of health and robustness it was possible to find, stood before them, with outstretched hand of welcome.

"Well, Timmy, this is a grand surprise—but what's the matter—you're all in black—?"

"Well, I never expected to see you up, cousin Dab," Dora put in hastily, receiving a significant kick from Mrs. Dabney's nearest foot. Mr. Dabney laughed with the exuberance of unimpaired vitality. Under cover of the noise, his wife made her escape into the kitchen,

and Eunice tiptoeing silently after, saw that she was making an enormous bundle of the recently purchased mourning garments, stationery and all. Through the window Eunice had caught sight of Jed's shining black buggy with its glossy red wheels; he was probably on his way to take Minty out for a drive, and a quiver of jealousy rushed bitterly through her. She burst into tears, and her mother turned sharply around from her labors of tearing some dense veils into shreds. There was still the sinister purple pillow to be stuffed away some place.

"What on earth, Eunice——" she began in astonishment.

"Oh, mother, he's going for Minty—she's taken him away from me!" Eunice sobbed hysterically.

Mrs. Dabney desisted from her task, rapidly making a mental review of the ruins her own hand had effected. Her self-flagellation was complete. "I'd ought to make some atonement," she muttered to herself. A quick glance showed her that Jed's buggy had not yet passed the confines of the barnyard. She darted rapidly through the door, wildly waving her arms at him. But pride has a stoicism of its own, and the shining wheels rolled on.

"Jed——" Her voice sang out resonantly. She flourished the purple pillow of immortelles in her arms. Its significant shape and color succeeded in stopping him. He looked around in alarm.

"Anything the matter?" He threw the words back. Mrs. Dabney, with sudden astuteness, divined the seriousness of the occasion. What reply she would make would either mar or insure her daughter's future happiness. An inborn artfulness leaped to the surface.

"Eunice——" She hardly knew what to say, and paused mutely.

"Eunice——" He took the word from her. Under his tanned skin the color receded from his face, leaving it ashen. She knew then that, in his heart, her daughter had no rival in his affections.

"Eunice wants to see you," she stammered.

"Oh, if that's all——," he heaved a sigh of relief, "I guess I can't stop now; I've asked Minty to——"

"Eunice ain't well," Mrs. Dabney interrupted him with spirit; "I'm afraid she's goin' to be took. I casted her stars, an' they all point to a—a—a early——" She could not finish before the merciful pleading of his eyes, but she made a meaning gesture with the emblem of sorrow in her hands. It was the last throw. He hesitated; then he turned around, and drove back to the gate.

"Where—where—is she?" he asked penitently. She watched him as he walked up to the door, and the sharpness of Eunice's little tearful cry at sight of him went straight to her heart.

"I guess I've made my atonement," Mrs. Dabney consoled herself

as she softly journeyed around to the kitchen door in the rear. "I'll give these black things to Mrs. Foster if she'll help me get dinner for them all—I'll have to make recompensation for bein' sech an old fool an' spoilin' her time. But I'll jest relieve his mind after they've made it all up by tellin' him that it looked like a early marriage the stars pointed to."



WINTER'S WOOING

BY MINNA IRVING

WHERE gypsy Autumn sat alone
 Beside the sumac's flame,
 Old Winter with his frosty beard
 In haste a-wooing came.
 He told her of his palaces
 Among the northern snows,
 Where like a bonfire in the sky
 The bright aurora glows.

Then she took off her crimson cloak,
 And doffed her russet shoes,
 And left her yellow petticoat
 Upon the frozen dews,
 And now behold her as she stands
 Arrayed in all the pride
 Of snowy satin, lace, and pearls,
 King Winter's royal bride.



REMINISCENCE

BY FRANK LEO PINET

A GAP among the hills,
 And a white road through the trees;
 A gap among the hills,
 And some few memories.

The river winding down,
 And willows bending low;
 The river winding down,
 And things of long ago.

IS A SURPLUS MORE OF A MENACE THAN A SURETY ?

By W. L.



THE investigation of several great Life Insurance Companies has become matter of universal interest, for the revelations point to germane conditions in other financial organizations as well. The public is manifestly amazed by the, to them, astounding abuses of the resources of these great corporations to the advantage of those in positions of trust connected therewith; but do the financiers of the age share this surprise? Probably not, for their intimate association with the sources from which large sums of money are constantly derived has familiarized them with the abuses that pervade the financial management of many of our great corporations. This does not imply necessarily that funds are stolen, or that the courses adopted must be construed as criminal, but, as evinced in the development incidental to the investigation of the affairs of the Insurance Companies referred to, the interests of the *real owners* of these great properties have been disregarded in a shameful manner.

With a full knowledge of such facts, the average stockholder does not make the least effort to rectify the evil. Recently the writer had a discussion with a friend regarding the relative merits of the management of two great Railroad Companies, and contended that the company in which he was interested was managed with scrupulous honesty, while the company in which his friend had a holding of thousands of shares was conducted notoriously to the advantage of the chiefs of its departments. The friend admitted the facts, but said: "You have your company managed honestly and have not had a dividend for years, while we have never failed to receive dividends annually. Now I should rather be robbed and get a dividend, than have your honest management and get nothing."

This one sentence presents the view of very many stockholders: they are satisfied so long as they receive a fair return for their investment, and do not bother themselves about details of management—forgetting that some day their neglect may result in loss or even ruin. This "so-long-as-I-get-a-share" feeling of contentment on the part of the stockholders helps largely to encourage carelessness in the conduct of the affairs of all companies.

But on a too large Surplus, rather than in other conditions, rests

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the responsibility for many evils, though it is not only in the mismanagement of these surplus funds and in careless purchases that the stockholders suffer, but in unwarranted salaries, in expensive office buildings, and in the short hours of work for the employees: all the outgrowth of a surplus to which the same responsibility does not attach as would be the case if such funds were directly represented by shares of stock.

Is there any good reason for spending hundreds of thousands of dollars in elaborately decorated piles of marble or granite, furnished luxuriously with mahogany-partitioned offices, when a substantial and moderately decorated structure with neat but inexpensive interior fittings would answer the same purpose? I do not refer to office buildings which are a source of income, but to buildings limited to the use of the companies that erected them.

Is there any reason why the clerk of a corporation should be required to give his services from nine o'clock to four only, while the clerk of the merchant and of the manufacturer is required to be at his desk from eight o'clock until six, with supposedly similar allowance of time for the midday meal? Yet the merchant and the manufacturer are probably the controlling owners of the stock of corporations maintaining rules greatly at variance with those observed in their own establishments!

Incidentally it may be asked why the hours of government officials are so much shorter than those of the tax-payers who really pay these salaries? This is another demoralizing factor in business economy.

To state that an over-large surplus in many corporations is more of a menace than a surety seems paradoxical, but when it is considered that excessive surplus encourages extravagance, induces unwarranted risks, and is available to cover the losses of mismanagement, the statement does not appear too strong. Besides, a surplus derived from the earnings of any company is nothing more nor less than an enforced assessment of the stockholders, on the part of the management, for additional capital. For instance: a company earns annually 15% profit on its capital of \$100,000.; it pays a dividend of 5% and places 10% to its surplus account. At the end of ten years, if the company is able to continue this course, its real capital is doubled—the original \$100,000. remaining intact and a surplus of \$100,000. having been accumulated from profits that belong to the stockholders. Thus the stockholders have been obliged by the management practically to pay for a duplicate of every share of stock originally subscribed.

Would it not have been more just to have distributed so much of the earnings as the safe conduct of the business would allow, and have had new stock subscribed when additional capital was required? The officers of the company will say "No!" And why? Because they have been earning 15% on the original capital of 100,000. *with* the use of

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the accruing surplus, without being called upon to show a cent for its use! In other words, the company at the end of ten years really has a capital of \$200,000. yet declares its dividends on \$100,000., being thus enabled to make a better showing of its earnings by placing the percentage on the smaller amount. Such a course is deceiving to many, who do not appreciate that whatever surplus exists is, in effect, just so much more capital.

Remember, the surplus of nearly every company in existence is used in its business with all the risks attending the use of its capital, and when it is impaired to any amount the resources of the company suffer to just that extent. Some will say that dissatisfied stockholders may dispose of their stock at the premium which often accrues to the value of stock in proportion to the surplus; but this is not always possible. The writer knows of the case of a party whom we will call Blank, who inherited a life interest in 100 shares of a trust company. At the time his interest began the capital of the company was \$2,000,000., the surplus \$2,000,000., and its dividends 12% per annum;—at present the capital remains the same, and the surplus is \$6,000,000., yet the dividend is only increased to 18%; so while the dividend has been increased only one-half, the surplus has been tripled from earnings from which Blank can never secure any proportionate benefit, having no right to sell his interest, or even to will it. This is certainly a bitter, if not an unfair, experience as the result of the management preferring to accumulate an enormous surplus rather than to increase the dividends!

A moderate surplus may be allowed as a wise provision to meet some unusual percentage of loss without impairment of capital, but the only other good excuse for a surplus is that in some States the capital only is taxed, and in the form of a surplus additional capital is secured free from taxation.

How many railroad companies have a large surplus? Few indeed. The course the successful railroad companies adopt is not to cut the dividends to secure new capital, but to issue new stock when additional capital is required. Should not other corporations do likewise?

While discussing the question of the surplus funds of corporations, it is not out of the way to call attention to a fact often overlooked in the consideration of the strength of a National Bank. Few realize that such a bank with a small capital and large surplus is often not as strong in respect to security for its depositors as one with a large capital and a small surplus. This is due to the condition named in the charter of the National Bank to the effect that the stockholders are responsible for an *additional* amount equal to its capital, which, in case of embarrassment, renders the assets greater in proportion to the greatness of its capital. For instance, a National Bank with a capital of \$500,000. and a surplus of \$1,500,000. would have resources,

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independent of its deposits, of double its capital in addition to its surplus, in all \$2,500,000.; while one with a capital of \$1,500,000. and surplus of only \$500,000. would in like manner have resources equal to \$3,500,000.; showing that, owing to the double liability of the stockholders, while both banks were using the same amount (\$2,000,000.) in their business, the strength of the one with the greater capital is \$1,000,000. more than the other, notwithstanding the large surplus of the former.

In the foregoing the writer has not attempted to cover the question of the abuses of corporation management, but merely to call attention to certain points that may not have occurred to all of his readers. It will be admitted that a provident and honest management may do much to mitigate the evils of an excessive surplus, but the temptation still remains.

The main question is, What can be done to correct these abuses? Publicity has been suggested as one remedy; and legislation can certainly do something to improve the situation, but the result of the latter expedient might justify the remark so often made in regard to other interests, that "there is not so much need of new laws as there is need of insistence on the observance of those already made!"

One great fault is the want of direct pecuniary liability on the part of the chief officers and directors who handle both capital and surplus. Would it not be a good provision of a charter that a president should hold at least a specified pecuniary interest in his corporation; and should not his salary be partially dependent on the net earnings of his company? That the president and higher officials of some corporations should receive the enormous salaries paid to them regardless of the earnings of the company is unbusinesslike, and unjust to the stockholders, and certainly does not render attention to "the ways and means" as keen as would be the case if the amount of the remuneration of the officials depended on the result of their labors.

As to the directors, no man should be allowed to have a voice in the management of any corporation organized for profits who has not a pecuniary interest in it sufficient to induce his attention to its welfare. The greater the surplus the greater the necessity for this provision. Keep the number comprising a board within reasonable limits, and remunerate the members attending the meetings. It is astonishing to notice how largely the meetings of boards are attended, even by millionaires, when the inducement is five dollars for each director present at each meeting! Many contend that if the conditions of membership of a board are made severe, it would be difficult to secure directors. So much the better. We would then have fewer flim-flam companies to interfere with the business of legitimate corporations, and stricter administration of both capital and surplus.

THE HOUSE ON FAYETTE STREET

By Jane Belfield



BUT you are entirely unreasonable, Kate. It is merely a whim of yours that I should read those letters.”

“It is not a whim,” replied the girl earnestly as she leaned forward, clasping her hands, “it is a trust. You do not seem to comprehend. This woman cannot speak for herself,—poor girl,—shut in that dreadful place. Jack, let me tell you something. I had a bowl of goldfish once, and I didn’t understand how to take care of them. I changed the water each day, and I fed them—too much, perhaps. But every morning some of those fish were found floating on the top, turned over—dead. Then there were only three left,—one a little Japanese fish,—and I dreaded to look next morning. The fish couldn’t speak, could they? They just swam around and died. Yet all through the day they seemed to be saying to me, ‘Why don’t you find out what is the matter?’ At last there was only one left, the little, slim Japanese. It was so vigorous. I watched it dart in and out, so full of life! When it came to the surface to be fed I said, ‘Well, little fish—you shall not die.’ And so I intended to take it back to the city and ask the dealer what to do; but on that very morning I found this one, too, turned over, floating dead on the top of the water,—a little, shining, weak thing that I might have saved.”

“And so——” he continued, as the girl hesitated a moment.

“And so—it is the dreadful silence that appeals to me—the helplessness of things that are shut in, like the soundless cry of those goldfish! Animals, prisoners, the sick, the oppressed, the young of things! Ah, I know you think me foolish! But most of all, Jack, most of all, this woman whom I ought to find and know and speak for, because her life has touched yours, and because I understand how such things may be.”

“Well, dear,” said the man, tossing his cigar over the veranda and taking her hands, “since this affects you so deeply, suppose we review the case. Suppose I bring the calcium rays of my legal acumen to bear upon it?”

"If you would only be serious, Jack—as serious as the facts demand."

"I will, then—for your sake. But let us see how serious these facts really are. Now, we proceed to business. You have there, in your lap, a packet of letters."

"Three," she assented.

"Three. You received them from Alice Drake, the nurse in charge of Miss Winston at the sanitarium. Miss Winston, whom I have seen quite occasionally at my sister's, and for whom I conducted a little law business, is confined in this private insane asylum—a sufferer, says Nurse Alice, from melancholia, induced by an unhappy love affair. You and my sister Nell at the bazaar in aid of the hospital accidentally meet this nurse, who appears somewhat startled on being introduced to Miss Raynor. 'What name, did you say?' she asks Nell. 'Did you say Raynor? Are you related to the lawyer' (did Nurse Alice say 'celebrated,' Kate?)—'the lawyer, Mr. John Raynor?' 'Slightly,' replies Nell loftily; 'he is my brother.'"

"Why will you be so frivolous, Jack?" sighed Kate.

Quite unmoved Jack went briskly on with his résumé of the situation. "'Ah,' says Nurse Alice, heaving an expansive sigh of relief, 'I am so glad to meet you! I have a packet of letters addressed to your brother, written by a patient of mine at the hospital. It is against the rules to post them. And yet—this case is so pathetic. I take such an interest in the patient; and she is always asking whether I have delivered them. Indeed, I think she knows I have not. Do let me bring them to you, Miss Raynor—then you can decide about giving them to your brother.' At this, in the presence of my fiancée" (Jack paused to kiss the hands in his), "the righteous Nell bridles. 'That is a very strange tale,' says she. 'Why should a woman in your sanitarium write letters to my brother?' 'Because she was and still imagines herself to be in love with him,' says nurse. 'How perfectly outrageous!' cries the righteous one, 'and how utterly impossible! Jack never could have given her any cause. Why, who is it? What's her name?' 'Since I am to bring you the letters,' continues nurse, 'you might as well know. It is Miss Winston.' 'Miss Winston?' repeats Nell, now really grieved. 'Oh, that could not be! Surely it cannot be Jack, it must be some other man. She is my friend. She only knew my brother in a business way. Outside of that, I don't believe she ever had a private conversation with him in her life. It is too horrible. No—no—you are mistaken. She would have let me know it. I went to school with Miss Winston, then lost sight of her for years. But since she came back, before her illness, we were intimate again. Don't you believe it, Kate,' she continues, turning to

you and explaining proudly to Nurse Alice, 'this lady is his fiancée, Miss Drake—so, you see, there must be another man.' 'Oh, I am sorry!' stammers the nurse, much embarrassed at having spoken before you, 'I should not have troubled you, but——' 'You need not be sorry,' interrupts my own girl, coming gallantly to the rescue, 'you couldn't have done differently. I am extremely glad—and grateful to you. And since I am to marry Mr. Raynor, will you trust the letters to me? I promise you he shall read them.' And forthwith the said letters are thankfully delivered into your hands."

"And you refuse to read them," continued the girl.

"Because——"

"Because you are afraid to harrow yourself unnecessarily! It is babyish! It is cowardly! Why, Jack, you ought—you really ought—to go and see her there!"

"Really?" said the man with a low laugh.

"Really!" she repeated. "Just think of that woman, shut in an insane asylum—all on account of you—hoping every hour that you will come! If any man were confined in such a place on account of me, I should feel obliged to go and see whether things were fair to him. Now, Jack, you know—it might be somehow, a little—your fault. And perhaps she isn't really crazy, and you are too indifferent, or too lazy, or——"

"See here, little girl," interrupted Jack, pressing her gently back into the chair from which she had arisen in her excitement, "just swallow the brine. Now—there's a dear! Don't let your imagination run away with you. I will tell you something. There is insanity in her family. The law business I transacted hinged on that. If she hadn't gone crazy on this subject, she would have over something else. You know that I never gave her any occasion. I am simply an accommodating peg to hang the family insanity on."

"But if you would satisfy yourself that she really is insane—if you would go there!"

"She would probably throw her arms around my neck and whisper, 'Let's get out of this place!'"

Kate reflected. "Well, we must see—and in the meantime you will read these letters?"

"It isn't necessary," he insisted. "Why not burn them and the whole unpleasant subject?"

"Because I can't get rid of it that way! Because her cry is in my ears! It is worse—it is far worse—than being haunted by the ghost of the goldfish!"

"Then," said Jack, "I suppose I must read them. But you don't understand. The institution probably turns out a bushel of such stuff every day."

"But you will read them?"

"To please you, mind. I'm not heartless; but I haven't a conscientious scruple in the case. Of course, I'm sorry for the poor girl; but that's all."

Kate beamed. "You are a dear," she said, "and I don't blame any one for loving you, Jack. Perhaps, now, if you didn't love me, I might be there myself."

"You are generous," he laughed.

"We can both afford to be," she said.

Jack assented with a kiss.

"Well, after I have read these letters will you look them over, Kate?"

"Oh Jack! Her secret—I couldn't. I oughtn't to."

"Well, as you wish—but I'd like you to know the whole story. I'm off then, with my marching orders signed, sealed, and delivered. And to-morrow night you shall know the fatal result."

"What you think about her state, and whether there is anything we ought to do, and——"

"How far I should feel accountable, and so on. Now, give me an extra for being so pliable! Yes? Ah, good-night, Mademoiselle of the Tender Heart and——"

"And Goldfish Ghost," supplied Kate with a smile and a sigh.

Alone in his study, Jack lit the lamp and drew up his chair. He placed the letters carefully on the table, in order, as they were numbered. Then he put on his slippers and smoking-jacket. "I shall make myself extremely comfortable in the body," he mused with a whimsical smile, "since I am about to be made deucedly uncomfortable mentally. But anything to please her—bless her heart! It's a sensitive one. Well, here goes for number one!" He opened the first letter. It had been written very hurriedly, though in a fine, firm hand.

FROM THE HOUSE ON FAYETTE STREET.

"I am writing to you from Here, John—that is, they call it That. I heard some one say, 'What is this Place?'—and another one answered, 'It is the house on Fayette Street.' But don't believe it, John—don't you believe it, my dear love. It is not on Fayette Street. It is not Anywhere. It is Out of Things! Yes, my dear—I am Out of Things! So I write to tell you how to find me. Ah, but you have not started yet! Have you? You must not start till I send you the clew. I do not wish you to go the wrong way! I do not wish you to be lost or hurt in getting Here. Listen, my dear—I will tell you a secret. Ah, but you must not tell! My parlor is up a winding

stair. But you can reach it by the rose-vine that climbs in my window.

"We are all dead Here; and we have been divided. I am not with the sheep. You must not look for me on that side. You must ask the Master of the Goats!

"And the rose-vine will show you the way. The rose-vine knows me. I pour my pitcher out upon it every morning; and the rose looks up and thanks me. If I am too ill to get out of bed, I hear it crying, 'Come with water! Why does she not come with water?' Then I try to rise. And then the Dragon who guards me—she has seven heads—could she be a woman, John, and have seven heads?—the Dragon says, 'I will water the rose. You must not get up.' But the rose will not drink her water. It keeps on crying, 'I want the other—the other one must bring me water.'

"So then they let me do it. I put my Fancies by, so the Dragon cannot get at them. Oh John, I have such beautiful Fancies! All day long they hide, so she cannot see them. They are under the bed, and in the closet, and behind the clothes-press—and I have even packed them away in the boxes and shelves. But at night, when the Dragon sleeps, I sit up in bed and beckon, and all my Fancies come out and sit with me. So I am never alone. We wait for you, my Fancies and I. And there is even a shy one who comes in the window at nights. I may not tell you her name. She never speaks to me, but always smiles, with her finger on her lips. She comes from the rose—I smell it on her dainty mouth.

"Perhaps you think you are alive, John—but you are not. You are dead. Only, I fear, they have put you with the sheep. But to-morrow night I shall know. If you do not come, I shall take one of my Fancies, and we will turn into a rose-vine—like this one—and climb up and look in your window, and cry to you—

"Come with water—come with water, John!"

"Where is the sheepfold?"

"Ah, the rose is calling to me now! I must pack all my Fancies away—the glad ones and the sad ones and the gay ones—for I hear the Dragon coming. They will not let me write to you at night, when my shy Fancy comes from the rose. But we will tell you together—some day—she and I!

"Again the rose is calling! Are you glad, rose—that I am not with the sheep?"

Jack put down the letter, and glanced around the room in vague bewilderment as to where he might be. Then he took up the next.

FROM OUT OF THINGS.

"Didn't you hear me? *Can't* you hear me? I called and called all night! My Fancies grew so tired they could not stay awake with me. So as they fell asleep I folded them all

The House on Fayette Street

away. Why didn't you come, John? Could you not find the road to this Place? Come to me, quickly! Come to me—come to me! I will send you the clew. You have only to unwind the thread. I hold the other end. John—come to me! oh, come—dear Love! That is the clew—that is the thread to follow. Don't the sheep hear any more? You must not sleep until you come. John! John! John!

(Here the sheet was torn and blotted.)

"There is a house opposite. It is not really a house, though they think it is. They think it has a pointed roof, and two windows underneath, and a porch that juts out. But *I* know that the windows are eyes that blink; and the dark place under the porch is a mouth that swallows in and out. Sometimes the eyes are shut—sometimes the lids are only half open, as they are just now. A man died over there, and then a woman. There was a light all night behind the eyes that blink. I wonder whether they were divided, John, the man and woman? I do not see them Here. Was it so when we died—you and I? And why then are you not Out of Things with me? Ah, I forget—I forget! Truly, dear, it is hard to remember in this Place. But you remember—the sheep remember always.

"It is the Dragon that keeps you away? It thinks its name is 'Alice.' I said to the Dragon, 'Did you give that letter to Him? Did you send it to the Fold?' And she said to me, 'Yes, yes—don't worry—he will get your letter.' But I don't believe her, John. I believe the Dragon lies. She is afraid to look into my eyes when she answers. Whom shall I ask, then? I would ask my image in the mirror, but I cannot look at myself in the glass! I cannot bear my eyes! Oh, what is the matter with them, dear Love? My eyes! My eyes!

"Now I know what I must do to bring you Here! I will make the clew out of my hair. I will weave a long chain, and you shall feel your way along and through what lies between us, while I hold this end—so!

"But the Dragon will not let me! She says, 'Why are you pulling out your hair?' And I answer, 'I am making of it a chain—a chain to lead Him to me.' 'But you must not,' she says, 'you are hurting yourself.'

"Do you hear that, John? Hurting myself! I laugh and laugh! She does not know that I cannot be hurt! Ah, the Dragon is very stupid! But when she is asleep I will make the chain. So be patient, my Love—my Love!

"You shall come to me when the rose is out and the Dragon sleeps. You shall come to me by the winding stair. I will hide this under my pillow. Then it will reach you safely, and I will hide the chain as I make it, and you shall find me quickly—poor John—hunting outside in the dark!

"Yes, I know you are hunting, for my shy Fancy came to-night from the rose and brought me your message—that you do love me, have always loved me! Then why do they keep me Out of Things? Why does the Dragon watch me? Come to me, John—come with my Fancies! Come!"

There was one more letter. Jack trimmed his lamp and opened it. The writing now was blurred and tremulous, and a crumpled white rose was folded inside. A faint perfume diffused itself from the paper as he read:

FROM AMONG THE GOATS.

"John, they will not let me write to you. She says that it excites me. So you must find me quickly, because I cannot come to you. If you have a Dragon to guard you, can you not fly in my window? I will ask the Fancy, who has charge of the birds.

"Ah, dear Love, I prayed last night. I prayed all night to the Master of the Goats. And He promised that if you do not find the way, I should go to you very soon. That is why I am so quiet. The Dragon wonders why. Ah, but I shall not tell her! I told the rose this morning. I whispered quite low, 'I am going away from Here. I am going Into Things, I am going to John. I shall water you soon for the last time. So we had better begin to say good-by.' And then—what do you think happened, dear? The rose fell into my hand! So it wanted to go to you also, dear rose! It shall go, and it shall tell you that I am coming. Wait for me, wait for me, John. You had better not try to come now. You would surely be lost in the dark without the clew.

"So I will send you the prayer that I prayed last night. You must remember how it begins, for you said it long ago—when you were not dead. You said, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' I know you did, for when my prayer was finished the Master of the Goats took me back; and I heard you saying it, John—and I saw you, as you used to look. You had short, dark curls clustered all over your head; and I wanted to kneel at the other side of your crib and say that prayer with you—but I could not! So I cried aloud, 'I cannot be a child again!' And then—oh, then—He promised that I should be! And I thought of all the children's prayers I knew, and of that one of Tiny Tim's, 'God bless us all—each and every one of us.'

"'God bless us all—each and every one of us!' John, I am so happy. I shall be a child again. I will help you to be a child too.

"But—what is this—this rose in my hand? How did it come there? Ah, I remember, the rose was going to a man somewhere! I wanted to send it to the man, but that was before I became a child. What shall I say then? Where is the child? Master of the Goats! You promised—you promised! Ah, now—I know what I may say, 'God bless us all—each and every one of us,' and God bless the boy-man I love!"

Jack folded the notes and rested his hand upon them, the while he bent his head. A strange sense stole over him, as though something tangible emanated from the little pile. The presence of the woman herself seemed to shadow him in a sort of benediction.

He sat a long time quietly thinking, then fell asleep and dreamed in his chair till towards morning. Strange dreams were these, in which Kate was Miss Winston and locked away somewhere, so that he could not reach her—in which Miss Winston was Kate and they were picking white roses together. Then he and Kate were being married; and as they came down the aisle Miss Winston met them, smiling, and took both their hands and clasped them in hers. She seemed happy, and repeated over and over, "It does not matter. I am a child again and it does not matter. God bless us all—God bless us all!"

Through the next day he kept expecting—he scarcely knew what; and at nightfall earlier than was his custom he hurried to meet Kate.

But she was already waiting on the veranda steps—and he noticed that her face was pale and sorrowful despite her eager greeting.

"I have read the letters," he said at once.

"Yes, I know."

"Of course—my promise."

"No, not that only. I knew anyhow—and she knew."

"Perhaps, dear, you wouldn't mind explaining," he said quietly. "Let us sit over here." He drew her down beside him in a corner of the porch.

"Now!"

"Oh Jack!" she whispered, "I have seen her."

"Seen her?"

"Miss Winston."

"What do you mean? You really went to the asylum?"

"Of course I did! You might have known I would go. I could not sleep last night. I heard her calling—I was sure she wanted me to speak for her. Everything occurred to me. I fancied myself again in her place—for love of you—with no one to speak for me. You wouldn't go, and I am—well, the nearest approach to you. So I went. I asked whether I could see Miss Winston; and just then Nurse Alice came in the room. She had been weeping; and when she saw me she put her hands on my shoulders and burst into tears again. 'Oh my dear!' she cried, 'this is good of you—so good of you to come! And did you know Miss Winston is dead?' 'Dead?' I repeated. 'When?' 'She died not long after midnight—died in her sleep.' Of course, I begged her to tell me all about it, and she did. It seems the poor girl was delirious all day. She kept crying out that she was out of things, and you did not know where to find her, that the rose was

calling, that something was divided, that her fancies were beckoning her away. But towards evening she grew suddenly quiet. She asked the nurse to lean out of the window and gather all the roses within reach and bring them to her. Then she closed her hands upon them and held them close to her breast. And nurse heard her whisper, as she passed her fingers over them carelessly, 'The rose of my sad fancy. The rose of my sad fancy.' Just before midnight she opened her eyes and said softly, 'The Dragon is gone. Are you there, Alice?' And the nurse, who was very fond of her, bent over and whispered, 'Yes, I am here, dear.' 'He is reading my letters—now. I am so happy,' she said."

"And so I was, Kate," the man interrupted, "just before midnight."

Kate smiled and leaned a moment against his shoulder. "And you see, dear, she knew it. Ah, I am so glad she knew it! Well, after that the poor girl was content, and she sank into that strange quiet again—until she opened her eyes for the last time. 'Are you there yet, Alice?' she asked. 'Yes, I am here—I am here.' 'You must write something for me. I cannot see.' So the nurse wrote this, just as Miss Winston spoke; and she says her voice was clear and sweet and did not even tremble."

Kate gave him a slip of paper and buried her face in her hands, but Jack took the hands in both of his and read aloud softly,—

"TO MY DEAR LOVE:—The Master has kept His promise.
I am happy now—forever happy. We shall be children together, John."

They sat silently awhile, the girl quietly sobbing, the man stroking her hands and whispering, until at last she smiled back at him through her tears.

"After that Miss Winston said, 'I will go to sleep now'—and so she did,—without any more waking. Alice asked me whether I would go up and see her. She was still lying on her bed, looking so small and fragile—very like a child—in her white robe; and she was so very beautiful, dear. Her hair was unbound and swept almost to her feet. I never saw such hair. So I knelt and kissed it, and kissed her face. 'From Jack,' I whispered. 'Hear it—wherever you are—from Jack.' And then I left her there with the roses in her hands. And then—ah, there are tears in your eyes now, dear!"

"And then—?"

"I came to tell you. And then——" she hesitated.

"And then—?"

"Why, then——" she turned as he held out his arms. "I love you too, Jack!"

THE STRIKE IN THE CLARION OFFICE

By Caroline A. Huling



HELEN LELAND looked sweet and charming in her fluffy white gown as she left the ballroom with Harold Manning.

"Shall we have an ice before we go home?" he queried. As they passed under an electric light on the grand piazza he glanced appreciatively at the delicately flushed face.

"No indeed! Not just now. I must go to the office first and arrange my copy, then, while the men are putting it into type, if you please, we will have our ice. After that we will go back while I read the proof. Business before pleasure," she quoted gayly as they turned into the street toward the Clarion office.

"No one would dream of associating business with you, especially in that stunning gown," rejoined Manning with cheerful gallantry.

Helen smiled wisely. "And yet it is a serious business," she said, "this being society editor on a morning daily—even if we do go to balls in full dress and have a good time dancing."

Manning offered no contradiction, but really he could not associate anything serious with the petite, graceful figure at his side. To him she seemed a gay little butterfly, and even the question of her good looks scarcely presented itself to him definitely.

Indeed, she was not beautiful, though possessing a charm that often serves in good stead. She was bright, vivacious, quick witted and tactful, always saying just those pleasant things that put her companions at ease. Barely twenty-two, and in the morning flush of glorious youth, Helen was full of enthusiasm, and enjoyed the ball quite as though she was attending it only for pleasure, with no idea of its being material for "copy."

The daughter of a country editor in a fashionable watering place, Helen was glad to earn a trifle during the gay season by writing for other papers, but was careful not to let it appear how much of this work she really did, feeling that her pen was freer if unembarrassed by the clamor of notoriety seekers. That she was society editor of the daily Social Review she did not care to conceal since it gave her oppor-

tunity to get material for her department and, incidentally, current gossip for her letter to metropolitan papers.

Harold Manning had no idea of the work she really did. Truth to tell he thought her rather frivolous, though sufficiently amusing. He had met her casually and, attracted by her airy persiflage, became her cavalier, *pour passer le temps*. This evening he had accompanied her to a ball at one of the largest summer hotels, her father, her usual escort, having a "publication day headache," as she termed it, after bringing out the Weekly Clarion.

They reached the office soon after midnight, and, giving him a novel from a pile of review copies on her desk, she turned to her work.

"Miss Leland, the copy sent up this afternoon is still on the hook and Smithers and Morgan haven't shown up yet. There are not enough men up there to get up the stuff in time to go to press at five o'clock." It was Mr. Hurst, the publisher of the Society Review, who spoke and it was evident that he had been drinking.

Helen, absorbed in her work, silently looked up with a puzzled expression.

"Can't we call your father? I can send one of the men for him," the publisher suggested.

"Oh no, indeed!" she replied. "Father was too ill when he went home, and I know that if he is disturbed he will suffer all day to-morrow. I'll call up the Union office and see if they can spare a couple of compositors to help out."

"There is one 'sub' down there who will come at once," she said a moment later, laying down the receiver of her desk 'phone, "but I need two." A tiny frown wrinkled the high forehead which Manning was beginning to admire.

"Cannot I help out?" he hastened to ask, unwilling to witness her distress. "I used to 'stick type' when I was in college—you know I worked my way through. If you have got to stay here I might as well make myself useful."

"I will be awfully glad if you will," she eagerly replied. "I can't bear to arouse father."

Smilingly Manning removed his dress coat and vest and, protecting his linen with the gingham "jumper" that Helen proffered—kept by her father for such emergencies—he mounted the stairs to the composing room and, stick in hand, was soon busy.

It was an hour later, about two o'clock, when Helen had finished her copy and sent it up. While waiting to read the proof she turned to the novels she was to review for the Clarion. Just then Mr. Hurst reappeared, and this time his condition was very apparent.

"Miss Leland, the men have struck. They say your father didn't

pay off in full Saturday and they won't work nights without their money. If this paper isn't out I'll take my work to another office."

"I will see about that myself," Helen replied instantly, her eyes blazing with wrath.

She fairly flew up the stairs. The men, sullen and defiant, had gathered in a group around the imposing stone.

"What does this mean?" she demanded. "Get back to your cases at once! The Review must be on time or we lose the job."

"We want our money. We can't work for nothing," responded one of them doggedly.

"How much does father owe you?"

"Three dollars."

"And you?" she turned to another. "Five dollars, but Hurst said that he gave your father three hundred last week and that he paid out most of it for a ball dress for you."

"For shame!" she cried. "I buy my own dresses, and—why—Hurst borrowed \$200 of father last week to pay for some paper. I am ashamed of you, to allow that man to influence you. Can't you see that he is intoxicated and not responsible? We must get *this* paper out and then he can take his work elsewhere. My father has been as kind to you as to his own sons and this is the way you act when he is sick and I cannot call him! Frank, you learned your trade with us, I am deeply grieved by your conduct. I will pay you myself to-morrow. I have no money with me now. Back to your cases, every man," and the strike was over—quelled by a girl in an evening gown.

Manning had been a silent, but by no means uninterested spectator of the scene, which had passed too rapidly for him to take part in it. Now he turned in astonishment back to his case, his eye taking in the copy before him and his fingers mechanically putting the little slips of metal in the stick in his hand.

His mind was not upon the work that he was doing. Dancing before his mental vision was the picture of this girl—woman in very truth—garbed in a fluffy white gown, with throat and shoulders modestly bared, but with an expression of firmness and determination upon her face, and eyes alight with indignation, at variance with her costume, which of itself was so out of place in the dingy printing office. He had seen the effect upon the rough workmen, a vision of femininity novel to their eyes, but so all-compelling that they had been thoroughly subdued. As they returned to work and the girl left them he heard them mutter:

"We can't stand Miss Helen. We'd do anything for her. But if that Hurst comes up here again to-night we'll throw *him* out, good and plenty."

Manning noticed that Helen had checked Hurst, as he was about to re-enter the office, but he did not hear her say:

"You would better rest awhile, Mr. Hurst. The men are angry with you just now. They will work better without you," and the fellow returned to a near-by saloon.

The dawn was breaking when Manning took Helen home, for she had stayed to see the forms made up and the paper on press. A long cloak covered her white gown and there was no one on the streets to remark their appearance at an unusual hour.

A thrill of pride in her stirred the cold man of the world who had been only amusing himself with this light hearted child. He had been a fool; but his eyes were opened at last. This was the girl he had assumed to be a trifier, a frivolous butterfly. He had not thought her even pretty. Now, to him she was loveliness incarnate, and in his heart hope planted a germ for whose future lusty growth the mutual glances of young eyes augured well indeed.



IF YOU SHOULD JOURNEY BACK FROM DEATH

BY MARGARET ROOT GARVIN

If you should journey back from death,
And suddenly should greet my gaze,
I would not waste one blissful breath
In any hesitant amaze;

My arms would have you in their hold
Without one question or reply,
My very eyelids would infold
The sight of you, lest it should fly!

My lips, without a word, could well
Confess how lonely they had been;
And I would let the joy-tears tell
Of grief that kept them locked within.

The pressure of my hands would plead
With thine to never let them go;
My feet would follow in your lead
Without a wish the way to know.

If you to love should reappear
It would not seem the mystery
Our parting was, nor each strange year
Wherein you have been lost to me.

A MISSIONARY APPROPRIATION

By Edith Morgan Willett



THE New York Express thundered into the trim little station at Wheatley on Saturday night just as the clock in the waiting-room struck nine.

Clang went the brakes, out flew the mail-bags, and finally, down the steps of the end car came the passengers.

There were five in cadet uniforms and the Burglar.

No one, however, who was not personally acquainted with this last individual would have suspected an artist of his profession in the spare, dapper, overcoated figure, carrying a suit case, who walked briskly up the platform.

Past the waiting-room he sped with hurrying feet, for there was a house in the neighborhood to "pull off" within the next two hours and no time to lose.

He had just let himself quickly out of the station-door and was hastening down the steps, grateful for their obscurity, when there came heavy footfalls behind him and a hand was suddenly clapped on his shoulder.

"Well! Well!" said a loud, cheery voice, "here you are! I thought I was never going to catch you!"

The Burglar faced about like a shot, eyeing, with growing alarm, the burly individual in the fur-overcoat.

"Detective" flashed through his mind as he began stiffly, "I think you have the advantage of me, sir!"

"Of course I have!" laughed the genial stranger, taking him warmly by both hands. "My dear sir, let me assure you that you are a very well-known character here and that Wheatley is delighted to get hold of you at last."

Icy shivers crept clear down to the Burglar's shoe laces at this ominous declaration, while for a moment near prospects of jail and hand-cuffs obscured his mental vision. Yet he pulled himself together and, with a last feeble attempt at dignity,—

"Look here!" he blustered, "you've made a mistake; let me go, please; I'm in a hurry; a friend is expecting me."

But the other only smiled knowingly.

"That's all right," he said, "just let me explain, sir. Dr. Delano hoped to meet you himself at the train to take you to the Rectory, but circumstances—that is to say, measles in the family—made it impossible, so I am to have the privilege of entertaining you during your stay here. My name is Boyleston—Josiah P. Boyleston—senior warden of 'All Angels.' Now Mr. Swift," taking his bewildered victim firmly by the arm, "just step this way, sir, my team's waiting right around the corner."

"Mr. Swift!" At this magic word a sudden light dawned in the Burglar's troubled brain. "Old party's spotted the wrong cove," he told himself between gasps as he was hurried breathlessly along the platform. "Takes me for a pal; now how'm I going to get out of this without a fuss?"

At the corner of the station a smart mail phaeton was drawn up and a groom in livery stood at the horses' heads.

"Here, Smithers," Mr. Boyleston called to that functionary, "take this gentleman's grip—well, sir," with a genial smile, "won't you step on board?" His supposed guest hesitated a moment.

"And indeed why not?" he argued with himself with lightning rapidity. An explanation would undoubtedly be risky at this late hour, while—after all—the Davidge house could just as well be operated on another night. Besides, since the real Mr. Swift was not on hand to be entertained, why should not he, the Burglar, take advantage of this tempting invitation?

So with almost instant decision he stepped nimbly into the trap and allowed himself to be covered by the buffalo-robe. His host took the lines. The groom swung himself up behind. They were off at a spanking trot. Before them stretched a broad, asphalt avenue. The lights of pretentious residences gleamed through the trees on either side.

"My house ain't a block from the church," Mr. Boyleston informed his guest smilingly, "right handy for you, sir."

A bit mystified by this announcement, the Burglar nevertheless acquiesced, eyeing the good man beside him critically from his astrakhan overcoat to the jolly red face surmounting it.

"Plain sort of customer," was his mental summing up. "Not much on polish, made his own pile,—and a pretty sizable one, I guess."

"Well! Well! Here we are already."

The Burglar peered sharply round as the trap swung up a pebbled drive, drawing up with a flourish beneath a gigantic porte-cochere. Within, all was a blaze of lights, and the strange guest, as he stumbled up the wide marble steps, had a foggy impression of a red plush hall,

adorned with palms, and then of a stout lady in black silk and jet, who rushed towards him with outstretched hands. "I'm real glad to see you, sir," she said heartily, "and I assure you it's an honor to welcome you to our house."

The Burglar was quite overcome by this unusual greeting for people were not apt to view his visits to them in that light.

"Thank you, madam," he responded appropriately. "My stay with you promises to be one not only of pleasure, but er—" his voice shook, "doubtless of profit to me!"

"My man will show you to your room, sir," went on Mrs. Boyleston, much impressed by her visitor's manners.

"Dinner's over, but we'll have a little bite of something, Mr. Swift, as soon as you're ready, sir!"

Her words smote the Burglar with a sudden realization. "Dear me," he ejaculated in unfeigned embarrassment, "it has just occurred to me that in the hurry of departure the suit case containing my—er—dinner coat must have been left behind! Isn't that too unfortunate!"

But his host's guffaws reassured him.

"Good heavens! my dear sir!" he declared, "if you came down in your shirt-sleeves Malvina wouldn't blow you up! If there's one creature on earth who can do as he pleases in these premises it's a missionary from China. Just accept the freedom of the house."

The pseudo Mr. Swift politely murmured his willingness to accept it.

But, "a missionary from China!" His thoughts were startling, even to him.

When the Burglar at length found himself alone in the magnificent guest chamber his repressed mirth broke forth over the delicious irony of the situation.

"Me a missionary," he chuckled, as he carefully examined the silver articles on the dressing-table. "If that ain't the limit! Well! Well! I've shammed butler and even valet many a time for the sake of a haul, and by gosh! I'm willing to enter the Church if necessary to get the "orntray of a house like this!"

Fifteen minutes later in the gorgeous peacock-blue and Nile-green dining-room "Mr. Swift" sat the guest of honor at a well-laden board, facing a buffet the contents of which made his professional eye glitter, while his host plied him with delicacies.

"You know," Mrs. Boyleston informed him earnestly as she stuffed his plate with chicken-salad, "I've always had the greatest respect for a man in your walk of life. It seems to me, Mr. Swift, that your's is the noblest calling in the world."

The Burglar merely smiled modestly, as he raised his well-laden fork to his mouth.

"It is a beautiful thought," his hostess pursued with increased enthusiasm, "of how you go from place to place just helping people."

Her guest choked uncomfortably over his chocolate, reflecting that his business, as it happened, consisted solely in helping himself.

Misplaced admiration is rather disconcerting, and in some confusion the Burglar turned to his host. "I say!" he began with a hasty glance around the room, "that's a handsome piece of bronze over there; genuine Satsuri, isn't it?"

"Is it," Mr. Boyleston inquired, gazing at the Mandarin opposite with pleased surprise. "Well, you don't say. I know it cost me a cool two hundred, but I don't pretend to be anything of a connyseer."

"Conny-sure, pa," prompted Mrs. Boyleston reprovingly. "My husband just got the house chuck full of expensive classic ornaments!" she informed her guest loftily.

"I'm a bit of a collector myself," the Burglar observed with considerable truth. "You see, in the course of my travels I've picked up a lot of that sort of things, as well as er—pictures, and even silver and jewelry."

He had not overshot the mark.

"Now, that's good," ejaculated his host with manifest delight. "I'd just like to show you a sapphire necklace I gave Malvina on Christmas. It's in a safe upstairs, for the fact is there's been a good deal of alarm about burglars lately, and one has to be careful—" "Well, sir," he continued, breaking off as the butler entered the room, "I'm going to take you round the house after tea, and get your opinion on a lot of our truck."

Mr. Boyleston was as good as his word, and it was a delightful and unusual experience for the Burglar to have a wealthy householder lead him from room to room pointing out each object of value, with much useful information.

The wonderful evening was concluded by an inspiring peep into his host's safe—the mechanism of which that open-hearted gentleman carefully explained to his interested guest.

"It's been a great pleasure, showing my things to such an appreciative man," he said warmly when he at length conducted the Burglar to his own room. "Well, good night, sir; I suppose you've got to work up your sermon now for to-morrow. That's right, go ahead and plead the cause of the heathen. There's plenty of us rich fellows in the neighborhood, and I give you full leave to get as much out of *me* as you can."

Cheered by this liberal permission the Burglar prepared to carry out his host's injunctions to the letter—as soon as the house should have quieted down.

That was a long process, however, and a distant clock had struck midnight before he at length ventured to start operations. Opening his door noiselessly he slipped out in stocking-feet to reconnoitre a little. All was silent and shut up—but alas! appearances are deceptive and great is the vigilance of hospitality.

Our friend had scarcely taken a half-dozen steps along the hall, when a door at the other end was suddenly opened, and a night-capped head thrust out.

“Anything the matter?” inquired his host in a loud whisper. “What do you wish?”

That was an exceedingly difficult question to answer. The Burglar stood still in utter discomfiture.

“I know what you want!” declared the other triumphantly. “You’d like to *take* a little something,” and before his startled guest could recover from his stupefaction Mr. Boyleston himself—a wondrous vision in a scarlet dressing gown—was standing in the hall armed with a bottle and glass. “Malvina don’t approve of this,” he whispered, winking mysteriously, “but I think even gentlemen of your cloth must require a drop sometimes, and sermon-writing I reckon is pretty dry work. Just help yourself, sir.”

He did, and was profuse in his thanks.

“Oh! don’t mention it! That’s all right! Good night!”

Refreshed in body, but sorely ruffled in spirit, the false Mr. Swift returned disconsolately to his room.

“Well! Well!” he reflected as he settled down to another wait. “Swiping your entertainer’s stuff is mighty slow work, to say the least of it.”

Indeed a good half hour had elapsed before, bag in hand, he again tip-toed along the hall, this time without interruption.

At the dressing-room door his steps lingered but only a moment, for it would be wiser to attend to the safe later on.

Down the stairs he passed rapidly, and into the hall, where, guided by the electric light, he was making his way towards the dining-room when there came heavy footfalls on the floor above—the staircase creaked ponderously, and the next instant a large, stately figure in a pink wrapper and marvelous head-erection appeared on the landing.

It was Mrs. Boyleston!

At this terrible sight the startled Burglar’s knees positively knocked together.

“What would she think of him?” he wondered helplessly. “How could he explain matters?” For a moment his brain absolutely refused to work, and then suddenly a wonderful inspiration came to him.

Still grasping his suit case he began to move forward uncertainly

toward his hostess, a vacant expression on his face and eyes tightly closed. It was a suggestive and touching spectacle. Another woman might not have grasped the situation at a glance, but Mrs. Boyleston was instantly equal to the emergency.

"Wake up, Mr. Swift!" she cried, seizing the pretended somnambulist by the arm and shaking him vigorously. "Wake up!"

The Burglar opened his eyes with a highly artistic start.

"Where am I?" he asked feebly. "How did I get here?"

"Why, you've been walking in your sleep!" his hostess explained without hesitation. "I thought I heard someone stirrin' downstairs, and feelin' a little nervous about burglars came right off to see what was the matter.

"You poor man!" she exclaimed compassionately at the bag in his hand. "You must have been dreamin' that you was on a journey! Good gracious, Mr. Swift! do you often tramp about houses like this in the dead of night?"

"Yes, madam," the Burglar confessed sadly, "it's an old, unfortunate habit of mine," and he suppressed a grin at the irresistible humor of the situation.

"I don't know how to thank you for coming down just then," he told his hostess cordially as he followed her upstairs. "If you hadn't turned up just when you did I really can't tell you what would have happened."

The suggestion was ominous, and Mrs. Boyleston's brow became clouded with responsibility for the unhappy sleep-walker. "Let's see," she considered, leading the way towards her guest's room, "if I was to lock your door on the outside for the rest of the night would it be any comfort to you?"

And as the dismayed Burglar assured her strongly to the contrary—

"At any rate," she informed him consolingly, "I'm such a powerful light sleeper that I know you couldn't stir out again without me hearin' you. Now good night, Mr. Swift. Don't you worry a scrap. I promise you that if I hear a sound I'm a-goin' to send Josiah right after you!"

Mrs. Boyleston was faithful to her trust, and for the remainder of the night there was little sleep for the good lady, nor indeed for her long-suffering spouse.

Again and again, on the faintest suspicion of a noise in the house a scarlet-dressing-gowned figure, accompanied by a pink kimona sallied forth to the rescue of their afflicted guest—only to find that he was nowhere to be seen.

Many were the false alarms, however, and it was not until cocks

began to crow in the neighborhood farm-yards and a faint gray light appeared in the east, that the worthy couple at last relaxed their vigilance, and fell into the deep refreshing slumber that is supposed to visit only the righteous.

In the dimness of that early dawn, before the milkman made his appearance, or the house was aroused, a window on the ground floor slid up very softly and a man crawled out.

He wore a long clerical overcoat, a soft hat and carried with great difficulty a heavy, bulging valise.

Glancing around furtively, this ecclesiastical looking gentleman was moving across the piazza with cat-like tread when an approaching object creeping along the asphalt drive caught his attention, and drawing back into the shadow of a veranda pillar he watched a station fly, apparently from the 3.40 train, bowl up to the house, and stop under the porte-cochere.

Out of it with pompous deliberation stepped a gentleman also of ecclesiastical aspect, wearing a long clerical overcoat, and likewise carrying a large and heavy valise.

Standing with his back turned the newcomer was in the act of settling with the cabman, when a muffled tread descended the steps behind him and a hand suddenly clasped his own.

"Mr. Swift, if I am not mistaken?" came in cautious tones.

Looking around with a start the new arrival beheld a strange clergyman standing beside him, a warning finger on his lips,

"Could anything be more unfortunate!" this gentleman was lamenting in a hurried stage whisper. "Here, my friends, the Boylestons expected you last night, sir—went down to meet you and all that. We had really quite given you up and—now, you are coming at this outlandish hour——"

He broke off abruptly, looking around and listening anxiously and then continued in a low confidential tone,—

"Well! it's just this way, brother, every one in the house is fast asleep now except me and—to tell you the frank, honest truth I ought to be off myself at this very moment. That's the long and short of the matter!"

The situation was undoubtedly awkward and the real Rev. Mr. Swift felt with some embarrassment that he was to blame.

"Dear me, I'm exceedingly sorry!" he began apologetically, "you see I missed my train last night, and——"

"And if I'm not quick about it I'm going to miss mine too!" interrupted the pretended clergyman, with a despairing groan.

He had put down the valise, and was feverishly consulting his watch.

For a moment the good missionary from China regarded his harassed brother with sympathetic concern—and then, coming gallantly to his aid,—

“You take my cab, sir!” he advised, earnestly, “and be off this minute. There’s plenty of time to catch your train! Now don’t give *me* a thought! I’m just going in that rocker and wait quietly till our friends wake up! Come! you need a hand there!”

For the Burglar, acting instantly on the welcome suggestion, was already on the step of the cab—struggling with his ponderous valise.

“It’s a bit heavy,” he muttered, gratefully accepting the other’s assistance. “You see,” this with whimsical frankness, “I’m obliged to take as much as I can with me wherever I go! Well, so long; and many, many thanks, Brother Swift.”

He swung himself nimbly into the cab and closed the door, then thrusting his head out of the window, “be sure,” he urged warmly, “to tell the Boylestons how you helped me off!”

“They’ll never forget it! All right, driver, get a hustle on you,” and with a parting wave of the hand the ex-missionary from China was off in a cloud of dust.

The Wheatley Daily Intelligencer of Monday morning had these sensational head-lines:—

ROBBERY IN HIGH LIFE

FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS GONE IN A NIGHT

Then, below in diminishing print:

“The handsome residence of Mr. Josiah P. Boyleston, on Fair-lawn Avenue, was entered last night, the thief, who is believed to be a well-known New York crook, making off with silver, jewelry and other valuables to the amount, it is estimated, of \$50,000.00.

“Mr. Boyleston declined to discuss the robbery this morning, merely stating that the case had been reported at once to the police, who were doing their utmost to trace the fugitive.”



THE CASTLE-BUILDER

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

IN many a realm my castles rise, how fair!
 How brave their turrets lost in cloudland height!
 But 'tis the guests that I have feasting there,
 That make my very Heaven of delight!

MEMOIRS OF SOME GENERALS of the CIVIL WAR

By Wimer Bedford



SECOND PAPER.

GENERAL MCPHERSON.

DURING the absence of General, then Colonel, Haynie in Jackson, Tennessee, the Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Regiments of Illinois Infantry were under the temporary command of Colonel Morrison (later known in Congress as Horizontal Morrison) at Bethel, Tennessee. I was post-adjutant of the command.

Colonel Lawler, who had been in the Mexican War, and always crazy to get into a fight at the front, came to headquarters at Bethel.

He rode to Colonel Morrison's headquarters and happened to see me. "Hello, Bedford," he said, "I want you to go to Corinth with me." (The Confederate Generals Price and Van Dorn, on their way to the Border States, were menacing Corinth with a superior numerical force.) I told him that I did not know what Colonel Haynie would say. His reply was that he ranked Colonel Haynie and that he wanted me. I went to Colonel Morrison, who told me that I had better go with Lawler. I went.

On the way I said to Lawler, "Suppose we find Corinth surrounded by Van Dorn's troops," knowing that our two regiments would be a pitiful opponent for their eighteen thousand men. "We will cut our way through," he intrepidly answered.

The second day out we came up with General McPherson, who was in command of two regiments and going towards Corinth. We joined our two regiments with his, and as McPherson ranked Lawler the force formed a brigade, or small division, under command of General McPherson, at that time brigadier-general, with whom we rode in front of the column. Presently an aide came galloping up and told McPherson that he had been appointed a major-general. His only comment was, "I don't know what for."

The fight at Corinth, a Union victory, came off before we could get there. We met a cavalry regiment coming out from the town to follow the demoralized Southern army. It was a perfect rout. The

assault had been so close that two men were lying dead on the steps of General Rosecrans's headquarters. In front of Fort Robinet we saw an entire company of men belonging to a Texas regiment all dead in their places, the left man sitting propped against a tree.

Their Colonel had run down the moat and up into the fortress. Recognizing an old West Point classmate, he shouted, "Lieutenant Williams, surrender!" Williams replied, "I can't," and shot the Southerner dead. Such is cruel war.

GENERAL DENNIS.

When General Dennis was at the Big Black River in Mississippi I was his assistant adjutant-general. He commanded two or three regiments of infantry, one section of artillery, one company of cavalry to serve for headquarters orderlies when necessary, and all of General Kilpatrick's cavalry, numbering five thousand men.

General Dennis had been made brigadier-general for his bravery at Britain's Lane. Before the war he had been Marshal of a portion of Kansas. He was tall, had long, straight hair, and was a good speaker, and for his services along this line in getting up the Veteran Corps he was given a separate command at Monroe, Louisiana, for which place he was soon to leave Big Black River.

One morning the Postmaster came into my tent, next to the General's, and handed me a bill that had been posted the night before on his office door. It read: "Hang the Copperhead — — —. He is a traitor to our cause: we want none of him, etc.," all pointing to General Dennis. I took it in to the General and asked for orders. He had no orders to give, but sat meditatively before the fire. As it was winter, a brick chimney had been built outside the tent, the grate opening within the tent. I did some ordering on my own account, sending for the regimental commanders to come to headquarters, doubling the guard there, and giving instructions to the officer of the day.

There were two causes fomenting a mutinous feeling among the men. For one thing, a Confederate officer, Wirt Adams, and a civilian, Ned Yerger, were in camp as consignees of goods coming from Vicksburg through our post. They took their meals at the regimental mess-table and were allowed to talk in an offensively hostile manner. Ned Yerger, who was from Pennsylvania, was the most bitter Rebel in all Mississippi. He not only *would* talk at the officers' mess-table so that the men got to hear of it, but he also spent some of his time riding horseback about the camp in friendly company with General Dennis and Wirt Adams in his Confederate uniform. This seemed to the soldiers like unnecessary and disloyal conduct on the part of General Dennis.

Beside this, W., who was stationed at Vicksburg and was provost

marshal of that post, had first gotten his General—General McArthur—to issue an order that no goods could go beyond the lines unless countersigned by the provost marshal of the post; then he had sent for his brother back in Illinois to have him start a store at Vicksburg; hence his brother became proprietor of a lucrative business, for W. countersigned only goods purchased at his brother's store. As these goods were countersigned by a provost marshal, the soldiers were forced to pass them through. We were right on the east bank of the Big Black River and the goods had to go across the river. There had been a pontoon bridge over it. This bridge had been washed away shortly before in a rainstorm, in consequence of which the goods had to be loaded again into boats, to be transported into the Rebel country for the Confederates to use. Our men were mad—and no wonder—because they had to go to so much trouble for the benefit of the enemy. It was thus that the defiant notice came to be posted.

To express their feelings, our men made an assault on the trade store near by. It is well known that in the army discipline must always be preserved, and mutiny suppressed at all hazards. Lieutenant L. was officer of the day. He took the double guard, and with a "Charge bayonets!" repelled the assault, even though the guard were themselves in mutinous mood, but he did not succeed before the mutineers had thrown some three thousand dollars' worth of goods from the trade store and torn out the side of the building.

I caused a commission to be appointed, the result of which was the marching up to my office of eleven of the ringleaders. I took them to the tent of General Dennis, who made them a speech, telling them that it was not his fault, that he had to obey orders emanating from Vicksburg, and simply bade them to go to their quarters! That was all—after a mutiny.

I was indignant. Going to my tent, I immediately wrote a letter to Colonel C., asking to be relieved from garrison duty and allowed to report to Major-General McPherson's headquarters in the field. A reply came soon after relieving me from duty with General Dennis and commanding me to report to General McPherson at headquarters. The same mail brought an order for General Slocum, who commanded the District of Vicksburg, to take command of the Twentieth Army Corps, and I went with him and his aide, Major Q. We three were alone and had a good time going to the army on the Chattahoochee River. There I found that General McPherson had been killed at Decatur, Alabama, and that General O. O. Howard had been appointed to succeed him in command of the Seventeenth Army Corps, which had removed to Jonesboro.

GENERAL HOWARD.

General Howard was in our army what General Havelock was in that of Great Britain. He was a praying man, a great Methodist, and if he requested a brigade chaplain to come to headquarters to preach, and if for any reason the chaplain did not come, he would preach himself. General Howard had but one arm. At the time I knew him he had iron-gray hair. He was above the medium height, good looking, but not what one would call handsome.

On Sherman's march through Georgia I was with General Howard as one of three assistant adjutants-general—my colleagues being Major Clark and Captain Taggart.

General Howard once asked me to keep a journal or diary of events while on the march through Georgia. This I did, and consequently was handed all the despatches from Confederate generals that were intercepted by General Sherman. I also had a proposition from General Howard to head his scouts. This offer I rejected in the belief that the work was too much like that of a spy, but said that I would obey if he commanded it.

General Sherman commanded three columns. General Howard had the right wing, General Slocum's column was on the left wing, and the position of General Kilpatrick's cavalry was usually in the centre, though sometimes on the right, sometimes on the left. The instructions from General Sherman to each commander were to mark the head of his column by setting fire to a cotton gin. Such is war: property is not considered as having any value.

We were all very anxious to reach Savannah. Men would climb trees in order to get a sight of the sea. It was during this march that a company, made up of men from each company of infantry, was formed and mounted, composing the crowd or command known as "Sherman's Bummers." These men committed many depredations, of which the army was ashamed. Their duty was to forage, but I am sorry to say they did many cruel things besides. A commission was appointed to try such men as were pointed out as deserving of punishment. Some were even punished with death, some sent to the Dry Tortugas, and others given lighter punishments.

When at last we did approach Savannah, I was sent in advance to select headquarters, as we knew the city had been evacuated by the Confederates. I took the house of Sir James M., consul of Great Britain, for whom we had very little respect, and when the army came the General and staff were snugly ensconced therein.

In the house there was a room probably twenty feet square with shelves around the walls, upon which were demijohns of liquor, and upon the floor were others put there by the citizens for safe-keeping

under the British flag, they supposing that, of course, we would respect that flag; but we had—some of us, at least—too recent memories of Armstrong, the Englishman who had sold ammunition to the Confederates, to have any kind thoughts of the English. The General's orders were to keep the key of the room and let no one have access to the liquor: suffice it to say that it found its way into several headquarters of the army. Another room, probably of the same size, was devoted to books—handsomely bound books everywhere (I still have two fine volumes upon Greece and a Gallery of Wilkie's Paintings); these too found their way to the different army headquarters in the way of presents. There was also a pair of pistols, which I kept and sold later. Strange as it may seem, I was not blamed in any way for this.

At Savannah I got ten days' leave of absence, the first General Howard granted to anyone on that expedition, and came North to New York on the steamer Arago, at that time sailing between the ports of New York and Hilton Head. I travelled with General Howard's brother and shared his stateroom. On arriving in New York I hunted up the correspondents of Captain Shaw (his title was nautical, not military), whom I had met at Lake Providence, Louisiana. We entered into business negotiations, which kept me so long that I overstayed my leave.

On the way back I had to travel in company with an artillery colonel some forty miles on horseback out from Beaufort, South Carolina, to Pocatigo to report to General Howard. At first the General was angry at me for having overstayed my leave, but when I explained that I had—or supposed I had—a chance to go into business, and, knowing that the war was practically over, wished to resign my commission, he was placated, and gave me the following letter—one that I jealously treasure:

“HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT AND ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE,
“IN THE FIELD, Jan. 30, 1865.

“CAPTAIN: Allow me to thank you for your many kindnesses and for your industry and readiness in the performance of duty. You have shown yourself brave and self-sacrificing in your country's service, and I trust you may attain a satisfactory and honorable position in the profession you have chosen.

“With sincere regard,

“I am yours truly,

[Signed]

“O. O. HOWARD,

“Major-General.

“CAPTAIN WIMER BEDFORD, A. A. G.”

I went back to Beaufort, was taken sick and laid up there for three weeks, and wrote out my formal letter of resignation in that town.



One on Bragg SOME years ago in Alabama one of the most talented lawyers practising in the South was the late Colonel Bragg, but he had a peppery temper.

Not only did Colonel Bragg's disposition involve him from time to time in serious differences with his colleagues, but it also led him to break off amicable relations with a Judge Robinson, a most estimable jurist, who, while presiding over a suit in which Bragg was interested, had by his decision incurred the resentment of the advocate. So for a long time the Colonel declined even to speak to the Judge, save when it was absolutely necessary in the course of business.

Finally, however, his better nature getting the upper hand, Colonel Bragg determined to apologize to Judge Robinson and endeavor to effect a renewal of their former comparatively pleasant relations. Meeting the Judge one afternoon on the steps of the State-House, he impulsively thrust out his hand and said:

"See here, Judge, let's be friends again. This thing has gone on long enough."

"Why—er, Bragg," asked the Judge in the meekest and mildest way imaginable, "what's the matter?"

"Simply this, Judge," continued the fiery Bragg, "I admire you so immensely that I cannot for my life be content to remain on bad terms any longer. I felt that I must speak to you."

"Why—er, Bragg," piped the Judge in the thinnest of voices, a well-feigned looked of astonishment on his face, "why—er, Bragg, haven't you been speaking to me?"

At this the lawyer wilted.

Edwin Tarrisse.



Wise Beyond Her Years THERE was bustle and commotion in the Bildervant home. Servants were darting hither and thither, getting the house in order for the ladies' afternoon euchre party. Little five-year-old Henrietta assisted in the preparations. She removed all the umbrellas from the stand and hid them in the storeroom.

"Surely, Etta, you are not afraid that the guests would carry off the umbrellas?"

"No, mother, but they might recognize them."

J. H. Rohrbach.

Walnuts and Wine

Pleas for Pensions

U. S. PENSION clerks frequently find that applicants for pensions have queer ideas of the duty of the Government towards the individual.

Here is a letter from a woman who describes her husband's condition with an exactness which makes the epistle worthy a paragraph in a medical journal:

My husband was terribel bloated in his stomach. It didn't look like himself. He couldn't stoop over and straighten up without helping himself. To ham, beans, pork, mashed potatoes, eggs, veal, cabbage, his stomach was repulsive. His rheumatism was the kind called lumbago—at first. His dropsy was terribel. When he died his legs burst from pressure. He was swelled up as big as a barrel all over. I ask that he be taken up and reopened.

"P. S.—When my husband came back from the war I supported him on my needle til he died."

Yet another letter gave a sad hint of marital infelicity. This claimant, with the alleged disability of blood-poisoning, having had his claim rejected by the Pension Office, appealed to the Secretary of the Interior. His blood-poisoning, he said, was caused by someone's throwing an ancient egg at him. Just why he considered this catastrophe a "disability incurred in line of service" is hard to see. However, he continued, in case the pension was granted him he wanted it so arranged that his wife could not obtain a pension after his death, because "it was her that threw the egg!"

Henrietta F. Dunlap.

ESTHER

By Harold Susman

I SAT down beside my sweet Esther,
And ardently, fondly caresther;
But soon Esther cried,
She sobbed and she sied—
I don't know whatever possesther:

Cautious

"Do you plead guilty to the charge?" said the Judge to an Irishman who was arraigned before him in court.

"Pl'ase, your Honor, not so fast. I want to see first what the witnesses know about this matter."

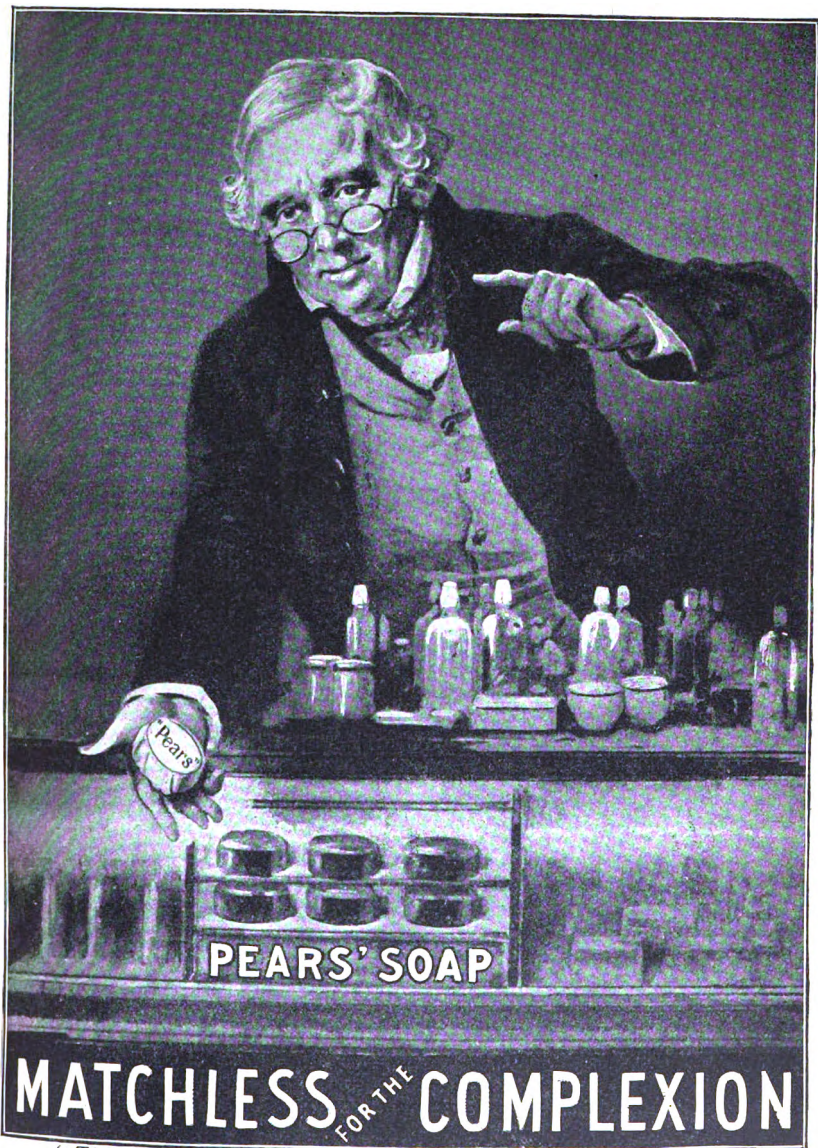
Valerie Stingluff.

Hot Stuff

Down the street flashed a boy on a new bicycle. On the curb stood a boy watching him enviously.

"Aw, you ain't so warm!" called the boy on the curb derisively.
"Oh, I don't know—I'm scorching!" retorted the boy on the wheel as he vanished into the perspective.

E. B.



"This is genuine "PEARS" as sold for more than 100 years past! I have sold it all my life, and know how good it is.

"It has taken—the highest award at every Exhibition, and won the *only* Grand Prix at Paris. As there is *no water* mixed with it, it is *ALL SOAP* and lasts longer than any other; so it is the *CHEAPEST* as well as the *BEST*.

"I could sell you an imitation at half the money and make more profit on it too, but I should be only swindling you if I did."

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

"All rights secured."

Walnuts and Wine

Taking Time by the Forelock A LADY, entertaining a guest of importance, was giving final instructions to her maid.

"Now, Polly," she said, "in the morning take a pitcher of hot water up to Mr. X's room. Be sure not to forget this."

"No'm," Polly answered. The lady thought no more of the matter until the next day, when at noon she remarked casually, "Of course, Polly, you carried that hot water to Mr. X's room this morning?"

Polly beamed. "D' law, Miss Mary, I was so 'feared I mought furgit dat water dat I cy'ard it up las' night."

Eleanor Shipp Johnson.

Patsey It was five o'clock in the afternoon, and the children came out to play on the big lawn. Their yellow curls were arranged in neat profusion, and their stiffly starched white dresses and frilled petticoats stood out like the skirts of ballet-dancers. The pretty young mother brought her embroidery out and sat under the shade of a pecan-tree while the children played "I Spy" in and out among the arbor-vitæ bushes.

Presently the mother became aware of a small black face poking itself in between the spikes of the iron fence.

"Is that you, Patsey?" she asked, smiling at the grotesque little figure in its short cotton dress, very ragged and dirty, and with the thin, spindling legs terminating in feet far too large for the rest of the body, and making a combination that Isaac, the coach-boy, had once said looked "like knittin'-needles stuck into ginger-cakes!"

Patsey was a waif from the County Farm, half a mile up the river, kept there because her profligate mother had deserted her when she was a week old.

"Did you run away again? Won't they get after you?" the woman questioned.

"Yas'm," was the child's only reply, her hungry eyes still following the romping children.

Just then Liza Ann came out, bearing a plate of freshly baked cookies which she handed to her mistress, and the little girls made a rush for their mother.

"Tell us a story, mamma," they begged, each cuddling up to her, cooky in hand.

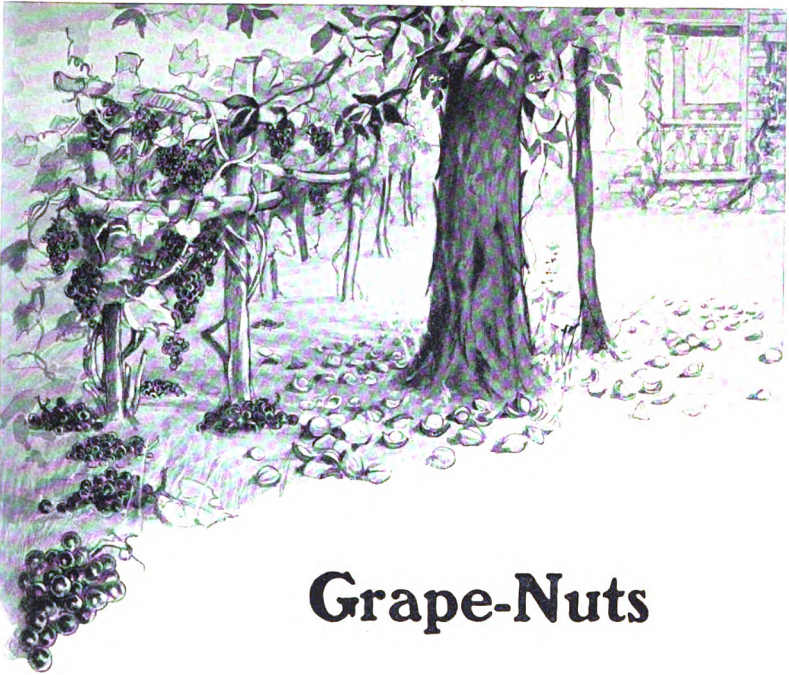
The mother looked from them to the black face outside the fence.

"Come in and you may have some cookies too," she said, smiling.

Patsey came in, grabbed hungrily at the cakes, then flattened herself against the pecan-tree. The white children swarmed over their mother, hanging on the back of her chair and kissing and fondling her with childish abandon.

Slowly Patsey moved from the tree to the laughing group; then, dropping her cooky, she laid a timid hand on the woman's knee.

"Misses, kiss me too—won't you? Ain' *nobody* ever kissed me!" Instantly all the native refinement of the woman recoiled from the idea, and involuntarily her hand lifted itself to brush away the clinging fingers. But a look at the



Grape-Nuts

are not made of either Grapes or Nuts.

But of the selected elements of Wheat and Barley.

The name was suggested by the Grape Sugar which is produced by the processes of making, in which the starchy part of these grains is changed into what is technically known as **Grape Sugar** (really pre-digested starch) which is in the most perfect state possible for easy digestion.

Therefore, the person with a weak stomach has a perfect food in

Grape-Nuts

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Walnuts and Wine

child's eyes stayed her. The big, baby eyes, with the starved look in them, eloquent with pleading, were filled with tears. At the sight, the blue ones bending over them overflowed too, and, stooping, the mother kissed the child tenderly.

Dorothy Scarborough.

DAD'S AUTO FEVER

By W. Dayton Wegefarth

WHEN Dad caught the auto fever
Straight he bought a big red car,
Then engaged a handsome chauffeur
Skilled in using every bar.

Mother dear was quite de-lighted—
Soon she grew the auto phiz,
Sister Sue seemed shyly happy,
Brother Bill neglected biz.

George, the chauffeur, taught the Gov'nor
How to run the snorting thing,
Till Dad wouldn't stop for trolleys,
Man, or beast, or moving thing.

Dad had not the least suspected
The garage held cupid-charms—
He was all engrossed with tearing
Down the pike, or 'round the farms.

Sis and George thus got to spooning
Oft as Daddy rode away,
Wandered blissfully in clover
Side by side most every day.

One bright morn the handsome chauffeur
Took our Susie for a ride—
Went directly to the parson's,
Where a marriage knot was tied.

George and Sis now own the auto—
Poor old Dad's a nervous wreck,
Convalescinc. just at present,
On an ocean steamer's deck.

Grocer.—"When do your folks want that flour sent up?"

*Another
Lapse*

Mr. Nomenry (looking troubled).—"They want it yesterday."

Emma C. Dowd.

*Over
5,000,00
Pounds
Sold in
1905.*

A black and white portrait of John Mackintosh, a man with a prominent mustache, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie. He is looking slightly to the right of the camera.

**I am
John Mackintosh
the Toffee King**

Another Mackintosh Toffee Year has passed

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE

the famous old English Candy was eaten by Americans more in 1905 than in the preceding year. I shall increase my capacity for this new year. More families are eating Mackintosh's Toffee regularly. They have discovered that delicious flavor and are convinced of its purity.

That's the secret. And, besides, it tastes different from any other candy in America. Grandfather, grandmother, father, mother, son, and daughter can eat Mackintosh's Toffee, and it cannot do them any harm; and the more they eat of it, the more they want of it. Sold by almost every candy dealer, grocer, or confectioner. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and ten cents and receive a full-size package.

*Dealers:—*This advertising is done as much for your benefit as mine. My Toffee has a permanent sale, for American people are beginning to buy Mackintosh's Toffee regularly. Any jobber can supply you with Mackintosh's Toffee; if not write me.

JOHN MACKINTOSH.

Dept. N.

78 Hudson Street, New York

Walnuts and Wine

He "WILLIE," said an interesting young mother to her first-born,
Understood "do you know what the difference is between body and soul?
The soul, my child, is what you love with; the body carries
you about. This is your body," touching the little fellow's shoulder, "but
there is something deeper in. You can feel it now. What is it?"

"Oh, I know," said Willie, with a flash of intelligence in his eyes, "that's
my flannel shirt!"

William Perdue.

OBLIGING

By William H. Frost

"IS THERE danger of contagion in a kiss?"

Asked a young and very charming Jackson Miss.

Said the Baltimore Md.: "If you wish we'll Troy N. C.,
If there's anything contagious in a kiss."

An SEVERAL years ago a Senator from central Ohio who was planning
Unconscious to take his wife to Washington with him was a little uncertain
Admission as to her general intelligence about her own home, so before the
journey he said to her, "My dear, when anyone asks you where you are from
you must say, 'I am from the interior of Ohio.'"

Shortly after they were settled in the great capital they attended one of
the social functions with which the season opens and were introduced right
and left. During one of the lulls in conversation a prominent statesman
standing near Mrs. H. said, "Madame, may I ask what part of the State you
are from?"

She looked up and smilingly replied in a high, penetrating voice, "I am
from the inferior part of Ohio."

L. L. M. Bryant.

She Knew JUDGE B., of Montana, well known as a jurist and as a poli-
Him tician of State reputation, has a peculiar habit, while walking
the streets in deep meditation and oblivious to all about him, of
puffing and blowing like an angry bull. One day Mrs. B. was walking beside
the high wall of the Court-House with a number of lady friends when they
heard approaching a sound of puffing and miniature bellowing.

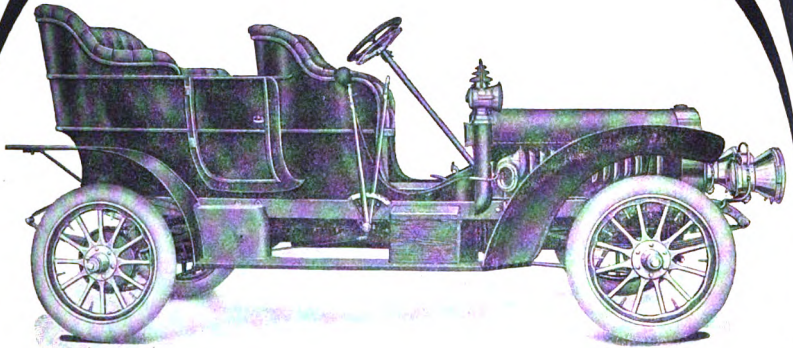
"Here comes the Judge," said his wife. "I can tell him as far off as I
can hear him," and around the corner came a full-sized bull—but the Judge
was nowhere to be seen.

M. B. Davis.

19

Rambler

06



Model 15, Price \$2,500.

A car embodying all the latest structural features, but at every point refined to *Rambler* simplicity.

Motor, four cylinder vertical, 35-40 horse power.

Sliding gear transmission, double chain drive.

Absolutely noiseless, speedy and powerful.

A strictly modern conception with the familiar Rambler one hand speed control.

Our catalog, or agents in all leading cities, will give you full information.

Both are at your service.

Thos. B. Jeffery & Co.

Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wis., U. S. A.

Branches:

Boston, 145 Columbus Ave.

Philadelphia, 242 N. Broad Street.

Milwaukee, 457-459 Broadway.

Chicago, 302-304 Wabash Ave.

San Francisco, 10th and Market Streets.

New York Agency, 134 W. 38th Street.

Walnuts and Wine

KIDS

By May Kelly

I WONDER why some Pas have none,
And others have so many.
It seems the poor Pas have the most,
And rich ones haven't any.

The richest man I know in town
Has just one small boy only;
But Pa says, Gad! he pities him
In that big house so lonely.

It seems to me 'twould be so nice
If kids all come out even;
And when I asked Pa why they don't,
He said, "Be quiet, Stephen!"

Then fam'lies all'd have bills like Pa,
For us five kids together,
He says, would bust a cattle man,
We wear out so much leather.

But when the circus comes to town
Pa's glad he has so many,
For he has more fun takin' us
Than if he hadn't any.

My Pa says some day that he'll be
'Too old to go on workin',
And then he hopes that none of us
Our duty will be shirkin'.

You bet we won't! We all love Pa.
But wouldn't it be funny
To have your father hangin' 'round
And askin' you for money?

I've 'most a quarter in my bank
To buy a bullet-moulder,
But now I think I'll save it up
For Pa when he gets older.



**Commercial
Instinct**

AT one Sunday-school the children drop their pennies into a bank instead of the customary basket. It was small Marjorie's first Sunday, and after dropping in her penny she stood expectantly until urged on by the patient teacher, when she protested, "Stop, stop, my gum hasn't come out yet."

May C. Frankforter.

Walnuts and Wine



BE IT EVER SO
HUMBLE THERE
IS NO PLACE
LIKE HOME -
- IF -

*Do not forget that
HAND Sapolio,
the toilet arti-
cle, has as good
a character as
its sister soap
SAPOLIO*

*Delicate,
pure,
healthful
it is fit for
the baby's bath
or for the
Mother's dainty
Skin.*



SAPOLIO
CLEANS
EVERYTHING QUICKLY

YOU USE
SAPOLIO

**HAND
SAPOLIO**
FOR TOILET USE

Don't say that your toilet is *above* kitchen work—in a well regulated household the same maids serve both. Sister soaps may solve many of your troubles.

SAPOLIO
FOR THE KITCHEN

Walnuts and Wine

- Favorite Hymns of Various Folks**
- THE automobilist's—"Oft in danger, oft in woe."
 - The dentist's—"Change and decay in all around I see."
 - The multimillionaire's—"Ten thousand times ten thousand."
 - The bookkeeper's—"A charge to keep I have."
 - The hypnotist's—"Art thou weary, art thou languid."
 - The divorce lawyer's—"Blest be the tie that binds."
 - The boaster's—"Blow ye the trumpet, blow."
 - The life-saver's—"Breast the wave."
 - The pugilist's—"Fight the good fight."
 - The Esquimaux's—"From Greenland's icy mountains."
 - The Chicago girl's—"How firm a foundation."
 - The engaged girl's—"Shout the glad tidings."
 - The elected candidate's—"The strife is o'er, the battle won."
 - The astronomer's—"The spacious firmament on high."

Henry Miller.

ERMYNTRUDE AND HILDEGARDE

By Laura Simmons

RIGHT haughtily she swept about—
The Lady Ermyntrude,
And twined her jewels in her hair,
And vowed in lofty mood
She'd never wed the ancient Earl
With all his titles clear.
Quoth she, "What think you, Hildegarde?"
And I replied, "My dear,
I weary of these castle walls,
Let us adjourn outside;
Pray order our gold coach and four,
That we may go to ride!"

"An old romance!" I hear you say.
Perhaps you'd never guess
The "castle" was our attic room,
The "dames" myself and Bess;
With bits of glass and shaving-curls
For jewels bright and rare,
And grandma's dresses from the trunk
All that we had to wear!
Yet for the real, true Hildegardes
And Ermyntrudes I grieve,
Because they never had such fun,
I firmly do believe!

Walnuts and Wine

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER



When the Snow Flies

and biting, frosty air roughens the skin, use Mennen's—it keeps the skin just right. A positive relief for **chapped hands, chafing and all skin troubles.** Mennen's face on every box—be sure that you get the genuine. For sale everywhere or by mail, **25c.** Sample free.

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N. J.

TRY MENNEN'S VIOLET TALCUM

Walnuts and Wine

Couldn't
be Worse

De Style.—"My wife tells me while out in her auto you did lots of damage."

Chauffeur.—"But, sir, when you hired me you said your wife wanted me to run her auto in the worst way."

F. P. Pitzer.



MY CHRISTIAN CHARITY

By William Wallace Whitelock

OF all the virtues that I boast,
And which distinguish me,
The one which I am proud of most
Is Christian charity;
On foe or friend a cutting word
I've never fixed as label,
And none from me have ever heard
A thing uncharit—able.

And yet I must admit that I
Am tempted sore to speak
My mind when I behold on high
Some fawning, worthless sneak;
Or when I see a man like A—,
Who I know's weak, unstable,
Appointed to the post of—nay,
I must be charit—able.

I spend much time in Washington,
And there, of course, I see
No end of things to anger one,
And try one's charity:
But worst of all, I well may say,
Is seeing wear the sable
And ermine such a Judge as—nay,
I must be charit—able.

Indeed, it often seems that fate
Had picked me out to test
My temper by the things I hate,
The people I detest;
There's not a single, blessed day,
In business or at table.
I'm not put out by men like—nay,
I *will* be charit—able.



No article of furniture lends itself more readily to environments reflecting refined taste than the Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcase.

Therefore, it naturally appeals to those who exercise careful judgment in the selection of holiday gifts.

Our new catalogue is replete with helpful suggestions on attractive arrangements for home libraries.

It also describes some new units which we have recently added to our line, including desk, cupboard, music, drawer, magazine and table sections, and clearly defines certain mechanical features of construction and finish that influence careful buyers to purchase Globe-Wernicke Cases—the only kind equipped with non-binding door equalizers.

Bookcase units furnished with leaded or plain glass doors, and in whole or three-quarter length sections. Finished in antique, weathered and golden oak, imitation and real mahogany.

Name of our authorized agent in your city mailed on request for catalogue. Where not represented, we ship on approval, freight paid. Uniform prices everywhere. Write for catalogue W-105

The Globe-Wernicke Co. Cincinnati.

BRANCH STORES:
New York, Chicago and Boston.

AGENCIES
In about one thousand cities.

Walnuts and Wine

Too Big a Risk WHEN General Gregg, of Pennsylvania, was requested to accept the nomination for Mayor of Reading he hastily declined. "Why," said he, "if I were to allow my name to be used as a candidate, the newspapers would at once charge me with being a blackleg and my father with being a horse-thief—and the worst of it is, they'd prove it too."

Karl von Kraft.

MAN-LIKE

By Grace G. Bostwick

"Oh Ma, I hurt my head," said he.

"And did you cry?" asked mother.

"There wa'n't nobody there, so I

Did not," said little brother.

Outdone *Teacher.*—"Now, boys, I want to see if any of you can make a complete sentence out of two words, both having the same sound to the ear."

First Boy.—"I can, Miss Smith."

Teacher.—"Very well, Robert. Let us hear your sentence."

First Boy.—"Write right."

Teacher.—"Very good."

Second Boy.—"Say, Miss Smith, I can beat that. I can make three words of it, 'Wright, write right.'"

Third Boy (excitedly).—"Gee! Hear this! 'Wright, write "rite" right.'"

Teacher (thrown off her guard).—"Whew!"

James Buckham.

No Cigar Sign for Him THE second commandment seemed to have escaped the memory of the Sunday-school class during a recent Sabbath-morning recitation. Little Harry, however, finally raised his hand and eagerly announced that he had called the elusive precept back to mind.

"Very well, Harry, you may tell us," said his teacher. And Harry began hesitatingly.—

"Thou shalt not—make unto thee—*any graven Injun!*"

Ned Barney.

In Dead Earnest A TRAVELLING man received the following telegram from his wife:

"Twins arrived to-night. More by mail."

He went at once to the nearest office and sent the following reply:

"I leave for home to-night. If more come by mail, send to Dead-Letter Office."

Silas X. Floyd.

Oriental Couch Cover

as illustrated. Rich and substantial. Fifty inches wide, three yards long. Heavily fringed. Perfectly reversible, made in different colors: red reverse blue, green reverse red, blue reverse terra-cotta, green reverse terra-cotta. Price \$4.00



Write to-day for Style Book "H," showing articles in actual colors. Free on request.

Artloom Tapestries

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Curtains, Couch Covers and Table Covers

are the best and least costly for home decoration and furnishing. Their practical utility makes them economies as well as luxuries—service and wear-resisting qualities being as carefully considered in their making as artistic effects and harmonious designs. For the parlor, sitting-room, library, music-room, den—indeed, for any apartment admitting of decoration—there are

styles eminently suitable and appropriate. Unlimited choice of handsome, rich Oriental and Eastern designs and colors; fine weaves and fabrics.

The richest effects can be carried out in all the exactness and correctness of the high-priced European tapestries, but at a cost nowise in proportion.

"HOME-MAKING"

The most instructive book ever printed on home decorations—written by Miss Edith W. Fisher, whose articles in the Ladies' Home Journal have stamped her an authority on the subject, illustrated with full-page interior views, will be sent on receipt of 4c and the NAME OF YOUR DEPARTMENT-STORE OR DRY-GOODS DEALER.

INSIST
ON SEEING
THIS LABEL



It appears on every
genuine artloom
production.

PHILADELPHIA TAPESTRY MILLS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Walnuts and Wine

VIRGIL VERSUS POLLY

By Dixie Walcot

HE sang of arms and heroes,
Of Dido's lonely woe,
Of slaughter, siege, and shipwreck,
In the dismal long ago.
But now one Virgil, poet,
Would deem it arrant folly
Thus to waste his time and talents—
If he caught a glimpse of Polly.

He'd sing of eyes a-sparkle
With sunshine of the South,
And wayward little dimples
At the corners of her mouth.
And should he learn our custom,
And 'midst the wreaths of holly
Conceal a bunch of mistletoe
And steal a kiss from Polly,

He'd but snap his Roman fingers
At Italian old and dry,
And in verse fore'er immortal
Would jubilantly cry,
"Away with all heroes,
Away with melancholy!
I sing of love and laughter
And, best of all, of Polly."



**On a Cash
Basis**

AN eminent physician in P—— had cured a little child of a dangerous illness. The grateful mother turned her steps towards the house of her son's savior.

"Doctor," she said, "there are some things which cannot be repaid. I really don't know how to express my gratitude. I thought you would, perhaps, be so kind as to accept this purse, embroidered by my own hand."

"Madam," replied the Doctor coldly, "medicine is no trivial affair, and our visits are to be rewarded only in money. Small presents serve to sustain friendships, but they do not sustain our families."

"But, Doctor," said the lady, alarmed and wounded, "speak—tell me the fee."

"Two hundred dollars, Madam."

The lady opened the embroidered purse, took out five bank-notes of one hundred dollars each, gave two to the Doctor, put the remaining three back in the purse, bowed coldly, and took her departure.

M. C. Walsh.

Walnuts and Wine

Pabst Extract



The Pabst Extract Girl

enjoys perfect health—steady nerves—a good digestion. That's what Pabst Extract, the "Best" Tonic will bring to you. It is just pure malt, the most nutritious food known to science. Try it yourself and watch the results. It will soothe your nerves, aid your digestion, bring you restful sleep and build up your strength.

25c at all druggists. Insist upon the original.

Pabst Extract Department, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

Walnuts and Wine

The Natural Conclusion DANIEL DREW was an exceedingly absent-minded man, as Depew in his charming anecdotes has had occasion to remind us. Here is a story, however, that Depew never got hold of:

Drew made a point of buying all his own clothing, against repeated protests from his wife, who was frequently at her wits' ends to know how to manage his somewhat illy-assorted wardrobe.

"Daniel," she said one day, "you must get some underdrawers." (She spoke, of course, in the seclusion of their own apartments.)

"Yes, my dear," was the reply; and that night Daniel came home with a bundle containing undershirts. Undershirts he had in great abundance, but of the article his wife had suggested his buying the specimens on hand were almost past wearing. The good lady's patience was exhausted. When next she prepared clean clothes for him she laid out two undershirts and no underdrawers. When he had dressed and gone out she found evidences of his having donned both garments.

Among that day's items in his note-book the following was subsequently discovered:

"The underwear of to-day is not what it used to be. Underdrawers are made much too small in the legs—so much so, in fact, that one has to slit them up to make them go on. They fit loosely about the waist and are not an aid to a man's sitting down. In fact, they seem not at all suited to the needs of the human frame." ·

I. L. B.

Heart's Desire GRACE, aged five, wanted some lemonade made for Marjorie, who was sick.

"Mamma, give me some lemonade."

"No, baby, it is for Margie. Poor Margie's got the measles."

"Well, mamma, can I have the measles when Margie gets fru wiv um?"

H. G.

Further Deponent Saith Not *Tumper.*—"Is the editor at home?"

Editor's Wife.—"No."

Tumper.—"Are you his wife?"

Editor's Wife.—"I am. Is the business anything I can attend to?"

Tumper (sizing her up).—"I shouldn't wonder; I was going to thrash him."

J. J. C.

The Proper Caper "WILL you pay for this vichy, Madam?"

"No. Have it charged."

Tom Masson.



Walnuts and Wine

ANHEUSER-BUSCH Malt-Nutrine Department 1906 ART CALENDAR.



For true artistic merit and rich color harmonies, this is one of the most beautiful conceptions ever produced in the form of a Calendar.

The figures representing the FOUR SEASONS are from the brush of Maud Humphrey, and are handled with all the chaste delicacy and feeling characteristic of this celebrated artist.

The color panels, are from the brush of J. A. Etherington, a pupil of Mucha, Paris, the greatest living decorative artist, and all are beautifully lithographed in twelve colors.

The Four Season panels contain no advertising and will make beautiful home decorations.

These five art panels will be sent to any address upon receipt of twenty-five cents, or the tops of twelve red tin foil caps from Malt-Nutrine bottles, sent to the

Malt-Nutrine Department
Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n
St. Louis, U. S. A.

MALT-NUTRINE—The most nourishing liquid food—most grateful to the weakened stomach. A necessity to nursing mothers, weak or growing children. It creates appetite and gives health to the weak and ailing. Sold by druggists and grocers.

Walnuts and Wine

SAYS UNCLE SI, SEZ HE

By Grace G. Bostwick

"TAKE a gent from th' city, who thinks he's 'it,
Who dotes on th' shine of his shoes an' th' fit
Of his pantaloons; you take him—see?
An' you set him down in th' field with me,
An' I bet he'll sweat till his measly hide
Works loose as a snake's when th' old skin's died,
An' he'll brag no more of th' country 'jakes,'
Whose work is 'easy as settin' stakes,'"

Sez Uncle Si, sez he.

"Take a new-made wife 'at you want'er break,
An' I tell you what is th' rule I make:
Wimmen an' colts is so much th' same
'At you treat 'em alike an' you'll win th' game.
You can't be ornery an' beat an' swar',
Or, fust thing you know, she won't be thar';
They both likes th' halter 'at's tied with love,
An' th' hand 'at sets soft as a' easy glove,"

Sez Uncle Si, sez he.

"Take a boy with a hickory will of his own,
An' thrash him an' nag him till flesh an' bone
Jess smarts with th' sting till it's hot an' raw,
An' he sulks awhile an' sets his jaw;
You take that boy an' you let him be—
Run wild if he will, but you leave him free—
He'll come out as mild as a heifer calf.
Folks' ways with boys jess makes me laff,"

Sez Uncle Si, sez he.

"Take a hard-luck feller what's been in jail,
Shamed an' broken an' lean as a rail.
An' you set him to work with th' family crew,
Doin' chores 'round th' house like a man can do;
An' you feed him well,—'at's th' wimmen's deal,—
An' fust you know, he'll be spruce as a' cel.
You can't beat wimmen-folks coddlin' strays;
Sech soft-hearted critturs—God bless 'em, I prays!"

Sez Uncle Si, sez he.

"Takes all kinds of folkse in this 'ere game.
You can't expect 'em to be th' same;
Some of 'em has sense an' some of 'em ain't.
An' th' chap 'at prays loudest ain't allus th' saint.

Direct from our distillery to YOU

WHEN YOU BUY HAYNER WHISKEY, you get direct from the distiller the purest and best whiskey that can be produced in one of the finest equipped distilleries in the world, after an experience of forty years.

WHEN YOU BUY HAYNER WHISKEY, you get a whiskey that has not passed through the hands of dealers, thus saving their big profits and avoiding all chance of adulteration.

WHEN YOU BUY HAYNER WHISKEY, you get at the distiller's price a whiskey that has no superior at any price, and yet it costs less than dealers charge for inferior adulterated stuff.



**PURE
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WHISKEY**
**4 FULL \$3.²⁰
QUARTS**
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OUR OFFER We will ship you, in a plain sealed case with no marks to show contents, **FOUR FULL QUART BOTTLES** of HAYNER PRIVATE STOCK RYE or BOURBON for \$3.20, and we will pay the express charges. Take it home and sample it, have your doctor test it, every bottle if you wish. Then if you are not perfectly satisfied, ship it back to us at our expense and your \$3.20 will be promptly refunded. Doesn't such a guarantee, backed by a company that has been in business for 40 years and has a paid up capital of \$500,000.00, protect you fully? How could any offer be fairer? The expense is all ours if you're not satisfied.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Col., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., or Wyo., must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for \$4.00 by Express Prepaid or 20 Quarts for \$15.20 by Freight Prepaid.

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DISTILLERY,
TROY, OHIO.

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ST. PAUL, MINN.

ATLANTA, GA.

Walnuts and Wine

You can't jedge a man by th' set of his clothes,
An' look out for th' feller 'at tells all he knows.
It's th' man what plays fair, with a heart in his breast,
'At gets my vote, you bet, when it comes to th' test,"
Sez Uncle Si, sez he.



Why Didn't it Stop?

A WELL-KNOWN New Yorker applied some time ago at Saint Bartholomew's parish-house for a good Irish girl as maid. She came well recommended. But his ideas of propriety were somewhat rudely jolted when, one morning, while she was dusting about the room, he heard her burst into a loud guffaw. She was standing, shaking with laughter, with arms akimbo, in front of the figure of a little red devil with his thumb at his nose and fingers outspread.

"Seuse me, sor," gurgled she, "fer laffin', but I cudn't help it. It made me think of me sister."

"And why?" ventured the curious gentleman.

"Well, sor, me sister jist arrived from Ireland laht wake, and me and some fri'nds tould her that was the way to stop a throlley-car whin yez want to git on. And, sor,—excuse me fer laffin', sor,—she stud at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street fer a half hour doin' that to ivry motorman that come along, till the cop tould her if she didn't stop it and move on he'd arrist her." And the girl went off into roars of mirth.

Francis H. Lee.



Prejudiced

MR. ISAACSTEIN, who had conducted a flourishing clothing emporium in a town in Ohio, one day departed for Salt Lake City, where he fancied better prospects were assured. In less than a year he returned, a sadder and a wiser man. Judge Sheldon, meeting him on the street, expressed some surprise at his return.

"Vell, Judge," said the merchant, "Salt Lake City may be all right for some people, but—dere ain'd no chance for *us Gentiles*."

H. T. D.



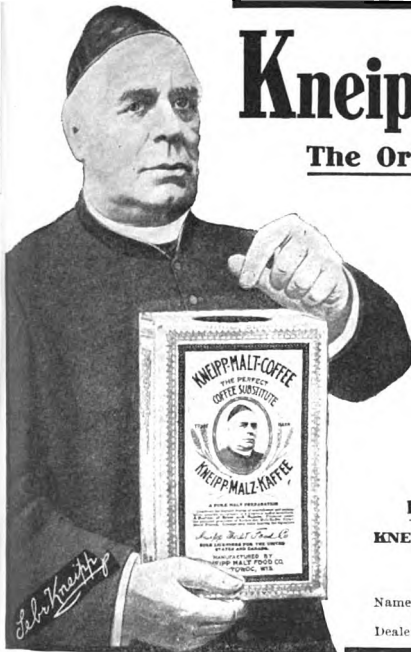
Why He Didn't

A GENTLEMAN in a strange city, desiring the advice of a lawyer, entered one day an office on the door of which he read the name.

"A. Swindle, Attorney-at-law." After receiving excellent counsel he ventured to say to the lawyer: "You, sir, are a splendid type of man, and why do you place yourself open to ridicule by wording your sign as you have done. Why not put your first name in full?"

"I would, indeed," smilingly replied the lawyer, "were not my first name Adam!"

Clara Cadette Dalsimer.



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The Original Coffee Substitute

You refuse to let your children drink coffee. Why?

Because you want them to grow sturdily, with sound hearts and steady nerves.

Then why not use **KNEIPP MALZ COFFEE**, which the whole family can enjoy? It has the real coffee fragrance and flavor. The best of all beverages for the family because it promotes health. It makes children strong and rosy checked.

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THE SOUTH
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FLORIDA*

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TO ALL RESORTS.

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between New York and St. Augustine.

CHICAGO AND FLORIDA SPECIAL
between Chicago and St. Augustine.

Both Make Their Annual Initial Run
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Passenger Traffic Manager, General Passenger Agent,
Washington, D. C.

N. B.—The Southern's Palm Limited ELECTRIC
LIGHTED THROUGHOUT.

Walnuts and Wine

A Two-Sided Reason In the early boom days of Atlantic City a meeting of the City Fathers was held to vote on the question of fencing in that piece of ground set aside by the city for the burying of the unknown dead who were cast up by the sea. Before it was put to vote an old salt, whose mind was intensely practical, arose and expressed his views.

"My fellow-members, in regard to this putting up of a fence, I think we'd better go a little slow. Five hundred dollars is a heap of money to spend to enclose a lot which, God knows, none of us that are out wish to get into, and none of them that are in can get out of."

The fence was not put up.

Freeman Belcher.

THE POET'S LAMENT

By Julien Josephson

MUCH Bread I've cast upon the Waves—
(Bread meaning Verse, you know);
In many Forms it has returned—
But never yet as Dough.

Tommy.—"Paw, what is filthy lucre?"

Viewpoints *Parent.*—"It's the money other people possess, my son."

E. F. Moberly, Jr.

Really in Boston WHILE calling the other day on a friend who lives with a Professor's family I was astounded to hear the wife of the Professor call down the stairs to the servant, "Katie, Katie, put me on a couple of hot irons, please." My friend said he guessed Katie could do so with great joy.

Charles Falconcastle.

An Efficient Ghost Chaser THERE is in Baltimore a gentleman who for some time past has endeavored, with ill success, to induce persons in and about that city to contribute to a fund to be used in convincing the State Legislature of the wisdom of widening the streets visited by the great fire of a year ago.

Not long ago this man, while stopping in the town of Laurel, put up with a family who boasted of a haunted room in their house. As a joke the unsuspecting guest was assigned to the haunted chamber.

When he came down to breakfast someone in a waggish mood asked the Baltimore man if he had seen the ghostly visitant. "Sure thing!" exclaimed the unsuccessful canvasser, "but I laid my subscription scheme before him and he vanished immediately!"

Edwin Tarrise.

Will You Try the Battle Creek Life for 30 Days?

Will You Eat the Foods and Live
the Life Our Experts Recommend?

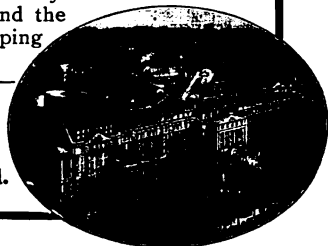
Do You Really Want to be Perfectly Well?

Tell us then if you are ailing or if in good health that you wish to remain so. Let us send you our book. It is very interesting. The life it recommends you can live in your own *home*. You ought to read it.

Nowhere else are so many specialists studying this one thing alone—how to get well and how to *stay* well. No organization anywhere has been so successful. None other is so near the truth. And the basis of all this is right food—right living—keeping the stomach right.

All this we explain in our book. Explain clearly—logically, interestingly so that you may *understand*. Isn't it worth the mere effort of writing us simply to know? Won't you ask for our book today?

Address **The Battle Creek Sanitarium Company, Ltd.**
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THE great strides in every field of human activity during the century just closed have added thousands of new names to the lists of those whom the world delights to honor, a fact which the publishers of "LIPPINCOTT'S PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY OF BIOGRAPHY AND MYTHOLOGY" have recognized by giving that notable work of reference a thorough and extended revision.

The biographical notices included in previous editions have been brought down to date, and a great number of new names have been added: so that the book in its latest edition is complete to the opening year of the twentieth century, and stands to-day—as always since the publication of its first edition—without a peer among works of similar intent and scope. Among the many features of excellence which have called forth the highest praise from hundreds of men prominent in the affairs of mankind may be cited specifically the admirable system of Orthography, repeated on every page for the sake of convenience; and the comprehensive plan of Pronunciation, the data for which were secured by Dr. Thomas during an extended sojourn in Europe and the Orient.

Subscription Edition in 2 large 8vo vols. 2550 double-column pages.

Buckram, \$15.00; half russia, \$17.50; half morocco, \$20.00

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Walnuts and Wine

Dog Wanted At the last anniversary of the Cheshire school Bishop Brewster told of a minister who apologized for the shortness of his sermon by explaining that his dog had chewed up the first and last pages of his manuscript; whereupon a little boy in the congregation was heard to exclaim, "Say, I wish somebody'd give our minister a purp."

M. B. Miller.

Full Up WHEN the ladies were picking up the dishes after a Sunday-school picnic given to children of the poor quarter several slices of cake were found which they did not wish to carry home.

One said to a small lad who was already asthmatic from gorging, "Here, boy, won't you have another piece of cake?"

"Well," he replied, taking it rather listlessly, "I guess I can still chaw, but I can't swaller."

A. C. Davis.

CLEAR OUT

By Karl von Kraft

A HINDOO started out to buy

A gift for his Mahout.

In fear of rain he scanned the sky,

But chortled "It's clear out!"

To shop at ease, a guide he sought—

He proved a lazy lout.

In wrath our Hindoo friend besought

The loafer to clear out.

To buy a gift in fifty shops

He tried—but, without doubt,

So much they'd sold in all the shops

That each one was clear out.

At close of day for rest he yearned,

And sought a near car-route.

"Does this line run——" Conductor turned

And grunted, "Yes, clear out."

At length he reached his littered room.

And loudly he bawled out,

"Allababad, just take your broom

And thoroughly clear out!"



HORLICK'S
MALTED MILK

FOR
Shakespeare's
Seven Ages

is a complete pure food, which builds up the brain, bones and muscles, and promotes healthy growth of the entire system. All of Nature's mineral phosphates are retained. Helpful in meeting the strains put upon the growing child of school age. Also as a table drink, far superior to tea, coffee and cocoa, for the whole family.

Pure milk and the extracts of selected malted grains. A delicious food-drink is ready in a moment by simply stirring the powder in water. In Lunch Tablet form also, a healthful confection for children, recommended by physicians. Excellent as a lunch at recess.

A sample, vest pocket lunch case, also booklet, giving valuable recipes, sent if requested. At all druggists.

ASK FOR HORLICK'S; others are imitations.

Horlick's Malted Milk Co.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.
London, England. Montreal, Canada.



" G U M P T I O N "

A NOTABLE STORY BY A PROMINENT ADVERTISING MAN

IT IS ALWAYS INTERESTING to observe the thought of leaders of men. When such leaders have made their methods and personality felt in the modern science of advertising, such observation is especially worth while.

"*GUMPTION, The Progressions of Newson New,*" is a novel of the strenuous life, by NATHANIEL C. FOWLER, JR. It is a tale of characteristic energy and success told about the strong individuality of a Yankee youth—an energetic Cape Cod boy, who rises from the limited conditions and narrow conservatism of his native environment to a position of responsibility in the Middle West. What adds a special interest to the tale is the intimate knowledge displayed by the author in picturing newspaper life and its manifold conditions. The development of journalism from its provincial methods to its present acme of effectiveness is interestingly interwoven with the story itself.

As might be expected from an experienced advertising man, the style is alert and nervous—at times epigrammatic. The thought is always pregnant with good sense, and the whole handling evinces a conception of life which could be born only of wide experience, well matured and wisely handled.

The story will doubtless be one of the books of the year. It is illustrated by CHARLES COPELAND, and for sale by all booksellers or by the publishers, SMALL, MAYNARD & CO., Boston, Mass. :: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: Price, \$1.50

Walnuts and Wine . .

**Breaking
the News in
Babylon**

THE editor of the *Babylon Blower* was tearing his hair as the time approached for baking the mail edition.

The star reporter stood before him with a woe-begone countenance.

"Well," rasped the editor, "did you get that interview with Belshazzar?"

"Yes, sir, I got it all right," answered the reporter, "but the slaves who were carrying my note-book fell to fighting on the way here and used my notes for missiles. The notes weren't baked, sir, and, of course, they were destroyed."

The editor seized a soft brick and savagely imprinted a string of cuneiform characters on it.

"Here is an order for your salary to date," he roared; "the *Blower* has no further need of your services."

"Put that account of Nabopolassar's last hunting trip into the ovens," he yelled down the tube to the foreman.

E. F. Moberly.



A WALL-STREET QUANDARY

By Julien Josephson

WHENE'ER I try to figure out the Function of a Pool
I always come upon this Stumbling Block:
I can't determine whether it is used for floating Loans
Or merely kept for watering the Stock.



Too Stylish AMONG the experiences of a Wyoming cowboy at the Portland Exposition was a desperate encounter with a collar and necktie. The presumption is that this young person has a name, but on his own range he is known exclusively as "Omaha."

"When I got in town," said Omaha, relating the story of his encounter, "I see that amost everybody was a wearin' of a collar and necktie. So I goes out and I buys a collar about six inches high with an aidge on it like a razor. When I gets to my room I tries to put it on and finds I needs collar-buttons. So I sends the bell-boy out for a quarter's worth and when he comes back he helps me into it.

"He twists down the corners and buttons it on behind. Then he buttons it up in front while I struggles and pants. I stands it for a minute, and then do you know what I done? Well, sir, by Josh! I rared right up and fell backwards."

Caroline Lockhart.



CAREFUL HOUSEKEEPERS in all parts of the Country are loud in their praises of

X-RAY STOVE POLISH

We have thousands of unsolicited testimonials like those shown herewith.

I prefer X-Ray Stove Polish to all others as it will not burn off and is easily applied.—Mrs. J. H. HARRISON, Detroit, Mich.

I like X-Ray better than anything I have ever used. Was advised to use — and by doing so nearly spoiled the looks of my range. Used X-Ray; now my range looks as it did when new.—MINNIE R. RUSSELL, West Somerville, Mass.

I know from experience that X-Ray Stove Polish is excellent and that it will not burn off.—Mrs. E. S. LUCE, Fairfield, Iowa.

X-Ray Stove Polish makes my stove look like a mirror. I never use any other.—Mas. T. E. NUTT, Eastport, Me.

I have used X-Ray Stove Polish and found it satisfactory in every way. It does not burn off even with a very hot fire. It polishes easier than any I have ever used and I would not think of using any other brand.—Mrs. H. A. CURTIS, Hackensack, N. J.

Since using X-Ray Stove Polish I would not go back to the old-fashioned kind I used to use.—Mrs. C. E. WEBB-BRIGHT, Wichita, Kan.

I find X-Ray Stove Polish to be just as advertised. I know by experience that it will not burn off and is easy to apply.—MRS. BETTA JOHNSON, Brooklyn, Wis.

I have used X-Ray Stove Polish for a year and find it superior to all other polishes.—MRS. FRANCES E. PEEK, Davenport, Ia.

I have found X-Ray Stove Polish to be the most satisfactory of any kind that I have ever used.—HARRIET D. ECLHARDT, Buffalo, N. Y.

I must say that I have found X-Ray Stove Polish the best of polishes. We always use it and find it far superior to any other. Our grocer says that he sells more of the X-Ray Polish than of any other brands.—MARY H. MCINABE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I know from several years' experience that X-Ray Stove Polish is excellent and won't rub off.—Miss A. STEVENS, Roxbury, Mass.



It is the original powdered Stove Polish and is guaranteed to go twice as far as paste or liquid polishes. Easily applied. X-RAY gives a quick, brilliant lustre, and **DOES NOT BURN OFF**

A Free Sample Gladly Sent Upon Request

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ADMIRAL TOGO'S SIGNAL at the decisive battle of the Sea of Japan was: "The destiny of our Empire depends upon this action. You are all expected to do your utmost." Every father is expected to do his utmost for his family, and that's why so many take out Life Insurance.

Henry Ward Beecher was a constant advocate of sound life insurance. He taught his people never to expect Providence to do for them what they could do for themselves.

Andrew Carnegie recently said: "Every young man should get his life insured. The young man who neglects to insure his life, even though it entails some hardships to meet the premiums, does himself and those dependent upon him an injustice." The Prudential furnishes an easy method through its varied line of policies.

The Prudential will do for you and yours what it is doing for millions of others. Issues a policy at low cost providing Sound Protection and Liberal Dividends with Certainty of Prompt Settlement.

Write to the home office of the Company at Newark, New Jersey, for further information.



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by all Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

Walnuts and Wine

It's a wise son who knows when to ask his father for money.

**Revised
Proverbs**

The best policy is paid-up life insurance.

A lawsuit is the thief of time.

A dollar in hand is worth two loaned to a friend.

Do a man to-day; he'll do you to-morrow.

It is folly to be wise to all you see and hear.

Where there's a will there's a feast for lawyers.

It is never too late to love or go home.

Nothing will be done well that you do yourself if you don't know how.

Go slow and get left.

When the cat is away the night is quiet.

A friend in need is a friend to steer shy of.

An honest man's word is as good as his bond when you've nothing to lose.

Don't look before leaping when an automobile comes scorching your way.

Henry Phillips.

WITH MYRA 'NEATH THE MISTLETOE

By Karl von Kraft

I STOOD with Myra, Christmas Eve,

Beneath the chandelier.

The elfish Miss did me deceive—

And yet I'm not quite clear

If it was Miss or mistletoe.

Somehow the glamour of her glance

Inflamed my heart like wine.

Beneath the green I sought the chance

To kiss her lips divine—

Now was it Miss or mistletoe?

"You've missed the kiss—not kissed the Miss—

I toed the line in sport!"

"But as we're wed"—I whispered this—

"'Twill be another sort—

The line that my fair Miss'll toe."

**Association
of Ideas**

WILLIAM was two and a half years old when a Mrs. Lord gave him a tiny glass chicken.

Six months later his mother asked him who gave him the chicken. The baby replied he did not know. "Yes, William," she said, "you can remember."

He shook his head a minute, then repeated hurriedly, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the—Mrs. Lord gave it to me!"

H. I. Porter.

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1906



ONE WAY OF LOVE

BY JENNETTE LEE

"Love who may—I still can say,
Those who win heaven, blest are they."
—BROWNING.

I.

A YOUNG man was walking slowly along the country road. His eyes, fixed moodily before him, saw nothing. But his feet kept to the narrow path that skirted its edge, avoiding the wheel-tracks and hoof-prints of the frozen surface, and keeping well within the line of stiffened asters and golden-rod that rose in gray stalks beside the stone wall on either side.

Beyond the wall fields of stubble stretched, brown and bare, in the twilight. Everywhere hung the cold, unvarying light, except along the western horizon, where a band of orange glowed against the darkening sky. Its brightness fell upon the shoulders of the young man, emphasizing the listless stoop and the slow, dispirited walk. The air of dejection might have belonged to a man of sixty.

No other human being was in sight. Presently he turned his head and looked back, listening. The movement brought his face into the glow of light. It was a strange face, the dark, troubled eyes full of inquiry, the flexible lips, slightly parted, waiting upon silence. Slowly a smile of amusement crept into the eyes, spread over the face, and drew from the lips a quick laugh.

"Uncle Eben and Aunt Jerusha!" The listless shoulders straightened themselves, and the young man faced about, looking back.

Far up the road, outlined against the orange sky, a high farm

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wagon was approaching. The old horse made his way over the hubs with spasmodic, seesaw leaps.

The two figures planted firmly on the high seat seemed in no way incommoded by the gait. Both were bundled in shawls and furs. That one was a man might be gathered from the grayish fringe of beard that depended from under the blue and white tippet wound tightly around head and ears. One hand reaching in front of the bundled chest, palm down and knuckles out, grasped the crossed reins and pulled gently now and then with a seesaw motion. The other figure, sitting stiffly erect, ended in a brown veil.

The young man waited till the clumsy wagon was abreast of him. He clambered over the end and, kneeling in the straw, laid an affectionate hand on each bundled figure.

The brown veil nodded graciously and stiffly. "How's the folks, Richard?" came from its folds.

"All well. Aren't you frozen?"

There was no reply from the veil. A wheezy chuckle from Uncle Eben and a gentle pull on the reins were the only response.

The wagon rattled and bumped in the silence. The sky had deepened from orange to purple and hung its light around them. In the distance a gray, weather-beaten house lifted itself, tinged with the glowing light.

"There's Mother," said the young man. "She's seen you."

A tall, raw-boned woman, with a large shawl pinned over her head, squaw-fashion, was coming down the path to the gate.

"Well, where did you come from?" she called out as they drew rein. "I was just thinking about you to-day."

Her mouth was stretched in a smile of conventional welcome, but the high-pitched voice was cordial, and the dark eyes, as youthful as those of her son, looked out in pleased surprise. The rest of the face framed in the shawl was seamed with care and hard work. It beamed with good-humor and concern as she watched Uncle Eben, who, having descended from the high wagon with deliberation, was helping Aunt Jerusha to alight. The old lady hitched cautiously along the seat, put one ample foot tentatively on the step, glanced suspiciously at the motionless Jack, and was at last deposited on the ground.

With a smile on his lips the young man watched the absurd figure, supported on either side by his mother and Uncle Eben, waddle up to the front door. But as he turned towards the barn with Jack the smile disappeared and the listless look returned.

He was fighting his first real battle. Hard work, poverty, the heavy mortgage, had not served to darken his spirit. But to-night as

he came by Emily Hutton's he had seen a yellow-wheeled buggy at the gate. It meant that Edwards, the storekeeper from Plainfield, was in the house, was perhaps at this minute talking to Emily. Richard's eyes smarted at the thought. He turned the hay-cutter swiftly and mixed old Jack's supper.

Perhaps Jack was surprised, a moment later, to feel an arm thrown about his neck. He turned his head inquiringly, munching. But there was no one else to see—the boy was weeping out the bitterness of his heart. She had smiled at him with her big, black eyes, and once, on a sleighing party, her head had rested for a moment on his shoulder. His heart beat faster with the thought. And now Edwards—this was the third time this week. She would marry him— A sob ended the thought.

Jack turned his head with a soft whinny. The boy raised his head, half-shamefaced. His hat had fallen to the floor and his eyes were full of tears. He looked very boyish to be crying for a lost love.

He threw his arm again across Jack's neck and stood for a moment with his face pressed in the thick fur. Then he straightened himself and clenched his hands. He would rather die than have the folks in the house know about it! His lips were firmly closed as he stepped into the fading light, a wooden pail in each hand, and crossed the barnyard to the old pump.

When he had filled the pails he dashed the water over his face and eyes. He turned back to the barn, his head erect, and whistling softly under his breath.

"There!"—he thrust the brimming pail under old Jack's nose and patted the thick coat,—“drink that. It's well salted. It ought to agree with you.” With a smile of somewhat determined cheerfulness he turned away to finish the chores.

II.

WITHIN doors, in the warm kitchen, Mrs. Derring was getting supper. Aunt Jerusha's chair was drawn up to the stove. With her brown merino skirt turned safely back from the heat and her large feet resting comfortably in front of the oven door, she beamed over her gold-bowed spectacles, the picture of comfort. Uncle Eben, with knees drawn up and boot-heels on the round of a straight wooden chair, rubbed his fingers and chuckled into the conversation.

“Is that Edwards man going with Emily Hutton?” demanded Aunt Jerusha over her spectacles. “I saw his team hitched there as we came along.”

Mrs. Derring was stooping to put wood in the fire. She lifted a

flushed face. "Well, I do' know——" She hesitated. "He's been there once or twice, I believe."

"I thought she was Dick's gal," cackled Uncle Eben from his high seat.

Both women looked at him sternly—Aunt Jerusha on principle, Mrs. Derring from the mother-instinct to defend her young.

"I guess Dick didn't care much about her," she said decisively. She began to mix the light biscuit for tea.

Uncle Eben dropped his boot-heels and rose with a crestfallen air. He limped towards the sitting-room and buried his ignominy behind the *Ashton Weekly Press*.

"He's a dreadful trial sometimes," murmured Aunt Jerusha, with a glance towards the sitting-room door. "He's so affectionate, you know—wants to hold my hand in meeting sometimes, and such like. Of course, the neighbors think it's dreadful queer." She had closed the oven door that the oven might be hot for the biscuit. She sat drawn well back in her chair, her merino skirt still tucked up and her feet planted firmly on the floor, looking inquiringly over her spectacles at Mrs. Derring.

"Yes, I know." Mrs. Derring's nod was sympathetic. "Father was some that way too—dreadful affectionate. Only he was more masterful than Eben. Eben seems to give up pretty easy."

"Well, he has to, because I have to have my own way," answered Aunt Jerusha, settling herself more firmly in her chair.

The other woman seemed not to have heard her. Her dark eyes were looking wistfully through the window towards the barn. "Richard favors Father some, I think," she said, as if following out her own thoughts, "and lately, it seems to me, he's grown more like him than ever. I don't seem to understand him."

Aunt Jerusha nodded sagaciously. "Richard 'ud do well enough if only he'd give up writing poetry and get married and settle down. He needs a woman to look after him."

Mrs. Derring's thin face flushed. This time it was not the heat of the fire. "I guess, Jerusha——"

The door of the kitchen was flung wide. The young man appeared, a pail in each hand. "Well, well, Aunt Jerusha, aren't you thawed out yet?" He crossed the room with the brimming pails and deposited them on the pantry floor.

There was little of the heart-broken lover about him as he turned to the wide wooden sink and, dipping water into the big tin basin, began to wash his face and hands. He performed his public toilet with the unconscious ease of habit, dashing the water over his brown face and neck and running his fingers far back into the thick hair

He emerged from the folds of the heavy crash towel, his face glowing and his eyes shining.

His presence lighted the dim room. Mrs. Derring's face lost its tired look; Uncle Eben limped cheerfully back from the sitting-room; and as they seated themselves at the supper-table the boy's exuberant vitality gave a touch of unity that had been lacking before. Aunt Jerusha softened a little towards Uncle Eben, merely keeping a watchful eye on him, as one might on an irresponsible child.

"You needn't pass him the sweet pickles," she said.

But it was too late. The dish was already in Uncle Eben's trembling fingers, and a brown drop had fallen on the spotless cloth.

"I knew he'd spill it." She spoke in an impersonal, detached tone.

Uncle Eben hastily adjusted a glass to cover the spot.

Richard watched the by-play with dancing eyes. Uncle Eben and Aunt Jerusha were always irresistible. But to-night, as he watched them, the smile faded. A thought had flashed across it. Would he and Emily—in thirty years—? Impossible. Emily's dimples deepened to heavy lines—her laughing eyes behind spectacles. Absurd! Yet Aunt Jerusha's manner to Uncle Eben was grotesquely like. It all passed in an undercurrent of thought, scarcely recognized as he laughed and talked and played the part of host.

Not until the good-byes had been said and the clumsy wagon had rattled down the road did he bring the thought to the light and face it. He was alone in his room, a small, bare room—like his life. No carpet on the floor, no curtain at the window, but spotlessly clean, from the blue and white homespun spread on the bed to the square stand beside it. He sat on the edge of the bed, one hand shading his eyes from the light of the small lamp, the other holding a picture on which his eyes rested eagerly. It was a small tintype,—the face of a young girl,—the eyes large, dark, and bright, the hair soft and curling, the forehead high, and the lips firmly closed.

It was like, yet curiously unlike, the face that was looking down at it with eager inquiry. These eyes too were large and dark, but they were dreamy instead of bright; the lips were full and flexible instead of thin and closely set; and the broad forehead, even when the shading hand pushed back the hair impatiently, could not be called high. In both dark faces was a certain sturdiness of character. But the girl's face bore the stamp of fully developed powers, and the other that of powers yet unformed.

Something was struggling in it. The youth was striving blindly to hold to a belief in his love for the face before him. That she was lost to him he had accepted without struggle. But that his love for her should go too, that he should not love her always,—his poet nature

shrank from the thought. It was sacrilege. She had been so long enthroned in his heart—she belonged there. She might become the wife of another man, let Edwards win her, she was still his. His ideal of her should not be torn from him. He could not bear it. It should not be.

And over his idealism, and around and under it, ran a conviction, a strange certainty, that love was already dead.

III.

RICHARD was deep in the heart of the woods. The sound of his axe rang sharp in the silence. Now and then a blue-jay, startled by a heavier blow or a falling limb, flew with a harsh cry to a more distant tree. Richard marked the blue and white flash, standing for a moment with axe suspended, then the blow fell again, always to the same bitter accompaniment. The sight of the bird only roused a new phase of the old thought. "Last year I shot a blue-jay and gave the wings to her. Edwards can give her store things prettier than that." The blows fell again, faster and stronger.

Presently he dropped his axe. Walking to a little distance, he kneeled down and began brushing the snow lightly aside. Underneath lay the dark vines of partridge-berry—the bright berries shining red among the green lines. Swiftly he passed his hands across them. The finger-tips seemed alive. They raised a slender vine and held it a moment, as if to pick it; they laid it reluctantly again in its place. "No,"—he was brushing back the snow with quick fingers,—“I can't carry them to her, and Mother wouldn't want them.”

He stood looking up through the network of branches into the clear sky of the winter's day. His eyes dropped; they noted the straight, dark trunks, the straggling underbrush, through which the sun fell softly, the whiteness of the snow, broken only by shadows. Long he looked, as if he were bidding it all good-by; then he turned away and, shouldering his axe, walked swiftly down the snowy wood-road.

For a month past the neighbors had been discussing the engagement of Emily and Edwards. They were to be married in the spring. Everyone said it was a good match for Emily. They felt sorry for Richard. He was a fine fellow—but too dreamy and fanciful. It was a good thing that Emily was off with him. He had queer notions. That poetry he wrote for the Lyceum meeting,—about “the red fingers of the woodbine at the throat of the dying year,”—it sounded pretty, but it was queer—too much like his Grandfather Crane. No, he would never get on.

He followed the wood-road for about half a mile. Then he left even this slight trail and struck into the unbroken wood, making his way through the underbrush and light snow with free, swinging step.

He had evidently a goal in view, and he emerged at last into a small clearing. A small, time-worn house stood a few rods away. Beyond the house a long, sloping hill rose to the horizon, and half-way up the hill an isolated pine lifted its branches against the sky. A barn stood a short distance from the house, a path connecting the two. If there was any way of approach except that by which Richard had come, it did not appear.

He struck across the open space, smiling as he looked up to the line of smoke rising from the chimney. "He's home, fast enough," he said to himself. He scarcely waited to hear the response to his knock before he lifted the latch and stood in the low doorway.

An old man was standing by the stove. He had paused in the act of putting a stick of wood in the fire, and stood, with stove-lifter suspended, looking expectantly towards the door.

"Hallo, Dick," he said, nodding as he saw his visitor. Turning once more to the stove, he rapped vigorously on the stick until it fell into place.

Richard seemed to expect no other welcome. He crossed the room and seated himself on a rough, home-made bench near the fire.

The old man looked at him keenly from under shaggy gray brows as he brushed the chips and dust from his hands. "Pretty cold," he said at last.

Richard nodded. He knew from experience that the less he said himself the more Seth Kinney would say. He picked up a pine splinter from the floor and began whittling it as if unconscious of the shrewd look bent upon him from the other side of the stove.

The figure that stood there was a curious one. A rough gray beard and a shock of gray hair rose above the blue smock that reached to the tops of heavy cowhide boots. Short, square, solid, his feet well apart, he formed a striking contrast to the younger man, who sat leaning heavily forward, one elbow resting negligently on his knee, whittling the soft pine splinter.

Seth shook his head as he watched the listless figure. He seated himself by the western window and took up a book that was lying, face down, on the broad sill. "How are you feeling, Dick?" he asked abruptly.

"All right," was the answer. Silence fell on the room. The old man ran his eye rapidly down the page, found the place where he had left off, settled himself comfortably in his chair, and was lost

in the book. The fire blazed and crackled and shone through the chinks of the warped stove.

Richard watched the blaze and waited. The silence was broken by an inarticulate sound from the window. It might be assent or it might be the end of a train of thought.

"What is it?" asked Richard.

The old man looked up absently. "Oh—still there, Dick? Just listen to this." He began to read from the brown book in his hand.

"Oh, bother!" said Richard impatiently. "Translate it, won't you, Seth? What is it, any way? I can't understand Greek."

The old man waited a moment as if searching for fit words, and then read in a clear, full voice that contrasted oddly with his uncouth appearance:

"If thou art pained by any external thing, it is not this thing that disturbs thee, but thy own judgment about it; and it is in thy power to wipe out this judgment now. But if anything in thy own disposition gives thee pain, who hinders thee from correcting thy opinion? And even if thou art pained because thou art not doing some particular thing which seems to thee to be right, why dost thou not rather act than complain? But some insuperable obstacle is in the way? Do not be grieved then, for the cause of it not being done depends not on thee. Therefore the mind which is free from passions is a citadel; for man has nothing more secure to which he can fly for refuge, and for the future inexpugnable. He then who has not seen this is an ignorant man; but he who has seen it and does not fly to this refuge is unhappy."

"That's all bosh!" said Richard irritably. "The fellow that wrote it never had anything worse to bear than the toothache."

He stopped a minute and then began again abruptly, the words tumbling out. "What can I do?—I can't stand it—I thought I'd stay home and fight it out. But I can't. It's killing me—but I don't want to go away," he added.

He had sunk again into the listless attitude. "It isn't worth while—nothing is worth while."

His companion said nothing. He was watching the listless figure keenly, as a physician might watch a restless patient. "Have you thought of killing yourself?" he said at last.

The young man started and flushed. "Yes,"—under his breath and half shamed,—"but somehow I don't dare. But I can't bear to live either," he went on. "Perhaps if I could get away from folks the way you have, I could stand it."

The other looked up quickly. He waited a minute. Then he spoke with slow emphasis. "You're not going to spoil your life. I've spoiled mine. That's enough."

"It isn't spoiled. You are contented. You believe all that stuff about philosophy and your mind being an impregnable citadel. Perhaps I should, too, after awhile."

"Resignation isn't living," said the old man bitterly. "I had power, I tell you." He was sitting erect and his eyes flashed. "I had a mind, and because a woman jilted me I threw it away. I buried myself. Don't do it, Dick," his voice had dropped, "no woman is worth it. Be a man. Show that you are made of better stuff." Again his voice rang out as if he were addressing a jury. He was transfixed.

Richard, watching, understood for the first time what his grandfather, Geoffrey Crane, had meant when he used to speak of Seth Kinney's power and of his spoiled life.

In a flash the young man, looking into the future, saw himself in the older man's place. His figure straightened and his hands clenched. The teeth behind the square jaw came together with even firmness.

"What shall I do?"

The older man paused a moment. "You'd better go to college," he said at last. "You have Latin enough. I'll teach you Greek and you can work up the mathematics by yourself. Go to work. Work hard. Don't give yourself time to think. That's the way out."

The young man rose, shutting his knife with a snap. "All right, Seth."

"Wait a minute." The old man mounted a chair and searched among the worn volumes on a high shelf. He selected one and, slapping the covers together, handed it to Dick. "Learn the first twenty pages," he commanded. "When you are ready, come and recite."

When Richard was outside the door he looked at the title-page in the fading light. It was "The Elements of Greek Grammar—taken chiefly from the Grammar of Casper Frederick Haschenberg, 1820."

IV.

"You must get a man to work the farm on shares. He will make it pay you better than I have. I am no farmer." The tone had no note of discouragement; it had rather the ring of success.

Mrs. Derring looked up from her sewing. Richard had never said "must" to her before.

"What is the matter, Richard?" She looked at him searchingly.

"I want to go to college. I shall never do anything at farming."

but I might at something else if I had the chance." He spoke impersonally, as if they were talking of someone else.

"Well, perhaps it is the best thing to do."

Mrs. Derring sewed on for a few minutes in silence; then she said slowly, as if the plan were forming itself, "I guess Tom Bishop would take the farm on shares and they could go to housekeeping in the L-part. The rent would bring in a little something. He and Mary have wanted to go to housekeeping ever since they were married." She ended with a questioning inflection, submitting the plan.

She was not a "capable" woman. The queerness of Geoffrey Crane had descended to the daughter, and she was conscious that her plans were often impracticable. But twenty-four years of farming life had taught her to adjust herself to the inevitable. Almost without volition her mind had begun to turn over ways and means to meet this new emergency.

"I could let them have the south chamber and the back store-room. And perhaps we could pack up the things in father's room so they could have that."

The young man listened in surprise. He had expected remonstrance, even refusal. He was not prepared for such rapid furthering of his project. He was almost inclined to make obstacles himself—so rapidly did she plan.

"Father Crane would be pleased, if he were alive, to know you wanted to go. He always wanted Eben to go to college. But he married Jerusha. They all said he ought to have been a scholar. He was bright at his books. But he was possessed to marry Jerusha. So father had to give it up. He always wanted me to go to school more, too. It was a disappointment to him that I married so young."

She sat looking thoughtfully out of the narrow-paned window, lost in thought of that far-off time when she was courted and won by Marcus Derring.

Richard, the Greek grammar in his hand, stole softly out of the room and climbed the steep stairway. He went quickly down the long hall and opened a door at the end. The room thus disclosed was a curious one. Across one side ran a sloping shelf, broken at one end by a zinc-lined sink. The other sides of the room were filled with cabinets in which were arranged specimens of rock, chemicals, blow-pipes, and many curious contrivances, the use of which Richard could not even guess. In this room Geoffrey Crane had lived and dreamed and died. Here, in the midst of his heritage, the boy sat down to begin the work that should make him what his grandfather would have wished.

But instead of opening the brown-covered book he sat with it in

his hand, thinking of the new life its pages were to open up to him. Life crowded before him. College—new faces—new friends—study—success. And Emily would be—she would not know—or care. She would marry Edwards. She would not know whether he succeeded or failed. Was it worth while?

Something flashed upon him and startled him. If she had cared, he should not now be planning a new life.

"I should have been as happy as Uncle Eben," he thought with a half smile.

To-day he did not resent the implied disloyalty to his idol. He was not thinking of her so much as of Love, the power that holds all men in its grasp and bends them to its will, till each soul longs for nothing so much as that Love shall take human shape and dwell beside him. Dimly it flitted before him,—luminous but indefinable,—filling him with wonder. Uncle Eben married the woman he loved and his life had been dwarfed. Seth Kinney lost the woman he loved, and his life was warped, distorted, and spoiled. Was it fate? Life without love was hard and cold. He opened the grammar and began to read. "Sixteen Greek letters—viz.:

α, γ, β, ε, ι, ο, δ, κ, λ, μ, ν, π, ρ, σ, τ, υ

were introduced into Phœnicia by Cadmus fifteen hundred years before Christ."

V.

At breakfast next morning his mother faced him over her coffee-cup, stern and less ready. "I have been going over the accounts all night." She spoke in a voice that was half complaint. "I don't see how we can manage it. The interest is a hundred and eighty-six and the taxes thirty-five, and there is never anything left at the end of the year, even as it is now." She looked at him, her dark eyes weary with the night's work.

His own eyes flashed back a still light. "I shall do it some way, mother. Don't you worry."

She shook her head, choking back something in her throat. "Your father would have wanted you to—if he had lived——" She rose quickly and turned away to the pantry.

When she came back her eyes were shining again.

He looked at her, smiling. "You'll find that Tom makes twice as much off the farm as I ever have. You'll be rich."

"There's the schooling," she said anxiously.

"I shall earn it." His lips came together. The dreamy look in his eyes was replaced by one of shrewd determination.

His mother's glance followed him admiringly. She rose from the table and began to clear away the dishes. Her step was light.

"And if I find I can't study and earn, too, I'll stop till I get enough to go on. It isn't as if I were good for much on the farm——" He looked at her, waiting.

"No, no—have your way. You've never asked for what you hadn't ought to have. It's true enough you'll never be a farmer." She stood for a moment, one hand holding the plates and cups, the other resting on the table, looking at him fondly. Then she turned brusquely away to the sink.

He took down his cap from its nail and went out into the clear light, whistling. Particles of frost glinted in the air. They formed on the edge of his upturned collar and fur cap and deepened the down of his lip. He blew them aside with a laugh. Taking the axe from the shed, down the lane he strode, the crusted earth crunching beneath his vigorous tread. The axe was shifted from side to side, as he walked, and the free arm swung across his chest. He struck into the wood-road with a song and hallooed to the stillness. The love-sick boy of yesterday was gone. Taking off his cap he called and sang till the blue-jays forgot to be frightened and hovered, curious, in the trees overhead. He took off his cap to them, looking up through the tree-tops to the blue shimmer of sky. He swung the cap around his head and they darted away—a blue and white clatter of sound. He replaced it, laughing softly.

The earth was alive. He reached out to the bushes as he passed, trailing the budded stems through his fingers and brushing the purple-brown oak-leaves with swiftest touch. When he came to the tree that he was to cut he ran his palm up and down its rough bark before he seized his axe and swung it clear from his shoulder. The blows rang even and hard, and with every blow he drove home the first declension of the Greek grammar.

Every day found him at work in the woods. Soon Tom Bishop joined him and the cross-cut saw flashed to its work in the trunks. Richard, to the tune of its monotonous seesaw, sang Greek verbs and declined nouns—till Tom caught the rhythm and chanted declensions in sheer self-defence. At night when he repeated the strange sounds proudly to his little wife she looked at him in delight—but half in fear that he would grow away from her. She counted jealously the days that must elapse before the sledding should be done.

The fame of Richard's learning went abroad through the land. All the world knew that Seth Kinney was "learning him Greek." The old man came often to the wood-lot to hear him recite. Sitting on a fallen log, he would repeat long, rolling lines of poetry that the

choppers repeated after him, to the rhythm of the saw, till the still, cold light was alive with tumbling Greek. Perhaps the blue-jays, flitting among the treetops, heard the news and told it to the crows; and the crows of the open field called to the snowbirds and sparrows; and the snowbirds lisped it to the chickadees; and the chickadees, turning upside down on the orchard trees, twittered to the hens running to and fro and cackling everywhere. Or it may be that Tom's wife told her mother. In any case, the whole village knew it. And, perhaps, it was a little balm to Richard's heart—if balm it needed—as he swung by her lighted window at night to know that she knew.

VI.

WHEN the snow began melting from the partridge-berries the wood had been cut and hauled. Only scattered chips remained to tell the winter's work. And, although all the village knew that Richard was learning Greek, it did not know that in the woods he had learned something harder than Greek. No one but he and Seth knew that with every blow of the axe he had made a stroke at his trouble—and cut it, and sawed it, and split it, and piled it high, and sledded it to town, and sold it at so much a cord—till his heart was as sound as a drum.

And when one morning he passed Emily in her new spring array, tripping along the country road, he could lift his hat and smile at her proudly. And Emily, fingering the ribbons that fell from her throat, called him in her heart a fickle thing and rejoiced anew that she was to be Mrs. Edwards.

He was on his way to Uncle Eben's when he met her—carrying a message from his mother. He found the old man in the side garden, pottering about over the half-dried earth and warming his stiff back in the sun.

"Limy beans?" said Uncle Eben when he heard the request. "You'll have to go into the house and ask her. She hain't give me mine yet. It's time for 'em, too. She keeps 'em locked up in the secretary—ch'ice as gold." He rose stiffly from his knees and led the way to the house.

Aunt Jerusha was buried in the depths of the Dutch oven, a long feather duster in her hand, with which she whisked its sides. She emerged, shining and surprised.

"Well, I declare, Richard; is that you!" She readjusted her spectacles and looked at him kindly. Her skirt was pinned safely up out of harm's way and her sleeves were rolled above the elbow. A sunbonnet protected her head. She beamed out of its depths.

"Want some of the Limas, do you, for plantin'? Well, I do'

know how many we'll have. I hain't got 'em down for Pa yet." She glanced at him suspiciously.

He shifted from one foot to the other. It might have been hope or it might have been impatience.

Aunt Jerusha's look changed to affection. "He wants some, dreadful," she confided to Richard, "but it ain't time yet."

She crossed the room and took from a high nail by the shelf a key. It was the key to the parlor-door. "You come with me, Richard," she said mildly, as she waddled away.

Uncle Eben looked wistfully after them. He seated himself in a straight-backed chair and, lifting his feet to the front round, rubbed his fingers thoughtfully.

Aunt Jerusha opened the parlor-door into the dim light. "You can come right in," she said proudly. "Never mind your feet. Women were made to sweep up dirt. I've got to clean here next week anyway."

The room was speckless. Not a trace of dust rested on any object, though Aunt Jerusha gave an ostentatious puff to the plush album as she lifted it. She opened it with a little gesture of pride. It was half filled with pictures, and in the hole left vacant in the other half reposed a key. "I keep it in here," she whispered. "He wouldn't ever think of looking in that." She chuckled softly as she drew it out. She snapped the heavy clasps safely and returned the album to the table.

"I thought I might's well show you." She stood in the dim light, watching him mysteriously out of her sunbonnet. "If anything should happen to me, somebody'd hev to know, and he wouldn't have no more care 'an a child." She directed her nod towards the kitchen.

Uncle Eben looked up hopefully as they returned, the key to the secretary borne in Aunt Jerusha's palm.

Mounting a chair in front of the high secretary she inserted the key in the lock. The doors swung open. Uncle Eben feasted his eyes. There were packages of seeds and velvet bonnets and a string of gold beads and a high shell comb. She touched a package of papers that lay at the left. "That's my will," she said significantly to Richard. "I've left everything to him."

A glow of appreciation overspread Uncle Eben's face. "Why, Jerusha,"—his boot-heels came down with a clatter to the floor,— "why, Jerusha——"

"Not a word!" she said sternly, turning on him. "I don't want to hear a word."

She turned back to the open space and searched among the packages. "Here they be." She gave a fat sigh and descended from the

chair, closing the mysterious doors. She emptied the package in her lap, Uncle Eben eying it enviously from afar.

"I shall divide even," she said with a calm air,—“just even.” She counted out the beans, one by one, each in its separate pile, and handed one of the piles to Richard. “There. Tell your mother I divided equal.”

“I’ll tell her,” said Richard, stowing away the bag in his pocket. He knew better than to hurt Aunt Jerusha’s feelings by refusing any proffered favor.

She sat leaning comfortably back in her chair, looking at him. “They say you’re learning Greek, Richard,” she said at last, rocking a little.

Uncle Eben tipped eagerly forward in his chair.

She ignored him. “Are ye?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“And you’re going to college?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“How’s Amanda Derring going to pay for it?” she asked severely.

“I’m going to pay my own way,” said the boy.

She nodded slowly. “I thought like enough. But you can’t do it.”

“I’m going to.”

She looked at him more approvingly. “The Lord helps them that helps themselves,” she said solemnly, “and I and the Lord do the same.”

She rose majestically and opened the secretary doors once more. She took down a broken-nosed teapot and extracted a roll of bills, holding it out to him. “There’s one hundred dollars,” she said slowly. “I shall give you that every year till you get through. And if anything happens to me, Eben’s to give it to you—same as if I was alive.”

“Of course I——” began Uncle Eben from his chair.

She stopped him swiftly. “Don’t say a word.”

His open mouth collapsed. He rubbed his fingers thoughtfully.

She turned to the boy. “Run along home, Richard. Don’t forget to tell your mother I divided the beans with her—even.”

VII.

“Who’s the farmer?” whispered the boy on the back seat to his neighbor.

It was the examination in Greek. Richard’s ears reddened to the tips. He sat two seats away. But the ears accustomed to note the falling of a leaf were keen, and the whisper was loud. He would

have it out with the fellow at noon. Now he merely shrugged his shoulders a little and devoted himself anew to his verb. It was *φιλεω* and he had chosen it first to conjugate, as being the easiest thing on the paper. But it was unexpectedly difficult. He was confused. Emily's saucy eyes were coming between him and the page, snatching away its meaning. "I have loved—you have loved," his pen scratched desperately on. How pretty she had looked that morning. And he had thought he was over it! He shook himself. "I shall love——" He glanced despairingly at the clock. The time was nearly up. It must be the coming away from home that had upset him. She was not worth a thought. He gathered himself for a fresh start and wrote rapidly.

"Farmer's getting rattled," whispered the boy on the back seat.

Richard made another mental note and plunged on.

"Time." It was the voice of the assistant.

Richard dropped his pen and gathered up his scattered notes, running his eye hastily over them. They were enough to flunk him. He could see that at a glance. He handed them in with sullen face.

"In half an hour the oral examination will be held in this room," announced the assistant in a stereotyped voice.

The boys plunged into the open. Richard sought out the boy of the back seat and salved his wounded feelings by hand-to-hand measures. The fellow got up, puffing and grinning a little sheepishly.

"You've got muscle," he said enviously.

Two upper-classmen, passing, had stopped for a moment to watch the contest. "He'll have a try for the team," said one.

They strolled on.

"It's the shoulders that count."

"Partly—and muscle."

"And grit. Did you see his face? Looked as if he was chewing iron."

Richard and the boy shook hands and went back to the class-room. The Professor was on the platform. He had mild brown hair and a large nose, surmounted by spectacles. He glared through them at the hapless youth. He had a sensitive ear for Greek accents and the entrance examinations wore on it. The assistant had been showing him the written work. It was very poor. His face was prepared for the worst. The oral examination would consist of reading in the original Greek.

The boys subsided beneath his glare and there was ominous silence.

"Next," growled the Professor. He surveyed Richard—his heavy shoulders and big hands—and groaned inwardly. He resigned himself to his fate.

Richard struggled to his feet. His face was red and his throat dry. The words came with rasping hoarseness. Then the swing of the rhythm caught him. His voice opened and deepened and he was off on the lines. The silence of the woods was about him, and the sound of the cross-cut saw rose upon it. He swayed to its tune, the words rolling out—rising and falling to a kind of heavy chant. The Professor on the platform started a little. He pushed his spectacles high on his forehead and rubbed his great nose. The wrinkles smoothed from his brow and the peace of days settled upon his face. The boy on the back seat nudged his neighbor. "Farmer's getting there," he whispered.

"H-s-h!" growled the Professor.

Richard came to a stop, looking up blinkingly. He had forgotten the class and the Professor. He and Tom had been swaying back and forth to the sound of the cross-cut saw, chanting the deep, monotonous sounds.

The Professor beamed on him. A faint, half-scared cheer went up from the class. The spectacles descended and glared at them. "Time to cheer when you are out of the woods," he said. "Next."

The next youth rose and blundered on. The hour wore away and the class escaped, but bruised and sore.

The Professor detained Richard by a gesture. "Where did you fit?" he asked brusquely.

"At home."

"Where?"

"In Ashton."

"Massachusetts?"

"Yes."

"There's no school there."

"No, sir, I studied by myself and with an old man."

"Umph!" The spectacles regarded him.

"And did he read Greek the way you do?"

The boy's face reddened. "Not exactly. We did it that way, sawing logs—I got into the swing of it and forgot."

The Professor leaned forward, tapping the *Odyssey* with his spectacles. "You recited Greek in the woods?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sawing logs?"

"Yes, sir."

The Professor's face grew light. He chuckled. "And we think we can teach them indoors!"

"Is it all right, sir?"

"All right?" growled the Professor. "It's the way they did it in

Greece—three thousand years ago. Go home and thank your lucky stars you had something besides boards over your head while you learned it.”

VIII.

A crowd of boys were waiting about the door. The boy of the back seat linked his arm in Richard's. “What'd old Four-Eyes want?” he demanded.

“Got a leather medal anywhere?”

“What'd he say, anyhow?”

The fact that Richard was their senior by several years did not seem to impress them. They gathered about him, chaffing and questioning. They disregarded his stern look as he tried to shoulder his way through the crowd.

“Oh, hold on.”

“Tell us what he said.”

In the end Richard complied, half resentfully.

“Liked it, did he? My eye!”

They danced about him.

“For he liked it, don't you know, don't you know?” they chanted, “For he liked it, don't you know—o-oh!”

“Then Aurora, rosy-fingered daughter of the morn,” wailed a small, chubby lad with pink cheeks.

“*Ἦμος δ' ἠριγένεια φάνη ροδοδάκτυλος Ἥως,*”

It was the seesaw chant of the woods.

The group took it up with a shout of joy. They sent the burlesque jigging across the campus.

Heads were thrust out above. “Hey, you Freshies! Haw-haw-haw! Keep quiet, down there!”

A shout of defiance went up from the group. They were drunk with too much Greek and with release from oppression.

“*Ἦμος δ' ἠριγένεια φάνη ροδοδάκτυλος Ἥως*”

they chanted on, marching with mock, solemn front.

A deep voice underannounced the chant and snatched it from them and made it beautiful, hurling it out with force. The group looked at him a moment doubtfully. Then they gave way and followed his lead. The burlesque had become a march of triumph. Breathless they landed him at his own door.

“Say, you fellows, what do you bet old Four-Eyes don't let us all off easy on account of the Farmer?”

“Three cheers for Farmer!”

"Hip—hip!"

"Three cheers for Four-Eyes!"

Heads were thrust out again above. "Yah—yah—yah! Dry up, down there. Yah—yah!"

The group broke up and drifted apart with a final yell. Windows descended with a slam, and quiet reigned.

The Greek Professor, crossing the campus five minutes later, heard only the twittering of English sparrows and the quiet rustle of the leaves. Underneath the quiet, for the Professor's ears, ran sonorous epic lines, chanted to a deep measure. The Professor held his head high and stepped to a mighty tune.

The whole class was entered without condition in Greek—a thing unprecedented. The faculty gasped when they heard the news. The students grinned. News of the Greek prodigy got about college. Poor Richard found his path a thorny one. He could not appear on the campus but a chant in Greek would spring up of itself in the distance—swelling or dying away to an echo, according to the number of students on hand, and ending always with the mocking refrain, "For he liked it, don't you know—o-oh!"

The situation gave him enough to think about. He forgot to remember Emily, or even to remember that he had expected to remember her and be miserable. She rested in the background of memory, a faint blur, brushed out of existence by a grinning yell of derision.

He learned to set his teeth and grin back; and in the end he found his unwelcome distinction an advantage. It might not be comfortable to be recognized and pointed out in every new class he attended as the learned wood-chopper; but at least he was recognized. No professor forgot his name or fumbled up and down the class-list trying to place him. And the fact that he was older than the majority of the class, added to the uncanny Greek distinction, gave him an assured place.

When it was known that he was working his way through college numberless opportunities sprang up. The faculty gave him tutoring and secretary work to do. The student body put him on the football team. Emily's image grew so faint that Cupid must have wrung his infant hands in despair.

The four years went by with undignified haste. Richard was conscious of leaving undone half that he meant to do. He groaned in spirit over vast tracts of literature—of which he knew not even the name—that he could get no time to explore. Nevertheless, he found himself, at the end of the course, taking honors in English. He gasped a little. Then he hunted up the professor of English and laid before him his secret desire.

"Want to be a journalist?" said the Professor with a smile. "I thought it was Greek."

Richard made a hasty gesture—"Never!"

The Professor laughed out. He was a trim, slight man. "Had enough in college?"

Richard nodded.

The Professor drummed with his fingers on the table for a moment. "Had you thought of trying for a college position—English assistant, or something?" He watched Richard's face.

It flushed a little. "I want something that will take me into life. I've never known anything but the woods—and this."

The Professor winced a little. "Well, journalism will take you into life, all right." He remained thoughtful a moment. "Have you ever done anything at it?"

"I've done the college news for two papers and sent specials now and then. But that stands for nothing permanent."

"It will do more for you than I can," said the Professor. He had drawn a sheet of paper towards him. "How would you like Chicago?"

"All right."

"You might as well have plenty of life while you're about it. I hear they hustle things out there. You won't think you're in the woods—or in college." He had taken up his pen. "I have a friend on one of the dailies. I'll drop him a line."

"Thank you, sir." Richard stood up to go.

The Professor held out his hand. "That's all right. Bring around some of the letters you've done on the college. They'll help you more than anything I can say. I'll put them in when I write."

IX.

SHE was dressed in a long cloak, grayish-brown, with gray hat and veil. Her tall figure loomed duskily in the back of the elevator. She was speaking to the elevator boy, who stood with his hand on the rope and slid to the door as Derring entered.

"This is my reception afternoon, Tom. If visitors ask for me, you can show them directly to the studio."

"Yes, Miss Gordon," returned the boy.

"Third, please," said Derring. His newspaper life was teaching him to think and act quickly. He must give her time to get at work. He stepped out at the third floor and the door was slammed behind him.

He could spend half an hour looking over the things on this floor. It would all work in some time—if he were promoted, as he hoped to

be. His position at present included a variety of work. He was liable to be called on to write a column on any subject—from bacteria and the Lake water, to Art and its outlook in Chicago. His column to-day was "The Private Studios Connected with the Art Institute."

As he had turned the corner at Michigan Avenue he had caught sight of a roll of paper whirling lightly across the open space in front of the Institute. A woman in a gray cloak was battling with the wind and looking despairingly after the hurrying roll. It was the work of a moment for him to dart through the crowd of teams, rescue it, and receive murmured thanks from the gray veil.

Now, by the moment's chance in the elevator, he had learned that she was one of the artists he had come to interview. He would wait half an hour. Then he would look her up. She would at least be civil to him. It was a lucky chance.

She was seated with her back to the door, in the light of the north window. She turned her head from her work with a look of inquiry. The face was older than he had fancied through the folds of the veil.

She half rose from her seat, her hands full of brushes and color-tubes.

"Pray do not rise," he said. "If you will kindly go on working, I shall feel less that I am intruding."

He explained his errand and asked permission to look about the studio and take notes. He asked the permission very humbly. He had not accustomed himself to the idea that the public likes to be interviewed and written up. The slight hesitation with which she gave the permission seemed to him natural and fitting.

"In fact," she said, smiling, "I suppose I ought to be glad to have you; it will advertise my work."

She went on with her work and they carried on a desultory conversation. Derring wandered about the studio, taking notes and pausing here and there. A sudden exclamation caused her to look up. He had turned a water-color sketch to the light and was examining it.

"It is Ashton Pond?" he said.

"Yes. Do you know it?"

"My home is there. It seems strange to see it here—out of place."

"I like to have it. It makes summer and the East nearer."

He looked at her in surprise. "Do you go there?"

"I have spent the last three summers there," she replied.

"And I have not been home for the last four. I've spent the vacations away."

They fell to talking of mutual acquaintances and places of interest.

She had heard of Seth Kinney and she knew the wood-road. The studio became to Derring a very homelike place. They two were shut in, alone, in the midst of the quiet. The great, practical city roared outside, but they did not hear it. He did not realize that she showed the tact of a woman of the world in guiding the conversation. It seemed to him spontaneous and natural.

When she fell silent he started in dismay, looking at his watch. "I am keeping you—and the article must be in by two."

She gave him her hand at parting with the cordiality of an old friend.

As he hurried up Wabash Avenue pictures of the wood-road fitted before him. He heard the rustle of the leaves and saw the green moss and the trailing lines of partridge-berry. And in and out of the picture moved the figure of the artist—in its soft grays and browns. She fitted the scene; she was a part of it; yet when he tried to remember how she looked, he could not recall even the color of her eyes. She eluded his search, and in her stead he saw the sun shining through swaying leaves and falling on the vines and berries.

"Look out there!" The voice was loud and important.

Derring felt himself drawn swiftly back from the advancing cable car. He pulled himself together, with a word of thanks to the incensed policeman, and devoted himself in earnest to the dangers of the Madison and State Street crossing.

X.

RICHARD'S promotion came sooner than he had dared hope. The art critic was to take a trip to Europe, and Derring was offered the position. Something in the quality of his articles had attracted attention; and he had even handed in several specials on his own account, that were accepted with some show of interest.

He owed his rapid advancement partly, too, to something that, for want of a better name, we call personality. Those who came near him felt its influence. The office boy approved of him; the managing editor stood ready to help him. That he gave no return to the liking he inspired seemed to make no difference. His unsatisfied heart was a magnet, drawing to itself the particles of humanity and holding them.

His new work took him to the Art Institute and into the world of artists, and he saw his new friend often. Sometimes they stopped for a word in the halls; sometimes he sought her studio in the intervals of work. Their relation had become that of good-comradeship. Derring supposed that he felt towards her as he would have felt

towards a man—if there were such a man. He turned to her with each new interest. They discussed every subject in the range of art, literature, and life. But their intercourse was free from even a hint of love-making. She had only the grays and browns of her apparel.

With his promotion and increase of salary Derring had changed his boarding-place to a pleasanter part of the city. He had not thought to ask her where she lived. It had not occurred to him that he might happen on the same place, until the first night at dinner when he raised his eyes from his plate and found her on the opposite side of the table, smiling quietly at his surprise.

That she saw the surprise was evident. But that she divined the accompanying vexation could be guessed only from the care she took to put him at ease. It was like her. She would not be so stupid as to misunderstand him any more than a man would have done.

It was three months after the beginning of their acquaintance that he hurried into the studio one morning to ask her to lend him a book he had seen in her book-case. He was short of material, he explained. He wanted to work up the Arundel collection. If she would lend him that book, it would save him a trip to the library.

In his haste he did not notice—though he remembered afterwards—the slight hesitation with which she took the book from the case and handed it to him. It was a small, leather-bound pocket edition, such as tourists carry, and bore in gilt, on the side, “The Masterpieces of Europe and England.”

“Yes, that is it.” He opened it at random, running the leaves through his fingers. “I will bring it back soon.”

With the book still open in his hand he hurried from the room.

Five minutes later he appeared again in the doorway.

“I shall have to go to the library after all,” he said, abruptly. “I have brought back your book.”

“I am sorry you did not find what you wanted.” She did not look up from her work. She could not have seen the color in his face and she may not have noticed the slight tremor in his voice as he replied,—

“It’s no matter. I can find it at the library.”

It had become a matter of course that he should come and go in this easy way, with no ceremony; but it had not become a matter of course that he should leave the studio with his pulses thundering in his ears. Yet nothing had happened. He had turned the leaves carelessly in his hand as he went down the stairs.

It had stared at him from the white page: “To John Dalton, with love. Helen Gordon.”

It ran in his ears as he hurried on his hat and coat and hastened to the library. It danced before his eyes between the pages of books.

"With love." That meant a history. And she had the book now. There had been either a parting or a death. Stupid! He had not guessed or dreamed. The restful quiet of her life covered a dead secret.

He found himself, through the day and as he walked home at night, repeating over and over, as if it were a refrain, "The ashes of a dead love." Yes, that was what it was like,—that restfulness of hers,—passion burned to ashes. Why had he never guessed? And was it dead? Would she love again?

The question stung him. He quickened his pace. He had not thought of her before as a woman. And yet it was strange that he had not. It came to him now that her womanliness was her chief charm. But it was so a part of her that he had never separated it from her. That she should be thoughtful for others, that her voice should be low and sweet, that she should be graceful in every motion—all this was—Helen. He said the name half under his breath. He stood bewildered before his own consciousness. He loved her!

During his college years Derring had come to know that in love he was an idealist. Love in its true sense could not exist on the earth. It was a vision of poets—impossible of realization. Long since he had come to know that his boyhood love was such a vision, and that its realization would have been a kind of tragic comedy. But always the ideal flitted before him, making him fancy that he was in love, now here, now there, and each time he had wakened to the knowledge that he was in love with an ideal. When he had been invited to the homes of his classmates he had fancied that he should find in one of these homes the fulfilment of his dreams. But the sisters who met him with cordial welcome, who danced, flirted, and played tennis with him, had seemed to him too young to understand even the alphabet of love as he would read it. He had felt very old and experienced and out of place. The love that he might perhaps have won from them seemed to him pale and insipid. He wrote poems, but he dedicated them to the ideal. She was a glowing presence—more real to him than any woman. Now this ideal had paled and faded and a quiet figure in grays and browns filled its place.

He was passing a florist's, and he stopped to purchase a bunch of violets. He did not tell himself they were for her. He was not quite steady yet from the shock that had come to him. He could hardly have been more startled if the quiet wood-road at home had suddenly assumed a woman's face and form and claimed his love. But deep in his heart was a longing to make her reparation. He had invaded her secret. He could not undo that. But he could let her know that he was sorry. Sorry! Was he?

She was not home from the studio. But the door of her room, which was warmed from the hall, stood open. Without crossing the threshold he laid the violets on a chair inside the door. Would she understand? Yesterday he would have said, yes. To-day he could not tell. She might not understand, or she might understand too well.

She greeted him as quietly as usual when she came in to dinner that night. She wore the violets tucked carelessly into the lace that filled her dress. One that had fallen apart from the others rested lightly against her throat. His heart stopped for a second, and then leaped forward with a bound.

Not till they were leaving the dining-room, when he held the curtain aside for her to pass, scanning her face, did her glance meet his. The next moment he could not have told what he saw in her eyes, but he no longer questioned their color. Blue—blue and deep—slumbering fire. Fool! Had he expected her to wear her heart on her sleeve for daws to peck at?

He had not intended to see her again that night, but he found that he could not rest. It would make no comment, even in this gossipy boarding-house, if he stopped at her door a minute. But he found that he had suddenly grown careful, overly conscious of remark. He would put on his hat and coat and go for a walk. He might see her as he passed her door.

She was seated in a low chair by the table, sewing, the light falling softly across her brown hair and on the work in her hands. His violets were still in her dress. She was the embodiment of home, he thought, as he stood for a minute across the threshold. She looked up quietly—not as if she were startled to see him there.

"You have brought me the paper?" she said, catching sight of the newspaper in his hand. "You are very good." She laid down her sewing and came to take it.

A sudden daring seized him. "Will you not be good too?" He lifted his hand to the violet at her throat and drew it from its place—watching her face, to obey its lightest wish. She did not stay him. She stood with her hands clasped, her figure swaying a little forward and her eyes following the flower as he placed it in his coat. In another minute she might have raised her eyes to his. A door opened below—a step sounded on the stair.

"You are not angry?" he pleaded.

"No." It was half-breathed, half-spoken, hardly audible, but it set his pulses thrilling. He passed into the cool night air with new joy in his heart. She had understood. It was to be, not only comradeship, but love. He raised his flushed face to the quiet stars.

They stretched away into infinite space. But only love could make life worth the living.

XI.

HE sought her the next day in the studio and found her occupied with a pupil. He had forgotten it was her day for pupils. She would be busy until four o'clock.

"I will come around and walk home with you—if I may."

"Very well," she assented.

They stood in the doorway, just out of sight of the pupil. He was watching her face anxiously. He fancied that she looked pale and worn, as if she had not slept.

"You are tired?" he questioned in a low tone.

She admitted that she was—"a little."

"Perhaps I would better not come for you to-night."

"No. Come. It will rest me to have someone to talk to."

"But if I come, I shall speak," he insisted.

She did not raise her eyes to his as he had half hoped. She hesitated for a moment, and then only said, as she turned towards the studio, "I will wait for you."

He left the building, a tumult of joy and doubt in his heart. She had given him permission to speak, but she seemed to have refused his demand before it was made. He dared not hope. He hoped in spite of fear.

As the day wore on the fear subsided and the joy of love took possession of him. That, at least, she could not take away, no matter what she might refuse.

He found her alone, at work in the gray afternoon light.

"I am improving the last minutes," she said, looking up as he entered and speaking lightly, as if eager to put their meeting on a commonplace footing.

He did not answer, but seated himself on the long couch opposite her. He watched her as she sketched in the outline of a still-life study. She was sitting as usual, with the light falling full upon her. Yes, he had been right. Her face was pale.

"What is it?" he asked abruptly, at last, in a low tone.

"I am afraid of it," she answered quietly.

"Why?"

"Because things will never be the same again."

"I hope not," he responded quickly.

"I want them to be. I don't want them to change," she replied as quickly.

"Then they shall not. I won't say anything more."

A silence fell on the studio. The shadows in the corners grew darker and lengthened softly towards the centre of the room. The light suited the room, Derring thought, as he sat waiting for her to speak. The harmonious tones and subdued colors seemed to gather and centre in the quiet figure under the skylight. It was always so. She would always gather the light and life in everything and transmute it to something softened and human.

She was trying the colors on the edge of her block, making ready to wash in the sketch. She spoke slowly, without looking up. "But you know that I love you?"

Derring started suddenly. "No, I didn't know—you hadn't told me——"

Their eyes met, and they broke into a laugh.

"You will marry me?" he said bluntly.

"No."

"Why not?"

She had become absorbed in the edge of her sketch and was drawing futile, ineffective lines.

"Why not?" he repeated.

"It's so selfish"—after a pause.

"Selfish?"—blankly.

"Yes, two people fall in love and they forget everything else and marry. They seem to think that love justifies everything."

"It does."

"But there are other claims."

He was looking at her intently.

"Grace must be sent to school and the boys are hardly able to take care of themselves; and there is mother. They all depend on me. Don't you see that it would be selfish?" She was leaning forward and looking at him, impersonally, with the old air of comradeship.

"But I would help."

"I know. But you have no right to marry yet. There would be children, and the children of Bohemia are not always so happy as their parents. It is not fair that two people should be happy at the expense of so much. Probably marriage was meant to be right; but it is all wrong as things are now."

Spoken with quiet conviction, rapidly. Whatever she decided must be right. But one phrase stirred his pulses.

"That two people should be happy," he repeated. "You think——"

"I think that most marriages are mistakes," she replied, taking up her brush again and sketching rapidly. "People are madly in love. They marry. And then apparently the love dies. I should die myself," she said quickly. "I could not bear that."

He had risen and was standing, one hand raised and resting on the easel, looking down at her.

She lifted her face to his, smiling at him a little wistfully. "I had not hoped that you would understand. I thought there would be an explanation—and parting."

"Not that—never!"

"But there are no promises," she said quickly. "No," holding up her hand as he would have interrupted her, "I am older than you, you know. You may outgrow me. You must not be bound even by a promise. If we are made for each other, we shall find it out, as time goes on, without them; and if we are not, we shall only drift farther apart and there will be no pain for what never really existed. But if we were bound by marriage——" She broke off, looking straight before her.

"You have loved before." He was looking down at her. "You would not reason so clearly——"

"I thought once—that I loved." Her eyes were on her work.

The question sprang to his lips, "And he is dead?"

"Thank God—yes."

He stared at her blankly.

"I should not have found out in time. We should have been miserable. I thought I loved him. I mourned a long time. But lately—I have known——" Her head bent lower over her work.

His face deepened. He started towards her. "Ah, you have learned——"

"I have learned that I dare not trust myself," she said. She began to gather up her materials and put them away.

Presently she stood beside him. She had put on the long gray cloak. "I am going now," she said.

He looked about for his hat and found it still in his hand. He held it out with a whimsical gesture. "I have been eminently proper," he said.

With a laugh of the old comradeship she held out her hand and he covered it with his own.

"It is a compact?" he said.

"That there are no promises," she replied.

XII.

BUT if there were no promises, there was much happiness in the months that followed. After the talk in the studio their life assumed a new phase—something as far removed from the unrest of courtship on the one hand, as from the commonplaceness of married life on the other.

Derring had accepted her decision as final. There was to be no marriage—not even a promise of marriage at some distant day. His love for her must begin and end in itself. One less capable of love, or one who had longed less for love, might have fretted at the anomalous position in which he found himself—neither aspirant nor accepted lover. But to Derring it seemed that never since man was created had a love so unique been upon the earth.

He was at the studio daily, sometimes several times a day. He fell into the habit of going there to write up the articles for which he had been gathering material—an art lecture below stairs or a first view above. Often he read these articles to her as she sat at work. Her criticisms were frank and unsparing. Sometimes for days together, a stranger, overhearing them as they talked or jested, would not have guessed that they were more than good comrades. Only, now and then, a word, half-breathed, as he sat watching her move about the studio, would speak volumes and bridge over hours of commonplace. Then again there would be days when they would talk of their love as of any accepted fact of common interest.

Perhaps nowhere but in the art world could such a friendship have existed without danger of misunderstanding. At the boarding-house they had instinctively remained mere table acquaintances. But among the artists they came and went with Platonic freedom. No one criticised. No one watched with malicious eyes. Here, as wherever artists meet, life was too busy for petty spying. Or is it, after all, not indifference or preoccupation, but the inherent purity of an apparently careless life, that makes artists slow to think evil of each other? In any case, these two were safe among them from fear of misunderstanding; and Derring was in the studio whenever his work, or leisure, gave him opportunity.

“I always knew you must be somewhere,” he said one day. He had finished writing and sat leaning back, his hands clasped behind his head. It had been half an hour since he finished work and no word had broken the silence till he spoke.

“I never dared believe I should find you, though,” he continued.

She was turning her head to one side and leaning back, with half-closed eyes, to get a view of the last wash. “Yes, you were a good while finding it out.” She gave critical touches here and there with the extended brush.

He started suddenly forward to an upright position. “What do you mean? Did you know—or care?”

“That is another strange thing,” she said, smiling a little to him, “the woman always knows first. But she must wait patiently until the man’s lumbering intelligence finds it out.”

"But I never dreamed," he persisted, coming back to the concrete case. "You seemed so indifferent——"

"Of course. It wouldn't have been modest not to. And, besides, I did not want you to find out. I didn't suppose any man could be generous enough to understand how a woman might feel."

"It isn't that we don't understand. Anyone can see how unfair marriage is to a woman—that it compels her to give up everything and offers her nothing. We see it plainly enough. But what can we do? We love you, and most of us see no way out of it but marriage."

"Now it is you who are hard," she returned. "The fault cannot all lie on one side. Marriage, in itself, is no harder for a woman to-day, I suppose, than it has always been. The difference is that so many other ways of happiness are open to her; and when she finds her marriage a failure, she does not try to make the best of it, without protest, as the only thing open to her. She is more restive under her own mistake than when fate left her no choice. So everything gets into a nice tangle and they don't live happy forever afterwards," she finished laughingly.

Gradually he came to understand that her determination not to marry him was influenced by something stronger than a mere personal shrinking from a false marriage. She would not marry, because she would not take a selfish happiness at the expense of her mother and those that depended on her; but more than that, and deeper, she would not by a rash promise add one more to the marriages that end in vain regret or divorce.

Gradually, too, he came to understand more fully what she had meant by saying that if they were made for each other they would find it out without promises, and if not, it were a thousand times better they should drift apart. And as he came to understand, an element of reverence mingled with his love for her, deepening and intensifying it.

He himself would not have questioned. He would gladly have married. To him it would not have been a test, but a consummation. But that they were not to marry did not trouble him. Why should he ask more of a love that was proving the fulfilment of all the longing of his boyhood and youth? It was transforming him—mind, body, and soul. His frame, which had been tall, spare, and loosely built, began to fill and settle into strength; his step became firm and quick; his head took a firmer poise above the square shoulders; even his eyes shared in the metamorphosis—they lost their dreamy, pleading look and became alert, laughing, and full of happiness and a strange power that seemed no longer to ask, but to command help and sympathy from all who met their glance.

Something of this change Derring himself recognized. He knew that he was alive, glowing in every fibre; but he was less analytic in his happiness than in his misery; he did not see that his overflowing vitality communicated itself to everyone with whom he came in contact. It was only when someone spoke of the change that he knew that it was being marked. He exulted in his heart that no one guessed the cause.

He was settled down and working with a vigor of which he had not dreamed himself capable. Everything bent before him. He felt within himself power to conquer the world should it stand in his way. Sometimes he clenched his hands and stretched his arms to their fullest to give outlet to the play impulse that could not exhaust itself in work.

In his inner life, too, a change, less perceptible, but no less real, was taking place. Sight and hearing were opened to new beauty. Music had become to him a medium of soul speech; and the sordid city streets, with their overhanging clouds of smoke, started to picturesque life and beauty.

A long archway with a slant of sunshine at the farther end—an Italian woman stealing into the shadow, a huge bundle on her back and colored kerchief about her head—would stir his pulses like an old painting. The unsightly process of building, with its débris of mortar, bricks, and lath, gained artistic value as his eyes took in the grouping of the men at work around the mortar-beds—the soft, gray-white of the mortar, the dull red, blue, or orange of the shirts upon the supple or stolid figures of the men, with the play of muscle beneath. Sometimes it was a single figure, that might have stepped from a Rembrandt canvas, appearing for a minute and disappearing in the shifting crowd. Always, everywhere, there was beauty—until Derring, seeing it all, longed at times to relieve his overcharged senses by a loud cry—so wonderful, so overpowering, had the beauty of the world become.

Undoubtedly much of this quickened insight was due to the thought of Helen, who was never for a moment absent from his mind. Whatever work was engaging his hand or brain, deep below it all was a consciousness of her existence, like a second ego, only a thousand times dearer and more inspiring than his own personality. It seemed to give him a sixth sense by which he perceived the beautiful—until Helen gave up in despair the attempt to transfer to canvas all that he brought to her notice.

It became a common sight for her sketching stool to be set up in some sheltered corner of the busiest part of the city. Derring, who

had dreaded the experiment, saw, with a thrill, that the quiet power of her personality that so rested and soothed him was felt here. The crowd either passed her by or stopped for a moment to look with respectful curiosity as the work grew under her hand. Sometimes a mason filled her water-can or a carpenter paused for a moment in his work to adjust her umbrella. It was the Chicago spirit—*laissez faire*, and help when you can. Except for the dust and rattle of the street she was as unmolested as in her quiet studio.

XIII.

THE fall and early winter had been mild. In January it came on to snow and to blow; and with the snowing and blowing the thermometer dropped many degrees. Old inhabitants told each other it was real "Chicago weather;" and new inhabitants shivered in their sealskins, or, lacking these, put on extra flannels.

It was during the cold weather that Derring's work took him one afternoon to Lakeview to look over the work of the Amateur Art Club. As he left the house after finishing his task a dull roar fell on his ear. He started and listened eagerly—yes, it was the Lake. In a moment more his coat-collar was pulled up about his ears, his hat settled more firmly over his eyes, and he was on his way to the shore. The Lake had a peculiar fascination for him. He could never resist it, especially when it was roaring and thundering like this.

A few minutes' walk brought him in sight of the mounting, threatening, white-capped breakers. His heart leaped with exultation. The power of the storm was on him. He longed to run, to leap, to wrestle with it and scream himself hoarse against its tumult. It was like the ocean—that long stretch of lonely shore as yet unprotected by the breakwater.

Gradually, as he looked, he became conscious of something home-like and protected in the midst of the uproar. A thread of smoke rose from the chimney of a small, rude house, far down the shore, almost within reach of the threatening waves that ran up the sandy beach. All about the house boats lay stacked, evidently in winter quarters; and here and there remnants of fishing-tackle showed the occupation of fair weather. The house was sheathed in rough red boards and patched with artistic regularity. It was a sketch made to hand—a touch of nature within arm's reach of Chicago.

Helen was filled with enthusiasm and scoffed at his suggestion of waiting for warmer weather. "Half its charm is in the contrast,"

she protested. "Don't you see?—Winter quarters in the midst of all that tumult.—I shall go up this afternoon."

Derring consented unwillingly. He was obliged to go to Hyde Park for the day, and it was not till four o'clock that he was free to seek her on the North Shore.

She was seated near the point from which he had first seen the house, an old piece of sail-cloth, fastened between two stakes, sheltering her from the wind.

She looked up when he approached, as casually as if he had stood there all the afternoon. "I haven't caught that wind and it isn't cold enough—too much blue, isn't there?" she asked, holding her head back and surveying her work critically.

"Really, aren't you blue with too much cold?" he responded meekly.

"Don't be foolish. I am all right."

He had taken off his overcoat and was fastening it around her shoulders.

"Oh, you mustn't do that. You'll take cold. Well, then, if you will—only you must go into the house and get warm. You'll find them highly entertaining, besides being good," she added. "They made me some hot coffee and the man rigged up this sail-cloth to keep off the wind. And there's a pair of candlesticks in there I would give my eyes for. But they're not for sale. So you're not to raise my bid."

"I couldn't raise it—if it were only a glance of your eyes—let alone the eyes themselves."

"I hope you didn't come all the way up here in the cold just to be funny," she responded severely. But she did not vouchsafe him the glance. She was absorbed in washing out the unsatisfactory sky for a second trial.

Derring did not go into the house. He walked rapidly up and down the beach, watching the angry sky and the isolated little house. He fancied that, as the early twilight settled down, it stood out more distinctly and vividly,—emphasizing its individuality,—the work of man against the power of darkness.

At last he came and looked over her shoulder.

"Rather better, isn't it?" she asked complacently without looking up.

"You have caught the very demon of the storm in those clouds."

It was true. She had done what the water-colorist seldom achieves—succeeded in washing out her first attempt and replacing it with the desired effect. The thorough wetting of the paper or a touch of genius had aided the second attempt, and the result was a wash—

clean and fresh in color—and in the clouds what Derring had called the demon of the storm.

“Come,” he said decisively as she sat putting in the last few touches lingeringly. “Come. You must stop. It is too dark. You will be frozen.”

She began to collect her sketching materials.

“Leave those for me. Go on to the house and get warm. I’ll bring your traps.”

She started obediently towards the house, breathing on her cold fingers to warm them. But—so fierce was the wind—she made slow progress, and before she reached the house he was at her side. He opened the door that ushered them into the low room.

The round-faced Dutchwoman who greeted them looked with kindly eyes on the young lady. She bustled about the room and placed an armchair near the fire. “You stayed out longer this time,” she said in a deep guttural voice. She gave a quick look of interest from Helen to Derring.

Helen sank into the chair with a grateful smile. “Yes, I stayed out to fin——” She had slipped noiselessly from the armchair to the floor.

With a quick exclamation Derring dropped to his knees beside her. “It’s only the heat,” said the Dutchwoman practically. “Give her this.” She had prepared a draught of brandy.

Derring poured it between the white lips, around which a blue line was slowly settling.

They watched for the effect—Derring eagerly, the woman with close attention. There was no sign of returning life. Derring looked up in despair and the woman hurried away into an inner room for some other remedy.

He leaned over the motionless figure, listening. Slowly he gathered it in his arms. Tenderly, passionately, he drew her to him and pressed his lips on the white mouth with its shadow. She seemed to him already dead—removed from caresses. Slowly the lids fluttered, a breath trembled through the lips, and she lifted her eyes to his, faintly.

The good Dutchwoman appeared, bearing a large bottle of ammonia. She figured in Derring’s eyes as a ministering angel and the bottle as a heaven-sent chalice. But it brought tears to Helen’s eyes and she pushed it away with the assurance, half-laughing, half-tearful, that she should be all right in a minute.

Derring lifted her to an improvised couch and she lay, with eyes like stars, looking about the little room. He held one of the hands in his and chafed it gently now and then, under the pretence that it

was still cold. Her brown hair had escaped from its fastening and was pushed carelessly back. Against the dark covering of the couch it formed a halo about her face. Derring had always fancied that the Madonna might have been at home in such a room as this. It was a Holbein face.

The old woman had lighted the candles on the low table and was spreading the table for supper. She entertained her guests by leaving them free. The two candles gave out a dull glow and completed the effect of an old Dutch interior.

Helen and Derring exchanged glances of appreciation.

"Think of finding it within five miles of Washington Street! I am going to sketch it some day. She has promised to sit for me and it will be nice and warm." She shivered a little.

Derring suddenly held fast in both his hands the one he had been idly stroking. "You must never do such a foolhardy thing again."

"Not even for a success?—But I am glad I did it. It *is* a success." Her eyes rested lovingly on the sketch on the floor by the wall.

She was still looking at it when he left the house to telephone for a carriage. But when he returned, half an hour later, she was seated at the table, laughing and talking with her hostess. She declared she had never felt better in her life, and she started out bravely to walk to the carriage, which could not drive down to the beach, but was waiting on the road above. Before they had gone half the distance she found that she was very tired. With a sigh of relief she sank back in the corner of the carriage as the door was slammed after them.

Derring reached over promptly and drew her to him, placing her head against his shoulder and holding her close to protect her from the jar of the carriage.

"Rest here," he said quietly, as she made a half protest. "I should care for my mother or a sister. Why not you—dear one?"

She did not protest again, but yielded to the protecting arms like a child. He watched her face as they whirled into the light of the street-lamps and out again into the shadow. It was still pale, but full of content. They flew through the Park and down the long avenue beyond. Never were two miles traversed so quickly. Not a word was spoken. It was as if the time were too precious for speech. Once she raised her face with a contented sigh and breathed his name softly, more as if to herself than to him.

As for Derring, he dared not realize his happiness. Underneath its pulsing was a half superstition. Fate would not allow a man to be so happy. But she had been given back to him from the dead. She rested close to him. That could not be taken from him. He held her closer—defying an unseen fate.

XIV.

THE winter continued cold and blustering. Helen sketched no more out-of-doors. But she did the interior of the Dutch house and both sketches were sold on the opening day of the spring exhibition. Whenever Derring chided her for careless disregard of her health, she would meekly call his attention to this very pleasant and tangible result of the North Shore expedition.

Derring gradually became conscious of another result—less palpable, but no less real. Since their first acquaintance he had known that her presence had a marked effect on him—soothing and quieting him if he were tired, and quickening his fancy and imagination if he were in good spirits. He was always conscious of her presence in a room, even before his eyes had testified to it. Soon he became aware that a new and more subtle communication had been established between them. He continued to feel an added sense of well-being in her presence; but he discovered that this power of her personality had escaped the bonds of space, and that wherever she might be, his spirit was conscious of her. The first sign of this was a vague restlessness and foreboding which came to him, now and then, without apparent cause.

Since she was always in his mind, it did not occur to him as strange that his thoughts of her should take a gloomy turn when this humor was on him. Nor did he guess the secret of the strange mood till a day when the feeling became too strong to be resisted, and he sought her in the studio. He found her sitting on the top of a tall step-ladder, a comical picture of despair.

Her face brightened as he appeared in the doorway. "Oh, I am so glad! Do you suppose you can get me down?"

"Of course. Come on." He held out his hands.

"I can't. I have sprained my foot. It was silly to try to hang a heavy picture on this rickety old thing. I never dreamed I should slip, though. It hurts so that I can't bear my weight—oh!" She lifted it carefully. "And the ladder shakes so I don't dare hop down. I am sure I hope you have sense enough to know what to do—I haven't."

He lifted her carefully from her insecure seat and placed her on the very hard divan that ran the length of the room.

"You have to spend most of your time rescuing me, don't you?" she said, laughing. "How did you happen to come over so early? I had made up my mind to sit there till six o'clock. Tom has to come for some pictures then."

How had he happened to come?—In a flash he saw it all—and

told her. She laughed a little at the explanation. But he recalled to her other times when he had unconsciously been warned of her danger or discomfort. They discussed the situation with analytic appreciation. At least, if not true, it was interesting.

A few experiments convinced them that it was true as well as interesting.

It was evidently an uncertain communication, however. Several times when he yielded to the feeling of disquiet and sought her out he found her working, serenely unconscious of danger and ready to laugh at his fears. Moreover, it was a one-sided communication. Helen, as he reproachfully pointed out to her, was never conscious of danger to him, while he had a headache if she so much as scratched her little finger.

But, although Derring jested, he rejoiced in this new power. It deepened their relation. He might be disquieted without cause; but at least no harm would come to her without his knowing it.

But as the spring came on a new dread assailed him. Soon it would be summer. She would go home for the vacation. Would this power extend over the thousand miles? And would he have, as now, the prescience of danger without the power to go to her?

He grew to dread the summer.

But it was destined that he should be the first to go away. Early in April a letter came from his mother. Seth Kinney was very ill and asked continually for him.

As he packed his travelling-bag and prepared to go, he was conscious of mixed motives. He was fond of Seth. He would have gone to him in any case. But, with a little sense of shame, he found himself thinking that the trip would give him a chance to test the communication. He would be gone only a few days. Nothing could happen. But at least he should know what he had to expect during the long weeks of vacation. So anxious was he to make the experiment that he almost forgot the dread of separation.

"Be as happy as you can—for my sake," he said laughingly as they parted. "Don't run any more risks than you can help."

The morning train was full of the hum of life. People seemed to be letting off superabundant vitality. Behind Derring a child was humming contentedly to herself. Her mother was talking in a loud voice to a man across the aisle. "You have to look after the seed, praise the Lord! If we don't gather a sheaf in this life, it's no matter." Farther to the front of the car two business men were talking.

As the day wore on, each person in the car assumed for Derring a distinct individuality. The sense of isolation deepened. He entered

into conversation with no one, but sat idly listening to the flow of talk.

At times he watched the changing landscape. Along the margin of each little stream the willows grew yellow in the sunshine. Across the plain a mass of low crimson marked where the sap crept up at the touch of spring. As they approached the woods, the crimson faded to a soft, feathery gray. Then they were among the trees themselves, and the sunshine, slanting across the great trunks, hung, caught in tangled underbrush, or rested lightly on some tuft of moss or dark, shining pool.

Derring was impressed with the incongruity of it all—his solitude in the midst of the life that pressed so close about him, the hum of busy talk and the shriek of the engine deep in the woods where one never goes except alone or with some congenial soul. With one glance he caught the freshness of the spring, and with the next, the commonplace face and striped trousers of the passenger across the aisle.

His thoughts went to Helen and their love, to the happiness of the past year and the days that were before them. The car and its occupants faded from sight. He brooded on the beauty and mystery of their relation—the foreboding of danger—the necessary accompaniment of love. Great happiness—deep suffering. Sunlight and shade. The capability of sin in man—at once the mark of the beast and the promise of a divinity within him. He had drifted far into metaphysical speculation before he reached the New England hills. But whatever foreboding the future might hold for him, he no longer dreaded its power. He saw deep into its nature. He who loves much will suffer much.

Throughout the journey the thought stayed with him; and when, once or twice, he felt the dread of danger near, he even rejoiced that distance could not mar the closeness of love. The longing for her safety that stole from his heart would, in another man, have been a prayer.

XV.

DERRING found Seth watching for his coming, and saw at a glance that he was very ill. Even a less practised eye could not have mistaken the signs. The hands that lay outside the faded patchwork cover were yellow and wrinkled; the veins stood out, a network of cords, across the backs. They were the hands of an old man. Richard noted their feebleness as they closed eagerly around his own strong, firm fingers. Seth seemed to him to have aged twenty years since he saw him last.

“I am glad you have come, Dick. I was afraid you would not get here. I wanted to see you again. My life has been a failure. It’s

hard to say that when you come to die," he rambled on. "Yours won't be a failure, Dick. And I helped to make it. I thought perhaps I should die easier if I could look at you again and see something that I had helped to do in the world."

After this first greeting he said no more of the comfort of Richard's presence. But it was evident in the glance of his eyes as they followed the young man about the room and in his restlessness when Richard was absent for a time.

Richard saw that his place was here as long as Seth needed him, and he quietly made arrangements to stay for an indefinite time. He established himself as caretaker and nurse. Young as he was, his experience of life had been deep enough for him to understand that it is not often that one man can do for another what his mere presence did for Seth.

The old man did not speak again of himself or of approaching death. But he questioned Richard eagerly about his work and the life he led. Every detail of it interested him. It was as if he were listening to the story of what his own life might have been. And Richard, understanding by a subtle sympathy what it meant to him, gave a minute account of the office and the men, the hurry and rush of the city, and the haste and true hospitality of the social life.

A stranger looking into the room would not have guessed that it was soon to be the chamber of death. Laughter often interrupted the recital. Richard had often fancied that when he came to die he should not want the humor of life taken from him. And the account of his Chicago life was not dehumorized for a dying man. Seth, listening, seemed to gain a quiet strength of soul as his physical strength failed.

The story of Helen and his love for her was too closely interwoven with the life of the year to be omitted, even had Richard cared to do so. Little by little he had told it all. Seth listened eagerly and questioned Dick closely. He made him describe her minutely—her personal appearance, her characteristics, her likes and dislikes, her work—everything that concerned her. As Richard talked of her, the older man would watch his face—seeking something. Then a smile of content would cross his face and he would close his eyes as if asleep. But when Richard stopped he would say, "I'm listening."

One day when they had been talking of her he asked Richard to open a leather trunk that stood at the foot of the bed and hand him a box that he would find there.

As he lifted the lid of the trunk the young man knew that he was looking into the grave of Seth's love. It was filled with letters and old-fashioned trifles, evidently keep-sakes. A long-wristed glove and

a riding-whip lay across the top of a small box. Carefully Richard lifted it from its place and put it in Seth's hands. Then he turned away to the window and stood looking out while the old man opened it. Richard's eyes were full of tears for a love dead fifty years. But Seth's were clear and tender as he called him to his side.

"Here, Dick, I want her to have this. You must put it on her finger. Tell her it does not bind her to any promise"—for Richard had told him. "It is from me. She is a woman. She will understand that I should like her to wear it," he mused.

It was a diamond in an old-fashioned setting, the stone large and beautifully cut. Richard held it in his hand, surprised by its beauty.

"How dared you keep anything so valuable here?"

"There was no danger. No one would look for brilliants in such a setting." The words were marked by a quiet smile of irony and a glance at the room.

Richard's glance followed his. The bare pine floor with its one strip of carpeting, the few rough chairs, the kitchen stove at one end of the room, and the bed, with its faded quilt, at the other. No, there had been no danger. Only the rows of books, piled two and three deep on the shelves, told that the occupant of the room was other than a rough farmer. A bowl of trailing partridge-berries that Richard had brought from the woods yesterday stood on the western sill. The setting sun fell across them and they lightened the room, giving it a touch of refinement. Otherwise it was unchanged from the room in which Richard had received the Greek grammar six years ago.

Then it had been to him a plain, rough room with a certain homely comfort. Now it was the picturesque setting of a lonely life. The furniture was rough; but the roughness had artistic charm. Seth must have had, consciously or unconsciously, an artist's appreciation of the beautiful. As Richard looked about the room, his sense of the pathos of the life that was passing away here deepened to a feeling of kinship and sympathy. The long years of loneliness that were drawing to a close were his own.

It was Seth who broke the silence—low and half-musingly. "You do well to love her, Dick. And she will be worthy of it. But if she is not—you must not stop loving. Love something—someone—anyone. Never stop loving—for your soul's sake. That was my mistake. One woman refused to love me. I shut myself off from all love. That was my mistake. Mistake?" he said slowly. "I wonder if there are such things? Well, it spoiled my life. I didn't know then that the human heart must love—or die. He that would save his life must lose it—in loving."

The twilight settled down upon the room. The old man did not

speak again. He lay with half-closed eyes looking across the shining red berries to the western sky.

Richard sat quietly by his side. He did not undress or lie down. He knew, by a subtle intuition, that a guest would come before the morning, and he waited for his coming. But so gentle was his step when he came across the floor in the early dawn, that Richard only knew by a slight tremble of the thin fingers resting in his that he had come and gone, bearing with him an immortal soul.

Was it immortal? He stepped out into the cold light of the early morning. He turned to the east, where a faint flush of red was touching the gray sky. "He that would save his life must lose it—in loving," he repeated softly.

XVI.

BEFORE Richard returned to Chicago it was found that Seth's liking for him had taken practical form. He had made a will giving to Richard all the property of which he died possessed.

The fortune was not large, but enough to pay his college debt, raise the mortgage, and leave a comfortable sum for his mother—enough, indeed, to make her a woman of importance in the neighborhood.

She protested in a mild way when Richard proposed to settle the money on her. But he had grown too masterful for her. In the end she enjoyed the feeling of importance that an assured income gave her. She refused to accompany him to Chicago. It was all "Out-West" to her and very far away.

Derring found himself speeding towards Chicago, wondering whether this unexpected turn of fortune would make marriage nearer for him. But when they met he did not ask her. They assumed the old easy relation as if there had been no separation. Life sped on with days too full of content to ask promises from the future.

When the time of parting came in June he found that he could let her go with less dread than he had thought possible. The time would not be long, and with the increased freedom that had come to him in money affairs he could run East during the vacation. If trouble came to her, or harm, he could be with her in a few hours. It was with light heart that he saw her go.

He had accompanied her to the train and provided her with all the comforts for the journey that love could suggest. Between the leaves of one of the books was tucked a letter. He had not told her it was there. She would find it. The train began to move. "Good-by," he said hurriedly, "I shall come to you if you need me. In any case I shall see you soon."

He sat up late, working on an article for the next day. When at last, tired and exhausted, he threw himself on the bed, he fell at once into a sound sleep. He slept long and heavily. He started up with a sense of suffocation.—Where was he?—What was the matter?—Was the house on fire? Before he was fairly awake he knew that the room was quiet—so quiet that he could hear the ticking of his watch. Then an awful fear came upon him—she was in danger. Great God, how the feeling mastered him! He sprang up and looked at his watch—three o'clock. He dressed quickly and went out-of-doors. He could not stay in the house. It suffocated him. He must move about or go insane.

Instinctively he turned towards the Lake. A light, fresh breeze greeted him as he came to the breakwater. He lifted his face to meet it. It would blow these foolish notions out of his brain. He had been dreaming and had been frightened by his own fancies.

He slackened his pace, listening to the soft lapping of the water against the breakwater, and looking up to the stars. Then again fear took possession of him and he quickened his step until at last he broke into a run, driven by an awful, nameless dread.

Thus he alternated between hope and fear until the first faint line of dawn appeared across the water. As he stood looking at it, longing for day to break, a sudden peace came upon him. He drew a quick breath as the tension gave way. She was safe once more. This time he did not question his mood. He knew with quiet certainty that all was well with her.

He turned away from the dawning sky and walked home. Throwing himself once more on the bed, he slept soundly until the breakfast hour. As he entered the dining-room, his heart gave a sudden leap and stood still. He thrust something far down below his consciousness. It was not a thought, it had not shape enough for that, it was formless, unrecognized.

The two young men bending eagerly over the morning paper looked up as he came in. "Have you seen the paper?—Awful accident—Miss Gordon's train."

He reached out his hand for the paper. They gave it to him and left the table. Their departure left him alone. But he gave no sign. He unfolded his napkin and spread it across his knees before he took up the paper. He opened it and glanced down the column.—He had known before he looked.—In the list of those killed—"Helen Gordon, Chicago."

He did not read the details of the accident. He merely noted the place where it occurred. Then he folded the paper and gave his order for breakfast. If he ate little, no one knew it. He took plenty

of time for it. He listened to the discussion of the accident that went on as the boarders, one after another, came in to breakfast.

When he left the house he knew that he had exactly half an hour to report his absence at the office and catch the east-bound express. It was more than enough. He did not want to be alone and think. He saw before him long years in which he would have time to think. To-day he must go to her. He might be needed. He had said that he would come if she needed him, and that he should see her soon—"I shall see you soon." How the wheels caught up the words and tossed them back to him. They reiterated with clanking monotony—"I shall see you soon—I shall see you soon." Underneath the rattle and roar, between the shrieks of the engine, in the midst of the conversation around him, he heard them with awful distinctness, and wondered vaguely if he should go mad before he reached her.

He found her after a short search. He was directed to a small house, a little distance from the scene of the wreck. When he announced his errand the woman of the house looked at him closely.

"If your name is Derring, I have something for you," she said. She disappeared for a moment and returned with a small parcel. She handed it to him.

He turned it over in his hand. There was no writing on it. "Are you sure it is for me?" he asked doubtfully.

"She was not strong enough to direct it. But she told me your name just before she died at daybreak. She said you would be sure to come, and I must give it to you."

That he would be sure to come. Yes, she had known. He turned abruptly to the window and looked out across the flat, monotonous country. He could not trust himself to open it yet. He held it in his hand. "She was not able to direct it." The first tears filled his eyes.

When at last he undid the parcel Seth's ring flashed in the sunlight. Underneath it was a small folded slip of paper. His fingers trembled a little as they smoothed the crumpled lines: "Loved-One, —be brave. I would gladly have lived for you. But it was not to be. I shall come back to you if I can. But if not—" The last words straggled down the page and were lost.

"But if not." Derring crushed the paper in his hand and turned to leave the house.

"Don't you want to see her, sir?"

He looked at the woman blankly, stupidly. Without a word he turned towards the door she indicated. It closed behind him and they were alone together once more. He had not thought her face would be so peaceful—nor so far away. He could not understand how she could seem so far away. She was here, close beside him. He

could touch her. He put out his hand and softly stroked her cheek. He did not bend to kiss the quiet face. She was too far away for kisses. "She would come back to him if she could—But if not——" Good God! How was he to bear it? He turned swiftly away. He could not stand there—near her—with that mocking, immeasurable distance between them.

He went straight from the house to the office of the superintendent and offered his services in caring for the injured. A surgeon was about to start on his rounds. Derring had been detailed to help him. The first patient was a young man about his own age. The leg was to be amputated just above the knee. Derring held his hand while the operation was preparing, speaking to him now and then and wiping the perspiration from his forehead. When all was done and the white sheet was being drawn smoothly in place once more, he struggled to consciousness, reaching out his hand for Derring and begging him not to leave him.

But the surgeon interposed promptly. "No, I can't spare him. He is too valuable. You would have had a tougher time if he had not been here. He shall come back to you by-and-by. Drink this and go to sleep."

So Richard spent the day in the midst of suffering. Everywhere the magnetism of his touch soothed restlessness, and his personality put courage into faint hearts. No one guessed that he was carrying a hurt deeper than any he looked on or that his heart was wrung by keener suffering than any that he soothed.

Twice during the day he stole into the room where she lay, and, standing by her side, tried to span the infinite distance between them by the inspiration of love. But it was hopeless. Always he saw before his eyes a high, cold wall of darkness and at its foot a crouching figure with fingers creeping here and there to find some opening or crevice, and, failing in this, beating itself till the blood trickled down. He knew that it was only his diseased imagination. But always the figure was there, and close at hand was the quiet face with its tranquil smile—so far away and indifferent to pain.

At night her brother came—a frank, manly young fellow, with her eyes. Derring explained his presence briefly. "I loved your sister. She never promised to marry me. But she knew I loved her."

"She wrote about you. She said——" He stopped abruptly. Their hands met in the grasp of sympathy, and then Derring left the house for the last time. He did not go again to the quiet room. She was not there. She was nearer his own heart than that.

An hour later he watched—until it was out of sight—the train that bore her away. He turned his face one more towards Chicago.

XVII.

DERRING threw himself into work with the intensity of despair. He worked early and late. He dared not give himself time to think. Beauty had gone from the world—interest from life. Work was the only thing left. He plodded on in a dull, monotonous fashion. It served to kill time, and there was the chance of losing himself, for a little while, in his task.

He would work for days with feverish eagerness, for the sake of these few minutes of working oblivion, in which he could lose himself, until the dull pain that always preceded his return to consciousness became too strong to be ignored. When he turned to question its meaning, memory stood always at hand to place the burden once more on his shoulders.

Except for these brief minutes there was not an hour in the day when his loss did not press upon him. To his tortured imagination he was like a man torn in two, one-half to be buried out of sight, the other to live on, suffering and enduring, till the jagged wound should heal. At every turn his thoughts went out to her—only to be met by the hopeless blank of her death. For months the thought of her had been the last in his mind at night, the first to greet him on waking. Now he sat up until worn out with work and loss of sleep. And if then sleep would not come, he counted sheep jumping over a wall, watched water falling from a high precipice down—down,—or reached out his hand for the opiate that stood always at hand. Anything was better than the hopelessness of memory.

Perhaps the hardest part was the utter loneliness of it all. He had turned to Helen with every pleasure or sorrow. Now he was called upon to face the greatest sorrow of his life alone—absolutely alone. He seemed to have lost the sense of human kinship.

Sometimes a sudden sight would touch his heart—two lovers walking together. He would follow them as long as he dared, noting every glance and gesture between them. It comforted him to feel that love was still in the world—although it had gone from his own life.

Except for this slight link he was cut off from his fellow-beings—adrift on a shoreless sea. He did not feel that others suffered as he was suffering, that many a gallant ship that passed with colors flying was freighted with a burden as heavy as his own. He clung with pathetic eagerness to a belief that others were happy and found life worth living. For, as time went on, he found the question of the worth of life forcing itself upon him with cruel insistence—not as a

speculation, but out of the bitterness of life. It met him at every turn. It stood waiting at his bedside to greet him when he woke and it followed close at his side through the day. Why should he take up the burden of another day? No one depended on him—would mourn for him. His mother?—She was now independent of his help. She did not need him. No one needed him. One plunge and he would know whether death ends all, or whether in a new life one may meet or make new happiness.

Gladly would he have died. In hopeless, desperate fashion he prayed for death. But something—intangible—still held him from taking his own life. He did not perceive that there were depths of misery lower than any to which he had yet fallen. Had he foreseen the trackless country over which he was to wander, he would have laid down his life in despair at the outset. But the sight was mercifully withheld from him, and he pressed steadily on, unloved and unloving, but hugging close to his heart one delusive belief—love was still in the world. Not for him, but for others, life was still worth the living.

How or when this belief escaped him he never knew. He awoke one day to the awful conviction that even this had been taken from him—that nothing remained between him and absolute despair. He had been a fool. How could any love—even as pure as theirs—how could even this make life worth living? It was at best a frail, uncertain thing, liable to snap at any moment and leave life empty, desolate—like his own. No, life was a mistake. Derring could fancy it the gift of some arch-fiend who lay back, laughing in his sleeve, as from afar he watched men rushing here and there, pushing and scrambling, cheating, swearing, dying—for what? For a will-o'-the-wisp, a mirage, a child's fable.

Thus despair took hold on him. But the effect was not what one would have foreseen. It drove him towards his fellow-men. In his first grief he had been moody and reserved, speaking seldom and then only of the most matter-of-fact details of work. Now he sought companionship. He courted conversation. But his conversation was sharp and cynical in tone. No subject was too sacred or too tender for his wit. It was as if the fiend had taken him far above and had showed him that all is vanity and vexation of spirit—transient, fleeting, beginning nowhere and ending in nothing—too trifling to mourn over and surely not worth enthusiasm.

Every one in the office felt the change. Many a young fellow who came under the lash of his tongue wondered vaguely what had come over Derring. But no one guessed the cause. For although he seemed so open and bluff, he was more reserved than ever.

Thus two, three—six years passed. Then a change came over him. The bitterness passed from his heart and left only a great pity for mankind. It was a cruel thing to create a race capable of suffering and condemn it to a life of fruitless striving! The hopelessness and the misery haunted him—day and night. He became very gentle. Even towards sin and vice he showed a leniency that surprised his fellow-workers. His own grief had become to him a very small thing—hardly worth a heart-throb in comparison with the curse under which the human race struggled. He would gladly have died to bring a ray of light to men. He began to understand, dimly, that the sins of the world may be laid on one man. But with the understanding came a conviction of the hopelessness. Every true man must suffer, must stoop to take the burden on his shoulders—some to bear it even to a cruel death—but never must one dare hope that because he suffered another should be free.

For himself, as the years went by, he questioned no more. Life and its meaning had reduced itself to this—to help those that are in trouble—this much he had gathered from the wreck. He knew that it was only a fragment, a negative sort of comfort. But it was better than the blank apathy of indifference. It was something to live for.

But happiness—living, thrilling happiness—was for him a thing of the past. That it could ever come to him again he did not for a moment dream. Life was upon him. He must endure it as bravely, as helpfully as he might. But never might he hope for a joy that should make it perfect, or for a reason that should justify the suffering.

XVIII.

THE day had been unusually warm in the office, but otherwise no different from other days.

When Derring came home at night he threw himself on the bed to rest before dressing for dinner. It had become a common thing for him to stop to rest now and then during the day—how common, even he himself did not realize. He was less introspective than formerly. He worked instead of speculating or dreaming. When he found himself too tired to work he rested for a little, as he was doing now.

It had taken him long to learn the art of resting. But he had at last gained the power to turn aside at any moment from the rush of life and yield himself, body and mind, to a quiet restfulness.

As he lay in the half-darkened room, his eyes closed, his breath coming and going lightly between parted lips, it was easy to see that the past ten years had not all been as peaceful as this. The thick hair,

pushed carelessly back, was streaked with gray. The exuberant vitality of the face and frame had given place to a worn look of passive strength. Ten years should not so change a face were it not that ten years, as men count time, are sometimes a cycle.

Derring was not thinking of the past, however, nor of himself. He was resting, gaining strength for the next work that lay before him.

At last he rose and began to move about the room, making ready for dinner. Suddenly he stopped, bewildered, putting his hand to his head. What had happened? A change too subtle to be put in words had come over him while he rested. He looked at his face in the mirror, half expecting to see some sign. It was not there. But deep in his heart he felt it throbbing—thrilling. Life was, after all, worth living! Nay, more, it was a wonderful, beautiful thing. The feeling did not take words. It was too pervasive, too complete, for that. No mere thought could have carried such weight of conviction. It was too simple for a chain of reasoning. Yet it carried belief. He had reasoned carefully and logically to the opposite conclusion. How was it?—Life could not be worth living. Since there is no permanent happiness, existence has no reason for being rather than for not being, and no certainty of an outcome that shall justify suffering. He smiled at his careful logic, swept away by the force of pure conviction—Life was worth living!

It lay before him simple as daylight, and as clear. His mind ran ahead. He must find the work he could do well, and do it. Herein lay happiness. Then let him help others to find their place. He would have joy of heart and the purpose that makes life reasonable. It mattered little about the immortality of the soul. Three-score years and ten was immortality. The structure of the universe betrayed a master plan. To live in unison with this plan, to aid in its execution—if only for a few years—was enough.

He turned to the window and, drawing up the shade, looked across the broken lines of chimney-pots and roofs to the western sky. His heart leaped to meet it. Beauty had come back to the earth. He stood drinking it in with the eagerness of a traveller who sees home at last. He had not known how his artist nature had hungered for it through the years. The tears came into his eyes as he looked. A tangle of chimneys and gables against a twilight sky, but full of subtle beauty. Would it stay with him?—Where had it been? There in the outer world—but hidden from him because he was unworthy? Or in his own soul languishing with its sickness? Then in a moment it came to him—it was not in the world, nor in his soul. It was the soul itself coming to consciousness, recognizing itself, beholding its

own features, as in a glass—existence reaching its highest form in the consciousness of the soul. He stood awed before it. It seemed to stretch away into space, wonderful, lofty, but close about him.

He went down to dinner with an eager interest. Everything had become transformed. Men and women were no longer machines wound up to run through a definite term of pain, and calling on his sympathy and help. They were divine—capable of the highest happiness. He felt like leaping, exulting, crying aloud in fulness of joy at the beauty of life and human kinship.

“Derring was more like himself to-night than he has been for years,” remarked an elderly man to his companion as Derring passed from the room where they sat smoking after dinner.

The speaker was a quiet, thoughtful man with observant gray eyes. He was the only one left of those who had been in the house ten years before. “He always used to be like that,” he went on, “full of life and a kind of magnetism. He drew you.”

Derring passed out of the house and down the street, walking with swift, eager feet. He felt cords of sympathy drawing him to those he met. He walked until late at night, seeking out the busiest streets and pressing in close among those who thronged them. He was intoxicated with humanity and the joy of life. He must come close to it. He was thrilling with a sense of exultation—all this living, surging crowd, capable of perfect development of the divinest joy!

When he returned to his room, he did not retire immediately. There were letters that must be written before he slept. He had thought, as he walked, of two or three young men whom a word from him might help to better positions. He must not miss his opportunity. Life was short. He longed to bring happiness to the world.

He fell asleep, planning for the coming day. It seemed strange to look forward to the morrow with anything except a sense of dull endurance.

When he wakened he could not, for a moment, account for the feeling that wakened with him. Like a child, half awake, he groped in memory to recall the gift that yesterday made him so happy. Then it came to him. It had not failed him. It was not a passing mood. He was awake, alive, in a world full of beauty and love.

IX.

THE morning sun was streaming into Derring's private office. Two young men were waiting for him. They had come to consult him about a piece of work in the slums.

Derring himself kept out of slum work. He always answered,

when pressed to give himself to it, that he had no call that way—and a man needed a very strong call or a great deal of cheek to thrust himself unasked into a man's home—even though the home happened to be a poor one. A man's castle might be only one corner of a room, but it was his castle still, fortified by all the laws of identity and individuality. For himself, Derring declared, he had not the courage to invade it. If a man had a genuine call to the work, let him do it and thank the Lord that called him.

For the dilettante philanthropists who posed amid the picturesque squalor of the slums he had only the keenest shaft of ridicule. It was his insight that made those who were taking up the work in earnest seek his advice. While he had not gone into it in person, he was cognizant of every step taken, and often, by his shrewd counsel, balanced the sentimentality of over-enthusiasm.

The young men were waiting to consult him as to the best way of dealing with a pair of philanthropic cranks who persisted in thrusting themselves into the work and who, by their obtuseness, were undoing the best results of the past year. While waiting for Derring and discussing the situation, they had drifted into talking of his fitness for the work and of the strange delicacy that kept him from it.

"He stands ready enough to help any of us fellows that come to him. But I suppose that's just it—these people don't get in his way and we do. Lucky for me, I did!"

A laugh rippled the undercurrent of the speaker's words. He was seated in an office-chair, his hat thrust back, a shock of reddish-brown hair rising straight above the broad white forehead. He looked as if he might be the driver of an express cart or of any vehicle that rumbled and rattled. In reality, he was an artist of much promise. His sketches had in them depth of sentiment that gave even greater promise than their technique. Three years ago no one had believed that he would ever be anything more than a dabbler in art. He had had plenty of money and was leading a free, devil-may-care life, sowing to the wind and complacently looking forward to the whirlwind. Now his success was spoken of as a thing assured. He had, as he put it, "got in Derring's way," and, once there, he had found surrender easier than escape.

"I wonder," he went on thoughtfully, "what it is about him that holds you so? He doesn't seem to do anything in particular. But somehow after you once know him you can't get along without him."

His companion sat lost in thought. "I think it is because Derring needs us," he said at last.

"Needs us?"

"Yes. I never knew a man that needed people as he does. He

gives himself and never asks. But a love like that must carry with it a need. If Derring so much as lays his hand on my arm, I feel a power between us—a sort of spiritual magnetism that I can no more resist than I can resist my own heart. It somehow asks as well as gives.”

“Oh, well, Conway, you’re a poet. You can’t expect a mere artist like me to understand anything that can’t be put into black and white. But he’s good enough for me.”

“For your philanthropic cranks,” said Derring as they laid the case before him, “you must have an organization.”

They protested in one breath.

“I know. You think that as soon as a movement has taken on organization it has lost its vitality. That is a mistaken view of the case, my young friends. Organizations were invented to give employment to cranks. You must make offices and put them in. They will have so much to do running the offices that they will let “the poor” alone for awhile. When a movement is well under way it must have an organization as a life-preserver.”

“I suppose it must,” said the artist with a sigh. “Can you help us about the constitution if we come around to-morrow?”

“Come to my room at ten. I’ll be free then.”

They rose to go. But the poet lingered a minute.

Derring looked at him inquiringly.

“It’s nothing,” he said, smiling, “I was only wondering if I might come a little early?”

“To-night?”

“There’s something I want to ask you about—if I may.”

“Of course. Come——” He paused. “I was going to take a walk beforehand,” he said. “Why couldn’t you——”

“Meet you?”

“At the breakwater—yes. At nine-thirty.”

The poet’s face lighted. “I will be there. It’s something I can’t decide for myself——”

“Then don’t expect me to.”

“No. You will help me to see it. I am not sure of myself.”

XX.

THE night was warm, but a breeze came from the Lake, fitfully. It greeted Derring as he opened the door of his room after dinner.

Groping his way to the droplight on his desk, he had a sense, as he went, of displacing, in the darkness, other forms and personalities. He often felt it in coming into a vacant room—always if the room

was dark or half lighted—that sense of other forms giving way to his, retreating, gliding past, with noiseless being. Always for a minute they jostled him, as if unable to escape. Then, in a breath, his presence filled the room—to the furthest living corner. There was no one there.

He found the droplight and reached for a match. The breeze stirred again and blew against the hand that held the match to the droplight. He shaded it with his other hand, and the light flared up into his tired face. His eyes smiled absently. He was thinking of the poet and his troubles.

Derring had more than half guessed them. He had been revolving in his mind all day what he should say to him. The woman was a strange creature. Derring had studied her face the night before at the play. It was heavy, with deep lines, but there was something fine in the eyes. He recalled them now—wistful and magnetic.

He pushed back the papers on his desk with a little sigh. Why should they come to him with their troubles? He was strangely tired. But with it all, underneath, beat a sense of coming release. Groping for it, as he seated himself at the desk, he took up his pen and threw off the depression with an effort. He was only tired. He would go away next week for a rest. Meantime—— Reaching for a sheet of paper he began to write.

He wrote rapidly, referring now and then to the letters he had pushed aside, sealing each note as it was finished and laying it on the pile at hand. When the last one was done, he ran over the scattered letters before him, filing some for reference, tearing others across and throwing them into the waste-basket.

He looked at his watch—nine o'clock—half an hour yet. Rising he stretched himself and looked about the room. He moved to the window. It was a moonlight night and shadows hung luminous everywhere, irradiating bricks and tiles and trees. From a tower near by the clock sounded, spreading sonorously in the still air. The curtain swayed a little in the breeze and he looped it back. Returning to his desk and moving the droplight to the table he drew a big chair beside it. He searched among the books on the table and took up a volume of poems.

The poems were Conway's. He had seen most of them before—in manuscript. But he wanted to read them again. He had not decided what to say to his visitor. The room was very still. Something burred at the screen, tapping it with light touches—a June bug, perhaps. Derring paid no heed. He was absorbed in the page before him. The light fluttered a little and he looked up impatiently. He turned it down, glancing towards the open window. He took up the

book again. But the poems had lost their hold. His eye was on the page, but about him, around him, something stirred. He raised his eyes slowly, looking towards the window. Against the screen, faint against the moonlight, he saw it—her face—smiling to him, the eyes shining mistily. He half rose, stretching out his hands to her. He sank back. The face was gone. But her voice, softly, was speaking to him through the distance: "You are coming—coming—coming——"

With a quick exclamation he turned. The light at his side had gone out. The room lay in darkness. He stared before him. She was not there. No one was there. It was the common prosaic darkness of a June night.

XXI.

DERRING had found Conway waiting for him at the breakwater. They paced up and down, watching the path of light across the water.

The poet broke the silence. "You don't know her." The tone was defensive.

Derring smiled a little. "Tell me."

The poet waited. He threw out his hand with a quick gesture. "She is everything! When I am with her, I can think—feel—be. I am fluid. She makes me free."

When he paused the water, lapping at the breakwater, sounded softly. The moonlight lay about them.

Derring's face, in the light, held a rapt look. "That is love," he said.

The other looked at him. "You mean it is really in me—that she—Lucille—gives nothing?" His hand made the quick gesture again. "You don't understand."

"Tell me," said Derring.

"She makes me see things—not what she says. She doesn't say poetical things——"

"Or do them?" suggested Derring.

The poet gave a short laugh. "She has an athletic school for girls—a training-school. I think that's really what they object to," he added,—“my friends.”

"Do they?"

"Everyone—unless it's you."

"No—I don't object."

The poet turned to him eagerly. "You have seen her?"

"The other night—at the play."

"She is glorious!" His eyes questioned Derring's face.

"Perhaps. She reminded me of someone——"

"I know—George Sand?"

"Yes."

"She is like her."

"Yes."

There was a long silence between them. The breeze from the Lake had freshened. Little ripples scudded in the moonlight. Faint clouds drifted above them.

"I should not mind being Chopin," said the poet. His eyes were on the Lake.

"No."

"He had his life. His heart was freed."

"Yes—and broke."

"I know. I can't say it—yet. But somehow I feel it. He had all that life could give—even death—because of love."

"And because he held it," said Derring.

The other started. "You advise me——"

Derring shook his head, smiling. "Don't put it on me. You know—better than I can. I only know that without love there is nothing. It is what life means—love—great or small. Out of the heart of it we came and to it we shall return. The heart must love if it would live. If a man turns from it, puts it away, is afraid of it—loses it——" He stopped suddenly. A picture of the wood-road flashed before him and Seth Kinney's bent figure, short and stolid. That was what had happened to Seth. He had shut his heart. He ceased to live.

In a few words Derring sketched the story of Seth's life. "That's what I mean," he said. "He let love go. His life shrivelled."

The poet's eyes glowed. "I shall hold it," he said quietly, "and if she fails me——"

"You will still have love."

"Yes."

"You will love some one—something——"

"Like Shelley?" The poet stole a smile at him, half-humorous.

"Like Shelley, if you will," said Derring, "or like Dante. The true sip and the fickle drink at the same spring. All that is good in Shelley came from his fickleness. It is the soul that is dissolved—freed by love—that makes glad the world. When love goes, the soul grows hard, compact—useless—except to fight with."

"Except to fight with?" said the poet. "I am no fighter."

They had turned again and were walking to the north. Clouds obscured the moon. The dusk was faintly luminous. Far up the distant road a pair of crimson eyes glowed through it, from an approaching vehicle.

With one accord they turned to watch the Lake. A summer storm

was gathering. Lightning played here and there, in open flashes, on the dark water. Deep mutters of thunder followed it challengingly. The wind had lulled. A silence held the air, fluttering with light. Upon it, in the distance, sounded the faint purr of the crimson-eyed vehicle. It resolved itself into the puffing approach of an automobile. For a moment the moon strove to reassert itself. A silver shimmer came in the darkness. The striking of the clock boomed through it. They counted the strokes.

"Ten o'clock," said Derring. "They will be waiting for us."

"Just a minute," pleaded the poet.

The hush of darkness gathered itself. Through it sounded swift, whirring puffs of the automobile—louder and nearer—with hurrying, clanging bell.

Derring glanced over his shoulder. They were racing with the storm. Then he saw. The thing was past control—rushing upon them madly. It had left the roadway. It whirred swiftly. The face of the chauffeur glared, fixed and white. With a swift turn of his arm Derring seized the poet. He thrust him—straight across the path of the thing—out of danger. He lay, face down, his arms still outspread to save his friend.

The rain fell in torrents when they lifted him. It fell on his upturned face and relaxed hands. The face, beneath the rain, was strangely sweet, as if a hand of love had touched it.



DIONYSIUS

BY LOUISE DRISCOLL

I 'VE heard a tale of some mysterious god
 Tyrrhenian sailors found on a far shore
 And felled and bound with strong, green vines and bore
 Unto their ship resistless, like a clod.

Then, while he seemed to sleep, all suddenly
 The young vines grew, o'erlapping sail and mast.
 A wilderness of growth held all men fast
 And clustered grapes hung over to the sea.

I let you in my heart, for there seemed room.
 You were so quiet there, how could I know
 A miracle would come and your love grow
 'Till I be lost in its transcendent bloom?



LOVE'S CONFESSIONS

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

I.

HOW shall a maid make answer to a man
Who summons her, by love's supreme decree,
To open her whole heart, that he may see
The intricate strange ways that love began?
So many streams from that great fountain ran,
To feed the river that now rushes free:
So deep the heart, so full of mystery,
How shall a maid make answer to a man?
If I turn back each leaflet of my heart
And let your eyes scan all the records there,
Of dreams of love that came before I KNEW,
Though in those dreams you had no place or part,
Yet, know that each emotion was a stair
Which led my ripening womanhood to YOU.

Nay, I was not insensate till you came;
I know man likes to think a woman clay,
Devoid of feeling till the warming ray
Sent from *his* heart, lights hers with sudden flame.
You asked for truth; I answer without shame;
My human heart pulsed blood by night and day,
And I believed that love had come my way
Before he conquered with your face and name.
I do not know when first I felt this fire
That lends such lustre to my hopes and fears,
And burns a pathway to you with each thought.
I think in that great hour when God's desire
For worlds to love flung forth a million spheres,
This miracle of love in me was wrought.

II.

An open door, a moonlit sky,
A childlike maid with musing eye,
A manly footstep passing by.
Light as a dew-drop falls from space
Upon a rose-bud's folded grace,
A kiss fell on her girlish face.

"Good-night, Good-bye," and he was gone.
And so was childhood; it was dawn
In that young heart the moon shone on.
His name? his face? Dim memories;
I only know in that first kiss
Was prophesied this later bliss.

The dreams within my bosom grew;
Nay, grieve not that my tale is true,
Since all those dreams led straight to you.

III.

One time when autumn donned her robes of splendor,
And rustled down the year's receding track,
As I passed dreaming by, a voice all tender
Hailed me with youth's soft call to linger back.
I turned and listened to a golden story,
A wondrous tale, half human, half divine—
A page from bright September's book of glory
To memorize and make forever mine.
Strange argosies from passion's unknown oceans
Cruised down my veins, a vague, elusive fleet,
With foreign cargoes of unnamed emotions,
While wafts of song blew shoreward, dim and sweet.
And sleeping still (because unwoke by you)
I dreamed and dreamed, and thought my visions true.

Love's Confessions

I woke when all the crimson color faded
 And wanton Autumn's lips and cheeks were pale;
 And when the sorrowing year had slowly waded,
 With failing footsteps, through the snow-filled vale.
 I woke and knew the glamour of a season
 Had lent illusive lustre to a dream,
 And, looking in the clear, calm eyes of Reason,
 I smiled and said, "Farewell to things that seem."
 'Twas but a red leaf from a lush September
 The wind of dreams across my pathway blew;
 But oh! my love! the whole round year, remember,
 With all its seasons, I bestow on you.
 The red leaf perished in the first cold blast;
 The full year's harvests at your feet I cast.

L'ENVOI.

Absolve me, Prince; confession is all over.
 But listen and take warning, oh! my lover.
 You put to rout all dreams that may have been;
 You won the day, but 'tis not all to win;
 GUARD WELL THE FORT, LEST NEW DREAMS ENTER IN.



EARLY DAYS OF OPERA IN AMERICA

By *Rufus Rockwell Wilson*

Author of "Rambles in Colonial Byways," "New York: Old and New," etc.

GRAND OPERA had its beginning in America eighty years ago, opening its career with the magic name of Malibran. This auspicious beginning was due to the enterprise of the elder Manuel Garcia, who having projected from England a scheme of Italian opera in America, executed his plans with a promptness unknown to the managers of a later day. The first Italian opera heard in the Western world was Rossini's "Barber of Seville," produced at the Park Theatre, New York, on November 29, 1825, with Garcia, who had hardly a rival among tenors, as *Almaviva*, and his daughter, Maria, as *Rosina*. This gifted and beautiful woman, an admirable actress as well as one of the greatest contraltos of modern times, quickly became the idol of the New York public, assuring success to the daring venture of her eccentric father.

The performances thus begun went on twice a week for nearly a year; and would have continued longer but for Maria Garcia's marriage to François Malibran, a French merchant of New York twice her age. This union was speedily followed by the husband's bankruptcy and imprisonment for debt. Malibran had promised Garcia a present of \$20,000 for the loss of his daughter's services, and when this promise was not kept the angry father set off for Mexico with his family, leaving Madame Malibran penniless among strangers. The young singer, thrown upon her own resources, renewed the study of English, which she had begun in England, and soon appeared with brilliant success at the Bowery Theatre, first in the "Devil's Bridge," and later in "Love in a Village." At the same time she sang in the choir of Grace Church, regularly giving a portion of her earnings to her imprisoned husband.

It was not long, however, before she tired of the life she was leading, and of her selfish and dependent mate, and, breaking loose from both, she left New York for Paris. Thereafter her career, destined to end so sadly at the early age of twenty-nine, formed a glorious part of the history of music in Europe, the brilliant and beautiful Sontag being her only serious rival.

Following Garcia's departure Italian opera failed for many years to secure more than a fleeting place on the American stage; but to one man at least the early '40s seemed an auspicious season for its revival in New York. Ferdinand Palmo, a native of Italy who had grown moderately rich as the keeper of a restaurant in Broadway, leased and furnished a building in Chambers Street, famous in after years as Burton's Theatre, and there in February, 1844, he produced "I Puritani," with Signora Borghese, a strikingly handsome woman and a good though not a great singer, as *Elvira*. She was heard later in the "New World," and on March 13 the tenor Antognini made his American debut as *Ornubello* in "Beatrice di Tenda," being immediately received by the discriminating at his true worth. This artist, a singer of the first class, was also one of the greatest tragic actors of his own or any other time. That his name has now become less than a memory is one of the baffling mysteries of musical history. Palmo's first season was also made brilliant by the appearance in "L'Italiana in Algeri" of Cinti Damoreau, the eminent French soprano, who in earlier years had held her own with Malibran and Sontag.

Palmo's second and third seasons can be justly passed over in silence; but his announcement for January, 1847, presented the names of Antonio and Clotilde Barili, Benedetti and Sanquirico. The Barilis were the gifted children of Catarina Barili, the last of the great Italian prima donne of the old school, and by her second husband, a tenor named Patti, the mother of Carlotta and Adeline Patti, while Benedetti by reason of his magnetic and winning manliness, at once became and long remained the tenor best beloved of the American public.



These artists, with Sanquirico, a buffo of fetching comic powers, were seen ere the season's end in most of the well-known Italian operas of the period. Meanwhile, in the early summer of the year under consideration, a splendidly equipped opera company which had been performing in Havana appeared at the Park Theatre, New York, and the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. A leading member of this company was the contra-bassist, Giovanni Bottesini, destined at no distant day to attain the highest honors of his profession in Europe; but its chief attraction was Fortuna Tadesco, a splendid daughter of the South, whose bursts of rich, clear song are still held in cherished memory by many a veteran music lover.

Palmo's fourth season, which closed with Madame Anna Bishop in "Tancredi," proved to be his last. From the first the venture had been a doubtful one, and, the ex-restaurant keeper's savings being clean

swept away, it ended now in bankruptcy and confusion. New York, however, refused to do without Italian opera, and soon a subscription association built the Astor Place Opera House, which though of modest size was, in all other respects, the best appointed and most attractive theatre erected up to that time in America.

Its opening on November 22, 1847, was the great social and musical event of the day. "Ernani" was the first opera produced, and the cast included Teresa Truffi as *Elvira* and Lauro Rossi as *Silva*. Over few singers of other days do veteran opera-goers wax so eloquent as they do over Truffi, the magnificent. Good judges agree that she was not a great singer in the strictest sense of the term, but they will tell you that her voice and style were sympathetic and full of charm. Nature, moreover, had created her when in one of its noblest moods, and she trod the boards, unconscious of her beauty, yet the very queen of singers.

Signor Rossi, a signally handsome man and a correct and tasteful singer, acted and sang *Alphonso* in a manner worthy of Truffi's *Lucrezia*, and he was not less impressive and pleasing in other rôles. He remained in New York several years, always a favorite with the public, but Truffi soon married the tenor Benedetti and went back with him to Italy.



Opera's single season in Astor Place, although it included a splendid performance of *Romeo* by Catarina Barili, had failure written at its close. The new theatre's size had speedily wrought its ruin. It was too small to hold the unusual throngs which on special occasions sought admission, and to which experience has taught managers they must look for the supply of money which makes the difference between profit and loss. So in the early summer of 1848 its doors were closed, leaving the most sanguine doubtful as to when and by whom they would be reopened.

Still, New York was not left without Italian opera, and that of a high order, for the Havana Company returned in the spring of 1848, and performed at Niblo's Theatre, where its stay was made memorable by the appearance of Balbina Steffanone and Lorenzo Salvi. Steffanone was a soprano who brought to her work exceptional intelligence and dramatic power, while Salvi, although then past his youth, clearly proved his right to a place, if not in the first, assuredly at the head of the second rank of the world's great tenors.

The Havana company revisited New York in 1849, and again in 1850, appearing also in Philadelphia. Among its new members in the latter year were the baritone Cesare Badiali and the soprano Angiolina Bosio, both then almost unknown, but both destined to meet with

quick recognition in America, and soon to attain great reputation in Europe. Badiali had a noble voice, a finished style and rare ability as an actor. So great a favorite did he afterward become in London that he was wont to say: "I wonder that I never thought of coming here before." The silver voiced Bosio also became in due time the talk of musical London, later winning like success in Paris and St. Petersburg. She died in 1859, in her thirty-fifth year, leaving the memory not only of a rarely gifted woman, but of a good one as well.



After Badiali and Bosio came Jenny Lind. It may be objected that the brilliant Swede's career has no place in this chronicle, for during her sojourn in the United States she was heard only in the concert-room. But, if she did not sing in opera, her programs contained the arias inseparably connected with her successes in that field of art, and her influence upon musical America was so profound and uplifting that it cannot pass unnoticed. Her voice was a soprano of great richness, volume and power, its timbre like a clarinet, penetrating, tearful and sweet. An aria or a folk song phrased by her revealed beauties of which no one else had dreamed, and, when she chose to use it, there was a pathetic quality in her voice which vibrated in the feeling even to tears.

Moreover, Jenny Lind was perfectly original in all that she did; and in that one of her gifts may most surely be sought the touchstone of a popularity that made her concert tours in America a series of triumphal marches. Town and countryside raved about her; and wherever she sang, every roof and window for blocks from the concert-hall was packed with people waiting to see her pass. The material fruits of this enthusiasm were abundant. She gave 150 concerts in America, and so generous were the receipts that after giving away more than half of her share in charity, she carried back to Europe an ample fortune, the income from which sufficed to support her in comfort during thirty-six years of honored and delightful retirement.

Jenny Lind sang for the first time in America at Castle Garden, on September 11, 1850. A little more than a year later Marietta Alboni made her American debut at Tripler's Hall, New York, and won joyous recognition as perhaps the greatest singer the world has heard since Malibran. She was then less than thirty years old, and in the flush of a splendid womanhood which lent added charm to her voice, a rich, deep contralto, marvellously sweet and noble in quality, and of wondrous flexibility and compass. There was, however, a negative side to her great gifts, and this appeared when, having first been heard in concert, she began a brief operatic season at the Broadway Theatre.

It was then made manifest that she was not an actress, and though, following her engagements in New York, she made a successful tour of our principal cities and was everywhere received with enthusiasm, it is as a vocalist, pure and simple, that she holds a secure place in lyric annals. In her own kingdom she reigned absolute queen—the greatest contralto of her generation.

Alboni had her full measure of fame yet to win when she crossed the western ocean, but Henrietta Sontag could point to a long career as a prima donna of the first class when, on September 27, 1852, she made her first appearance in America at Tripler's Hall. She was first heard in concert, but soon appeared in opera at Niblo's Theatre, later fulfilling noteworthy engagements in Philadelphia and other cities. Madame Sontag was at this time well advanced in life, but had lost little of the charm, the grace, and the highbred repose that made her, to quote one of her biographers, "the ideal of a beautiful great lady of the olden time." The years had also dealt most kindly with her voice, an absolute soprano of angelic tone, which united flexibility with firmness, and was enhanced, besides, by an admirable method and almost perfect execution. If she did not touch her hearers, she never failed to charm them, and Americans were quick to recognize the gifts of mind and person which made her, next to Malibran, the most idolized prima donna of her time. The visit of the Countess Rossi, as she was known in private life, had a fatal ending, for she died in Mexico, in June, 1854, of cholera.



Following Sontag came Mario and Grisi, then the most widely known members of the guild of singers, who on September 4, 1854, made their first appearance in America at Castle Garden in "Lucrezia Borgia," four weeks later opening the New York Academy of Music with "Norma." Grisi when she came to this country was as a vocalist no longer young, but as an actress she was still brilliant, powerful and impetuous, and by her intensity and fire in *Norma* and *Semiramide* proved herself a supreme mistress of dramatic art. Mario, on the other hand, was in his prime, both of voice and of person, the prince of romance singers and easily the sweetest tenor America has ever heard. With Mario and Grisi, who, besides fulfilling three engagements in New York, were heard with favor in Boston and Philadelphia, came Signorina Vestvali, who by her fresh contralto voice, handsome face and stately presence, thrilled the town for a day, and then disappeared to be heard of no more.

The night of April 30, 1855, remains a noteworthy one to lovers of music, for on that date the initial performance in the United States

of Verdi's "Il Trovatore" took place at the Academy of Music, New York, and served to introduce two singers who quickly became and long remained great favorites with the American public; these were Alexandro Amodio and Pasquale Brignoli. Both were practically destitute of dramatic power, but Amodio had a rich baritone voice of exceptional range and sweetness, while Brignoli at this period possessed a facile tenor voice of feeling and silvery timbre which reminded those who heard it of Mario at his best.

Later in the year under discussion a second production of "Il Trovatore" was given at the Academy of Music by the La Grange company, so called from the name of its prima donna and principal artist. The voice of Madame La Grange was a pleasing though not powerful soprano of unusual compass; her style, vocalization and phrasing were admirable, and she possessed histrionic ability of the first order. But her voice and manner lacked what is called the "sympathetic" quality, and despite her versatility and consummate knowledge of her art, she failed to win a permanent place among prima donnas.



During the season of 1856 the La Grange company, under the management of Max Maretzek, again performed in New York, Philadelphia and other cities, its list of artists being reinforced by Miss Adelaide Phillips, a singer of English birth, who had been brought to America when a child, and whom the generosity of Jenny Lind had enabled to become the pupil of the younger Manuel Garcia. Miss Phillips, whose voice was a pleasing contralto of great compass, at once won her way to public favor, and during her quarter century on the stage was heard in opera, oratorio and concerts in most of the States of the Union. She died prematurely and much lamented in 1882.

Incidental reference has already been made to the opening of the New York Academy of Music, which, completed in 1854, remained a fitting home for the opera for many years. Philadelphia soon followed the example of her sister city, and on February 25, 1857, opened her own noble Academy of Music. "Il Trovatore" was the first opera given, and the interpreting company had Marietta Gazzaniga for its prima donna. A mezzo-soprano of a full voice, somewhat past its prime when she came to America, but of great dramatic power, Madame Gazzaniga was one of the most admirable *Violettas* of her time and a really great *Saffo*, while her acting as *Linda* was quite beyond criticism.

Besides Madame Gazzaniga the season of 1854 introduced three other artists of distinguished ability to New World audiences,—Elena D'Angri, an excellent contralto both in voice and method; Carl Formes,

a fine figure of a man, whose noble bass albeit a trifle worn, and dramatic style of singing made him most impressive as *Bertrand* in "Robert le Diable" and as *Leoporello* in "Don Giovanni," and *Erminia Frezzolini*, who came to America after a European career which had been crowned with triumphs in Italy, Spain and France. Though the personal and vocal attractions of the last named singer were on the wane in 1857, yet she remained in face and bearing the embodiment of stately elegance. Hers was a beauty of voice and person that could never fade, and it remains a lasting cause for wonder and regret that the final years of such a radiant queen of song, should have been passed in poverty and neglect.



In the spring of 1858, with *Madame La Grange* as the prima donna, there was a short season of Italian opera at *Burton's Theatre*, during which *George Ronconi* made his first appearance in America. *Ronconi's* voice placed him among singers of the second grade, but his dramatic gifts made him the equal of any artist ever seen on the operatic stage. His humor, when humor was demanded, had the richness and unction of the true comedian, while as the sorrowing, shame-stricken father in "*Linda*" his simulation of mingled grief and pathos found final expression in a burst of heroic passion, which with those who witnessed it and felt its spell remained a vivid, lifetime memory.

The season of 1859 was remarkable for the first appearance in opera of *Adelina Patti*. This new and youthful prima donna, the youngest daughter of *Catalina Barili*, under the direction of her kinsman and master, *Maurice Strakosch*, came forward at the *New York Academy of Music*, on November 24, in the title rôle of "*Lucia di Lammermoor*." She was then but sixteen years old, but had already learned to manage her voice, a flute-like, flexible soprano, with extraordinary skill and taste, and capable critics at once recognized in the *débutante* "one of those rare singers who appear at long intervals on the musical horizon, to revive not only the hopes of managers but the enthusiasm of the public." This prediction had quick fulfilment. After a short initial engagement in Philadelphia, *Mlle. Patti*, piloted by *Strakosch*, embarked on a concert tour which ended at *New Orleans*, whence she sailed for *London*, where she may be said to have fairly begun a career, which, like her art, must long remain unique in lyric annals. Thereafter for upward of forty years she held first place, and during the greater part of that time she was not only a sweeter but a better singer than any other woman in the world. Her name lends a golden ending to any record of the early days of opera in America.

IN THE STRONG MAN'S BORDERS

By Frank Saville

THERE were four who sat beside the wicker tea table on the edge of the terrace. The shadow of the cedar and the background of pines lent an atmosphere of calm to the surroundings, yet a certain excitement seemed to animate the group.

Beatrice Cressady sat with a telegram wrapper in her lap, re-reading the message which she had just received. Her fingers tugged restlessly at the tiny curls above her temples. Fairfax, who was whiter than he had been a minute before, was frowning. Even in Gilforth's dispassionate eye a sudden gleam had grown. Sir Arthur alone showed his wonted calm, but as a Cabinet Minister he had amassed all the placid mannerisms of his caste. He smoked sedately, watching his daughter's face. Fairfax broke the silence.

"You mean to say that you will accept?" he asked aggressively.

The girl raised her eyes.

"Do you suppose for one moment that I am likely to refuse?" she retorted.

Fairfax flushed.

"I know that you are likely to do anything that women—don't do," he answered. "In this case I should have thought that even you——" He checked himself, hesitated, and merely shrugged his shoulders.

"That even I——?" she suggested sweetly.

"That even you would have been above entering the service of this penny rag to investigate matters which must be infinitely horrible to a seasoned correspondent, let alone a well-bred woman."

She bowed ironically.

"Thanks," she said. "Now, my point of view is that it is an honour to have been selected by one of the most powerful of modern periodicals to report on matters of such international concern as the Albanian Atrocities, and I believe that I should be doing violence to my own sense of honour if I refused a task for which I am apparently considered fit." She turned towards her father. "I shall start within eight and forty hours, dad," she announced.

Sir Arthur nodded.

"Got kit enough?" he hazarded, placidly.

She rose.

"I must go at once to examine my resources," she said. "Can I give any one another cup of tea first?"

Fairfax broke in, passionately.

"Are you going to give it no more consideration than that?" he demanded. "Haven't you enough to occupy yourself at home? Doesn't your backstair journalism content you—or your play at politics—all the thousand and one pettifogging intrigues that you and women like you use to gratify your ambitions while you play with the lives of men——"

"Steady! Steady!" interrupted Gilforth. "Draw it mild."

Miss Cressady confronted her accuser stonily.

"Really, Mr. Fairfax," she said, "is it any concern of yours?"

"It is the concern of every honourable man!" he protested. "You little know the opinions——"

"And I'm afraid I can't stay to learn them, whatever they are," said the girl, as she passed him. "My time is so limited that you must excuse my being a little abrupt."

She gave them a comprehensive little nod of farewell as she disappeared into the house. Fairfax, with something remarkably like an oath between his lips, flung away from his companions and was lost sight of in the pines.

Gilforth tapped his pipe upon the arm of his chair. Sir Arthur very deliberately did the same, produced his pouch, and, as he filled the bowl anew, smiled at his companion.

"What a pair!" he deplored gently.

"Regular turtle doves!" derided Gilforth. "But frightfully in love with each other, all the same."

Sir Arthur winked his assent.

"It seems like it," he agreed, lighting a match. "That's why they quarrel on every possible opportunity. *You* never did. That's why——" He stopped and shrugged his shoulders.

An extra tinge of colour rose to Gilforth's cheek.

"Yes," he answered, "that's partly why we—never got any further. But the real obstacle was the perfect suitability of the match. Our being cousins, you see, and the properties marching together and— and so forth. Well, her independent spirit couldn't stand it."

Sir Arthur nodded again.

"Quite so," he said tersely. "Fairfax likely to come back, d'you think?"

Gilforth shook his head.

"No," he replied. "By now he's sitting on the lawn in front of his cottage, staring at the river, cursing the ways of the New Political Womanhood with all his heart. When he isn't doing that, he's remembering how entirely adorable Beatrice is." He pondered for a moment. "By the way," he added, "I can escort her part of the way to Skodra if you—and she—are agreeable?"

"Where are *you* off to?" said his uncle.

"To Podgorad," said Gilforth. "I have a standing invitation to shoot there every September."

"With the Prince?"

"With the Strong Man," answered Gilforth; and Sir Arthur's smile showed that he understood. Indeed there are few chancelleries in Europe where His Royal Highness is not privately spoken of by nickname alone.

"You might certainly see her as far as Cattaro," said Beatrice's father placidly; and thereafter the two smoked on without breaking silence till the dressing-gong boomed.

Now, Fairfax, First Secretary of the American Legation in London, belonged to that old Southern cult which abominates the indefatigable, strenuous woman with all its heart. Also, being a man, he was naturally and illogically drawn to it. Before he had known Beatrice an hour, he was furiously endeavoring to convert her from the error of her ways. When he had known her a week, he was desperately and frantically in love with her.

What misery the next forty-eight hours held for him he alone can tell. He made no attempt to see Beatrice again. But Gilforth understood how his inclination fought with his pride and won.

For, two days later, as the whistle of the boat-train was sounding, Gilforth, sitting opposite his cousin, saw a restless gleam grow suddenly in her eyes.

The train had gathered way and was sweeping past the end of the platform. A dark object was tossed through the open window. Gilforth swung his head and had a fleeting vision of Fairfax, tense and white, lifting his hat in farewell.

At his companion's feet lay a large bunch of violets. Gilforth stared at them without remark. Beatrice silently lifted them and placed them upon the seat at her side. A few minutes later, as Gilforth busied himself in placing his belongings on the rack, he heard the catch of a travelling-bag snap. When he turned around the violets had disappeared.

Three days later the pair parted at Cattaro. As the Antivari

steamer warped out from the wharfside, Gilforth stood shouting a short résumé of the advice which he had showered upon his cousin during the journey.

"Trust no one! believe only your own eyes! Use plenty of back-sheesh; and avoid Esuli Pasha like the plague!" he vociferated. Beatrice nodded her assent.

A mountaineer, one whose dress showed him to be a native of Podgorad, lolled upon a bench near Gilforth. He turned as he caught the name of the Turkish official and looked quickly from Gilforth to Beatrice, who waved her handkerchief across the widening gap between the steamer and the shore. Something in her actions must have misled him, for he smiled meaningly and then burst into a laugh.

A neighboring policeman frowned at him ferociously and looked at Gilforth with an apologetic air. But the latter gnawed at his moustache as he walked off into the town. For the reputation of the infamous Vali of Kara Bazaar was such that no man could gainsay. To have his cousin connected—even in the thoughts of an ignorant mountaineer—with such a man made every pulse in Gilforth's body leap with passion.

For the next few days his news of civilization was little, and of his cousin, nil. He travelled by easy stages to Podgorad, where he received a warm welcome from his princely host at a shooting-box which in England would have been disdained as a residence by many a successful costermonger.

There was no formality about his reception. The Strong Man, the Crown Prince Vaso, and the local Voivode or Brigadier, with Gilforth, formed the shooting party which the next day plunged into the Northern forests. As he drew further and further away from the cares of state the leader of the party discoursed with more and more freedom.

"Peace?" he echoed, in reply to Gilforth's discussion of the probabilities of a quiet autumn after the storm of Bulgarian agitation. "My dear Marquis, in the Balkans we have no room for her. I doubt if in Manchuria itself she lacks as many comforts as with us. Officially, of course, we bid her welcome. Actually we pluck many a feather from her dove-like wings."

"Where in particular?" asked Gilforth.

The prince flung up his arms with an expressive gesture.

"Where?" he cried. "Where not! North, South, West, and East,—especially the latter. A state of war exists within fifteen miles of where we stand!"

Gilforth raised his eyebrows.

"Indeed I'm not exaggerating," said His Royal Highness. "Viko, of the Kucenti clan just across the border there, has over a hundred men under arms to harass poor old Esuli Pasha. They give him no rest day or night."

The other frowned.

"I waste no pity on him," he said, significantly. "He's a king of blackguards, and Viko has my keenest sympathy."

The Strong Man shrugged his shoulders.

"The Pasha certainly has a reputation—to which I won't add," he replied indifferently. "All the same, you can't wear kid gloves when you deal with Albanians. There are thousands of them among my own subjects," he added, with one of his grim little smiles.

The following day they were returning to Podgorad for fresh supplies and to meet one of the Prince's aides-de-camp with reports from the capital. The man met them ten miles short of the little town, and the Strong Man frowned as he unexpectedly caught sight of him.

"Some news of moment, it seems," he muttered to Gilforth. "Luck send that I don't have to return to Neginje!"

He scanned the papers handed to him, the frown deepening as he read. But it melted into a smile as he turned towards his son and Gilforth. "You mad English!" he cried. "Can't you be satisfied with your own responsibilities without adding to ours? Listen to this!"

He read rapidly his Minister's report that an English lady, traveling with no official standing, had fallen into the hands of the famous brigand Viko. The latter was holding her to ransom, partly from political motives, partly as a means to obtain money for the re-arming of his irregular levies. The English Government insisted that the Porte should immediately pay the sum demanded and produce the lady unharmed. The Turkish Government, procrastinating with their usual wiles, demonstrated how unreasonable it was to expect them to supply the sinews of war to rebels openly resisting their authority. Meantime the lady was still in the hands of the Kucenti, and her name was Cressady, daughter of the British Minister of Dependencies beyond the seas.

"I guessed as much, Sire," said Gilforth quietly. "It is I who will have to leave. She is my cousin. I must go and traffic over this ransom at once."

The Strong Man gave him a keen glance.

"Your cousin?" he repeated, thoughtfully. "Somebody takes more than a cousinly interest in her, my dear Marquis. You haven't heard all."

He turned back to his report and read on rapidly. The complications for his Minister and for himself lay in the fact that a certain

gentleman was travelling post-haste through the principality to the Albanian border, actually bringing the ransom on his own behalf and from private sources. As he was unattended, spoke no languages but English and French, and was bound to be slaughtered within an hour after he passed the first boundary-stone, M. Vulevic, the chief of police, wished to know if he should be allowed to proceed. As the matter appeared urgent, and the language in which the wayfarer claimed the inviolate status of American citizen was excessively energetic, M. Vulevic had taken the liberty of sending him to Podgorad under escort, that the Prince might interview him in person.

"And who is this madman?" demanded the Strong Man, as he folded up the papers. "Her lover?"

Gilforth hesitated.

"Yes," he admitted at last. "Unofficially her lover, Sire. So I suppose I must leave the matter to him."

The Prince showed some surprise.

"Of course I can't permit either of you to go," he answered. "It would be certain death. But why must you resign your—cousinly rights, *mon cher?*"

Gilforth smiled a little wryly.

"It's what we call playing the game, Highness," he explained.

The Strong Man gave him another meditative glance, and then, with a smile, led the way towards the town.

It was a sullen, defiant Fairfax whom they found installed in the guardroom of Podgorad, but the man's distress of mind was horribly evident. He was unshaven, haggard with rapid travelling, and his nerves on edge with indignation at his arrest. Curtly, peremptorily, he demanded his liberty, scarcely greeting Gilforth with more than a nod.

The Prince argued, explained, demonstrated a hundred difficulties, proved a thousand unsurmountable dangers. Fairfax was adamant. He had done no harm, his arrest was illegal, he would raise such a storm of diplomacy about the Prince's head that it would shake every chancellery in Europe. Finally the Strong Man, with an expression of half-comic despair, summoned one of the shepherd hunters who had been attending him. To him he spoke earnestly for five minutes.

"Very well!" he said at last, turning back to Fairfax, "go and be hanged—or shot, rather. But if there is a man who can wriggle you through into Viko's clutches, he is here," and he pointed to the stolid figure at his side.

Fairfax thanked him without effusion, saluted precisely, and passed out into the open. Gilforth followed.

Fairfax turned upon him savagely.

"You're not to come!" he cried.

Gilforth smiled and took his hand.

"Of course—of course," he agreed. "*Your picnic, old chap. But here's wishing you good luck, all the same.*"

Fairfax looked at him for a hesitating instant. Then he returned the other's grip fervently.

"You're a good chap, Gilforth," he said. "I was jealous of you—when I had the time. Now I can think of one thing only."

He dropped his friend's fingers and signed to the guide. Solemnly the man led the way down the hill to disappear into the thickness of the beech forest which stretched away to the border.

For the next three days Gilforth shot badly. There was no news. Albanians in the Prince's service who were kin to clans across the frontier pursued inquiries, but without success. The Prince was strangely optimistic.

"No news is the best of news," said he. "If there had been a shooting, we should have heard of it. No; impossible as I thought it, they have wormed through. Mirko shall have a hundred florins when he returns."

But on the fourth morning he met Gilforth wearing a look which the other could not read.

"They got there," announced the Prince curtly. "He has reached Viko and paid him the ransom."

"Splendid!" said Gilforth enthusiastically. "Viko has set her at liberty?"

The Strong Man shook his head.

"Unfortunately, he has no longer the power," he lamented. "The position is far more serious. By means of bribes Esuli Pasha got a renegade Albanian to betray Viko's hiding-place, made a forced night-march, and has bagged the lot,—bandits, Miss Cressady, and Fairfax!"

Gilforth whistled.

"Does that matter?" he asked. "Esuli will surely send them away to Skodra under good escort?"

He tried to speak confidently, but a poignant stab of fear cut his heart.

For a moment the Prince played silently with his carbine lock.

"I'm afraid that your cousin is a charmingly pretty girl?" he hazarded at last.

Gilforth's face grew white.

"Yes," he said in a low voice.

The other made an expressive gesture.

"You know Esuli Pasha?" he said simply. "Mirko—who has

escaped, by the way—and my other agents have brought me—details. Miss Cressady is designed to be the favourite of Esuli's harem."

Gilforth, usually the most impassive of men, rolled out a terrible oath.

"It's impossible—how dare he hint at such a thing! England would set Constantinople ablaze first!" he stormed.

"If England knew," said the other quietly. "What is the word of one man—this Mirko of mine, who alone has seen her—against the evidence of a Pasha and half a battalion of Turkish regulars? Esuli has given out that he arrived too late—that the prisoners had been massacred. Viko and all his band have been shot in squads. The Pasha and a few of his hangers-on have made a move into the mountains, 'to further safeguard the frontier,' as he announces. In reality, to use his devil's devices in privacy and with impunity. He is making Fairfax's life the price of her consent to marry him. Such a marriage he would disavow the first moment he tired of her, and his promise to Fairfax he would break the moment the thing was done. He is a man more brimmed with wickedness than any other mother's son in the Balkans," concluded the Prince, with something like a tinge of reluctant admiration in his voice.

Gilforth pondered a moment.

"Where is this place to which he has gone?" he demanded.

"The gorge of the Plivitza," said the Strong Man. "A gorge bounded by absolutely unscalable cliffs on every side but the one. He has only to safeguard the entrance. It is a well-known haunt of his when he is conducting—inquiries, which is another word for torturing those in his power for his own purposes."

They were standing in the market-place of Podgorad as they talked. The levies of local militia had been reviewed by their brigadier and were not yet dismissed. Ranks of long-limbed, stalwart mountaineers filled the open space.

Suddenly Vaso, the Crown Prince, who stood by, turned towards his father. He made an expressive gesture towards the waiting companies.

"Only ten miles across the border," he pleaded, "and not a man of them but would give his eyes to come."

But the Prince shook a sorrowful head.

"No—no," he answered quietly. "A violated border in this peninsula means a European conflagration. I would give my right hand to help you, but I have my country to think of. But you will go and—investigate?" he went on, looking at Gilforth with a matter-of-course expression.

"Naturally," said Gilforth rather dryly. "And at once," he added with decision.

"It is what I had to expect of you," said the Strong Man regret-

fully. "I won't let you go alone, though. Mirko will return with you, and—and do his best. I'm afraid it's a poor lookout, but you may manage to shoot Esuli, which, at any rate, would be a satisfaction. God go with you."

Not more than ten minutes later Gilforth, his pockets bulged with bread and lamb's flesh, and two well-filled bandoliers across his shoulders, was following Mirko through the devious alleys of the beech forest, as Fairfax had done four days before.

The incidents of that night-march always remained something of the nature of a dream to Gilforth. He was aware of boughs which swished him continually across the face, of open patches of pinnacled rock which scored his shooting boots, of cool stretches of bogland which set myriad frogs astir as the two wayfarers splashed through. The dusk was falling as they emerged from the trees, but the full moon was shining from a cloudless sky before Mirko's hand upon his arm called a halt. The shepherd pointed silently below them.

Gilforth saw a deep, dark ravine which stabbed back far into the hills. The moonlight gleamed upon the rivulet trickling down the centre of the vale, while barely distinguishable in the shadow of the crag he saw a building.

"A saw-mill formerly," said Mirko curtly. "He has added a house."

Gilforth nodded.

"Let us get on," he said in his broken Serb.

Again Mirko pressed his arm and pointed. Gilforth became suddenly aware of dark objects moving here and there in the shadows cast by the pines and boulders. A cordon of sentries was drawn across the mouth of the gorge.

Mirko beckoned and made a motion for silence. Cautiously he led the way through the beech scrub, to come to a halt upon the edge of a strip of bare ground which lay between the forest and the shadowed hollow. The patch was thirty yards wide.

"When I say run!" whispered Mirko significantly, and took up a heavy pebble. He sent it flying silently through the air to fall with a crash upon the far side of the ravine.

There was a stirring. A dozen men darted into full view, staring and gesticulating in the direction of the noise.

Behind their backs, swiftly and noiselessly, Gilforth and his companion flitted across the open into the velvet blackness below the crag. For the next three minutes the two sat silent, getting their breath. Then Mirko, with a gesture that bade his companion remain, wormed away into the darkness. For half an hour Gilforth sat still, counting the thunderous beats of his own heart.

So silently did the shepherd drift back out of the shadows that

his fingers touched Gilforth's shoulder before the other knew of his presence.

"The windows are barred and shuttered, the door bolted and chained," began Mirko, and then sank his whisper to sudden silence. The sound of drawing staples stirred into the night.

A sudden shaft of light poured through an open doorway. Figures were outlined against the light. Half a dozen wore the fez. One was in woman's dress. One, Gilforth knew by the defiant tilt of the chin, the squared shoulders, the upthrown head, was Fairfax. His hands were bound behind him and a man held the shackled wrists. In the rear of the procession a thick, heavily built figure walked alone. All disappeared into the mill.

Mirko swore in his surprise

"St. Basil!" he muttered hoarsely. "What would they do there?"

For a moment he hesitated. Then at the touch of his hand Gilforth followed blindly as he was led. The next minute he found himself treading softly through the deep carpeting of sawdust below the timbers of the mill-frame.

In the darkness Mirko's fingers were his only guide. From above he heard the sound of voices and the tread of feet. Suddenly there was a rush of water and a grinding noise almost at his elbow. The great mill-wheel began to turn. At the same moment his hands were led by Mirko to touch and grasp the rungs of a ladder.

With infinite caution, and step by step, they mounted and emerged through an uncovered man-hole into a weather-worn shed. It was but partitioned from the mill-house, and gleams of light shone through a dozen cracks in the boarding. Each of the two glued his eyes to a crevice.

In spite of himself, Gilforth gave a little gasp. Not two yards away stood the Pasha, clad in his official frock-coat, leaning comfortably against a disused trestle. Beside him, held on each side by an attendant, was Beatrice, white-faced, sobbing convulsively, shaken with agony and fear. And yet from the sight of her distress Gilforth's regard passed on elsewhere.

Four men held Fairfax, one at each wrist, one at each ankle. His body was drawn starkly across the clumsy frame of the mill, his back resting on a log which was half sawn through. The old-fashioned saw was working, plunging with short, stabbing strokes through the timber, and nearing inch by inch Fairfax's side. The four soldiers strained his limbs, taunting his body to meet the stroke of the steel teeth!

The Pasha waved his hand towards the prisoner.

"You understand, Mademoiselle?" he chuckled in French,

"things are going to be very uncomfortable for your friend if you do not see your way to comply with my most amiable proposal."

She averted her eyes; she writhed in the grasp of the men who held her; she gasped incoherently.

Esuli made a tiny motion of his hand towards his underlings.

Instantly they slid their prisoner forward. There was a rip of sundered clothing. A few spots of blood fell upon the log. A faint, half-heard moan was wrung from Fairfax's lips.

Stified though it was, it reached to Beatrice's ears.

"I promise!" she screamed desperately. "I promise!—I promise!"

At another nod from their master, the soldiers slid their victim out of danger. But Fairfax's voice was uplifted with a yell of rage.

"Never!" he shouted. "I refuse to let you. I would rather see you dead—would rather kill you with my own hands——"

It seemed to Gilforth that the same instinctive throb of passion which stormed his own heart must have filled Mirko's soul. For as he stooped to the floor and groped for a log which lay at his feet, his fingers touched those of his companion.

With a heave and a gasp the two lifted the heavy bauk of timber, dashed it through the partition, and followed it like madmen into the mill.

The Pasha had been flung to the floor. The men who held Beatrice had hardly time to fumble clumsily for their sabres before they, too, fell to the sound of twin shots from Mirko's revolver. With a howl the four ruffians who held Fairfax dropped him and fled pell-mell for the door.

This time Gilforth's pistol joined echo with Mirko's. Not one of the fugitives reached the threshold. They writhed upon the sawdust, explaining the agony of death-wounds to the night.

And thereupon it seemed to Gilforth that incident followed incident with the freakish swiftness of dreamland rather than of actuality. He found himself half lifting, half pushing Beatrice down the ladder, across the clogging heaps of sawdust, and out into the night; he knew that Fairfax was at her other side, supporting her jealously. He heard the faint protest with which she received her lover's help—the gasp of anxiety with which she offered to stanch his wound.

Fairfax shook his head in dogged reassurance, and the next instant the three plunged at Mirko's heels into a thicket of dried reeds. The watercourse broadened out, filling the ravine with swamp herbage, but the summer droughts had scorched it to mere tinder. It crackled like match-wood as they stumbled through.

Suddenly a man staggered out of the undergrowth at their side.

Gilforth's pistol was levelled; Mirko, with a yell, knocked up the barrel as he fired.

"My fault!" cried a well-known voice. "I should have warned you!"

In stupors of amazement Gilforth recognized that the Strong Man, the Crown Prince, and half a dozen followers were running at his side.

"All Vaso's fault," grumbled His Royal Highness, as he ran. "For two hours we argued—for two hours after you left. Then suddenly we came like madmen, flying in the very face of Europe's peace. Do you know that there is no way of escape from this ravine up which you are running, that two companies of nizams are holding the pass below and are already at our heels, and that we are trapped?"

Gilforth shook his head and muttered indistinctly. Events were moving too quickly to allow room for consideration of the future. The feeling was still strong with him that he was but an actor in some nightmare play.

The swamp ended abruptly as the stream narrowed back to a rocky bed. The Prince halted, struck a match, and applied it to the thicket from which they had emerged.

"This will at least give us time for consideration," he said coolly, and watched with a grim smile the flames which ran like snakes from clump to clump. Within a space of seconds a wall of fire filled the gorge.

He turned from it at last, with a short laugh.

"Up here!" he said quickly, motioning Gilforth up a steep slope down which the stream plashed noisily. They topped the bank, to find themselves confronted by a stretch of water silvered by the moon.

"It is the mill-dam—the reservoir for the dry summer-time," explained the Strong Man, and Gilforth nodded. Fairfax leaned towards him.

"What does he say? What does he say?" he panted eagerly. One of his arms was still flung about Beatrice's waist. She clung to him convulsively.

With an effort Gilforth tuned his voice to calmness and explained. A few short minutes and the fire would have died for want of fuel, and the pursuers would be upon them. But—they would die fighting. He looked at Beatrice, whose head was buried against Fairfax's breast, and tapped the butt of his revolver significantly. Fairfax showed that he understood. He gathered the girl to him; it was easy to see that he prepared himself for a supreme farewell.

But the Strong Man had also caught the meaning of Gilforth's

gesture. "No!—no!" he cried. "Vaso has a plan. He has been here—unofficially—before. Have you shot Esuli?"

Gilforth started. Why in the name of common sense had they not tarried one instant more to pay that easy tribute to humanity and to revenge? He shook his head.

"No?" cried the Prince. "Then that settles it. I give Vaso a free hand. The Pasha has been a bad neighbor long enough. And as for those swine of nizams—the world will be well rid of a couple of hundred such."

He turned towards his son and gave a hurried direction. The Crown Prince and his followers instantly disappeared into the shadows of the overhanging crag.

"Come along!" said the Strong Man, and led the way more slowly in their tracks. He came to a halt upon a ledge a few feet above the water, and turned to stare down the ravine.

The fire was already dying. Here and there a charred ember glowed among the tussocks, but the flames were gone. Savage shouts came ringing up the gorge, and in scattered groups men could be seen plunging through the ash of the undergrowth. In rushes, by twos and threes, they made for the slope of the dam.

Gilforth and Fairfax waited, tense for the last grapple, but the Prince merely turned his eye up the crag. Following the direction of his glance the two were aware that their companions had reached a terraced slope a hundred feet up. The moonlight glared upon it and upon their motions.

A huge pine trunk lay at their feet, the butt thrust far beneath the base of a towering boulder.

The Prince whistled piercingly and waved his hand.

With one accord the six seized the log, and with all the strength of their hill-trained muscles levered it upward beneath the stone.

It toppled—it rolled—and then with frightful momentum thundered down the mountain side.

Huge masses of earth were torn from the soil to join it. Other boulders in its course were ripped from their beds, and followed as a mob follows a leader. With a deafening roar the whole avalanche fell over the last sheer drop squarely upon the embankment's brim.

In a crested wave, man high, the released water burst over the shattered dam and swept down the gorge.

The yells of two hundred throats, calling in agony upon Allah's awful name, stormed the echoes. And then, in an instant as it were, there followed silence—the silence of death. Trees, charred brushes, stones, and *men*—all were gone. The centre of the gorge had become no more than a water-smoothed groove, scarred into the very bosom

of the hill. Out of the distance came the voice of the torrent's dwindling menace as it hewed a way to the lowlands beneath the burden of its dead.

While you might count fifty no one moved. Then, as the pale eastern light showed where the dawn was breaking, the Prince turned to his friends.

Gilforth's face was in the shadow. With a half-paternal gesture, the Strong Man laid a hand upon his shoulder. For an instant he stood silent, watching where on the two faces before him another dawn was breaking—Love's dawn, shattering the clouds of impending agony and death.

His voice, when it came, lacked a shade of its wonted control.

"And now," said the Strong Man, in the little broken English which he is so proud to air,—“and now, my children, let us go home.”



GOOD-NIGHT, SWEET

BY THOMAS MCKEAN

WITH tiny arms about my neck thou'lt cling,
 And lisping phrases murmur in my ear,
 The while I bid thee, darling, not to fear,
 For angels fitting by on unseen wing
 A peaceful rest to thee will quickly bring;
 So kiss me, for the magic hour draws near
 When slumber like a skilful charioteer,
 Will guide thee on thy drowsy journeying.

Alas! though God himself shall watch o'er thee,
 Beware the sandman, when he comes in sight,
 For eyes grow heavy as the sand is run,
 Until his task is ended craftily
 And consciousness is softly put to flight,—
 Then, good-night, sweet; God bless my little one.



THE INITIATIVE OF POKES

By Walt Makee

"IF I wasn't afraid o' losin' me job——" the boy began sullenly as he faced the conductor with clenched fists.

Garvin of Number Nine had brought him into the baggage car by the ear—an organ that had been at once soundly cuffed. But the little trainboy was as game as he dared to be.

"I'm mindin' me business all right," he ended lamely.

"Shut up! No impudence from you, you curly-headed alley-brat!" Garvin towered over him, lingeringly, as though to give him time to interpret his narrow, threatening look. "I got a cussed good notion to kick you off at Pawlings and let you sleep on a station bench for the rest of the night. That's what you deserve. It's the likes o' you that's always keeping us in hot water. Just you give me another scare like that——!" Garvin brushed a few flakes of snow from his coat sleeve, with the air of a man who had finished some distasteful work, and picking up his lantern sought the door. The long, lonely run that Number Nine made each night had turned Conductor Garvin into an autocrat, disliked by the crew, shunned by the regular riders and feared by transportation thieves, the men, and even women, who, taking advantage of the great distances between stops, endeavor to secure free passage by the use of false tickets or the threadbare excuse of mistaken trains.

A flurry of snowflakes came in on the gale; the jet of gas in the roof of the baggage car flamed high, only to settle back to its flickering routine as Garvin slammed the rear door behind him.

Briggs, the baggageman, looked up from a trunk check he had pretended to read, with the face of a man who had passed through an ordeal, grimly holding his emotions in subjection. He hurled a half whispered oath at the rear door, threw down the trunk before him, and sat upon it. For a moment he looked at the sturdy youngster as he stood in the middle of the car swaying to the roll of it. The jaunty blue uniform, the peaked cap tilted slightly backward, the lowered brows, the set expression, the curly blonde head, the face flushed by contact with the winter winds, the legs apart, the determined little fists resting upon the hips,—the whole commanding attitude recalled sea-going days to Briggs. Why, Pokes might have been

Captain Corson in miniature, scorning the rails of a gale-swept bridge! He was very proud of Pokes. He liked him for his courage; he liked him because he dared to be himself. They had all been proud of him, except Garvin, ever since the night of the incident that gave Pokes his name; the night the begoggled, spinster-looking person had bitingly objected to having "unpurchasable products *poked* into her lap." and the youngster had returned her insult with kindness, looking to her every comfort in an unobtrusive way for the rest of the run, bringing ice-water to her, moving her luggage, and showing the hundred and one little attentions that an unescorted woman needs in travelling. And he had crowned his victory by politely refusing to accept her generous tip when he had carried her two heavy grips from the car at Cleveland and placed them in a cab.

But something had come over Pokes. He wasn't like his old self. Briggs had noticed it, and Briggs would admit himself a none too observing man. Pokes was losing his nerve, and to Briggs, nerve was the greater part of true manhood.

"I'm a bit ashamed of you, Pokes," Briggs said at last. "What was the matter anyway?"

"Steps was icy. I knew that. I'd 'a' been all right if he hadn't yelled his lungs out. I didn't understand what he yelled and I turned to find out. My feet went under. But I had a grip on the guards all right. He makes me sore."

"I was only waitin' for you to give the cue and I'd 'a' landed him one he wouldn't forget quick."

"And we'd 'a' been laid off."

Briggs stared at him as though he had not heard aright. "What do you care for that? There's always a place in the world for the fellow what's got his nerve with him. I guess I worked a few before I ever thought of railroadin', and I guess I'll work till the horn blows, railroadin' or no railroadin'. You might think, to hear you talk, that the only chance you was ever goin' to have was to sell sticky stuff to suckers. Ain't you got no ambition about ye? You don't suppose you're goin' to be a trainboy all your life, do ye? Where's yer nerve, anyway?"

"It's takin' more o' my nerve to hold this job down, jus' now, than it would take to lose it."

Briggs turned to his way-bills, but in doing so he saw how empty the corner was where Pokes kept his wares. His curiosity was aroused.

"Why, ye're sold out, ain't ye?" he asked.

Pokes affirmed with a nod.

"Well, what are ye jumpin' off at the stations for, then?"

"I'm lookin' for a telegram, for one thing——"

"*Telegram!*" dubiously. "Now who's agoin' to telegram you *in root*, as they say? Got a girl?"

For once Pokes looked at the taunting Briggs, and he looked at him witheringly, almost contemptuously. "Naw," he said, "but I got a mother."

"Have ye?" in feigned astonishment. "And what's up with *her*?"

For a full minute the boy was silent and then there came a word from somewhere down in his throat,—“Sick.”

Briggs suddenly felt ashamed of himself, not so much for the taunting tone he had used, but rather that he had not understood the situation from the beginning. There was plenty of sympathy in the make-up of Briggs, but it had held aloof from the heat of tragedies too long and had chilled with the indolence of disuse. The whole thing became quite clear to him now: perhaps for the first time in his life the youngster's heart had been caught between the bumpers of love and duty. Circumstance was forcing him into premature manhood.

"I guess the fam'ly 'll look out fer *her* all right," Briggs suggested, at last.

"Ain't no fam'ly. Jus' me an' neighbors. They took her to the hospital 'fore I left last night an' said they'd telegram me if she pulled through."

"Too bad," Briggs ventured softly. "I wouldn't worry over it. If any message comes the operator will hand it on. I'll speak to Garvin about it."

But the suggestion was scorned. "I ain't askin' favors of nobody—'specially *him*."

"No news is good news, the' say. I wouldn't worry, seein' you've sold out again to-night."

"Doctors and things costs money. Ain't you ever been sick?"

"Bet yer life I have. Why I been everything from quinine to consultations; they're 'bout the worst things a fellow can have."

Pokes nodded. "That's what she's got, one o' them new things like that. Goin' to have her 'pendage cut out—er suthin'. But she ain't goin' to be no free patient! She's goin' to pay *her* way, she is," doggedly. "I'm goin' to wire some money on ahead."

"I've noticed," Briggs observed thoughtfully, "that you can pretty near tell what it's goin' to cost to get rid of it by the name they give it. Now, mumps, for instance, is cheap; you see that's just a common name, and you can get ten cents worth of something in the drug-shop, that's guaranteed to cure. But look out fer yer pocket-book when the medicine-men begin to spin out them heavy Latin things like hydrocaddoodlum or piponitis. When you get such things

as *them*, it's about up to you to jerk the cord three times and send the brakie back with a red flag."

Pokes was leaning against the sliding door looking out into the snowflaked gloom, and in the darkness out there he seemed to see an alley, an ambulance, a crowd of curious onlookers, a policeman, uniformed hospital attendants carrying a stretcher down a narrow stairway, followed by a white-capped, gray-gowned nurse, and a little old woman with drawn and wrinkled face,—Mrs. McDermot, the steadfast one, who had cooked and watched by the bedside during the long, long days, sacrificing her own housework in loving sympathy for the woman whose form was faintly outlined beneath the sheet-covered stretcher,—*his* mother! Again he heard the questionings, the sympathetic murmurs, the whispers of his old playmates as they stood by, proud to have the friendship of a boy who could wear a uniform and be an integral part of the morbid attraction. Then he saw the sneer upon the face of Mrs. O'Brierly, the "alley-grouch," as in her half-drunken voice she cried, "Bah, it's only another wan of thim dhrains on us poor taxpayers!" He remembered how he had been tempted to strike her down and had thought better of it. He had realized then what it would mean to have his mother come back to the alley with the stain of free-patientship upon her, and he resolved to pay the price, be it what it might. Indeed, he had called the doctor aside and directed that he send in the bill for it all, and, wringing a hasty promise from Mrs. McDermot to telegraph him should anything serious occur, he had hurried off to the depôt. It was satisfying now, to know that Mrs. McDermot was with her; it was not like being alone in a row of iron cots filled with other sufferers, strangers who had no time for aught else than themselves and their miseries.

His ear began to pain him where Garvin had cuffed it, but he gulped down the bitter lump in his throat and turned once more to Briggs.

"Moon's comin' out," he said.

Briggs came over to the window to satisfy himself. "By jimmy, that stretch of rollin' white *is* pretty, ain't it? We're gettin' near Pawlings; there's the old log mill up to its neck in snow." Pokes turned his collar up and buttoned his coat. Briggs stared at him. "Yer not goin' to try it again, are ye? Garvin's a mighty mean customer when his dander's up. Don't do it, Pokes."

"I'll be in the station before the train stops. He won't see me. It's a five-minute stop. That'll give me all the time I need. Are you on time?"

"Ten thirty-one and a half." Briggs was looking at his watch. "Due there in half a minute. We're just right. We leave at thirty-

seven, unless we side,—and it doesn't look *that* way; we just passed the up switch."

A whistle of the engine notified the crew that they were approaching the station. The train began to respond to the steambrakes. Briggs wheeled a trunk nearer the liding door.

"I often wondered," he said, "why they single-tracked the road from Pawlings to Milsford. Guess the construction gang must have struck at Pawlings and arbitrated at Milsford."

Pokes turned toward the forward door, through which the great gilt numbers of the tender rocked to and fro between fleeting gusts of steam, seemingly suspended in the darkness.

Briggs, standing beneath the saffron glare of the overhead light, neglected his work for the moment, to watch the youngster as he passed out to the snow-filled platform.

Before the train had stopped Pokes was running rapidly toward the telegraph-office.

Garvin, alighting from the train, caught a glimpse of him and cursed quietly.

A solitary passenger left the train, climbed into a waiting sleigh, and jingled off into the white night.

Briggs dumped a trunk out upon a truck and mentioned the weather to the truckman.

And the night relapsed into sleep, disturbed only by the labored breathing of the iron monster ahead.

Garvin glanced at his watch by the light of the moon and looked slowly up and down the long line of Pullmans. Then he looked thoughtfully down at his watch again. The track was his own all the way to Gainsboro, a full twenty-mile run. There was nothing to prevent him moving out of Pawlings two minutes ahead of schedule—and losing that infernal kid for one night at least. It would be a good lesson to him to have to sleep on a hard bench for the night; it might teach him better things than jumping on and off moving trains. He swung his lantern to signal the brakeman ahead, who, half startled by the unexpected move, almost forgot his own lantern in his haste to reach the whistle-cord. Once started, the brakeman turned his watch back two minutes and condemned it for its irregularity.

Meanwhile Pokes had approached the little grated window in Pawlings station. It took him a half-minute to get the operator's attention, for night business was rare at Pawlings.

Finally Hoagson looked up. "Hello, Pokes!" was his greeting.

"Any telegram for me?"

"Now, who the——"

"There isn't? Well, please wire this money, ten dollars, to Mrs.

McDermot, Samaritan Hospital, Cleveland. And how much is it?" There was something incisively business-like about the youngster, and Hoagson twisted himself out of his lazy attitude, arose from his chair, and came to the window.

By now the assistant operator had wheeled the trunk of the solitary passenger into an adjoining room and had caught a glimpse of the boy outside the grated window.

"Hello, Pokes!" was his jovial greeting. "Got any chocolates left, to-night?"

"Come on, please hurry!" Pokes insisted. "I ain't got any time to lose. This is very important."

A telegraph-sounder began to click rapidly.

"Awful sorry, Pokes," Hoagson drawled as he thrust the two five-dollar bills under the grating, "but there isn't a message for you and we——"

"P.L! P.L! P.L! Salem's calling you, Hoagie!" the assistant broke in.

Hoagson continued his drawl,—“And this isn't a money-office. You can send that from Gainsboro, I think. Try it.” And he turned to his telegraph-key.

The assistant shouted across the room, “Hurry up, kid! There goes Nine without you. Run like hell!”

Pokes quickly gathered up his money and shot a glance at the station clock. “I thought so,” he said, as he ran toward the door. “See that! Two minutes ahead! D'ye see it?” and he was gone.

The men at the station watched him breathlessly until they saw him swing upon the rear platform of the last car, a dead coach the train usually carried to Gainsboro.

The platform was covered with sleet-crusting snow. The car had probably been the first of an east-bound train that had fought through the blizzard of the day before.

He tried the door, hoping against hope that some one had forgotten to lock it, but it was either locked or frozen tight. He sat down in the snow upon the upper step, put his feet across, and braced himself against the car. The whole world seemed to be going wrong with him lately, and he thought it wouldn't matter very much to him to have to ride twenty miles, thinly clad, if it weren't for the chance of catching cold and being laid off on the sick list—just when his mother needed him most.

He watched the Pawlings station diminish behind him. The progress was slow, the tracks treacherous, the train heavy, and the grade steep. The first mile consumed fully five minutes.

Suddenly as the train slowed more decidedly, a tiny red light,

emerged from the distance. It might have been the switch-light at Pawlings,—yet it seemed to be quickly moving, up and down, from side to side.

Pokes knew that Number Nine was the last night train west. There could be nothing behind them, unless it might be a special or an extra engine, and, again, moving trains are never signalled from *behind*. The red light was coming toward him. He could see a man running with it now, slipping and falling as he came onward, but waving it always, excitedly. Something was wrong!

He looked up at the signal-cord above him, and paused. What if he should make a mistake—just when his mother needed him most! He thought of the possibility of an accident, a head-on crash, of the lives of the sleeping passengers—then of Garvin, red with anger! He wanted to jump off and hide himself somewhere in the white woods until it was over. His hands twitched nervously. He felt a fierce desire to cry out against the fate that threw the responsibility upon his shoulders! Had he not enough already?

He glanced backward at the red light again. The train was gaining upon the man. He imagined he heard a frenzied yelling, lanternward. Perhaps Hoagson had seen him jump upon the last car, and, knowing it to be a dead coach, expected he would be locked out on the platform. Yes, that must be it! He recalled the click of the telegraph-key as he left the station, and it flashed upon him then that Garvin had pulled out of Pawlings two minutes ahead! Perhaps,—but he had ceased guessing. A heavy cloud of black smoke had enveloped the man behind. It was time to act—for good or ill. He sprang to his feet as quickly as the crusted snow would let him. One hand froze fast to the ice-covered brake as with the other he pulled the signal-cord three times. Then he waited tremblingly. The thought came to him that the dead coach might not be connected by cord with the rest of the train, but the “Toot! toot!” of the engineer answered his doubts.

The jerking of the suddenly applied brakes and the diminishing rumble of the wheels lent a fresh terror to him and he cringed low as though to hide himself from imaginary people in the black car. He pictured the excitement in the train. Garvin would jump from a corner seat where he had settled down for a quiet snooze. He would run forward and backward, questioning brakemen, swearing at his luck! Consternation would strike the sleeping-cars. Some fool would be sure to suggest train-robbers!

He looked back again, as the train slowed down. The man with the red light was a mere moonlit speck, there where the tracks converged, but he was coming onward, ever onward, with the dangling danger light.

The door behind him opened, and Briggs appeared, a brakeman beside him.

"I guessed it was you," grumbled Briggs, "but Garvin was sure he left you at Pawlings. Wanted to get in I suppose, and rang the bell. Just like you."

"What's up?" the brakeman demanded.

"See that?" Pokes pointed to where the red light danced.

"What's that got to do with us?"

"That's what I wanted to know."

The amazement of Briggs was frank. He said he'd be damned, and Garvin, appeared at that juncture, used words equally picturesque but decidedly more profane.

Briggs disposed himself between Garvin and the boy and began to argue the matter out with the furious conductor. In the midst of the wordy war the engine shrieked like a frightened thing and began to roll its burden backward with an open throttle.

It wasn't until Number Nine was safely sided at Pawlings that a part of the truth became known. Scarcely had the switch closed behind the train when a "wild" engine dashed by, with another steam monster in grim pursuit.

Just how the story spread no one seemed to know. Neither Briggs, nor the brakeman, nor the porters, would accept the credit for its circulation. But somehow it went to the "front," and the mother of Pokes received the best nursing back to health that a prosperous railroad could afford her.

Garvin's broken schedule was never reported. The few who knew of it forgave him, probably because of the ten-dollar bill he dropped into the passenger purse for Pokes.



FROM THAT FAR LAND

BY HARRIET BOYER.

LAST night I heard you call my name
From that Far Land which is so near.
Oh, did you, dear?
I woke and wept with pain and loss.
It was so sweet to hear your voice.
It was so sad. Spite of the pain
Ah, speak again!

THE METHODS OF JOSEPHINE

By Ella Middleton Tybout

Author of "The Wife of the Secretary of State," "Poketown People," etc.

JOSEPHINE tried to persuade me to say nothing whatever about it, but for my part I should like to discuss the subject calmly and dispassionately, and obtain the opinion of a strictly impartial outsider as to what course she would have pursued had she been placed in my position.

I think I can truthfully say that the first time Josephine awakened any real interest in my heart was when I discovered she was in love. Having a naturally sympathetic disposition, with romantic tendencies, I could not help feeling very tenderly towards the child just then; she seemed so young and inexperienced to cope with the perplexities of life, and I determined that if the tendrils of her young affections had begun to twine themselves about a frail and wind-tossed sapling, as it were, they should not be ruthlessly broken and torn asunder, but gently detached and guided towards the first stalwart oak which presented itself.

It was just at this time my sister Julia elected to go away for a little visit while I remained at home, a background of propriety, as it were, against which the indiscretions of Josephine stood out, poster-like, in bold relief.

I think I would have felt better about it had I known *who* he was. To be sure, there were plenty of young men dangling about the house every evening, but my intuition told me the favored one was not among them, and Josephine was not communicative. She was much given to long walks at this period, which I had reason to believe were not solitary, and also to writing notes.

"Dear," I would say to her very gently, "I am going out; I'll post your letter for you."

"Thank you, Aunt Gertrude," she would reply gratefully, "you're always so kind. But I won't trouble you, as I'm going out myself."

And go she did, daily, in her most becoming hat—the personification of innocent and ingenuous girlhood. One afternoon she returned with

the usual bunch of violets and a most unusual expression. The instant I saw her I knew a crisis was at hand, and rose to the occasion as a cork rises to the surface of the water—lightly, buoyantly, yet determinedly.

Josephine went at once to her room and closed the door with decision. I hovered on the stairway, palpitating with uncertainty, and the affectionate solicitude which is so far removed from mere vulgar curiosity. Finally, mustering all my resolution, I turned the knob of the door and entered with quite a jaunty air, carelessly humming a tune.

Josephine lay face downward on the bed, the violets crushed and broken, and the heels of her patent-leather shoes sticking pathetically outward. A choking, gasping sound revealed that she was crying into the counterpane. Gently murmuring an endearing epithet, I laid my hand upon her head.

"Oh, Aunt Gertrude!" sobbed Josephine, "Aunt Gertrude!"

"Poor child," I returned responsively, "I understand—I understand."

"Oh, no, you don't," she interrupted ungratefully. "You—you can't."

Just to prove, however, that I did thoroughly understand I began to relate my own sad romance, but when I reached the part where Henry returned my lock of hair with a cold, cruel letter, I became aware that she was not listening. Youth is selfish in its sorrows as well as in its joys, and my niece was no exception to the rule. She continued to cry with a sniffing persistency most annoying to the ear.

"Josephine," I said, kindly but firmly, "you are engaged to be married—and to a man."

It was evident she was astonished at my perspicuity, for she raised her head as though listening and nodded assent.

"Furthermore," I continued, following up my advantage and speaking with conviction, "you are unhappy."

Down went her head again, and the sniffing into the counterpane recommenced.

"Dear," I whispered with unalloyed sweetness, "is he worthy of these tears?"

No reply.

"Do you love him," I continued, "deeply, truly, everlastingly?"

Josephine sat upright and pushed the hair out of her eyes.

"Oh, Aunt Gertrude," she gasped, "it isn't him—it's *them*."

"Them?" I hazarded faintly.

"Yes," said my niece with the calmness of despair, "that's the trouble. I'm engaged all right—but there's two of him."

Josephine sometimes forgot the rules of grammar in moments of excitement, a tendency which I am happy to say is not one of my frailties.

"Tell me about it," I suggested, chiefly because I felt something was expected of me.

"Yes," she agreed quickly, "I might just as well. I've got to tell *somebody*."

I ignored the last clause and composed myself to listen. Her story was briefly thus:

Being unable to withstand the fascination of two callow youths, and finding it impossible to preserve the peace between them, Josephine had formulated the scheme of taking them on alternate days, like two varieties of pills, as it were. She remarked casually that she had stopped their visits to the house, as she disliked to see them glare at each other, and, moreover, her evenings were thus left free for others. She did not explain this, however, but insinuated parental opposition and daily persecution of herself, borne with angelic sweetness.

"Josephine," I interrupted with manifest displeasure, "was this deception necessary?"

"Why, Aunt Gertrude," she returned naïvely, "don't you know that a little opposition always brings them to the point?"

I stored this remark in the archives of my memory for future evolution, and returned to the subject under discussion. Gently, but decidedly, I laid the facts of the case before my niece. I told her that, as she could marry but one man, it was manifestly improper to be engaged to two.

She replied that while it might be improper it was not unpleasant, and she didn't see any harm in it, anyhow.

"You must now," I continued—ignoring her remark, because I could not help comprehending that such a situation might be agreeable, albeit sinful—"you must now, dear child, make your selection. Which of your suitors do you love the better?"

"Yes," said Josephine miserably, "it's up to me to choose, and I've done it."

"Let your heart guide you," I advised gently.

"That's just what I tried to do," returned Josephine confusedly, "but the old thing wouldn't work. So I tossed up a penny—heads for Ned and tails for Harry. It came down tails."

"And," she continued quietly, "I'm going to elope with him to-night."

"To-night!" I ejaculated, aghast.

"Yes, to-night. And, oh, Aunt Gertrude, I don't want to one

bit. It's not Harry, after all—it's Ned. Just as soon as the penny came down tails up I knew it was Ned I wanted, but I was afraid to toss again, because then if I got Ned I might want Harry—don't you see?"

I did *not* see. In fact, such vacillation was quite incomprehensible to my well-balanced mind, but I was obliged to devote my energies to soothing Josephine, who again turned her face to the counterpane and wept copiously.

"And he's waiting on the corner by Trinity Church," she sobbed; "he said he'd wait till I came. And it's raining. And he has a cold. And I simply can't go marry him. And he's bought the ring. And I think Harry's such a *hideous* name. And he'll wait till I come, and—and——"

Josephine suddenly sat upright and grasped my hand.

"*You go,*" she said, "*you go, and explain things.*"

It is needless to recount the argument that followed. Enough to say that I finally agreed to go and tell the man waiting to marry my niece that, after all, she preferred someone else.

Josephine produced a long, light cloak and wrapped me in it; she also adorned me with a large hat loaded with plumes, because, she explained, Harry would be looking for just that costume. Over the hat and face she tied a thick veil, remarking that no one could possibly tell who was inside it, and perhaps Harry would marry me in spite of myself, as he was very impatient. Then she giggled hysterically.

Secure in the consciousness of my own rectitude, I compressed my lips and drew on my rubbers.

"Josephine," I remarked as I took up my umbrella, "I hope when you have reached years of discretion you will realize what I have done for you to-night."

"Dear Aunt Gertrude," murmured Josephine as she pushed me gently towards the door, "always so kind."

It was not a pleasant evening. A fine, sleety rain fell steadily, turning the pavements into shining sheets of glass, over which I shuffled carefully.

I thought of Harry on the street corner eagerly awaiting the arrival of Josephine. Then my memory leaped suddenly backward, and I lived again my girlhood's romance; how gladly at that time would I have met Henry on *any* street corner had he suggested it.

And then, as I mused upon the perversity of fate, I became strangely confused. I don't pretend to understand how it was, unless the similarity of names had something to do with it, but Henry and Harry got all mixed up in my mind, and I found myself hurrying as much as the slippery bricks would allow in order not to be late at the tryst. Henry always esteemed punctuality so important.

Trinity Church is situated on a side street entirely off the main thoroughfare, where it is very quiet and secluded. I paused as I reached the corner and laid my hand on my bosom, a little to the left of the breast bone, as described in physiologies when locating the heart. Its throbbing was very evident.

Summoning all my fortitude, I looked in the direction of the church. There, beside the lamppost, stood a manly form, and drawn conveniently close to the curbing was a herdic cab.

I advanced with a faltering step, much more suitable to the occasion than the swinging stride of the modern girl, and the figure also advanced with alarming rapidity.

I had decided before leaving home to break the news gently by saying calmly,—

“I fear, my dear young friend, that my presence is somewhat of a disappointment as well as a surprise to you,” and then explain matters to the best of my ability and request the courtesy of his escort home, as it was now very dark.

Of course, I should have remembered Josephine’s hat and coat and made this speech immediately, but I was so absorbed in imagining what might have been and almost believing that it *was*, and my mind was in such a chaos of Henrys and Harrys that I forgot to say anything whatever, and merely continued to advance.

Suddenly an arm appeared about my waist, a face was pressed close to mine, and I distinctly felt the pricking of a mustache. I blushed beneath the veil and was glad the street happened to be dark and quiet.

“Little girl,” whispered a voice surprisingly close to my ear, “little girl, you’re a brick.”

I drew back haughtily. Not thus would Henry have greeted me when last we met.

“Why, what’s the matter?” continued the voice; “there’s nothing to get into a blue funk about, you know. I call it uncommonly jolly,” and the pressure of the arm about my waist decidedly increased.

It is strange the feeling it imparts—the pressure of an arm. I mentioned it afterwards to Josephine, and she said she understood exactly—while it lasted you didn’t care whether school kept or not. I thought this vulgar but expressive, and so quote it here.

But to return. I found myself gently but forcibly propelled towards the cab, the door of which stood invitingly open. Twice I strove to articulate, but both times my voice failed me.

“I’m going on the box with the cabby,” he continued cheerfully, “to make sure he gets the right place. It won’t do to have any mistake, you know. Now, then, in you go.”

And I found myself picked up bodily and deposited in the cab. The door slammed and we were off.

I was eloping.

My first impulse was to scream, but this I resisted firmly; my second, to draw the laprobe closer about me, and to this I yielded and resigned myself to the inevitable.

I leaned back, closed my eyes, and once more indulged in retrospection. Again Harry melted into Henry. Again I felt the timid eagerness, shadowed by a little apprehension, which I knew to be the proper attitude for a girl under the circumstances. Again I wondered if Henry and I were really suited to each other, whether——”

The cab stopped abruptly and the door was flung eagerly open. Strange undulations travelled up and down my spine, and I realized I was at last experiencing the modest shrinking, yet ardent anticipations, of a real bride.

“Sweetheart,” he said, and his voice actually trembled a little, “are you ready?”

And I whispered, “Yes, beloved,” very softly—just as it *should* be said.

Now, don’t ask why I did it, for it’s something I have never been able to explain; I only know I was dreadfully frightened as I heard the words and would have given much to recall them.

He lifted me out, and I went up the steps of the little chapel as one walking in her sleep.

At the door he paused and bent over me.

“You’re not sorry, are you, little girl?” he asked anxiously.

And I responded by a convulsive pressure of his hand.

“That’s bully!” he exclaimed enthusiastically.

And when he said that word I realized he was not Henry and never had been, and that I was about to be married to a foolish boy who had not even reached years of discretion.

We were in the chapel by this time, and the clergyman in his robes was waiting for us with two witnesses—everything very proper and legal. As I could not trust my voice I began to fumble with my veil; at least I could uncover my face.

“Let me help you,” he said gently, and untied the knot.

I turned and faced him, and for a moment we stared at each other as though petrified.

“The devil!” he exclaimed, very rudely, I thought.

I made a gigantic effort to speak.

“My dear young friend,” I said in a voice which sounded weak and automatic to my own ears, “I fear my presence may be somewhat of a disappointment as well as a surprise——”

But I got no further, for he turned helplessly to the clergyman as though terrified.

"Take her away," he gasped, "there's some mistake. Let me out of this!"

But the minister lifted his hand solemnly.

"There seems to be some strange misapprehension," he said sternly; "let us get to the bottom of this matter at once. Did you expect to marry this gentleman, madam? Pray explain."

And I explained as well as I could. I told him all the little details I could remember, with the tears trickling over my nose and my voice breaking pathetically. Yet, if you will believe me, no one sympathized with me in the least. The witnesses giggled vulgarly; the clergyman reproved me for deceiving the boy, and the disappointed lover himself grew more furious every minute, and finally told me to go home and tell Josephine he was glad to be rid of her so easily. With that he went out, flung himself into the cab and departed.

When I reached home—a long time after, for the distance was great and the street cars slow—I found my wrapper and slippers laid out in my room and Josephine hovering anxiously about the window watching for me.

I told her the whole story, and she laughed in a way I thought ungrateful and unappreciative. She grew a little serious, however, when I described his attitude beneath the lamppost, but finally remarked, when I delivered his last message, that Harry always *did* have a nasty temper—so different from Ned.

"Josephine," I said solemnly, "I shall never recover from this night's experience. I hope you will always remember all I have done for you."

"Oh, well," returned Josephine carelessly, "Of course it was awfully good of you, but do you know, Aunt Gertrude, I think you bungled the thing most awfully."

That was (and is) Josephine's opinion, but I want to ask any woman of my age, with a nervous, romantic temperament, just what she would have done in my place. I request an honest and unprejudiced statement, if you please, for, after all, I have my side of the story as well as Josephine. Don't you think so?



AN UMBRIAN IDYL

By *Anne Hollingsworth Wharton*

Author of "Through Colonial Doorways," "Social Life of the Early Republic," etc.

PERUGIA, April 28th.

THE journey from Orvieto to Perugia is a short one and so we had our first sight of this fine old town in the brilliancy of a spring afternoon. We were fortunate in finding a cab at the station and a *vetturino* who welcomed us to his coach with the cordiality that rewards those who travel in less frequented places. After he had, with many ejaculations, disposed of us and our various pieces of hand luggage, large and small, he hospitably invited a comely peasant woman to a seat by his side. Her luxuriant black hair was fashionably dressed and guiltless of hat or kerchief; her black dress was coarse but tidy, while a pair of kid gloves, which had evidently seen service, gave a touch of elegance to the simple costume. A large kerchief, which is the favorite shopping receptacle, marketing bag, and portmanteau of the Italian peasant,—this one as full as the proverbial horn of plenty,—occupied one gloved hand, while with the other she gesticulated and accentuated her animated conversation, to the evident interest and amusement of her host. With their heads close together, deep in conversation, one talking, the other listening and occasionally interjecting a comment, we wondered whether the pair were lovers or only good friends discussing the latest bit of home news or village gossip.

A cheerful town Perugia seemed to us as we drove up the long hill and saw the old fortress, with its weed-grown ramparts and many towers, basking in the April sunshine. Like all of these hill towns, Perugia is gray, and yet with a difference: a dash of chrome in its stones gives a warmer tone to the old palaces and walls, which seem to be all of a piece with the rock from which they were hewn. This rock forms the foundation, and was once the strength, of what Symonds calls "the empress of hill-side Italian cities."

We had no hotel addresses for Perugia; so, as we drove along, Zephine asked the driver if he knew of a good stopping-place. He seemed to understand, shook his head as if in deep thought, then consulted his companion; upon which they both looked us all over as if taking our measures, and, evidently being agreed as to our status, he exclaimed reassuringly, "*Ecco, ecco*, we know the *albergo* that

will suit the *società!*" Whipping his horse as we drew near the Porta Nuova, he rattled through the gate, across the wide piazza, and down a long hill, to a house on a narrow street, where we are comfortably lodged.

April 29th.

This morning we wandered joyously through the streets and squares of the old town, for here one does not set forth to walk to a given point, one simply wanders at will. We generally cross the Piazza Victor Emanuele, with its heroic statue of Italy's soldier king, then along the Corso Vanucci, the main street of the town. We soon found ourselves going down steps, many steps which descend into narrow winding streets and *viales* with the most alluring names, as Via Curiosa, Via Deliziosa, Via Bontempi, and the like. Angela says that the latter sounds delightfully convivial and suggests no end of a good time; but it probably means nothing less prosaic than good weather.

After winding in and out of narrow streets and up and down steps, all exquisitely picturesque if somewhat fatiguing, we came out on the Piazza del Municipio and before a beautiful thirteenth-century fountain with three basins. The slender columns which support these basins give to the whole a charming lightness and grace. This lovely fountain of Frà Bevignate was without water for centuries until, in 1899, the new aqueduct, which comes directly from the springs of Nocera, was opened, whereupon it played gayly in the sunshine, as it does to-day. The Nocera water, for which bottled, we paid a considerable price in Rome, is free as air on this favored hill-top.

Facing the fountain is the Cathedral of San Lorenzo, where three popes are buried, Innocent III., Urban IV., and Martin IV. Here, too, is the betrothal ring of the Virgin. This precious relic is preserved in a silver casket guarded by fifteen locks, the keys of which are entrusted to fifteen persons of distinction, and is only to be seen five times during the year. The mystery and exclusiveness with which this relic is guarded whetted Zephine's curiosity and she insisted that it was in a certain sense our right to see the precious ring, having been shown the hair of the Blessed Virgin in Rome. Angela said that as American travellers we had a right to see anything and everything, but, as the next date for the exhibition of the ring was the second Sunday in July the real question at issue was, were we willing to stay in Perugia so long, and, even if the Perugians were disposed to make an earlier date for us, was it likely that the fifteen persons of distinction with their fifteen keys could be collected on short notice? From my own observations, I was inclined to doubt the existence of fifteen Perugians of distinction at any date. However,

distinction is a descriptive quite as subject to variations as the clear or cloudy day of the scientific gentleman who arranges our weather for us in America, and some of the men whom we passed on the Piazza this morning may be lineal descendants of the ancient lords of Perugia and now in possession of the important keys.

The celebrated *Sposalizio* of Perugino,—a unique conception of the Virgin's espousal,—which should be here with the betrothal ring, has unfortunately been carried off to France; but there are still many more treasures in painting and sculpture in San Lorenzo than we could appreciate in one morning, among the latter a statue of Leo XIII., who was Archbishop of Perugia. Over across the Piazza is the Episcopal Palace where this Prince of the Church lived for many years, preparing himself by study and reflection for the great future in store for him. We passed from the church into the cloisters, which are ruinous, but charming, as are all the ruins here, with their bits of lovely sculpture, and flowers growing in the "crannied walls" and on the little balconies above our heads.

Retracing our steps along the Via Bontempi, and losing ourselves several times, after the fashion of travellers who will not consent to have their pleasure interfered with by guides, we reached the quaint covered Via delle Stalla and suddenly emerged upon a gay scene—the Piazza Garibaldi on a market-day. Here were flowers and fruits heaped upon wagons, and booths gay with colored prints, gorgeous kerchiefs and endless lines of small stockings of all colors, which the Perugians doubtless buy even if the feet of their children are as guiltless of covering as those of the Venus and Adonis. The stockings are probably for Sundays and high holidays. Here above all were the peasants from the surrounding country, not wearing the elaborate, gayly colored costume of the Italian peasants of our childhood, but something more picturesque than the work-a-day costume that has disappointed us so much through Italy. The older women had brilliantly colored kerchiefs on their heads, while some of the younger women wore nothing upon theirs except their own glossy, luxuriant hair, which is always neatly and tastefully dressed. Angela, who is an enthusiastic shopper, suggested that we should stop and buy some of the native products, urging that a little shopping would be good for us all and relieve our minds from the strain of cathedrals, statues, and tombs. Indeed the fruit, flowers, and gay handkerchiefs displayed upon the booths were sufficiently alluring to detain us.

Most interesting were the color, movement and chatter of the sunlit piazza against the gray background of the old Palazzo del Podesta. On one of the booths, presided over by a pretty young peasant girl with eyes of brown velvet, Angela found a gay red and

yellow bandana which she insisted that the *contadina* should try on. The effect was so charming that Zelfhine took the girl's picture on the spot, to her evident delight. Nothing but a brush and colors, the latter well mixed with the atmospheric transparency of Perugia, could give you any idea of the lovely effect of the girl's soft, dark eyes and the peach-like bloom of her cheeks, both enhanced by the brilliant head-dress. Then the *signorina* must try on a kerchief, "*Ecco! ecco!*" Carefully selecting one of dark blue with a yellow border, and, with many exclamations and more gestures, the deft peasant fingers removed Angela's hat and adjusted the kerchief over her golden crescent of hair. I must confess that the bandana became Angela well enough to excuse the chorus of admiring expressions that arose from a circle of voluble crones gathered around us. "*Bella donna! Bella signorina!*" was heard on all sides. Some of the women pressed near Angela to kiss her hand, saying that she looked like the pictures of the Madonna over there in the cathedral. The child was a little frightened and drew closer to me for protection. Zelfhine cleverly diverted the attention of the group by taking Angela and the pretty young Rosa Maria across the Piazza to the large door of the old Palazzo del Podesta, to take their photographs against this fine background. Nothing could have been more charming than the blonde and brunette heads and graceful girlish figures against the old palace gateway. After taking two or three pictures, Zelfhine thanked Rosa Maria, pressing a silver coin into her hand; upon which she, with charming ingenuousness, intimated that she would take it as a wedding gift, and, beckoning to a handsome young peasant whom we had noticed standing over in the shadow of the statue of Giuseppe Garibaldi, she presented him to us with smiles, blushes and courtesies. Then, as we gathered from the few words that we could understand and by the pair standing hand in hand before Zelfhine, Umbrian etiquette demanded that she should take a photograph of the *fidanzari* together, which congenial task Zelfhine set about with alacrity before shyness should overcome the happy couple.

We all hope that the pictures may prove a success, as copies are to be sent to Rosa Maria and Battista, whose names we have in full, the address being the central post-office of Perugia, as they are always here on market-days.

The groom elect was so manly and gentle and the little bride so sweet and confiding that they both won our hearts. We left them with good wishes on our part and *molto, molto grazie* on theirs. These expressions were in view of our small contributions toward a little household soon to be established over near Spello. Angela, in a sudden enthusiasm over this charming picture of young love, unfast-

ened a pretty chain that she wears around her neck and linked it about that of Rosa Maria. We shall long remember the lovers as we left them, standing hand in hand on the sunlit Piazza Garibaldi under the shadow of the ancient Gateway of Justice, and they, I am sure, will never forget the *forestieri*, above all the *bella signorina*. They will show their children the pictures and tell them they were taken on the old Piazza, and, to be quite foreign in my prophecy, I am certain that they will name their first daughter Angela.

April 30th.

Our modest luggage is in the hall in charge of several porters and *facchini*, and, while we wait for the cab that is to take us to the station, I jot down a few impressions before they are dimmed or quite swept away by the interests of our next stopping-place. One should really have two or three days in an absolutely dull and unattractive place, if such a spot is to be found in Italy, after each of these entrancing cities and towns. Our minds are steeped with the beauties and associations of Perugia, and now Assisi will overwhelm us with its own charm.

Our way this morning was down the Via Marzio and the great stone steps of San Ercolano by the church of the same name, which is built against the Etruscan wall, and so on to the Corso Cavour and the Church of San Domenico which has the distinction of possessing the largest Gothic window in Italy. From the Church of San Domenico we made our way through a hill-side park to the richly decorated gateway of San Pietro, and so on to the old Benedictine monastery which is now used for a very practical purpose, that of an institute for experimental agriculture. Seeing large bunches of millet and other cereals over the fine old doors, we thought we had made a mistake, but some peasants at work on the road assured us that San Pietro was just beyond. After passing through the agricultural school, we crossed the courtyard and entered the great doorway of beautiful carved stone work, and so found ourselves in the basilica, which, with its flat, elaborately decorated ceiling, its high altar adorned with lapis lazuli, agate, and other colored stones, and its many columns of granite and marble,—is wonderfully rich in depth and harmony of color. Around the sides of the church are a number of large paintings by Vassilacchi, two by Guido Reni, and some charming little paintings by Sassoferrato. But the crowning glory of the sacristy, the great Perugino of the Ascension, has been carried off to France, although the five saints that once surrounded it still hover above the altar.

The verger opened the great doors at the back of the church, thus disclosing a noble panorama of distant hills and fertile valleys. Before

us the widespread Umbrian plain, girt about by the ample belt of the Apennines, breaks away into the valley of the Tiber. Off to the North and West are Cortona and Siena, with Lago Trasimeno between, quite near, although shut off from us by a screen of green hills. To the South, following the windings of the Tiber, lies Rome, where our hearts still linger; and to the East, so near that we can see the twinkling of their lights at night, are Foligno and Spello and Assisi, which last, we are told, we shall end by loving more than any other spot in Italy.



SONG

BY MARIE VAN VORST

O H,—Colin, he's gone home again,
 A hundred miles away:
 And fair "Good-bye"—and "Meet again!"
 He didn't wait to say.
 But when the fairy stars have lit
 Their little lanterns dim,
 I'll warrant you—he'll think of me
 And I will think of him.

Oh,—Colin, he's a-field, afar
 With dog, and bag, and gun.
 And all his thoughts a hunter's are
 Until the day is done.
 But when he turns him home again
 With face unto the west,
 His thoughts meet mine as happy birds
 That fly to find their nest.

Oh,—Colin, he shall come again
 Upon a summer's day.
 We'll take our hats, and blithely go,
 A hundred miles away.
 And when the pretty stars shall rise
 Above the heather's rim
 Who'll know what Colin says to me,
 Or what I answer him!

PETRUCHIO IN PLAINSVILLE

A MODERN SHREW-TAMER

By *Birdsall Jackson*

Author of "Pipe Dreams and Twilight Tales."

"'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so."—SHAKESPEARE.

M R. PETER PONNERBY adjusted the damper in the stove-pipe, thereby changing the key in which the air sang in its upward passage to join the lively March gale outside. He opened the door of the cylinder stove, and the glow that came forth threw into sharp relief his small frame and features, dispelling momentarily the darkness that had been gradually creeping into the room, and discovering the expansive figure of William Barlow in his host's arm-chair by the window. A couple of sticks soon crackled their protests in the stove, and Peter, reseating himself, turned to his caller.

"I'm glad you've come in, Billy, if it's only for a minute, 'cause I've got somethin' I've been wantin' to say to you for a month or more. What's the use of havin' neighbors, if you can't be confidential with 'em once in a while?"

"That's jest what I've always said."

"An' if you're goin' to *be* confidential, why not be so about what you're plannin' to do, as well as about what you have done, and have the benefit of their advice beforehand?"

"That's it, exac'ly," said Billy, thinking of the different kinds of advice he had on hand and making ready to give his neighbor whichever one he wanted.

"How old would you take me to be, Billy?"

"Between forty an' forty-five."

"Old enough to know my own mind on most things?"

"Ain't no doubt of it."

"An' what'd you say if I told you I was thinkin' of gittin' married?"

"Jest what I said to my wife this mornin'. I says, 'Martha, here's Peter Ponnerby with a hundred acres of cleared land, four horses, ten cows,—mostly good milkers,—fifty chickens more or less, three cats, an' a sow with a young litter of eight, includin' one runt, all wantin' care an' attention. If there ever was a man in this world,' says I, 'in need of a kind an' lovin' wife, that man is Peter Ponnerby.'"

"Then you think that if I had a pardner an' helpmeet, she could be kept busy here, so's she wouldn't git melancholy from not havin' enough to do?"

"Yes, an' she'd pay her way three times over," said Billy, significantly.

"An' what would you say to Kate Claghorn, the dressmaker up in the village?"

Mr. William Barlow did not fall out of his host's arm-chair in astonishment, because his round body was wedged into it so tightly that such action was impossible. His usually placid features were, fortunately, hidden in the semi-darkness.

"You don't mean Kate?" said he, finally. "You mean Sophie, or mebbe Bessie. Kate is the oldest one, the big one."

"I know that, Billy; but she's the strongest of 'em, too. I'll bet she can turn off more work in a day than the other two put together."

"Oh, no doubt of that," said Billy, beating a hasty retreat. "She's powerful, I know. I heard her sing once up to the church. The rest of the women there was openin' their mouths, too, all through the hymn, but I didn't hear any of 'em. They say," he put forth, tentatively and yet feelingly, as one loath to desert a friend in unconscious peril, "they say that same voice has been heard in Plainsville in other ways than praisin' the Lord. But howsomever, Peter, you needn't mind what I've said. Most likely it's all talk."

"Oh, I'm glad to have you speak right out, Billy. It's all in confidence. I know just what you mean, an' I ain't a doubt she's got the devil of a tongue. But I try to go right down into the depths of human nature, whenever I plan anything. Human nature don't change. It's the same now as it was three hundred years ago, ain't it?"

"I s'pose so," said Billy, floundering about helplessly. "I ain't ever studied up on them things like you have."

"An' if those kind of women made the best wives then, they're capable of it now, with the right management, ain't they?"

"Of course they are," said Billy, on firm ground again; "there ain't any dodgin' that logic. But who knows how they handled 'em then to be sure of the best results?" And Billy put his finger tips together in front of him and sighed deeply.

The March gale howled until the little house trembled perceptibly and the stove-pipe glowed a dull red with the increased draught. Peter readjusted the damper, then drew his chair a little closer to his visitor.

"If I was to tell you," said he, impressively, "that every step I take will be made accordin' to principles an' examples given by the great Shakespeare, what'd you say to that?"

"Well," responded Billy, fidgeting uneasily in his chair, "I've

heard him well spoken of, an', from what they say, I should judge him to be well-meanin' in such things, an'—an' capable. But I must go now; Martha'll be waitin' supper."

Peter Ponnerby lighted his small hand-lamp, set it on the table, showed his neighbor to the door, and shook hands with him at parting. When a few steps distant, Billy turned back for an instant, bracing himself against the force of the wind.

"Be awful careful, Peter, to handle her exac'ly accordin' to the rules laid down," said he. "Don't try anything that ain't been tested."

Peter shut and bolted the door and brought forth from his cupboard a pitcher of milk. This and a wheaten loaf from the Plainsville bakery, the only kind of bread he ever tasted except when he went visiting, comprised his simple meal. When it was finished, he set his lamp on one end of the mantel-shelf, took down an old much-thumbed volume from the other end, bestowed his small body comfortably in the big chair, and sat for an hour or more, reading and dreaming and dozing by turns.

Finally, rousing himself with a start, he put up the volume and took his lamp, humming meanwhile a few lines that had sung themselves into his memory.

"*Say that she rail,*" sang Peter, the dreamer, to himself, as he passed into the hallway, lamp in hand, and slowly on upstairs to bed,—

"Say that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as the nightingale;
Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly washed with dew."

For two months thereafter Peter Ponnerby made semiweekly trips to the modest home in Plainsville where the three sisters had for many years kept their lamps well trimmed in anticipation of the bridegrooms who came not, eking out a scant living meanwhile by doing plain and fancy sewing on short notice with neatness and despatch.

Whatever there was of severity in the bearing or manner of Miss Kate Claghorn vanished quickly when she learned that she, the eldest, was the object of the attentions of the prosperous and wife-seeking Peter, and whatever outcropping of shrewishness there was seemed to succumb forthwith to the honeyed expressions which he borrowed from his Shakesperean prototype.

Finally, when Peter asked her to marry him, and, mindful of the text, called her "bonny Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom," Miss Claghorn rose from her knees in the garden, where she had been prosaically weeding onions, placed one strong hand on each ample hip, looked him squarely in the eye, and, her capacious bosom heaving with emotion, spoke in measured and unequivocal accents.

"Peter Ponnerby, if you expect to keep right on talkin' this kind

of nonsense an' are lookin' for a woman that'll set by an' listen to it patiently for the rest of her natural life, there's one thing that ain't two, an' you might as well know it now as any other time,—I'm not goin' to be the woman! But if you're willin' to drop all this high-falutin' talk I've heard for several weeks an' act like a man of some sense; an' if what you want is a *wife*, one that'll appreciate a good home, one that has learned how to do with little by never havin' had much to do with, one that ain't afraid of work, an' knows how to set a good table, an' can manage things so you'll be better clothed an' see some comfort an' git ahead twice as fast as you are doin' now,—if that's what you want, then I'm yours as long as you treat me well. An' if you don't, let me tell you, Peter Ponnerby, you'll be worse off than the man the minister told us about last Sunday, who'd 'a' been favored by bein' dropped into a millpond with a grindstone round his neck."

Peter drove home that day in a very complacent frame of mind, reflecting that the whole affair was working out strictly according to Elizabethan precedent and that no one could hope to tame a shrew until she was his to tame, absolutely and irrevocably.

A few weeks later, the nuptials were celebrated at the humble Claghorn home, the younger sisters acting as bridesmaids, and the extremely quiet occasion being enlivened near its close by the sparkle of some rare old blackberry wine which the provident three averred had been kept in flagoned security since they came of age sufficient to anticipate such an event. No better assurance of its excellence could have been asked or given.

The day had been very rainy, and, when Mr. and Mrs. Ponnerby started for their homeward drive late in the afternoon, the roads were so muddy as to be wellnigh impassable. They progressed slowly, the wagon creaking and rattling and the horse laboring heavily. About half-way home, they met Mr. William Barlow, on his way to the village store. Peter drew rein sharply and his neighbor stopped and was about to offer his congratulations, when Peter spoke:

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Barlow," said he; "it's a wet day, ma'am."

Billy stood like a statue and stared at him in amazement.

"Why, Peter," said Mrs. Ponnerby, looking at him curiously, "I don't know what Mr. Barlow'll think of you."

"Mr. Barlow!" cried Peter; "it's Mrs. Barlow I'm talkin' to." Then, to the astonished Billy, "How are you feelin' to-day, ma'am?"

"Oh, Mr. Barlow!" said Mrs. Ponnerby, "I am sorry, so very sorry, that this——"

"Mr. Barlow!" broke in Peter, turning upon her fiercely and shaking his horsewhip at her; "I say it's *Mrs.* Barlow, and Mrs. Barlow it *is*."

"Yes, Peter, yes—of course it is," cried the bride, shrinking away

from him and bursting into tears. "It's anyone you say it is, Peter, anyone."

"All right, then," responded the bridegroom, starting the horse ahead and taking no further notice of his neighbor, who stood rooted to the spot as one who has witnessed a miracle.

When they were within sight of the Ponnerby farm-house, they came to an especially bad place in the road; whereupon Peter swore like a trooper, belabored the horse, cramped the wagon sidewise, and succeeded in tipping it over far enough to cause the matronly bride to slide out into the mud, after clutching vainly at her husband. She was badly scared, but uninjured, and stood waiting his aid to climb in again, when he whipped up the horse and drove home without even looking behind, leaving her to follow as best she might.

"Oh, Peter," she cried after him, "my dress will be ruined an' I didn't put my rubbers on. Come back, Peter!"

Then, as he went on unheeding, the bride gathered up her skirts and plodded after him, alternately weeping and upbraiding her husband and herself.

"Only to think of it," she wailed, "it'll be all over Plainville as soon as that Billy Barlow can git there. An' on our weddin' day, too. An' it's your fault, Kate Ponnerby," she spoke the surname with an unmistakable air of satisfaction, "it's your fault twice as much as it is Peter's. Oh, dear! What shall I do? My shoes are full of mud, an' my weddin' dress that we worked so long on will have to be all made over an' it's in perfect style as it is." Then, with more tears, "An' he only had three glasses, only three. I passed 'em to him myself. If this ain't a warnin' to you, Kate Ponnerby, you'll never have one if you live to be a hundred." Then, with clenched hands and close-drawn lips, "He shall never touch one single drop again as long as I live with him."

The ensuing week was full of surprises for Mrs. Peter Ponnerby. The first meal she cooked was deposited in the kitchen range so quickly that her astonishment held her spellbound while her husband cursed the local butcher and grocer for their iniquities. When she found her voice, Peter was out of reach of it, having gone to the barn, where he was busy with the contents of his private larder, chuckling over his unqualified success. His absence did not, however, stay the current of his wife's tears nor stop her flow of language.

"An' this," she cried, striding back and forth across their small sitting-room, "this is what you've worked an' waited prayerfully twenty-two years for, to live with a critter in the semblance of a man, but one with no more of the light of reason in him than to throw into the stove as good a meal as ever was cooked in Plainville. This

is what you've come to, Kate Ponnerby, with your sinful pride over the best sisters any woman ever had in this world. First you thought it was drink, and now you know it ain't, you know it's something worse, ten thousand times worse. Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do! An' what will they say of me!"

Peter Ponnerby did not live through those strenuous days without occasionally meeting with unexpected events, events which seemed not to be wholly in accord with his strategic program, nor was he without some misgivings as to its final outcome. He purposed disposing of other meals as he had done the first one, but did not because no more were prepared. This, he thought, augured well for his ultimate success, and he went to his work in the fields each day, speculating upon how long it would be before Mrs. Ponnerby would show the effects of her lack of sustenance and beseech him for aid.

But if there was any change in his wife in this respect, it was not a reassuring one, and Peter even caught himself shifting about uneasily on his chair several times when he noticed that she was narrowly watching him through eyes that were half-closed and yet gleaming with a certain feline alertness and intensity.

Finally, he decided that the time was come for a more vigorous assertion of his prerogatives, for the master-stroke that would proclaim his supremacy and rivet the yoke of obedience firmly upon the weaker vessel. So Peter got his ox-goad from its accustomed place in the barn and strode to the house with it, swinging it back and forth most valiantly. The point of difference between them on this particular morning had been a proposed trip to Plainsville, and he took up the discussion upon entering.

"No," said Peter, "we won't go to-day, Kate. It's rainin' too hard."

"Rainin'! you old numskull; it's the best day we've had in a week. The sun's shinin' right in onto the floor there by that window now."

"No, it ain't," he rejoined, pugnaciously, flourishing the whip about to terrify her; "it's drizzlin' outside, an' that's nothin' but the moon, anyway."

"Stop! Stop right now, Peter Ponnerby! You jest cleared that tallest lamp then. I declare I can't stand it an' I *won't* stand it another minute to be made a fool of by you. I say the sun is shinin' in that settin'-room window——"

"You lie! It's the moon," screamed Peter. "If I say it's the moon, the moon it *is* for *you*."

At this fatal instant, the end of Peter's symbol of authority chanced to strike Mrs. Kate Ponnerby across the cheek. Its touch transformed

her into an infuriated tigress. She snatched at the end, and, catching it, whipped the ox-goad from his grasp before her husband had recovered from his astonishment. He made for the door, but the Amazonian brandished the weapon threateningly before his eyes.

"Peter Ponnerby, I warned you not to misuse me! An' when I thought you was drunk, I blamed myself for makin' you so. An' when I was afraid you was crazy, I humored you in everything. But now I know it's nothin' but ugliness an' ain't ever been anything else. An' I'm goin' to give you what every man ought to have that tries to vent his spite on a poor, weak, defenseless woman like me, if it takes my last breath and the last ounce of strength I've got in my body to do it."

With that, she pounced upon Peter like a beast of prey, and, seizing that unfortunate Shakespearean student by the collar, gave him a thrashing that bore absolutely no relevancy to the conventions of the Elizabethan drama, but which for breadth of conception and complete mastery of technical detail might well have been the envy of the Bard of Avon.

"An' now," she cried, when she had finished, depositing her squirming lord and master in a chair with enough energy to demonstrate that her strength had not gone from her utterly, "let me say what I've got to say to you, Peter, while you're in the right frame of mind to listen, an' be done with it. You can go to Lawyer Podmonk in Plainsville as soon as you've a mind to, an' pay his bill for startin' my suit for divorce on the ground of insanity. It'll be a big bill to pay for bein' laughed at, but you're liable for it, an' the sooner it's paid the less it'll be, an' the money'll be well spent. On the way back, you can stop at the storekeeper's an' pay him for the groceries I ordered in your name, things that I needed an' most of 'em things we could 'a' saved money on by payin' cash. An' whenever you are ready to stop eatin' in the barn like a dog an' come in here to this table, you'll find as good a meal's victuals as you deserve an' better. But if ever you try any of these tantrums on me, interferin' with me in my own kitchen, or with my comfort, or in any part of my work anywhere, what you'll git then will make what you've had now seem like a dream of bliss to you. If you feel like hitchin' up that horse an' goin' with me to the village this mornin', all right. If not, I'll hitch him myself an' go alone."

Several weeks after Peter's master-stroke, his neighbor saw him at work in the field adjoining his own and came to the fence to talk to him.

"Peter," said he, "it ain't no use. I can't hold back any longer. I've got to ask how things is goin' with you."

"First-rate," answered Peter.

"Well, I'm glad of it. I was afraid, from the condition you was in the afternoon of the weddin', that trouble was about to fasten onto you an' stick to you like a leech. Didn't she find any fault with you when you got home that day?"

"No; never mentioned it," said Peter.

"Well, I wouldn't 'a' b'lieved it. An' you ain't had any disagreement with her since?"

"None to speak of."

"Who'd 'a' thought it? Who'd 'a' thought it? That's what comes of studyin' up on things beforehand. You always did have a turn that way, Peter. But did everything work out accordin' to the rules laid down?"

"Oh, not exac'ly, but near enough, Billy. I'm not kickin'."

"Well, well," said Billy, leaning on the fence reflectively, "I'm jest as glad about it as I am surprised. But I don't b'lieve she'll do what you want her to any better'n my wife will, now, for all your studyin' it up an' trainin' of her."

"I've got five dollars here that says she will," returned Peter in desperation, putting on a bold front.

Billy Barlow looked at Peter a moment quizzically, then drew a bill from his wallet and laid it carefully alongside his neighbor's on the top rail of the fence.

"You don't bluff me, Peter, not in this year of our Lord. Send your hired man to the house after her an' I'll send for mine. The first one here takes the money."

Scarcely had the message reached Peter's house, when the door was flung violently open, and Mrs. Kate Ponnerby, with a shawl thrown over her head, sallied forth and bore down upon them like a twenty-knot cruiser cleared for action. At sight of her swift approach and truculent appearance, Billy fled precipitately, while Peter gathered up the wager and stood staring shamefacedly at the bills in his hand.

"Now, I'd like to know what's been goin' on here?"

"Oh, nothin' but a little business transaction between Billy an' me," said Peter, sheepishly.

"Business transaction! Didn't I see you two puttin' up money across that fence? I can smell a rat as far as anyone, I hope. Don't you undertake to fool me."

"Well," returned he, soothingly, "I'm glad you come right out, anyway, 'cause we're money in pocket by it."

"You try to gain any more in that way an' you'll hear from me, Peter Ponnerby. An' don't flatter yourself I'd 'a' stirred a step for *your* sendin'. I come to see that that sly old Billy Barlow didn't

cheat you out of your eye-teeth. Besides, I was jest through bakin', an' wanted to tell you to hitch that horse to the buggy so's we could go to Plainsville right off an' sell the rest of our eggs while they're fetchin' a good price."

In a community noted for being uniformly well-to-do, the Ponnerbys are pointed out as shining exemplars of prosperity. Their butter has become the standard of comparison at the Plainsville store, where the demand for it always exceeds the supply; and their hens are said to reverse the order of Nature and to cherish no lasting desire to set when eggs are high,—at least, not after Kate Ponnerby catches them at it. The sow and her litter of eight flourished amazingly, the little runt, under Mistress Kate's especial care, surpassing all the rest and growing into such an enormous porker that Peter drove him proudly to the county fair and came home with a blue ribbon and a substantial check.

If ever a man was well fed, clothed, and housed, that man is Peter Ponnerby; and if ever a husband was mild-mannered, steady-going, and peace-loving, that man is also Peter. He knows only too well the consequences of being otherwise. The jar of contention is never heard in his home, every question that arises being settled judicially once for all without undue taxation of the mental powers of the head of the house. In leisure moments he still takes down his much-thumbed volume from the end of the mantel-shelf and pores over it. But this is because of a deep-rooted love for Shakesperean literature rather than from any erroneous notion on his part of its utility as a working guide in twentieth-century domestic affairs.



MOTHERHOOD

BY SARA SIMMONS

MY neighbor's baby boy across the way
Lies dead; and I must go to her and say
Something of comfort,—ah, what shall it be?
"Grieve not, poor heart, that he is gone from thee!
Thy bitter tears,—thy cruel, lonely pain
Perchance are for some larger, nobler gain——"

I cannot,—no! for safe within his nest
My own dear bairnie smiles in rosy rest;
Ah, what if I were she,—bereft,—denied—
And he,—dear God! the little boy who died!

KATHARINE AND THE SANATORIUM

By Adele Marie Shaw

MRS. KATHARINE DE PEYSTER SEARLES TO MISS ELIZABETH GRAHAM.

WASHINGTON, May 17.

DEAR BESS: I start to-morrow. Address "The Highgate Sanatorium, Hillsboro'." Jack and Doctor Willibroed have picked it out from at least a hundred sanitariums, sanatoriums, invalid homes, health resorts, and rest cures.

Poor Jack! He's so good I spend every minute he's away in shame and remorse at my own wickedness, and when he's here I can't speak an amiable word to my own husband. When he moves or the clock ticks it sounds like the day o' doom! Write.

KATHARINE.

HIGHGATE, May 20, Tuesday.

BESS DEAR: Don't be so painstaking in your letters and so disgustingly impersonal. I sha'n't make a scene and rend my garments if you *do* mention something intimate and interesting. Talk about yourself—and *me!*

If you'll just remember that my sister Grace's death came only two months after my father's, and that all last year—till my father fell ill—I was trying to keep up with a social game I'd never played before, you'll see that my "condition" is natural enough and not especially uncanny.

It wasn't the accident. I can stand a little shake-up on a railway and enjoy the change. It wasn't work. I like to work and I thrive on what I like. It wasn't anything but anxiety and grief.

Can't you see? Say you do, anyway. I suppose most brides have a particular ambition. Mine was the puerile wish to show Jack's friends that I could go in and beat them on their own ground even if I had been brought up in "a quiet country town." Besides, it wasn't so puerile when you think of his appointment and of how much the social side counts in his career.

I should have pulled through all right—but when I lost father and Grace—I'd neglected them so. And they'd missed me. There's

no use in denying it. Grace didn't know how to manage a house and she wore herself out—and then killed herself nursing—while I was at the opera. Don't answer this. If you try to argue about it, I shall stop writing. But don't believe I could go under from a simple shock to my body.

Hillsboro' would be a lovely spot if it weren't for this menagerie of "invaleeds." I meant to tell you about my arrival, but I've taken too long answering yours. The pamphlet of the "Institution" I enclose. You will see that for pure lightness of heart, heavenliness of temper, and "steady growth in a graceful and robust charm of body" the Highgate guest can't be matched. All hours here that are not "sweet and sacred" seem to be "full of rare sunshine." It is the "abode of peace," of "the unselfish life," of hearts whose every utterance is

" in song,
For they are happy all day long,"

doubtless all night too, only it would have injured the metre.

Jack's entertaining the Italian Ambassador at the club to-night. I'm going to bed.

" SILENT HOUR," Wednesday.

It's two o'clock. We're all supposed to be resting. I've locked my door. As I've heard other keys turning in other locks, I may not be the only disobedient. I have a "grubersome" feeling that there may be a web of peep-holes from each ceiling to a central tower where the Head Spider sits watching. I undressed in the dark last night. But I lighted up later. You'll see why. Let me set forth my programme of (see pamphlet) "a day's physical, mental, and spiritual refreshment." If I send it to Jack he may be discouraged.

Reached Hillsboro' late in the afternoon. Jack and I had spent the night in Cosmopolis, and it's not a long ride, so I wasn't particularly tired. You'd have supposed me to be in hysterics. From station to house I was wrapped in rugs and plied with brandy; I couldn't enjoy the scenery I was so fussed over.

When I had been helped like a cripple from the carriage I was taken at once, for "consultation," to a young, moon-faced doctor whose bric-à-brack den was smothered in photographs. Grateful patients, I inferred. He began at once in a voice like the syrup of poppies:

"Did you come alone?" he asked. I explained that I "did," from Cosmopolis, thinking he'd see I wasn't in the worst plight ever known and cheer up; but his face lengthened inordinately. He shook his head.

"Your family should never have allowed it," he commented with

pretty tactfulness. "I fear they don't understand your condition," and he fixed on me a moony gaze of commiseration.

I glared—thinking of poor Jack loading me with final luxuries, feeing the porter outrageously, and trying not to let me discover the tears in his eyes. The glare was without effect and void. Moonface didn't even see it. When I finally got away he gently pressed my hand.

Never mind. I don't give up. He's only one of the medical staff.

LATER.

Supper was sent to my room. (I see there is an extra charge of fifty cents for that.) My cell is small and the tray nearly filled it. Doctor Jones (Moonface) says I have nervous dyspepsia, and the supper was accordin'.

One glass milk (I don't drink milk).

One sauceplate stewed apple.

Two minute slices graham bread (very new. I hate new bread).

One crumby slice yellow cake.

Loud-voiced and peremptory attendant appeared with an "invitation to the informal reception in the parlors." Instead, I wrote Jack and you and went to bed. At eight o'clock a knock like a thunderbolt got me out to wrestle into a dressing-gown and open the door. Man with my medicines—three boxes—pills. The first was labelled, "Rock of Ages. Two before breakfast." Candy globules, big and pink. The others, brown tablets and gray capsules, read, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul. One after dinner," and "Safe in the Arms of Jesus. One before retiring." This is, no doubt, "keeping restful and spiritual thoughts before the mind of the invalid." It seems to me *blasphemous*.

As soon as I was fairly settled again I remembered that Moonface had said I was, for the present, to be "put to sleep." I hadn't the dimmest idea whether it was to be done with a serenade or a club, but I climbed out again, turned on the light, and unbolted the door.

The doctor came in without knocking and set another gas-jet blazing full in my face.

"Good-evening," I said.

"Good-evening," he replied, and, "Fix your eyes on this," he coaxed in a wheedling tone,— "here, right here."

"This," a tiny mirror, he held so close I had to look cross-eyed to see it at all. He watched me like a grieved owl till my gaze was crossed enough to suit him, then with his right hand he began to stroke my forehead.

"Can't you omit that?" I begged. "It bothers me to be touched."

"You'll find it very soothing, very soothing," he answered in his syrupy voice.

I remembered Jack, and set my teeth. I'm going to get well. If mirrors and pawings will do it, bring on your mirrors.

Meantime Moonface, like a large and unintelligent cow preparing to dance a jig, had planted himself more expansively erect and struck up what he called a "monotonous chant." I shut my eyes to keep the grin out of them. You know your Lewis Carroll:

"He thought he saw a coach-and-four
That stood beside his bed;
He looked again and saw it was
A bear without a head."

It went nicely to the chant. I was saying the stanzas all through, and enduring with much fortitude, when, "Open eyes," he interpolated in his gibberish, and I obeyed.

Like the dense thing I am, I didn't at first perceive that I could hurry things up. I want to try this cure thoroughly. However, I got my wits together at last and went to sleep so completely that the sounds dropped off into a bass hum, and finally, when I was clenching my nails into my palms, the pawing ceased. The doctor turned out the gas, fell over a chair, and slammed the door. The doors are that kind. The whole thing had gotten me so on edge I didn't sleep a wink till nearly five.

At half-past seven a gong that might have tumbled Jericho woke me from my first real slumbers. When I made my way to the dining-room that "scene of oriental splendor," with artificial palms in painted tubs, the animated buzz sounded extremely cheerful. I don't seem to take to cheer and conviviality as I ought. There were six at my table. Here's the list:

"Mrs. Widgin, widow of lamented Colonel Widgin. Disease, obesity. She is to be 'reduced' in the 'baker.'

"Miss Reyland, teacher. Twitches a good deal, and talks a good deal. Disease certainly not obesity.

"Mrs. Whiting and her daughter. Daughter an epileptic. Very charming girl, they say, but she went off in fearful noises at the table and it upset me, though they took her away immediately.

"Mr. Herter. Seems to be taking the Keeley cure or something. Ogles unpleasantly."

The meal may have been healthful; it wasn't appetizing. Nothing is seasoned, and we are given no salt. The milk is skimmed before it's served, to prevent our swallowing anything oily.

I evaded chapel, for the hymns made me cry, but I joined the procession headed for the springs immediately after. Mrs. Widgin panted beside; the Keeley man twirled his cane when he wasn't leaning on it;

wheeled chairs rumbled before and behind; a cherubic missionary and a famous novelist brought up the rear.

Apparently they all drink, irrespective of disease. Some imbibe recklessly from each of the three wells, Hope, Faith, and Charity. Hope was enough for me.

At ten I had another session with Moonface and got my "treatment" and "bath" prescriptions.

If Doctor Jones is tiresome, Doctor Burlip is a thousand times worse. As I travelled towards the apartment to which my paper slip assigned me I came upon him sitting in one of the sun-parlor alcoves, upon the edge of an easy chair, his arm about a patient's shoulders, his patriarchal beard almost in her face.

There are ninety-one different kinds of "treatment." I counted the number on the list. My first was "Dripping Sheet." You stand in a tub and a nymph in a bizarre costume and bare feet souses the sheet in ice-water and flings it about your indignant person. In the same room were three other women, all miserable, all trying to avert their eyes from one another. One was having a "Half-Deep Leg," one a "Pail Douche," and one a plain tub in salt water. Which would you prefer, Bess, a "Dripping Sheet" or a "Pail Douche"? The P. D. is more of a game. You are decorated with a natty oil cap (it doesn't cover your back hair). The attendant fills a bucket with ice-water and, when she has engaged you in conversation, unexpectedly hurls the bucketful over you and keeps it up till your teeth chatter at the required rate. I was allowed to rest after my D. S., but I had what the minion in the Persian drapery called a "nervous chill," so I didn't get much good of the rest. Dinner was another tasteless, skimmed-milk meal. Mrs. Widgin was allowed one nut for dessert. She chose a big, three-cornered black one that would unsettle the digestion of an "ossowary." The Keeley man was obnoxious. He makes me feel as if I'd stepped into a decayed fish.

KATHARINE.

DEAR BESS: It's May 31. Yesterday was a wearing day. "There is little time for brooding at our mountain home." (Pamphlet, page 47.) Quite true; I should say quite the truest thing in the prospectus. A large party went to a "show" in Georgetown, but they got back here for heavy holiday-making in the evening. One of the guests—victim of "nervous hysteria"—has written a play since she came, and it was given with Moonface, Doctor Burlip, and the distinguished author in the leading rôles. The "lady guests" presented a silk flag, sewed by their own invalid hands, to "dear Highgate;" the "dear Doctor" (Burlip) thanked them "from the heart;" the clergyman tenor ren-

dered "The Holy City;" we all sang "My Country," and broke up into a "soirée" with refreshments. There was lukewarm water for those on a strict diet, skimmed milk (warmed) for those more hearty, cocoa for the lusty, and *doughnuts and cider for all*. Doughnuts, doubtless, for the dyspeptic; cider for the Keeley man.

To-day Doctor Jonas Burlip took six of us for a walk. My tramping companion was "recooperating," she said, from a "complete breakdown." Her husband had been so silly as to get jealous over another man, awfully nice, harmless fellow. Some women get it awful hard in this life. She hoped my husband—but perhaps I didn't have the temptations that some had. She did so hate to be unkind, and it was awful to have a man kill himself for you, now, wasn't it? "No tonic for the nerve-worn like congenial companionship!" (Pamphlet, page 19.)

There is a hissing and whispering of eternal gossip here in every corner from veranda to roof. The old doctor is too busy patting the hands of the disaffected to bother so long as bills are paid. More anon.

K.

June 2.

I attended the Christian Union prayer-meeting last night because Mrs. Widgin dragged me in. Apparently, I've no will of my own. How old men do love to wallow in their emotional history—some old men. The women held one another's hands and cried. "But few of them now gathered here will live to greet another decade," was the quavering burden of the longest effort. The only endurable person who "took part" was the old fellow from Painted Post who is "gifted in prayer." He's having the time of his life here. Plays golf and fishes in the brook and forgets his prescriptions and scoffs at his baths. He prayed ten minutes, and four times he thanked God for "this, our happy Hellside home." The Keeley man was on the spot and chortled aloud.

You ask if I don't mind having my door unlocked after Doctor Jones has chanted me to sleep. I did the time the crazy man ran up and down the corridor making noises like a wild beast. I've explained that I don't need to be put to sleep any more, and they say I'm gaining.

I spend half of each day dressing and undressing. The "Dripping Sheet" was only the beginning. The "Wet Sheet Pack," the "Liver Compress," the "Spinal Glow," and the "Pitcher Pour"—all these I have experienced in the last thirty-six hours, and daily what two maiden (very maiden) old sisters call *mássige*. If you only knew what I suffer undressing before these people.

I had my morning letter from Jack in my hand as I went to my

consultation to-day. I fear I looked "moved," for Moonface said immediately, "Your husband is writing too often, Mrs. Searles. It is very inconsiderate."

He had a new prescription for me. "Your appetite," he announced, "needs stimulation. Take this note to the large treatment room."

The interview was shortened, I suspect, by the grim rage in my face. Without Jack's letters——

The "large treatment room," a vast oblong apartment, had much the similitude of a dungeon of the early Inquisition. A sarcophagus stood in the foreground. I was taken behind it, made ready, and thrown face down on a marble slab with an extensive round opening directly under my stomach and diaphragm. And then, without a word of warning, a shower of hard balls rose through that idiotic hole and struck me in all the softest, sorest spots in my unprotected flesh. I scrambled up, but the attendant promptly laid me back. "Let go; I'll stay," I said; better the agony of the golf-balls shot from an invisible catapult than her hands. But I hadn't the gimp for it after all. * * * Those stars stand for everything awful. I thought of Stevenson and the day his medicine acted as an emetic and he went from the Worst to fainting and back again to the Worst, but managed to write three thousand words before nightfall. How *could* he do it?

When I fairly knew where I was they had me on a stretcher, "laid aside" for the moment, and I heard Mrs. Widgin's voice. It broke in on a beautiful, peaceful, after-taking-gas feeling, and I wished she'd stop.

"Oh, my!" she was expostulating, "do you think I can stand it, Doctor?" And there was Moonface, evidently just appeared, bending over a head that came out of the end of the sarcophagus.

"It's all right," he was murmuring. "Just spread your fingers and toes; otherwise the perspiration boiling between them may blister."

"Oo-oo-oo," quivered the poor, fat thing. "I think I'd rather not take it, Doctor. Don't—oh, let me out!"

I didn't hear any more—went off again. When I came out of it this time they were carrying me away on my stretcher and Mrs. Widgin's shrieks were splitting the walls. Another variation on "the restful atmosphere so essential to suffering nerves."

"Doctor Jones meant to give *you* the baker next," volunteered the attendant of the powerful hands, "but I guess he won't try it if you can't stand the——" (beater? I lost the name. She probably meant the balls). "He was amused at your takin' it so hard," she chuckled.

"How hot is the baker?" I asked as they slid me into my bed.

"Oh, they get it way up," was the answer. "It's three hundred and seven degrees now. I guess that's about all she can stand."

When I could crawl out, I bolted my door. I didn't want any luncheon, and it made me sick to think of the waitress grinning around for her fee.

"The proprietors especially desire that no fees shall be given by their guests to any employé in any department of the Sanatorium," hangs on my wall, framed, beside, "Freely ye have received; freely give," done in fierce gilt on a red ground. (This color production is one of the "thought-uplifters," pleases the æsthetic sense, and tends to cheer and brighten.) When any species of "help" enters your room for the most trifling service a baleful gaze is fixed on one of those two signs until you buy it off.

Letter-writing is forbidden. So far by keeping my writing materials concealed I've escaped Moonface and enjoyed my "Silent Hour." They have furnished me with a printed model, suitable for sending home in lieu of regular correspondence. I copy it. (I want to preserve the original to show Jack.)

"DEAR — (avoid terms too affectionate as tending to excitation): One can but feel a healing influence with the first glimpse of this delightful and ever-beautiful spot! The very air breathes repose to the worn spirit and wearied body!

"In the atmosphere of Christian love that surrounds me here you can safely leave me, assured that in due time I shall return to you invigorated in mind and body, and with a spirit attuned to those inner harmonies that alone make life worth living.

"Yours for all true betterment,

"Happily and hopefully,

"_____."

I can feel those staccato balls following their circular orbit yet.
Yours—for escape,

KATE.

June 4.

The bath suite, after they get a dozen of us laid out on slabs, looks a good deal like a morgue. One old lady was lost by her attendant and was finally hauled forth from behind the corner tub where she had hidden.

I've spoken to Doctor Burlip about the Keeley man. "Oh, is he at that again?" he commented. "I'll settle him." I guess he has.

The doctors try to persuade me to take my "Silent Hour" on the roof—all in a row of stretchers with the weak and scalded Widgin on one side and the crazy man on the other!

Old Mr. Harum (that isn't his name, but he looks it) left to-day.

"Do you think you've been benefited?" demanded the "recooperating" lady.

"I d'no, marm; I d'no's I've be'n benefited, but I know I've be'n washed," he growled back. I miss that man.

June 8.

The spying maid has lifted the lid of my trunk, and the doctor has "playfully" removed all my writing materials. And I know now what has kept Jack silent for three days. I bribed the elevator-boy to send a telegram. Here's part of my answer:

"Got the enclosed from your Doctor Jones and didn't dare write you:

"DEAR MR. SEARLES: Your letters to your wife are annoying her very much and retarding her recovery. We have all we can do to undo the effects of your injudicious selfishness in letting her get into this state, which is too serious to admit of interference. Hereafter please consider her rather than yourself and write in a different vein. Yours in a fraternal spirit,
WILBUR JONES, M.D."

I've sent another telegram, and found this stubby pencil and written a mighty illuminating letter to Jack. I'm sick to my very "soul-centre" with white devouring fury.

June 9.

I *must* get away from this place. Am using my camera and trying to look cheerful even to Moonface. They say my interest in pictures is a good symptom. This institution will develop them for two dollars and fifty cents a dozen.

There's a dear, cool-looking country boarding-house on the road to the top of Highgate Mountain. We pass it, driving. I don't believe it's more than two miles away.

THURSDAY.

I've gotten up there; distanced the doctor on the plea of a picture farther on. The house is where I thought, and has forty or fifty boarders. I've seen the woman. I'm to go there to-morrow—if I can. The doctor was pleased with me. "You're improving wonderfully," he remarked as we came back.

Glad I wrote Jack to let me pay my own bills. I wanted to check off the extras. On my first weekly account there seemed quite a little swarm that I hadn't had. He's off for London and perhaps Berlin to dispose of a little government commission before I go home. I've been writing so reassuringly about my health that he's quite chirked up, especially for the last few days, since the doctor's bulletins have been affected by *the* camera. I suspect they've ordered him on pain

of my death to stay away, for he's stopped talking about running up to see me. I've told him to look up your sister in Berlin. Her husband might put him on the track of something useful. (It's some financial investigation.)

He may give it all up at the last minute, it's so far away, but I've written Doctor Willibrod that he must tell him these things never get worse suddenly, and I've painted my improvement with red paint. The change will do him good (Jack, I mean).

But it's a horrid long way and I'm——

LATER.

The elevator boy has arranged it all. His father lives near. They'll get out my trunk and bag after the house is closed.

THE OAKS, Saturday.

P. S.—How my heart beat when I crept out! The rest were at supper. I'd had mine in my room. As I went I dropped my letter and check for Doctor Burlip in the outgoing mail. He would get it in the morning and think I took the night express for home.

I got here before dark, and by midnight my baggage had followed. I doubled the fee in sheer thankfulness.

My room is as unlike the varnished cell I left as possible—a great, square room, and the wind comes in off the mountain, and all as quiet as Heaven. No echoing corridors. There are nice, well, human people about. Once some little children came pattering up past the door and a big, jolly voice cried, "What ho, there! So late!" and there was much giggling, and "Only just this once. Papa said we might, Uncle Frank."

I turned over on my pillow and cried like a sick baby and *went to sleep*. I've been twitching and screaming inside worse and worse ever since I've been an "inmate." I was awake most of the night, of course, but it was so peaceful. I can't tell you, Bess, how beautiful it was. No one to fret and order me around. I am free, free to rest and do nothing, and no one cares, and no one wants to be spoken to or to speak to me. Every now and then there come back to me visions of the Keeley man ogling, the poor epileptic writhing, the Moonface reproving me, Mrs. Widgin in the "baker," and I laugh (or cry) like an hysterical infant.

Jimmy, the house boy, has gone to the village to do errands. He's going to bring me a hammock. Most of the hammocks are in the grove across the road. I found a place for mine quite by itself up a steep slope behind the garden. It took me two hours to decide on it. Every place is lovely, but mine has the best view. Then I curled up in the grass and *went to sleep*.

Luncheon in the dining-room. People spoke to me once or twice

and I answered, but it was all casual and just saved me from feeling tongue-tied. I had no responsibilities towards any of them.

Address "The Oaks, Hillsboro' Junction."

KATE.

DEAR BESS: I haven't written for a week. I've been in my hammock every day and all day. Mrs. Stanton, the landlady, sends a boy up with a rubber carriage blanket if it rains and I put up my umbrella. "When the wind blows" I rock like the baby "on the tree-top."

You were good to send the books. Some day I shall want to read. Now I just eat and sleep and lie here. The trees and the sky are good—good. I think father and Grace understand.

KATHARINE.

June 21.

Sometimes I am out here all the evening. If there isn't a breeze to blow away the mosquitoes, I pull my cape over my head and *go to sleep*. I sleep all the time and everywhere. I feel like a dried sponge just dropped in water.

K.

June 29.

Jack can't get home before the first of August. I climbed the rest of the mountain to-day and dozed all the afternoon on the hot ground—at the very top. There was a good breeze and I liked the warmth. A chipmunk came and chattered at me, then scurried back into the trees below. My umbrella rolled away while I was asleep. I am burned like an Indian.

K.

July 6.

I walk miles every day. Gyp goes with me. He's the old dog that sleeps near my hammock. He selected the spot because he found the children weren't allowed there. They bother him when he wants to nap. We tramped for hours to-day, he and I, along the road to Wingwood. I met Mrs. Van Vleck and Mary and we sat under a hedge and talked. (They have a cottage somewhere about.) It made me a little shaky,—seeing anyone isn't yet easy,—but I didn't dribble any maudlin tears as I should have a month ago.

I had a sarsaparilla and talked with the drug-store man while Gyp refreshed himself at the watering-trough. The way back seemed full of Grace and my dear father, full of warmth and life and happiness. I marched in time to Stevenson:

"If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness."

No, you dear old Thing, don't you dare come. I should probably claw your hair (or throw the hair-brush). I can't count on myself yet. But I'm coming on. Lovingly,

KATE.

July 29, ON-THE-TRAIN.

BESS DEAR: Jack comes day after to-morrow. I'm going to be at the wharf to meet him, and bring him straight up here (to Hillsboro'). I sha'n't lose anything by going. I'm well! The brown pine-needles on the ground and the green ones on the trees, the blueness of the skies, the big, splashing showers, the great, clean breeze, and the *sun*, are part of me now.

I've bought a hammock for Jack and hung it from the five-trunked mountain ash to the willows, near mine. We can talk without raising our voices, and he can sleep while I read. I got so interested in a novel yesterday I didn't hear the dinner-gong. It's a glorious day. I hope Saturday will be as fair. Heaps of love.

KATHARINE.

THE HARWOOD HOUSE.

P. S.—Poor Mrs. Widgin was on the train. They've made the fat, comfortable thing into a perfect skeleton. She was so weak it took two men to lift her into the carriage. She is a plucky soul. I think she'll pull through. New York is hot but looks cheerful. Am going to bed early so as to be ready for hours on that blessed wharf. Love to you, Elizabeth, from the "reformed pirate," or the Wretch Restored—

KATHARINE DE PEYSTER SEARLES.

MRS. LENNOX TO MISS GRAHAM.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH: We got in yesterday on the Deutschland. I'm a little dizzy and wobbly yet, though the passage was a decent one. You remember Katharine de Peyster? She's been very ill. Her husband was on board. He looked ill himself, and nervous. Ned said he was worried to death over Katharine, reproached himself, thought he might have taken better care of her. A most unusual young man, ambitious and interesting, but we couldn't get him waked up.

It was noon before we nosed in alongside the wharf. The mob at the dock was awful. Mr. Searles—Katharine's husband—stopped to say good-by to us. He looked pale and indifferent, almost lifeless. I wonder if he's avoided us because I'm so well and can do everything Ned does. He was just ahead of me going down the gangplank and I was almost pushing him on, for I was sure I could see my mother

in the crowd below, when I caught sight of Katharine. I thought / looked *well!* You ought to see Kitty de Peyster Searles!

John Searles saw her too and tripped. I thought he'd fall.

Well, it was wicked to be there—but there we were, and I couldn't help hearing her "Jack" and his "Katharine."

As they went by the L section where we were waiting for our baggage she was chattering. He was saying nothing, but he had pulled her arm through his like a boy at a country fair, as if he were positively afraid if he let it slip she'd vanish. He must have realized it was a bit ridiculous, for when he put her into a carriage—she had one on the wharf—he looked up and said something and they both laughed.

It may sound imbecile to you, but the change in his face— Ned was blinking as much as I, though he jeered.

We watched them till they were fairly out of sight. Then *we* laughed. "Well," said Ned, "you've no manners." "No more have you," said I. "*Did* you declare that clock?" Has Katharine really been ill, and how did she get well?

Do write. Faithfully,

HELEN GRAY LENNOX.



SUNSET FROM A CITY WINDOW

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

BEYOND the stretch of roof and tower and spire
 And faint obscurity of smoke and haze,
 One of God's fair, innumerable days
 Is dying slow a wondrous death of fire.
 The sky is like a mighty funeral pyre
 With crimson fagot-clouds, and fervent blaze
 High flung into the air's dim, lofty ways
 As though the zenith were its far desire.

Dusk grieving falls—The city's sorrows halt
 No moment for the blessing of the night,
 The city's soul travails without release —

Look at the west!—A vast, uncovered vault
 With soft star-tapers tremblingly alight:
 Who shall not say that spirit passed in peace?

ALINE AND THE ENEMY

A |PARIS|ADVENTURE

By *M. L. Girault*

ALINE was bitterly disappointed. She had just received a letter bidding her come home, and she did not want to leave Paris yet.

She did not want to leave Paris yet because she knew only the Paris that works, that studies, that thinks, and now she wanted to learn the flippant, the naughty, the gay Paris. She wanted—yes, she wanted—to have an adventure, an experience! She would have been ashamed to go back to America without. All her friends, having been abroad for a little while, could speak knowingly of the wickedness of Frenchmen. Even squinting and freckled Bertha Tucker had something to say about it. Aline was neither freckled nor squinting, she had lived almost two years in the Latin Quarter, had gone alone everywhere, and nothing had ever happened to her. Why was that? Whose fault was it?

It is no fault of Mother Nature, little Aline. Ask the verdict of the old, spotted mirror in front of which you are now standing. The old mirror will tell you it never reflected a prettier picture than you make in your olive silk petticoat, your pink dressing-sack, and the blonde disorder of your curls. You have not passed unnoticed in the streets, little Aline—men have often looked at you with admiring eyes, but you have not seen them because you were above them, in the air, with your Art and with your hopes.

“Well, if I must leave Paris, I will first have a good time,” said Aline to herself after a short meditation. “As a beginning I shall go to Cousin Mamie’s. It is her day at home; there will be a little music and plenty of people. I have not seen anybody for so long, the first man I meet will go to my head. It will be great fun! I must try to look my best.”

And in a jiffy the olive silk petticoat and the pink dressing-sack were off; swiftly she straightened up her curls, adjusted and tied several dainty pieces of French lingerie, and slipped on her new Paquin gown. Then came the question of the hat. Would she put

on a large-brimmed hat, picturesque and uncomfortable, or her smart little Reboux toque?

The option was for the little Reboux toque, which soon found itself in the street with the Paquin gown. Once out, Aline beckoned to the first cab loitering along. She meant to have a walk in the Champs-Élysées, and she told the cabman to stop at "Place de la Concorde at any corner."

The cabman made her repeat twice, "Place de la Concorde at any corner;" then, when he realized they were not going to any definite address, he said, "All right," but he winked with a wink that meant: "I know. This is a young lady who does not want to be found out. I know," and with vigorous pull of the rein and a loud crack of the whip he started his horse in the desired direction.

Aline, who under ordinary circumstances would not have noticed the cabman's facial expression, grasped all the meaning of the wink. She was "in for fun," and it amused her to think her simple afternoon outing, which was going to end in a cup of tea at Cousin Mamie's, could look to anybody, even to a cabman, like a mysterious affair.

As the cab rattled along Aline's spirits rose, and by the time she alighted from the cab she felt able to almost anything.

While paying the cabman Aline caught sight of a Masculine Form standing on the curbstone, watching her, and she thought to herself, "Maybe there is my adventure!" She could not have said what the Masculine Form was like except that he was well built, well groomed—in fact, the very type Aline could afford to have an adventure with. So, in picking up her skirts before starting to walk she slanted a glance in the direction of the Masculine Form, who happened to start walking up the Champs-Élysées too!

Instinctively Aline was displeased (women are so fickle), and she wondered, "How can he be so mistaken about me?"

However, she soon reasoned out that one cannot expect to get an "experience" without a little trouble, and she bravely decided to stand any amount of it for the sake of the adventure. Therefore she determined to look perfectly natural, and she composed her poise as best she could to that effect. On she went quietly, with a rustling of silk and a whiff of fresh violets about her, but for the first time in her life Aline was conscious of herself, and it seemed to her as though everybody would notice it.

The Masculine Form kept at a respectful distance up to the Petit Palais. There Aline had to stop. It was Horse-Show week, and the place, crowded with long stands of carriages, was difficult to cross.

The stopping was unfortunate. It gave an advantage to the Enemy, who soon stood quite close to Aline, a little to the left side.

Impulsively Aline turned her head to the right, which was enough to reveal her uncomfortable state of mind to the Masculine Form—if the Masculine Form cared to notice it.

Well, he did care, and he did notice it. Strange to say, he followed Aline without having seen her face. He had been attracted when she got out of the carriage by the shapely ankle underneath her open-work stocking. Since then he had analyzed the harmonious proportions of her figure, and at present he was delighting in studying the perfect drawing of her ear.

He did not study it long, for now Aline, under the protection of a gendarme, was making her way to the other side of the road. There was no longer time to meditate about the perfect drawing of her ear! Quickly the Masculine Form proceeded to cross, dodging a horse here, a motor there, and, more through some kind permission of Fate than through personal caution, landed safely on the opposite sidewalk. Discreetly he resumed his position a few steps from Aline.

It was a spring day, and there was mischief in the air. At intervals there were gusts of wind. It was not a rough, ill-bred wind which proves destructive to chimney-pots, open windows, and ladies' hats. It was a gentle, inquisitive wind which lifted up curtains to peep through secret chambers and courted flowers to open their petals.

If it had not been for the wind, matters might not have gone so far. Somehow, perhaps because Aline was walking faster, perhaps because the wind happened to blow at nearer intervals, the little ankles, after passing the Petit Palais, appeared oftener on the horizon, and every time they appeared the distance between Aline and the Masculine Form diminished. When they passed in front of the Elysées Palace there was hardly any distance at all. When they reached the Place de l'Etoile the Masculine Form was seized with a most peculiar cough which threatened to become the exode of an approaching speech.

Aline had had quite enough of her experience. She was tired, exasperated. She wondered if she should turn and speak to the—brute (that was the only name she could give to the Masculine Form) or call for the police. Unfortunately, she could not decide which was the best course to take, it seemed, while she was walking so fast. So, with the unsolved question whirling through her head and the most peculiar cough sounding in her ear, she arrived at the Avenue du Bois.

Now she could see Cousin Mamie's house! She was safe! And in their desire to put an end to Aline's trouble the little feet, forgetting the protocol of lady-like behavior, started to run. Alas! it did not make any difference with the pair of patent-leather shoes behind. They took a longer stride, that was all.

Crimson, out of breath and courage, Aline pulled the bell at

Cousin Mamie's gate. Then she turned round to, at last, demolish her Enemy with one blazing and scornful glance.

They both started—Aline and the Enemy—as they came face to face. Aline's eyes opened wide with astonishment, and it was some time before she could exclaim: "Why!—Paul Brinsmore! How do you do?"

Poor Paul Brinsmore tried to bring the shade of a smile to his face, but his lips only grinned as he stammered, "Aline!—I—I—I—am—so glad——"

Fortunately, a silvery peal of laughter put an end to his forlorn "gladness." Aline's resentment had vanished before the crestfallen, miserable appearance of her Enemy.

Her Enemy! Fancy dear old Paul Brinsmore, her friend of childhood, her pal of always, her Enemy of to-day!

"When did you come over, Paul, and why did you not let me know?"

"I was called here on business, quite unexpectedly, landed in Paris this morning and—wanted to surprise you."

"You *did* surprise me. But it was not for my benefit only you were strolling through the Champs-Élysées in your newest frockcoat and your most shiny top hat, was it? Now, own it and you'll be forgiven."

"Well, Aline, you know the day was so beautiful—Paris looked so fascinating—that I just thought I would—I might——"

"Do in Rome as the Romans do, eh? That's all right, Paul; I wanted to do the same—I mean, I *might* have wanted to do the same if I were a man! But come in with me. Cousin Mamie will love to see you. Then we can have a chat, old friend, and—I'll be good. I won't tell anyone of *your* experience in Naughty Paris!"



IN UTTER CONTENT

BY RUPERT HUGHES

T WAS winter and 'twas deep into the dead o' night,
 Yet all was warm and like a noon of summer, sunny,
 And I so thoroughly happy that I taste it yet.
 For I was sipping sherry blonde with russet light,
 And I was nibbling biscuits overgilt with honey,
 And I was reading *Aucassin et Nicolette*.

Come back, sweet cozy hour, I would nor could forget,
 Of midnight, honey, wine and winsome Nicolette.

THE LESSER VIRTUES

By One Who Has Abandoned Them

I AM about to prove that the Lesser Virtues are of no use. My aunt, who trained me to them, would be scandalized if she saw this; but she only reads the Local Paper.

First, take Tidiness. Why, you needn't all shout at me at once! Just listen.

The tidiest woman I know is always missing her trains and being late for everything, because she stays to arrange her dressing-table and adjust her ties "so." The untidiest man I know (except me) gets through more work than Samson and Job combined. He is an editor, energetic as Samson, but crosser than Job. And his papers are,—well, in confusion. He never stops to put anything away. He hasn't time.

My aunt was tidy. Always put everything away—generally so securely that she couldn't find it again. If I wanted an address in a hurry, it was on a little tablet tied up in a pile of old letters in a small cardboard box in her locked desk on the top of the wardrobe covered up neatly with a dust sheet. The keys of the desk were in a little box in the jewel cabinet in the left-hand-corner drawer of her bedroom. And the key of that was on the bunch of keys in her second-best black silk dress hanging up in the right hand wing of the same wardrobe. Or else the one in my room. And the key of that,—I have forgotten.

Of course tidiness has great advantages. I'm not denying it. But I don't know them, because I haven't time to find them out. The advantages of untidiness I have long known. I find that yellow and black cravat I lost weeks ago and am so partial to, when I try to find my left-hand glove. And I go out without the latter, which saves it. It is so economical, untidiness. I can't wear out half my clothes, because I can't find them. The housemaid sweeps my room clean to find the loose cash I dropped out when I threw my trousers on the floor. I don't have to answer letters because I have lost the addresses,—a distinct saving in income.

Now take Punctuality. The punctual man is invited out for four-thirty P. M. and he arrives then. His hostess isn't dressed, and when she is, she scowls on him. Inviting at four-thirty, of course she meant every

one to come at five o'clock—which they do, all except the punctual man, who has had a time of it.

He comes down to breakfast at eight sharp. Sally isn't ready, and brings his bacon half cooked; the milkman hasn't come, and he swallows his unsavory meal quickly and goes off, hated by the family, whom he has abused, but sustained with virtue.

I rush up at the last moment, and lose mine. (Not my virtue,—I lost that long ago,—but my train.) I catch sight of Florrie Davis's black eyes on the down platform. I go across to get a paper, and the time passes all too quickly. Next morning, I have a chat with Susie, who happens to have missed her train at the same time. It is perfectly delightful. I get only half the long sermons and stupid plays; my life is full of unexpected pleasures—all derived from unpunctuality.

Promptness is an allied virtue. I have never discovered the smallest advantage in it. You send immediately to your tailor's, and afterwards see a cloth you like better. Look at the interest per cent. you lose by paying promptly. And the letters you must write if you answer at once! It is frightful to the imagination! By neglecting to get a button sewn on your coat you get them all off, and having them all done at once saves so much trouble and annoyance in being without that old coat (it is so comfortable). Your landlady's daughter doesn't charge any more for doing them all, than for one.

You are late for Susie, and her blue eyes are filling with tears. Blue eyes are first-rate like that; and then you have to kiss the tears away. Who would be prompt?

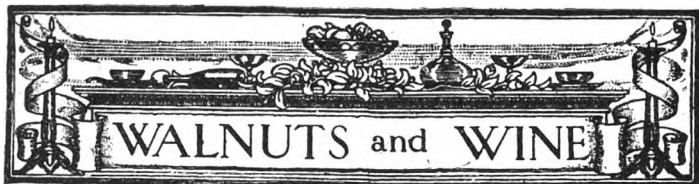
Talking of coats reminds me of Devotion to Dress and Decorum in Deportment, a virtue much sought after. No rambles over stiles and through woods; no mountains; no botanical expeditions; but chokiness all over, anxiety about knees, crossness about boots—good heavens! what fools men can be. This is the worst Virtue of the lot. It makes me so indignant that I can't think of another. But there are lots of them, bless you, and ALL unnecessary.



TWAIN

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

“**N**OW get thee hence!” I said to Fear, at last.
 “Be banished to the wide world's farthest bourne!”
 With mocking smile Fear outward passed:
 “I go,—along the road thy Hopes have worn!”



WASHINGTONIANA

The chips were flying about an industrious lad and the lifesap of a picturesque cherry tree was slowly flowing into oblivion. In the background, unseen by the chopper, stood a father, stern and grim. Later in the day the father said to the son:—

“George, did you cut down my favorite cherry tree?”

“Did you see me do it, father?” inquired the lad, who even then gave evidence of great diplomatic promise.

“I did,” replied the father.

“Well,” said George, “I don’t very well see how I’m going to blame it on the Perkins kid, do you?”

“Come on, George,” cried one of young Washington’s playmates, “the crowd is all here and we’re going in swimming.”

“Can’t very well do it, fellows,” responded the future father of his country; “I’ve got to stay here and chop some wood.”

“Been keeling over some more cherry trees?” inquired a lad.

“Yes,” answered the truthful George, “I cut down Dad’s favorite tree and now he’s making me cut it up.”

“Oh, well,” cried one of the boys as the crowd started down the road toward the swimming hole, “you always were a cut-up, anyway.”

Later in life when George severed the bond between two nations he fully realized the import of the boyish remark.

One morning Vice President John Adams was passing through the President’s office, when he noticed on Washington’s desk a huge mucilage pot.

“My, my, your Excellency,” exclaimed Adams, “why have you so large a paste-pot?”

“Oh,” replied President Washington, good-naturedly, “that’s my big stick.”

Walnuts and Wine

"General Washington," cried an excited patriot, rushing frantically into the presence of the great soldier, "the Second Continental Congress has voted to raise twenty thousand men and you are appointed commander in chief."

"To raise twenty thousand men," repeated Washington, thoughtfully. "Ah, I see. They are preparing me to become the father of my country."

James H. Lambert, Jr.

VALENTINE

(TO BE SENT WITH CANDY IN A HEART-SHAPED BOX)

By James S. Boyd

I would send a valentine
Unto you, Dear Heart of mine.

Shall it be a red, red, rose
That kindles passion as it grows?

Shall it be the violet blue
That breathes a calmer love, 'though true?

Or shall forget-me-nots be best
To set your fluttering heart at rest?

Indeed the thoughts that flowers speak,
'Though beautiful, are far too weak;

Nor do I find in poet's art
Words that can express my heart—

Express my heart! That's what I'll do,—
Express my heart and love to you!

SIMPLE LARCENY

The colored physician not having been able to locate the malady and check it, a white physician was called. After looking at the patient a short while, the white physician inquired,—

"Did Dr. Jones take your temperature?"

And the old colored auntie answered, "Ah don't know, sah; Ah ain't missed nothin' 'cept mah watch."

Silas X. Floyd.



Purity and Pears'

The best of Pears' is purity; freedom from everything adulterant or injurious, and no free alkali—That is how Pears' refreshes and invigorates the skin, enabling it to be healthy and pure, — creating that complexion which, like the snow, is matchless in purity.

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
"All rights secured."

Walnuts and Wine

THE VENTRILOQUIST AND THE DOG.

The art of ventriloquism, as a vocation, produces few millionaires. Hans Grausbeck frequently found it a difficult matter to get even a square meal, although he was a finished artist. Under stress of poverty he was obliged to part with his dog, to which he was much attached. One day they entered a restaurant together, the decorous animal occupying the chair opposite his master.

"I'll have a steak," quoth Hans.

"I'll have a steak too," said the dog.

The waiter's astonishment may be imagined, but his guests preserved a demeanor as if nothing had happened.

When the steak came Hans immediately complained, "This steak is frightfully tough."

"Mine's tough too," said the dog.

"What a wonderful dog!" exclaimed the waiter. "Did you train him to talk?"

"Oh, yes," replied the genial Hans, "he's talked for a long time."

"It's the most wonderful thing I ever heard. I must tell my master about him. He'll want to hear him, and I think he'll want to buy him."

Whereupon Hans gave a gesture of disapproval.

When the owner of the restaurant appeared, the dog treated him to a bit of conversation and the restaurateur waxed enthusiastic.

"I'd give anything for that dog," he declared. "He'd be the greatest advertisement in the world. I'll give you twenty-five dollars for him."

"He's very dear to me," truthfully asserted Hans.

"I'll give you fifty dollars for him."

Hans shook his head.

"But I must have him. I'll give you a hundred for him."

Whereupon Hans appeared to be on the verge of tears.

"Times are very hard, mister, and I need the money. It's like a man losing his wife, but I cannot afford to keep a dog worth so much money."

The money was counted out forthwith, and Hans put it in his pocket.

"He's very fond of me, Pretzel is, and you'll have to



Put Your Foot On It

If coffee "does things" to you. (And it hurts many people deeply.)

Suppose you make a stand for the old-fashioned comfort of being well again.

It is easy to shift from Coffee to Postum and the change in feeling is worth a gold mine to any one who values power, strength, and health.

Boil Postum well and it's delicious.

There's a Reason for

POSTUM

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Walnuts and Wine

bring a rope and let me tie him to this table until I'm out of reach."

The dog was tied, and his attitude harmonized with the event of separation. There was nothing simulated in his cast-down ears and his drooping tail. Just as the knot was tied and Hans started to rise, there came this ultimatum from the dog,—

"You have proved yourself a very ungrateful master, and I shall never speak again as long as I live."

Whereupon Hans made a dignified but prompt departure.

Stanley Johnson.

SWEET SORROUGH

By Margaret Jewett

A maiden of ginger-bread dough
And her sweet little ginger-bread bough
And a warm friend or two,
Very well-bread and trwo,
Went a-baking one day in a rough.

Said the little brown ginger-bread bough
In a whisper confiding and lough

"I'm so short I shall break,

But you *do* take the ceak.

You're the handsomest cookie I nough."

But his sweetheart began then to grough
Till she left her short swain far belowh.

Then he uttered a sigh

And the time honored crigh

For a larger allowance of dough.

WELL SPREAD

Mike was employed in the powder works. One day, through some carelessness, an explosion occurred, and poor Mike was blown to pieces; his remains being scattered far and near.

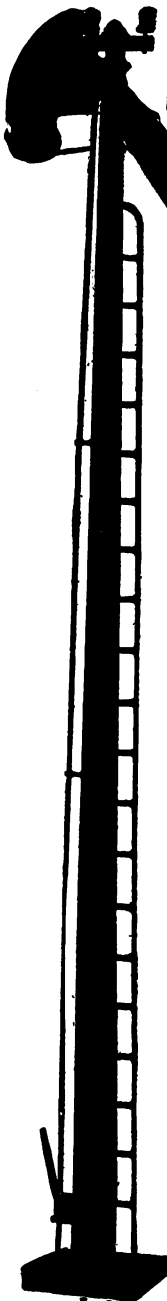
When the sad news had been broken to his wife, she said pathetically, between her sobs,

"That's Mike all over!"

Kate G. Wood.

Walnuts and Wine

A Clear Track

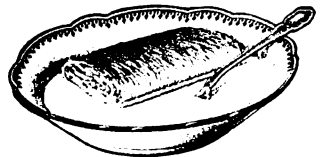


THE wrong signal by "the man in the tower" may cost hundreds of human lives. You are "the man in the tower" to guard your own stomach. **INDIGESTION** is a warning signal of "danger ahead!" Keep the track clear with

Shredded Whole Wheat,

a natural food. It blocks the system against disease, keeps the stomach sweet and clean and the bowels healthy and active. It is made of the whole wheat, steam-cooked and drawn into fine, porous shreds, presenting all the brain-making, body-building elements of the wheat berry in digestible form. Supplies natural warmth to the body in a natural way.

Slightly toasted or warmed, and served with hot milk or cream, the **BISCUIT** is delicious for breakfast, for every meal for every day in the year. It may also be served in hundreds of dainty and tempting ways in combination with fruits, oysters and preserves. To learn more about "Shredded Wheat Cookery" send for our "Vital Question" Cook Book. **TRISCUIT** is a Shredded Whole Wheat cracker, better than bread for toast, delicious with butter, cheese or preserves.



"It's All in the Shreds"

The Natural Food Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Walnuts and Wine

IMPOSSIBLE

One day Mabel came into her mother's room crying as though her heart would break. "What is the matter, Mabel? Are you hurt?" her mother asked.

"No, I'se not hurted," sobbed the little girl. "I'se ist cryin' 'cause when I'se growed up I'se got to marry."

"Oh, no; you won't *have* to marry," her mother consoled. "But marrying isn't so bad as that, Mabel; your grandmother married twice."

"Granny?" exclaimed Mabel. "I know better; her didn't marry 'tall."

Snowden King.

HIS EXTREMITY

By Julien Josephson

O very weepsome was the Fate
Of young Abijah Root:
He sought the Hand of Sally Smith,
And got—her Father's Foot.

THE SAME RESULT

A well-known Bishop of Tennessee was taking his customary stroll through the Park the other morning. He happened to sit down on one of the benches there. Now the Bishop is a very great man, not only in the Methodist church, but in embonpoint as well. His weight proved too much for the bench which collapsed spilling him on the ground. About this time a little girl, rolling a hoop along, saw the reverend gentleman prostrate and offered her assistance. "But, my little girl," said the Bishop, "do you think you could help such a great heavy man to his feet?"

"Oh, yes," replied the little girl. "I've helped grandpa lots of times when he's been even drunker than you are."

M. B. Miller.

SY-CLO
TRADE MARK

The Latest Word In Sanitation

The name SY-CLO on a closet means health insurance for your home or any building in which the closet is placed; it means freedom from all those diseases which are usually traceable to noxious odors and poisonous gases arising from ordinary closets.

SY-CLO stands for more than mere flushing; it stands for a wonderful syphonic action of great power—an action which literally pulls the contents of the bowl into the drain, cleansing the non-reachable parts, instantly sealing the outlet channel with a water trap to an unusual depth, and absolutely preventing all danger of gas.

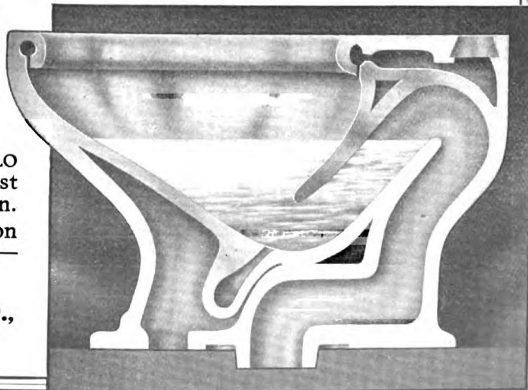
The SY-CLO Closet stands for an interior cleanliness and purity impossible in an iron closet, and unknown in any closet but one made of china—like the SY-CLO. Hand-moulded of china all into one solid piece like a vase, the SY-CLO is without crack, joint or rough surface to collect dirt or disease germs. It is as clean inside and out as a china pitcher, being made exactly the same way and of the same material.

The surface of the SY-CLO Closet cannot chip off, is not affected by acid, water or wear, and hence cannot rust or discolor as an iron closet does. The SY-CLO is strong, simple, durable; it cannot get out of order and, with ordinary care, will last as long as the house in which it is placed.

It costs but little more than the common closet, and when health and comfort are considered, it really costs less; in fact, *your doctor pays the bill*. Your plumber will tell you that SY-CLO is absolutely the latest word in perfect sanitation.

Send for booklet on "Household Health"—mailed free.

POTTERIES SELLING CO.,
Trenton, N. J.



Walnuts and Wine

TO RAISE A BABY

Mrs. Youngmater (sweetly).—It's an odd question, but I lack experience. Could you recommend to me a good baby-powder?

Mr. Bachelor (savagely).—Certainly. Use giant or Shimose!

Edwyn Stanley.

A PERTINENT CHARGE

In a murder case tried before Judge P., counsel for the defendant said, "It is better that ninety and nine guilty persons escape than that one innocent man should suffer."

In his charge to the jury the judge admitted the soundness of the proposition, but added, "Gentlemen, I want you to understand that the ninety and nine *have already escaped.*"

C. Q. Wright, U. S. N.

COMB AND BRUSH

By James H. Lambert, Jr.

It seems to me Dame Nature's strange,
And frequently unfair
Because a rooster has a comb
But hasn't any hair.
The little fox with hair is flush
And consequently has a brush.

A VAIN BOASTER

A farmer in central New York State has in his employ a man named George, whose understanding is not very acute.

One day as his employer came out to the field where he was working, George hailed him: "Say Boss who do you like best, Mr. Gorman or Mr. Carney," naming two ministers whose churches are in the neighborhood.

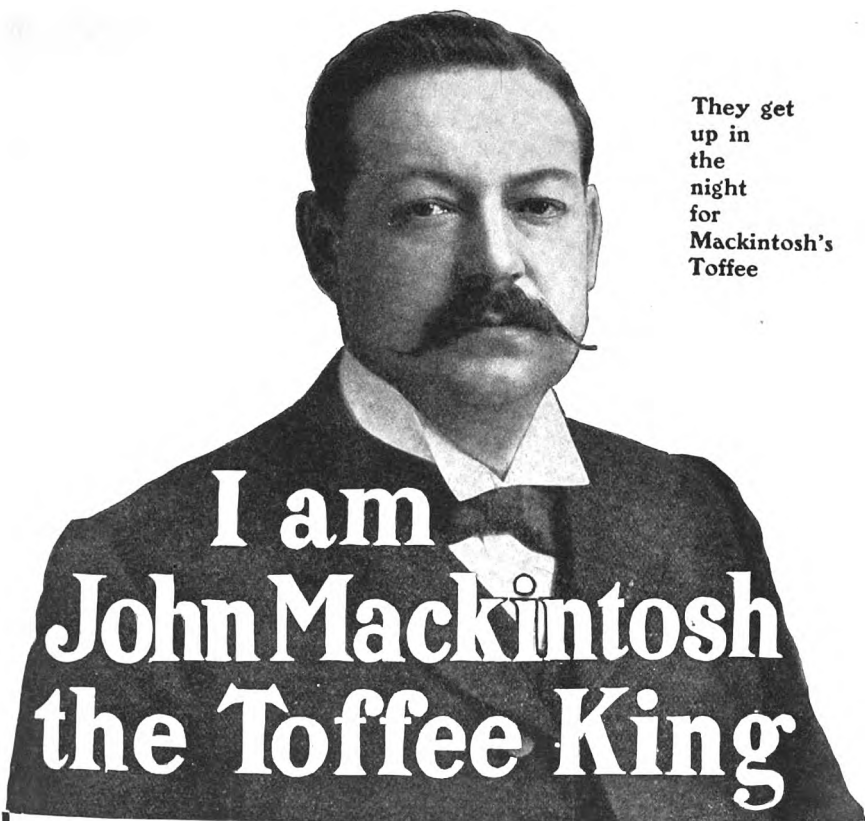
"Well," said the farmer, "I couldn't say. I never heard Mr. Gorman preach."

"I don't like that man Carney," said George; "he brags too much. I went to his church last Sunday and he didn't talk about anything but his father's mansions and brag about how much finer they were than anyone else's."

H. S. Slawson.

Walnuts and Wine

They get
up in
the
night
for
Mackintosh's
Toffee



I am
John Mackintosh
the Toffee King

Mackintosh's Toffee

Is as Safe to Eat as Bread and Butter

and does one as much good, yet is as "more-ish" as jam tarts.

This OLD ENGLISH CANDY

originated in Yorkshire, England, where its immense factories supply the world, is, without doubt, the purest and best candy made.

You don't get Toffee unless you get Mackintosh's. Look for my face on every package. I use my face for the protection of my customers.

Whatever you are, whether tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, rich man or poor man, eat Mackintosh's Toffee; it will make you feel happy and do you good.

Sold wherever candy is sold; or send ten cents for a trial package.

DEALERS—I am doing this advertising for your benefit. Mackintosh's Toffee is the largest advertised candy in the world. Keep a good supply on hand.

JOHN MACKINTOSH, Dept. N, 78 Hudson Street, New York.

Walnuts and Wine

THE IDEAL CLOTHING

In Montana, along the line of the Great Northern Railroad a pelting rain was falling one November day. Inside the section house the rusty soft coal stove, setting in its box of sawdust, was red with heat. Two section hands came in, dripping like the proverbial rats, and proceeded to stand as close to the stove as they well could without being scorched. Shortly, clouds of steam ascended from their soaked clothing and the small room soon resembled a vapor bath.

"I tell you, Mike," said one as he squeezed the water from the hem of his trousers. "Overalls is the things to wear, fer no matter how wet they are, they are so soon dry."

"Naw, Jawn, mackinaws is the byes," replied the other as he looked down with satisfaction at his plaid suit of thick woollen. "Mackinaws is the only clothes, fer when ye are wet and cold, they kape ye so warrum and dhry."

Caroline Lockhart.

QUID PRO QUO

He bore all the ear-marks of a nomad, and was a little the rosier from contact with the wine-cup. As he sauntered up the street he saw approaching the rotund evangelist who was laboring at the church where the revival was in progress. He reached the evangelist and calmly asked for a dime with which to buy his breakfast. He got it.

That night he attended the evangelistic service, still togged out in his tattered clothes and wearing the same hue upon his nose. When the evangelist asked if any one present felt the need of arising under the influence of the service, he was the first. He stood silently for a moment, then resumed his place.

The preacher asked the same question. Again the tramp arose. This time he remarked, after a pause:

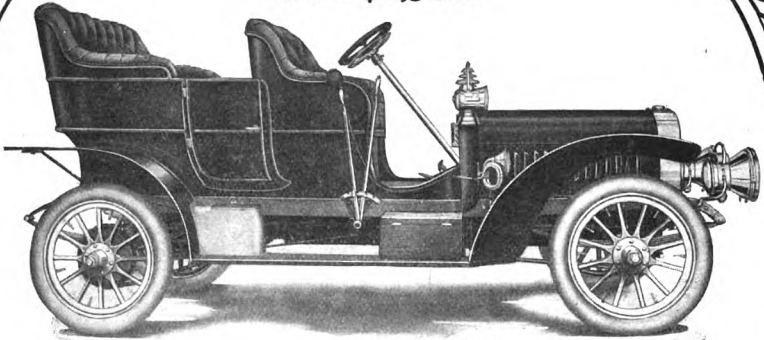
"Now, Mr. Jones, if there's anything else you'd like me to do to-night, jest say so, for I'm mighty grateful fer the dime you give me this mornin'."

E. W. Hilgert.

Walnuts and Wine

Model 15

Price \$2,500.



Rambler

A Car of Power and Steady Service

Equipped with a four cylinder, vertical motor, 35-40 H. P., providing one full horse-power to every seventy-five pounds of dead weight with car fully equipped.

The entire power plant and controlling mechanism refined and simplified to the Rambler standard of serviceability.

Elegance of design and appointments mark this the ideal car for which you have been waiting.

It is but one of seven models for 1906.

Our catalog, giving full details, mailed upon request.

Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wis., U. S. A.

Branches :

Chicago, 302-304 Wabash Ave.

Milwaukee, 457-459 Broadway.

San Francisco, 125-131 Golden Gate Ave.

Boston, 145 Columbus Ave.

Philadelphia, 242 N. Broad Street.

New York Agency, 134 W. 39th St.

Thos. B. Jeffery & Company

Walnuts and Wine

EDDIE'S EPISODE, &c., &c.

By T. C. McConnell

A woolly west granger named Hoforth
Decided one evening to go forth
And visit his farm.
He meant little harm,
For his gun contained beans, salt, &c.

Four lads taking melons, &c.,
Were treated as felons by Hoforth.
The leader did not
Escape being shot.
Poor Eddie! Blood started to flow forth.

Ed will lead them no more to and fro forth;
If the four forage more he will go *fourth*
Behind the three "well 'uns"
While searching for melons,
&c., &c., &c.

AN ELUSIVE DINNER

At a country boarding house, where a "green" waitress was taking the dinner orders, she had asked four other boarders whether they would have roast beef or chicken, and they had all said the latter. When she asked me, I replied, "Chicken, please." Imagine my surprise when she answered, "I'm sorry, sir, but the chicken has just run out."

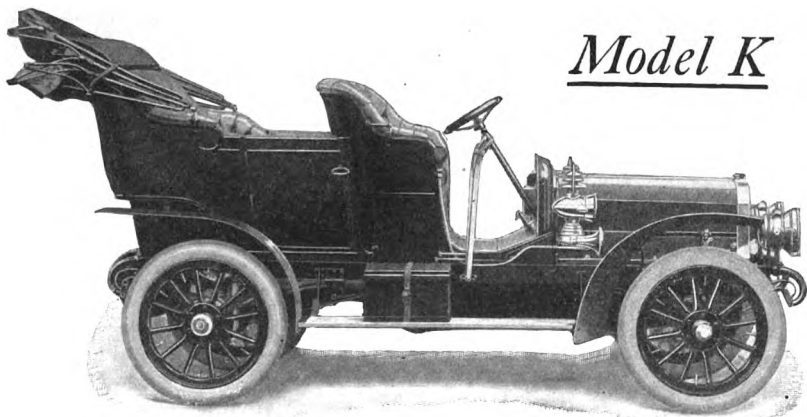
G. F. D.

A PROSPECTIVE VOTER

Upon receiving this telegram the other day, President Roosevelt was delighted and decided to dispel any lingering fears he had on the race-suicide question. It came from the wife of a Western politician named Ward, and ran as follows:—

"Congratulate us, the ninth Ward has been carried."

M. B. Miller.



Model K

WINTON Accessibility

ACCESSIBILITY means more to the Motorist, on reflection, than when first mentioned.

Being able to get at any part of the Mechanism which may be "out of whack" is important, of course. But of much more importance is the Winton construction which makes the Driver willing to get at it *immediately*.

You know how it is with Human Nature!

If the trained ear detects "something wrong" with the Motor, or Transmission, the time to investigate is at *once*—just as soon as the sound causes you to *suspect* it.

But you *won't* do that unless the Car Builder has made it mighty *easy* for you to do it on the spot.

If your Car is not *more* accessible than many that boast Accessibility you'll *wait* till you get it home to the Barn before you investigate.

And by that time much damage may be done that *could* have been easily avoided by quick and easy investigation on the *first* suspicion of "Trouble."

Many serious accidents arise from that sort of *postponement*.

Half the usual repair bills *can* be cut out by *early* investigation, and slight adjustments *in time*—on first discovery.

This is why we've made the Winton Model K the most *readily* accessible Car that ever was planned.

It is so *easy*, this season, to "get at" every working part of the Winton Model K that there's no *inducement* to *postpone* investigation and adjustment when any Trouble is suspected.

Five actual minutes will uncover the working parts of the Winton Model K.

You see we've planned *this* Car to work the way Human Nature works,—so that it is a *pleasure* to investigate its working parts.

Opening the hinged Bonnet exposes the Motor in less than a minute's time.

The turning of two handles uncovers instantly the whole Crank-shaft with its four connecting rods.

Lift up a foot-board, before front seat, turn a handle, and the entire Transmission Gear lies instantly before you.

A few minutes' more work takes that entire Transmission Gear clear out of its dust-proof case, for adjustment or repair.

* * *

Then, the Driving Axle is equally accessible.

Unscrew a single cap-nut, on either driving wheel, and you can *draw out* the entire Axle for inspection and adjustment, from its strong supporting Tube, *without Jack or Pit*, and without a Guest alighting from the Tonneau.

And all this has been planned so there need not be any stooping, groping, nor creeping under the Carriage, in that most undignified attitude which makes the Motorist's Guests pity him, on the spot, and ridicule him afterwards.

The Winton Model K is so accessible that its Driver *will fix* any lack of adjustment on *suspicion*, and on first discovery of it.

That means a big difference in the aforesaid Repair bills, safety, and longevity of the Winton Car. Don't underestimate *such* accessibility as *this*.

* * *

The Winton Model K has:

30 Horse-power or better—

4-Cylinder Vertical Motor, which starts from the seat without cranking—

New Compensating Carburetor—

New Precision "Shooting" Oiler—

Improved Winton Twin-Springs—

Improved and enlarged-surface Brakes—

Magnificent carriage body, with superb upholstery and dashing style.

One price only—viz., \$2,500, for Car equal to the best on the market at \$3,500.

Get our new book—"The Motor Car Dissected."

Write to The Winton Motor Carriage Co., Dept. V, Cleveland, Ohio.

Walnuts and Wine

THE REAL TREE STORY

By Perrine Lambert

The Cherry tree that Georgie knew

Up straight and tall like this it grew.

When Georgie strolled up with his axe
And gave it several healthy whacks,
The same aforesaid cherry tree

Looked very much like this you see.

But truth must ever come to light
And so it happened, late that night,
When Dad found out who cut the tree,

Young George was bent across Dad's knee.

MEDICAL

Johnny had a very bad cold and when he came to school one morning he greeted his teacher with this request:

"Say Miss May; Mother says as I've got an orful cold, and may I please suck a tableau?"

Clara Cadette Dalsimer.

Walnuts and Wine

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

**INSIST ON
HAVING THE**



Gillette Safety NO STROPPING. NO HONING. Razor

“No, Sir!”

There is no “Just as Good” as “The Gillette.”
“The Gillette” is the *only* perfected and distinctive safety razor in the world.

All other so-called safety razors are attempts to improve on the old style single-blade and single-edge razor.

“The Gillette” has 12 blades of fine wafer steel, giving 24 keen edges, ready for instant use.

OUR NEW OFFER

10 Extra blades for 50 cents.

No blades exchanged

When a blade is dull throw it away.

Our low price for the blades gives you a fresh, keen razor at the least possible cost and trouble.

All leading Cutlery and Hardware stores and dealers in gents' fine toilet articles sell “The Gillette” and the blades.

Ask your local dealer to show you “The Gillette” and give you our booklet, or write us about our trial offer.

**GILLETTE SALES COMPANY 1171 Times Building
New York City**



Walnuts and Wine

SCRIPTURAL PROOF

At a colored camp meeting in Carolina a testifying penitent referred to himself and his unconverted brothers as "niggers" in a spirit of abject humility which he deemed well pleasing to his maker. The presiding elder who "amened" his speech at proper intervals finally threw out a gentle rebuke.

"Call yo'se'f a cullud pusson, Brother," he admonished impressively. "Niggers is a term ob reproach invented by proud white folks. Dey ain't no mention in de Good Book of Niggers."

"Oh, yes, dey is, parson," the penitent contradicted solemnly. "Don't you rec'lect de place whar it tell about nigger Demus?"

Helen Frances Huntington.

THE WAY WE REFORM THINGS

By Henry W. Francis

Speculation,
Peculation,
Publication,
Sensation,
Investigation,
Prevarication,
Legislation,
Litigation,
Procrastination,
Evaporation!

UNINTENTIONALLY FRANK

It was a typographical error that threatened to bring streaks of gray into the locks of the editor of a newly started weekly which purported to chronicle the doings of the smart set of a western city. In reality, however, it sold out the edition, and filled the readers with a desire to see what would develop in the succeeding numbers. The subject of the paragraph was a pink luncheon given by a well-known matron. When the edition was given to the public it was found that the opening lines of general eulogy were followed by the bald statement, "The luncheon was punk."

H. C. Spooner.

Walnuts and Wine

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER



When the Snow Flies

and biting, frosty air roughens the skin, use Mennen's—it keeps the skin just right. A positive relief for **chapped hands, chafing** and **all skin troubles**. Mennen's face on every box—be sure that you get the genuine. For sale everywhere or by mail, 25c. Sample free.

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N. J.

TRY MENNEN'S VIOLET TALCUM

Walnuts and Wine

THIN ICE

By John Temple

When Prue and I went skating
(Prue is twenty and petite)
I must confess I lingered
O'er her dainty little feet,
Till Prudence cried out archly:
"The ice is getting thin,
If you kneel around much longer
We both shall tumble in."

When Prue and I went skating
I grew for once quite bold.
We had done the "Roll" together
And she said her hand was cold
So I warmed it. (Do you blame me?
Prue is pink and young and fair.)
Then she cried in mock alarm: "The ice
Is breaking, sir. Take care!"

When Prue and I went skating
(The coast was clear) I dared
To draw her to me gently
While I told her that I cared;
And she dropped her lashes shyly,
So I kissed her. Wouldn't you?
And I knew without a word from her
The ice had broken through.



LIMITED SERVICE

Bishop Brewster, of Connecticut, while visiting some friends not long ago, tucked his napkin in his collar to avoid the juice of the grape-fruit at breakfast. He laughed as he did it, and said it reminded him of a man he once knew who rushed into a restaurant and, seating himself at a table, proceeded to tuck his napkin under his chin. He then called a waiter and said, "Can I get lunch here?"

"Yes," responded the waiter in a dignified manner, "but not a shampoo."

M. B. Miller.

Walnuts and Wine



Handsome *is*
that

HAND SAPOLIO

does"

If you want a velvet skin, don't PUT ON preparations, but TAKE OFF the dead skin, and let the new perfect cuticle furnish its own beauty.

Those who use HAND SAPOLIO need no cosmetics — Nature, relieved, does its own work, and you will gain, or retain, a natural beauty that no balms or powders can imitate.

HAND SAPOLIO removes dead cuticle and gives the skin a velvet quality. In the bath it is a marvelous exhilarator, making every nerve and muscle and vein respond.

HAND SAPOLIO

Is the Soap with "Life" in it.



Walnuts and Wine

EFFICACY PLUS PRAYER

Ethel, one of New Hampshire's seven-year-old daughters, is devoted to the birds. She was enraged at her older brother, whose keenest enjoyment seemed to be to trap them. She pleaded with him and scolded him, but all to no effect. So Ethel took a new tack.

When prayer time came the other evening her mother heard this final petition added to those which dealt directly with the spiritual and material welfare of the family: "An', dear God, please smash all Willie's nasty traps, for Jesus' sake, Amen."

"Ethel, *dear*," said mother seriously, "Do you really think that last is a nice thing to ask God to do? Do you expect Him to do such a thing as that?"

Ethel smiled beamingly, and answered: "Oh, that'll be all right muzzer. Jes before I comed up-stairs I smashed 'em all my own self."

Warwick James Price.

A BOOTBLACK'S ESTIMATE OF FOLK

Of the many points of view from which to judge the success of a lecturer the one revealed in this incident is unique.

The bootblack at an Illinois Chautauqua Assembly was asked, "Who was the greatest lecturer on the program this year?"

"Governor Folk," was the quick reply.

"Why do you think Governor Folk the greatest lecturer?"

"Why, sir, I made \$6.25 the day he was here."

P. M. Pearson.

A NATURAL CONCLUSION

By Grace G. Bostwick

"Who is that man with the cast in his eye?"

So asked the stranger. I quick made reply,

"Theatrical manager, sir, he must be,

Unless he gives lie to the sign that I see."

Artloom Tapestries

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Furnish Your Home Inexpensively and Tastefully

THE artistic advance in their manufacture now makes possible delightful creations equal in color, design, and fabric to those from the Oriental and Eastern looms, but at a much lower cost. The significance of this is everything to the home-maker whose effort is to contrive tasteful and economical home decoration and furnishing.

Write to-day for Style Book "J" showing articles in actual colors. Free on request.

Oriental Couch Cover

(As Illustrated)

FIFTY inches wide and three yards long in the cloth and has a handsome, heavy, and knotted fringe all around—sides and ends. The beautiful design is an all-over Oriental effect, the pattern being exactly the same on both sides but in different colors. Perfectly reversible and may be had in the following colors: red, reverse blue; green, reverse red; blue, reverse terra cotta; and terra cotta, reverse green. In ordering, be sure to state which of these color combinations you prefer. No better example of artloom values could be offered. It will quickly transform the old couch and lend to the furnishings of the room an air of elegance and luxury. Price \$4.00.



Insist on seeing this label. It appears on every



genuine artloom production and is the mark of character, fineness of texture, truthness of design and color—our ear in g qualities.

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The cleverest book on home decorations ever printed. Illustrated with twelve full-page views showing contrasting interior arrangements. Written by Miss Edith W. Fisher, whose articles in *The Ladies' Home Journal* have stamped her an authority on the subject. Send us this coupon with four cents in stamps and the name of your department-store or dry-goods dealer and we will send you a copy of "Home-Making."
96

Philadelphia Tapestry Mills, Philadelphia, Pa.

Walnuts and Wine

HARMONY

There is in a Western town an "All Souls" Unitarian Church. Its struggle for life is a hard one and many ways and means of raising money have been resorted to by its small but faithful band of followers. One of the latest is to rent the church for half the time to the Christian Scientists. So now on one side of the church door appears a modest sign announcing to the passer-by that Unitarian services are held there at certain hours while on the other side appears a similar sign telling of the Scientist services.

A clever young lawyer who chanced to be passing the church with a friend soon after the two new signs were installed read both, then said with a smile:

"All Souls—No Matter!"

Grace M. Crawford.



A CLEAN BILL

So far, at least, as the city of New York is concerned, Lloyd Osbourne's record is clear: he has never been in jail there. This can be definitely stated, and without reservation because there is the highest authority for it. Mr. Osbourne, when in New York, generally makes his headquarters at The Lambs'. The other day, through the carelessness of some hurried clerk in the Post Office, a letter addressed to Mr. Osbourne at The Lambs' was sent instead to The Tombs. From that city institution it was returned by the chief clerk himself, and, under Mr. Osbourne's name on the envelope, in the chief clerk's own hand, was this official endorsement:

"Not here—yet."

R. W. K.



A FOREIGN VIEW

Several years ago a German was passing in the train on Celebration Day. As the train stopped he heard the strains of festive music, and, observing the demonstration, remarked to a friend, "Say, dot mens Washington he most have great drubble mid his droops here—ain't it?"

E. J. Baker.



"The Dining Car."

*Budweiser
is served on all
Buffet, Dining and
Pullman Cars,
Ocean, Lake and
River Steamers
and
at all first-class
Hotels, Cafes and
Restaurants*

Budweiser

King of Bottled Beers

—delicious and refreshing—adds greatly to the comforts of travel.

Budweiser is obtainable almost everywhere. It is served on all Buffet, Dining and Pullman Cars, on all Ocean, Lake and River Steamers, and will be found at all first-class Hotels, Cafes and Restaurants of the United States and Europe.

Wherever you are located, a Distributor is conveniently near to supply you with Budweiser.

If you don't know his name, drop us a postal and we will tell you.

Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n
St. Louis, U.S.A.

Walnuts and Wine

GROWN TOO PARTICULAR

A boy was in the habit of accompanying his mother on afternoon calls. One day when ready to start she called to him to come along.

"No," said the boy, "I don't want to go."

"But why not?" said the mother, "I thought you always liked to go to that place."

"Well," said the boy, "I did use to like to go there, but lately they've got so stuck up they don't like to have a feller lick his plate and I won't go there no more."

F. B.

"PANAMA '05"

By Alfred Damon Runyon

*Back to the campus hiking, sounding a glad hurrah—
Who wouldn't trade jobs with the dirty old slobs
Who work on the Panama!*

Well! I wish my folks could see me
A-swinging a deuced pick,
A-cracking my back on a railroad track
And doing things double quick.
And I wish the boys could see me
To give me a glad hurrah,
A-lugging a chain with might and main
At work on the Panama!
('Rah!)

When the fever trains wind over
The hills, not a soul comes back.
There's many a switch on the Panama ditch
Till you light on the homeward track.
But I wish the class could see me
To give me a rousing cheer—
For gloom is the law on the Panama
A-making an engineer.
(Hear!)

And I wish the boys could see me
A-sitting me down to eat.

How \$1 Can be Safely Invested at 7 per cent.

is sure to interest every one.

It will be particularly interesting to you if you have been getting only 3 or 4 per cent. paid by savings banks, whose stockholders grow wealthy by loaning your money at a higher rate of interest.

Through a co-operative plan we have evolved you may now invest any amount from \$1 to \$1000 at 7 per cent. guaranteed, on even better security than banks offer.

You may become a partner in a \$200,000 business that earned over \$100,000 in the past 19 months.

This is an investment that appeals to conservative people.

People who put their money into real estate, mortgages, and building associations are among our heaviest investors.

Every dollar you invest is secured by real estate that is constantly growing more valuable.

Property that has made poor men rich and rich men richer.

As a partner in this business you share directly in the profits of the sale of this property—large profits.

7 PER CENT. GUARANTEED AT ONCE

but much more easily possible—

There is not another investment opportunity like this anywhere.

No matter if you have never invested a cent of money before, you will surely be interested in this proposition.

Write for particulars to-day, or better still, if you want to share in the next dividend, fill out and mail the attached coupon at once. Whatever amount you send us will share in the dividend.

This advertisement may not appear again, as there are only a limited number of shares for sale.

Atlantic City Estate Co.

VICTOR J. HUMBRECHT, President

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I enclose \$_____ for which reserve_____ shares of stock at \$10 each, with the understanding that you will refund this amount at once, if I am not entirely satisfied after further investigation.

Name _____

Address _____

Walnuts and Wine

And grabbing the "chuck"—me a hungry duck—
And working my jaws and feet.
Oh, the grub ain't good to look at,
And often it sticks in your craw—
But—barring the worms and the fever germs—
Tastes good—on the Panama—
(Oh, Ma!)

We are bossed by a blooming rummy
Whose voice beats the edge of a saw—
A man who will do on the 'varsity crew
Ain't much on the Panama.
So you ask no questions 'round you—
For some may have skipped the law,
And characters nice don't cut much ice,
At work on the Panama—
(Naw!)

But I wish the boys could see me
A-piking it down the track,
With mud on my clothes and a bloody nose
Where the pick-kick hit me a crack—
When I'm booting the coolies 'round me
And laying 'em down the law,
And raising a row as I tell 'em how
To work on the Panama—
(Aw!)

*Back to the campus hiking, sounding a glad hurrah—
Who would trade jobs with the blooming old slobs
Who work on the Panama!*

✱

A PROBLEM

By Julien Josephson

If Ninety Bricks, dropped Ninety Feet,
Will break a half-inch Plank,
How much must one Official drop
To break a Savings Bank?

WE SELL DIRECT TO YOU

Every time an article is sold its next selling price increases, for the seller must have a profit. The oftener the whiskey you buy is handled or sold before it reaches you, the more you have to pay, for in the end the consumer pays all profits which have been added to the distillers' price.

We are distillers and sell HAYNER WHISKEY direct to you. We cut out the brokers, jobbers, rectifiers, wholesalers and retailers. There are no "go-betweens" of any kind to water and adulterate it. You get absolutely pure whiskey. You buy at the distillers' price and save the middlemen's enormous profits. Pure HAYNER WHISKEY has no superior at any price, and yet it costs less than dealers charge for inferior and adulterated stuff.

PURE HAYNER WHISKEY

4 FULL QUARTS \$3.20 EXPRESS PREPAID

OUR OFFER We will ship you, in a plain sealed case with no marks to show contents, **FOUR FULL QUART BOTTLES** of HAYNER PRIVATE STOCK RYE or BOURBON for \$3.20, and we will pay express charges. Take it home and sample it, have your doctor test it, every bottle if you wish. Then, if you are not perfectly satisfied, ship it back to us at our expense and your \$3.20 will be promptly refunded. Doesn't such a guarantee, backed by a company that has been in business for 40 years and has a capital of \$500,000.00 paid in full, protect you fully? How could any offer be fairer? The expense is all ours if you're not satisfied. Write our nearest office **TO-DAY**.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Col., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., or Wyo., must be on the basis of **4 Quarts for \$4.00 by EXPRESS PREPAID** or **20 Quarts for \$15.20 by FREIGHT PREPAID**.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY,

DAYTON, OHIO. ST. LOUIS, MO., ST. PAUL, MINN., ATLANTA, GA.

DISTILLERY TROY, OHIO. ESTABLISHED 1866.



Walnuts and Wine

HE KNEW THE SIGNS

They were playing in a vacant lot at the corner. Suddenly a woman's voice rent the air:

"Will—lee!"

They played on peacefully.

"Will-lie!"

One of them stirred uncomfortably and looked at the other.

"Will-lee-ee-ce!"

The uncomfortable one spoke.

"Say, don't you hear your mother callin' you?"

Willie answered placidly:

"Oh, yes, I hear her,—but she ain't callin' very mad yet."

E. B.



PAIRED

Said Mr. C., "In those days I was a Republican, and my friend R., who was the most penurious man in New England, was a Democrat. One day he said to me, 'C., have your committee been after you?'"

"'Not yet,' I replied.

"'Well, mine have been after me, and they wanted me to subscribe \$500, and I told them I would,' said he.

"I looked at him in amazement. Then he added, 'Yes, I told them the Republicans would expect \$500 from you and I was going to pair off! So, mind you stick to that arrangement. It will be all the same to both parties, and it won't cost either of us a cent.'"

C. Q. Wright, U. S. N.



HARD GUESSING

Hi.—"What's in the bag, Hez?"

Hez.—"Punkins."

Hi.—"How many?"

Hez.—"If ye kin guess, I'll gin ye both of 'em."

E. F. Moberly, Jr.

Walnuts and Wine

CAREFUL HOUSEKEEPERS in all parts of the Country are loud in their praises of

X-RAY STOVE POLISH

We have thousands of unsolicited testimonials like those shown herewith.



It is the original powdered Stove Polish and is guaranteed to go twice as far as paste or liquid polishes.

Easily applied. X-RAY gives a quick, brilliant lustre, and

DOES NOT BURN OFF

A Free Sample Gladly Sent Upon Request

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Sole Agents, Dept. 14 78 Hudson Street, New York

I prefer X-Ray Stove Polish to all others as it will not burn off and is easily applied.—Mrs. J. H. HARRISON, Detroit, Mich.

I like X-Ray better than anything I have ever used. Was advised to use — and by doing so nearly spoiled the looks of my range. Used X-Ray; now my range looks as it did when new.—MINNIE R. RUSSELL, West Somerville, Mass.

I know from experience that X-Ray Stove Polish is excellent and that it will not burn off.—Mas. E. S. LUCE, Fairfield, Iowa.

X-Ray Stove Polish makes my stove look like a mirror. I never use any other.—Mas. T. E. NUTT, Eastport, Me.

I have used X-Ray Stove Polish and found it satisfactory in every way. It does not burn off even with a very hot fire. It polishes easier than any I have ever used and I would not think of using any other brand.—Mrs. H. A. CURTIS, Hackensack, N. J.

Since using X-Ray Stove Polish I would not go back to the old-fashioned kind I used to use.—Mrs. C. E. WEYBRIGHT, Wichita, Kan.

I find X-Ray Stove Polish to be just as advertised. I know by experience that it will not burn off and is easy to apply.—MRS. R. ETTA JOHNSON, Brooklyn, Wis.

I have used X-Ray Stove Polish for a year and find it superior to all other polishes.—MRS. FRANCES E. PECK, Davenport, Ia.

I have found X-Ray Stove Polish to be the most satisfactory of any kind that I have ever used.—HARRIET D. EICHHARDT, Buffalo, N. Y.

I must say that I have found X-Ray Stove Polish the best of polishes. We always use it and find it far superior to any other. Our grocer says that he sells more of the X-Ray Polish than of any other brands.—MARY H. MCINADRE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I know from several years' experience that X-Ray Stove Polish is excellent and won't rub off.—MISS A. STEVENS, Roxbury, Mass.

ADMIRAL TOGO'S SIGNAL at the decisive battle of the Sea of Japan was: "The destiny of our Empire depends upon this action. You are all expected to do your utmost." Every father is expected to do his utmost for his family, and that's why so many take out Life Insurance.

Henry Ward Beecher was a constant advocate of sound life insurance. He taught his people never to expect Providence to do for them what they could do for themselves.

Andrew Carnegie recently said: "Every young man should get his life insured. The young man who neglects to insure his life, even though it entails some hardships to meet the premiums, does himself and those dependent upon him an injustice." The Prudential furnishes an easy method through its varied line of policies.

The Prudential will do for you and yours what it is doing for millions of others. Issues a policy at low cost providing Sound Protection and Liberal Dividends with Certainty of Prompt Settlement.

Write to the home office of the Company at Newark, New Jersey, for further information.



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by all Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

Walnuts and Wine

OR SO HE RECKONED

At the close of the war between the States young Dr. Gray of Kentucky, told his black people that all of them who wished to stay on the old plantation and work, could do so, and give him a third of what they made. He, himself, went to practicing his profession in a neighboring town. A number of his former slaves were loth to leave the old home, and gladly accepted their young master's proposition. Among them was one of the oldest negroes on the place, who was known to the whole country as Uncle Caliph.

One day the next autumn Dr. Gray, returning from a call, found Uncle Caliph seated on his office steps.

"What is it, Uncle Cabe? Nobody sick I hope."

The old negro rose with his hat in his hand.

"Nothin' the mattah, little Marse, I'se jest cum to see yo' on ticlah bisness—jest to tell yo' I didn't mek de thurd."

"Didn't make the third, Uncle Cabe? I don't know what you mean."

The old negro chuckled. "Taint often I hab to splain fings to little Marse—he's so spry in he's haid. Yo' know, little Marse, I tuk that ole hoss lot fur mine to tend? An' I wuked powful on it, too; but wud yo' bleeb it? I only made two loads uv cawn. Yo' see now I didn't make de thurd fur yo'."

Snowden King.

NOT GUILTY

"Parents afflict children with such queer names," remarked a young lady at the club one day. "Think of naming poor Newman, 'Cardinal?'"

Minna Froil.

NATIONALITY DIDN'T COUNT

A mother went into a shoe store to buy a pair of shoes for her little son who accompanied her. A clerk came briskly forward and, learning that shoes were wanted for the boy, looked at him intently for a moment. "French Kid?" he said.

"'Tis none of your business whether he do be French or Irish," flashed the mother; "I want a pair of shoes fur 'im."

Will M. Hundley.

LIPPINCOTT'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1906



A SOCIAL PRIVATEER

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF DAVID MAXWELL

BY FRANCIS WILLING WHARTON

I.

THE tea-tray was old English silver; the cups were delicate and graceful; the room was furnished with simplicity and good taste; it was the one instance where Miss Wetmore had triumphed over a self-confident mother. She sat before the fire on an afternoon in late January, and looked about her with a sense of the repose and well-being she experienced here and in no other corner of the house except her own bedroom.

It was cold outside, and the birch logs on the andirons were piled high and crackled cheerfully. They threw their light on the soft color of the smooth, unornamented walls, on which hung a few photographs of great pictures. The lamp was not yet lit, for at four o'clock the day had not faded to twilight, and the chintz covers of the chairs, the bright toned pattern of the rug, and the leaping flames on the hearth made the room cheerful.

Miss Wetmore sat with her hands crossed idly on some letters in her lap, in the quiet that excitement sometimes lends an active nature. She was handsome, in a statuesque way, with a nobly set head and beautiful shoulders; stately even when sitting alone in the trailing gray silk and lace which she wore as a tea-gown. If you had studied Mr. Wetmore, civilly getting through time at one of their long dinners, you would have traced the source of her determined lips and clear-sighted eyes that neither faltered before the truth, nor

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had the imagination to see two sides to it. Her thoughts and the fire had deepened the soft color of her cheek to a spot of red, and, as the servant announced "Mr. Maxwell," she grasped her letters with fingers that shook slightly. She did not rise, only leaned forward with a brilliant, eager glance not very commonly in her eyes.

"Am I early?" said her visitor. "I thought it so much the best chance of seeing you and not seeing other people." He drew a chair up to the fire, and held out his hands to its blaze. "It's beastly cold," he went on; "the fine bracing weather that sends most people to the South. I hope Mr. Wetmore likes the thermometer at zero."

She leaned back, looking past him at the fire, but she saw him, nevertheless.

"Papa doesn't think about the thermometer," she said slowly, "but he delivered a horrible sentence on us this morning. We are to go to Washington for six weeks, and I don't want to go at all."

Maxwell had keen instincts, trained in a hard school. He lifted his restless, light-gray eyes from the fire, and for a moment they met hers; they were soft, eager; with all her dignity her youth betrayed a secret. He dropped his glance to the fire again, and talked on to gain time for thought.

"You don't want to go? Oh, that's because you don't know Washington; the life would fascinate you—for six weeks. I can't say you will want more of it; but that will be a delightful experience. Why, Washington thinks—acts—it doesn't merely talk and make money as we do here."

He leaned back and crossed his arms, and again met her glance with his keen, elusive eyes. She had thought it amounted to a fault when she first met him, that you could not believe him frank; now she didn't care whether he was frank or not; he knew best about that and about other things.

"I don't want to be uprooted like a plant and set in another conservatory just to please papa," she protested, "and I am interested enough where I am, and—altogether I hate it!"

Maxwell was thinking hard and looking gravely at her; she was more on her guard now, and returned his look with interest only.

"It's nice of you to hate it," he said, and gave a short friendly laugh, which she had never made out the lack in; she wasn't subtle enough to know that you can laugh with your mind and not with your heart; it is a real performance, but it lacks fire. "I hate it, too," he went on, in the abrupt sentences he usually dealt in, "but I am older than you are. Hating things doesn't suggest they aren't likely to happen."

Miss Wetmore pressed the electric bell beside her.

"You paint yourself as a sort of Saint Simeon standing patiently on a column," she said,—"Tea, James,—and somehow I shouldn't think patience was your strong point." She smiled, to soften even so gentle a criticism.

Maxwell laughed.

"It isn't. A sullen endurance is the best that I can achieve, or a mighty effort to totally abandon what I wanted."

She arched her graceful neck. "I'm not going to learn that," she said; "fate can deny me things, but it can't dictate my likings."

"You ignorant young creature," said Maxwell, softly; and, their eyes meeting, Miss Wetmore's dropped, and her color rose.

Maxwell turned to the fire and jammed his hands into his pockets. It was true, then, the thing was there and he might have it. Toughened though he was, his heart beat a quick tattoo; why not? She was handsome, lovable, and very rich. It would settle his future, the long voyage would be at an end, and his boat at anchor. But the port? A most desirable haven, but was it a fit one? An image came to him of a long stretch of green lawn running down to the water-side; a wharf, a pier, a yacht, and beside it a battered cruiser straining at her chain. There were false colors to be shown somewhere; Maxwell was only part pirate, and he didn't desire to turn that part to his wife. The silence only lasted a moment, but he had almost made up his mind.

She was busy with the tea-things when he turned to her.

"How little you know of life, don't you?" he said, slowly; "how old are you?"

She did not look up. "Twenty-two."

"Good Lord!" He passed his hand over his smooth fair hair. "And I am close to forty! Why, I feel as though I had been dancing with you under false pretences. Did you guess in these three months what a decrepit person you were flirting with?" His smile wrinkled round his eyes, and just touched his fine, rather thin lips.

"I wasn't flirting," said Miss Wetmore. "Do you still take two lumps?"

"No, I am moving on," said Maxwell; "I like two and a half."

She smiled, and there was again a quicker circulation of his blood, and another essay of his rapid mind to make a *résumé* of the field. He did not love her—no, not at all! Curiously enough, through all his constant attention to her, he had never felt a quickening of his pulse until now, and even now it arose from a perception of her feeling, not the awakening of his own. She had been one of the desirable belles of the winter; they got on, she encouraged him, and he skimmed

the social cream the situation involved; that had been all. No, not quite all: he had flirted too, and he had rated her response as part of the same pastime, but he had been wrong; he knew it now as surely as though it were written on the wall. She would take him if he offered—take him and force on her father a moderately successful stockbroker with an unknown past and no connections. Would it be square? Had he the one thing to offer in return for what she gave him that might justify him in accepting it? He took his cup, and, slipping out the extra lump she had dropped in, smiled at her over it as he leaned forward, the cup held on his knee.

"No other vandals disgrace your tea-table as I do, do they?" he said; "they all take it without sugar and most of them without cream."

"You are the only person who drinks syrup," retorted Miss Wetmore, with a charming smile; and at that moment James announced another visitor.

"I won't go," murmured Maxwell.

"Don't," said his hostess, speaking low, also; and she rose to meet the bejewelled figure that advanced upon them.

"Well, Minnie," she said, in a voice that was civil, but not cordial, "I should think you would need something more than turquoises to keep you warm. Come to the fire."

"Rather,"—a low voice came from behind Mrs. Dixon's spotted veil,—"*Mr. Maxwell*, how lucky to find you! I have a message for you from Jimmy." She took Maxwell's chair near the fire, and he drew up a low stool between her and the tea-table.

"Have you?" said Maxwell. "I saw him an hour ago, but he discoursed solely upon business."

Mrs. Dixon shook her head. "You men!" she exclaimed; "you are so materialistic,—aren't they, Jeanne? Now, we never think of business, do we?"

"There wouldn't be much point in it, if we did." Miss Wetmore held out a cup of tea to her guest. "No sugar, no cream—isn't that it?"

"You sweet girl to remember!" Mrs. Dixon put back her veil and revealed the handsome complexion and expressive brown eyes with which nature had gifted her. "I would almost forget there was such a thing as sugar, but this man comes in and demands it in his tea."

Miss Wetmore wondered how often Mr. Maxwell went to Mrs. Dixon's in the afternoon, and Maxwell felt a desire to box the neat little ears near him, with their large pearl studs.

"Mrs. Dixon is horribly mean about sugar," he remarked.

"Jimmy and I have to retire and solace ourselves with refreshments in the dining-room when the tea gets too Chinese. How about my message?"

Mrs. Dixon drew off her glove and displayed white fingers covered with rings. Jimmy's successes were as regularly recorded there as in his books. "Your message was that the ice at Hinton will bear, and we want you to come down on Saturday for Sunday; we'll open the house and have a party. Jeanne, I came to ask you."

Miss Wetmore leaned back, looking less animated than she had before.

"Thanks, we go to Washington on Friday for the rest of the winter; my skating is over."

"To Washington!" Mrs. Dixon had drunk her tea, and handed the cup to Maxwell, not forgetting a long, grateful glance as he took it, which struck Miss Wetmore as very disproportionate to his service. "Why, that's sudden, isn't it? What fun you'll have!"

There was a hearty ring in her voice that to the girl's quickened wits sounded very like relief, and Mrs. Dixon's drawing on of her glove and adjustment of her veil spoke the same language. "She lets me have my last interview undisturbed," thought Jeanne, and she bit her lip as she rose to shake hands with her guest.

"I'm hurrying on in this absurd way,"—the soft rich voice again came from a somewhat Delphic source, "because I promised Alfred Parker to go with him the first time he tried to run his machine himself, and I asked him to try twilight because if we do sit shuddering and panting for an hour in the park, we shan't be recognized by all our friends." She shook hands with Maxwell and left her fingers in his until he gently dropped them. "Don't forget Saturday; you'll come, won't you?"

"It would be delightful," Maxwell answered, rather stiffly, and he opened the door and closed it sharply behind her. Then, coming back to his stool, he sat down and, clasping his hands about his knee, stared thoughtfully at his hostess.

"How do you suppose Jimmy stands it?" he said.

She looked at him, and wondered whether the speech expressed all his relations to Mrs. Dixon.

"Stands it!" she answered; "he's in love with her."

"I suppose he is," he returned; "that's queerer still."

"Yet you go there and get your tea;" she spoke with a half rallying, half serious question in her voice.

"I'm not in love with *every* woman who gives me a cup of tea." Maxwell could not forbear a slight emphasis on the word *every*, and it sufficed to restore that lovely color to her cheek. "I'm extremely

fond of Jimmy; he's my very good friend," he added, "and so I see a good deal of Mrs. Dixon—perforce."

There was an instant of silence, then Maxwell continued: "You think I say that in obedience to the unwritten law that a man shall never compliment one woman to another. Haven't you discovered yet that your nature has on mine the effect of a touchstone? It brings out inevitably the truth."

"I should like to think it," she answered, steadying her handsome head on the white column that upheld it, "for it would mean that in time I should understand you thoroughly, and that—is one of my ambitions." She smiled with a charming quiver of her lip, but above, those uncompromising eyes of hers looked at him.

He faced towards her: "To know me would not mean to understand me," he returned. "You look like a Goddess of Justice, and justice would string me up in no time."

"That isn't fair," she flashed back, "you have no right to presuppose my judgment. I hold that I might deprecate, but would always understand your—failings; you have no right to force on me another part."

"Force on you," he retorted; "why, it flashes out of your eyes at this moment, visible to any fool! Rectitude! It's your innate principle of being; it has not been mine,—worse luck,—and if I told you some of my past acts you would freeze silently into a figure of retribution." He had spoken almost savagely, and, catching a note of his own voice, dropped into a laugh. "Dear me, what melodrama!" He laughed again and leaned back, his arms relaxing their tension as they rested folded across his chest.

She pushed the tea-table a little to one side and turned her chair to the fire, so that there lay nothing but the space of glittering parquet and white rug between them; then, restlessly drawing off a band of gold links she wore on her arm, she spoke with hesitation, as she bent the flexible chain into shapes.

"I don't think you have the right to express my opinions," she said; "I challenge you to tell me anything you have done which I cannot—excuse; you must tell me not the bare facts, but the shades of feeling that surrounded them. After all, you have told me a good many of your"—she hesitated—"your escapades and experiences. Have I been so unsympathetic that you cannot trust me further?"

Maxwell stared at her, dealing inwardly with an impulse; with his shrewd eyes and hard face, he was twice as much the creature of impulse as this soft-eyed, red-lipped girl who addressed him. It was an experiment in psychology; he would try it.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I have told you of escapades, yes,

but with a good word for myself somewhere in them. I have told you that I measured out sugar for a grocer in my hard times,—I knew you were no snob. I have told you that I left a gambling-house in my shirt-sleeves and bareheaded on a winter's night, with the rest of my wardrobe forfeit! More folly than guilt. I pleaded guilty to making love to some score of women—more weakness than crime; and so it goes. But to give you a veracious and exact account, chapter and verse, of one of the really darker moments of my existence,—that is another thing, not to be so easily faced.”

Their eyes met, hers full of softness and eager listening.

He went on: “If you could hear such a plain tale told without finching, it would mean your understanding, your friendship for me had triumphed over your nature, and it would be a proof worth much. I am afraid to say where it would land me.” He laughed—a short, abrupt sound, that did not break the tingling atmosphere they breathed. “Shall I try the experiment?” he added, looking into her eyes, and they lived a full instant of excited sensation.

“I'm quite ready,” murmured the girl, and Maxwell shoved his hands into his pockets and pressed his lips together. It was a leap in the dark. He was used to them. He took his usual gambler's risk on the whole situation.

“Well,” he said, drawing a deep breath, “I must carry you to California, and California ten years ago. It was a time in my life when things, having gone very much to the bad, had taken a turn and prospered. I was twenty-eight years old; you will not call that unthinking youth, but I do. I had friends. I was in business and had made money, and took to playing on the stock exchange. I made a small fortune one day, and lost it the next, but no one was much the wiser; one is allowed a good deal of rope in this world—to hang one's self with. I had grown tired of small operations. I went in rather heavily. And one fine, bright spring morning I read ruin on the ticket. Not to be technical,”—he stopped a moment and smiled at her,—“I had to produce fifty thousand dollars that afternoon or fail badly. I was well in anyhow, and this margin was essential. My only hope was that Jameson, a very good friend of mine, might lend me the money, and I made my way to his office.”

Maxwell pushed back his chair from the fire; he did not need its warmth; his usually pale face was slowly gathering color.

“He lived on a little square, very green, leafy, and quiet. I stared at the people who passed me, and wondered if they had ever wanted fifty thousand impossible dollars, and so found my way into Jameson's private office. I remember the place with the greatest distinctness. I had often been there, but I think after that morning I knew the

color of Jameson's pen-wiper, and pen-handle, and the stains on the writing-table, and the worn places in his carpet, and just the angle of the door of his open safe, better than I know my own face. He was in, he was alone, and I told my errand. I hadn't gotten half-way through before I knew that it was fruitless, but kept on, and at the end he shook his head. 'I'm awfully sorry,' he said, 'but, my dear fellow, I'm short myself. I wish I could do anything—perhaps Nelson, or Dana——' His man interrupted him by saying that there was some one to see him in the outer office, and he got up and went out, closing the door behind him."

Maxwell stopped a moment and pressed his lips together. The girl could no more have taken her eyes from his face than she could have divined what was coming.

"Go on," she said.

"You say Fate cannot dictate to you," he continued, "but Fate left me alone with Jameson's open safe. I knew him to be a very rich man. I knew the bundles of papers plainly to be seen there were valuable securities. It was Tuesday. I would have staked my soul that in three days the market would turn. Would he handle those papers in three days? Was I desperate enough to take the chance? I walked over and stared into the open shelves. I put my hand in, and, taking out a package, I looked it over. Another. Between them they would answer my purpose. I adjusted two other piles so that their absence would not be noticeable, and then I sat down, and Jameson entered. We talked for a moment; I said good-bye and went out of the room."

Maxwell was still staring at the fire, and so was his listener. He went on rapidly, but without hurry.

"On Thursday I went to Jameson's office again and sat there talking to him with a package on my knee." He stopped and passed his hand over his hair. "Good God! How long it seemed until some one called him. But they did at last, and I was again alone with Jameson's open safe. I laid my bundles in their place and had just returned to my seat when he came back. He talked awhile, and suddenly laid his hand on my arm. 'Dave,' he said, 'it's been worrying me that I never helped you with that money, and I hate to think some other fellow was a better friend than I. (I had told him I was out of my difficulties.) Now, next time, come to me again, and I'll squeeze it out somehow.'"

Maxwell ceased, and the girl put out her hand with a gesture very like a command.

"You told him?" she said, passionately.

"Yes," the young man returned slowly, "I told him, and lost one of the best friends I ever had."

There was silence. A little clock ticked with a sudden, insistent loudness. He had never noticed the sound before. He looked at her a long moment, then leaned back in his chair.

"And now," he said, deliberately, "you have your wish, you know me, and I have lost another."

The girl sat very still and upright, looking into the fire. At last she spoke:

"I am afraid," she said, slowly, "I am afraid you have," and as she spoke something hurt so that she never after felt a pain quite its equal; "and I—I have lost an ideal."

Maxwell paled; that hurt too.

"I was right, wasn't I?" he said; "you are not the sort whose love, or friendship, withstands such a strain. Your sense of right is stronger than mere personal feeling." And into the last words he put something that cut.

She faced him.

"You were quite right," she said; "I have to respect or I can't—love."

They gazed straight into each other's eyes, and he suddenly smiled.

"You beautiful creature," he said, gently, "you are just as you should be; and, though it hurts to have some one think you a scoundrel, it ought not to be worse than to know it yourself; so good-night and good-bye. Angel of Justice! I've had a taste of the last judgment to-day, but perhaps by then I'll have something on the other side of the account."

He rose from his chair, and, without holding out his hand, turned to the door.

"Mr. Maxwell,"—she stood up and held out her hand,—“aren't you going to say good-bye?”

He came back, and, taking her hand, raised it to his lips.

She forgot for a moment everything but what moved her in him, and stood quite still, staring at him with her big, shining eyes.

The man in him was roused.

"Do you know," he said, still holding her hand, "I believe I could make you forgive me—and like me again for a while."

She stood motionless, her eyes chained.

Maxwell crushed her hand in his. "But I won't try. You are not for me, and I know it, so I won't try. Not because it would be wicked, for equally it would be heaven; but because you would come to me some day and look at me with those eyes of yours, and I want to die before I meet an avenging angel."

He dropped her hand and took one step back from her.

The girl stood shaking all over with anger and love.

"How do you know so well how safe your confidence is with me?" she said passionately. "When you dare to say this, how do you know I will not retaliate?"

Maxwell laughed bitterly.

"The same rectitude that judges me will protect me," he said. "Good-bye," and an instant after she stood alone.

She looked about her a moment, and, making her way to the sofa, threw herself on it and lay quite still. How it hurt!—the clock struck six quick little strokes—she had an hour to herself before dressing for dinner. She turned over and lay with her arms on the sofa's end, her forehead resting on them. Something gushed from her eyes—how it hurt! And with all her money, Miss Wetmore never won anything that quite healed the scar.

II.

ON a raw day in early March Maxwell walked uptown from his office with a step that derived some of its elasticity from the sudden buoyancy of the market. He had been through a hard month, calculating margins and watching prospects that he had thought fair swiftly darken under the steady downward tendency of the stocks. He and Jimmy Dixon, having gone into a kind of informal partnership in a favorite investment, had met night after night at the Club after getting through their dinner engagements, and talking matters over until they regained some cheerfulness, ended their evenings at Jimmy's house by half-past eleven. Maxwell had gone the first time with some hesitation, and was surprised to find Mrs. Dixon sitting in the well-lighted drawing room, reading by the fire. He had thrown himself into a chair, while Jimmy went to get a paper they wanted and his hostess had gone to the piano and played for him for an hour while the men smoked. He had stopped again on the following night, and thus easily it had come to be a custom, and Maxwell had been grateful for the forbearance which his hostess had shown, and realized what a difference a refuge of the kind might make in a man's life.

The day was darkening to a chill twilight as he reached the dwelling part of the town; he looked about him as he walked more slowly, and, finding himself opposite the Dixons', he hesitated a moment, then crossed the street. She would give him fresh tea and it was six o'clock; she would sympathize with his cheerful mood, without inquiring into its cause; she would play for him—three good reasons for ringing Mrs. Dixon's bell. A cold, blustering wind caught him as he mounted the steps and heightened his opinion of Mrs. Dixon's qualities, and he

followed the man upstairs to the drawing-room in a very softened and approachable frame of mind.

It was a charming room, running across the house, with lots of light, a grand piano, and a fireplace,—Maxwell's three requirements in a living-room. His hostess was reading in one of the big windows; it struck him she had become of a much more studious disposition in the last few weeks, and he wondered what it portended; having known her for two years, it did not occur to him that it rose from a pure love of books.

"Hateful afternoon, isn't it?" Mrs. Dixon rose as she spoke, and, in answer to a plaintive word from Maxwell, ordered tea, and made her way among the rather numerous tables and chairs to the fire. "It was good of you to come in. I feel like being cheered; I am blue."

"But that isn't fair!" Maxwell lounged on the sofa opposite her in a happy state of mental and physical let-down, his fair-hair tossed on his forehead, his light gray eyes less restless than usual. "I came here to laugh and be amused; you musn't go back on me like that."

"The only thing that amuses one isn't to laugh," returned his hostess, playing with the long lace ruffles that frothed over the front of her tea-gown; "it amuses one to be in danger, and one doesn't laugh." She raised her eyes and they met Maxwell's. He stared at her with considerable appreciation of her good looks. She worked no magic as far as he was concerned; she was not a type that interested him; but he saw just how pretty she was and how attractive she might be to some other man, and he included her bright brown eyes and soft color in the sum total of a pleasant hour that afternoon.

"You are wrong," he answered, wondering idly what she meant; "people do laugh in the presence of danger—often."

"Jimmy hasn't laughed much in the last ten days," she retorted, smiling, and, drawing the tray towards her, made his tea in silence.

He took his cup and pointed to the piano.

"Play to me while I sit here and drink this," he said; "it will be heaven. Now, do be good. It is no trouble to those clever fingers of yours and it is the top notch of human happiness to me."

She rose and went to the piano.

"You pasha!" She smiled at him over her shoulder and choosing two or three pieces of music sat down and played.

Maxwell was lulled into a state of material peace, as he had said. He dropped a species of cankering thought that had laid hold on him lately, thought that induced all sorts of questions as to the value of his life and his way of living, thought which had brought a new and very unpleasant seriousness to his moments of solitude. His

life was packed so full of engagements for business and pleasure that he had only broken fragments of time to do this thinking in; but it caught him when he dressed in the morning and when he went to bed at night, and waited for him at unwary intervals during the day. Now, in this atmosphere of warmth, well-being and music he forgot it and enjoyed the haphazard and uncalculating content of his youth. It was good to feel warm, refreshed, and wrapped in melodious sound, and above him, on the mantel-shelf, a vase of roses shed a fragrance over him that filled his cup.

The music stopped. He felt a light touch on his hand.

"Look at that," said Mrs. Dixon; "isn't it beautiful? Jimmy gave it to me an hour ago." She dropped a bracelet into his hands, stood beside him while he looked at it, then held out her arm for him to fasten it in its place. He did so, slowly, methodically, and then, leaning back on the sofa, stared up at her through his half-closed lids—what next?

"David," she began, "you're a strange creature; I've never known a man like you. Did you come just the way you are, or did life make you?"

"I really don't know," he answered, smiling; "I never wasted much thought on it. I haven't the slightest idea what I am like—who has?"

She shook her head. "Oh, lots of people have themselves added up like their household accounts. I don't suppose you have had time. Your natural talents have kept you busy."

He raised his brows: "My natural talents?"

She nodded. "You have two or three powers equal to talents—didn't you know it? The power to make yourself indispensable to people is one; the power to understand, the power to excite them are others; you play on people as I do on the piano. Didn't you know that, either?"

Maxwell suddenly realized how often he had seen Mrs. Dixon in the last month. She thought—what did she think? Well, he was going to know evidently.

"It sounds very nice," he said, clasping his hands behind his head and looking up at her as she stood before him. "I wish you hadn't made it all up. I am indispensable to just one person in this world—myself!"

She had taken a step towards the fire; she turned and looked at him with eyes that glowed. It gave him a sensation, and he answered her look without counting where it would bring him out.

"Name one other person to whom I am indispensable?" he said, and leaned forward to fix her glance with his.

"Shall I?" she returned; "Shall I?" There was a silence; then she moved to the fire.

"David," she began again, "I'm in trouble, and I want you to help me."

His expression changed and grew alert; he listened, and, folding his arms, kept his eyes on her face.

"You will be good to me, won't you?" she went on; "I don't know what to do." She slipped down on a little stool that brought her between him and the fire. Maxwell was bewildered. His mind ran over the past few months and the men who had been attentive to Mrs. Dixon; he could find no rock to split on; money then—perhaps she had been too extravagant even for Jimmy—somehow it wasn't like her.

"Tell me all about it," he said, slowly, "if it will do you any good; but stop and think first; it's beastly to have other people know one's mistakes, even one's friends—perhaps this isn't a mistake, but you know what I mean."

"How good you are!" She turned her soft brown eyes to him; they were suffused with something that glittered like tears. "Perhaps you are right, but I can't help it; I can't decide what to do alone; you must help me."

"Jimmy?" said Maxwell.

She shook her head and blushed crimson; it was a handsome color, and startled him with the strength of feeling it conveyed—Mrs. Dixon did not easily blush.

"Jimmy looks on women as little girls do their dolls," she answered, with a bitterness he had never known in her before. "You are different, you understand, it is wonderful how you understand." She looked up at him with the soft brilliance her heightened color gave her. "I feel there is so much in common between us that I could tell you anything, that my life is transformed by your friendship. A man who loves beauty and color and music, and yet is all a man—that is what I know for the first time. Do you begin to understand, David?"

Maxwell was silent. He had no answer ready, and the idea that was taking shape in his mind roused little but revolt. The silence was growing heavy on the air when the apparition of the servant in the doorway, ushering in a visitor, brought him a most welcome relief. The newcomer was a slight little lady in worn-looking black. She stood rather uncertainly a moment before advancing.

Mrs. Dixon rose, and, sweeping her trailing skirts to meet her, gave much more the impression of barring her passage than of welcoming her as a guest.

"How d'you do?" she said, stiffly. There was almost a question-

mark at the end of her sentence, as though it implied: and what do you do here?

Her visitor was quite sensitive enough to shrink before that note of interrogation.

"I came to borrow a book," she said, not making the added step forward or glancing at Maxwell; "Jessie has so much time on her hands, Mrs. Dixon, that she has finished these already." She held out some volumes. "And I thought I would risk bothering you by asking for another;" then added, with hesitation, "An invalid to please makes one rather importunate, I fear."

Her hostess was relentless.

"I am so sorry; I haven't one, I'm afraid, that she would care for."

It was a definite dismissal, and Maxwell had two good reasons for combating it,—he had a human interest in the weaker side, and he did not want to renew his *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Dixon.

"May I offer a contribution?" he said, coming forward. "I have a novel of Hichens in the pocket of my overcoat, and it is very much at your disposal."

The little lady turned and faced him. He thought he had never seen a sweeter countenance than was framed in the old-fashioned close-fitting bonnet and black strings.

Mrs. Marshall, may I present Mr. Maxwell?" said Mrs. Dixon, with a hard smile; "though with Mr. Maxwell, as you see, introductions are hardly necessary."

Maxwell advanced and pressed the little shabbily gloved hand held out to him.

"Why should they be?" he said, smiling; "what does ceremony do for us, that we should do so much for ceremony? Ceremony would have forbade my murmuring 'Tea,' when I came in, yet you see it on Mrs. Dixon's table! By the way, where is my second cup, hospitable lady? If you will give one, and Mrs. Marshall is very good, I will let her share the pot."

One woman was flirting with him; the other was tired, down-trodden, and little used to being made much of; he gauged them correctly when he thought that neither one would resent his managing the situation; and in five minutes he had established Mrs. Marshall by the fire with her teacup; had laughed Mrs. Dixon into a good humor, and sat between them recounting stories of a small Western town, where manners and ceremony certainly played a trifling part.

"And yet," he ended, "with few customs and no manners the place had a great deal of charm. To return to your daughter," he

regarded Mrs. Marshall, gravely, "what kind of books does she like?" He handed his cup to Mrs. Dixon as he spoke. "May I have a third draught of tea? You know we go to that dinner dance to-night, and I shall go to sleep if I don't." He turned again to Mrs. Marshall: "Does she like novels or fairy tales?"

"Fairy tales?" repeated Mrs. Marshall, blushing a little, "Why, Mr. Maxwell, how old do you suppose she is?"

Maxwell smiled into the faded face beside him, whose soft blue eyes had the innocent simplicity of youth.

"About ten or twelve, I suppose," he said.

"Just hear him," said Mrs. Marshall, gayly, and Mrs. Dixon laughed too. "Why, she is thirty-two."

Maxwell shook his head: "You women are terribly deceptive," he said, as he took his cup.

"She is a great invalid," said Mrs. Dixon, in that comfortable voice in which one person describes another's doom. "On the sofa all day, and Mrs. Marshall has her hands full, looking after her and providing her with amusement as well."

"It is my pleasure," said Mrs. Marshall, in a low voice, and there was an instant's silence. "Tell me more about your Western village," she added, catching at the first thought that came to change the subject. "It sounds like the place that my son-in-law lived in. I was never there, but, from what my daughter has told me of it, I have a vivid idea of their wild ways. Their town was called Medfield."

"Medfield?" said Maxwell, abruptly; "why, my place was Medfield too."

"Really," cried Mrs. Dixon; "perhaps you met Mrs. Marshall's daughter?"

"My daughter married a Westerner." Mrs. Marshall hesitated. Now that Maxwell knew the place, she seemed to have no desire to connect her accounts of it with his.

But Mrs. Dixon had more curiosity. She had been sorry for the Marshall's, who were connections of her husband's had been rather intrigued by the daughter—this was a chance not to be lost.

"She married a Mr. Gillespie," she said; "a Mr. Roger Gillespie. Did you ever meet them?"

Maxwell turned to Mrs. Marshall: "Your daughter is Mrs. Roger Gillespie?" he asked.

Mrs. Marshall assented. "Mr. Gillespie died four years ago," added she, "and my daughter has had a serious illness from which—" She made a gesture as though she could go no further, and, rising, she held out her hand to Mrs. Dixon.

"It is abominably late," she said; "I have trespassed frightfully, but it has been so pleasant. I must fly home to Jessie."

Her light steps took her swiftly to the door.

"I must go too," said Maxwell. "May I see you home, Mrs. Marshall? It is late for you to be about alone."

"Oh, I am quite used to it," she answered; "I'll take the book, though, if I may."

Maxwell pressed Mrs. Dixon's hand: "I'll see you at the Greshams'," he said. "Have you forgotten that you promised me the cotillion?"

She shook her head and gave him a smiling glance in answer, and he left the house with the older woman. As they walked down the steps together, he took gentle possession of her hand and drew it through his arm.

"I am going to take you home," he said; "I have some things to hear."

Mrs. Marshall looked up at him as the lamplight fell on his face. It looked stern and hard, but, as her daughter had before her, she liked it.

"Jessie and I were intimate friends," Maxwell went on slowly, "but we quarrelled—and parted. I did not speak of our friendship to Mrs. Dixon, because I am not sure how Jessie feels about it now." He looked down at the resigned sweetness of the face beside him. "Has she never told you of me?"

"I have never heard your name," returned Mrs. Marshall.

"Never heard my name?" repeated Maxwell, and was silent.

"She told me few particulars of her life—her five years of life with Roger Gillespie," Mrs. Marshall proceeded slowly; "little of her friends, or his. It could not have been a secret to you, if you knew her then, that she was not on happy terms with him."

"On happy terms with him!" repeated Maxwell, roughly, "do women live on happy terms with beasts?"

The little hand on his arm shook.

"What right have you to speak so?"

"Right!" Maxwell shook his head. "No right to do anything or say anything that displeases you—forgive me," and they walked on in silence.

"Dear Mrs. Marshall," Maxwell pressed the hand that lay on his arm, "you are one of the people one feels close to in a moment; one look in your kind eyes, and one frees one's mind of the fear of being misunderstood. I knew your daughter so well, and cared so much about her, that I cannot pretend to you to be an ordinary

acquaintance. Let me know how things stand with her. Surely she has no need of friends, of protection, of money—Gillespie was rich when I knew them."

"He died bankrupt—having broken her heart," Maxwell heard the first hard note he had caught in her voice,—“and driven her to make unwise friends, he left her penniless."

"How like him!" He set his teeth. "How like him!"

"I, having a broken fragment of a fortune left," she hurried on, "my other child and my husband being dead, went for my daughter and brought her home—so ill—I never thought to keep her. She has a mortal disease: the doctors say her present life is a mere respite." Her voice shook. She swayed a little, and, standing in the darkness of the quiet street, she tried to check the sob that choked her, and Maxwell put his arm about her in silence. A moment and she had recovered herself, and gently drew away from him.

"Will you come and see her?" she said; "she will seem like another creature to you—be ready for that, but, however painful your meeting may be, it will bring a warmth and interest into her miserably lonely life it has not known for years. We have few friends," she added, "and most of them have forgotten us."

"Let me come now," Maxwell answered.

They walked along and Mrs. Marshall stopped in front of some high, brown steps. She laid her hand on his arm.

"You will be very good to her?" she said.

"What do you think?" he returned, looking down into her face. "Can you trust me?"

She gave him a little nod that sent a surge of pleasure through him, it was so full of faith, and they walked up the steps together, together penetrated the dark, ill-aired hall, and made their way to the third story of the house.

Bidding him wait, she went into the room, and, closing the door behind her, gave a comprehensive glance about her, to see that all was in its usual order, then fixed her eyes on the slender figure on the lounge.

"Mother!" Two eager hands were held out to her. "Come and sit down, and tell me what you have done. You are late, did you know it? You dissipated creature—roaming in the dark!"

"I have brought a visitor," said Mrs. Marshall, gently coming forward and taking the slim, hot fingers that sought hers, "an old friend of yours, he is waiting outside now."

The big dark eyes flashed. "Mother! A strange man to come without a word of preparation!" She drew herself back, as though to shrink into the sofa that held her.

"But this is a word of preparation," murmured Mrs. Marshall, feeling convicted, and wondering why it had seemed so simple when Maxwell was with her. "He says you knew him well, he seems to really care, dear, about your illness—his name is Maxwell."

The change in the face before her startled her.

"Not David?" The younger woman caught her gently by the shoulders and shook her: "Speak, speak quickly—not David?"

"There can be no other," assented Mrs. Marshall. "Yes, David."

The young woman sat upright and stared at her with brilliant eyes.

"David, David," she repeated. "To see David again. Open the door quickly mother—quickly." Her pale cheek was flushed with bright color, her big dark eyes shone with light. "Quickly, quickly!" she said.

Mrs. Marshall moved over to the door and opened it. She had lain in the shadow of death and sickness so long, that any vivid life seemed like a draught of health.

"Will you come in?" she said, gravely, looking up at Maxwell, who was leaning against the banisters, held by a long train of painful thought. He started, and, advancing into the lamplight from the dim light outside, took in no details—only saw the vivid countenance that shone at him across the little room.

"David!" The word came whispering to him.

"My dear Jessie!" returned the man, and, reaching her side, he caught her hands in his; then sat down by her and stared at the lovely wreck before him. It was a long time, it seemed to Mrs. Marshall, before they spoke; then it was Jessie's voice, in that same vibrant whisper.

"How long is it?" she said. "Seven years and one month, isn't it, David, since you went away?"

He nodded: "Yes, seven years and one month."

"I've been on my back for nearly four years of it," she went on, slowly, "so I've had plenty of time to set my thoughts and remembrances in order. But you have been roving—"

He shook his head. "I went to Chicago, then I came here, and I've been here ever since. I belong here—I've done well."

There was a pause, and, as Mrs. Marshall slipped out of the room, Maxwell still held her daughter's hands.

"Why didn't you let me know?" he began; but she interrupted him with something that, though it was a smile, gave him a contraction of the heart.

"How likely!" she said, and gently drew away her hands. "You, with whom I had quarrelled for good, who had gone to another city

—who was I knew not where—with I knew not whom—married, perhaps. Are you married?” Her eager glance took in his prosperous air, but ended, puzzled, on his face.

“What do you think?” he returned, with a sort of tender lightness. “Do I look married, Jessie.”

She shook her head: “I can’t tell. You are not happy, if you are married; your eyes look thirsty, David. Is it for money or love—or what?”

“I have enough money,” answered Maxwell; “I don’t want love, that I know of; but I do want something badly—clever of you to find it out, but you always knew strange things.”

“I didn’t know enough not to ruin my life, did I?” She made the statement with no suggestion of self-pity, but as one speaks of an acknowledged truth. He moved restlessly under the weight of his share in it.

“Tell me,” he said, “What happened after I left? I have never heard a word since.” It was not strictly true; but the rumors he had heard he had chosen to ignore, and a lie was never difficult to Maxwell, barring a mean lie; there the distinction lay sharp within him.

“What happened after you left?” she repeated. “A great many things. So you never heard of me afterwards. I was less lucky. I heard of you as making love to the next woman you met. It was the turning of the scale, David; I pursued the path we had found together, only I followed it without the light of passion.”

“Don’t,” said Maxwell.

“Why not?” She looked steadily up at him. “It’s the truth. Do you think I haven’t faced it and named it in all these years? I have been back over the old ground until I found just where I sinned first, just where I took my worst step, and I have thanked God I had no children to inherit my instincts.”

Maxwell turned from her and looked about the room, as though it were a cage. Shut in its narrow circumference, he could not escape the accusations of his own thoughts.

“Your instincts were not to blame,” he said, roughly; “you fell in with me at a bad moment.”

She shook her head. “I don’t blame myself for loving you, not so much either for—for letting you love me—but for the vanity of my quarrel with you—and for what followed.”

Maxwell faced her.

“What did follow? Did you accept the homage that fool offered you, with his money and his clever wits? He was better, you thought, than Gillespie?”

The room was very still; the glittering eyes that looked straight

into his own gave Maxwell a sensation he had never experienced,— a body crucified, a soul enduring. A consciousness of what it would be to have years in which to study your own sins held him like a vise.

"How you have expressed it!" she said. "He was better than Gillespie! It's rough, but it's the truer. But I've had one excuse you have not had for your sins, David. I was desperate from a not ignoble cause: I loved you—loved you as people do sometimes, poor things—and I danced and sang and sinned to forget you; can you say as much?"

The man still looked down at her. There was silence.

"No," he said, "no—I have never loved any one, that I know of, like that. I came nearer with you, but no—I—I forgot you."

Their eyes met, and Maxwell stooped and, catching her hand, kissed it. Mrs. Marshall moved gently into the room and stood looking down at them.

"It is after seven," she said; "you will be late for your dinner-party, Mr. Maxwell."

He drew out his watch. "You are right." He rose. "I must go. I'll come again soon—to-morrow, if I may." He looked down into the fragile countenance, whose eyes shone on him.

"Come, please." Her low voice had the same curious tone in it that he remembered.

He shook hands with Mrs. Marshall and left them, and, walking through the brightly lighted streets, felt confused. He had too many thoughts to deal with. He was oblivious of the chill air, and lit a cigarette as he took his way to his rooms. He bathed and dressed. As he did so, his thoughts reverted to Mrs. Dixon a moment, and, standing before the glass to part his hair, he was suddenly aware of a look of self-satisfaction that lay about his eyes and lips. He put down the comb and, sitting abruptly in an arm-chair by the little hard-coal fire, dragged out his thoughts and looked at them. The result was one low-voiced sentence; and, getting up, he brushed his hair savagely, got into his coat, and a few moments later was driving rapidly along in a hansom towards the upper part of the town.

He was five minutes late already, but he stopped at a florist's and, glancing about, drew in the fragrance of the heavy-headed roses, undecided amid the wealth of color. The brightly lit shop was overpowering with its confusion of vivid tints, but none of it pleased him. Gathering up a double handful of fiesia and another of mignonette, he gave the man a hasty direction and, getting back into his hansom, arrived at his destination just in time to come down with Mrs. Dixon and Jimmy into the drawing-room.

He was glad to have his oysters, hungry for his soup, and was

barely civil to his neighbors until he had eaten it; then turned grim and searching eyes on their smooth, handsome, vacuous countenances. Polite banalities were beyond him this evening, and he tried, without much hope of success, something resembling a sensible conversation, and then, finding himself savagely sarcastic at the answers he got, made a shot at lighter talk on the other side. The folly that met him was not even genuine, so he relapsed into silence and shut his lips on the vigorous abuse that leaped up within him. There were times in life when conventionality made him want to attack its adherents with a weapon, and he smoked his cigar afterwards with an occasional surly nod to punctuate Jimmy's friendly chatter.

The smooth parquet of the ballroom was an absurdity to him, dancing the act of fools, and he sat by Mrs. Dixon with an expression she did not find it difficult to read.

"Are you bored?" she asked, smiling.

He laid his arm on the back of her chair, and, facing her, forgot everything but how he longed to cut the evening short.

"Bored?" he repeated. "Stiff! Are you amused?" There was an appeal in his voice.

"Rather," she said, "but not enough to keep you fastened here. Come, we will go, and I'll drive you down. Jimmy said he would see us later—he cut this."

"You are an angel!" The ladies who had thought Maxwell's voice at dinner as harsh as his manner would have hardly believed it could convey gratification with something so nearly resembling a caress.

Mrs. Dixon rose and, leaning on his arm, murmured little remarks to him as they went out, and had half her pleasure in the interested glances that followed Maxwell's preoccupied face and her early withdrawal.

They drove down in silence, and, as he rang her bell, he turned to her gratefully.

"How good you have been," he said.

She laid a gloved hand on his arm. "You are coming in for five minutes. I gave up the dance for you—you'll do that much for me, won't you?" and she entered the hall. There was no alternative, and he followed her into the drawing-room and had a pang of physical pleasure at the bright wood fire, the scent of the flowers, the beauty and comfort of the room.

He poured out the whiskey and water to which she invited him, and felt as though perhaps he had been a fool after all, as he saw her go to the piano without a word. She sat down, touched the keys, and looked across at him.

"Do you remember this?" she said.

He shook his head: "Rubenstein?"

She nodded and played on.

Maxwell lit a cigarette, and, walking over to the piano, stood near it. He was tired out with his mental struggle and storm of the afternoon and evening, and, with a deep inhalation of his cigarette, he let his responsibilities and regrets slip from him.

Mrs. Dixon came to a full stop and, dropping her hands into her lap, looked up at him: "Of what are you thinking?"

He looked down at her: Not of your beautiful shoulders and bright eyes, he thought, and in some way she felt it.

"Not of me, that is plain," she went on, smiling; "and I think I deserve some of your thoughts—" she hesitated—"because—" her color rose—"because I give you all mine." She set her white teeth as she finished. The murder was out.

Maxwell smiled and shook his head.

"Don't talk nonsense," he said; "you'll turn my head."

"Could I?" She had risen and stood leaning against the piano near him. "Could I? I'm afraid not. Instead, cure me of a trouble I am falling into; help me, won't you?"

"Into what are you falling?" said Maxwell, and looked down into her eyes.

"Into love," she answered, and, drawing a deep breath, gave back his look.

For a moment he sank as into a deep pool, was conscious only of her white throat, her red lips, the gleaming wells of light in which his glance rested. It would make no great odds, how would it harm him or her? Was she to be harmed? He had always let such scruples take care of themselves—Jimmy—he pulled himself back, quenched the fire that had transformed his countenance, and stood cold and straight beside her; then, walking to the hearth, found his cigarette burning his fingers. He put it out.

"Don't," he said, slowly; "I've tried it two or three times. It's a poor plan, and never works."

There was again silence, and it was prolonged. He threw his dead cigarette into the fire and turned to her. She was laying the music back in the stand with hands that trembled, and as she shut the piano she turned also and their eyes met.

Jimmy, coming into the room, joined Maxwell with a gentle slap on his shoulder and a laugh:

"Have you two retired for more music?" he said, and Maxwell gently shook his hand off his shoulder.

"Just that," he said; "and now I'll retire to bed," and, with a friendly good-night, he left them.

III.

It was such a week as occurs sometimes in April. The buds and flowers were springing into bloom under the eyes of winter. The magnolia trees in the great city were covered with blossoms; crocuses and tulips brightened the sheltered patches, and the very air held an invitation. Forth! Forth! it seemed to say: leave these sterile stones and heated tenements! Forth among the fields and woods, the up-turned earth and calling brooks.

Dixon and Maxwell would have clothed their thoughts in other language, but it was in obedience to just such a feeling that they drove out to Dixon's farm on one of these warm afternoons.

The ample old farm-house they barely entered; it was the farm that Dixon cared about, the stables and kennels, the barns and stretches of well-ordered pasture. They wandered over it all, played with the dogs, inspected the horses and cattle, and Maxwell, leaving Dixon to give some orders, sauntered off by himself across the rough lawn in front of the old house. In the transforming sunlight of the spring, the little hills looked purple, the furrows in the fields had violet shades along the brown, and vivid bits of green leapt softly into view.

It stirred the depths in him, those troubled uneasy depths that had made life bitter in the last few months. Suddenly, standing silent, inexpressive, with his hands clasped behind him, looking across the soft distances beyond the fields, he felt that he had come to a turning-point in his ways. It had been coming, this uncomfortable necessity to ally himself with other gods than Mammon; he saw with an abrupt insight the unnoted signs of its approach stretch back over a year or more. It had begun in a distaste for the society of just such people as himself, in an occasional scruple that he had fostered and obeyed, as a man gratifies the caprices of a child, whose ideas amuse him by their folly, and last it showed in sudden brief moments of shame. Horrid sensation! His hands gripped tightly behind him and his lips curled savagely in resistance to its encroachments. He could thrash another man who threw a hard word at him, but he could not very well attack himself. And the upshot? The upshot was a ridiculous and absurd desire to have that costly luxury—a clean conscience.

At this point in his reflection Dixon joined him, and, getting into the trap, they started for a little out-of-town road-house Dixon had discovered, where they were to dine early and take a train for the city.

"Pretty good kind of day," remarked Dixon, as they trotted over the hard road, "I think we showed our sense, eh, Max?"

"Rather," returned his companion, and there was silence.

Business so long banished at last reared its head.

"I got that information from Reynolds," said Dixon, and Maxwell nodded.

"So I supposed," he answered. "What was he talking about this morning, with so much gesticulation?" He asked the question idly enough, but became aware of its pertinence as he saw Jimmy's face. To an ordinary observer it kept its usual juvenile simplicity; to Maxwell it gained that touch of the fox—you could hardly call it wolf—that marked the moments when Jimmy's business instinct was aroused.

"I was just going to talk to you about it," Dixon began slowly. "He wants us both."

"What for?" Maxwell was staring ahead at the sorrel backs of the horses.

"Why, on Casey's board," said Dixon, "to fill Dick's place and Wilbur's."

"My dear Jim, you are raving." Maxwell raised his eyebrows. "Reynolds wants us? You mean Casey wants us."

The younger man shook his head. "There is more than meets the eye," he said, with a smile. "I said I'd have to talk it over with you. There's money in it—plenty—but it isn't exactly in my line. The idea is this: Casey and Reynolds are at a deadlock. If we are proposed, Casey will be delighted and pass us in—Reynolds wants us to go in and then be converted to his views and vote with him."

Maxwell threw back his head and uttered a short laugh; it resembled a bark.

"Simple, that," he said; "I recognize Reynolds."

"I know it sounds unfriendly to Casey," began Dixon, but Maxwell interrupted him with a hard smile he sometimes wore:

"Sounds?" he repeated.

"I know, I know," went on the younger man; "but as Reynolds says, 'Business is business,' and Casey is behaving like a fool in the whole matter. Some one will come in, and why not we?"

Maxwell remained silent and Dixon continued: "I'm sorry about Casey, but he really is an impossible man to manage this affair. It needs common sense and finesse to handle the railroads, and he uses neither."

"He has plenty of common sense," retorted Maxwell; "he's not much of a liar, I admit."

"Well, well, call it what you want," pursued Dixon; "you can't talk unmodified truth to a railroad, come now—and Reynolds is a very shrewd chap—and, Max, it would be a big thing—it really would."

There was silence. Their road wound through ploughed fields with here and there a barn and a little house and some trees. It took no singular beauty in the landscape for the world to be beautiful on such an afternoon, and Maxwell drew in a deep breath of the air.

"I like Casey," he said.

"Casey's all right," assented Dixon, "but you can like a man and vote against him."

"It can be done," Maxwell answered, slowly; "I've no doubt some one will do it if we don't. I'll think it over, Jim. Casey, I know, has laid himself open to it. You've got to keep on the right side of a man like Reynolds, if you are going to work with him at all, and he has played the fool in not doing so—I've seen that all along. I've a great belief in the company and that there is a lot of money in it—and then, as you said, someone else will do it if we don't. Is that the place? That little stucco building?"

"That's it," said Dixon, and they drove up to the door.

The place was like nothing that Maxwell had ever seen before. It was a small inn kept by an Italian, who had drifted to that unlikely spot as the foreman of a gang of laborers, and, having prospered, had adopted the country as his own and tried to make his habitation like the birthplace he had left. Outside the little dining-room was a courtyard roofed with a trellis of vines that were just beginning to put out tufts of budding leaves, and four or five tables stood on the bricked floor beneath the twisted tendrils of the vine. Even on so beautiful a day, however, April would not permit them to sit out of doors, and they found a table near a wide window opening on the little courtyard. It was early twilight when the two men sat down and ordered the simple meal that the place provided, with its *spécialité de la maison*,—some kind of macaroni.

The evening was still and mild. Maxwell threw his coat on a chair near by, and, passing his hands over his fair hair, smiled at the young man opposite him.

"This is delightful," he said, "and I'm hungry, too, Jim, after that drive. By Jove, that's a handsome girl!" He broke off, his usual look, when his eyes fell on a woman, of a trained expert gathering evidence, banishing the light in his eyes. "Don't turn, there's plenty of time, they are sitting down; but look in a moment, she is worth seeing."

A moment later Jimmy swung about in his chair, and, looking over the little room, saw the newcomer. She was worth seeing, as Maxwell had said. Her black hat showed her white brow and masses of shining yellow hair. Her skin was of a superb fairness, the arrogant eyelids that drooped over her light-blue eyes were white as snow, and beneath her eyes lay the tints of a tea-rose. To Dixon she was almost repellant; he resented the imperious curve of her red lips and he shrugged his shoulders as he faced Maxwell again.

"Not for you, eh?" returned the older man, slowly; "now that's my idea of a woman,—from a pagan point of view," he added, smiling.

Then he went on, with a change of voice, "but I know her—I'm sure I know her; why it's Mrs. Brandyce—there's something wrong here, old man; I wish we were anywhere else." His face darkened as he spoke in a very low voice, and Dixon leaned back in his chair and unfolded his napkin.

"The man," he said, "is then not——"

"Not Brandyce," returned Maxwell; and they began on their oysters in silence. They talked of a play, a bit of gossip, the opera, and it was not until they were half through with their macaroni that Maxwell laid his hand on the other's arm.

"Forget the name I mentioned," he said; "it was excessively stupid of me to blurt it out in that way; wipe it from your memory, will you, as best you can?"

"Certainly," returned Dixon, and they talked again of other things.

The twilight deepened as they drank their coffee; the moon had risen, and the small lamps set about the place were lit.

"My dear Jimmy," Maxwell smiled, as he leaned his arms on the table and studied the face of his host, "are you bothered because I don't chime in with Reynold's views at once? Don't worry! No doubt I shall see it in the same light as you do when we get to town; meanwhile, I'll think it over. That's a nice wine."

Dixon nodded and filled his glass. "What do you think of the little place altogether?" he said.

"First-rate," returned Maxwell, "only it's a romantic spot, Jim, and a direct encouragement to inconvenient and costly thoughts. Don't come here often, or you might be converted to other ideas, and where would Mrs. Dixon's pearls come from then? Who could plan a syndicate here; now, who could? Tell me that."

Dixon also rested his arms on the table and stared into the other man's face.

"I believe you really mean it!" he said, slowly. "What rot, Max! It would be a first-rate place for the transaction of any quiet——"

"——bit of business that ought not to see the light of day, eh, Jim?" Maxwell's face hardened.

"Bosh!" Jimmy struck a match. "What do you think of that cigar?"

Maxwell drew in a whiff of the tobacco.

"Good!" he said, "and the wine is excellent—heady, though, and inclines me to be poetical.

"Fire away." Jimmy leaned his chin on his palm, his elbow still on the table. "Give us some—what's the brand? Kipling or Omar?"

Maxwell laughed. "My dear James," he returned, "you are such a likely receptacle for divine overflowings, aren't you? If I fell in

a ditch, you would pick me out and guide my staggering footsteps home, but, if I had an inward mortal throe, you'd recommend turtle soup."

"First-rate thing, turtle soup," said Jimmy, stoutly, and they both laughed.

"I'll go and look up the horses." Dixon rose as he spoke. "They might as well take us to the station; Tim is to meet us there." And he went through the inn to the stable.

Maxwell swung his chair so that he could look out into the darkness beyond him, and sat very still, his cigar between his lips. He heard vaguely a colloquy with the waiter, a word of horses, and then silence fell on the place. The other people, only two or three tableful had gone. As he thought of the handsome creature he had seen, he had another mental vision,—of a man with an especially upright open face, who stood in rough hunting-clothes, with his pipe held in his hand, and laughed with merriment, such merriment as made the woods ring,—a sense of regret invaded him, as this figure passed through his mind; then he slipped back into his own thoughts.

"Mr. Maxwell," said a woman's voice, "I would like to speak to you a moment," and she sat down beside him. He rose, then dropped back into his chair.

They looked at each other; her heavy white lids quivered; her red lips compressed tightly a moment; then she spoke:

"I'm in your hands," she said.

His eyes met hers very full.

"They are excellent hands for the purpose," he answered; "they do not belong to a spy."

There was a moment's silence, and a delicate color flooded her cheek.

"Thank you," she said, and made a movement as though she would rise, then sat still. Maxwell folded his arms, and, leaning on the table, stared gravely at her.

"I would go, if I were you," he said, slowly; "because if you stay, I shall communicate some of my thoughts to you, and I'm crazy to-night, more or less; besides—" he paused significantly.

She shook her head.

"He won't come back," she said; "I told him I wanted to speak to you; he will wait for me." She also rested her arm on the table.

"What are your thoughts?" she continued.

Maxwell looked into her eyes.

"I was thinking how ill suited our souls and our bodies were," he said. "I have a strong sheath, and my soul cowers in the corner of it; and in your beautiful tenement it's about the same."

She turned from him a moment, looking towards the lights, the tables, the scene of simple comfort with its added touch of picturesqueness.

"You're wrong," she said; "mine is dead and buried inside me; it happened when Richard made love to another woman."

Maxwell again had his vision of her husband and his honest ringing laugh. He struck his open hand lightly on the table.

"I don't believe it," he said.

The woman beside him faced him with her proud eyes and bitter mouth.

"She told me herself," she said.

"Then she lied," said Maxwell. And there was a moment's silence. Then Mrs. Brandyce shook her head.

"She was my best friend."

Maxwell laid his hand lightly on hers, as it lay on the table beside him. "Did you ever ask him?" he said.

She gave him a look, and rose.

Maxwell stood beside her.

"Take my advice," he said, gently: "tell him the lie you believe about him."

She kept silence.

"And then tell him the rest of the story."

She turned on him with eyes ablaze, that held a question.

"I've told you," he said, "I'm not a spy. But you won't forget what I say; you can't, and you'll do it, too! Good-night."

She turned and took a step away, then faced about and held out her hand. He held it an instant; she withdrew it, and, crossing the room, disappeared from his view.

Maxwell dropped back into his chair and looked out at the moonlight beyond, where it quivered along the even lines of the court-yard and sitting very still plunged into painful thought.

What manner of man was he to judge another? Having that afternoon entertained high thoughts and comforted his pride with resolutions, he had within the hour paltered with temptation. This scheme—what was it but the product of a corrupt habit of mind? Half business was conducted on that basis—yes—but Casey was his friend. Under what flag would he gain the ground from which he was to fight that friend?

This woman whom he was judging in his heart was at least miserably convinced of the faithlessness of the husband whom she contemplated betraying; and he—Maxwell—was he not trusted by the man for whom he was to lay this trap? How strong was the power of his own devious thought! He had shuffled the truth out of sight so often

that it had become the custom of his mind to do so. Was he to draw his last breath thick with lies? Leaning in the window he drew in a breath of the pure air outside, and heard a step beside him.

"Are you ready?" said Jimmy.

"Wait a moment," said Maxwell, and, turning, he faced his host. "Jim," he said, "I've been thinking over that scheme of Reynolds, and he'll have to use another pair of hands than mine."

Dixon stood silent, and Maxwell proceeded slowly.

"You can go ahead, if you like; but I won't go in for this. I don't criticise the scheme; it's done every day. I don't mean to call any one names, and you could retort that most of the snug little sum I have laid away was made in some such manner. I don't pretend to be consistent, but this thing I will not do."

There was another silence, and Dixon had colored a dark red when he spoke.

"What's the idea?" he said, slowly. "Kingdom come?"

"Perhaps it's a sneaking desire to cheat the devil at the end," returned Maxwell; "but, upon my honor, I never thought of that. I am sick of lies and having some one else pay the shot; that's all. Are the horses here?"

"At the door," said Dixon. And they walked away together.

IV.

THE music swelled, diminished, rose again in a mighty outburst and leaning over the audience seemed to drown them in its storm, then dying away, suddenly was extinguished. For an instant no one moved, then the crowd began its usual insensate hurry to leave the great auditorium.

Maxwell still sat quiet, and it was not until the polite elderly man beside him suggested that he would like to reach the aisle that he realized that he must take up his hat and go.

He was still so profoundly sunk in his own thoughts that he stumbled as he reached the outer steps, and, with his overcoat over his arm, his hat in his hand, he walked slowly away from the concert-hall and down the nearest street.

It was early, not more than ten o'clock in the evening, and the streets were filled with people whom the spring air had enticed out of their houses. Maxwell, looking about him vaguely for a refuge where he could sit quiet and struggle with the idea that had taken possession of him, saw the lighted windows of a small café where he sometimes took a glass of beer. He walked in and sat down. Having ordered his beer, he lit a cigarette and, settling in his chair, gave himself up to thought.

For months he had been getting ready for the sacrifice, uncon-

sciously preparing the altar, and now he had the victim to lay before his new god—the God of Virtue—and that victim was himself. To clear his conscience—this lately awakened, clamoring conscience that had grown in a few months to such terrible stature—to clear his conscience of the weight of his past sins, he had felt he must sacrifice something. He had supposed the offering must be money; he had made much of late—it had come pouring in ready for the demand; and now there had fallen on him the fiat of the god: it was not his money only he asked of him—it was himself.

Sitting there listening to the music and wondering how he should settle a certain moral debt in his life, compromising like the man of business he had trained himself to be, preparing to pay ten per cent. on the dollar, there had sprung into his mind the one way to settle the whole score,—to give himself.

The waiter put the glass before him. Maxwell drank a draught of the cool yellow liquid and glanced about him.

How preposterous his mad thoughts were! Here he sat, free, with everything in life before him. Was there a sane man among the men he knew who would admit that he owed such a reparation? What had he done, after all, but live as other men lived, more than half mankind? Why should he be ridden by such a devil of remorse—he who had never cared a brass farthing about the consequences in life? It was not his fault that Fate had so juggled with the cards that he had always come out ahead. He had not sought to spare himself, but somehow had been spared: he had never paid his shot. He stood free, still young in strength and vitality, with money in his purse and nothing but this cursed morbid new-born conscience to arrest his upward path. If it would let him alone, he would live an excellent life. He would marry; he would make his wife happy; he would work for his children, perhaps make a name for himself; he felt the power within him. Was it not all an admirable ambition? And he would set aside and trample on his weaknesses, he would make love to no more women, risk no man's money, cease to speculate in his business, expect moderate returns. Was this not a life to be commended, a life worth offering to whatever Power rules the world? And now, out of the open had dropped this cruel decree, this straight and narrow way; all his proud rewards snatched from his virtue, the virtue to stand alone, his only happiness—it was too much—he would not do it.

How had it come to him? He had been thinking, pondering, trying to devise a way by which those two friendless women should have the money they needed for their wants, money which they would not take from him, and out of his plans for Mrs. Marshall and her daughter had sprung this terrible idea.

Maxwell finished his beer and rose. He would go and see them.

The sight of Jessie would convince his conscience that no law of God or man could ask him to marry that wreck of what was once a woman he loved.

He threw his coat over his arm, went out, called a cab, hastily gave the man the direction, and, leaning his arms on the doors of the hansom, set his teeth and arrayed his batteries against himself. It was preposterous, of course. No man need ruin his own life, need instil subtle poison at the root of his own spirit. Must he live the caretaker of that ruin and die childless? The cruel words formed themselves relentlessly and would not leave him, but floated before his eyes on the very air.

Feeling the need to calm his outward self, he tried to put aside thought, and, leaning back, caught a glimpse of his face in the little mirror of the hansom.

The vigor, the strength, the possibility of passion in his own countenance smote him like a revelation. There were tired lines about his eyes that blazed gray and ardent from beneath his brows; yes, but what of that? He had been a fool of late and thought life's pleasures over. The wearied look that had settled on his features, carving stern lines on them, was part of this stupidity. Life held new joys, joys that he had never contemplated; a home, a wife, children; was he to throw these at the feet of his old worn-out passion to expiate his past? It would be to desecrate them. Who could ask it?—no.

The hansom stopped. Maxwell paid the man and let him go. It was nearly eleven o'clock, but he knew that neither mother nor daughter went early to their beds, for fear of the sleepless nights they shared in common, and, ringing the bell, he told the servant he was expected and would go up stairs. He came there often with flowers and fruit and books for Jessie, and the woman smiled on him and watched him mount the staircase with a kind of vicarious pleasure; the world is less dreary when even some one else has friends who seek them out in trouble; it puts meaning into such words as love and kindness.

Maxwell knocked.

"Come in," said a voice.

He opened the door, and as he did so was overwhelmed by his own folly. Had he come there to harden his heart—poor fool!

The room was brightly lit by two lamps. It was, notwithstanding its poverty, a very pleasant room, and made a curious appeal. Its freshness, the painstaking cleanness and daintiness of it, told of what such things meant to the two women who lived within its dark walls, for little sunlight reached it, as Maxwell knew.

Jessie lay on the sofa reading, a lamp behind her head, in her customary white wrapper, that Mrs. Marshall washed and ironed in

the other room, where she slept and cooked and did all she tried to keep out of her child's sight.

The younger woman was alone. Mrs. Marshall did not sit in her usual seat by the lamp. Maxwell stood an instant in the doorway.

"David!" The slight figure on the sofa shook a little, one slender hand was held out to him, the other kept her place in a book in her lap. "Come in. Mother will be here soon. What happy wind blew you hither?"

Maxwell came in and, shutting the door, dropped his hat and coat on a chair near by. Coming forward, he took his accustomed place near her sofa. Her dark eyes rested on him noticing his evening clothes and the brilliant shining of his eyes.

"Where have you been?" she went on. "Dining? The play?"

Maxwell shook his head. "I dined alone and went to hear some music. It was beautiful. I wish you could have heard it."

She gave him her quiet smile, born of those years of patience. "It is quite enough to see you in an evening. I am not so exacting as to expect music, too. What put us in your head? Am I to thank Beethoven or Richard Strauss?"

Maxwell leaned back and, putting his hands in his pockets, tipped his chair a little.

"Tschaikowski, as it happened," he answered, not meeting her eyes, and he plunged, as he always did in life. "Look here, Jessie," he began, then stopped, dropped his chair to a level, and squared himself to face her. "My dear," he said, and stopped again.

She was lying back as always on her big pillow, her slender hands clasped in her lap, her dark eyes riveted on him, her lips unsmiling, closed in deep lines of sadness. There was a moment's silence, Maxwell's thoughts stammering in his brain. Then Jessie spoke:

"Is it so hard to say, David?" Her low voice, with its spent sound, went through him. He stared straight into the gleaming eyes that watched him.

"Listen," he said. "You must leave this place, Jessie; you must have a window opening on the sea, you must have different surroundings, and you must let me give them to you. When will you go?"

The frail figure opposite to him seemed to stiffen, as though shot through with electricity. A rich scarlet color poured into her face, and for an instant Maxwell saw her as she had been—how exquisitely her wild beauty had bloomed! There was an instant of it only; then her heart claimed back those drops, demanded them, if it was to work at all, and she grew white as her blood resumed its courses.

"David!" The soft contralto had grown harsh. "The one kind of return I cannot accept for having loved you is money. I have

had misery, humiliation, and disease. That coin I have been paid in, but one thing I will not endure—money from your hands.”

Maxwell’s eyes were chained to hers; yes, it was to be done to-night—now.

“My dear,” he said, “I am not offering you my money, but myself.” He stopped and, leaning forward, laid his open palm beside her hand. “Will you have me, Jessie?”

She lay still, quite motionless, her eyes grown large, brilliant, with something like tears in them. She put out her fingers and touched his palm lightly with their tips.

“My dear boy,” she said, “my blessed boy.”

Maxwell caught her fingers and pressed them in a clasp that hurt.

“We will get married, won’t we, Jessie?” he went on, and smiled.

She drew his hand to her lips and kissed it.

“David,” she said, then dropped it gently. “Of course,”—she looked at him with wonderful shining eyes,—“of course, it’s impossible, David, dear. This is the end of it, but after this it’s quite a different world to live in.”

Maxwell took her hand again. “Impossible?” he said; “Why? It is not only possible, but easy,—so easy it shall be done before you know it. We need not bother with ceremonial; a license, a minister to come here and read the service, and the thing is done; and I will take you both to the country near by and be with you as much as I can till May’s end, then get a long holiday and spend it making you happy. It’s quite simple, after all, isn’t it? We have no one to ask but Mrs. Marshall. I think she will consent.” Again he smiled and again her face grew radiant.

“David, don’t tempt me, don’t. I have suffered so much torture. I’m not responsible. Wretches on the rack recant sometimes, cry out, and betray even their lovers.” She smiled into his eyes. “I must not betray my lover. Go away! Never say this again, but, thank you, darling, from my heart.”

Maxwell heard the door open behind him. Still holding her daughter’s hand, he rose to greet Mrs. Marshall.

“Come to us,” he said quickly. “Come and help us, dear lady. I want Jessie to marry me, and she’s full of foolish ideas and says she will not. You will settle matters, won’t you? You will not refuse me as a son?” He held out his other hand to her.

She crossed the room to them and stood looking at them both; at Maxwell, his eyes so brightly lit, his mouth so grimly set; at her daughter’s face, tears on her lashes, her lips quivering, and her radiant smile. She trembled.

“I have nothing to say, my dear,” she answered. “It’s not my

life, it's yours; but, David, David—" she laid her hand on his sleeve a moment and, trembling, shuddering almost, turned away and walked back to her room. She stood an instant on the threshold and kissed her hand to him, then, going in, shut the door behind her, and threw herself upon her bed.

"God give her strength," she whispered. "How can I quench the light in my child's eyes? But, O great Power, give her strength!"

To her the hour that passed dragged its feet over a stony road, moment by moment, and at last, feeling her resolution harden in her, she went to the door and opened it. Her blue eyes looked faded and sunk, so that they gave no light to her face.

Crossing the lintel, she advanced a step towards those two whom she had left together. Maxwell sat by her daughter, holding one of her hands. They were talking—were they laughing, too?

"Jessie," she said. Her voice came to them like a draught of cold air.

Maxwell stood up, and Mrs. Marshall's eyes, looking into his, saw what lay deep in them—"You come too late." She took some steps towards her child and sank on her knees beside her.

"Mother, mother," the slender figure, exerting its strength, dragged itself upright. "Just say 'Bless you' to him. David is to have his way, mother, and I'm going to be happy for a few months, just a few months, mother—need you grudge me that?"

Mrs. Marshall buried her face in her daughter's lap and tried to check her sobs.

She felt Maxwell's arms about her. Picking her up like a child, he carried her back to her own room, and, laying her on her bed, kissed her cheek. Then he went back to her daughter.

"Let her rest, Jessie, dear," he said. "I'll go, and she will come to you soon and put you to bed; high time, too." He gathered up his coat and hat, and, coming to her sofa, leaned over and kissed her hands. "Good-bye," he said; "I'll come early to-morrow."

She assented in silence, and, lying back on her pillow, touched her fingers to her lips in farewell.

Maxwell turned at the door and waved his hand, then let himself out and, going down the dark stairs, took his way home.

In the two weeks that followed, it seemed to Maxwell that he was listening to a very exquisite air, played by a cunning fiddler, played on his own heartstrings. Jessie would not move from the room in which they lived, nor choose a day for their marriage; but let him take the other room on that floor, which gave her mother some ease and comfort, let him bring a piano into her sitting-room and arrange with a young musician to play for her, let him fill the room with

flowers and have meals brought to her mother and herself from a near-by restaurant.

She was so full of her old charming gayety, so wonderfully recovered by her happiness, that he could not deny the perfection of his success; but it was bought at a price—a price so heavy that his spirit fainted within him.

He knew now all the truth,—knew that he had never loved her, never would love her; that his passion in the past had been an infatuation, the outcome of her beauty, her recklessness which so suited his humor then, and her unhappiness with her husband. He seemed to have lost count of time, it went so slowly. Half-way through the day he wondered when the week would end and found it just begun, and so the time dragged by, and it was now a fortnight since he had laid his sacrifice upon the altar.

It was the beginning of May, and, having dined alone, for they had hardly room for him, he walked to the house, mounted the long flights, and knocked. He heard the usual gay permission to enter in that hoarsely sweet voice of hers, and, obeying, saw her lying smiling at him, her eyes great and black and full of light. She had achieved a kind of recapture of her beauty, notwithstanding her thin white face, and to-night spots of red burned in her cheeks.

“David!” she cried, “I am going to be perfectly happy for two long hours, think of it! Wershaw is coming in a moment to play to us three beautiful things. I have chosen them, and you will sit by me and mother, too, and then he will go away and she will slip off to leave us alone, and I will put my arms about you for once, dear, and tell you how I love you. There! Isn’t that enough for one woman!”

Maxwell was picking out violets from a bowl at her elbow and fixing them in his coat. He raised his eyebrows with a smile.

“It depends on the woman,” he said.

She shook her head: “Not a bit of it. We are all alike. A room with flowers in it, some music, the man we love—the worst and the best of us are in heaven.”

Maxwell looked at her a moment, with something of mingled tenderness and wonder: “Don’t they care what the man feels,” he thought, “the worst of them and the best of them?”

Then he heard a light knock at the door, and, rising, opened it and let the musician in.

He was a short, stoutly built lad of twenty-one, with smooth, thick black hair and an impassive face. He crossed the room to Jessie, made her a deep bow, another to Mrs. Marshall (who had entered as he entered) and, getting on the piano-stool with alacrity, looked over his shoulder at the younger woman.

"You want Brahms first," he said, "then the Tschaikowski, and then the Beethoven. It is a great effort the last, you will forgive many mistakes—*bien des fautes*."

Jessie nodded. "I want that great wide peace, and then the struggle following, on the wings of which something goes out of the world."

He bowed, and, turning to his piano, played.

Maxwell, listening, rested his elbow on the table and covered his eyes with his hand. He was afraid the music would tear away his veil. He suffered so! Music was the solvent in which he found himself reduced to his elements. While he listened to music his sensations were raised to their highest, reduced to their simplest. Listening to these harmonies he felt that by this last act of his the pack of his sins had rolled from him; but the future—ah, the future! Children he was to have none; a wife—hardly; a home—created by a woman he did not love. He did not cheat himself with those words of Mrs. Marshall's—not long since heard; he saw what happiness had done for Jessie—it would not be months, but years, and, even were they few, they would have marked him, stamped him forever. The essential vigor of him, the leaping vitality that had been his distinguishing characteristic, he was to mate with what would destroy it at its root and, reducing it to its own lower level, force it to adopt its own point of view. His horizon was to be bounded by a sick room—ah! He heard the music shiver to its end, and felt a touch. True to his bond, he drew his hand away from his eyes and faced her with a smile. He was startled at the look he met,—such tenderness, yes, but such quiet despair.

He did not understand. He leaned towards her with a solicitous question on his lips. The music stopped; she gave him a sudden brilliant smile and turned away to rest her cheek against the pillow. The young musician was playing Tschaikowski.

Maxwell leaned back and tried not to listen, and when the Beethoven was over, there followed a long deep silence.

Jessie drew a breath which seemed to shudder slowly through her lips.

Wershaw turned on the stool, met her eyes, and, receiving his acknowledgment in them, rose, quite satisfied, and, bowing, turned to depart.

Maxwell took him down the stairs, thanked him, made another engagement and then, slowly mounting, went back to the woman waited for him.

Sitting down beside her, he wondered idly what had brought such a spot of bright color to her face, then saw her scarlet lips were dry,

and that she moistened them with little sips of water from the glass at her elbow.

"Are you feverish, Jess?" he said; "do you feel too warm? The room is hot with these lamps."

She shook her head. "I like the light," she said. "Light is life, isn't it? I like floods of it. David, I want you to read something." She pointed to a book at her elbow.

He picked it up. It was Whitman, and, opening at random, he read the title of a verse: "The Song of the Open Road." Shall I read you that?" he asked. The mere words thrilled him, but as suddenly he felt how the contrast of her imprisonment must hurt her. He colored slightly at his own stupidity, and, passing on, read a few lines from another poem.

Jessie shook her head, and, turning the leaves while he held the heavy volume for her, put her slender finger on a page. "Read that," she said.

"To One Shortly to Die," began Maxwell, slowly. A pang of pity for the delicate creature beside him went through him, but he read on. It was more bitter still to stop, and as he read felt the lift of the words, the exaltation of the faith in them, and ending, "I do not commiserate, I congratulate you," his eyes fell on Jessie's face. It was so wonderfully lit that it was transformed. The slender Mænad he had known, an untamed creature built of senses only, was informed with a soul.

She turned to him, her lips quivering. "David," she said, "I want to acknowledge all my debt to you to-night. You have no conception of the gift that you have given me. Lying here all these years, courage has taught me patience, a horrible unwilling patience, living in a world governed by mischance. Can you think what it might be to have the screws of your rack unloosened, to look up and see again the face of God."

Maxwell covered his face.

She laid her hand upon his arm.

"You've built a little fire of faith in me, David," she said; "it will consume my body and release my spirit."

Maxwell, struck by her words, looked up at her. He thought she did not know what she had said. Why should it consume her body?—it would give it life also. Thank God for it! How had he ever hesitated? What had he suffered? His compensation was so unspeakably beyond his deserts.

"Little Jessie," he said, and touched her hands tenderly. She stretched out her arms, Maxwell slipped down on his knee beside her, and she clasped them about his neck. They kissed each other. She

pressed him closely, then gently freed him. Lying back on her pillow, she closed her eyes.

Maxwell stayed beside her for a moment, and, opening her eyes, she saw him still kneeling beside her, and smiled.

"You must go now," she said. "That was good-bye, darling." She smiled again, but her lips had grown very white.

Maxwell stooped and again their lips met. Then he rose and, going to the door, took up his hat and coat.

"Till to-morrow," he said. "Shall I call your mother, dear?" She shook her head and touched her fingers to her lips.

He turned in the door, waved his hand in answer, and left her.

She lay quite still for a moment, then, feeling slowly, wearily under her pillow, drew out a box, and took from it a tablet, moistened it in the water, and, swallowing it, took a long drink from the glass and set it down empty. Then lying back on her pillow, she called quite loudly: "Mother!"

No one came.

She had grown very white, the red spots in her cheeks quite gone. "Mother!" The hoarse voice sounded like a cry of fear.

The door opened; Mrs. Marshall fled across the room, and, slipping down by the sofa, caught her child's hands.

"Love," she cried, "what is it? Are you ill?"

Jessie's face softened. The fear left her lips and eyes. She shook her head. "I was afraid you would not come in time," she said. "I only have a moment, dearest, dearest. Don't tell David, but I have taken something. Mother! I'll die in a moment, quietly, without pain. Be sure, dearest, that David never knows. Kiss me, quickly. It's coming. I couldn't be a burden on his life, and yet, mother, I hadn't strength to say no. Good-bye. Be happy thinking how happy I have been before I died, and I'm not without hope, either, dear. I believe in God again. Do not commiserate me, congratulate me."

The last words came in a murmur; she writhed as in a sort of pressure, gave a low cry, and lay still.

Mrs. Marshall had clasped her arms about her; her head rested on her child's breast over her heart. She heard the beats slacken, then stop. She lay a long time listening to the silence, then fainted into peace.

Maxwell walked far that night before he went to bed, and only turned into his room when a filtering of chilly rain began to drizzle from the skies. He tossed restlessly for hours, but finally fell into a deep sleep. It was morning when he waked suddenly, to become aware

that there was a persistent knocking at his door. He got up, and, opening it, received drowsily the telegram that was put into his hands:

"Jessie died last night. Will you come to me?"

"ELLEN MARSHALL."

He read it over two or three times and then began his hurried, stupefied dressing. Even the shock of cold water did not clear his head, and he got into his clothes only half aware of what he was putting on. Fifteen minutes later he found himself on a car in the thin blue serge suit he had worn the day before, with no overcoat and no umbrella, and yet the rain fell in a sullen, steady downpour. He had not far to walk, and covered the short block swiftly, and, standing in the vestibule of the old, dingy house, rang the bell. The maid watched him with that same approval he had before inspired, as he mounted the stairs. He looked, as she hoped he might, badly hit. There were people who minded other people's dying, then. That was a comfort, to be sure, and she went about her work.

Maxwell's hand hesitated at the knob; then, turning it without knocking, he went in. Closing the door, he stood with his back against it, and his eyes sought the sofa. She was not lying there. A certain horror eased away from his heart. Where she had always thrown him those gay welcomes she would not lie like an image. He felt rather than saw that Mrs. Marshall sat at the little table in the window bending over something she was writing. It was very early and there was little light.

She heard him and, dropping her pen, turned in her chair; and Maxwell, crossing to her, put his arm about her as she rose to meet him.

They stood thus a moment; then she gently drew away, and pointed to a chair beside her. He sat down, his restless eyes seeking the door into the other room. There was silence.

Then Maxwell, leaning his arm on the table near him, looked at her.

"When?" he said.

"Shortly after—your going," she answered.

Maxwell gave a low groan. The word brought the lines again to him "I do not commiserate, I congratulate you." He murmured them under his breath, and Mrs. Marshall caught them.

"Jessie said that," she whispered; "what is it?"

His question overleaped hers: "She knew, then?"

Mrs. Marshall drew back and covered her eyes. "Be sure David does not know"—the words went over in her brain. "Yes," she answered, "she knew she must die——"

Maxwell had always been physically attuned to her from the first hour of their meeting: they had understood each other's half-spoken thoughts. Some vibration from her brain reached his, and an idea formed inside of him. He felt his mind recoil. A question sprang to his lips. Then he realized what that question might suggest of new pain if his thought was not justified. He stumbled about mentally for some words less abrupt.

"She suffered?" he asked.

Mrs. Marshall grew very white. "Hardly at all," she said. "It was very quick."

"She sent me a message?" went on Maxwell.

"Not exactly," the frail, slender little woman steadied herself by resting her arms in their worn black on the table; "but she said she had been so happy, David."

Maxwell felt his heart sinking, sinking; he must know. He touched her arm.

"Tell me all," he said, "all—all. She—she was not glad to go—she did not—" he paused, and their eyes met. Mrs. Marshall made a supreme effort.

"Glad?" she said. "No. With her new happiness filling her heart, no; but it came so quickly, quietly, and she was physically very weary, David, dear, and could not struggle to remain." Her eyes and his eyes met full; she threw the cloak of her will about her, and, wrapped in it, he learned only what Jessie had chosen he should know.

V.

ON a warm day in mid June Maxwell loitered along a roadside, astride a horse, his fortunes following an unaccustomed lead. He had dragged himself through May, working mechanically at the office, indifferent for the time what became of him. Suddenly feeling his strength go from him, his energy sapped, his heart pulseless, he had had a vision of two months of his boyhood spent in idleness on horseback sauntering along country roads—alone.

He wound things up, left the odds and ends in Dixon's hands, and choosing with care and solicitude his horse, the only companion of his journey, he quitted civilization as the city represented it, and made his way to the solitary places that mankind seldom seeks.

June was almost over, but he was mending fast; he felt vigorous physically, quiescent mentally, and as though morally he had been purged. The long warm days in the sunshine, the wonderful twilights, the blessed nights—he was wrapped about with the peace of it. He hardly thought. He felt the tide of life and strength set in on the flood again, and was happy to try his muscles and feel them respond—

to depend on his own spirits and feel them rise. The past was behind him—quite, quite done; he might turn a new page. It was required that you must suffer to expunge your sins; well, he had done so, and, if he was ever again to be a creature worth acceptance, he must forget. So he took his way and gained a sunburnt health, on the back of the gentle yet spirited animal which accompanied him.

The little village he had at last arrived at, he was loath to leave. Entering it at twilight the night before, he had fallen in love with its peace and venerable beauty and had even found tolerable quarters at the small way-house.

It was noon; he had explored a neighboring wood and was taking his way back to give his horse dinner, when he drew rein beside a hedge of roses. It grew stout and green and flung its flowers in the face of the passer-by. Just such a thing it seemed to Maxwell he had never seen, and, drawing his horse close to it, he leaned over and inhaled the perfume, then let his eyes travel over the garden from the sight of which the height of the hedge excluded the ordinary traveller.

It was filled with flowers, roses most of them, blooming in such profusion that no tending or picking could hold them in check, and they littered the walks with their fallen petals and filled the sunshine with their triumphant bloom.

One gardener was at this moment at work. A slender figure of a girl bent over a bush, clipping the flowers into a basket she carried, and Maxwell's eyes came to a full stop as they reached the shining braids of hair that glowed golden in the sun.

She straightened her lithe form, impelled by our usual instinct that warns us of a foreign presence watching us, and, turning, looked up at him.

Her eyes were limpid, lustrous, with an expression that resembled nothing he had ever seen, in serenity and peace; beneath them glowed her young joyous mouth. Maxwell knew that only once in a hundred years could such a creature exist. To go by, to pass her as one might a flower,—it could not be done. He had an impulse and obeyed it with his usual unthinking promptitude. Holding his horse close to the hedge he raised his hat.

"How do you do?" he said, and his unfaltering voice reached her plainly.

A startled color brightened her cheek, but she was too carefully bred not to answer such a greeting.

"How d'you do?" she answered, and even took a step towards him.

Maxwell sat hat in hand and smiled at her. "I don't believe you remember me a bit," he said. Why not be hung for a sheep? "I haven't seen you since you were a little girl. How are you all?"

She took another step towards him with a charming air of relief. "Oh, I thought I hadn't met you lately," she said. "We are all very well! at least, I am and Aunt Flora is, but papa is abroad, you know, taking the cure at N——, and Ned is with him."

Maxwell nodded gravely. "I am glad of that," he said.

She looked a little puzzled, and he added: "It would have been lonely for him to go alone, don't you think?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose it would," she assented; "but I'm rather lonely without them both. No one but Aunt Flora, you see, and she never goes off the place, she is so crippled with her rheumatism."

"Dear me, I'm sorry," said Maxwell, and, morally speaking, he settled in his saddle, prepared for another fence: "I wonder if she would see me if I came in and paid my respects. She would hardly remember my face," he added, smiling (had he not landed safely on the other side?); "but perhaps we might have a talk over our mutual friends,—that is, if she is up to it."

The girl was standing just the other side of the hedge now, and nodded in acquiescence.

"She'd love it," she said; "you know, of course, how deaf she is, and cut off in that way, and yet so gay and sweet, and does like people so. Do come in; she isn't down yet, but she will be delighted to see you, I'm sure."

Without more ado, Maxwell rode up to the gate and, getting off his horse, the bridle over his arm, he walked beside his hostess up the broad gravel drive towards the house. There was a stretch of lawn before them, and they sauntered slowly, following the twist of the drive.

"I should think," he began, "that you would have gone with your father?"

"I wanted to," she swung her basket, tipping the roses about, "but papa wouldn't take me. He's never gotten over Aunt Flora's unhappy marriage, and he's afraid I shall marry an adventurer like Monsieur Devinge."

Maxwell felt a sting as he looked down at the charming countenance beside him, but he had no idea of retreating now.

"But that was long ago," he remarked.

"Twenty years," she gave a shrug to her graceful shoulders; "but papa cannot forget how he hated that man, and you know I am named after Aunt Flora."

"How do you spell your name?" demanded Maxwell, abruptly. They were at the steps, and one fact he must know.

"The usual way," she returned, looking down at him as he stood below her; "F-l-o-r-a."

"But that's not all of it," he answered, smiling; "give me your full signature."

She shook her head. "I have no other name," she said; "I'm just Flora Ashby. What did you think?"

Maxwell smoothed the shining neck of his horse.

"I thought you had a family name that your father was rather proud of," he said, and had the effrontery to turn and smile into her eyes.

"No," she answered, laughing; "the point is just the other way, that I have no middle name. There have been Flora Ashby's for generations."

"I knew there was a point somewhere," retorted Maxwell, and they both laughed—wolf and lamb together, and the more he felt his falseness the more determined he was to hold his ground. Would he meet such another pair of eyes on his travels? Another such lovely smiling mouth? No, the game was worth the candle.

"I'll ring for Isaac," said Miss Ashby, which she did, and in a moment or two they stood in the drawing-room together, and, turning to leave him, the girl hesitated an instant at the door, and blushed.

"It seems absurd," she said, "that I should have to ask your name."

"My name is David Maxwell," returned her visitor, and as she disappeared he wondered whether he had made that up too.

I'm a villian, he thought, repentantly; but, then, it's only a trifle; I *might* have known Mr. Ashby, and then how simple it would have been—I wish to the deuce I had. Sitting down he looked restlessly about him. I'm a fool, he thought, but I've grown absurdly shy of lying; and he fixed his mind on the room he sat in. It was worth looking at, and he forgot his own delinquencies as he noted its details.

Panelled in white-painted wood to the ceiling, with dark shining wood floors, a few old miniatures in velvet frames, and two beautiful portraits in oils alone broke the even decoration of the panelling. Books there were, too, a little musty in proof of their long life in the family of Ashby, and not a table or a bookcase but it was loaded with glass bowls and jars of roses. He had never seen such roses; their perfume seemed to have saturated the room like its natural scent. He felt sure it must smell of them in December.

He waited fifteen minutes and grudged none of them, but stood up as he heard the light clatter of feminine heels on the wooden stairs, crossing the hall, and so entering the room. Then he beheld, with an instant sense of satisfaction, Madame Flora Devigne.

If he had been afraid that the lady's foreign experience had bred suspicion in her, he was ashamed of the thought; she advanced with such graciousness of demeanor that Maxwell lost whatever remained of his heart not already in the possession of an Ashby.

"My niece tells me you know my brother," said Madame Devigne, holding out her long, slender hand; "I make you welcome to Ashby."

It was too late to repent, and Maxwell steadied his somewhat stammering tongue.

"I am afraid I am an intruder," he said; "but I wanted so much to enter your gates that I have presumed."

She hardly caught the words, and, sitting down, made him draw a chair near her, and began to talk to him of a thousand things, the clues to which he could but seldom catch; but as they progressed, he talked also of people he thought her likely to know among his acquaintances, and they reached a field of common ground with mutual satisfaction.

Her finely bred features grew animated, her clear eyes sparkled, and Maxwell succumbed to a personal charm that made him quite forget in half an hour that they had never met before that morning.

He stayed to luncheon, and gave Madame Flora his arm in the garden for a stroll afterwards. When she went up slowly and laboriously to her afternoon rest, he stood at the foot of the stairs, looking after her, and regretted that he did not feel quite intimate enough to ask her to take him as a prop to her room door. As he stood there, the girl came lightly down and joined him.

He looked at her.

"Must I go?" he asked

She leaned against the newel-post, her eyes lowered. "I'm not busy," she said, "except that I must pick roses."

"Must you?" returned Maxwell; "may I pick them too?"

"Will you?" She raised her eyes and opened them rather wide: "Won't it be a bore?"

"I don't think it will," he answered slowly, his eyes still on her face; "I'd like to try, but I stipulate for a basket too."

She laughed gayly: "A basket! You shall have a dozen and fill them all, if you like;" and he took her at her word.

It was two weeks since Maxwell had first come to the gates of Ashby, and he was still living in the village hard by. Every day he rode or drove or spent some part of the afternoon with its younger mistress, and almost every evening he played chess with Madame Devigne. They had three games; then she took her novel and an English paper and settled herself in her corner by the lamp, leaving Maxwell to be entertained for an hour by her niece. It was warm, not too warm for the older lady, but their more impatient spirits sometimes carried them out into the garden and always kept them

in the great wide open window hanging out into the cooler night outside.

Maxwell was living in a kind of dream. He made no calculations, looked no further ahead than the morrow, and felt himself more perilously happy than he had ever been in his life before. His false entry into this rapid intimacy troubled him at times, but he put it from him. It surely was too small a thing to drive him utterly from their good graces when the time came that he should tell them, and till then he would persevere.

"Do you see that little house by the road-side?" asked Miss Ashby. She and Maxwell were riding together down the dusty high-road.

"My eyesight is excellent and the house not ten yards from me," returned Maxwell, severely; "but you mean that you want to stop there. Now, don't sacrifice our ride to calls, I beg of you——"

"How men hate civility!" she smiled at him gayly; "but I only mean to stop a moment and ask Cousin Sarah to take tea to-night." She drew rein and slid off her horse before Maxwell could reach her. Handing him the bridle, she mounted the steps and rang the bell. It had hardly sounded before the door opened and their hostess, it appeared, was upon them. No, a younger woman, before whom Miss Ashby drew back, but who caught her hand, kissed her, and greeted Maxwell all in a breath.

"Dear Mr. Maxwell," was the form the last performance took, "where did you drop from? I didn't know you and Flora were friends."

Maxwell bowed. "I am surprised to hear there is anything you are unaware of," he retorted.

The girl laughed.

"Oh, well, no one expects to keep up with your intimacies," she returned; "I left several women in town raging because you had left no address behind you. How well you look! Telford seems to agree with you. Have you been here long?"

"Came this morning," said Maxwell.

"Did you really?" She opened her eyes and turned to Miss Ashby. "Did he really, Flora?"

"Of course not," Miss Ashby laughed, impatiently. "Tell Cousin Sarah we can't wait, but we expect her to supper at eight." She went down the steps, and, as Maxwell helped her to mount, she added, "When *did* you come?"

"Just this morning."

Miss Warren looked them both over: "You two look delightful, but don't have too good a time, remember, Flora."

They rode away down the long avenue of elms that bordered the

dusty road and on in silence through the country. It took two miles of this and two miles more of woodland shade, with a word now and then, to drive Miss Warren from their minds, but it was done at last.

"There is nothing like it, is there?" said the girl, and turned the lovely oval of her face to his.

"Nothing like what?" returned the man. "Nothing like riding with you? I'll agree there."

She colored a little. "According to Miss Warren, you are a judge," she returned, and gave him a look, half wistful, half provocative.

Maxwell nodded: "First-rate judge," he answered, gravely. "I speak from experience. There is nothing like it. It's a spell. I incline to think it's the roses," he added, smiling.

She looked ahead of her, opened her lips as though to speak, but stopped, and Maxwell went on.

"You see you are never without one," he pointed to a flower she had pinned in her dress. "Who ever put a rose in a habit! But they are your power! you would die if you hadn't one on, or turn into a bird and fly away. If I could see you without a rose, I suppose you would look like an ordinary girl; as it is—" his horse walked slowly beside hers; he leaned towards her; "as it is—" their eyes met; "I am afraid to speak," ended Maxwell, slowly.

"Don't," she said, very low; and they rode on in silence. The wood closed in about them; there was just room for them to ride side by side. Maxwell drew rein.

"Let us stop a moment," he said; "what haste is there? I am completely happy; you are, outwardly at least, content. Life doesn't give one so many such moments that we can afford to lose them."

They stood still, the horses catching at each other's bridles.

"I have talked a great deal about myself in the days we have been together," Maxwell went on, "and tried to make you believe that I was on the high-road to being a good man; but one sin hangs heavy on my soul. I shan't tell you what it is yet, but it pulls me down from heaven. This does not seem to you to look like heaven, perhaps, this green wood where you are alone with me, but to me it is the place."

The girl sat still on her horse and let him nibble the grass.

"Let us sit here awhile in this garden of ferns," went on Maxwell; and, getting off his horse, he tethered him to a tree and stood ready to dismount her. She slid down, hardly touching his hand, and, while he fastened her horse, she walked a few steps into the mass of ferns. Choosing a spot where she would not crush them, she sat down. Maxwell stretched himself out beside her and they remained a moment in silence.

"What did Miss Warren mean by telling you not to enjoy yourself too much?" he asked, resting his cheek on his hand and looking up at her.

She picked three little ferns and spread them like a fan, and crimsoned slowly under his watching eyes. The sunlight, which made her hair pure gold, her white skin opalescent, her green eyes translucent jewels, as plainly showed the warm red color that welled up in her throat and cheek. She spoke at last.

"She, like many other people, thinks I am engaged to Ned." She still looked at her ferns.

"She does, does she?" said the man, slowly—"to Ned, what Ned?"

"Why there is only one possible Ned;" the girl turned to him, the color fading on her cheek to its usual delicate tint, "to Ned Funstun."

"I see," returned Maxwell. His expression had changed. She tried to read it. "I see; and what does Ned think?"

Her eyes dropped again: "Oh, he—he thinks I will be."

"Ah!" He sat up and crossed his arms closely on his chest: "And you, what do you think?"

She turned her clear gaze on him, and the bright color flashed again into her face.

"I don't think; I know," she answered, and Maxwell's arms tightened. He remained speechless.

She gathered a fresh set of ferns and proceeded more slowly: "I have known him, you know, since we were children," she began; but Maxwell interrupted her.

"I don't know, I know nothing," he interjected, hoarsely; and she gave him a wondering look.

"To have known papa and not known he intended I should marry my cousin! Why, that's to have accomplished a feat."

Maxwell's lips looked fine and without kindness. "I did not know your father," he said.

She dropped her ferns into her lap and looked at him.

"I am hoist with my own petard," he went on; "that's all. You don't understand, do you? you innocent and truth-speaking creature. Well, you shall have it—the truth at last. When I looked over the hedge at you that morning," he stopped a moment, his light eyes curiously hot in the cold setting of his face, "that morning,—one year ago, is it, since I first saw you,—I had an impulse to speak to you; I did so; you answered—it was only the first step that cost, and you know the ending—I had never seen you—your father—Ashby."

She had been gazing straight into his eyes, her lips parted to let the quick breath come through; now she turned and set her trembling

lower lip against the other. Maxwell watched her. Some words dropped from him like thoughts:

"I did it without thought—I *might* have known you—I felt I must enter your garden, and I meant no wrong. Pah! I lied—that's all; much good it has done me!"

He turned from her and sat motionless. There was no sound but the horses' bits jingling as they cropped the grass. Still looking ahead of him, he spoke.

"You mind so much," he said.

The girl's hands were clasped tightly in her lap. "So much," she said; and again there was silence.

Maxwell felt a hideous tide of loneliness sweep over him. All the companionship of these two weeks, such human intercourse as he had never known, all this receded from his reach. Intimacy of his heart and mind, of his secretive mind that wanted no one to know its paths, his heart, hidden under habits, sins, failings, such an intimacy as he would never have again; this was to fail him. He was already far from her; she who loved another man felt far from him and his lies. Ah, he had thought it would not be difficult to drop his past like a pack and go onward unencumbered! His bitterness was for the moment like vitriol and ate into him; then of a sudden its gnawing ceased. If she had condoned it without a word, would he have wanted that? Did he want her to be like himself? He turned sharply and spoke out his feeling:

"I am glad you mind," he said; "make me suffer; go on." Their eyes met; he put out his hand and touched her dress. "Do I look different to you?" he said.

Her eyes did not falter. "Quite different," she said.

His pain swept in on him again. A sudden unaccustomed red darkened his cheek. "So you despise me and love another man," he went on; "I think it is time for me to go, don't you? Shall I get the horses?" His eyes met hers with a savage lift of the eyebrow.

She sat quite still and grave. "The horses?" she said; "what do you mean?"

"Mean," returned the man, harshly; "why, that I'm of that variety of beast that prefers to nurse its wounds in its den alone; so come." He rose and stood before her, looking down into the bright shining of her eyes. She held out her hand; he caught it, and, feeling her pulling him gently down, dropped on one knee on the grass beside her.

"You'll never do it again, will you?" said the girl, and her lovely red lip trembled.

He stared at her speechless.

"I know you won't," she went on, "but don't let us talk of it any more, shall we? And let us be just as we were before this afternoon." She had left her hand in his, and as she spoke, looked into his eyes; she could not endure their gaze, and her lids drooped.

"But Ned?" said Maxwell, hoarsely.

She sprang lightly to her feet, and, as he stood up beside her, gave a strange joyous smile.

"Oh, Ned," she said; "I had forgotten Ned; can't you?" She had reached the horses first, but Maxwell caught her hand as it lay on the bridle.

"Wait!" he said, huskily; "let me say this—I——"

She laid her hand lightly on his lips. "Say nothing," she said; "I know everything or I shall know it. We have time—all the time in the world before us, haven't we?" Again her eyes dropped before his, and she went on: "This is my day. Do what I tell you. Come!"

She mounted and, looking down at him, moved away down the path, and, as she did so, touched her fingers to her lips: "It is my day, and the watchword is—" She halted, and Maxwell rode after her, and, reaching her, caught her bridle.

"My love," he said; and she rode on without denial.



WORLDLY THOUGHTS OF A WORLDLING

Really to enter into the fulness of Tomorrow, one must use the key of Yesterday.

The milk of human kindness is never more diluted than when gossips are at the pump.

The worm is not to be blamed for turning,—especially when a girl tries to bait a hook with him.

"First thoughts are best," says Conscience. "Last thoughts are best," says Prudence. Both are right.

The source of cynicism is either the liver or the heart, according as the cynic is a he or a she.

It may take two to make a quarrel, but many a row has been begun solely because one "friend" played "promoter."

Modern progress can accomplish most things, but it never will be able to substitute an elevator for the ladder of fame. WARWICK JAMES PRICE.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JEAN INGELOW, THE HOME-POET

By G. B. Stuart



A FEW years ago, I stood by the grave of Jean Ingelow, and realized that she and her work had been part of my life for thirty years; vivid impressions of childhood and youth, in which great things and small jostled, came crowding back from the far-off sixties and seventies, and I thought that perhaps some of her readers, who hadn't known her face to face, might like to read a girl's impressions of her during the most fruitful period of her literary life. To these years belong her first two books of Poems; two delightful collections of Stories, which this generation would do well to look up in old book shelves, and her first novel, fantastic and charming, "Off the Skelligs."

For about twelve or fourteen years of this time Jean Ingelow was a very familiar figure in our home-circle, a staunch friend of our parents and ourselves. My father and Miss Ingelow's eldest brother had been acquainted in business for years but it was in August, 1865, that my father first met the young writer, whose poems had been very favorably received in England and America a few months before.

Mother and we children were from home, at the seaside, at the time, and our father, who had stayed behind in London, thus wrote to my mother of the meeting (the Ingelows had lately come to Kensington):

"Last night I dined with the Ingelows, and had the honour of escorting the poetess to table. She is a fresh-faced, pleasant-mannered young woman, who blushes furiously when you address her, and is manifestly afraid that you will try to draw her out on literary matters! What did we talk about? Why, about the relative prices of butchers' meat in town and country! I noticed she had an excellent appetite, and ate everything as if she enjoyed it! After dinner, when Miss Jean was not listening, her mother told me that she was almost adored by Americans, who came in shoals just to see and shake hands

with her,—‘Jane,’ as they call her at home, in their matter-of-fact way.”

My mother read out this letter to us, as she had previously read us many of Miss Ingelow’s poems, and the picture of the blushing young lady, dressed in black silk (we learnt afterwards), has remained in my mind ever since. We made many inquiries of our father about the poetess’s home in Kensington, where Mrs. Ingelow, a widow, and her sons lived, with Miss Jean. Afterwards, I knew the prim little house well, with its squeezey old-fashioned rooms and strip of walled garden at the back, in which I got my first glimpse of literary society.



Literary society was, in those days, more a thing apart than it is in England to-day; we lived out beyond Harrow, some fifteen miles from town at that time, and my sisters and I were not in the habit of going much into London society. So Mrs. and Miss Ingelow’s afternoon parties became an event in our lives, recurring as they did every summer for a good many years, during which period we grew up one after another and became eligible for this intellectual treat. I was only fifteen when Miss Ingelow specially named me in one of her invitations and added: “Bring her, and she shall have a special introduction.” It was to “Hans Breitmann,” whom she instructed to “get me tea and talk to me and see I enjoyed myself;” I remember how proud I felt walking up and down the strip of Kensington garden with the Lion of the hour, and if I shut my eyes, I can to this moment see a pair of very bright primrose gloves, sewn with black, which my mother had carefully warned me not to put on to travel up by train, and into which I had only just struggled as we reached the Ingelows’ door! I wish I could recall as clearly all that Mr. Leland said about modern poetry, but when I think I have captured a recollection, the yellow gloves start up between, and obliterate it! But I know I had an enchanting afternoon, thanks to the kindness of the hostess who planned my entertainment and the guest who abetted her in it.

But this is hurrying on too fast, for it was while we girls were still children that Miss Ingelow became a constant visitor at our country home, and learnt to know us all apart (though we were a crowd of five sisters), and to interest herself in all our respective joys and sorrows, plans and projects, aims and ambitions.

One word here, in passing, about Mrs. Ingelow. She was a very striking old lady,—indeed, her personality always impressed me far more than her daughter’s. She had a roughly-hewn—almost

masculine face, an incisive voice, and the most delightful smile in the world! She was a trifle prim, but this was tempered by a keen sense of humour—she told a funny story inimitably. I remember one, which delighted my father, and which became a byword in our family.

“Yes, my children are very good children and they never forget my birthday,” (Mrs. Ingelow *loquitur*). “It was just the other day, and they gave me a very beautiful and handsome silver tray, Jane and her two brothers joining together to give it me. It was very gratifying to me that they should remember the anniversary; unfortunately they do not remember the bill for the tray, which came in to me to be paid this morning!” To this day any gift with a penalty attached passes among us as “Mrs. Ingelow’s tray.”

She always wore a Quakerish cap tied under her chin, and a folded kerchief of frilled book-muslin across her black dress; her maid made these for her, and they were always fresh and crisp. One day, I was sitting beside her when the maid brought in several fresh *fichus*, and a lapful of muslin pieces, odds and ends of frilling, etc. Mrs. Ingelow took all the “shapings,” as she called them,—some half-yards of fine muslin and plaited frills,—fastened them together with a pin, wrapped them in paper and presented them to me. “They are all nice and good pieces,” she said, “and a young girl like you may find some pretty use for them!” I often think of this kind little attention from an old lady, of whom many people stood in great awe, and who was reckoned something of a critic and a martinet.



Another reminiscence of Mrs. Ingelow comes back to me as I write. I hear her incisive, rather pedantic voice laying down the law to my mother: “Girls talk now (somewhere about the year 1869, it must have been) on subjects which in my young days they would have died sooner than have mentioned! I can assure you, my dear Mrs. S——, that if this goes on women will lose every atom of their influence over men; and then the ruin of society is inevitable!” I could not think at the time to what terrible subject she alluded, but the increasing freedom of speech, especially among girls, which has marked the last twenty years often reminds me of this stricture of a very wise old lady, on modern decadence.

Jean Ingelow came every summer to stay with us at Harrow Weald, and her visit always included certain special features. Of course there was a dinner party, when the intellectual *élite* of a country place was mustered to meet the authoress; there was always

an excursion into the woods or fields in search of wild flowers for the Great Ormonde Street Hospital for Children, in which she was interested; and there was a home evening of a particular character. I am not sure that the dinner parties were rendered particularly brilliant by Miss Ingelow's efforts,—she did not shine in what was, in those days, essentially "company." A literary dignitary of the church, invited to meet her, complained ruefully that she talked to him half dinner time about soup-kitchens and then changed the subject, with the removal of the cloth (we removed the cloth in the sixties!) to Clothing Clubs.

I fancy she had a perfect horror of appearing to pose as a literary character,—especially as a poetess. There was still an idea afloat that a poetess *must* be a sentimental person of the L. E. L. School, falling into attitudes, and crying "La!" when observed, or thinking herself so. Jean Ingelow's robust common sense revolted from this, and almost caused her to err on the side of over-doing the commonplace. She was indisputably an authority on certain points which twenty years ago were less universally understood than they now are and she might with dignity and general approval have "taken upon herself" in this connection more than she did. It was only when talking a *deux*, with my mother, perhaps, or some other intimate friend, that she ever to my knowledge put forward a definite personal opinion on things literary. I remember a very animated discussion about "Stuart of Dunleath," the Hon. Mrs. Norton's novel, which my mother admired, and prevailed on Jean Ingelow to read. She denounced it as unreal, meretricious and mischievous, and said, severely, that it showed all the worst traits of its authoress, who was of course airing her own grievances in its pages. My mother, who was enthusiastic and romantic, was deeply disappointed. We girls had not then read the novel in question, which was considered particularly "advanced" and possibly "dangerous." When I did so, some years later, oddly enough I agreed with both ladies: I saw all the pretentiousness that disgusted Jean Ingelow, and all the charm of romance which fascinated my mother; and no book could have offered me a clearer comment on the character of both!



Those summer dinner parties to which I have alluded as functions of our "poetess programme," included some noted guests whose names come back to my memory in connection with the Ingelows: Bishop McDougall,—the "fighting bishop," whose brush with the Malays nearly cost him his apron; Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Wordsworth, a

very delightful talker, but with so shy a manner that my father used to complain "he always puts his head under the table to say his best things;" the Edwyn Vaughans from Harrow; Matthew Arnold, Dr. Pole, who played whist after dinner to the terror of the few, or played the piano instead to the delight of the many; Sir Thomas Wade and Mr. William Mercer, old China friends of my parents; Mr. Haweis, a young man full of Garibaldian enthusiasm; Mrs. Siddons, representing the drama very gracefully, as she did everything; and Mrs. Rundle Charles, the serious novelist. These two ladies looked their respective parts better than did Miss Ingelow, who always seemed to us determined to ignore the attributes of her special rôle with intention.

I have elsewhere told the following story, but it is so characteristic that I must tell it again. One evening at dinner Miss Ingelow confessed that though she had often written poems about nightingales, she had never heard one sing. Everyone commented on this as extraordinary, and we agreed that a poetess's imagination was a marvelous gift, but we determined that not another night should pass without remedying this grievous omission. It was in May, and about nine o'clock we led forth Miss Ingelow to the lime avenue, where the nightingales were singing in scores,—we all held our breath to listen as one after another, far and near, broke into song. Presently Miss Ingelow asked, anxiously: "Well, are they singing yet? I don't hear anything!" It transpired that being a Londoner, and uncertain of unknown shrubberies on a chilly spring evening, she had defied draughts by the simple expedient of putting cotton-wool in her ears before venturing out!—at least she said it was on account of draughts, but I thought at the time, and still think, that her determination to be betrayed into nothing that could savour of sentimentalism had something to do with it! However, she never minded being chaffed about it, and enjoyed the joke as much as any of us.

Her sense of fun was pleasant and ready, but particularly simple. I remember a piece over which she "laughed consumedly." One of her brothers was balloon-struck and made ascents, unknown to his family, with the celebrated Mr. (or was he Capt.?) Glaisher. The papers said next day the well-known aeronaut was accompanied by a "Mr. I.!" His sister telling the story observed: "Mr. I. was no mystery to us!" and delightedly repeated what was certainly an exceedingly neat quip. Perhaps I may mention here that kind "Mr. I." afterwards insured his life on behalf of some orphan nephews and nieces,—then, without a murmur, give up the ballooning which he loved, on the insistence of the insurance office.



I have mentioned a special entertainment of those home evenings which Miss Ingelow spent with us, and which honestly I believe she enjoyed more than the company occasions. We had a habit of chronicling family affairs in verse, and whenever she came to stay, the poetess insisted on having these read to her,—not one or two picked out, but everything we had written, since the last time she had seen us! These verses were valentines, rhyming “logs” of visits or excursions, letters in doggerel when we stayed away from home; to all of which Miss Ingelow used to listen with the greatest delight, often begging for one or other to be read over again! She used to ejaculate: “How funny!” “How clever!” “What a splendid rhyme!” “What good practice all this is!” all the time, and really enjoyed our nonsense as if she had never written a line herself or knew what the word “poetry” meant! I fancy one reason for this was that she took her own poetry seriously,—she had been shy over it in her girlhood and even when it was given to the world, and had become familiar in all our mouths, she did not care to discuss it. The spontaneous gayety and “go” of our home verses, with their audacious rhymes and astounding personalities, delighted her. We often played crambo, that best of all “pencil and paper” games, when she stayed with us, and I am ashamed to confess that it was Miss Ingelow who gathered up our crambo-verses to take home to show her mother, not we who cherished hers! If we had only had the wit to do so, what a precious collection of poems, unknown to the public, we might have possessed!

There was a point in Miss Ingelow’s poems which often exercised our curiosity,—her frequent allusions, in her lyrics particularly, to sailors and the sea. We wondered, with affectionate sympathy, whether she had ever known, perhaps loved, a sailor?—perhaps been engaged to someone who was lost at sea?—for how frequently the idea recurs in her writings! Once we very cautiously led up to the subject and she spoke without a moment’s hesitation: “Sailors? Why sailors touch everybody’s heart. Sailors are ready-made heroes of romance to English people, much more appealing and convincing than even soldiers!”

Once one of us, would-be witty, and alluding to a recent conversation on city affairs, ventured: “You will have to alter your songs, Miss Ingelow, if England goes on growing commercial and money-grubbing; your next edition will have,

O my stockbroker haste!
For the time runs to waste!

instead of the verse as it stands!” We were all frightened out of

our wits when this audacious speech was once spoken,—for young girls did not speak audaciously to their elders in the seventies; the Education Act was still too young! Mother looked horrified, for the parody was flagrant, and the song parodied a touching and serious one, but Miss Ingelow burst out laughing, taking the suggestion as an excellent joke, and we escaped the maternal reproof afterwards, which we were expecting.

If there were a special sailor in Miss Ingelow's life, she wore her rue with a difference from other disappointed women, and I think her family, after these long years, will forgive me hazarding the suggestion, for sake of the kind and tender memories that cling to it. Miss Ingelow used always to give us the songs which were sent her by composers in England and America, who found how excellently her lyrics "set themselves" to music. We still have "O, Fair Dove!" "When Sparrows Build," "The Frozen Mere," and "My Sailor, Make Haste!" with her name on them, just as she passed them on to us, though they are tattered with much usage. I never take them up without remembering how naively she used to express surprise that another and yet another of her songs had taken the popular fancy. The fact is, her lyrics are eminently singable,—they have all the qualities which "words for music" generally lack.



In personal appearance Miss Ingelow was a small woman, with a high, rather fixed, colour and a plump figure. Her manner was particularly gentle, though I have seen her fussy, through nervousness. She generally dressed in black. A square-cut black moiré dinner dress, with white lace, and lace lappets on her hair (which she took to wearing at an age which ladies of to-day would think ridiculously premature), or a cap, became her very well indeed, and was her usual "company" gown. On one occasion, about the year 1873, the then four or five most noted women writers of the day determined to meet and make each others' acquaintance, choosing a *rendezvous* in the Isle of Wight which happened at the moment to suit them all. They were Miss Yonge, Miss Parr (Holme Lee), Miss Sewell, and Miss Ingelow. I am not certain, but Miss Dinah Muloch may have been of the party. Perhaps the wittiest of the four described the meeting to me. "Well, what did you think when they all walked in?" I asked my informant. "Think? I thought that such a party of dowdy women would be hard to match all the world over, but Jean Ingelow, who was possibly the youngest of us, and who came straight from London, had managed to make herself the greatest frump of all!"

Certainly as a young woman she did not dress very tastefully, though in later years the rather elderly style she affected grew to suit her better.

Her love of wild flowers was a revelation to me who, having had the run of gardens and greenhouses all my childhood, had thought very little of field flowers till I caught their appreciation from her. Her poems are full of allusions to out-of-the-way simple flowers which one would scarcely have expected a town-living woman to have noticed. I often wonder how many of her minute observations of Nature she made in our fields and shrubberies, where I have seen her closely examining a piece of white hemlock blossom ("How lovely this would be thought, if it grew in a greenhouse!") and comparing the thick, damp, pond forget-me-not with its dry namesake of the garden border.

"What I liked almost best about our Swiss tour," I heard her say, "was to sit at Zermatt and examine all the flowers within reach in the grass; once I found twenty-seven varieties without moving from my place!"

I stood beside her grave in a London cemetery, and saw her laid to rest among her own people, beside her father and mother, and that elder brother (Mr. I.), with whom she so long had made her happy home. Her mother, an earlier Jean Ingelow, died at the age of seventy-seven, her own age also. Figures like these show the long spaces of time over which memory skips so nimbly! But to me she will always be a young woman,—young in mind and manner, and part of that young life when one has but to stretch out one's hand and gather a score of different flowers, without moving from one's place!



LIFE

BY WARWICK JAMES PRICE

A ROUND, vast plains of tawny, blistering sand;
 O'erhead, vast curves of cloudless, scorching sky:—
 The last survivor of a travellers' band
 Lies down to die.

And yet, below the desert's yellow rim,
 A spring leaps from the palms, then, tired of play,
 Sinks in the sands outside its grassy brim
 And wastes away.

THE SHERIFF OF CONTENTION

By *Will Levington Comfort*

Author of "The Fortress"



MAGOON shaved, policed himself generally, then strode up the river, his big sable-and-white collie following. He reached town after dark and found a little restaurant and a good-looking girl therein. This was Nettie, the red-haired angel of Buckamuck, which settlement was among the rawest of the "gold" towns on the Mammon. Trouble was plain in Nettie's eyes.

"Hello, Danny," she said shyly; "come on back here to the kitchen. I'm just about through. Where's Scotty?"

"Waitin' at th' dure, Nettie."

"Come in, Scotty. You're invited," the girl called. The collie nosed the screen door open and entered gravely. The three sat down in the little shiny-clean kitchen. Magoon's face was wrinkled with emotion as he said huskily:

"Ye tol' me t' come this night, Nettie. Will ye marry me, gurr! Mind, I'll set Scotty on ye, if ye don't!"

"I did ask you to come to-night," she forced herself to say, "and I've got to give you the worst of it. It's hard to have to say 'No' to you, Danny—"

The little Irishman rubbed his hard hand across his mouth, and left a thin game smile there.

"Ah well," he said almost steadily, "'tis your swate self that knows best, deere."

The girl rose impulsively. "Believe me, Danny, I would help it if I could, but Colter has won out. I know the boys hate and misunderstand him, but he's a man for that, and I told him to-day that I was his for life; and all the time I knew that I was turning down a man who would make a little heaven for a woman here on the Mammon—for a woman that was square—and I'm meaning you, Danny!"

It was the ancient story of the woman who loves, talking to the man she likes.

"'Tis no manner av blame for ye, Nettie," Magoon declared, "an' for all I know Colter is a better man thin I am, which is

rubbin' glory in th' face av him, sure. Scotty, lad, shake hands wit' th' lady, for 'tis th' last chanct ye'll have, sor."

The collie squatted before her gloomily and raised his paw high. Then Magoon held out his hand to her.

"Good-bye, Nettie, deere," he said, "an' don't ye be afther feelin' bad for me. I have a weddin' prisint for ye, an' a wurrud or a blow or a dollar, or all three, anny time ye made thim."

And so the little Irishman left her with the deepest hurt of his life. The next morning he turned over his claim, through a third party, to the auburn-haired girl. And there were few better claims on the Mammon than the "Belle Mare" diggings. Then with a mount and two pack-ponies, and the mournful Scotty at his left stirrup, Magoon rode north along the shrunken river-bed of the Mammon to the town of Contention, making the thirty miles from Buckamuck before sundown.

He was needed at Contention, and remained to shoot his way into prominence and respect. He was feared and admired as lucky and effective men are. He bought a new claim on the Mammon and made it pay. He took his drink and sat in a poker game on occasion. As a deputy under Sheriff Stockton he went to the Gap, a rendezvous of smutted characters, winged "Big" Fellows there and brought him back on a murder charge. The marvelous part of the case was that the outlaws at the Gap did not gainsay nor gunsay the proceeding. The psychological reason for this was too deep for Contention, but the gray-eyed little Irishman stepped up high and mysteriously in the minds of men.

Then Stockton, the sheriff, undertook to clean out the Gap, times being dull in Contention. He rode over with seven deputies and was shot from his horse as he hove in sight of the stronghold. Only life enough remained in him after he fell to turn over his command to Magoon, who carried out the job, but brought back, besides Stockton and his prisoners, three of his own seven on pack-ponies, made fast with the diamond hitch. By acclaim on his return, Danny was hoisted into Stockton's place, and the dove of peace came down from the yellow sky to peck at crumbs from the Irishman's hands, while the melancholy Scotty dozed at the feet of his king.

But the red-haired girl still held the sun and stars in the sky for Sheriff Danny Magoon. If it were possible he would have avoided hearing from the Colters, and certainly no ordinary pressure could have forced him back to Buckamuck, but still his memories were like an open and angry wound.

"Swate as an angil, she wore t' me, Scotty," he would sometimes say to the collie as they sat together at the shanty-door in

the evening-time, "but 'tis not for ye an' me t' grow tired av marrud life—eh, lad?"

Magoon had been in Contention nearly two years when the mail-carrier, whose peregrinations wired the Mammon towns together, brought word to Contention that there had been a murder down in Buckamuck. It appears that the unhallowed life of "Ocre" Vanreb had escaped through a knife-wound in the back. The fact that wildly stirred Buckamuck was that a knife, the weapon of an unclean man, had been used. The volume of suspicion pointed toward Mrs. Colter's husband, upon whom the late Vanreb had directed his last assaults of abusive humor. On the same night, later and alone, Vanreb had died.

Now Buckamuck had never relished the presence of Colter. He was no mixer and bore upon his person ear-marks of the despised East. His education would not have militated so strongly against him had he shown an inclination to become one of the boys. However, Colter's winning of Buckamuck's red-haired girl was the head and front of his offending. A lady-killer and a horse-thief lined up together in the lowest stratum of sin. The woman he had taken unto himself had been one of the settlement's few amenities; thought and spoken of as an attraction, like the gorgeous Arizona nights, the background of sharply-carved hills and the Mammon's eke of gold, which bound all men together for good and ill. No man was worthy of her, although the town had been half reconciled to the suit of Danny Magoon before the stranger came.

Moreover, Colter had salted the open wound of his presence, and his looting of the town's darling, by depriving Buckamuck of an honorable and upright citizen, with a quick and ready gun; then he rubbed it in by working the "Belle Mare" diggings which Magoon had given to the girl who had turned him down.

"Ocre" Vanreb was not greatly missed, but he had gone out hog-fashion, evidence of guilt pointing to the man whom the whole town itched to macerate. The result was that Colter would shortly swallow the hemp.

The news bore down upon Magoon, stirred into disorder all the sorrow and passion of his life, ignited the eager fuel of hope. Scotty scented big game in the manner of his master. Nancy Sykes, Magoon's Chinaboy, appeared in the doorway of the shanty when the shadows of that afternoon were long:

"Suppol leddy, Shallif," he announced.

"Ah go long wit' you. Supper is ut? Sure, an' I've had ut thin!"

As the sheriff had been sitting for more than three hours just

without the door the astonishment of the Oriental was blameless. Magoon eat! It was not in him, for his soul was running wild with spring freshets of glory plucked out of the future.

"She must hate him be this time anyway, Scotty," he reasoned, "cuttin' rascal that he is; thin sure 'tis no pinin' widder that she'll be. An' who wore th' first choice av her? Answer me that, lad! Who was ut that had an order for a mansion in th' hands av th' contractor, an' her own sanction av th' same, before that glib divvle come—him wit' th' smilin' front an' th' handy knife, as it proves? Answer me that, sor?"

Scotty was apathetic again, the promise of action having petered somewhat. Magoon smoked his pipe and continued to evolve substantial happiness out of the future, segregating the years even, until the whole mellowed to a finish, crowned with a halo of girls and boys. That was a dream that made his lips dry and his eye-balls tingle. Did he not father and champion the rights of half the children of Contention now?

The night was thick and hot and late. There was no moon, but every billion miles there shone a hardy star. The shrunken Mammon moaned as if in pain. Scotty woofed.

"What is ut, lad?"

Scotty leaped up and barked loudly.

Out of the utter dark from behind came a sound of bare feet, and presently there appeared a man attired only in trousers and a sleeveless gauze shirt.

"I'm Colter," the man panted, shrinking back from the lighted door-way.

"I see you are," said Magoon, beckoning the bristling collie down.

"I got away from Buckamuck and came here."

"An' what for?"

"She told me to come to you—the lady. I was in Broderic's saloon two nights ago to buy a bottle of wine. It was our wedding anniversary and Nettie suggested that we celebrate. Vanreb was there and undertook to have fun with me. I was unarmed and got away. He was knifed in the back later that night."

"Go on," said Magoon. Scotty was quiet again.

"They locked me up the next morning before I knew the charge. Nettie came to me last night. Higgins was guarding the door. He saw a bottle of whiskey sticking out from her shawl and appropriated it. There was a sleeping-dope in it, and when it worked, she took his key and told me to come here to you."

They had moved inside. The sheriff's lips were white, distorted; his face was drenched with sweat and the dim glow of agony was manifest in the gray eyes. Suddenly Magoon lifted the lamp from the table, shoved it close to the pale face of the prisoner and stared into his eyes.

"Nettie knows that I was with her before Vanreb left Broderic's and that I never left the cottage that night," Colter said.

"Go into that room," the sheriff commanded in a grating voice, as he put the lamp down. "I may be gone a week or th' small part av wan, but stay you here an' make no noise. Th' Chink will feed you, sor."

That night Magoon rode down the river-bed to Buckamuck for the first time in two years, and Scotty followed almost gayly, for night-rides had come to mean action. Dawn was perceptible when he reached the "Belle Mare" claim. His old cabin had been enlarged and improved. He stumbled over a circlet of stones and the smell of geranium leaves was borne up to him. The voice of the woman which answered his knock was softer than he had ever heard it.

"Hello, Nettie. It's me—Magoon."

"Oh, all right, Danny. Just a minute and I'll let you in!"

Then Magoon's throat tightened as if in the wrenching of powerful fingers. There was another voice in the cottage. The door was opened and she stood before him in the lamp-light, the red hair hanging down in thick braids, her face pale and anxious, but ineffably sweeter to him—and a bit of a babe in her arms.

"I told him to go to you: Have you seen him, Danny?" she asked quickly.

"He's safe in me shack up the river," he answered, and his eyes were moving about the room. It was not as he had left it. There were plush chairs about, and a center-table, supporting books and a fancy lamp whose light brought out vividly the sweeping figure of the carpet on the floor. The child was grieving a little.

"In trouble—I thought of you first, Danny."

"I tol' ye t' do ut, Nettie, gurrl."

"But why are you here?"

He turned to her swiftly and answered: "T' larn if ye wore happy, deere. Is he good t' ye?"

"Good as gold, Danny. No woman could have been happier than I 'till now. I tell you, it's a shame—no word is strong enough—that they can't let him alone with their horse-play. Haven't I always been square to the boys? Then why can't they let me be happy, Danny? He was with me at nine o'clock the night Vanreb was killed. He's home every evening—reading or talking with me or playing with little Danny here—"

"Did I hear you say 'Danny' in riference t' anny thing?"

"It's the name of the baby," she said, smiling at him.

"Oh, Larud, let me holt av ut!"

He seized in his arms the blinking cherub of a year. The crying had ceased. "An' ye called ut 'Danny'—" he repeated softly.

"It was his father's suggestion—and mine," the woman answered from the kitchen, where a fresh fire was blowing. Scotty had entered the rear way. The collie regarded the man and the babe in his arms for an instant with tolerance; then resigned himself disconsolately under the kitchen table. Things had come to a dreary pass when a ride in the night degenerated into such a bore as this.

"Well, Nettie, I must be off; there's wurruk for me, sure."

"I'll have a cup of coffee for you in a minute, Danny," the woman called.

He had to clear his throat before he answered:

"I'm for ut, Nettie. Make a cup for Sheriff Danny here, too, an' a platter av pork chops. Sure th' lad must be fed."

Full day was upon the Mammon when he emerged from the cottage. A couple of miners were passing.

"I'll take care of you. 'Tis nothin' but a misunderstandin', on the parrt av th' byes. I'll set thim straight, Nettie, deere. Come Scotty, lad. Good-bye an' wipe your eyes, gurr!"

He turned in the saddle and saw her standing in the morning light, holding the child and waving her free hand to him. He set his jaw hard but it would not stop the twitching of his lips. Buckamuck was quiet. The two miners who had seen him in the Colter door-way rode hurriedly through the town headed north. At Broderic's saloon Magoon learned that most of the miners had laid off to find Colter; that the men had been drinking heavily for three days, and that a party of a dozen had left a half hour before, riding up the river toward Contention. The Sheriff remounted and rode for two hours, far to the right of the river-bed; then regained the old trail a mile ahead of the men, whose voices were borne to him at intervals up through the cañon. He reached his own shack in Contention early in the afternoon. All was well there.

Magoon sat in his old place at the door-way, as the revelry in the town grew louder. The racket disturbed Scotty, who woofed frequently and shoved his head under the man's arm for an explanation. Contention had stopped work to entertain its guests. In the early twilight the voices drew nearer, but became hushed as the men swayed closer to Magoon, which peculiarity made plain to the

Sheriff that there was deviltry in the wind. The two who had seen him leave Colter's were in the crowd, which numbered twenty-five at least, including the citizens of Contention.

"'Tis a great honor, byes, that you're besthowin'," the Irishman said pleasantly. "My Orientil mandareen is bringin' out th' dhrink an' th' seegars; an' whilst we're waitin' for th' kittle t' bile, so t' speak, tell me what's festerin' av your minds."

"We're lookin' fur Colter, Danny, havin' news fur him brought from Buckamuck," said Shorty Cable, who was a shyster lawyer when drunk.

"So, an' how long since they appinted you polis messenger an' persecutin' attorney, Mister Cable?"

"Oh, drop that, Dan. We want Colter," observed Corny Lusk, who was a fighter, but a fair shade of white mostly.

"That's wan way t' spehak a message," the Sheriff answered. "You want Colter. You'll not git him from me. You have your answer, Corny."

"You know where he is, bein' at his house last night," put in Shorty. "The lady must have told you, Danny, during your con-ver-sations."

"If I know, 'tis no sign ye will—ye runt av a polecat. I was on th' Mammon thrail last night an' knocked at Colter's dure in th' light av mornin'!"

Shorty laughed derisively and made a remark to the man nearest. The little gray eyes of the Sheriff turned hard and sharp.

"I say, byes, 'tis time I wore readin' my evenin' paaper. If there's annythin' more t' say, get rid av ut through a clane mouth-piece. I warn ye I'll hear no more this day from Shorty Cable!"

"Look here, Dan," said Corny Lusk, elbowing Shorty back, "we hang in Buckamuck for knifin' behind. If you know where Colter is, its up to you to spit it out."

Magoon looked away over the castellated hills, sharply black against the fiery sunset disk, rubbed his hand roughly across his face, then said in an even tone:

"'Tis an onhealthy life out here on th' Mammon, lads. A man has t' be jerked up ivery now an' a little, an' borrrn agin, as Dante says, t' kape up th' sthandin' av morils in th' sittlemint. Last night I rode down th' thrail t' help Buckamuck hang Colter, an' th' ol' winch av a Mammon kapes sayin' all th' way in th' moon an' th' darrk, 'See th' rid-haired gurrl first, Danny!' 'Twas in th' light av mornin', as I said befure, that I knocked at her dure, God knowin' th' thoughts in th' head av me. 'Nettie,' I says, 'did your man do th' knifin' on th' rear av Vanreb's carcass?' 'No,' she says 'do I luk

like th' wife av a cuttin' coward, Danny?" "You do not," says I, "but are ye happy, Nettie,—is Colter good t' ye, gurrl?"

"She lukked at me wit' a shmile on th' swate face av her; thin cast her eyes down t' th' wee boondle in th' cruk av her arm, an' wit' a laugh, she says, 'Do what you can for him, Danny. I don't blame th' byes, for they don't understand my man, that's all, or they wudn't grieve me so. You tell them, Danny,' she says, 'tell th' byes that they're all right, an' I belave in thim, on'y they're wrong this time,' she says. 'Tell thim t' bring back my man t' me, Danny, for I nade him sore, an' th' little wan is chryin' for him day and night.'"

The little sheriff spat meditatively, and then turned to Corny Lusk. The boys were quiet.

"D'ye 'mimber, ould parrdner, whin we bint our backs side-by-side on th' lower Mammon; whin th' days wore long an' there was little shine av yellow t' pay for thim? Ah, thim wore th' harrd days, lad, an' dull, indade, was that night that had no shootin' t' crown th' glory av ut; an' grub was vile an' men wore half mad from th' river an' th' dhrink. Ye 'mimber ut well, Corny, an' who was th' swate anglil av mercy in our midst, whin ould Buckamuck was new? Ye know well who she wore, lad!"

Magoon's head now turned slowly to Shorty Cable and it was a stunning blow that was then delivered:

"An' *you*, ye little leech, who made grool for you, whin that wormy t'imblefull av brains av yours wore wandherin' for days an' days from th' butt av 'Nig' Doble's heavy gun? There was a knife in 'Nig' Doble's kidney afterward, but *you* did not hang, Shorty Cable!"

He gave them no rest now, but seized upon Bill Haley, a decent Irishman, whose face was already working. "Who pulled you out av th' clutch av typhoid, sittin' nights an' nights in th' reek av your lamp, an' shmilin' whin you mumbled th' question, as t' what parrt av hivin you wore lyin' in, believin' av course it was hivin' for her bein' there! Sure, an' wud've ast th' same question, deloorium or no, Bill."

"D'ye 'mimber byes, whin we set th' leg av Corney Lusk here, afther he had crawled four miles into camp, an' his kicker wore as big as a sthove. Three av us it tuk t' twist him back in shape, an' there was niver a whimper out av him, because th' rid-haired gurrl wore holdin' av his hands. Who was ut that fed an' mended us, byes, gave us grub free whin we wore broke? Who was mother an' sister an' swate-heartt t' ivery an' baste av us? Who held th' Mammon canon from bein' hell altogether in thim airy days when ould Buckamuck was new?"

Magoon halted, brushed the drops of sweat from his face with his

sleeve, looked from face to face; then suddenly jerked them all erect with the thundered question:

"Did th' rid-haired gurrl iver lie t' anny man av ye?"

The negative was murmured back, and he resumed sadly but without anger:

"What has come over ye, lads, t' forget all these things—all th' ould days? I know ye all loved her—savin' me—who cudn't love a woman—"

The boys were laughing now, and the voice of the little sheriff trembled, for he saw that he had won.

"An' I know 'twas crool harrd t' see th' stranger from th' States snatch her from your grasp—'twas that indade! I feel for ye all, but did woman or angil iver earn better th' right t' fall into th' arrms av th' man av her choice? Larud, Larud, how she earned ut, lads! An' she niver lied t' man av us—?"

The negative was roared to him now.

"Thin I want t' ask ye wan thing more, lads: Is th' wurrud av th' queen av all our harts—is th' wurrud av th' rid-haired gurrl good or not good for th' alibi av any man—on th' wild rushin' banks av th' Mammon?"

Although the men of Contention were there in a body now to stand by their sheriff, they were not needed. The right answer was acclaimed. In the general excitement, Magoon dove into the shanty and brought forth Colter.

"This lads, is th' bye that did more than anny wan av us cud do in th' way av winnin' an angil for his own; an' this night we'll all go back t' Buckamuck an' ast her t' forgive us, as we used t' in the ould days, but we'll have a dhrink first, please God. Come, Scotty, we're for th' road agin!"

And so they started down the trail in the darkness, Shorty Cable walking a little apart from the others, and the little sheriff far apart from all—in his thoughts.



UNTRIED WAYS

BY SILAS K. FLOYD

FULL many a ship puts out to sea,
 Not knowing what the end may be;
 And if each tarried the end to know,
 How many ships to sea would go?

FOR SWEET CHARITY'S SAKE

A SOCIAL SATIRE

By Ina Brevoort Roberts

Author of "The Lifting of a Finger"



I RAN down the steps of the flat-house in which I live and walked towards the subway, feeling, in spite of the glorious weather, anything but jubilant. It was Saturday afternoon and all the world would be pleasure-seeking, while for me—not a story in sight.

I set my heels squarely on the sidewalk, in a devil's tattoo that dispelled some of my irritation. After all, I thought, I might be a shop girl compelled to pass my days in a stuffy store, or a society woman spending a life-time looking for happiness in the wrong direction. In fact, I might be a whole lot of worse things than a reporter with health and nerves in good order, and spirits to correspond. Why, I'd rather be a failure at newspaper work than a success at anything else, I love it so.

Well, it did look as though I were to be catalogued as a failure—for to-day, at least, for I hadn't even an inkling of a story. I had read the "What is Going on To-day" column in all the papers; but it was still early in the season, so nothing was slated to happen except a euchre at the Waldorf under the auspices of the Kindness Club, for the benefit of the Waif's Home. Now, the gentle public doesn't clamor for news of euchres, unless somebody steals something or there's been a first-class row. Still, since nothing better offered, I decided, after I had reported at the office and my editor had expressed indifference in the matter, to cover this one. You see, there was a big strike pending which made holding her position more than ever a game of chance to an inexperienced space-woman hanging to the paper by the fringe of society events. Much prospect there was for a salaried position for me at this rate! I set my teeth and decided that there must be a story in that euchre.

I found the Astor Gallery at the Waldorf a medley of bright colors and chatter. Separately, most of the one hundred women present would have made imposing magazine illustrations; collectively they reminded me of an aviary.

I picked out half a dozen cockatoos, one scarlet flamingo, a couple of beautiful white herons,—and as for parrots, they were a drug in the market. To give contrast, even the sober, domestic hen was there, feeling her insignificance but trying to cluck contentedly just the same. The odd part of it was that for all their excited chatter and distracted running about the birds seemed peaceable and to be enjoying themselves.

I heard the grey parrot topped with pink feathers, who took tickets, tell a wren of a woman that she had stayed up till one o'clock the previous night getting the score cards ready.

"Why didn't you have your committee do that?" inquired Mrs. Wren. "Weren't they willing to work?"

"Oh yes, I had a fine committee," Mrs. Parrot replied, "and we had lots of meetings, but we didn't seem to get a great deal done; there was always so much to be talked over. But I didn't mind. I enjoyed working, especially for charity, only I wish I didn't feel so tired with the entire responsibility of this affair on my shoulders. I think it's going to be a great success, though, don't you?"

Mrs. Wren, also Mrs. Crow and Mrs. Green Parrot, who now made up the group, all agreed that the euchre couldn't help being a success with Mrs. Gray Parrot at the head and front.

I sat down on one of the gilt chairs arranged about the seventy-five tables and watched Mrs. Gray Parrot greet the new arrivals. Her welcome to each was like the fuss champagne makes when it's uncorked, and even between-times she kept bubbling up within herself. I had marvelled at her size but now I know that her massive frame was simply a tank to hold enthusiasm—champagne enthusiasm.

For a while she had something different to say to each one who came, but when arrivals began to block the doorway she fell back on set phrases, and by and by on a smile that was like the chorus that comes after the second verse of a song in a phonograph. The ticket and money-taking had long ago been relegated to a Miss Flamingo, and the job of the man in a box-office is a sinecure compared to hers.

The number of women present had swelled to two hundred, the low hum of chatter had become loud and shrill, yet above it I could catch the strains of a delightful waltz being played by an orchestra on one of the landings. Oh, but I'd have liked to sweep all those chairs and tables from that beautiful smooth floor, and what wouldn't I have given to be able to exchange those two hundred women for one man who could dance!

I went to look at the prizes which were arranged on a long table at one side of the room. There were seventy, one for every four

players; the Mrs. Hawk who was guarding them proudly told me this. They included everything from steins to silk stockings. There was a box for the opera, and a smoking set.

At the moment of observing the latter I looked up to see a man emerging from the crush about the doorway. At first I thought he might be a reporter, but not after I could see more of him than the top of his head. He was a hot-house specimen of humanity, clothed in irreproachable afternoon dress, and he was going to play cards all of a glorious fall afternoon in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and five with two hundred and eighty women, or to be exact two hundred and seventy-nine—he would make the two hundred and eightieth. He was young, too, and looked able to swing a golf club or even to do a man's work in the world.

The women swept down on him in platoons; only one little chickadee stayed away and she, I could see by the way her soft eyes followed him, was in love with that card-playing imitation of a man.

By this time, the arrivals having all arrived, received their score-cards and found their places with the help of an indigo bunting, a purple martin, four screech owls and a belted kingfisher detailed for the task; the fluttering subsided somewhat, though not the chattering, for play had not begun.

I retired to the outskirts of the scene to get a comprehensive view of my aviary. Perched, the collection was not without attractiveness, but oh, the jumble of "shades," "tints" and plain, everyday colors. Only one woman had stuck to a single color in her costume. She wore gray that shaded from white to dove and she looked like one of those graceful birds you see circling over the Bay when there's a storm coming. At the opera the colors in the costumes are massed and blended to harmonize with the music; in the same way this euchre seemed set to ragtime. Another thing it reminded me of was a monster crazy-quilt.

A boy bugler blew reveille, and they were off. They were good for two and a half hours, during which I must sit and watch for something, anything to make a story. Presently a little bluebird tripped up to me. She was one of the seven women in charge, and her business was to act as umpire and punch the cards of those who won.

She inquired whether I cared to look at the prizes, and when I told her I had seen them she sat down beside me and asked kindly questions about myself—if I liked reporting and whether it wasn't terribly hard work. When the bugle that sounded to stop play had summoned her to the punching process I let myself fall to thinking.

I began to be somewhat ashamed of my superior attitude. "After all, these dear creatures meant well and they've worked like Trojans,"

said the sentimental side of me that only ventures to bob up when I don't keep busy. "They're working in a good cause and working peaceably. Moreover, they're standing by one another like men and brothers. Didn't you hear Mrs. Cardinal try to excuse Mrs. Waxwing's failure to account for the tickets given her to sell at the last euchre? In fact, have you heard anything this afternoon but billing and cooing? Isn't everybody here except your miserable self just full of kindness toward the world in general and fellow-members and orphans in particular? Is it a crime to lack a proper sense of color, and are you a blue-nosed Puritan that you see harm in a game of cards even if there is a collection of parasols and chinaware and silk stockings at the end of it?

A voice suddenly raised above the general clucking sent my self-abasement flying and made me sit up and take notice at once. Like a shot I was over in the corner where the commotion was, but it proved to be only a trifling difference of opinion that was soon settled.

Still, the game was beginning to warm up. By the fourth round various expressions that anyone familiar with euchre knows, were stealing over most of the women's faces. Some got the prize-hunger in their eyes, others bent over the cards with the eager look of those who play for excitement's sake, while still others—well, they were wasting time gambling for mere bric-a-brac and trinkets worth only a few dollars.

As for the Only Man, I amused myself by inventing suitable titles for him. He was the Belle of the Ball, the Flower of the Flock, and—I couldn't decide between the Jack of Hearts and the Two-spot.

The room as well as the game was warming up, and the air—how all those women stayed in it from choice was beyond me. Several windows were opened by the hotel attendants, but the players nearest them complained of draughts and they had to be closed again.

The sixth game closed and the women jostled each other to get in their places for the seventh. Mrs. Sparrow glared at her new partner, Mrs. Gray Owl, who played sleepily, and Mrs. Hawk wore the look of a martyr when she found herself for the third time opposite Mrs. Bluejay, who, it transpired, had never played euchre before and had come innocently expecting to be shown how. She was.

The seventh game was nearly over when something happened. I didn't leave my seat this time, I merely watched. I had seen a woman's purse slip from her lap to the floor and another woman's hand lift it to her own lap. Just one second later the first woman, Mrs. Bobolink, discovered her loss. "Oh, my purse is gone," she cried, and jumped up in an excited fashion that stopped play in that vicinity and brought half a dozen other women to the table. I was there, too, by that time.

"Mrs. Kingbird has your purse, I saw her pick it up," volunteered Mrs. Bobolink's partner, Mrs. Catbird, before anyone else could speak.

Mrs. Kingbird handed the purse to its owner. "I was going to return it at the end of the hand," she said.

Was she? No one but herself would ever know. Mrs. Catbird did not give her the benefit of the doubt. When the bugle had sounded and Mrs. Kingbird had gone away victorious, Mrs. Catbird returned to the curious group still hovering about the table.

"Going to return it! I'd believe that of almost anyone except her. Why, she's been put out of two clubs, and this one only keeps her because it would look queer for a *kindness* club to expel a member."

"I'm not sure we wouldn't have done it anyway," chimed in Mrs. Hawk, "if our lawyer hadn't advised us not to. He said she might contest our right to put her out and in law it isn't enough to *know* things, you've got to prove them."

"I know a woman," twittered Mrs. Indigo Bunting, "who used to know her before she came to New York to live, and she says she has no position in her own town at all."

"And I know a woman," contributed Mrs. Cockatoo, "who went to see her early one morning about some committee business, and there on a chair beside her bed was a whiskey bottle. She said she was ill."

The bugle sounded "Change," and the gossips scampered to their places. Just then Mrs. Catbird turned and caught sight of me.

"Oh, there's my dear little girl," she cried. "How do you do to-day? You look as sweet as a rose. Now don't write anything about us that isn't nice, will you?"

I laughed wickedly as I went back to my seat. On the way I heard one friend say to another who was fat, forty and shaped like an American bittern, "Why haven't you been to see me? Don't you know you owe me three calls?"

"Yes, I know it," replied Mrs. Bittern petulantly, "but with five hundred names on my visiting list what can you expect?" "Well, I don't wait for you, do I, dear?" was the retort. "I always say to myself: 'If the mountain won't come to Mahomet,' why—" I passed on out of earshot and never knew whether or not she finished her tangled quotation.

Compliments on this order were flying in all directions and I didn't much wonder, for I was feeling hot and cross myself and all that medley of colors was dancing before my eyes like a rainbow doing the cachucha. And I had only been looking on!

Fifteen minutes later "Taps" sounded, and then the real excitement began; what had gone before was merely preliminary. Before the last note of the bugle had died away the prize table looked like a bar-

gain counter. No third-rate department store ever held a more excited, eager-to-be-there-first-bound-not-to-get-left crowd than that collection of gorgeously gowned women wearing jewels enough to have decked an Indian temple. And the Only Man was in the thick of the fray. In vain the prize committee and the hotel attendants who had been called in to help preserve order tried to keep the women back. For a minute it looked as though there would be a wholesale run on the prizes; but at the crucial moment Mrs. Catbird's commanding voice made itself heard.

"Ladies, ladies, remember you are ladies!"

The throng fell back an inch or two, slightly disheveled and less than slightly ashamed.

Once under control, the crowd was managed, though with no little difficulty, and the prizes were finally distributed. While they waited the impatient ones regaled one another with their woes.

"My dear, I dislike quarreling, especially over cards, but you can't let people walk right over you."

"No, of course you can't." This was from my dear little bluebird, who looked worn out.

The last prize left was a case of mineral water.

"Oh, I don't want that," said the woman who was entitled to it, in a disappointed tone.

"I'll take it then," says the next one on the list, and up she steps and claims the case. My, wasn't the first woman mad as a wet hen, though!

The Only Man won the silk stockings, and an old maid got the smoking set. Perhaps, who knows, it proved a mascot?

At last it was all over, and a nice condition those women were in to go home to their families. Drunk as lords, all of them. Not with liquor, oh dear no. There hadn't been a drop of anything but water at the Kindness Club's euchre. They were drunk with excitement and bad air and the mad riot of color they made. And more than all, they were drunk and drugged with weariness.

Mrs. Gray Parrot kept making the same meaningless remark to everyone she could get to listen; Mrs. Cardinal laughed incessantly though she looked as if she wanted to cry and Mrs. Bluejay went away on anything but cordial terms with Mrs. Robin Redbreast whom she had known for years. Mrs. Kingbird and Mrs. Chickadee quarreled atrociously without knowing what they were quarreling about.

Those women, the lot of them, had entered that room with hearts bursting with kindness; they left in suspicion of everyone, even themselves.

I watched the Only Man buy tickets for six other euchres.

On the way to the cloakroom Mrs. Catbird stopped me.

"Now deal gently with us, won't you, sweetheart?" she entreated. "Some of those women acted shamefully about the prizes, but you know euchres are given to raise money, so we can't be too particular about the people to whom tickets are sold. But you will be kind to us, won't you?"

I smiled. Oh, I meant to be kind all right, as a surgeon is or a dentist. I meant to give each one of those women a chance to see herself as she looked to the only sane person there when the game broke up.

My, how good the fresh air felt when I got outside!

Still, that euchre was a great achievement. I heard afterward that it netted \$200 for the orphans and it certainly won me a regular position on the paper.



THE HIDDEN STREAM

BY PHOEBE LYDE

DEEP, deep within my breast
Flows on my love for you,
Beneath the day's unrest
And all the long night through.

Whether I laugh or weep,
Let life be grave or gay,
I feel that current keep
Its full resistless way.

And yet so deep it hides
That none has ever known
My being's inmost tides
Are swayed by you alone.



TWO THINGS

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

IF all of Life we know, Death claimed this hour,
Two things there be would reck not of the scath:
A living love that spurns Death's transient power,
And love so dead Death spurns it from his path!

A DAUGHTER OF COSMOPOLIS

A HUMAN DOCUMENT

By Prince Vladimir Vaniatsky



BY birth, I am a daughter of cosmopolis. My parents were a mother from Gallacia, whose father, in turn, was the grandson of a Turk; a father born in Paris of an English mother and a Spanish father, but whose grandparents had contributed to his veins the blood of France and Austria. All were marriages for power.

With this birth-right there is blended the fire of many races in my veins. I know that somewhere back beyond the days when family records were kept, there was Roman and Phœnician, perhaps even a touch of the Orient, in my blood. I bear the marks. I am as cruel as a Phœnician princess could have been, as greedy for power and vain of glitter as the Roman dames of old Nero's days, or even the daughters of the Pharaohs. I can not recall the time when I did not long for power. How hampered I was you may easily judge. I was a woman-child. In physique, tall, slender, immature, with a form hardly more rounded than that of a boy of my own age; I was, therefore, not a typical woman of power. I was neither a Catherine of Russia, nor a Sapho, nor a Cleopatra.

My childhood was hardly one to be remembered with pleasure. We lived in an old house, half château, half farm-house, in the environs of Paris. A sluggish stream ran near, and the land lay flat and uninteresting. It was there my father and mother vegetated ten months of the year, in order that for two months there might be an apartment in Paris, and that my mother could don the glittering wings of a butterfly of fashion. My father was always with her, his Spanish eyes flashing from beneath his blonde brows at those who ventured to exhibit too great preference for the company of "La très belle Madame la Marquise de Esperanza."

And I? I remained at the Château des Choux, as my mother half merrily, half bitterly, called our place. For cabbages grew on the little estate, and they were sold in Paris markets, thus con-

tributing no small share to the modest funds from which the beautiful gowns of the Marquise de Esperanza came.

Racially, the Spaniard is a gambler. And, of a consequence, such was my father. My mother spent her nights at the opera, at receptions, dinners, musicales, and the thousand and one other diversions which Paris offers to its devotees, while my father went to the Carole of the Rue Royale, and there, over the baccarat table, hazarded what little gold he possessed. He was, however, an admirable gambler, taking reverses with the same equanimity which marked his various successes.

It was this gambler's passion that played an important part in my life. On an occasion a telegram arrived at the Château des Choux calling me at once to Paris. I was as happy as a child could be. I brightened up my simple little dresses, looked after my few choice ribbons,—left-overs from some of my mother's different seasons of gayety,—and spent no time in getting off, for it was not often I was allowed to go to Paris, that dear, delightful city of many pleasures. Upon our arrival at our apartment my old nurse—also my mother's maid—told me what had occasioned my coming. It was the event that always comes to a French girl's life, the arrangement for a *dot*, then marriage.

The handsome carriage which had met me at the *gare* left a few minutes after depositing me at our apartments. The footman had been instructed to go to the house of one M. Pedro Galea, a Maltese by birth, a most famous money-lender in Paris. My father had given a note at hand far exceeding his ready money, and up to the moment of my arrival he had been unsuccessful in his attempt to cover the note with money.

"M. le Marquis de Esperanza requests the presence of M. Galea at his apartment," was the laconic message delivered to the Levantine. The footman returned to the carriage with the money-lender at his heels.

"Pray be seated, M. Galea," said my father when the visitor had presented himself. Then with the utmost calm he broached one of the most unique propositions ever advanced to a money-lender. "I have in this case the Esperanza diamonds. You may, perhaps, have seen them worn by Madame la Marquise, *at the Opera*. Hein?" his eyes questioned and his voice lured. My father emphasized the place at which M. Galea might have seen the Esperanza diamonds, for he could not have seen them elsewhere, for M. Galea had not the entrance into *le beau monde*.

"Ah, yes," replied M. Galea, "they are very fine."

"*Voilà!*" said my father. "I am in need of a certain sum of

money. I will throw dice with you to see upon what terms you will advance money on them. That you will, I know. But, should I win with the dice I pay no interest on the capital loaned; you are to permit the use of them to Madame la Marquise, and I will aid you in your desire to enter the Automobile Club—quite a good club for one in your position. Should you win, retain the diamonds and I pay you fifty per cent. interest—which, as you know, means that I will be in your clutches the remainder of my life, and that you will, in the end, come into possession of the diamonds.”

“But would not the wealthy husband of the *petite fille* come forward?”

“That is a question not to be considered—here,” sternly replied my father.

M. Galea sat silent for a moment, and then opened the jewel case in which the splendid diamonds of the *Esperanzas*—the last remnant of that family’s former pride and greatness—lay glittering on their bed of black velvet. The deep, avaricious lines of the Levantine’s face grew deeper; his eyes, sunken beneath his bushy brows, glittered till it seemed that the coruscations of the diamonds were reflected in them.

Then he spoke slowly, with an effort. The astute mind of my father read his, but he remained silent, studying the money-lender.

“I am not a gambler, but, Monsieur le Marquis, you sorely tempt me.” So cautious was he that not even a sigh escaped him.

“A member of the Automobile Club might aspire still higher.” My father’s tone was that of one who mused within himself.

I had overheard the conversation, safely hidden within the deep embrasure of a window, behind a heavy curtain. My flesh quivered with excitement. There was no fear, but the thought of the great drama which lay before me so appealed to my fervid mind that I could scarcely contain myself. I heard the rattle of the dice in the box. My heart stood still; my breath stopped; I almost suffocated. I heard the dice click as they rolled on the top of the polished table. I could not tell who threw first, and no word came from either man. It was a unique position, an *Esperanza* throwing dice with a money-lender. Again the dice clicked and a sharp intake of breath told the story. Instinctively, I knew it was not my father. I ventured to make the slightest rift in the curtain, and then I beheld my mother, glorious in an evening gown, standing within a few inches of me.

“Carlo,” she said, sweetly to my father, “will you kindly take me to my carriage? I am dining with Madame la Duchess de Pont-traven.” My father rose, courteously, and wrapped her evening cloak around her, gave her his arm, and together they went down the stairs.

I watched them from the window. My father helped her into the carriage, carefully and tenderly, then motioning for the footman to close the door, turned thoughtfully back to the house.

An exclamation from Galea caught my ear.

"My God, but they do die hard, those aristocrats!" Then a low gurgling laugh came from his thick throat.

Pride surged in my heart. I knew the day of the aristocrats was past, but, then, if die we must, we would still die hard, and with our colors flying, our bravery undiminished. It was thus our ancestors had died in battle; and thus the castes would die.

That my father won at the dice was not surprising. Fortune had persistently denied us her favors, but, when the last gasp came she rallied to us, only to let us again fall back to the continual struggle against her fickleness.

When Galea had departed I entered the drawing-room. My father sat at a table gazing, almost stupidly, at the slip of paper which represented the life of our shipwreck.

"Good evening, father," I said, and drew a chair near him and sat down. "I wish to have a serious talk with you," I went on, assuming an air of age and maturity which was ludicrous, and at which my father would have laughed had he not been suffering a relaxation from the severe nervous strain of the past hour.

"What is it, Baby?" he asked pacifically.

"I am seventeen," I answered, "quite a woman in years. Yes, and in knowledge and wit, also," I went on rapidly, for he had smiled a trifle impatiently.

"Ah, very well, that is as it should be," he replied.

"I know full well the reason of my immurement in the Château des Choux. It is financial. You have sent for me to arrange a marriage. Some wealthy personage of caste—possibly—will pay for my ball if the *dot* is secured—after my marriage. You now have the money for my *dot* and to pay your note. My ball alone would cost what your apartment does for two months, perhaps more. Is it not so, my father?"

"It is, truly, my daughter."

"You have a considerable sum. More than your obligations—your debts," my voice betrayed my eagerness. My father frowned. He had never discussed family matters before me, much less with me. But my mother had told old Julie. The sequence is easy.

"I do not understand you. Your remarks are unseemly in one of your age—and—you take a privilege—unwarranted."

"Give me a chance, my father," I interrupted, "You have it

in your power. Present me. Do not arrange a marriage for me. I have no *dot*. Dress me gorgeously, let me alone, I will meet people, with your presence, and I shall take care of myself."

"*A l'Americaine!*" My father's voice thrilled me with its great horror. My revolutionary ideas so different from all the pre-arranged marriages of our caste in France and Spain, displeased him greatly. And yet the freer English blood spoke in the slight smile which came to him. Waiting not for his answer I ran swiftly to my mother's room. Across her bed lay a crimson gown, discarded as not fresh enough for so important a function as a dinner at Madame de Pont-traven's. My mother's form was almost as slight as my own. I called Julie.

"Quick!" I cried, "help me into this dress."

"Your mother!" she gasped, wide eyed and astonished.

"No words, Julie!" I donned the gown with feverish haste. My hair, heretofore worn in two great, heavy braids down my back, was quickly arranged, and, as Julie's deft fingers worked in it I beheld a barbaric head-dress of coral lying carelessly on my mother's dressing-table. I grasped it and slipped it over my hair and noted with exultation that its deep red made the blue black of my hair blacker yet. I drew on a pair of long black gloves. The sweeping train of the gown, sparkling with little spangles of crimson metal, spread like a fan behind me.

At that moment I stood in the drawing-room door.

"See, my father!" I cried exultantly, and held out my slender arms. "Is there a more beautiful woman in Paris, excepting, always excepting, my mother?" He turned, and, as he saw me his eyes grew dazed.

"Clothilde!" he cried. At first his tone was that of rebuke, of anger, but so rapidly did his emotions change that before my name had left his lips the light of admiration leapt into his eyes. "You are even more beautiful than Rahel," he cried. Rahel was my mother, and whom all Paris loved to call "Rahel the Beautiful."

"Then we will go to the Opera to-night, my father," I cried. "I heard you tell madame, my mother, that the Dorniche box is at your disposal. My entrance there will dispense with my ball, and—" without further considering my father I turned to my old nurse. "Julie, a carriage, then bring me a mantle suitable for my costume!" Then I went up to my dumbfounded father and holding his coat and opera hat, begged, "Come!" That was all.

"Come, then, *ma belle petite*," he answered back, fully alive to the situation. "Come then, and I will show you a sight of the

world in Paris to-night. It will do me more good than playing baccarat in a stuffy room with chances to lose."

"Your chances are to win, to-night, my father," I meekly replied.

Of a consequence, we were later than the fashionable world usually is at the Opera. But it made my unique *début* the more startling.

The heads that turned toward me, the eyes that gazed upon me during the evening thrilled me as a strange new wine might have done. Then, suddenly, in a distant box, I espied Madame Diane de Savigny, with whom I had been at convent at Bruges, but a few years back. She was older than I, and was married.

"I am going to Madame de Savigny's box, my father," I said, "You will come with me, will you not?"

My father laughed. "Diane and I are great friends," he announced with zest, "but, where, my daughter, did you come to know her?"

"In the convent, at Bruges, my father; but come with me," I urged.

As we entered Diane's box she looked at us in a puzzled manner. She nodded to my father and bent her sharp, cruel eyes upon me with an expression boding me no good.

"Ah, has Madame de Savigny forgotten the little Clothilde de Esperanza to whom she often gave chocolates at Bruges, and so much to the horror of Sœur Gonzague?" I asked, watching every pulse in her face.

"Why, Clothilde, *ma fille*," she cried, and laughed at the thought of other days.

"She's in masquerade, to-night," my father explained, "she is attired in one of her mother's gowns, and, by some strange power persuaded me to bring her to the Opera. I might say, rather, that she brought me to the Opera."

"Chut!" exclaimed Diane. "The masquerade is so becoming that she must remain masked."

And that was all. In the morning Diane de Savigny came to our apartment before I had arisen. She entered my little room where I slept.

"Wake up, my child," she cried, and shook me gently by the shoulders. "Come, your reputation was made overnight. You awake to find yourself famous. You have been paragraphed in the papers. Nothing can now make you pause. You must be presented; you must become a butterfly of fashion, as am I. You will marry soon and marry great wealth."

"But I have no *dot*!" I cried in affectation, for I knew how I had won. "I have no *dot*; then how, Diane, can I marry wealth?"

"Chut! If you married a Parisian that would be necessary. But Paris is the Babel of the whole world. There are a thousand people here, and in all those there are many who would take you, not for the *dot*, but, *ma petite*, for your beauty, your family and the wit I shall teach you."

Madame de Savigny had a wonderful power. My mother, like my father, succumbed to her commands. Only in her case—my mother's—it was the helplessness of the situation that permitted me to go on as I had begun.

It was not love for her that actuated Diane de Savigny. Far from it. Nor was it good-nature. She had been a rival to my beautiful mother, not from any love she felt for my father, but for my mother's position as the most beautiful woman in all Paris, and for the novelty of saying that she had outrivaled her, if not in the adoration of Paris, in the attention of her husband. *Voilà!* Madame de Savigny would help me. And should she refuse? *Pas de tout!*

I doubt if all Paris contained a more worldly woman than Madame de Savigny. She was not beautiful but she had the style of her race, a wit at once caustic and pleasant—according to the mood in which she lay, or the person to whom she talked—and a temper unsurpassable even by devils. And Paris humored her, for she was Diane de Savigny, daughter of that Duc d'Ardenne who quartered his arms, sinister, with his own less heraldic achievements. Diane d'Ardenne could have aspired to whatsoever she might please; she married a count of Napoleonic ancestry. But, he had wealth; and the great hotel, and the magnificent châteaux of the Duc d'Ardenne had been maintained until her marriage, upon the strictest lines of economy.

Into her hands I was placed as no other girl could have been. With the power of the d'Ardenne, the wealth of the Savignys, and my own beauty and my wondrous family, Diane could hold me forth to the eager world as a prize few could hope to win. My mother's fame as a beauty, my father's reputation as a man of the world, and a family as old as the hills, made me no newcomer.

"You shall have a ball, my Clothilde," declared Diane. "You shall have a ball, the like of which Paris has not seen since the advent of the République, and of which all the world will long talk. It will be one grand scheme, the scheme of my life." And Diane rose with a grace that was new to her, for it was her first ball for a debutante. And it was such as only could be given in the vast frescoed ball-room of l'Hotel d'Ardenne.

My gown! *Juste ciel!* It was Irene's triumph of the year. How can I tell you of it, save that it was a mystery of green, and gold,

and silver—the green of the sea as it breaks into foam, the gold of the inner heart of the butter-cup and the silver, faint as the tracings of the *escargot* on the big purple leaves of the vines in Burgundy. I was even in love with my own beauty as I stood before my glass. And my mother paled at the thought of the rivalry I offered to her. But my father kissed my brow and gazed in wonderment at me.

I danced. Heavens, how I danced! And as I kept step first with this “catch” and then with the other, my brain whirled. The man who now held me they called “the little wine bottle,” because his mother was the widow of a champagne dealer whose fame ran high, and his face was almost as yellow, from his dissipation, as the labels on her bottles. The next who whirled me over the smooth floor, the world delighted to honor because his father had financed the loans of a dozen lands. That he wore a title, bought as he would buy a costly coat, and had acquired a “von” did not, for me, take away the odor of the Judengasse, from whence his tribe had come. And so on through the list of eligibles with whom I danced, as a lamb led to slaughter. They were all old, though young; all covetous, though unable to grasp the prize they sought.

And in the depths of my heart that night I read what I had not before known. Wealth alone, power alone, would not, could not, satisfy me. He who had those attributes must also—be a man. And such, these men who danced with me, who coveted the prize Madame de Savigny held out to them, were not. I could see through their shallow eyes the vitiated souls which accorded with their weak, worn frames. There was not a wholesome man among them.

I stood for a moment with Baron Karl von Hohenkoenig, by a massive silver rail that surrounded a spot in the center of the ball room, and he related the tale of its origin. His weak, thin voice went on telling how the Dauphin of France and a Duc d’Ardennes had fought on that very spot for the favor of a lady of the French Court. Listening to Baron Karl, lisping his insinuations, marring a pretty story by his reflections, I saw in the distance *a man*. One who in my young mind filled the term of man to idealism. He was at the farthest end of the room, talking gaily to an old dowager. His broad shoulders, fresh color and powerful frame, spoke not of nights begun when the last star of the morning was dim. But, he was, evidently, not among the elect who were brought to place their names upon my dance-card. No one brought him to me. Even Diane ignored him when I was concerned. When I asked her of him, and gave a graphic description, she could not place him, she was at a loss to know how such a person had passed, without her knowledge, into her halls; but in admitting this she laughed.

"Ah, here is His Majesty," she said, and with all the pomp and ceremonial that doth surround a king, she presented me to His Majesty, The Emperor of Kermah. I courtesied to the weazened little dwarf whose muddled brain had evolved the idea of a desert empire, but my eyes were searching after The Man while my ears listened to the unctious voice of his Majesty.

"I hope we may see mademoiselle at our capital, El Gahir," he said. A moment later we parted, and, with a laugh The Man who had drawn my attention, took the emperor by the arm. His voice sounded as wholesome as his big form looked. "Come, Jean," he said, "drop that foolishness about being an emperor and having a capital." Then they disappeared in the crowd, and I felt my heart go after The Man of Men.

"Who is he?" I asked of Diane, careful not to betray my mind.

"I do not know," she answered. I doubted her. She went on, "I do not know one half of the people here. How could I? They are not on my calling list; from that I tell their wealth, their rank, their desirability. Oh, you are so young, Clothilde, to be asking 'Who is this?' and 'Who is that?' You have had presented to you the most charming gentlemen of rank, wealth and position; the most eligible in every particular, and, you know, you have no *dot*, and—and you must make your mark at once." This last was with a bit of a sting that then I did not fully understand, and which only a woman like Diane could give.

But, somehow, my heart whispered that she *did* know The Man. That he was the one for whom she most feared at my hands. Was he French? No! His very physique disavowed that. Was he Dane, or Austrian, or Russian? This was a question that could not be answered. I determined, as a woman will, that I would take him from Diane. I knew, oh, how surely I knew, that she was holding him back from me. A woman knows, even at her first ball, the inner recesses of a sister woman's heart. I could win him from her, not from any motive of spite, but because a woman loves to feel and to show her power. For to every woman grown there comes the desire for power. To feel that important things are the outcome of the quick wit, or the deep thought that brilliancy of mind or years of experience bring, is as wine to the pulse.

After My Ball there came other gayeties. Many here, many there, and always I hungered and looked in the crowds for the Man. I asked Diane of him no more. I waited and watched.

A little party of us were gathered at the Pavilion Blue, at Fon-

tainebleau on the day of their nuptials. How many romances have begun and ended within its precincts; I say ended, for many bridal couples have come to Fontainebleau on the day of their nuptials. And, of course, the romance of a man's and woman's life ends, in the eyes of the world—the unthinking and unrealistic world—at their marriage, which is the very beginning of the real romance of life.

The Baron Karl von Hohenkoenig—that petty jest of an Austrian Emperor, who in ennobling a financier had said that a man who lent money to a king was as high as the man who borrowed it—was told off to me. Diane had settled upon him as my *futur*. But I soon settled that he should not be. We were allowed to wander off together—and for this reason alone I allowed this idea of Diane to foster and grow, because it gave me the liberty I coveted—so well understood was the fact that I would some day be the Baroness von Hohenkoenig. But when we were well away from the party, almost alone, I shivered, I trembled, as if struck with a chill.

“Run for my chiffon wrap,” I commanded of him, and, as his weakling's body disappeared among the turns in the avenue, I, too, lost myself from the world. For a second I smiled. And—then—there stood before me The Man of my first ball. The man who had led away His Majesty the Emperor of Kernah, and tweaked his egotistical ear for his impudence. He seemed fresher and stronger than ever before. He was garbed in light grey that was wonderfully becoming. He appeared to be waiting for some one. My heart caught quickly and I felt I was the woman of his fancy. He came quickly forward, with an ease which does not belong to foreign men who have to be presented to a woman before they can address her.

“Are you lost, mademoiselle?” he asked, and his voice thrilled me.

“No,” I promptly answered, “I am waiting for a funny little man to bring me a wrap. You may have seen him somewhere, for he seems to have been gone overlong.” The explanation was needlessly extended, but otherwise I could not make conversation. A few steps led us—for he kept pace with me—into yet other avenues. We talked of things agreeable to ourselves—to ourselves only.

Nature made me a will-o'-the-wisp, and Baron Karl von Hohenkoenig wandered aimlessly for some time. He could not find me, so returned to the pavilion.

“I have sought you long,” said The Man of Men, his eyes aflame, and his hand touching mine ever so lightly, as if begging pardon for the familiarity, and I longed to have him seize it with the ardor that was filling, nay, even consuming, his heart.

"And I have waited—have watched—ever so long," I boldly gave back, for oh, I was determined that now was my opportunity.

"Do you remember, I saw you at your first ball? Do you know it was then I met my Fate?" His hand fell a bit closer to mine.

"Alas, I only know it was then I met my own Fate," I answered back, for oh, I feared the opening of some treacherous avenue would reveal us to the crowd.

Then his hand clasped mine in a close embrace and we stood in the open, with the eyes of Diane and Baron Karl upon us.

"She was lost and I have brought her safely back," explained The Man of Men. "Madame, you should not permit a child like this to wander so far alone," and he gravely led me to her who stood before the world as my chaperone.

"You hateful little cat!" snapped Diane in my ear. But aloud and to The Man of Men, she said: "How good of you to bring the lost kitten back to me; she is wilful and strays abroad, sometimes, and we endeavor"—with a glance toward Baron von Hohenkoenig, and a mumbling of words which might be understood to be by my affianced—"to keep her in sight." Then Diane laughed, a maliciously gurgling laugh, and with stern face and cold eyes went on to The Man of Men, "But, nevertheless, we thank you for restoring her to us." Then she turned coldly from him as if she had never seen him before. However, I caught the gleam in her eyes which told me her heart's history. But, oh joy, it met with no response from him.

It was evident that she did not intend me to know him more, or that I should even learn his name. He stepped back into the shrubs and we passed on to our party. And, here, my romance began instead of ending, though Baron von Hohenkoenig's romance, at least so far as I was concerned, may well be said to have ended at Fontainebleau. So, also did that of Madame Diane de Savigny.

Later, in the shrubbery I heard the sound of a voice I knew as it said: "Don't be so agitated, Diane; allow me to ask you to present me formally. I am determined to know her and you may as well be the one to claim the honor of making the match, for I also intend her for my wife." Then I slipped away, for I would not be a listener to what might be only confidential between Diane and The Man of Men. Oh, la, I do not know so much about him, yet this I *do* know, that whatever is in his heart for me I shall be glad to hold.

Diane could not have cared so very much, for on the day after she brought him to me and made the formal and necessary presentation.

His name is—Martin, plain John Martin, and he is a secretary of the American Embassy. He is well-born, I know, because his mother is so gentle, so kind, so stately. Gentle, yet with the repellent air which holds the vulgar aloof; kind, still with the reserve that forbids encroachments; stately, and yet seeming to be most graceful. Perhaps he is wealthy,—most Americans are,—and perhaps he is not. But, in any event I am not required to have a *dot*. And, my life-long study at the Château des Choux will be good training for a man of modest means. It is The Man that holds my heart—not the sordid *sous*.

His mother wears some beautiful jewels, some rich laces; her gowns are exquisite and are made in Paris, so—of course, if it is a matter of wealth, I shall appreciate that also.

First, the gem,—*comprenez-vous?*—and then the setting. To me, The Man is the gem. And the principal thing is, he is mine, mine, *mine!* He loves me; and I? Why, I too, love him, and if my dreams of wealth and power are not for much, I have the wealth of his love, the power of life and love, with, to me, The Man of Men!
Pas de tout!



EPISODE

BY F. ROBBINS

HEART with Love's flag half-mast high,
 Love has come, but Love passed by.
 Faithless Hope his colors bore;
 Folly opened wide the door,
 And he stopped a little space,
 Ere he turned away his face.
 Now thou shalt alike repent
 That he entered, that he went.

Though noon glory be withdrawn,
 Grateful was the radiant dawn.
 Master of the subtlest art,
 Hope has gladdened soul and heart;
 Folly more than Truth was wise,
 While she dwelt in Paradise.
 Better far my flag half-mast,
 Than that Love had never passed.

BUCCANEERS I HAVE KNOWN

By Captain Lloyd Buchanan, U. S. Army

Author of "The Regular and The Savage," "Beyond the Outposts," etc.



SOME eight weeks before the revolution broke out I was crossing the Isthmus of Panama in a railway coach. We had just passed Culebra Cut when a hand was laid lightly on my arm.

"Beg pardon, sir," said a voice, "but I'd like to ask you a question."

I turned, to find leaning over from the seat behind me a thin, hawk-faced little man, whom I recognized as the train news-dealer.

"What is it?" I asked.

He cocked his eyes at me with a look of infinite wisdom.

"Say," he whispered, "is this here revolution going through?"

"How the devil should I know?" I asked in astonishment.

"Tut! Tut!" he replied, knowingly. "You're a stranger. I've seen you with the Army officers in the cut, and with two or three of the natives I know are shoving the deal. People ain't coming to Panama now for their health. I don't savvy your lay, of course. But I'd bet dollars to pesetas you got a pretty good notion what the old Estados Unidos is goin' to do about buildin' this here canal. Ain't you?"

I assured him of my blank ignorance of the policy of my government, and of the entire willingness I would have to enlighten him regarding it if I were able to do so, until he finally either believed me or made up his mind I was so faithful a liar that he could not drive me to the truth.

"Well," he said, with a sigh, "I'm sorry. You see, I'm lame, an' I can't work like other men—I live on excitement. I just come down here from the Klondike, hearin' of trouble startin', and if it comes—well and good. If it doesn't, I want to throw this job quick and pike up to St. Louis to get ready for the Fair. I wish you could tell me—but, of course—if you don't savvy—. Say, if you do find out anything, give me a hint—won't you?"

I promised, and he hobbled off down the aisle crying ten-day-old New York papers.

That night I saw him again in Panama, putting silver pesos on

"17" with inflexible fidelity and ill fortune, at the roulette table off the Plaza Cathedral. But I was never able to tell him the policy of the United States.

This is not fiction, but the truth; and this lame news-dealer is only a type of thousands who rove from one end of the world to the other, living on their wits and their daring, minding no law but necessity,—which is always the law of the Dusty Road,—and seeking their share of loot wherever gold is handled loosely or blood is spilled in fair or unfair fight. Panama at that time was peppery with world tramps asking nothing but a trifle and a chance to "insurrect,"—and, in the meantime, enough money to pay their hotel bills and for their drinks, and to buy an occasional stack of chips from the banker of their favorite game.

Afterward, when the revolution *did* arrive, I heard of patriotic gentlemen answering to such names as Señor Juan Smith and Don Carlos McCarty who helped push it ahead. You may remember that "West Point graduate" who commanded part of the Panama "fleet." Probably, along with them, serving Liberty in no matter how humble a capacity, my lame news-dealer somehow fattened his purse before heading for St. Louis.

Nor is this piratical spirit limited to the broken in fortune. In connection with that same revolution in the Isthmus I happen to know of two Americans of position who had inside information of the conditions in Panama, and who sat in a room in the New Willard in Washington, one night in the fall of 1903, consummating plans for putting through the revolution, obtaining a charter from the new republic, and forming a company of capitalists to dig the canal as a business enterprise. Mr. Pierpont Morgan was to be asked to organize the company. The total cost of the revolution was to be under a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and all the equipment needed in addition to what the junta could supply was a pair of moderately fast small steamers, chartered, four six-inch guns, with ammunition, and fifty Krag rifles. The steamers and weapons were to be handled by Americans and Englishmen who had no special calling on earth. I have every reason to believe that, if Mr. Roosevelt had failed to act as he did, and any private concern had taken up the construction of the canal, the revolution would have gone off with an accuracy and style that has never been surpassed. But, unfortunately for art, Mr. Roosevelt did act.

South America, Mexico, and the West Indies are threaded everywhere by the trails of these adventurers of life. In Curacao you can find hatching any sort of a scheme you choose,—from a plan to smuggle a couple of bolts of silk and a case of champagne into Venezuela, to a plot for overthrowing a republic and putting a new dictator in its

capital. I met there in the same day a ruined American gambler, begging his passage back to the States, and the sons of Guzman Blanco, the banished Ex-President of Venezuela. The former stopped me opposite a Dutch cigar store and told me with the most pointed frankness what *he* wanted, but the latter, over their cigarettes and long iced glasses, mourned evasively of exile and confiscated estates in general. It is, then, not for me to say why they were frizzling on that sun-baked islet within fifty miles of the Venezuelan coast, when they might as well have been in the dear Paris that they know and love so well. But probably they knew—and Castro. I think I did, too.

Most of these soldiers of fortune are honest enough chaps—as honesty goes in the lands beyond the Pale. But scattered among them plentifully are the men who do not go home because they cannot, and who are called by strange names that their fathers never knew. Cashiered army officers, gentlemen of breeding, but a talent for copying other men's signatures, shifty-eyed fellows who shot too close from dark corners, clergymen who fled from the shame of ruined homes—they are all in the ruck, and a thousand more—playing the game for what stakes the flesh loves. The time is past when anything else can matter to them.

But I like best to think of the honest fellows, who adventure forth as gentlemen seeking fortune and pleasure fairly on the high seas of the world. I ran across such a man in Puerto Cabello. He was a solid, blue-eyed American—sailor, lawyer, engineer. He was of a good old Pennsylvania family, but he had followed the long trail to nearly every corner of the earth. He understood the secrets of China silks, and could bargain evenly with a Cairo shop-keeper—which is the essence of Eastern wisdom. He knew the scrape of the coral on your ship's bottom off the North Borneo coast, and the snow on the Indian hills where the road winds up to Thibet. He had fought the Spaniards in Cuba. He had fished for pearls in the Sulu Sea. He told me tales of gold,—of the wonderful quartz, self seen, glittering in the naked rock in the heart of Colombia, but after a road so cruel that no man would travel it twice. He knew the songs of the women of all the earth, as they were sung in Panama in the Frenchman's day, when champagne ran like water, and the white hand that took your gold piece yesterday was shrivelled and yellow in death to-day. He had seen the world and drunk life to the dregs at forty-nine, but when I knew him he was drawing some twenty-five hundred a year for keeping the company he represented from swindling so openly as to call down on its head the wrath of the republic where it operated. Incidentally, that wrath has since descended.

In South America, too, dwelt one of the pair of the ablest money-

making pirates I know. He was a Frenchman, expelled from Mexico by Diaz, and he came to a certain republic as the correspondent of a great European news-agency, at one hundred dollars a month. In a year he was running a local paper in English and Spanish, and he was the representative of at least six of the principal American dailies, weeklies, and agencies. He had a most fortunate arrangement for news gathering: the entire cable and telegraph staff in the republic were subsidized by him! He rarely went to find news: news came to him from agents everywhere. Yet his papers regularly footed itemized bills for horses and guides for travel and for imaginary craft used in gathering information.

The "Clara" was the chief of this ghostly fleet. Many an hour when our friend was apparently sipping his glass in the German Club or telling a doubtful story in the British Legation over his cigar, he was in reality—for proof see his expense account—flying on this tiny yacht before the gale, or smothering on her deck in the heat of the fever-infested Orinoco.

"Eef I lose me at piquet," he used to say,—he played abominably,—“what mattaire? I but buy me a leetle more coal for zee good sheep Clara.”

I saw one of the European agency's annual reports, which he laughingly showed at a dinner. In it was mentioned his rather heavy expense account—including the Clara!—but his services had been so excellent that he was voted a bonus of five hundred dollars. During the particular period the yacht was charged for, the sly fox was traveling as a guest on a United States war-ship!

At another time, during an insurrection, one of his papers cabled for photographs from the battle-field. He had no idea of putting his precious body in the column of route of a South American army in campaign. But he had to send the photographs—and he did. As an example of their nature the history of one will suffice. For a few coppers he hired fifteen or twenty peons and a drove of pigs. The peons he laid out artistically as dead in heaps in a cut cane-field. Then he placed on each body several pieces of cane and turned the pigs loose among them. The pigs eagerly devoured the cane. My buccaneer snapped his camera. Result—to the horror of civilized America—“Photograph of pigs eating the dead after the engagement at X!”

Yet somehow, in spite of his cleverness, which included his enthusiastic loyalty to the President in his local paper and his practice of delicately dating all damaging cablegrams from one of the West Indies, at last they tripped him up. I saw in a paper a few months ago that he had been given twenty-four hours to quit the country.

The other financier was half-way round the world,—an American,

well known to the army in the Philippines. During the first days of our occupation transportation of all kinds was in great demand. This man foresaw the condition. With a few dollars and a patched-up credit he bought or leased at the start all the native lighters and bull-carts in sight. Then he sat still and waited until the government hired them from him at his own price. His clear profits were fabulous, running into a thousand a day. But he had the spendthrift nature of his kind, and when I saw him five years later he was going white over losing thirty dollars in a little game of *vingt et un*. Yet he was heading for a new territory,—to make a fortune, he said, in timber.

So they live,—these free lances,—plunging on the red and the black, driving under full sail before the hurricane, scattering gold through their fingers, as they hurry feverishly on in the hope of finding more gold beyond. They are the real adventurers of the world to-day, playing the game in dinner-coats or khakie, with their revolvers at their hips, and their lips and their money for the first pretty girl who will take the two together. Their lives are not very good and their use is not always apparent. Yet there is about them something that harks back to the Viking blood in us, and that lends a touch of romantic sadness to the forgotten graves, thousands of leagues from home, where they lie—these buccaneers—as they fell, alone, on the trail to which none of them ever found an end.



THE BRIDAL

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

LAST NIGHT a pale young Moon was wed
 Unto the amorous, eager Sea;
 Her maiden veil of mist she wore,
 His kingly purple vesture, he.

With her a bridal train of stars
 Walked sisterly through shadows dim,
 And, master-minstrel of the world,
 The great Wind sang the marriage-hymn.

Thus came she down the silent sky
 Onto the Sea her faith to plight,
 And the grave priest who wedded them
 Was ancient, sombre-mantled Night.

WINGS

By Jennette Lee



THE Rector and the Curate faced each other across the study table. They had been going over the list of parish poor. It was a long list and rather complicated, but at last it was finished. They leaned back and smiled at each other comfortably.

"Well, that is done," said the Rector, "the next thing is to make it work."

The Curate gathered up the loose papers, thrusting them into the worn bag beside him. He was a young man, with a face like the Hoffman Christ. He had also a wife and five children. The women of the church worshipped him. The men found him a good fellow. The Rector knew him for a hard worker. He watched him now, as he gathered up the papers, with a look of quiet understanding. The relation between them had a certain note of equality. It marked the younger man as capable of making his way without offence.

"By the way," said the Rector, still watching him, "The Actors' Alliance—how is it coming on?"

The Curate paused among the papers. He pushed back the hair from his forehead. "I've neglected it," he said. "There have been so many details, and this Chardon case—." He pointed to the papers.

"Of course." The rector's quiet nod acquitted him. "You've had too much. But Worden told me yesterday they are making a good thing of it in Hampton. He spoke of one or two phases of the work. It would seem as if we had the best chance here of any parish in the diocese—the 'Sanford Theatre' and the Saturday night plays for the College—."

"Yes, yes, I know—I've often thought of it. I did manage to do a little last year. But it lapsed." The tired look in the Curate's face brought out its humanness.

His rector regarded it kindly. "We need another man," he said, "Meanwhile you'd better give me the Chardon case." He held out his hand for it. "They need the stern lawgiver. It will do them good and it will free you for some thing better. There is a little girl acting at the 'Sanford,' a mere child, they tell me, drawing crowds. Look her up if you can."

The Curate took out his notebook. He looked inquiringly at the Rector.

"Oh, I don't know anything—not even her name. The report came up the back stairs early in the week, and this morning Evelyn said that the better class are beginning to go—some of our own people. It's the girl, they say. The play itself is poor stuff. But the girl is different. And being so young, I thought—."

"I will see her at once," said the Curate. He replaced his notebook and gathered up his bag and was gone.

The girl wandered about the room a little uncertainly. It was a large room with tall windows and huge, meaningless furniture set at regular intervals. The windows looked out into a row of dismal back yards. Across the tops of the houses one saw branches lifting to the sky—a kind of spring lightness. They held life in their tips, and seemed to breathe a little as they opened.

The girl came to the window and looked across to the trees. Her eyes were sombre with quick lights in them. The brow above them, square and wide, was a little drawn and the mouth, in its pointed place, held a line of doubt. No one would for a minute think of the face as beautiful. But one would look at it again, and then again. By and by he would see that the girl knew that he was looking—nor would the brow change its line, nor the mouth. She did not seem to mind that you surveyed the castle wall, that you even admired it and walked around it. She was busy at the citadel. Life opened fast to her—myriads of things that the mind must touch and taste and withdraw from, wondering. Her movements had been those of a free thing. Now she stood with her hands folded, her head a little bent and her eyes looking out to the tree-tops. Her quietness held something vivid—a kind of still waiting. One might have stroked the folded wings, but he would know that life quivered in them—a challenge to the air and wind and storm.

A woman's voice chimed in the room softly. It was like convent bells. It was the kind of voice that sounds behind grey walls, calling the heart to rest.

The girl turned quickly. "Yes, Mother."

"Would you like to go to walk?"

"To walk?" She paused, looking about the room, "I have been walking, haven't I?"

The mother smiled. "You are restless. The air will do us both good. See, I have finished it." She smoothed the work in her hand, spreading it out.

The girl came across and knelt beside her, examining it. It was

a beautiful piece of embroidery, rich like an altar cloth, but with no trace of the church's symbolism in its lines. The mysterious pattern suggested rather some quaint Eastern source. The girl lifted it with quick fingers, admiring it. "You do such beautiful things, Mother—and they are not the least like you." She was looking at it, a little wonderingly, as if just struck with the thought. She raised her eyes to the quiet figure beside her—with the grey dress and grey stemmed lines—"Not the least like you," she repeated thoughtfully. hair and grey eyes looking out—quiet pools fringed with straight-

A light rested in the eyes—a passing wing mirrored and gone. The face caught it and glowed. "You think it is not like me and you said it was beautiful—" She was smoothing the girl's hair, "you do not see the other side." The girl lifted the embroidery with a quick touch, like a child, turning it over. "It is just the same!" she said, scrutinizing it.

Her mother laughed. "Come, we will go for a walk." She folded the embroidery carefully and reached for the basket beside her.

A knock sounded on the door. "For Miss Seawell," said the bell-boy, proudly. He deposited a box on the table and produced a card. He searched in his pocket and found another. He handed them out. "They're both the same," he said.

The eyes of the mother and daughter met. The mother shook her head slightly. She hesitated. "Tell him he may come up for five minutes," she said at last, "we were just going out."

The girl's eyes danced behind the closed door. "Tommy Talcott!" Her fingers were untying the box, lifting a huge bunch of violets. The stems were tied with a white satin ribbon—yards of it. "Like a bride," she said, trailing it out. "It will make a lovely belt-ribbon." She laid a bit of it to her waist and danced a step across the room.

"Hush, Lita!"

The girl paused. She waited midstep. Then she walked demurely to the table and laid down the flowers. When she turned to the door her face was impressive and grave.

The youth bowed above her hand with exaggerated devotion. She motioned him to a seat near her mother and moved a little distance away.

The youth's eyes devoured her. He had a round, fat face and blue eyes that tried to look hard. His trousers were turned up a little at the bottom and he carried his arms with an arranged, a careful air—curved like sausages.

The girl surveyed him while he talked. He was richly a man of the world, caressing the silk ankle on his knee and commenting on

men and things in quick tones. He clipped his words and stroked his ankle and contemplated the girl with an air of possession—that halted a little, now and then, in doubt.

“Your violets are very beautiful.” She motioned to the table.

“Not much. Best I could get. Beastly town for flowers,” responded the youth.

“Oh, I think they are lovely.”

The youth smiled. He lounged a little on his chair. “Say, do you know you were great last night—just great.” He beamed on her. He expanded to himself.

The girl looked at him indifferently. “Did you think so? I was not so good as usual.”

“Oh, say!” he protested, “You can’t tell, you know. That place,” he continued confidently, “that place when you come in solemn and grave and then do those stunts of yours—it’s—,” he paused for fit words, “it’s great, you know—just great!” He stroked his lip and looked at her largely and seemed to be enjoying the way he was going it.

The mother, who had left the room for a minute, returned ready to go out. “You will excuse us, Mr. Talcott? We were on the point of going when you came.”

“Certainly, Mrs. Seawell, certainly.” He put her at her ease with a wave of his hand, “I’ll go along with you.” He was reaching for his hat.

“We would not trouble you.” She stopped him midway.

“No trouble.” He was murmuring it into his hat. “No trouble—”

The door had opened again to a card. The mother was reading it with puzzled brow. “Mr. George Steadman.” She looked at her daughter. The girl shook her head.

“Tell him to come up, please.”

The youth settled back. He would see his rival before he went. He had spent a hundred on her—boxes and flowers. Let any other man cut him out if he thought best. He curved his arms and waited.

It was the Curate, brushing the hair from his forehead and talking dreamily, with some shrewd common sense gleaming through and lighting the dream.

The youth stared at him with cool eyes. The cheek of the old buck! He had seen him somewhere before—Oh, yes—Curate—the pious dodge.

The Curate turned to him. Dreamily he drew from him his class—sophomore?—“I should not have thought it,” murmured the Curate. The youth wriggled a little. “And what church do you attend?” “The Episcopalian? Ah, then I shall have the pleasure of calling on

you. I call on all the Episcopal students." The youth gasped. "Oh—" It was almost a wail—"but I'm not, you know—not exactly." The Curate looked at him keenly. "I'm likely to be out, you know," said the youth. It was a last flying leap. But the Curate had him fast. "I can call again," he said kindly, "I always call again when they are out. I like to see the boys in their own rooms. I seem to know them better." His tone had changed subtly. "Where do you come from—where is your home?"

"Talcottville."

"Your father is John Talcott then?"

"Yes, sir." The boy straightened a little at the sound of his father's name.

"I knew him in college—knew him well. He was years ahead of me, but used to come back to the games."

The youth stared at him. "You're not Steadman of Ninety-three?"

"I believe I am."

"Well, I know all about you!" It was half-boyish, half-manly. "But I didn't suppose you were a—minister?"

The Curate smiled. "I am—part of the time." He took out his card. "You must come and see us. Mrs. Steadman will want to see you."

The youth received the card in deferential fingers. He slipped away. They heard a door clutch softly. The girl laughed.

"Hush, Lita."

"But it was truly funny," she said. Her eyes were on the Curate. She was admiring the Hoffman head.

The Curate turned suddenly and found her doing it. He reddened a little. Women were still a mystery to the Curate. His wife had explained to him many times that there is no sin in admiring a picture by Hoffman. But she wanted him to be careful, and he plunged into explaining the details of the Actors' Church Alliance.

The two women listened with gentle intentness.

"It is what we have wanted," said the mother, "I had heard of it, but I did not know—and we spend so little time in a place."

"Precisely—that is the Alliance—to have the connections made."

"And I am to go to church to-morrow," said the girl wistfully. She was still looking at him.

"If you will. Ask for my pew. Mrs. Steadman will be there. She will want to call on you if there is time?"

"We stay till Wednesday."

"Then she will come."

A light came into the girl's face. "Would she—would you like a box?"

"A box—?"

"At the 'Sanford'—to see me—" The words laughed a little anxiously. "It is quite proper—now. Nice people go. They let me change the lines—I do as I like. I wish you would come!" Her hands were clasped impulsively. She was like a child.

The Curate smiled indulgently. "When do you want us?"

"Any time—Monday? Would that do? How good you are!" She flitted to a desk and wrote a few words on a card. "There. They will keep the box for you. I shall watch—you will surely come?"

"We will surely come." The Curate tucked the card into his pocket. "And to-morrow you will be at St. John's?"

"To-morrow, yes."

When he was gone the girl looked at her mother. "Something is coming," she said softly. She half put out her hand. "Something beautiful, and strange." The hand groped a little and drew back. "I think I am afraid."

Her mother's hand touched her arm and the vision broke. The girl laughed. She ran her hand across her eyes. "Come, let us go out—before it is dark—out-of-doors."

II.

The girl sat in the church, her hands clasped and her soul drifting. The color about her held her, and vague wonder, the stir of something lifting itself, and the gleam of the little windows high in the roof. She had not been in a church for years. They had spent their Sundays in the fields or on the road. She had not known that it was like this. The quiet of the place—falling deep on the heart, and the sense of something coming if one would wait. She had almost ceased to breathe. . . . the processional was calling, stern and hushed, through closing walls. It hovered faintly, like a bird, then it grew, lifting the heart. The girl leaned forward, watching the white-robed figures. One by one they entered the stalls, crossing her soul with gentle motion. The last was a boy taller than the rest, with a face of light. He took his place by the organ, a little apart from the others.

The girl sank back with a quick breath.

The organ swelled and sang and drew to silence, and the service went its way, intoned and sweet. The anthem rose, filling the nave, and high above it sounded a voice that thrilled the heart—little reeds shaken in the wind—a voice delicate and rare, with shimmering petals that fell through space, stars of light in quick descent. The air quiv-

ered to the notes and was still. The windows rained color on bowed heads and stone and wood, and angels trumpeting aloft. High in the chancel hung a bird with outspread wings that shone in the light. The eyes of little children loved it. The girl's eyes sought it now, like a child's.

The church about her grew vague, and gray, and dark; it fell away into space, and her soul mounted to the bird there swinging in light—to the white wings and polished breast, and the sound of a voice singing, faint and sweet, through the arches—singing, swinging, drifting—with the snow-white bird. Life centered in it, and rest—the great things she planned to do—slowly they circled and gathered in, a shadowy host. Her heart fell to singing—little dreams of truth, swift hopes rising over to the bird and the voice singing.

When she came back from the dream the Curate's wife was asking her to dinner. The service was done, the church was empty. The voice had receded, calling her as it went, dying to a last faint sound behind closed walls. "Amen," a drifting, fading call—"Amen." The white-robed figures were gone. The church was empty. The Curate's wife was asking her to dinner.

She turned with puzzled eyes and a little shake of the head, looking into the kind, round face. "I must go home," she said, "Mother would worry. Oh, I am sorry she could not come—sorry—sorry!"

At the door of the church they waited for the Curate to come out. The girl turned to her companion with a frank smile. "It was beautiful!" she said, "I thank you."

The round face lighted. "You are glad you came?"

"I shall never forget it." She broke off with a pretty gesture—"Oh, *could* I see him, just once, do you think? I want to tell him how I loved it!"

The Curate's wife looked stern. "You *loved* it!"

"Didn't you? It was so strange and sweet. I wanted to clap and clap and cry—why did no one clap?" she demanded, "a voice like that!"

"You mean—," a light glimmered—"you mean the choir, the singing?"

"I mean that boy with a voice like an angel! Why, in the theatre they would not have let him go—not a sound—I could have cried—my throat ached so!" She put her hand to it, still pulsing.

The Curate's wife relaxed a little. "We do not applaud in church; we go to worship God."

"I think God was pleased," said the girl simply; "It must have reached Him; it went so high! Oh, could I see him, do you think? I must see him. I *must!*"

The Curate's wife was startled. "See God?"

The girl's laugh rippled a little. "The boy that sang."

"Oh, Jimmie Barlow!" Her brow cleared. "Of course; he is a nice boy; he has a good mother; I will bring him to see you."

The girl seized her hand, pressing it in both her own and swinging it a little. "Bring him to the theatre," she said, "to-morrow night—will you?"

The Curate had come up. His wife breathed a sigh of relief as she turned to him. "She wants us to bring Jimmie Barlow to see her act, George. Do you think we could?"

The Curate was looking at the girl kindly—at the light in her face and the eager, moving hands and swift impatience—"Why not?" he said slowly, "Why not?—the boy would like it."

With a little gesture of thanks the girl was gone.

The Curate looked at his wife. His wife was looking at him.

"It's all right," he said easily, "every one in town has been, apparently, except you and me,—and Jimmie Barlow."

"It isn't that. It's Jimmie."

The Curate stared a little.

"I mean," she wrinkled her brow, "He's only a boy and,—did you see her face?"

The Curate laughed. "The boy is sixteen, seventeen almost; we lose him from the choir in May; she will not hurt him." He made a little gesture. "I should like him to know a nice girl."

"You are sure she is nice?" The anxious brow confronted him.

"As sure as that you are, my dear; I do not make mistakes in women."

"Oh, George," very softly, "George—George!" It was all that was said.

III

The girl broke in with swift breath. She crossed to the grey figure on the couch and dropped beside it on her knees. "I have seen an angel," she said. Her voice sang a little. Her eyes danced. Her hands laughed, and were still. They smoothed the grey hair. "It was a truly angel," she said, "in a white robe,—singing."

Her mother smiled, a look of relief in her face. "It was not the Curate then?"

"The Curate? Oh, dear, no! It was a real angel, with wings, I think, though I didn't see 'em. And he stood in the light and sang, and a great bird came and waited above him and sang, 'Amen, Amen.'"

She threw back her head, breathing the words softly. The clear flute call filled the room, dying in little waves. The girl listened to the sound, smiling as it died away. The clear, fresh look in her face held a child's happiness, with something deeper behind it.

Her mother watched it intently. "Tell me about it," she said. She reached for the quick moving hands and patted them. "Tell me."

"That's all," said the girl, "but his name is Jimmie Barlow and I love him; and he is coming to see me and—"

"They lived happy forever after." A little shadow fell on the words.

The girl laughed out, softly. "But they did."

"Hush, child!" The mother's hand closed firmly on the flitting one. "It is only a dream."

They sat in silence, the dream about them—the grey mother looking back to a passion of youth. Out of the Quaker past she saw her life emerge, and break and waste itself. The riot and color and passion had ebbed to grey . . . her child should not know wreck. She had watched with jealous breath. The soul of her child had run free beside her. At the first stirring of unrest the door had been set ajar to wings. They had opened and fluttered. They waited now, poised—child—woman—a mystery that laughed and sang and spent itself. The mother's clasp tightened a little. The test was come early to quick blood. Her eyes probed the future. Was it to be again?—the swift outgoing, the saddened return? No help from her who knew so well the way, how it beckoned, mysterious, with gleams of rose and quick, soft grass for speeding feet. . . . They had dealt harsh blows to her—pitiless. They had driven her out of their grey world. Her child had come to the same place,—too soon.

The girl held the thin fingers, spreading them lightly in her own. There were no rings to break the thin lines or hide the whiteness. She held them to her lips, breathing on them. "They are cold," she said.

IV

The theatre was crowded, but the boy saw only the stage and the girl who had wanted him to come. How beautiful she was—with her strange face. Something stirred in him. He waited, holding his breath—youth on tiptoe—life with finger on lip.

The Curate touched his wife; their eyes met; hers held foreboding; his own were lighted with gentle pleasure; she shook her head at them, and glanced at the boy; he had not stirred. A swift smile held his lips—the smile that crosses a dream, flitting and wistful and vague.

She shook her head again. She looked reproachfully at George. George had returned to the stage.

The girl entered the box with a little flutter of feathers. The boy awoke from his dream. She approached him with gentle mien. The Curate's wife had turned, but something in the two faces stayed her. They were looking into each other clearly—as two souls that meet midway from the world to world. The girl spoke first, in a quick, low voice, "Will you come and see me?"

"Yes," he breathed the word. His eyes had not left her face.

A smile broke its gravity. It called the little lights to her eyes. Her hands moved swiftly. "Come to dinner with me, to-morrow night—all of you?" She had turned to the Curate and his wife, "I want you all." It was as much a command as a request.

The Curate bowed. His wife opened her lips. The girl laid a finger on them lightly. Her eyes were on the boy's face. "I shall expect you, at six—I must go now. Mother will be waiting. She could not come to-night—Thank you for coming. Thank you!" In the midst of a shower of quick little nods she was gone.

It was not yet dark in the dining-room. But candles were lighted. The girl moved about, adjusting the shades and giving a final touch to the flowers. There were lilies in the room, and roses and violets. The air would have been heavy with the fragrance had it not been for the long windows, opened to the balcony outside, and the little breeze that came in, stirring the curtains. The girl lingered, looking about her in a dream. She wore a shimmering gown, soft and iridescent, shining as she turned her throat in the light. She held herself, listening. The handle had turned. It was her mother—a grey presence in the beating room. She ran to her swiftly. "You are well enough to come down! I am glad—glad!" She was watching the pale face. "You must not stand." She had pushed forward a chair.

Her mother laid a hand on the back of it. But she did not sit down; she stood looking about the fragrant room. "You have made it beautiful," she said.

"Isn't it! They changed the table—gave me the round one, and took down those ugly things"—she motioned to the curtains. "The rest was easy."

"I see." Her eyes lingered on the girl. "You are almost grown up," she said softly.

"Yes?" The girl's voice rose to a little questioning note. "I do not feel so. I feel like a child. I am so happy!" She had come close to her mother. She took the thin fingers, pressing them to her lips.

A sigh escaped into the room—a breath among the flowers.

The girl turned quickly. "You are tired. We will rest till they come." She put an arm about the grey figure and they passed from the room.

Half an hour later the curious dinner party was gathered about the table. The eyes of the boy and girl met through a tangle of light and flowers and flame. Above the table a mote of flame was caught in a crystal ball and hung swinging, its heart of rose shimmering through. A murmur of sound moved in and out across the light that seemed to centre in the boy and girl. The Curate's wife spoke little. She found herself thinking of the time she first saw George. Her eyes rested on his gently as she remembered. He had been standing in a crowd—she had not thought of it for years—it was on the street corner, and raining, and he had looked at her and a soft, shining light had spread about them mistily. . . . She looked from the boy to the girl. They had been hardly older—she and George. People had called them foolish. But she would not have changed it—not a minute of it. All the hard times and the easy ones had grown out of it—that moment of pulsing light. Her eyes met those of the mother across the table. A look of understanding passed between them and was gone.

By and by they rose from the table. The boy stood by the window where the breeze from behind the curtain touched his face. The others had moved a little apart. The girl crossed to the window. Slowly she faced him, the leaden fringes that weighed her eyelids lifting themselves. The boy looked into the eyes. The silence waited. Out of it he reached to her—a boyish smile curving his lips. He did not touch her. It was hardly a gesture. Pan, the god of green things walked the room. His wings struck the fragrant air to light.

"I am going away to-morrow," she said.

"But you come back?"

"Sometime. Yes."

There was silence. Above the table the swinging ball held its pruned flame. They moved back and joined the others.

The Curate's wife held out her hand. "Good-night, children," she said, "You have to go and rehearse, both of you, and George is going, but we mothers—" she looked again at the other woman, "We can sit awhile and talk."

They passed out of the room—all of them. The silence behind them pulsed, and grew still. The curtains stirred in the wind. A breath, as of wings, spread itself. It hovered above the flowers.

Two black-coated figures came in. One by one, they went about, putting out the lights till the room was dark. Only above the table the mote of flame glowed in its crystal ball.

IN THE MATTER OF THE PRINTING STEAL

By William MacLeod Raine



“SAY, mister.”

The young man behind the desk looked up from his work and nodded.

“You the clerk of the county court?”

Jackson admitted it, whereupon the boy slammed down his big parcel of blanks, took a receipt, and left.

“Here, this bill goes to the county commissioners’ office,” Jackson shouted after the boy. But Young America was already out of earshot on a rush for the descending elevator.

“I suppose I’ll have to take it down,” grumbled the clerk, as he looked at the bill without curiosity.

The figures totaled at the bottom of the column caught and held his eyes. They seemed to have an odd fascination for him. For a long minute he stared at the \$311.26 written there. Then his lips pursed for a whistle, but no sound issued from them. He opened the package the boy had left, and carefully compared its contents item by item with the bill. They tallied exactly.

“You’ve uncovered a steal, Tom Jackson,” he told himself. “Now, be careful, my boy. You want to go slow or you’ll euchre yourself out of a job.”

He sat down and did ten minutes’ hard thinking. Then he rose and stepped across to the chambers of Judge Tresham. He had decided to shift the responsibility of a decision to broader shoulders than his.

“Judge, I’ve got something I want to show you. It’s a bill for some legal blanks that the printer’s boy just brought to the office and left by mistake. There are about twenty dollars’ worth of blank forms in the bundle. The bill is for \$311.26.”

“It must be a mistake, Tom.”

“Perhaps it is, and yet I don’t see how it can be. You see the items foot up right.”

The judge ran his eye down the bill.

“If it is not a mistake it means that there is a big steal going on in the commissioners’ office,” said the judge slowly.

“Yes, sir. That’s how it looks to me.”

James Tresham was of the old-fashioned type of lawyer that modern conditions are fast making impossible. He had just passed the half-century mark, but had hitherto conserved the old standard of personal honor that the business world of to-day is wiping out. His reputation among the people for honesty was general, and even his political associates had long since stopped expecting him to be serviceable in the ordinary dubious party deals. He held his place by their sufferance only because his accepted integrity was a more valuable asset as a vote-winner than trickery.

He worked out a decision silently, then issued orders to Jackson.

"Take down to the commissioners' office our record of the supplies furnished us during the last three months. Under some pretext compare them with the bills of the same date and bring me a copy of the amount of the bills. Don't say anything about this matter. Let the clerks suppose you have neglected to check some goods and want to learn the data concerning them."

Jackson returned two hours later. "It's worse than I supposed, judge. We've unearthed the edges of a big steal. The county is being robbed right and left. I have run across hardly a single item of supplies that is not crooked. It's this way, judge. The contract under which supplies are bought is worded so as to leave the commissioners' office an option every time as to prices and quantities. One option is very low, so as to secure the county printing for Roberts & Anderson's bid; the other option is twenty times as high. In each case the commissioners have ordered goods under the second option."

"I don't think I quite understand, Tom."

"Well, look at this, for instance. Take index-books. First option: designation, F 113; quantity, one; size in pages, 26; weight of paper, 40 pounds medium; quality, J.W.L.R.; price, \$12. Second option: same description exactly except that there are 52 pages; price, \$1. Under that schedule the county ordered fifty index-books of 26 pages, paying six hundred dollars for them, while it could have ordered one-half the number of twice the size, otherwise exactly alike, and paid only twenty-five dollars for them. The county lost five hundred and seventy-five dollars by that deal, and that's how it goes all down the line. Here are their signatures where the commissioners have O.K.'d the bills. Savage, Morley, Wallace, O'Brien, and Benson; all their names there, you see."

Judge Tresham examined the figures carefully till doubt was no longer possible. He dropped the papers on his desk with a gesture almost of despair.

"Just leave those here, Tom. I want to look into them to-night. It looks like a wretched business. We'll have to find a way out some-

how. Be sure not to say anything about them to anybody—remember, not to anybody,” cautioned the judge.

Jackson promised, and left the judge alone with his problem. To say that Tresham was almost sick with apprehension is not to exaggerate his condition. His party had been eager in promises of a clean administration—and this was the result. At least four of the commissioners were pleasant casual acquaintances of his, and Wallace and Morley were a good deal more. He had stumped the county once with Wallace and had slept in the same bed with him for a week. They belonged to the same club. Their families met at the same houses occasionally.

And Morley—why, he and Bob Morley used to be like brothers. They had been at college together. Until late years it had been a regular thing for the Treshams to eat Thanksgiving dinner at the Morley house and for Bob's family to spend Christmas Day with them. The Morley children called him Uncle Jim. He remembered that one brown-eyed youngster had shouted it across to him that very morning on his way to chambers.

Lately he and Morley seemed to have drifted apart somewhat. He recalled now that they had not been out to lunch together for a long time. The family relations, too, though always cordial, had not been so intimate. He had supposed this due to the fact that the Morleys, who had begun to go out socially and to entertain a good deal, had less leisure on their hands. Getting into society had apparently been rather an expensive affair for Bob, judging by his style of living now. Tresham had sometimes wondered how he could meet his bills, but he had never questioned Morley's honesty.

Now he understood. The figures on the paper before him damned Morley beyond hope. He was a grafter at the expense of the public. Tresham groaned aloud at his friend's faithlessness and at the hard luck that had brought upon him the ordeal of exposing it. For, though he sought desperately for another way out, he could see none that shaped with his plain duty.

At lodge that night Tresham drew aside a friend of his, an older man, now serving as federal judge of the district. He stated the case guardedly and asked for advice. Bates was both an honest man and a shrewd politician. He considered the circumstances judicially and gave an opinion.

“Don't know anything about it, Tresham. You are not called on to interfere. It is not your business. Don't let yourself get mixed up in it. You're a useful man to the state. I want to see you on the supreme bench. You can do great good there. But if you expose these politicians they will spoil your career. You will be a disappointed,

disgruntled outsider, and everybody will point to you as a fool failure who didn't know how to hold his tongue. I'm an older man than you. I know that a man has to choose the lesser evil sometimes."

Tresham was not satisfied. "Still, Bates, to connive at a steal for reasons partly selfish is not honorable. I can't make it seem right."

"You won't be conniving at it. You'll simply be one of the helpless victims. Don't ruin yourself out of Quixotry, Tresham," advised his friend bluntly.

Tresham lay awake all night. He knew that he was at the parting of the ways. His hopes of being a justice of the supreme court must be sacrificed forever if he persisted in his course. So much was certain. And none knew how dear to him was the honest ambition to sit as a member of that court. It offered a competence and some measure of leisure for his declining years. He had a family of growing youngsters to be educated. He was out of touch with active practice as a lawyer. He would have a hard fight to hold his own against the younger men if he had to hang out his shingle again. But he felt that he could do it if he must.

He sent for Morley next morning before court met. The commissioner came into chambers and up to Tresham's desk with an eager friendliness that cut the judge like the stroke of a switch across the face. There had always been something tender and winning in Morley's smile. To-day it was unusually attractive.

"How are you, Jim?" he began, in his warm way. "It's a long time since——. Why, what's the matter, man?" Morley stepped forward quickly and laid an affectionate arm across Tresham's shoulder. "No bad news, is there?"

Tresham averted his eyes. A horrible shame possessed him at being a witness of the first moments of Morley's disgrace. He blindly shoved Jackson's figures toward his friend. When he looked again the commissioner was staring at them with a face white as the paper.

"So you are a spy," he almost whispered between set teeth.

"No, I'm merely an honest man. Can you say that, Bob?" the judge demanded suddenly.

The color swept back with a surge into Morley's face. "By ——, if you dare say I'm not——"

"I shall not say it unless it is true," answered Tresham steadily.

"What business is the commissioners' office of yours?" burst out Morley, in a rage. "You find some figures you don't understand and you go sneaking around to prove me a thief. I thought you called yourself my friend."

"I do, Bob. That's why I've sent for you alone, to give you a

chance to explain before I turn these figures over to the district attorney."

"You daren't turn them over," flung back the other, fear and anger battling in his face.

"I must. I can do nothing else, Bob."

"You mind your own business, Tresham," said the commissioner, threatening bluntly. "You run your court and we'll run the commissioners' office. I warn you to keep your meddling fingers out of our affairs or it will be the worse for you;" and he turned on his heel and left the room.

The county commissioners were hurriedly called together by telephone for a conference behind locked doors. It was a stormy meeting, and only a partial report of what occurred there leaked out. Old jealousies came to the surface in mutual recriminations. "I told you so's" were as frequent as telegraph-poles on a railway journey. Only Morley and O'Brien had been "next" on the printing steal, and Benson intimated that they might get out as best they could.

O'Brien turned, snarling on him like a fox at bay. "Is that so? Ye'r like a pack of rats ready to leave a sinkin' ship. But you'll listen to a word from me. What about the bridge graft, Mr. Benson? And what about the park supplies graft, you other gentlemen? D'ye really think we'll stand to be the scape-goats, and let you go scot-free? Not if the court knows itself. We had our graft and you had yours. Now ye'll stand by us to the finish or down you come too."

Wallace broke in, perspiration standing moist on his brow. "Gentlemen, we're not going at this the right way. We must stand together. We must get at Tresham and shut him up. He's not a bad fellow, but he's liable to go off half-cocked. We must show him that it's for the good of the party, with an election only six months away, that this be kept quiet."

Savage slapped his thigh. "That's right, Tom. We've got him to rights there. If he wants a renomination he's got to stand by the party."

"He wants a renomination all right," put in Wallace. "It was only last week he was telling me that his heart was set on getting through the next legislature a bill for straightening out the probate law tangle. He's working on it day and night."

O'Brien rose with a laugh. "I guess we'll find Tresham's bark worse than his bite. He'll shut his tongue between his teeth, that's what he'll do. We'll turn Mike Maloney loose on him, boys."

Benson nodded. "He'll give way before the pressure on him. He'll learn a man can't throw his party down."

They lost no time in massing their influence and bringing it to bear on Tresham. Leading politicians dropped in during the day and talked with the judge. They warned him that the course he proposed to follow would be political suicide, that no man was big enough to throw down his party with impunity.

Tresham pleaded that he did not want to throw down his party, that if the party leaders vigorously exposed and denounced graft in the party ranks it would be stronger than ever with the people. The wise politicians shook their heads and said that wasn't politics. Some of them grew bitter and among themselves called him an ingrate and a traitor. Tresham, fighting desperately for his self-respect, endured their shallow contempt sadly.

When the afternoon session of court had adjourned, Dines Allison came in to see the judge. Now, Dines Allison was a corporation attorney who thought himself, and was held to be, an honest man. He would have neither offered nor accepted a direct bribe, though he had been in deals where he had suspected the use of "influence money" by others to further his ends. It had been the backing of Allison that had put Tresham on the bench. Since then they had always been on the best of terms. Therefore the judge, knowing why he had come, sickened at sight of his friend's handsome, clean-cut, powerful face.

"Judge, you know it was my influence with Maloney that secured you the nomination for judge of the superior court four years ago. I've argued a hundred cases before you since. Have I ever presumed on that fact?"

"Never," answered Tresham promptly.

"Well, I'm not going to presume on it now. But I'm going to ask you for your own sake to go slow in this commissioner-exposure business."

The judge passed his hand wearily across his eyes. "I've gone over it again and again, Allison. I don't see what else I can do but turn the matter over to the district attorney. The thing is a plain steal."

"What good will it do? The district attorney is a part of the machine. He'll have to screen them from punishment."

"I shall have done my duty."

"You will have ruined yourself and accomplished nothing."

"I can't help that."

"I don't see why you need know anything about it, Tresham. You're not a thief-catcher by profession. What business is it of yours whether the commissioners are grafting?"

"That's a quibble, Allison. I'm a citizen, am I not? Shall I sit down and fold my hands while the public that pays me is robbed?"

"The public does not pay you to audit the accounts of the different county offices. You can't right every wrong. You're doing enough if you attend to those that are brought into your court. To be frank, I don't see how you can afford to touch this affair. Next month the nominating convention meets. The machine will throw you out and you'll be done for. That's one side of it. Now, if you keep quiet about this, you'll be re-elected to straighten out that probate law, and next year you'll surely be elected judge of the Supreme Court. If you are foolish now you absolutely destroy your chance of future usefulness to the people. It seems to me that your duty is to be silent. You must remember, judge, that a man can't carry all the burdens of the world on his shoulders. He has to take a broad view of things. Think about it again, Tresham."

The judge did not need to think again in order to know that the commissioners had served notice on him as to how they expected him to act.

Hard on the heels of Allison came Maloney, boss of the city by right of absorption. He was a big man of his kind, and had worried his way to the front by unflinching courage and by sheer masterful power. He rode over his subjects like a shah.

"What's this damned nonsense the boys are telling me about you and the commissioners, Tresham?" he demanded.

Judge Tresham flushed. "I don't understand you, Mr. Maloney."

"Oh yes, you do. I call a spade a spade. I'm not going to have any fighting inside the party now, with the elections coming on. Understand? It's not square of you, Tresham. If you want to make a grandstand play after the election, you can turn loose then. I shan't kick at that. But you cut it out now."

Tresham's clear eyes met Maloney's bull-dog glance steadily. "I'm going to do my duty."

Out shot Mike Maloney's square chin. "You can't play that game with me. I'll break you in two. There won't be enough of you left politically to bury. You take your orders from me, Mr. Judge Tresham. Understand?"

Tresham walked to the door and flung it open. "You may go, Mr. Maloney. You have made a mistake. I don't take orders from you."

The boss went, too amazed to protest, dazed by the moral dignity of this anachronism—one of the creatures he had made flinging himself before the Juggernaut of politics on account of a conscience!

Tresham carried his fight home that night and found another phase of it waiting for him there. His wife met him in the hall, a repressed triumph patent in her manner.

"You are tired, dear," she said, when she caught sight of his face, and she hovered about him in maternal fashion, helping him off with his coat and gloves.

"Well, I am," he admitted.

"And troubled," she added. "Have you had a hard case to-day?"

"We'll let that wait, Kate," he smiled. "Now for your news."

"It's about the girls. Kate and Mary have been asked to Nellie Allison's coming-out party. I'm so glad for them. It establishes their position in society so definitely, and the Allisons never have asked them before. I don't care about going out myself, Jim, but I *do* want the girls to get the best," fluttered the little mother.

Tresham put his arm about her and drew her into the library. He shut the door, then sat down on the arm of the Morris chair where he had put her. She noticed that his strange face was clouded.

"Kate, I'm sorry,—you don't know how sorry I am,—but you must send regrets."

"Why, Jim!" Protest was in her voice, and keen disappointment.

Simply and barely he told her the story of his fight for clean politics. She listened silently, asking a question once or twice when some point was not clear. His voice was quite even, quite without emotion; but he knew that vital issues rested in the balance. If she failed him now, he stood alone in his day of trouble; if she understood he would know that he had found beyond fear of loss the greatest good in life.

He finished, waiting for her to speak, while the clock ticked the long seconds away. At her first words his heart fell. She was still thinking, then, of her petty disappointment, not of his fight for honor.

"And so this invitation for the girls was sent as a kind of hush-money to you?" she said tremblingly. "Not because they wanted them to come for themselves?"

"I suppose I was in Allison's mind a good deal. He probably thought we would be pleased, and suggested to his wife to send an invitation. Undoubtedly he hoped it would influence me," explained Tresham mechanically.

She put up her hand and pulled his head down. His grizzled temples had never looked so gray to her before. She kissed him and laid her cheek against his with a sudden rush of love.

"They're all against you," she cried passionately. "You're worth all of them put together. You're clean and brave and unselfish. But they can't do you any real harm. They can't make you like themselves. What do we care about their bribes? You are going to do what's right, Jim, aren't you?"

The relief was so great that tears leaped to his eyes. A long,

uneven breath shook him. He lifted his head and looked away across her shoulder. He was saying to himself softly, "Thank God! Thank God!"

But the god from the machine sometimes slips a cog, and there is nothing more impotent than a political machine out of running order. The exposure of the printing steal came on the public like a bolt from a clear sky. The newspapers took it up and played it in red scare head-lines with Tresham as the hero. Covert accusations were made against him, and Judge Tresham answered them with a frank letter to the people that won them by thousands. If he were an outlaw among the politicians, he was for the moment a power with the public.

The district attorney shilly-shallied, and meanwhile the nominating conventions met. It leaked out that Tresham's name was not on the slate of his own party ticket. There was a popular outburst of indignation. The opposition party nominated him in a shrewd attempt to catch votes. Maloney, fighting with his back to the wall for votes, had to break his own slate to make room for the man he hated. Indorsed by both parties, Tresham's election was made almost unanimous, and his consequent prestige so great as to insure his elevation to the vacancy in the Supreme Court a few months later.

But a political crisis prevented this. A reform campaign was in the air. Out with its lantern in search of an honest man, the public found him in James Tresham. He was nominated for governor by one of the dramatic surprises of a stampeded convention, and was later elected by an overwhelming majority.

And Tom Jackson was not forgotten.



STRAWS IN THE WIND

A shady past usually precludes a sunny future.

Everybody's drinking habits are of interest to his neighbors.

An optimist is a man who underestimates his sorrows and over-values his joys.

Clever folk are apt to show their stupidity in not appreciating the cleverness of stupid people.—WARWICK JAMES PRICE.

THE METHOD OF CROSS-EYED MOSES

By *Marvin Dana*



I HAD thought it hot in Missouri; I realized my mistake when I got to Kansas, for that summer the plains were one long torrid torment.

Besides, in Missouri I had had a little money; in Kansas I had none. Money will assuage, to some extent, the sufferings of almost any situation, and now I was without a penny.

My one relief was the distraction offered by Moses' eyes. Our mutual misfortune as to funds drew us together the first day we met in the rude village that afterwards developed into Topeka, and at once I found a weird fascination in those eyes. Moses was the most cross-eyed man I ever saw. His protruding blue orbs were miracles of askewness. Though I studied him for many a day, I never succeeded in fathoming their mystery: in other words, I never had the slightest idea as to what he was looking at, unless he told me. There was no use in trying to follow his gaze; the differential calculus would not have sufficed to figure out its direction. It was always everywhere in general and nowhere in particular, or *vice versa*. I am thus emphatic in reference to Moses' eyes because their peculiarity helped to save us in a crisis.

One day, when I was hungry and hopeless as usual, Moses spoke forlornly:

"It's the bones for us, Waite."

At first I misunderstood him. I thought that he was making a ghastly joke as to all that would be left of us soon. But his next words undeceived me:

"It's the devil's own work in this heat, but it's sure money. I heard Big Mike saying he had a market for all he could get. He'd let us have a wagon and oxen."

"You mean, we're to go bone-gathering?" I asked.

"That's it," Moses replied. Then silence fell on us.

At that period in the history of Kansas, bones in abundance were strewn over the prairies, relics of herds caught in the relentless clutch

of winter blizzards or summer drouths, and, too, of the innumerable single victims of the inevitable death.

Big Mike, who ran the largest saloon in the town, was always ready for any business venture that offered a quick profit, and the opportunity for traffic in these bones had appealed to him. Already he had dealt in them, and had shipped several carloads gathered for him by the impecunious. Now, we found him ready to make us a liberal offer. He agreed to provide us with a wagon and oxen, and to give us board and lodging during the period of the work, with a cash payment for the lot when we were done. The payment, two hundred and fifty dollars, would be due only when we had collected the number of carloads required.

These preliminaries completed, we began the work. For weeks we lived through the same monotonous drudgery of suffering day after day. We drove the lumbering, patient yoke of oxen afar over the prairie, loaded the great wagon with a motley assortment of bones; then, as evening drew on, returned to the town, and unloaded the mass on the ground beside the railroad track at the freight station. Often it was midnight before we had finished our labors. But, be the hour what it might, we were again astir by four in the morning.

"Another week'll finish it," Big Mike had said, at last, after an inspection.

Now that week had passed. It was eight o'clock on Saturday night, and we had just returned to our lodging after unloading the last of the bones.

I had completed my toilet, which consisted of a bath and putting on again the clothes I had taken off. Moses, who had stopped for a pipe before changing in like manner, called to me:

"I say, Waite!"

"Well, what is it?" I asked.

"You slip over to Mike's and get our money," Moses directed. "By the time you're back I'll be ready, and then we can catch the train going east."

"All right," I agreed.

I put on my hat, lighted my pipe, and set forth for the saloon. Tired as I was, the object of the walk winged my feet. At last, after all the days of anguish, I was to win my reward. I was about to have in my hands two hundred and fifty dollars,—one hundred and twenty-five of it for myself alone, my own. Heavens, the rapture of that thought! None can imagine it unless, like me, he had been penniless for months. For how many weary hours had the hope of that money been my only solace! Now that hope was to be realized. It was with eager feet and happy heart that I went on my way towards Big Mike's.

There was the usual Saturday crowd in the saloon when I entered. A long line of thirsty men touched elbows at the bar, behind which the proprietor and his single helper were hurrying to and fro in anxious effort to satisfy all demands. I made my way to that end of the bar nearer Big Mike, and awaited an opportunity to attract his attention.

Presently he came close to me, and I spoke to him.

He turned at once, and answered sharply:

"What is it? Hurry up. I'm busy."

I was angered at his tone, but I have learned not to take offence needlessly. I replied quietly:

"I've come for the money for the bones. We want to get the train east."

Big Mike came a little closer to me. There was a savage scowl on his face.

"Say that again," he cried.

I grew angry at that, angry and vaguely alarmed. But I restrained myself from any display of emotion, and repeated my statement.

"I've come for the money for the bones for Moses and me,—two hundred and fifty dollars."

By this time the crowd in the bar had fallen silent; every man was peering and listening. On me, even as I spoke, an unutterable dread descended—a dread as awful as my hope had been high.

Big Mike thrust his face at me, and it was red with fury.

"Get out, you!" he roared. "Don't try any of your games on me. Get out!" And he added a string of curses.

"Games!" I repeated, helplessly, for my head was whirling. "But I want our money for getting the bones."

Big Mike broke in on me:

"Your money!" he shouted. "I don't pay twice, young man. I've paid your money to you once, and that's enough!" He cursed me again, long and foully.

"Where's your receipt?" I demanded, goaded to rage. "Where's your receipt, you liar?"

"Right there, sonny!"

I found myself looking into the barrel of a huge Colt's that Big Mike had drawn from beneath the bar.

"Throw up your hands!" he commanded. "I reckon this is about all the receipt I need with your sort."

Instinctively I had obeyed his order, and now, as I reflected for a moment, I saw how desperate was my case. For the moment, at least, I had no means of redress. The man was in his own place,

surrounded by friends, admirers, dependants; my life was at the mercy of his finger-touch on the trigger. I had no choice but to submit.

"Turn around and walk out of here," he bade me. "And keep your hands up!"

Trembling with mingled wrath, shame, and despair, I stumbled from the place.

Once outside, I set forth on a run for our lodgings, to rehearse my tale of disaster to the waiting Moses.

My appearance at once prepared him for evil tidings, and he listened to me without signs of great emotion.

"I didn't think he was that sort," was the sole comment, when at last I paused for lack of breath.

Then he fell into a brown study, while I sat panting and staring at him. But after a little he suddenly sprang to his feet. He drew his tall gaunt form erect, and his eyes flashed.

"We've earned that money," he said softly, but with a curious sternness in his voice, "and we're going to have it!"

I leaped up in my turn, but a motion of his hand checked the words on my lips.

"No, Waite, I ain't going to tell you anything except just what you've got to do. But what I do tell you, you've got to do right on the nail. Understand?" His two eyes seemed staring at everything in the room except me, but I knew that he must be looking at me, so I merely nodded an assent.

"The clock down-stairs has just struck nine," Moses continued. "At nine-twenty the train east is due, and it's usually on time. You just hustle back to Big Mike's, go in, and up to the bar, and tell him you've come for that two hundred and fifty."

"But—" I began.

"Don't talk," Moses interrupted. "When he gives you the money, chase yourself to the depot lickety-split for that train. You've got to catch it. I'll meet you there."

"But he won't give me the money," I objected.

"Never you mind about that," Moses retorted, "You do as I say. That's my part of the business. Come on. I'm going 'most there with you."

Still distraught, I hastened at his side towards the saloon; but now a faint hope was growing in me, born of the grim determination in the man's words and manner.

A rod or so from the door of Big Mike's place, Moses stopped me.

"Wait here while you count a hundred slowly," he directed. "That 'll give me time enough. Then walk in and up to the bar,

and ask for the money—right out loud, too. When you have your paw on it, hustle for the depot.”

With that, Moses whirled and vanished into the shadows between the buildings. Wondering mightily, I remained where he had left me and counted slowly from one up to a hundred. Then I took a deep breath and hurried forward.

The saloon was more crowded even than before, more clouded with tobacco-smoke, and none took heed of me as I pushed open the door and crossed to the bar. I reached it and leaned against it, quite unobserved. Big Mike was in the centre of the open place behind the bar, taking change from the money-drawer. His back was turned to me, as I called out to him in my loudest voice. A desperate bravado possessed me, and I spoke in stern command.

“I’ve come again for that two hundred and fifty dollars; hand it over!”

Sudden silence fell. Big Mike whirled and faced me, his mouth half-open in genuine amazement at my daring. But thus only for an instant; then the blood flamed in his face and he glared at me.

“Why, you damned little fool,” he roared, “I told you not to come here again. I’ll bore—”

He had whirled, and would have reached under the bar, but he was startled from his purpose by a great crash. By a common instinct all turned to look in the direction of the sound.

We heard and saw a rain of splintered glass from a window set high in the back wall of the saloon, made thus aloft in order to clear a low out-house in the rear. Through the shattered window-frame leaned the lank body of Moses, and in his hands two forty-fours circled slowly.

“Up with your hands, Big Mike!” came the ringing cry, and the saloon-keeper’s arms shot upward.

“Up with your hands—you!—and you!— and you! *I’ve got my eye on you!*”

Every man stood with hands held high.

“Remember, *I’ve got my eye on you!*” repeated the ominous voice; and every man in the room believed with all his heart that he was the one to whom Moses particularly spoke his threat, and each cowered in dread of the deadly circling muzzles.

For, indeed, the eyes of Moses perched aloft seemed everywhere. Huge, blazing, those mismated orbs darted here and there, and no man knew the object of their malevolent stare.

“Turn around, Big Mike,” the cold command came, “and be quick about it.” The voice waxed more savage. “Take your right hand down, but keep it in sight—unless you want a bullet through

you. Reach that hand into your money-drawer, and count out two hundred and fifty dollars. *I've got my eye on you!*"

Humbly, the burly villain obeyed. In a moment he had laid out a heap of five- and ten- dollar bills. I kept the tale of them as he counted them, and I knew that the amount was correct.

"Hand them to Waite, there," came the harsh order, and again Big Mike obeyed.

"Hands up!" snapped Moses, and Big Mike's right arm was vertical again.

As for me, I obeyed orders, and got out of the saloon within a second from the time my fingers touched the money. I could hear the train rolling into the station as I jumped into the street. At the sound I thrust the bills into my breast-pocket and set off at top speed. The station was an eighth of a mile away, and I dare swear I made it in less than thirty seconds.

As I reached the platform the train was just moving out. I caught wildly at a passing hand-rail; some one grasped me by the coat-collar, and I was hauled aboard. As I entered the car, I saw Moses advancing towards me from the other end.

"And just to think," Moses remarked an hour later, while the train rolled swiftly eastward. "I almost sold those forty-fours once, when I was starving."



DUST

BY EDWARD S. PETERSON

I HOLD a red glass of gray dust
 Blown far from foreign lands.
 Who knows? Was this a peasant's heart,
 Or just a great king's hands?

Was it a poppy, or a rose?
 A lion's tongue or paw?
 Was it a law unto itself,
 Or under human law?

Who knows? Dust tells no tales. And yet,
 If I disturb it much,
 Perhaps some far, unmated soul,
 Somehow, will know my touch.

IN PORT

BY HELEN O'SULLIVAN DIXON

WIND of the south, blow
 Your tenderest!
 My young love lies dead—

Lies low—low—low.
 Narcisse and fern I bring,
 Moss, and every thing
 That once as sweet
 We knew;—and violet!
 To bind about his head
 That he should not forget.
 Arbutus, too!
 And maiden hair
 Strong as fair,
 Melting with dew,

Sky, let fall your bars of fire!
 To light the way
 Across the sullen sea
 And dark!
 Whose destiny
 Is to bear
 The freighted bark
 From me
 At fall of day.

Oh star of the night!
 Guide the flight
 Of this mute weight
 Beyond the border-line
 Of my listening soul!
 Tell me if, when there,
 At the shore
 Of the jasper sea,
 Seraphim, and Cherubim
 Cry:—Hail! all Hail! Sleeping Heart!!!

Hark! methinks I hear the tide—
 My boat hath gained the other side—
 My love is in Port!

LADY MARY'S ELOPEMENT

By Elizabeth Hovey-King



IN old Hall Born, skeletons grinned in numerous closets, but for these Lady Mary cared naught because her heart was filled with other things and her eyes were turned in other ways.

The rose garden was where she loved to stray, for there the tall stems seemed always to bend and the glorious blooms to bow before her; but the hand that beckoned her did not show itself until she passed with glowing eyes beyond the nodding stems and bowing roses, although she knew loving eyes were watching as she sped to the foot of the garden where the high stone wall shut off a tangled ravine.

In the midst of the ivy that covered the wall a narrow gate was almost lost, and rumor said it had never been opened since the young Lord and heir—many generations back—had passed through and taken the key with him. Neither he nor the key had ever been heard of, and the gate in the wall had remained closed—and the skeleton in his closet had ever been hidden.

But when Lady Mary passed through the rose garden and found her way to the narrow gate it swung back as if she possessed the magic open sesame in her blue eyes, and as it closed behind her a pair of strong arms held her and a pair of warm lips saluted her, and as the two sank side by side on a projection of the old stone wall, a low and musical voice murmured:

“I thought you would never come, Lady Mary,” and he kissed her again.

“Why will you persist in ladying me? Have I not told you—stop, now, will you?” and she pushed his mouth away, “Have I not told you as many times as you have seen me to call me *Mary* only?”

“So you have. So you have. And so you are my *Lady*, and so you are my *Mary* only, and only my *Mary*, and only my *Lady*, and the two must go together—thus you are ever my *Lady Mary*—” and he ended by kissing her again.

“You never tell me what I most want to know, *Felix*?” whispered *Lady Mary* as she pushed his face from her.

“I am always telling you it. I am ever telling you, and I am now telling you and you will listen. I love you, *Lady Mary*! I adore you, I worship you, I—”

“None but an *Irish*—”

"I have repeatedly told you I am not Irish."

"You act Irish, leastways, all you do is Irish. Now what I most want to know is: Where did you find that key? It is bright, bright as if it had been always in use—and tradition says there was never but one key to that lock, and never a locksmith who could fit a duplicate—and that my ancient cousin—by several removes—and the Lord of old Hall Born, carried his key away with him; and tradition says more, that: When the key is found, so, also, will be found the rightful heir of those broad domains. My line of the house has ever lived here as usurpers and interlopers in the eyes of the shire folks—" But her mouth was shut again with a kiss. "Stop, that, Felix—I want to know where you came from, too—"

"Well," and the gardener took up his shears and began clipping the ivy that hung over her head. As a long branch fell into her lap, he said: "Let that signify that I have dropped—figuratively speaking—into your arms—and that is enough. It is not every day a common gardener wins so sweet a lady-love. But, Lady Marsden will be sending out soon for roses for the table and I must not keep you out here asking questions when you should have been kissing me instead. Here, I'll let you in—" and Felix, the gardener of old Hall Born, opened the narrow gate with his shining key and lifted Lady Mary in his strong arms, set her over the stone sill and closed the gate after her. Then he clipped busily at the straggling ivy, lifted some tendrils and planted them against the roots of an old oak that had stood, gnarled and black, near the wall for many generations of Marsdens. In an incredibly short time he was clipping the stately stems with the nodding roses and laying them carefully side by side in the long rose basket on the walk before him.

Then Lady Mary went carelessly by the rose garden nor deigned to glance his way, nor was he bold enough to lift the blue veined lids that hung over his humble eyes.

At dinner Lady Marsden said, as she took up a letter which had come by the last post and turned it over, carefully inspecting the wax on the flap:

"It is strange those Americans who boast of being Republicans should cling to the customs of their possible forebears. There is something wonderfully familiar, Mary, in the impression in this wax. I wish you would observe it, your eyes are better than mine. I dare say they have bought it from some dealer in such things and have stumbled by chance on the arms of the other branch of the house. But, no matter, for this party wants to go over Hall Born, and has written if it is for lease she will take it for the season—with the shooting—and—"

"But you are not intending to let it now that it is—" Lady Mary

colored and dropped her eyes at her plate, for she was not thinking of the place at all, it was the gardener that filled her mind.

"Certainly I will if they pay well—so if you will answer this that it may go out on the evening post I will appoint tomorrow when they may go over the manor. The sooner done the better." Then Lady Marsden turned off her cup of stout and left the table to the ancient butler, who gathered the silver and carefully counted it before he put it in its baskets and then slipped them into their safe, muttering as he worked over "the necessity of being doubly doubtful since that rascally new gardener had come from none knew where" and had been put in care of the greenhouses just because he had looked over the wall six months before and offered to put strength and health into the ancient roses or ask no wages at all, at all, and with Lady Marsden a pound was a pound, and considering that he slept in the gardener's house and supplied his own keep, and had never once been inside the Hall, she deemed it not a half bad bargain,—and surely the old rose garden was prolific, and the roses looked up and smiled into the skies of England as roses in that garden had never done before.

But for all that the butler had his doubts and took care of the silver that had been brought to the old Hall with the father of the present Lady Marsden, for when the last Marsdens of Hall Born had disappeared so also had vanished the ancient silver of generations of that Marsden line.

On the day following, when Lady Mary passed the rose garden, the stems bent and the roses bowed; when she reached the narrow gate it opened, she was gathered into the same strong arms and her lips covered with kisses.

"Felix, Felix, don't! Some horrid, nasty Americans who sport a crest and write strange English want to lease Hall Born for the season—" and she paused for want of breath, as well from words as from the surplus of caresses that were constantly smothering her. She did not look in her Felix's face, but went on as she gazed at the bridge crossing the ravine,—“and the strangest part of it all is, the name is Marsden.”

Then the gardener was suddenly transformed from the lover to the man of humble sphere. Letting his arms fall from the slender waist of Lady Mary he seized the shears that lay on the grass and fell to clipping the long straggling ivy. He transplanted two branches against the roots of two other oaks that showed traces of the storms of many generations, and as he patted the earth about them he murmured his own and Lady Mary's name; then he clipped and trimmed, and as he worked Lady Mary directed and talked—the severest critic could not have told of the love that lay between them.

When on the next day Mrs. Marsden, of America, went through Hall Born, falling into ecstasies over the ancient tapestries and carvings and walking along the gallery that held the pictures of the Hall Borners for many generations, she saw the face of one that was passing familiar. Though it wore the small clothes of three generations back, the face and the eyes and the hair were the same to her. Then, to conceal her desire and her discovery, she asked:

"Is the Hall for sale?"

"No," replied Lady Marsden's steward, "the manor is not for sale—it can never be sold—for it is entailed—"

"Entailed, eh? And what is that?" The voice of the American Mrs. Marsden was strangely insistent.

"Simply entailed—must descend to him whose direct—ancestors were owners—and it can not be sold—," and he led her out over the terrace and through the famous rose garden.

"And are those people who now live here—the rightful heirs?"

"No, they are not in the direct line, and can not inherit, but can occupy and use the income—the rentals—in part—" but he was interrupted by Mrs. Marsden, who was going off into a perfect rhapsody over the rose garden and wanted a flower to wear on her bosom. But, nowhere could the gardener be found to clip one for her, so in true American freedom, and considering several things she had in mind—that of soon being lessee of the property—she cried:

"Oh, it does not matter, Mr. Steward, I'll just break it off," and then and there she proceeded to tear from their long stems three of the finest blooms in the garden, the very ones, in fact, that had nodded their glorious heads to Lady Mary as she sped by them toward the narrow gate in the stone wall. And as the American Mrs. Marsden carried her curiosity with her she forced the steward to give her lead and he followed in awesome dread of her volume of questions.

"Now this gate? Where does it lead, Mr. Steward?" and she pushed against the weatherbeaten panels of the narrow gate on whose other side sat Lady Mary and Felix.

"To the ravine, madame, but—"

"We'll have it opened—will you see that that sheath of ivy is removed? For when I come here I shall want to pass through it instead of going all the way round Robin Hood's Barn to get into the grove beyond—"

"Robin Hood's Barn is not hereabouts, madame," muttered the slow-going steward, but Mrs. Marsden went on:

"Such a lovely place for picnics, I know. I reckon there's a good substantial bridge across the—creek."

"The bridge is there, to be sure," and they passed on.

Felix, the gardener, heard the voice of Mrs. Marsden, the soon-to-be-tenant, and smothered the mouth of Lady Mary into silence with kisses as the order was given to have the gate cleared of ivy and opened. When the voices passed on he said:

"It is time to leave here, Lady Mary. When the new season's tenant comes in I must get away. Will you go with me? The *Cedric* sails in three days for New York. In America we can find a home. I have a place in my mind of a very wealthy mine owner where—with a reference from Lady Marsden—I am sure I can secure a situation in his greenhouses. He pays magnificently—and in a short time I can have some greenhouses of my own—will you go with me,—Mary?"

"But, they will want you to keep the roses—." Lady Mary's voice trembled.

"I will not remain. You know I have not worked for wages, here, and can go as I came—if Lady Marsden will give me no 'character' I can go without. But where will she go when they come in?"

"To the town house." It seemed to Lady Mary that Felix was not eager for answer to his first question as he hurried along on other questions so fast.

"Does it, too, belong to the domain?"

"Oh, yes, everything belongs to that lost heir—nothing but the keep, until after a certain time; if he does appear it reverts to the crown."

"And when does that certain time expire?"

"Somewhere in the next century—not in my time. But, I have money of my own—and I will go with you—Felix—for I love you more than title or family. I will be plain Mrs. Felix, if you want me."

"Of course you are going. I never thought of anything else. I only asked you for politeness sake, or the mere form of it," but he stopped speaking to smother her remonstrance with his lips on her own, and then he lifted her in his arms and tenderly held her for a moment against his heart. "Bless you Lady Mary, for yourself is the gift I most prize on earth or in heaven above the earth. In America I will carve a name and fortune for you. It is a big place and fortunes lie thick for the man who gathers them. Meet me to-morrow morning here and we will pass through the old grove and into the way that will carry us oceanward." Then she was lifted for the last time and placed over the sill of the narrow gate and the lock slipped into its place behind her.

At dinner that evening Lady Marsden said:

"The Hall is taken at a fair price for the season. We will go at once to town and—"

"I should prefer to go elsewhere, and come later—to town." Lady Mary's voice was soft and gentle and her eyes dropped as she looked at the quietly grave face of her mother.

"As you wish. When will you leave?"

"At five in the morning. My boxes are packed and I will send them to the station to-night."

"What a beastly hour. You may kiss me good-bye when you retire, for I shall not rise till eight." Lady Marsden sighed as she looked with cool gray eyes at the flushed face of her daughter. Why she should flush at the mention of kissing her good-night did not disturb the stately and dignified Lady Marsden.

"The new gardener sent you this note, my Lady," said the butler as he gingerly laid the note, tray and all, by the side of Lady Marsden's plate. The idea of a servant writing a note to the Lady of Hall Born was an unheard-of piece of effrontery, and the ancient butler, whose father's father had been butler when the young Lord and heir had disappeared and all the family silver and gems had as mysteriously vanished, was ready to call him down.

Lady Marsden opened the note, and said, indifferently:

"Oh, he wants reference—he understands that the place is let—and well—how did he find that out since none of the servants associate with him, and he has never been inside the Hall—"

"You forget the steward, mother,—and you had better give him the reference." Lady Mary's cheeks burned at the thought of her position, but she rose and brought a sheet of crested paper, placing it with a letter-pad and pen before her mother. Then she ordered the butler to bring ink and to wait for the credential and to carry it to the gardener, whom she saw standing on the terrace watching the movements in the dining-room. Lady Mary also brought a thick envelope, on whose flap was the coat of arms of the house of Marsden.

"Oh, well, what is the name? Felix? Felix is all he signs himself—quite respectful I must say—" and Lady Marsden wrote a wordy, stiff recommendation and signed her name, then gave it to Lady Mary to blot and place in the envelope and return to her that she might inscribe the "To Whom It May Concern" on the back, and as she sat with her pen poised and waiting she glanced through the window and beheld the strong form of the gardener standing on the terrace. The masterful physique outlined against the light startled her. Even after she had scrawled in the angular English fashion the inscription on the envelope she let her eyes return again to watch the man on the terrace. She saw the under butler give him the reference and beheld with what indifference he placed it, unopened, in his workman's pocket. She had told the butler to direct him to

return in an hour and she would pay him for his six months' service. She watched the two men as they gave and received the messages.

Then it was that Lady Mary was startled to a full realization of what her future position would be—the wife of a man who toiled for wages. But she watched the butler's return with eager expectation.

"Your ladyship, the under butler says as the new gardener does not desire any wages—'give it to the poor'—he says—and that he feels amply repaid for all he has done—in seeing the roses come to what they have—" but the butler was out of breath and he suddenly ceased speaking for the thought came that, when a man refuses wages for labor well done, it was time to exercise double care of the silver.

"Some rose-mad fool, I dare say," remarked Lady Marsden as she watched the butler remove the cloth to bring in the after-dinner coffee for her and Lady Mary.

But Lady Mary's face was glorious with joy at the thought that whatever wage her future husband might earn he would take none from her own mother.

The long stems bowed and the roses nodded to Lady Mary in the soft gray of the early morning when she ran through the rose garden to the narrow gate in the ivy wall. As she sprang through it closed behind her and the little shining key was slipped into the owner's pocket and his strong arms gathered his lady-love to release her no more. Across the little bridge they sped and through the deer run in the forest until they gained the road they sought, but now and then Lady Mary was caught up in the strong arms, her lips were kissed and she was set on her feet again to speed over the dry, white road to the station where the train would meet them. And they were just in time.

The journey over land and sea was long, nor did Felix shorten it by taking short routes for, though he told it not to his bride, there was much in store from which he could draw to travel whithersoever he might wish. ..

At last they sped over the white plains of the great Western world and Lady Mary watched the ever-shifting scenery as it flew up to meet her eyes but to dart along and drop behind. The train rushed on through mountains, over mesas, across bridges and brought to view the most vivid panorama of brilliant lights and shades she had ever seen.

"What a glorious world, Felix," she said at almost every new phase of the Western world that leaped into view and lost itself in the passage of the train.

"It is God's own, Lady Mary," responded Felix as he watched her.

When the journey was ended and Felix lifted his wife and set her feet on the newly-made platform of a small way station he said:

"Cast your eyes about you, Lady Mary, and tell me what you think."

"Surely, Felix, it must be where Paradise begins," she breathed as she let her eyes go out over the scenes before and around her.

"It is, Lady Mary, my Mary," returned Felix as he wound her hand in his and together they started over what to her appeared only a few rods, but which were in fact, a few miles ever on the ascending scale, and when, at last, they gained their goal at the height of a beautiful hill on which stood a house that in England would have been called a castle, they paused to look about them. Then Felix left the side of his wife for a moment and went forward to meet a rough-looking fellow who stood on the terrace of the great house.

Together they spoke in low tones and then Lady Mary saw Felix draw from his pocket the white envelope of Lady Marsden's reference and give it to the fellow in buckskins, who opened it and glanced over it, then laughing in a clear and rather boisterous manner he returned it to Felix, and turned and went toward the wide open door beyond the terrace. The face of Felix was filled with smiles as he came back to his wife.

"It is all right, Lady Mary. The man has the vacancy. I felt sure of this place, and I am glad I made it, for you must be growing weary of the long journey."

"Is he the wealthy mine owner, Felix?" she asked, making no answer to the remark of her being tired of jaunting. She could well believe the man was a miner, but she had her doubts as to the fact of his wealth.

"No, sweet Lady, he is only the manager, or rather the man left in charge—the owner is travelling in Europe—or at least was the last letter the man had from him,—we will assume he is there now. The manager says in lieu of a better place for you he will take the responsibility of giving you rooms in the castle—yes, that is what it is called out here—and there is a room at the greenhouse that I will occupy, it is designed for the gardener, and he will have my meals sent out from the castle kitchen and when he hears from the—the owner he thinks there will be orders for a suitable abode made for you—he—"

"I will not have it so, Felix. Whither you go there will I go, and wheresoever you abide there will I also be found. We will go at once to the gardener's room—"

"I would kiss you this minute if it were not for that galoot of a

man watching us—Look! whatever does he want? Wait a second and I will see,” and Felix rushed up the broad terrace steps of the American castle and held a whispered consultation with the man in buckskins. Then he leaped down the steps and with a happy face said to his wife: “He has just recalled that the room is unfurnished—the gardener either took his furniture away with him or lived with his family further out on the ranch—so he will take some from the house and we will go there and superintend the arrangement of it. Then next week I will buy some of our own.”

Then the gardener and his lady wife followed the man in buckskins as he strode around the castle and reached the greenhouses that stood on the sunny side of a yet higher hill.

The gardener's room was big as a barn and Lady Mary suggested partitions and curtains until the suite of rooms it made, with large windows giving out over mountains and vales, were the handsomest she had ever seen, and so she declared to the unspeakable joy of her Felix.

“You must not draw too much upon your money, Felix, for I have some, you know,” she timidly said one day when he had paid a large sum for several Navajo blankets to grace her doors and walls, and for answer she had her mouth covered with kisses. No matter what he did she was by him and never was he too busy or too absorbed to drop everything and take her in his arms and caress her,—he never seemed to think she had given up much in surrendering title, home and country for a nameless gardener.

“The money is all right, Lady Mary,” he replied, as he arose, took up the hose and went on spraying the plants. “These are fine greenhouses—most as fine—”

“Now, Felix, you need not take me for a bigoted, narrow-minded person. These greenhouses are finer than anything I ever saw in all England, and I do not hesitate in saying it.”

Time ran along into months and the gardener and his lady wife were happy until one morning the man who always strode about in buckskins came to them with a letter saying the owner was sending a French florist to take care of the greenhouses and introduce some new ideas. Then when the man's back was turned Lady Mary reached up and patted Felix's shoulder lovingly.

“Always remember I have some money, and since things may be had here, in God's country, for the asking, why may we not have a ranch, and in time build our castle?”

“That is true, Lady Mary. We will preëempt at once.”

Then the two began their journeys up and down mountains, in

and out vales, until it was enough to tire the most patient woman and fatigue a much stronger woman than was Lady Mary; yet she was ever radiant with smiles and her heart was filled with love for Felix. Finally a ranch was found to suit them and it was made out in Lady Mary Marsden's name—at which fact she openly rebelled, but Felix stopped her mouth in the usual way and they settled down and built themselves a home to suit the whims and fancies of Lady Mary for it was her own place. And through it all she was sunny and happy until one morning the lord of her heart came to her and said:

“I fear I am a wanderer on the face of the earth for my gypsy blood is rising in me. I will take Lady Marsden's recommendation and we will make our way back through the Eastern world and see the heathen folks as they live in their own country. I can ply my art now and then and make our expenses. Your money is safely invested and if you would prefer to remain on the ranch—I can go alone—I am as one possessed and must go.”

Then the smile came into her eyes as she watched him. And she spoke as he well knew she would.

“Whither thou goest there will I go and wheresoever you abide there will you find me also,” and she arose and packed her boxes, and his own as well, and he placed a manager on the ranch as she directed.

As months came and went counting into years Lady Mary and her Felix journeyed among different worlds and saw life under many new stars. And then, at last, one morning when the sun rose over the old deer run in the woods of the domain of old Hall Born, Felix and Lady Mary crossed the bridge of the ravine and he took the shining key from his vest and opened the narrow gate in the stone wall and they went up through the rose garden that was wonderful to behold, for the roses were as luxurious and glorious as when Felix had laid aside the shears and stolen the sweetest rose from the old Hall.

“Stop, Felix! Let me kiss you in their smiles, for I fear my mother will never forgive me!” And for the first time in the years of her journeys tears came into the depths of her eyes.

“Keep up a stout heart, Lady Mary, for I am ever with you. See how the roses bend and bow to you as of old!” Then he led her around by the terrace and carried her to the great door, and there leaving her he sprang up the steps and rang the bell with a masterful hand; and when the under butler threw open the doors Felix sprang inside and as Lady Mary's faltering feet stood on the sill he bowed with a smile to her and cried:

“Welcome back to your own, My Lady! Welcome to your own domain, Lady Mary Marsden, for the man who has worn your angelic

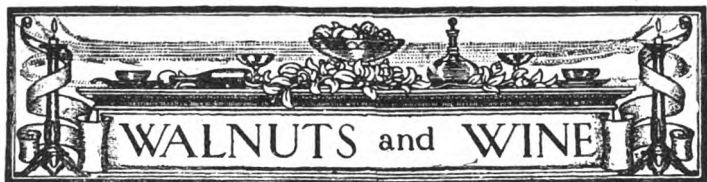
patience to fiddle strings is the lost heir to old Hall Born. He came hither six years past, to find the gate and fit the shining key, then to unearth the door concealed in the old rose garden that led to the vault under the Hall where his great-grandfather hid the things of value that belonged to his estate when he left England, sick of the vanity and pomp of life, and sought a new life and a new world in the West of America, and there built unto himself a family and began that old castle in the mountains where you lived as the gardener's wife so many happy and contented months. When he died he left the little key to his son to be given to the first son of the family who should be named Felix, and as generations passed none gave the name until my mother recalled the history of the man who founded the family of Marsdens in the mountains and so she, unwittingly, from a spirit of romance, made me entitled to the key and all it opened.

"But she little dreamed that I would gather to me the sweetest rose that ever grew under the skies of England, my Mary, my Lady Mary," and he gathered her in his arms and covered her face with kisses. But when he set her again on her feet she looked and beheld her own mother and also the American woman who came to the manor on the morning of her elopement with Felix, the gardener.

The welcome was not what she had expected, for she was taken into the arms of first one woman and then the other and made to feel that it was sweet to have one mother but sweeter by far to have two, for the American Mrs. Marsden was the mother of Felix who had tired of waiting for the return of her son when he had absented himself and gave no reasons for his stopping in the little town to which she addressed her letters. So she journeyed after him, and was pleased to take a country house for the season hoping to find him and induce him to come out of seclusion. But her innocent arrival at Hall Born put him to further flight: yet he left a letter behind that explained to the satisfaction of both herself and Lady Marsden that it was well to leave the gardener and his wife to come home at their own election.

The old butler found faith in the new gardener for he brought out the ancient silver and polished it to its pristine brightness and had only one regret, which was that his grandfather was not there to know that the silver was safe.





IN LENT

A teacher in a certain Episcopal Sunday School had been impressing on her girls the need of making some personal sacrifice during Lent. Accordingly, on the first Sunday of that penitential season, which happened to be a warm spring day, she took occasion to ask each of the class, in turn, what she had given up for the sake of her religion. Everything went well, and the answers were proving highly satisfactory, until she came to the youngest member. "Well, Mary," inquired the teacher, "what have you left off for Lent?"

"Please, Ma'am," stammered the child, somewhat confused, "I—I've left off my leggin's."

Wm. H. Branigan.

WILLIE AGAIN

By J. N. Greeley

Papa sat upon an ax—

Willie laughed in glee;

"Papa nearly split," said he,

"It 's the same with me."

AN EXCEPTION

"They say no two hands are exactly alike."

"Nonsense. Twice in my life I've held four accs."

MISSED BUT HIT

An Irish 'Squire in one of the interior counties of Pennsylvania was seen to shoot into a flock of chickens with a rifle. One of the birds fell headless to the ground, and a gentleman exclaimed,—

"By George, 'Squire, that was a remarkably good shot."

"Be Jabers," said the 'Squire, "that isn't the one I shot at!"

John R. Bixler.

Walnuts and Wine

LIMITED MANSLAUGHTER

The typographical error haunts even the law-books. In the Nebraska "Session Laws," containing the statutes enacted by the Legislature of 1905, appears this startling proclamation of a new open season:

"It is hereby made unlawful for anybody to kill, shoot, or maim Chinese or Mongolian peasants, save and except between the first day of October and the first day of December of each year."

H. T. Dobbins.

THE MISANTHROPE

By G. Mayo

I wisht I wuz a crow's egg,

I wisht I wuz a bad one.

I wisht there wuz a small boy a-climbin' up the tree;

I wisht he'd climb an' climb, an' madly shout, he had one—

I'd burst my shell,

With horrid smell,

An' cover him with me.

THE MANY SIDED PRINTER

The versatility of printers is aptly illustrated by the following advertisement which recently appeared in a Western paper:

Wanted—By a printer who is capable of taking charge of a publishing and printing plant a position as foreman. Can give valuable advice to persons contemplating marriage and has obtained a wide reputation as a trance medium. Would accept an appointment as pastor of a small evangelical church or as substitute preacher. Has had experience as a strike breaker and would take work of this character west of the Missouri river. Would have no objection to forming a small but select class of young ladies to teach them in the higher branches or to give them information as to the cause of the Trojan war. Can do odd jobs around a boarding house or would accept a position as assayer of a mining com-

Walnuts and Wine

pany. To a dentist or chiropodist his services would be invaluable and can fill with satisfaction a position as bass or tenor singer in a Methodist choir. Address, etc.

What the result of this advertisement was I did not learn.

W. C. Jenkins.

ACCORDING TO BOBBY

Little Bobbie MacKenzie comes of Presbyterian stock, but a relative recently took him to a church where the minister wore a gown.

"Oh! Auntie," said Bobbie, as the minister stepped into the pulpit, "Is that the bearded lady I saw at the circus?"

Norman F. McGirr.

THE AMENDE HONORABLE

A Washington newspaper correspondent says that Colonel Henry Watterson once told him he had always made it a rule in the conduct of his newspaper never to make retractions, holding that the paper should assume that no mistakes were made.

In this connection, Colonel Watterson said that one day there appeared in the columns of the paper the obituary of a man tolerably well-known in Louisville. The deceased appeared the next day in person and, naturally enough, demanded a retraction. Colonel Watterson with great suavity explained to the unfortunate gentleman that the paper never made mistakes and never corrected alleged errors. At this the subject of the obituary waxed exceeding wrath and demanded satisfaction. Colonel Watterson then informed him that the only suggestion he could think of would be to place the gentleman in the birth column,—as a new arrival, so to speak.

Edwin Tarrisse.

ENOUGH SAID

Baby Dorothy having finished her breakfast and taken her dish and spoon to the kitchen, was feeding the cat.

Walnuts and Wine

Presently her mother noticed her eating from the spoon out of which the kitten was breakfasting.

"Oh baby," she said, "you musn't eat from the spoon that Kitty had."

"Me had it first," she said smiling and considering the matter settled.

Mrs. S. F. MacDonald.

HE DID

By Warwick James Price

When the ink trickles thin from my pen to the page,
And my brain runs as dry as the brain of old age;
When my ideas halt, and my thoughts falter slow,
And the rhymes fail to come,—now I need one in O;
Then the postman drops in with a bill-et or two,
As if to say: "Poet, it's now up to you."
So I turn back again to my desk and the grind—
Will the Editor help where the Muse has declined?

MAN VS. BEEF

The lunch counter man walked in airily, took his usual place, and gave his customary order. "Fine day, gentlemen," he said gaily. "I've got a poser for you to-day. See who'll guess first. Why is a man like beef?"

"Always wanted," panted the waiter slapping down the portion before him.

"And wanted worst when it can't be had at all," added a young man who had several maiden aunts, and whose recollections of the strike menu were vivid.

"Generally tough," growled a man with his elbows in the air as he struggled valiantly with a refractory stew.

"Often gets too much done," ventured the dude, hunting in all his pockets for a coin to match his check.

"Variable in price," offered the politician.

"Greatly improved by a good roast," laughed a stout farmer who was rapidly disposing of a huge red slice.

"Very ingenious, gentlemen, all of your answers, but not quite right. My answer is, a good one,—roast, steak, or man,—is very rare."

Miss M. C. Kittredge.



The Real Charm of Beauty
is in the complexion—to be attractive it should be clear,
soft, velvety and healthy. You should make the most
of what nature has given you. A good complexion is
everyone's heritage,—restore it, preserve it, by using
PEARS' SOAP

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
"All rights secured."

Walnuts and Wine

MANLY REQUISITES

TWO small boys met on the street the other day, and the following brief but expressive conversation ensued:

Tommy (swaggeringly).—"D'ye smoke yit?"

Bobby (Timidly).—"N-o."

"Chew?"

"No."

"Lie?"

"No."

"Ner swear?"

"No."

"Well," contemptuously, "don't you *never* expect to be a man?"

J. E. Quinn.

*

THE RULER OF RAGPAT

By Eugene Geary

Ingy's filled wid Shahs an' Rajahs, yallow, white an' black-an-tan,

But the native king of Ragpat was a Tipperary man,
An' a hundred thousan' haythens knuckled undher to the law
Of a rollin' "Tip" from Nenagh be the name o' Paddy Shaw.

'Twas a dhrop o' dhrink that did it—he was staggerin'
all alone

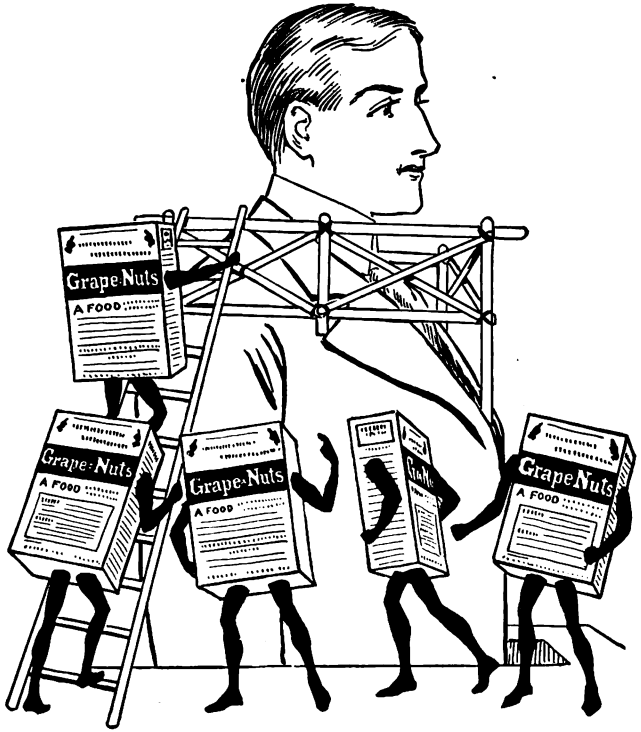
On a lovely summer's evenin' from the fair o' Mullinahone,
Whin a bowld recruitin' sargint up an' axed him for to list
An' before poor Paddy knew it he'd the shillin' in his fist.

Whin he got his sines back he riz an awful hullabaloo,
An' he swore that he'd been kidnapped, but they wouldn't take
that view:

"Enough, me man," the colonel said, "yez listed yesterday,
An' the Tipperary Fincibles is sailin' for Bombay."

Over six feet in his stockin's, Paddy made a brave recruit,
So they put a rifle in his fist to tache him how to shoot;
But whin he donned the scarlet coat his heart was mighty
sick—

"Oh! I'll revinge, some day," he said, "this dirty English
thrick."



Re-building a Brain

Can only be done by Food which contains Phosphate of Potash and Albumen.

That is nature's way and the only way.

That is the Mission of

GRAPE-NUTS

Note the users of **Grape-Nuts**. They are brainy, nervy, clever people. Keen brains make money, fame and success.

Brains **must** be fed.

POSTUM CEREAL Co., LTD.,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Walnuts and Wine

Well, Paddy was a bowld gossoon an' niver known to shirk,
Whin he walloped Sikhs an' Spahis he tuk pleasure in the work.
So he fought an' bled an' suffered thirst an' hunger night an'
day,

Ah, but divil a bit of honor or promotion kem his way.

"Now that settles it," says Paddy, "I've enough o' this in
mine,

I don't see any fun in bein' a sojer in the line."

He waited till his chance kem,—for it didn't need a bribe.

For Paddy to desart and jine the hostile haythen thribe.

"Twas in the dead o' night he raiched the blackamoor rethrate,
He shtood up in the midst o' thim, his eyes filled wid consate;
"For English fame an' glory divil a soord ag'in I'll dhraw,
I've come to fight yer battles, b'ys—yer sowls, I'm Paddy
Shaw."

"A Padishah! A Padishah!" upon the ground they flung
Their ugly haythen carcases an' close to Paddy clung.
They made him king upon the spot an' quickly he was crowned,
While his ringing "Faugh-a-ballagh" echoed all the jungle
round.

As the king he was a wondher, many a scrimmage did he win,
He shtruck terror all around him wid his haythen fightin' min,
An' when th' ould Begum thried for to deludher wid her wiles,
"To the divil," says he, "I pitch yez an' yer ugly, yallow
smiles."

At home they heerd o' Paddy's ilivation to the throne:
He sint goold an' quarts of rubies to the girls in Mullinahone,
An' whin the b'ys assimbled nights in spots proclaimed be law,
Tipperary's hills resounded wid the fame o' Paddy Shaw.

WORTH SEEING

Little Dorothy was spending the day on her grand-
father's farm.

After visiting the barn-yard and pig-pens she came
running back to her father.

"Oh! papa," she said eagerly, "do come, I want to
show you to the pigs."

Mary Elizabeth Burtis.



I AM
John Mackintosh...
the Toffee King
AN OLD ENGLISH CANDY

They
get
up in
the
night
to
eat

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE

An Old English Candy

"MORE-ISH" The more you eat

— more you want

PURE AND DELICIOUS

5 AND 10 CENTS A PACKAGE

JOHN MACKINTOSH - 78 HUDSON ST. NEW YORK

Walnuts and Wine

QUITE PROFICIENT

Sammy broke suddenly into the parlor one day, and came upon his Aunt Margaret, sitting on Mr. Brown's knee.

The surprised couple hastened to pull wool over the youngster's eyes.

"We are rehearsing for a little play, Sammy," explained Aunt Margaret.

"Yes, Samuel," added Mr. Brown, with a touch of sentiment in his voice; "I am now holding the queen."

"You must be good at it," answered Sammy, as he backed out of the room; "I heard Uncle Jack say that you held four queens last night."

E. F. Moberly, Jr.

COULDN'T BE WORSE

De Style.—"My wife tells me while out in her auto you did lots of damage."

Chaffeur.—"But, sir, when you hired me you said your wife wanted me to run her auto in the worst way."

F. P. Pitzer.

A CASE OF A "WATCH OUT"

By J. L. R. Morgan

A stitch in time, though saving nine,
Saves time as well, I've reckoned.
For if you take that stitch at once,
You'll surely save a second.

A CHILD'S QUANDARY

Little Fritz, the three year old son of a German professor in a well-known Western college, was taught from the cradle to speak German as well as English. Often he confused the two languages and had difficulty in expressing himself.

One night he began his prayer "Lieber Jesu," then quickly changed it to "Dear Jesus." For a moment he seemed puzzled, then hesitatingly turned to his mother and said:

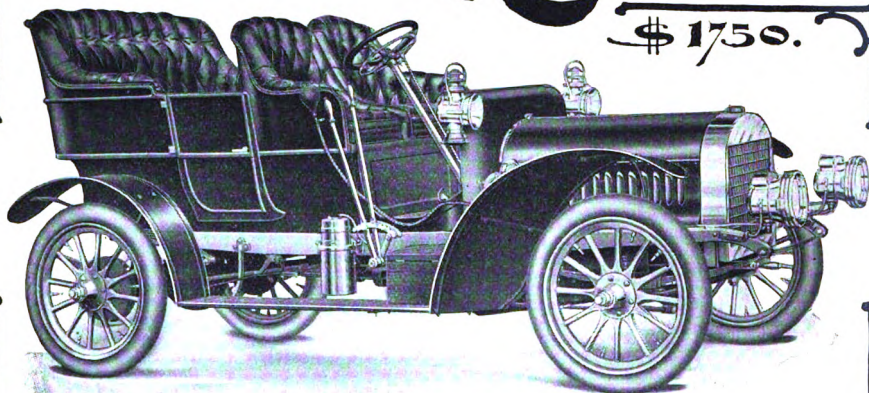
"Mamma, dear, which does God understand?"

Grace M. Crawford.

Walnuts and Wine

Model 14 Rambler

\$1750.



The Faultless Car.

THERE is a system of careful and consistent development, followed by rigid tests under most severe conditions, that is peculiar to the *Rambler* factory. The result is that nothing is presented to the public in an untried or experimental state.

Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wis., U. S. A.

Branches:

Chicago, Milwaukee, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco.

New York Agency, 134 West 38th St.

Representative in all leading cities.

Thos. B. Jeffery & Company

Walnuts and Wine

COULDN'T STAND THAT

A Kentucky Congressman tells an interesting tale of the execution of a noted desperado in that State some years ago. Just before the Sheriff adjusted the noose, he asked the usual question whether the man had anything to say.

"No, I think not"—began the convicted one, when he was interrupted by a cheerful voice shouting:

"Say, Bill, if you ain't got anything special to say, would you mind giving me fifteen minutes of your time just to let these good people know that I am a candidate for their suffrages and—"

"Hold on, there!" shouted the sheriff, "who's that?"

"John Blank," volunteered someone, naming a rising young politician, who has since represented his State for a number of years in the House of Representatives at Washington.

"Who did he say it was?" whispered the condemned to the sheriff.

"They say it's John Blank."

"I thought I recognized John's voice," the desperado calmly remarked. "Well, he can have my time,—all of it. But go ahead and hang me first and let him talk afterward."

Edwin Tarrises.

BEHIND THE TIMES

Lucile was making her first visit in the country.

"What's that?" she cried as she saw the fireflies.

"We call them lightning bugs. Didn't you ever see any before?"

"No; the bugs in our town ain't lit yet."

Effie S. Black.

UP!

"Why, Dick!" cried Jones to his friend as he saw him leaning dejectedly over the railing gazing sadly at the waves, "you look quite pale! Aren't you feeling well? What did you have for breakfast this morning?"

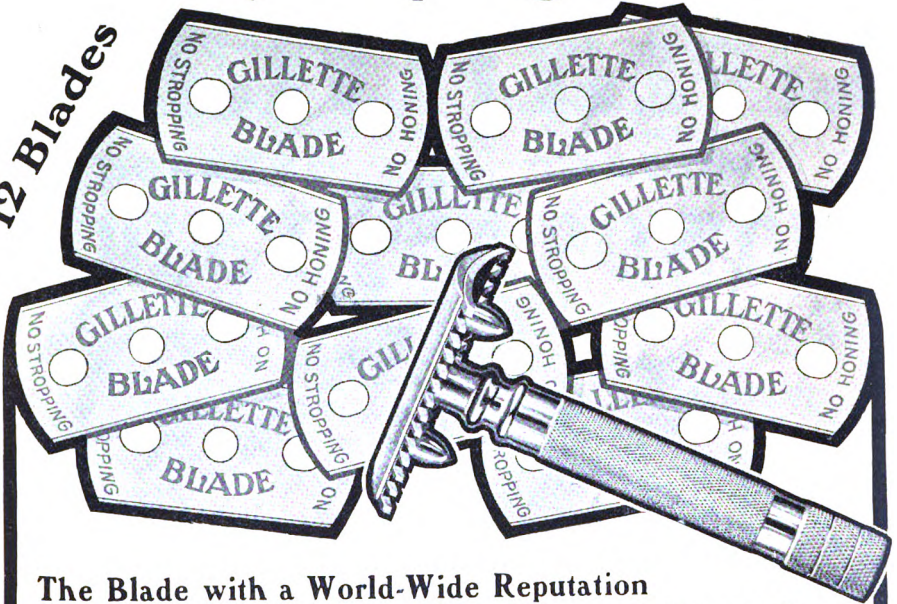
Dick's pallor increased, and he leaned out still further. "W-wait a moment," he gasped, "and I'll s-show you!"

A. H. Moiron.

Walnuts and Wine

24 Sharp Edges

12 Blades



The Blade with a World-Wide Reputation

12 Blades; 24 Keen Cutting Edges of Finest Steel

Science has reached the acme of skill in the fusion, tempering, hardening, and sharpening of these blades. The process is one of the wonders of the 20th century.

“The Gillette” sets men free from barber-shop bondage.

“The Gillette” gives years of silver service to every man.

“The Gillette” keeps the face clean, smooth, wholesome, and free from rash.

Triple silver-plated set with 12 blades	} In Seal Leather Velvet-Lined Cases
Quadruple gold-plated set with monogram	

Special combination set, with brush and soap, in silver holders.

10 extra blades, 20 sharp edges, good for a year, 50 cents.

No blades exchanged at this low price.

NO HINGES THAT RUST. NO CLASPS THAT BREAK. NO SPRINGS THAT WEAKEN. One sturdy frame of mechanical completeness.

Our new combination set, with razor, including soap and brush in silver holders in the same box, is a boon to the traveling man.

Sold by leading DRUG, CUTLERY, and HARDWARE DEALERS.

Ask to see them, and for our booklet, or write for our special trial offer.

GILLETTE SALES
COMPANY

TIMES BUILDING
NEW YORK CITY

Gillette Safety
NO STROPPING. NO HONING. Razor



EARLY TRAINING

First Male Teacher.—"That newly appointed School Commissioner says he thinks every school should have a woman principal."

Second Male Teacher.—"I know it. He says he was brought up to vote for 'Principles not men'."

Henry Miller.

THE BAD APPENDIX

By J. N. Greeley

I was a happy little worm,
So snug within my man;
But cvilly I learned to squirm
As only unregen'rate germ
Or naughty microbe can.

They took me from my native place
And placed me in a jar;
And here I've fallen far f.om grace,
I'm going the alcoholic pace,
I'm pickled—Yes I are!

WITH AN IF

Timothy L. Woodruff still maintains that betting is moral, if you are on the winning side; for he says those were his grandmother's principles. He explains it thus. Once when he was visiting in New Haven, he had been betting pretty heavily on the election. His grandmother, hearing of it, thought it her duty to reprove him and said very seriously, "Don't you know it's very wicked to bet, Tim? How dreadful to lose all that money!" But he says her tone changed completely when he told her he won it all instead, and she exclaimed jubilantly, "Oh, you won, Tim, you won!"

M. B. Miller.

Walnuts and Wine

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



THE GENUINE

THE ORIGINAL

**When March
Winds Blow**

and outdoor life roughens the skin, use Mennen's—it keeps the skin soft and the complexion clear. A positive relief for **Chapped Hands, Chafing and all Skin Troubles.** Mennen's face on every box. See that you get the Genuine. For sale everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. Sample free.

Try Mennen's Violet Talcum.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., NEWARK, N.J.

Walnuts and Wine

FORE AND AFT

At the commencement exercises of one of our large colleges a prominent lawyer had been asked to address the graduates. Being very busy about that time, he neglected to give any thought to the subject of his discourse. On arriving at the hall where the exercises were held he was still at a loss for a topic. In passing through a large swing door which led into the hall itself, the word "Push" painted on the door happened to catch his eye. Like a flash it occurred to him that here was a text that he could use very appropriately. When his turn came to speak, he arose and addressed the audience in somewhat the following manner:

"Young gentlemen, the subject of my little talk with you this morning can be expressed in one short word; it is a thing that is especially applicable to you young men who, in one line or another, are going out into life to make your way. It is a thing without which no man is sure of attaining success. Gentlemen, on yonder door is the word I refer to."

Every eye in the room immediately glanced toward the door indicated, but on the inside the word "Pull" was plainly painted.

The laughter and applause which followed were nearly deafening and it was some time before he could explain his statement.

Albert B. Hoffman.

PURELY RELATIVE

By Grace G. Bostwick

Pity to Love may be akin,
In any class or station;
But the sort of kin, as you may know
Is that of poor relation.

PROVED HIS RIGHT

A western lawyer says that he was once in a court in Missouri when a young man most fastidiously dressed sauntered into the temple of justice. None of the officials of the court had ever seen him before and, as the proceedings were unim-



*"Young Again, eh!
That's it exactly."*

"A man is as old
as he feels,
And a woman is as
old as she looks"—

HAND SAPOLIO

keeps one young both
in feeling and looks.

It induces life and beauty,
fairness and exhilaration, quickens
circulation, removes dead skin, and allows the clear,
fresh under skin to appear. **Be fair to your skin,
and it will be fair to you—and to others.**

Now that the use of cosmetics is being inveighed
against from the very pulpits, the importance of a pure soap
becomes apparent. The constant use of Hand Sapolio
produces so fresh and rejuvenated a condition of the skin
that all incentive to the use of cosmetics is lacking.

HAND SAPOLIO IS

SO PURE that it can be freely used on a new-born baby or the
skin of the most delicate beauty.

SO SIMPLE that it can be a part of the invalid's supply with
beneficial results.

SO EFFICACIOUS as to almost bring the small boy into a
state of "surgical cleanliness," and keep him there.

portant and somewhat tedious, it chanced that the stranger attracted some attention. On his part he eyed the judge narrowly, "sized up" all the attorneys, drummed loudly on the bench in front of him and finally rose and sauntered up to the bar, where he poured out for himself a glass of iced water.

The judge presiding, a nervous and testy old fellow, had himself observed the young man and by his frowns had given evidence of his disapproval. When the stranger had boldly marched up to the bar and had taken the water, it looked as if the judge would boil over with indignation at this exhibition of temerity, amounting almost to contempt. "That water, sir," roared the judge, "is for attorneys and other officials of this court."

Whereupon the strange young man turned red and left the court room. But the court was to see more of him; for in about half an hour he returned, bearing in his hand a roll of parchment. The judge now glared at him in the most savage manner; but the young man flinched not. Finally, during a lull in the proceedings, the eccentric young person addressed the court:

"Your Honor!"

"What is it, sir?"

"I wish, your Honor, to submit to this honorable court my certificate of admission to practice in the Supreme Court and all other courts of this state."

"Well, what of that?" growled his Honor.

"Simply this, your Honor. Now that I have presented the proofs of my admission to the bar I would now move the court that I be permitted to drink from the official pitcher."

The young attorney got his water.

Edwin Tarrisee.

IF I WERE YOU

(A MAN'S STANDPOINT)

By Mary Street

You ask what I would do if I were you?

Dear Heart, I'd try my best to be

Your own sweet self. And when I came to woo

I think (if I were you) I'd marry *me!*



That long-
ing for a tasty,
beautiful home
can be realized,
without embarrasment to
the most modest
purse, by the use of

Artloom Tapestries
MADE IN THE U.S.A.

**Curtains, Couch Covers
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"Home Making," by Miss Edith W. Fisher,
the clever book on Home Decorations, with
interior views, sent on receipt of four cents
in stamps.



Walnuts and Wine

RIGHT

"My husband makes a dreadful fuss about the hot weather."

"What does he say in winter when it's down to zero?"

"He says 'Zero? That's nothing.'"

C. A. Bolton.

UNEXPECTED HOSPITALITY

A couple of years ago a governor of one of the southern states went to Palm Beach, Florida, for a short holiday. He registered at one of the magnificent hotels and was assigned to a luxurious suite of rooms. He was comfortably installed when a friend came in to call on him.

"This is a wonderful apartment they have given you," said the visitor.

"Why, yes," replied the Governor, "I've never enjoyed such luxury in my life. Never saw such a place! They just showed me to these rooms, but I've been wondering if they realized that I was a poor man. What do you suppose they'll charge me?"

"Well, Governor," answered the other, "I happen to know about that. The last man, a railroad president from New York, paid seventy-five dollars a day for these very rooms."

"Scissors to grind!" cried the unfortunate politician, "I've only got fifty dollars. I'll have to leave at once. But look here, Jim, I don't want to confess I can't pay for at least one day so you go down to the station and telegraph me to come home at once. I will meet you at the station within an hour."

When the Governor arrived at the station he found the friend waiting as he had arranged.

"You got my telegram all right?" inquired the acquaintance.

"Got it!" said the Governor in a despairing voice, "I should say so. I believe I am the unluckiest man alive. Why, when I went to ask for my bill what do you suppose the clerk said? He told me there was no bill—said they would be honored if I stayed a year!"

R. W. Child.

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Pabst Extract

The "Best Tonic"

It helps nature by aiding the digestion, soothing the nervous system, and building up your strength. It is just pure malt—the most nourishing food you can take.

25 cents at all druggists.
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Milwaukee, Wis.,
U. S. A.



Walnuts and Wine

"THE ZULU MAID"

By W. Dayton Wegefarth

In Zulu land, many years ago,
Where the warm sun shines
Through the mountain pines,
A maiden lived in a bungalow.
Her hand was sought by the chieftains great
But, when oft they'd tell
Of their love, this belle
Would smile—say "No!"—and decree their fate.
The dusky child craved a fair faced youth,
For her dad had said
That their race was dead;
Caucasian men were her choice, in truth.
She watched and waited ten years in vain
For a blond young man
To remove the ban
And walk with her down life's "marry" lane.
One day in June to her town there came,
With his book "Good Deeds,"
And his praying-beads,
A gospel man quite unknown to fame.
The Zulu maid to the preacher said:
"You must marry me
And we'll happy be,—
Refuse, and you're just as good as dead."
The two were wed by a heathen priest.
While the bride smiled bright
At the groom, contrite,
He shed great tears at the nuptial feast.



WEATHER WISE

Thirty-two people had been arrested for speeding their autos in a little town. At dusk the justice sat in his office counting the proceeds. As he finished, he turned, smiling, to his clerk and said,—

"It has been a fine day."

Henry Miller.



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for the
Mother,
Health
for the
Child*

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Mothers main-
tain their
normal Health
and Vigor by
drinking the
delicious
Food-Tonic—

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slight percentage of alcohol that it cannot
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erally recommended by Physicians for
weak and ailing children.

Malt-Nutrine is pleasant and re-
freshing as a drink, and is retained
by the most sensitive stomach.
Sold by druggists and grocers.

Prepared by

Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n
St. Louis, U. S. A.

Walnuts and Wine

HOME MADE

A family of my acquaintance recently purchased a cow, greatly to the excitement and joy of the children of the household.

The following Sunday as the dessert, which consisted of ice-cream, was placed on the table the three-year-old son of the family announced proudly to the assembled guests,—

“Our cow made that!”

Helen Sherman Griffith.

WINGED SPEECH

Bobby called to his mother from the yard and asked her to write a sign for him to put on his new bird-house, “For Rent.”

His mother, busy with a French lesson, said, “Very well, I will write it in French, ‘à louer.’”

“Oh, no,” protested Bobby, “that wouldn’t do. These are *English* sparrows.”

Mrs. R. B. Sperry.

DEGREES OF REFORM

“I believe every ballot should be counted.”

“I go further than that. In a case of emergency I would count some of them twice.”

Henry James.

ONE ON THE CONDUCTOR

An Irishman boarded a street-car and handed the conductor a rather dilapidated-looking coin in payment of his fare. The conductor looked at the coin critically and handed it back. “That’s tin,” he said.

“Shure, I thought it was a foive,” answered the Irishman complacently, as he put the piece back in his pocket and produced a nickel.

Edward J. Kirchner.

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WHEN YOU BUY HAYNER WHISKEY, you get direct from the distiller the purest and best whiskey that can be produced in one of the finest equipped distilleries in the world, after an experience of forty years.

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Orders for Ariz., Cal., Col., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., or Wyo., must be on the basis of **4 Quarts for \$4.00 by Express Prepaid** or **20 Quarts for \$15.20 by Freight Prepaid.**

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Walnuts and Wine

THE TABLES TURNED

Mrs. M— had corrected her four-year-old son five times within the hour.

“Robbie, dear,” she had pleaded after the last offence, “I hate to punish you so often, why don’t you try to be good?”

“Why I do, Mother,” the child replied, “but you don’t know how hard it is; I just wish you’d try it and see for yourself, some time.”

C. H. I.

A SQUARE HIT

“Girls are queer,” said Bob.

“What’r ye thinkin’ now?” said Ben.

“W’y t’other day I give Sis three nails of different sizes and promised her a quarter if she drive ’em in a plank and hit any one of ’em square on the head.”

“Guess you kept your quarter.”

“Well, sir, don’t you know, she did hit one nail slap jam on the head, and it made her so-all fired mad now she won’t speak to me.”

“Made her mad?”

“Yep. It was her finger-nail.”

B. E. P.

A DISTINCTION

On a Sunday morning, when Frederick was joyously setting out for church, Felix declined to accompany him. “How is it,” asked his father, “that you do not like to go to church as well as your little brother?”

“I’ve been more times and heard the minister more times,” Felix replied, “and that makes a great difference.”

S. Alice Ranlett.

THUDS FROM THE PADDED CELL

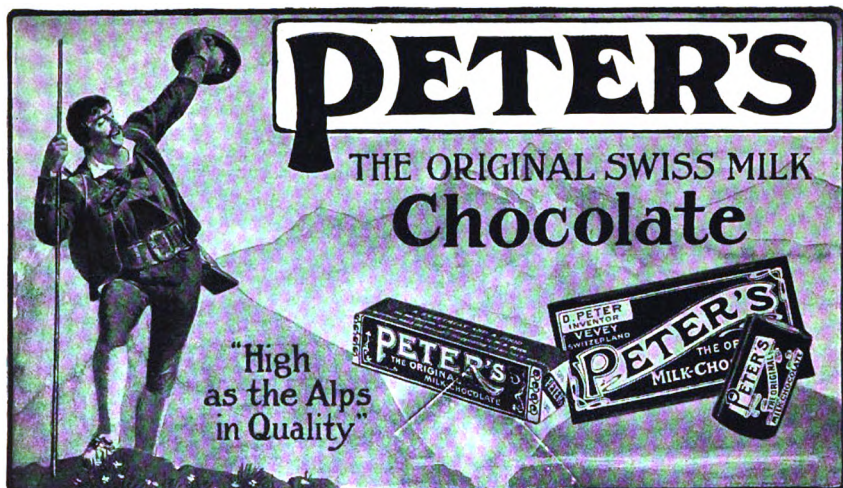
By Maurice Smiley

How much did Philadelphia Pa?

Whose grass did K. C. Mo?

How many eggs could New Orleans La?

How much does Cleveland O?



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THE ORIGINAL SWISS MILK
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in Quality"

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PETER'S THE ORIGINAL SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE

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"We send you our best in PETER'S Chocolate." If you cannot get to the world's wonderland, you can yet have the world's wonder in confection food. PETER'S, the Original Swiss Milk CHOCOLATE (for eating), has furnished a delicacy and a food in one luscious combination as distinct from ordinary eating chocolate as the Alps are from foot-hills. There's no describing the taste, yet the tongue can tell it. It has the smooth, rich, full-cream flavor which Swiss milk gives when combined with pure chocolate as only D. Peter of Vevey, Switzerland, blends it. The proof is in the eating.

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PRUDENTIAL'S FINE SHOWING

Examination Before Armstrong Committee did not Hurt Newark's Big Insurance Company

The annual financial statement of the Prudential Insurance Company has just been issued, and shows the corporation to be stronger than ever. The total insurance now in force, according to the report, is \$1,170,000,000, a net gain over 1904 of \$113,000,000.

This net gain places The Prudential among the first insurance companies of the world in the amount of insurance gained in 1905. The Prudential confines its business to this country.

The total number of policies issued and revived during the year was 1,672,570, making the total number in force, 6,490,515.

The net assets of the company aggregate \$107,000,000, while the total liabilities are \$91,000,000, leaving a surplus of \$16,000,000. The company increased its surplus during 1905 by over \$2,750,000. The legal and special reserve to protect policyholders totals \$88,000,000, an increase over 1904 of \$14,000,000.

During 1905 the company paid out to policyholders \$14,000,000, making the total sum paid to policyholders since the organization of the company, including death claims, dividends, and matured endowments, \$107,000,000.

Reference is made to the decrease in the expense rate, amounting to about two per cent. of the premium income. President John F. Dryden in submitting the report to the Prudential field staff, says that the voluntary testimony of the company's officers before the Armstrong Committee resulted in a strengthened confidence on the part of the public and policyholders in The Prudential.

Walnuts and Wine

What was it made Chicago Ill?
'Twas Washington, D. C?
She would Tacoma Wash, in spite
Of a Baltimore Md.

When Hartford and New Haven Conn,
(What reuben do they soak?
Could Noah build a Little Rock Ark
If he had no Guthrie Ok?

We call Minneapolis Minn.
Why not Annapolis Ann?
If you can't tell the reason why,
I'll bet Topeka Kan.

But now you speak of ladies, what
A Butte Montana is.
If I could borrow Memphis' Tenn.
I'd treat that Jackson Miss.

Would Denver Colo cop because
Ottumwa Ia dore,
And, tho' my Portland Me doth love,
I threw my Portland Ore?

•

HE WAS "IT"

Mr. Brown's dinner table was graced the other evening by the presence of two clergymen of different denominations.

Grace is always said before meals in the Brown household, this duty falling to the head of the house unless there is some visitor present to whom it seems fitting to delegate the honor.

On this particular occasion Mr. Brown hesitated, trying to determine in his mind whether a Baptist preacher ought rightfully to take precedence over one of the Methodist persuasion, or vice versa.

Little seven-year-old Bobbie, noting the pause, and the somewhat perplexed expression on his father's face, balanced himself on the rung of his chair, and pointing alternately

Walnuts and Wine

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I prefer X-Ray Stove Polish to all others as it will not burn off and is easily applied.—Mas. J. H. HARRISON, Detroit, Mich.

I like X-Ray better than anything I have ever used. Was advised to use _____ and _____ and by doing so nearly spoiled the looks of my range. Used X-Ray; now my range looks as it did when new.—MINNIE R. RUSSELL, West Somerville, Mass.

I know from experience that X-Ray Stove Polish is excellent and that it will not burn off.—Mrs. E. S. LUCE, Fairfield, Iowa.

X-Ray Stove Polish makes my stove look like a mirror. I never use any other.—Mrs. T. E. NUTT, Eastport, Me.

I have used X-Ray Stove Polish and found it satisfactory in every way. It does not burn off even with a very hot fire. It polishes easier than any I have ever used and I would not think of using any other brand.—Mrs. H. A. CURTIS, Hackensack, N. J.

Since using X-Ray Stove Polish I would not go back to the old-fashioned kind I used to use.—Mrs. C. E. WEYBRIGHT, Wichita, Kan.

I have found X-Ray Stove Polish to be the most satisfactory of any kind that I have ever used.—HARRIET D. ECHARDT, Buffalo, N. Y.

I must say that I have found X-Ray Stove Polish the best of polishes. We always use it and find it far superior to any other. Our grocer says that he sells more of the X-Ray Polish than of any other brands.—MARY H. MCINABE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I know from several years' experience that X-Ray Stove Polish is excellent and won't rub off.—MISS A. STEVENS, Roxbury, Mass.

REDUCED RATES TO NEW ORLEANS, LA., MOBILE, ALA., AND PENSACOLA, FLA., ACCOUNT MARDI GRAS, VIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY

On February 21st to 26th inclusive, round trip tickets will be sold to the above points via the Southern Railway at the following reduced rates from Philadelphia: New Orleans, La., \$33.75; Mobile, Ala., \$31.75; Pensacola, Fla., \$31.75. Proportionate low rates from other points. Return trip must commence on or before March 3rd, except by depositing ticket with Special Agent on or before March 3rd and payment of fee of fifty cents, an extension of return limit may be secured to March 17th, 1906

The Southern Railway operates three through trains daily to New Orleans, La., with Pullman Drawing-room, Sleeping and Dining cars.

CHAS. L. HOPKINS, District Passenger Agent, Southern Railway,

828 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., Will Furnish All Information.



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by all Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

Walnuts. and Wine

at the two pastors with the extended index finger of his chubby right hand, repeated rapidly:—

“ Eeneey, meeneey, mineey, moe,
Catch a nigger by the toe;
If he hollers, let him go;
Eeneey, meeneey, mineey, moe!”

and to the startled Methodist divine announced eagerly,—
“ You’re it!”

Arthur W. Beer.

“

HE MAY HAVE NEEDED IT

Rev. B.— of New York is a very popular preacher, and every day many persons visit him at his home in search of religious consolation or of advice. The very small daughter of the house is quite observing and much to the surprise of her parents seems to take a great interest in her father’s callers. One day when her father was away, a noted bishop called to see him on business connected with the church. The little girl answered his ring at the door bell.

“ Is your father in, my little maid?” the great man asked kindly.

Two round blue eyes gazed at him solemnly for a few seconds: then she took hold of his hand, and in a voice filled with compassion, said: “ No, father is not in now, but come in poor dying sinner, mother will pray for you.”

H. C. Spooner.

“

AN APPALLING PROSPECT

A prolix preacher took for his text one Sunday the whole chapter in Revelation about the Seven Churches in Asia. After he had dwelt laboriously for half an hour on three of them, a small boy in the congregation drew a long sigh and whispered to his mother in a stage prompter’s voice, “ Gee! Four more!”

A. C. Davis.



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LYON & HEALY, Chicago.
Please send free of cost to
Name _____ Address _____
Copy of your Musical Hand-Book describing 1
different articles. I am particularly interested in _____

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

A SOUND REASON

Robert, aged five, was irritated by the crying of Clara, aged two.

"Sister," he said, with great seriousness, "why don't you stop crying. You must be sick. You don't look well, and you don't sound well."

H. G.

FEARFULLY AND WONDERFULLY MADE

The manager of one of New York's department stores tells of an extraordinary order that the millinery department of his establishment received from an individual who lived in a section where, to use her own words, "the millinery air not of a high order."

The order in question was for a "bonnet" and ran as follows:

"Mazure of head from ear to ear over top of the head 12 inches; from ear to ear under my chin 9½ inches; from forehead to back hare 7 inches. I want a black lase bonnet with streamers and rozetts of red or yellow satting ribbon and would like a bunch of pink Rozes or a blue plume with a black jet buckel. If artifshels air still the stile I want a bunch of grapes or a bird's tale somewhere. I do not want anything too fansy but if you think a reath of pansies would look good, why put one on. I have some good pink ribbon here at home so you need not put on strings."

Edwin Tarrise.

ENOUGH

Governor Hogg's frankness in naming his children is quite equalled by a Washingtonian whose wife presented hm with twin daughters. At the christening the minister was startled to learn that the father had decided to name them Kate and Duplicate.

Several years later twins were again born into the family—this time boys, who were duly named Peter and Repeater.

A third time this strenuous opponent of race suicide was blessed with children twain, and this time he firmly named the wee lads Max and Climax.

Karl von Kraft.

LIPPINCOTT'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1906



THE BATTLE OF THE FOOLS

BY SAMUEL MERWIN

Author of "Calumet K."

I.

IF Bradford Alden's father had not gone West in his early manhood to teach at a fresh-water university, and if he had not there united himself with a daughter of the prairies, the son would perhaps have turned out a New Englander of the conventional sort. As it was, Boston made no effort to reclaim either father or son, and, when Bradford followed his parent's suit and married a young woman of the region, Boston forgot both. Not that Bradford Alden minded—he hadn't the time. And in settling at Oldham he thought of it not at all as a New England city, but as a New York bedroom, near enough, yet outside the city's sphere of influence. To New York itself he was almost as devoted as he was to the open country, but he liked it strong. The diluted New York which is served in the suburbs was little to his taste.

During these first few years of their residence the Aldens had come to like the little city very much. Oldham had found itself a century back, and still, in these bustling times, preserved some distinction. John H. Carpenter, the president of the railroad, lived there, and, as he regarded Alden as the most promising of the railroad's civil engineers, a certain social position would not have been beyond the reach of the young couple. Mrs. Carpenter had from the first made it plain that she would enjoy doing for them, and where Mrs. Carpenter led Oldham generally followed.

It was accepted that in his choice of a second wife John H. Carpenter had scored a real success. Tall and long of limb, blessed with a perfect complexion, large black eyes, which spoke her will almost

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as readily as her tongue,—dark hair which retained its curl in all weathers, and with a graceful, almost buoyant manner of walking and sitting and standing, Louise Carpenter was much younger than her husband. Not the least among her attractions in the eyes of the blundering sex was her skill as a horsewoman and on the golf-links. Alden always enjoyed meeting her for a moment, her voice was so deep, and she had so sure a way of gripping his hand and meeting his eyes. That they had not accepted her advances, and had allowed the social procession of Oldham to pass on without them, was due mainly to Esther Alden's uncertain health. Then, too, Bradford Alden's mind was too profoundly sunk in his work to turn easily to the energy-devouring diversions which were offered. He enjoyed, more than anything else, spending his evenings at home and reading to Esther,—generally Stockton or Mark Twain or Jane Austen or Charles Lamb. They occasionally ventured into the less happy regions of literature, but sooner or later they were sure to return to their favorites.

All through the spring and on into the first months of this particular summer, Alden had been busy in the northern part of Massachusetts superintending the driving of a rather difficult tunnel. When he returned President Carpenter insisted that he take a vacation of at least a month. "If you don't," said the president, "you'll be wearing out just when we need you most. Go away from the office and stay away. I don't want to see you here again until the first of September."

"All right," Alden replied, good humoredly; "that suits me. Come to think of it, it's a long time since I've had a month to myself."

"You'd better go off somewhere," said Carpenter.

"I'll think about it. But Mrs. Alden isn't a good traveller, and we generally manage to have a better time right at home. I can give my man a vacation and turn myself loose in the garden—that's good exercise. And then there is a great lot of reading I have been laying by against just such a time as this. And reading takes time, you know. I have a theory that it should be gone at seriously, in the best hours of the day."

Carpenter's habitual business-like expression relaxed a very little. "You mean you would go at reading as you go at everything you undertake?" said he. Then the wrinkles returned to his forehead, and his fingers strayed toward the pile of letters in the middle of his desk.

Alden promptly rose, and said good-bye.

"Good-bye," replied Carpenter, over his shoulder; "good luck to you!"

Alden, jubilant as a boy in June, caught the first train for Oldham. He found Esther lying in the hammock, and repeated with enthusiasm the conversation with Carpenter. "And so now," he added, "you're going to have me on your hands. For six weeks I'm the town loafer."

Esther smiled, with an expression oddly like that which the president had worn two hours earlier. She rested her quiet gray eyes on her husband—he had thrown his hat aside, and was at the moment looking intently about the garden and unconsciously rumpling up his hair as he looked—and wondered in how few days he would be plunging into some new absorbing work. She hoped that it would not be necessary for him to go away again. As for the vacation, she took no stock at all in that.

Before their marriage—during the discussion, indeed, of the advisability of the delicate Esther marrying at all—they had slipped away once, with a lunch which she put up, and spent the day boating on one of the beautiful Wisconsin lakes. They felt now, sitting down to his first week-day home luncheon in more than a year, much as they had felt that day. "Fun, isn't it!" said Alden, nodding, with a boyish chuckle, across the table. And she smiled back, while she poured the iced tea, her eyes fixed intently on him as if it were from his perfect health that she drew, day by day, her vitality.

"Excuse me, ma'am,"—it was the maid, at the pantry door,— "but the telephone has been ringing. I thought maybe you didn't hear it."

When Alden took up the receiver he recognized Carpenter's voice.

"Well," said the president, "have you decided to go away?"

"No, I thought I couldn't do better than to stay right home."

"Then I'm afraid I shall have to take a hand in the matter. We are thinking, as you perhaps know, of abandoning the Hamilton Canal and laying tracks over the right of way. If the plan is carried through, you are to have charge, and it would be a good idea for you to take your wheel and go over the ground. We have maps and elevations, of course; all I want is that you get acquainted with the route so that you can make suggestions when you get back. The canal runs through some nice country; I think you'll find it a pleasant trip."

"All right. I'll get right at it. Good-bye."

"You'll go, I suppose?" said Esther, hiding her disappointment.

"Oh, yes. Carpenter put it in an off-hand way, but he means business."

"How soon should you start?"

Alden glanced at his watch. "I could get an afternoon train up to Middleburg—that's the northern terminal of the canal—and be on

hand for an early start to-morrow. That's what he means, you see,—that's why he broke in on his own lunch hour to call me up."

"So you won't have any vacation at all?"

"Yes,—when I get back——" He caught the amused look in her eyes, and stopped. He sometimes had to laugh at himself. "No," he said, "I won't do that either. I'll wait till the morning, and we'll go to Middleburg together."

"Together, Bradford?"

"Yes. We can pick up some sort of a rig there and drive the length of the canal. As Carpenter says, it is nice country, and the hotels aren't really bad. We can take it as easily as we like, you know. It will do you good."

"Oh, I should like to do that!" said Esther, slowly and soberly.

"You shall do it. We'll start in the morning, and we'll keep occupied this afternoon and evening so that there won't be any time to weigh difficulties and get prudent."

But, when morning and train-time drew around, Esther was not well enough to make the start. She lay in the hammock and waved a good-bye to her husband, and looked after his erect figure until his energetic stride had carried it out of sight around the lilac-bushes on the corner. Then she dropped her head on the porch pillow, and looked out for a long time at the elm-trees that shaded the yard. A little rhyme was running through her head:

"And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?"

And she wondered, as her lips half formed the words, if the childlike poet had consciously, or unconsciously, put the elusive pathos into them.

Three days later, Bradford Alden, walking with springy step along the towpath of the canal, found himself approaching a lock, and paused. From the moment of leaving Middleburg, every attempt to draw information from the employees of the canal company had brought only sullen, baffling silence. He had made no secret of his profession, for he had not supposed that these sleepy men—old and young—would be informed concerning a plan of which he himself had little more than heard. But it soon became plain that they knew all about the proposed abandonment and bitterly resented it, and the resentment, he saw, lay even deeper than the question of losing a job.

The way-station before him was more picturesque than those he had already passed. The canal, in the course of its haphazard climb up

among the hills, here curved gently, under its dense elms, around the mid-slope of a dome-like mountain. The old gray-toned lock was green with moss, and cool in the shade of apple trees. The lock-tender's house, seemingly older still, was of rubble, with a sagging door-step and small-paned windows. Morning-glory and honeysuckle clambered contentedly about the gray walls. The lock-tender's wife, a stout, kindly grandmother, was endeavoring to out-manceuvre and capture a brood of yellow chicks which were at large in the combined lock-yard and farm-yard. And on the upper gate, where his feet hung over the water, sat the thin, white-bearded, spectacled, serene lock-tender himself.

He looked up as Alden drew near, but without the curiosity of the common countryman; better, he looked out from the remote altitude of a canal man's philosophy.

"Good-morning," said Alden.

"Mornin'."

"May I have a drink from your well?"

"I guess you kin. Nobody ain't ahenderin' you. It's over there."

In order to get "over there" Alden started balancing across the gate, whereupon the old man moved forward to make room.

"Don't move," said the engineer, courteously.

"I ain't agoin' to," replied the canal man, promptly reoccupying the whole width of the gate.

And Alden, as he with some difficulty stepped around behind him, suppressed a chuckle. "There is matter here," thought he; and when he had drunk he returned to the gate.

"I suppose you have been here a good while," he said, finding a seat at the edge of the lock.

"Sixty year. And my father for twenty year before that."

"This lock must be a family affair, then?"

"No reason why it shouldn't be. The land's mine, as it was my father's before me."

"What land?"

"What land! Why, this here—all around you. And that down there,"—he pointed downward at the water.

"You mean that the canal company don't own their right of way?"

The question was leading, and the lock-tender abruptly answered it with a more leading one still. "What you doin' along the canal?" he said.

"Tramping."

"Did your wheel break down?"

"No, I'm footing it from choice."

"Looking for a job, maybe?"

"No, I have job enough. I'm on my vacation."

"And you ain't got nothin' better to do with your legs than trampin'?"

"I enjoy it. I'm a city man, you know."

"You mean to say that you'd ruther walk than ride?"

"Exactly."

"Well, you're a new kind to me."

Alden smiled. His honest, unconscious good humor had opened for him many more complex natures than the one before him.

After a pause the lock-tender said, "You're a stranger here, I take it."

"Yes, I've never been on the canal before."

"And you don't know about our fight here?"

Alden shook his head.

"Well, I thought most everybody knew about that. You see this canal ain't run by the old canal company any more: the railroad's leased it for these thirty years. I guess they had to take it, because they're parallel to it most all the way across the State, and they couldn't stand the cheap competition. First thing they did, when their managers come in here, was to lay off all the boats except just a few to keep the charter alive; that's all they wanted, just to put the old canal out o' business. And they done it."

"But I don't see," said Alden, slowly and thoughtfully, "how you could own this land. Why, the canal has been in operation, under one company or another, for eighty years."

"It ain't very hard to understand," replied the lock-tender, "if you've got a head on you. When the canal was built, back in the eighteen-twenties, this land wasn't worth nothin',—a few cents an acre, maybe. The farmers—and my father was one o' 'em— was glad to give it for the sake o' havin' the canal. But they got a clause put in the charter that says that the minute the canal goes out o' business that land goes back to the original owners or their heirs. If the charter didn't have that clause into it, we'd a lost our land years ago."

Alden was looking thoughtfully down at the water in the lock. "You mean," he said, "that the railroad wants this land?"

"Ruther!" replied the lock-tender.

"And they want to get it without paying for it?"

"Exactly."

"Plain stealing, eh?"

"Plain stealin'."

"But how can they do it?"

The lock-tender frowned. "Where have you been, young man, that you ain't heard about it?" said he. He did not know how unimpor-

tant to the world at large was this little matter of stealing a right of way. "What do you suppose they've been a buyin' up the legislator for all these years? What do you suppose old Judge Hennery of Wardwood's been goin' down to the capital for, year after year, and jest more'n afightin' for us?"

"The legislature!" said Alden, half to himself. "Now, where does the legislature come in?"

"I guess you don't know much about sich things," observed the old man, dryly. "It's simple enough for them that does understand."

"Let's see if I do," said Alden. "Here's the railroad, running this canal at a loss and wishing to abandon it and replace it with, say, a freight line."

"Or mebbe to use it for a big water-pipe down from Winnisooke Lake."

"Or for piping water," Alden continued. "Now, this particular railroad is run under a Massachusetts charter. And in order to build a new line in this State they must get a new franchise. Then they could go ahead, and if you didn't like it you could lump it. So they have been trying for years to get a franchise from our legislature, and your Judge Henry has been fighting it and putting them off from year to year. It is something like that?"

The lock-tender replied with a shrewd glance. Then he said, "I guess you ain't sich a fool as I thought you was. We've stood 'em off so far, but I don't know how long we kin keep it up. They keep a comin' back at us every year, harder'n ever."

This was not the end of the talk, for Alden was aroused, and was determined to get to the bottom of the business. He saw at once that there was little hope for the rightful owners. If they brought suit the railroad would tire them out. And with plenty of railroad money in the legislature it would be next to impossible to stir the thing into an issue. The mere fact that he himself had heard the story to-day for the first time was eloquent of its utter insignificance to the general public. There was not even a smouldering prejudice against the railroad which might be fanned, with skilful handling, into a blaze; for the railroad had always pursued a liberal policy in its relations with the travelling and manufacturing public, and, above all, in the guise of a perpetual lease of the canal the railroad was in physical possession of the property. It was very simple, and it seemed quite hopeless.

Later in the afternoon, seated on the towpath at a point where the hillside fell steeply away from the canal, and looking out over a valley so green with foliage that it would have seemed uninhabited had not a single white spire pointed upward above the trees, Alden summed

up the situation for the third or fourth time since he had left the old lock-tender. The other men he had found along the way had confirmed the story. Apart from the definite tasks of his profession Alden was sensitive to outward impressions. At this moment the sense of repose in the gentle outlines of the hills across the valley, the country silence, broken at intervals by the bark of a dog or the rumble of an unseen wagon across a bridge, the peaceful languor of the canal,—a boat passed behind him as he sat there, and the only sound which told him of its approach was the slow shuffle of the horses' feet on the hard-packed towpath,—these things blended into a deep sense of the essential rightness and health of nature and nature's way. It is likely that in no other situation could he have felt more sharply the contrast between this way of nature's and the violent, arbitrary ways of man. At that moment the whole modern fabric of science and civilization was repugnant to him. This act of the railroad company came to his mind as typical of the doctrine of force and cunning and exploitation, an instance of the so-called survival of the fittest. Stealing this land was good business: to Carpenter it probably seemed an act of destiny. For in a sense the railroad company had saved the State when the development of the West gave New England its choice of increasing its manufacturing activity or falling into decay. The property lay here for the taking. To pay for it, at to-day's valuation, might cripple the resources of the railroad. It might even be said that the taking of it would benefit first of all these protesting land-owners. Not to take it would be to halt, perhaps to retrograde, in the industrial campaign.

Alden drew a time-table from his pocket, and, first consulting the map to find the nearest station, he looked up the trains. His moment of theorizing was past. So slight an action as consulting the time-table had coupled him up again with the life of the twentieth century. But he knew definitely that he could have nothing to do with the stealing of the canal property. There seemed little enough that he could do. The notion of playing David to Carpenter's Goliath brought to his face one of the fleeting half smiles that gave him an odd, masculine charm of which he was wholly unconscious.

It was early evening when Alden's train steamed into the Oldham station. The Carpenters lived nearly on his direct way home, and he was so full of his purpose that, dressed as he was, he stopped in there and asked to see the president.

He had to wait a few moments, sitting in the long drawing-room; and as he waited his thoughts strayed back to the scene he had left not three hours earlier. He had moved about his business so abruptly that the simple, alluring atmosphere of the old canal lingered in his

fancy, and the deep voice of Mrs. Carpenter aroused him with a little start.

She looked very young this evening. Her gown—like all her evening gowns, low at the neck—was of some soft, cream-white material, so cut as simply to outline the long perfect lines of her figure. Save for a single string of pearls her throat was bare, and it rose, round and full, from her breast and shoulders in a curve of triumph. Under the darkish skin of her face and breast and arms the color had a way of coming and going like the unbidden flushings of a timid, healthy girl.

“I’m glad to see you,” she said. “Won’t you come up into the library? You and Mr. Carpenter can talk better there.”

Carpenter’s library was one of the several additions to the house which had marked his progress from the superintendency of a division to the presidency of the line. You entered it from the landing, midway up the stairs. It was as much a lounging and smoking room as a library, luxurious with cushioned window-seats and leather sofas and chairs. Beside the grate, and near the floor, was a grill-work opening, through which you could look down into the drawing-room, and even, if voices did not drop too low, hear something of what was said there.

Louise settled back comfortably in one of the leather chairs, and motioned him to take one opposite. But he hesitated, and glanced at her gown. “You were going out,” he said.

She nodded. “Of course—to the club. Aren’t you going?”

“Oh—the midsummer informal. I had forgotten.”

Louise looked at him, in her friendly, half-amused way. She heartily liked Alden. “I wonder how it would seem,” she said, “to be so deep in work that one really forgets things that way.” It was his turn, at this, to show amusement; and, catching the twinkle in his eyes, she smiled. “And the odd thing about it is that men seem to thrive on it. You almost tempt me to try it myself.”

“It is astonishingly easy.”

“Really?”

“Too easy, sometimes.”

“Ah, I see what you mean. It is what Mr. Carpenter meant the other day when he said that you have been working too hard. You let your work run on into a sort of dissipation.”

“I’m afraid I do, sometimes.”

“But you shouldn’t. Am I impertinent to offer advice?”

“No. It’s what I need most just now.”

“Well, then,—you ought to go out more. Meet people, exchange ideas, and brush up such of the old ones as are worth keeping. It freshens one wonderfully.”

"I can believe that. And, by the way, you will hardly forgive me if I keep Mr. Carpenter here to-night to talk business."

"Oh, for that, there is plenty of time. It is early. We shan't be starting for an hour or so yet. I suppose they have told you what a splendid chance you are to have in this new work."

"They haven't told me very much."

"Oh, then I shouldn't have said anything."

President Carpenter could be heard descending the stairs. Louise rose, as he came in, and left the two men to their talk.

"Well," said Carpenter, taking a chair, and speaking in his alert, cordial manner, "you made a quick job of it."

"I didn't finish," said Alden.

The president saw that something was to come, and with immobile face he prepared to listen. Alden hesitated, casting about for an opening. Finally he said:

"I may as well come out flat with it. I can't do that work."

"Why not?"

"I don't know how to tell you without appearing ridiculous. I think I'd better leave it that way. And that, I suppose, is equivalent to asking you to accept my resignation."

"Oh, no," said Carpenter, "that doesn't follow at all. Suppose you tell me the whole story."

"Well,—if you wish. I am told that the land used by the canal is really private property, and that it is the plan to take it without paying for it. And considering all the circumstances I must withdraw from any part in the work."

"I suppose you have looked it up thoroughly?"

"I think I have the facts."

"All of them, or merely the farmers' side?"

"I don't know what other side there can be."

Carpenter smiled slightly. "Of course you know how every honest farmer hates his railroad."

"Oh, yes,—but this—"

The president waited.

"Well, here we are, Mr. Carpenter. I have stated my case pretty bluntly. It would be absurd, of course, for me to come here and demand an explanation from you. That is why my resignation seems the natural next thing."

"Now, see here, Alden," said the president, "we are on better terms than this. I am very glad to explain the thing to you. I won't talk resigning at all. You are too good a man for that. Right at the start, I am perfectly willing to tell you that we don't intend to pay for that land. And this is not because it would certainly be a very costly pro-

ceeding,—the money could probably be got,—but because, in the circumstances, we don't think it would be right to pay for it. Those farmers had no philanthropic motive when they gave that land, back in eighteen twenty-five. The canal was an absolute necessity in getting their goods to market. They got value received for their land. As a matter of fact, they were paid back a thousand-fold in the first ten or twenty years. Then the early railroads were built, and the canal fell into disuse. For forty years it has lost money for everybody concerned.

“Now, when our new line goes through, the value of all the property along the right of way will rise at a bound. The new line will make them rich men, for farmers,—vastly richer than if we should simply abandon the canal and return to them their miserable strips of lands, not enough in any one case to make a fair-sized cornfield. I said just now that the money to buy it with could be got; I think it could. But it would have to be a very large sum indeed, for the right of way extends over a hundred miles. To attempt to pay the market value of to-day—a value which was not dreamed of when that clause was put into the charter—might seriously delay the construction of the line. This in turn would react on the farmers themselves, for no one will profit more largely than they. Yet, without even the excuse of the dog in the manger,—for he did not stand in his own light,—they have been led off into this obstructionist policy, taking every advantage of a technical quibble. They have already put us off nearly twenty years. It comes down to the intemperance of ignorant people the country over, who take every opportunity to harass the corporations. They forget that—to speak only for the railroads—it is corporations that make modern civilization possible. We are facing it continually,—the fraud damage suits, the demands of labor, the more corrupt demands of legislators. Everywhere the cry is, ‘Milk the corporations! Get something out of the corporations!’ And yet all we are trying to do is to provide transportation for these very people and their goods at as low a rate as is consistent with a fair profit.”

The president was an eloquent and convincing talker when he chose to talk. It was rarely that he spoke out at such length, however, for his habit of mind was administrative and active; that he had spoken out in this instance was distinctly a compliment to Bradford Alden. And no one could have observed Carpenter at this time without seeing that he believed with all his heart and soul in his railroad, and in the wonderful material advancement towards which it had contributed and would contribute for so long as he should be at its head. If anything, he believed in it too strongly—he was too much a part of it, too much a product of it. For Alden had before now observed that, with all John Carpenter's education and human exper-

ience and lively interest in life, any matter which did not fall in with the triumphant step of this material advancement, and, more particularly, with the spirited stride of his own railroad, while it might draw his attention for a brief time, could not hold his deeper interest.

"Well, Alden," said Carpenter, "am I helping you to understand us any better?"

Alden flushed, and replied, in a voice that disclosed some heat of mind:

"No, Mr. Carpenter, I'm afraid you are not. I am unable to see the difference between stealing fifty millions and stealing fifty cents." He checked himself. "Well," he went on, after a moment, "you see, perhaps, why I urge you to accept my resignation."

But the president would not be angered. He sat musing, looking at the young engineer through half-closed eyes. "If the world were really as simple as you make it, Alden, it would be easier for all of us. I could not call myself an intelligent man if I were to deny that business is very corrupt. You have read history enough to know that society has always been corrupt. But ideals won't run a railroad. We are in a fight where the whole world, as we see it, is a web of greater or smaller wrong-doing. If we did not plunge into this fight, take it as we find it, use the weapons that lie at our hands, there would be no Middleburg and River Rapids Railroad. It would have gone to rust and ruin long ago. Incidentally some of us might have been better men, but I am not prepared to admit even that. The question, to me, is not whether certain of our acts transgress the moral or ethical code of the idealist, but whether our general tendency is upward or downward. And it is partly because I believe it to be upward that I am in it. A few hundred years ago the predatory baron represented the most active, the strongest class of men. To-day these strong, active men are in business. Instead of plundering and killing for money or land or power, they are relying on their industry to bring the same results. It is only one step up, perhaps, but that is something. Of course they do wrong acts—commonly. But they are building up the most wonderful civilization in the history of the world. The robber baron helped himself; we are helping the whole world. You may call that a materialistic attitude; but earth, and wood, and steel, and coal, and copper, and oil, and men, and women are material things, and they are the only things we see about us to deal in and with. Your choice is simply to plunge honestly into the world or to turn monk. You will, of course, make the choice for yourself. But I'm frank with you, Alden, when I say that if you choose the monk I shall be downright disappointed."

He paused. Alden had no reply ready, and for a moment the room was quiet. Then the president went on.

"There is starting to-day what promises to be a wave of reform. These magazine articles on municipal and legislative corruption really seem to be something more than shrewd editorial moves. The feeling is in the air that the people have been hoodwinked long enough. The astonishing career of that fellow out west illustrates it sharply. Possibly you have been aroused by these things,—though, of course, I will say nothing about that. But because the railroads are mixed up in it, because they have to yield—some of them—to the high-handed demands of the legislators, it would be absurd to say that the railroads are wrong and should be given up, or that we should waste any time experimenting in government ownership. For, after all, the main business of the railroads is to carry passengers and goods safely and cheaply, and that they are now doing. And that, Alden, is why I am in it. We make our mistakes by the hundreds, but the fact that matters, the fact that remains, is that we *are* carrying passengers and goods cheaply, safely, and more honestly and efficiently than the American federal government ever carried anything."

Alden showed signs of rising, and the president rose too. "And now, my boy," he said, with a hand on Alden's shoulder, "don't say a word. Sleep on it a night or so, and see what you think then."

The engineer had nothing to say to this, and they went down together to the drawing-room.

There was a cluster of wall-lights directly at one side of the grill-work opening, and under them on a broad couch, cushions at her back, an unread book open on her lap, sat Louise Carpenter. Unlike her usual self she was very quiet, and she said nothing at first. But when the president turned to bring up chairs, Alden felt her eyes on his face, and turning, almost in spite of himself, was puzzled by the flash in them, and by her sudden glow of color, and by the something which was, and yet was not, a smile playing around her lips.

"If you don't mind waiting a moment, I'll walk a little way with you, Alden," said the president. "Just excuse me while I glance over a few papers. I'll leave you with Mrs. Carpenter."

He turned and left the room, and went up to the second floor; but Louise did not seem to see him go. She was still looking at Alden. "Sit down," she said. There was a husky quality in her voice, and she cleared her throat. The silence continued to offer embarrassment for Alden, but she was unconscious of it. Finally she said:

"I wonder if you really understand what you have been doing."

"Oh," said he, "you heard?"

With an upward glance she indicated the opening. "I suppose I might have gone away, but I didn't." She had to clear her throat again. "Was I wrong in listening?"

"Oh, no. I—perhaps I would not have spoken out so plainly if——"

"Ah," she cried, "that was the best of it! You did speak out." She had been leaning back on the cushions, but now she bent forward. The rich color in her face and neck glowed towards him. "I know what you would say,—that you couldn't have a hand in robbing those farmers, that it isn't much of a stand to take. But you—ready to give up everything, your splendid future, even your income—"

"Really," he said, "that doesn't amount to so much as you might think. I don't think I shall have much trouble in getting a place somewhere."

She drew her brows together; then, after a moment, looked up and shook her head. "You are wrong in resigning," she said. "My husband sees that. He will never let you go."

"But—don't you see,—when the time comes when we differ hopelessly, that I can no longer be of use to him. I can't do work that I don't believe in."

"But that time will never come."

"I think it has come."

President Carpenter was walking through the upper hall towards the stairs. Both listened. Louise tried to smile, then with oddly bright eyes and compressed lips she shook her head, and said again:

"You mustn't resign."

II.

ALDEN hardly knew what a crisis the evening had been until he was fairly out on the street. Then he found that his head was aching and his nerves were unstrung. He unconsciously struck into a feverish gait. But when he turned the corner by the lilac-bushes—now masses of shadow, with high lights touched in by the incandescent street lamp—and came under the dim, drooping branches of his own elms, a physical sense of peace stole over him and calmed him. It was always so: after a day of exceptional difficulty or friction, at the first sight of the elms, and of the sloping lawn, and of the simple house with its wide, calm front and its yellow gleam of lamplight in the window, his clouds always floated off and left the stars.

"Well," said Esther, when they were seated over a little supper, "tell me about it."

Alden looked up. "I've handed in my resignation."

"To the railroad?"

He nodded.

"Is it settled?"

"My part of it is. Carpenter hasn't accepted it yet."

She started to ask another question, but checked herself and waited for him to go on.

"It has all come about to-day," he said. "I had no notion of such a move this morning when I woke up."

"You—are you—you acted very quickly."

"I had no choice. They wanted me to take charge of stealing the canal right of way. I won't do it."

"Then you broke off without—anything else in view?"

"Yes. I'm out of a job. But listen, Esther." And, talking rapidly and earnestly, he told her the story of the three days, from the time when his suspicions had first been roused to the moment when he had spoken out to President Carpenter.

Alden did not know what a wealth of impressions had been stored up in his mind during his few days of tramping through the leisure and oddity and old-fashioned beauty of the canal, and now his vivid word-pictures were a surprise to himself. Over the half-shadowed, fragile face of his wife played varying expressions: she was quick to imagine the canal scenes, she smiled a very little over the old lock-tender, she grew wistful at the thought of strolling care-free through such a simple little world and of stretching out to rest on fragrant hillsides among the long grass and the daisies. When Alden repeated the sense of Carpenter's arguments, she unconsciously drew forward, and clasped her white, slender hands before her on the table, and never took her eyes from her husband's face. And when he told her about his outburst against the railroad's scheme, a touch of color appeared in her cheeks.

They lost all count of time. The minute-hand on the face of the tall corner-clock seemed to increase its pace; the occasional evening street sounds died out almost suddenly; the neighborhood dogs bade farewell to the moon and curled up in their kennels; and the house, which, like all houses, slept by day, took up its night rustlings and creakings. The table was lighted by candles which, unobserved, burned down to the shade supports. There was a sputter, a puff of flame; and one burning candle-shade rolled on the table. Esther, startled, fell back, very white, in her chair. And Alden, overstrung as he was, made a botch of extinguishing it. When he finally succeeded, there was a black hole in the table-cloth.

"That's stupid!" he muttered.

"Never mind. Tell me, Bradford, what is all this land worth? How much is it that they are trying to steal?"

"Oh, a great deal. I couldn't say off-hand. It's the city property that brings it up, and there are twenty or thirty towns and cities along the way."

"It is hundreds of thousands, then?"

"A great many millions."

Esther's gray eyes, usually so quiet, were ablaze with indignation. "And just because the railroad is a great corporation, just because nobody seems big enough to oppose them, are they to take everything they please?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Bradford, can't you stop them?"

His eyes brightened with a humorous expression. "I might succeed in livening up the funny column in the papers for a few days," he said. "The only possible hope for the land-owners, I should say, would be to organize. And it would take a genius to bring that about. Even then, they wouldn't be strong enough to do much politically. They could sue, of course, but that would, in most cases, eat up more than the land is worth. Any way they might try to work it the suits would drag out for years, and meanwhile the railroad would go ahead and lay the tracks and establish the traffic. They might try to work the injunction business; but, don't you see, sooner or later it all comes down to the fact that the railroad has the most money and the best lawyers and the strongest political influence. And when you add that they have been in actual possession of the property for thirty years, why—there you are! It's hopeless."

He pushed back his chair, and smiled at her across the table. "Come, Esther. Do you see what time it is? I don't know what I've been thinking of to come home and tire you out this way. It will keep until to-morrow."

He rose, and she followed his example, pausing, with a hand on the back of her chair, to collect her thoughts. Her mind had a way of going to lengths which her frailer body could not quite reach. Then Alden came around the table and supported her shoulders with a muscular arm, and together they walked out of the room. At the foot of the stairs she looked up into his face.

"Tired?" said he.

"I'm afraid so—a little." But looking down again, a moment later, he saw that she was smiling.

Both Esther and Alden were quiet through the following day. That the day passed with but one mention of the subject which lay on their minds told how deeply both were pondering it. The single mention came at lunch.

"Bradford," said Esther,—this was after a long silence,—“you told me that it was Mr. Truman's firm stand on the Brewer question that got him his election as State's Attorney?"

"Yes."

"And you said that it was because people had perfect confidence in his honesty and independence, didn't you?"

"Yes. Truman's a good fellow—and a good lawyer. He's rather a new type in politics, you see,—really a gentleman, with some sense of *noblesse oblige*."

That was all. Neither took notice of the surface irrelevancy of Esther's question.

After dinner that evening they sat for an hour in silence, he reading the evening paper, she browsing through a little leather-bound volume of Calverley's poems. Then abruptly he tossed the paper aside. She lowered her book to her lap, held it open there, and looked across at him.

"I've been thinking I'd call Truman up," said he.

"Don't you think," she said, after a pause, "that you ought to see Mr. Carpenter first? You haven't heard yet that your resignation is accepted."

"That's a fact. I'll go now." But when he had got his hat he hesitated in the hall, and, standing alone there, he felt that he was flushing. He laid down his hat.

"I've changed my mind, Esther," he said. "I don't need to go to his house. I'll call him up."

He took down the telephone receiver, but only to hang it up again, and walked slowly back to the sitting-room. Esther heard him coming, and looked up.

"There's only this, Esther," he said; "there is a strong probability that I shall simply make a fool of myself."

"But," she replied, "Mr. Truman can decide that, I should think."

"Yes, that's so. He is keen, and he knows the ropes."

With this, Alden returned to the telephone and called up Carpenter's house. But a maid, after taking his name, informed him that Mr. Carpenter was not in, and asked if he would like to speak with Mrs. Carpenter. Alden said no, that he would try again later in the evening. Then he rang up Truman, and in less than half an hour the State's Attorney—a youngish man, very bald, with a thin lower face, close-cut brown mustache, shrewd wrinkles at the outer corners of his blue eyes, and a high forehead—entered in person.

"Truman," said Alden, after a brief general chat, "I have a story I want to tell you. You undoubtedly know more or less about it; where you do, cut me short. I won't insult you by calling you a reformer, but just the same I'd like to know what you think of it." And with this introduction he launched into his narrative. Truman, it happened, did know most of it, but the scattered facts had never

before been brought together into the focus of his mind. And, besides, Alden was presenting the thing in a new light. So he heard him out.

"Well," he said, at the conclusion, "what do you propose?"

"Here's the question, Truman: If I, in walking down Greenwich Street or West Street, should happen to see an old woman sand-bagged and robbed, what would you think of me if I slipped out of the way without lifting a finger to help her? That's the question! If these land-owners were speculators or obstructionists, I wouldn't say a word. But they aren't. They are a fair parallel to the old woman in my illustration. Now, what do you say?—could a fellow undertake to help them get their money without simply throwing himself under the cars?"

Truman evaded an immediate reply. "You say that Carpenter talked about these recent magazine articles and about that chap out west?" he said musingly.

"Yes, he went so far as to say that he believes there is a widespread feeling that the people have been hoodwinked long enough."

"That's rather odd. Do you catch the significance of it?"

"Why—no. I haven't thought about that particularly."

"It bears out what I have thought for some time. The M. & R. R. men are a shrewd lot, and they, especially Carpenter, are worried over this popular movement. Littler, harder-headed men would pooh-pooh the whole thing and attribute it to political trickery. But Carpenter is bothered. He wouldn't have mentioned it at all if it wasn't lying on his mind. Very likely there is a weak spot in his entrenchments, where he is afraid of getting nipped. If we could find that spot we might be able to give him a bad hour or so."

"I hadn't thought of an attack on him," said Alden slowly.

Esther, who was sitting by the window, looked up; and her eyes rested on Truman as if they sought something.

"No, you hardly would think of that, Alden. But I was answering your question. It's possible, barely possible, that you might hit on a way of bringing Carpenter to time. But you can't fight a railroad with altruistic sentiment. You must use the weapons that lie at your hand."

This had been Carpenter's phrase. Alden was silent for a moment, then he said:

"What do you think the best way to go at it?"

"Well,——" Truman, easy and fluent as he was, wore an almost impenetrable mask,—“there you have me. I haven't had a chance to get really into the thing yet. But I should think, off-hand, that you must keep quiet, use subterranean methods altogether, and watch out to take advantage of the enemy's mistakes. They will make mistakes,—in fact, I happen to know that they *have* made some. Things look to be going well with them. They have the legislature, and they

know it, and the pitfalls of over-confidence lie around them. All you have to do is to guide them gently but firmly into one or another of those pitfalls."

Alden was puzzled. "I wish I could see how to do it," said he.

"Watch for your advantage," Truman replied. "You are in very much the position of Washington, before the Trenton and Princeton *coup*. You are outnumbered, but you're not yet outgeneralled. Cross the Delaware by night and take them unawares; that's the thing for you to do. A frontal attack by daylight would be absurd, but not so a quick night blow."

"What is he driving at?" thought Alden. "Why doesn't he say what he means?" Then he said aloud, "Well, look here,—tell me this: can anything be done now, before the legislature meets?"

"Oh, by all means; this is the time." Truman snapped his fingers. "The legislative session doesn't amount to that! All they do there is vote and pick the bones. The railroad is doing its most skilful work right now, and so should you. The votes will be against you in any case; so you mustn't let it come to a vote."

Alden and Esther were both studying the State's Attorney. Was he really interested? It sounded to Esther very much as if he were talking at random. But she had no sooner formulated this thought than she looked up and saw Truman cast a quick glance at her husband; if his words were meaningless, his glance was not.

"You might say that the session represents the broad daylight," Truman went on. "And you must strike now, in the dark."

"Would it be worth while to try to stir up public sentiment against them?" asked Alden.

Truman smiled.

"You haven't much faith in that?"

Truman shrugged his shoulders. "Of course, you might call a meeting of the land-owners, and let them get off speeches about the trusts and the Wall Street peril, and work the thing up in the papers; and then, if it turned out a popular hit and rode the wave for a while, it might do the business."

"But you don't think it is the best thing?"

"No,—the worst. It would wreck you at the start."

"How do you mean?"

"Simply this. While a mass-meeting is appointing committees, and the committees are squabbling and drawing up minority and majority reports, and chairmen are getting out the encyclopædia and writing speeches and trying them on the family, the M. & R. R. will be laying wooden ties and steel rails and running trains over **them**."

Alden was growing impatient. "I had thought," he said, "of doing just that."

"What—of calling a meeting?"

"Yes, and working the thing up in the papers, and——" he paused.

"Well, suppose we think it over. We know that Carpenter is worried over this new anti-corruption sentiment. I don't know but what you're right. We—you could pitch in hard and stir up all the canal counties, and that means the railroad counties. I know just the men to speak at the meeting. You can get newspaper men from New York and Boston, and of course from all the railroad towns. The speakers must dwell on the corruption of the legislature, and on the need of turning out next year all the members who vote in favor of the steal."

"But what good will it do to turn them out after the mischief is done?"

"The threat will scare them,—it will be a concerted attack on their future. Yes, the meeting is the thing. But it must be a big, rousing one."

They talked on a little longer, then the lawyer turned to Esther. "All this seems very stupid, I suppose, Mrs. Alden?"

"No, not at all. It is a thing I am greatly interested in." She spoke slowly, but the fire of the evening before had not wholly gone from her face. Truman was quick to observe this, and with the faintest imaginable change of expression his eyes rested on her, then flitted to her husband.

"You'll be out for the horse-show Friday or Saturday, won't you?"

"I doubt it very much," Esther replied. "I'm very stupid, you know. I get out hardly at all."

"Oh, but you should," said Truman warmly. "It is your duty as an Oldhamite. It will be a great success this year,—the second best in New England, we claim."

"Are there many outside entries?" Alden asked.

"A great many,—from other States, even. Well,"—he rose,—"I must say good-night. Good-night, Alden. You have opened up quite a situation. We'll think it over."

Esther was bowing a good-night, but Alden was hesitating. "What do you say, Truman," he said abruptly, "are you with me in this thing?"

Truman's hesitation at this question was brief. "Why most certainly," he replied; "I thought that was all settled."

When, after asking for a few days to investigate the matter, he had gone, Esther and Alden looked at each other. "Well," said he, "what do you think?"

"I don't know what to think. He has changed."

"There's no doubt of that. But does he, or does he not believe in that meeting? He spoke warmly on both sides."

Alden took a few turns up and down the room. Esther resumed her chair, rested her chin on her hand, and watched him with thoughtful eyes. He finally brought up at the mantel, and, leaning against it, looked down at her. The lines slowly left his forehead, and a boyish, humorous expression hovered about his eyes and mouth. "What have I done, Esther?" said he.

She shook her head, with a faint response to his good humor.

"There isn't a clearer-headed man in the State than Ellery Truman," he continued. "If his talk is foggy, it is because he means it to be foggy." He paused, stood thoughtfully silent, and then his eyes twinkled again. "Do you know, Esther, I feel as if I had challenged Lasker to a game of chess. I suppose I'm walking blindfolded into some horridly complicated political row. Truman is best known for his independence. Suppose Governor Harkworth and the State boss have tried to put the bit on him, for fear he might work up enough of a following to make this a doubtful State in the next national campaign; there have been such rumors lately, and if he could do it, it would give him great power. Suppose even that the boss owns the Governor, and the railroad owns the boss—some people think that. If it's anywhere near true, then Truman might have had a glimmer here to-night, from my putting the thing before him in this way, that if he could make a successful raid on the railroad the railroad would have to reckon with him and put him on a basis where he could overturn both the boss and Governor. But it's too complicated for me. I give it up."

"Who is the State boss?" asked Esther.

"Callahan, of River Rapids,—the man they call 'Side-Door Sam' in the papers."

"Isn't he a saloon-keeper?"

"Not now. He was. He is mysteriously rich now, and doesn't do anything outside of politics."

"But, Bradford, how can the people of this State—a New England State, too—submit to be controlled by a saloon-keeper and a foreigner!"

Alden smiled. "Give it up. That's the mystery of our politics. And here we are, you and I, deep in it at one jump. Heaven help us! —I'll call up Carpenter again. After to-night I certainly have no business in the employ of the M. & R. R."

Esther, to compose her mind, took up her Calverly. She could not see very far into the situation which was taking shape about them. She did not care to see very far into it, for the mere suggestion of

reticence and the trickery of politics filled her soul with something near disgust. She remembered Truman as an honest, hearty, even enthusiastic young man. This change had been wrought in him since his entry into public life. The whole subject was disturbing, but she had a healthy habit of turning with eagerness from disturbing subjects to restful ones; and it was not long, as she turned the pages of the dainty volume and let her eyes run from one felicitous line to another, before she was unconsciously smiling. The poet's sprite-like play of fancy over absurdity refreshed her fastidious mind like rare whiffs of sea-laden breeze floating into the hot summer city. And she was able to forget the State's Attorney and Boss Callahan and the legislature and the railroad, and to wander for a little while in a region where charm, not money, reigns—if anything may be said to reign where beauty and fancy ride at large.

This time, when Alden called up the Carpenters, it was not a maid who answered, but Louise Carpenter herself. There was no mistaking her voice, for she never raised it at the telephone.

"How do you do?" she said. "Mr. Carpenter isn't here. Did you—is it about the resignation?"

"Yes, it is. Do you expect him in soon?"

"It is hard to say. He may be back at any moment. Let me see—why don't you come up here and wait? It won't be very long, I'm sure. I suppose your mind is made up,—that it is useless for me to say anything."

"Well, perhaps I ought to be frank. I can't go on with the company because—well, I'm on the other side; that's all."

"I'm sorry." She paused. "If you would like me to, I'll get word to him now. What shall I say?"

"I don't know but what that's the simplest way. I can't sleep to-night with the thing unsettled. Would you mind telling him what I have said to you, that I am on the other side of the fight and must be released at once from the railroad?"

She hesitated. Then: "Would you—suppose I say something like this," she replied: "You have asked me to tell him that you insist on an immediate answer to your request of last night? You see, he has not told me himself about your talk,"—she was smiling oddly, if he could have seen her. "I am not supposed to understand the situation—or to know anything about it, for that matter."

"Oh, that will do, of course," said Alden, somewhat hastily. "Any way at all, so he understands that I must be released. I shall be greatly obliged to you."

"No," said she, "don't say it that way. If any question arises I suppose I'd better let you know."

"Why, yes. But there could hardly be any question. It is simply that I must be released."

There was a pause, and Alden was growing uncertain whether to hang up the receiver, when he heard her voice again.

"I am going to tell you where he is," she was saying. "He's at Mr. Browne's. He went there last night after he left you. We did not get to the club, after all.—Good night."

Before Alden could reply the connection was broken. But he lingered at the instrument, and idly turned the leaves of the directory. Why had she not told him in the first place where he could reach the president? And why make such a point of it when she did tell him? The simplest course now would be to call him up at Browne's. But he had put the matter into her hands, and he had a notion that to communicate again with her and take it back into his own hands would be awkward.

He glanced into the sitting-room and saw Esther smiling gently over her book, then went on to the porch and sat down and put his feet on the railing and let his eyes rove off under the elms. He had told Carpenter that he could not see the difference between stealing fifty millions and stealing fifty cents; and Carpenter had said in reply, "If the world were really as simple as you make it, Alden, it would be easier for all of us." Now, could it be, by any chance, that Carpenter was right? Could it be that the complexity of men's relations in our times really gives a new and complicated twist to the golden rule? Here he was, in his simple efforts to get the money for those farmers, treading a path where men step softly, and speak misleadingly, and act relentlessly. The scientists might term it the workings of evolution,—the survival of the fittest through strength and cunning and sex attraction. Where, in this scheme, was there a place for the simple moral perceptions?

"Carpenter, I suppose," ran his thoughts, "stands for brute strength. Truman, I'm afraid, is beginning to stand for cunning. And—" here he paused and looked up through the trees and sobered a little. This third characterization had taken form in his mind before he was aware of it; that he should think it at all startled him, and he avoided it. "I guess I'd better go in and call him up at Browne's," he thought. "No matter if she has forestalled me." And with a last look about the shadowy yard he re-entered the house.

All through this evening, while the little turmoil was going on at the Aldens, President Carpenter was closeted with Browne, and their discussion was not without its heated moments.

"Do you mean to say," cried Browne, at length, "that you would drop the legislature now, after all they have cost us for twenty years?"

The Battle of the Fools

Carpenter knocked the ash from his cigar. "Just that," said he. Browne shook his head with a jerk. "What are you afraid of?"

"Nothing whatever. It all depends on what you consider the quickest way to get the line built."

"And you'd let that young Alden bluff you down? Why, it's absurd!"

"I beg your pardon. It's not absurd at all."

"But what—in—the—devil—can that boy do?"

"You don't know him, to begin with. He has an awkward habit of working out every notion that gets into his head. You can't stop him."

"Well, let him go ahead, and be d—— to him."

"When he demanded his resignation, he meant business, whether he knew it himself or not. Look here, Browne, do you realize how many men we've bought down at the capital?"

"Well, what of that?"

"It would only take one of them to run amuck and knock out our plans—maybe to knock out us, too."

"But not one of them dares do it. They're all in it together."

"Haven't you had your eye on things? Do you know what is going on all over the country?"

Browne fairly snorted his contempt. "That? Shucks!" he cried. "A flash in the pan!"

"Which is precisely what we don't want here."

"But,"—Browne was scornful,—"there's nobody here who could do it."

Carpenter's cigar had gone out. He slowly relighted it, then sat gazing at the table. "I would be willing to venture a guess," he said, as if to himself. Then he straightened up. "I want to use your telephone, Browne."

Browne shoved the movable stand across the table, and, puzzled, watched him.

The president called a number. They waited in silence.

"Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Truman?"—Browne stared.—"Yes, I'd like to speak to Mr. Truman a moment,—not in?—Yes it's about the printing for the horse-show. No great hurry. You say he's over at Alden's?—Yes, thanks. Good-bye."

For a full half minute the two men exchanged glances across the table. Then Browne shifted uneasily.—"Well, what of it!" said he. "What is Truman, anyhow? What can he do?"

"If he's as smart as I think him, he can stop us."

"Well, then, buy him."

Carpenter shook his head.

"Buy him, I say! That'll settle him."

"No," said Carpenter, "he can't be bought."

"Oh, a saint, eh?"

"Not a bit of it. But he wants to be Governor."

"Well,—see here, Carpenter, have you got a plan in your head?"

"Yes."

"What is it, then?"

The reply was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone bell. The president answered it, and looked up with an odd expression. "I expected that," he said. "It was Mrs. Carpenter. She tells me that Alden called up the house a little while ago and insisted on an immediate answer. He's a conscientious chap, and he wants to be free to fight us."

"What's your plan?"

"Buy the River Rapids charter."

"But they won't sell."

"Yes, they will."

"It'll cost like ——"

"No, on the whole it's the cheapest thing we can do." He paused with an impatient gesture, for the bell was ringing again.

"Who is it?" said he, answering the call.

"This is Mr. Alden. Is Mr. Carpenter there?"

"This is Mr. Carpenter. How are you, Alden?"

"First-rate, thanks. Excuse me for bothering you, but I feel that I ought to tell you that I can't consider myself an M. & R. R. man after to-day."

"I'm sorry to hear you say that, Alden. I'm afraid you're acting hastily. But, of course, if—I'll tell you—I'll write you about it as soon as I have a little time. Maybe I can help you in some way."

"Thanks. I felt that I ought to let you know where I stand. Good-night."

"Good-night." Carpenter leaned back in his chair and repeated what Alden had just said. "Well," said he, "you see."

"I suppose you'll want to move quick, then," said Browne.

"Yes. It'll take the ground right out from under them. I'll fix it with Callahan to-morrow."

It was etiquette that Carpenter should go to River Rapids to see Callahan; but it was also etiquette that he should, when he had got as far as the hotel, make Callahan come to see him. So, when he had eaten dinner, he made an appointment by telephone, and then went out to the veranda and settled himself in an arm-chair. The light fell strongly on him at that point, and a man approaching along the side-walk could hardly fail to make him out.

The Packer House, the best Hotel in River Rapids, stands on Campus Street directly facing the college. As Carpenter looked about him he saw, instead of the shuttered silence he had thought to find about his *alma mater* at this season of the year, that there were lights and voices, and figures carrying armfuls of books, and even occasional groups lounging by of the familiar fresh-faced boys. And before many moments the droop of the campus trees and the cool depths of ivy on crumbling walls and the far-away sound of a chapel organ, of which the deeper pedal tones reached him as a vibration and not at all as a sound, had entered his spirit by way of eyes and ears and finger tips, and carried him back twenty-five years.

"Well, well, John! What are you doing here?"

The cheery, mellow voice roused Carpenter from his reverie. He looked up and saw the athletic figure and good-humored, scholarly countenance of an old classmate,—Scott, the occupant of the chair of English Literature at the college. The two men had taken the plunge into life with common ideals. And whatever might be said of Carpenter's, a glance from Scott's genial eyes was enough to tell that his spirit had no more been downed by the realities of life than by the realism of literature. He came up and dropped his elastic frame into a chair.

"I'm glad to see you, John," said he. "You have saved me a run up to Oldham to find you. Can't we have an hour or so of your time some Sunday soon,—say, Sunday week?"

"Certainly, George," replied Carpenter. "But what's all this commotion here?"

"That's the point. It seems that the summer-school bacillus has got after us. Just at present we're making special efforts to give these youngsters as much condensed inspiration as possible in a very short time. There are a good many boys of a practical turn in our Sunday afternoon meetings, and I find that when I get practical men here to talk to them they will turn out by scores instead of half-dozens."

"What do you want me to say to them?"

"Anything you like. The main thing is to get you here and stand you up before them, so they can see the sort of big, broad, honest business man the old college can turn out at a pinch. It's a good thing just to show them, if they will doubt its practical value, that a college education does pay."

"Look out you don't scare me off," said Carpenter with a smile.

"I think you will come. I admit that this is a concession to the modern spirit, but to my mind it is better to make the concession in the Sunday meeting than in the class-room. I shall depend on you, then? Sunday week, at four,—or, no, come down on the noon train and have dinner with us."

"All right; I'll do that George."

The professor, regretting that he could not stay for a chat, got up. And as he looked at his old friend an expression of frank admiration came into his face. "Do you know, John," he said, "we're all proud of you here? Such men as you—I wish there were more like you—are doing a great work by simply living and working and being what you are. When a discouraged young alumnus drops in here to his class re-union and tells me that his bubbles are all broken and the sawdust has run out of all his dolls, I can simply point to a few of you fellows, and tell him that the business world and the political world are not all rotten, that there are big, strong men who are honest in spite of the so-called 'enemies of the republic.'"

While Scott was talking, a fat man, with a round, impassive face, and a cigar, and a soft straw hat with a rolling brim, came walking slowly down Campus Street. He passed beneath the two men without a glance upward, and mounting to the piazza drew a chair to the railing at the farther end. Men observed him, and whispered that there was "Side-Door Sam." A few ventured to speak to him, and were rewarded with a nod. Callahan seldom said much of anything, very possibly because his command of the better part of the English language had not widened with his rise to power, and also because he dealt with few situations in his business which could not be disposed of with a nod or a shake of the head.

"Well," Scott concluded, "I must be walking on. Good-night. Sunday after next, at noon. Give my cordial regards to Mrs. Carpenter."

"I will, thanks. Good-night."

When he had gone, Carpenter entered the hotel and went directly to his room. A few moments later, Callahan, who, had now been joined by a slim, well-dressed young man with red hair, followed, and knocked at his door.

The keen expression, suggestive of close, quick thinking, which Carpenter wore in business hours, was on his face when he opened to the two men. "How are you, Mr. Callahan?" he said. "Come in." But just then he saw the red-haired man, and he flashed an inquiring glance at the boss.

"Mr. Everhardt—Mr. Carpenter," said Callahan, without removing his cigar.

They shook hands, and the president threw open the door and motioned them in. When they had entered, he closed the door again and locked it. Then he turned, asked them to be seated, and stood looking down at them with cold, hard eyes.

Callahan deliberately removed his hat and laid it on the wash-stand

beside him. His next move was to look about for an ash-tray. The rooms in the Packer House are not over-furnished, and the most promising receptacle appeared to be the soap-dish; so, emptying the soap into the wash-bowl, he drew the dish towards him. Finally, when his moderate comfort was assured, he turned a childlike countenance to the waiting president.

Everhardt had taken a chair by the window and tipped back against the sill, with his knees spread apart and his hat, which he was nervously fingering, between them. He was perhaps finding it difficult to resist the president's tacit demand that his callers begin the talk, but he had his orders and he kept silent.

"Well, gentlemen," said Carpenter, at length, "what are your terms?" As he spoke, he was looking at Everhardt, and considering his relation to the transaction. The charter in question was that of the Society for Establishing Trade, and this young man's father was the president, or in the ancient term, the governor of the society. Carpenter had supposed that Callahan held undisputed control, but apparently the nominal directorate of the society had to be considered.

Hearing no answer, he repeated his question: "What are your terms, gentlemen?"

Callahan nodded good humoredly. "We'll do the fair thing," he replied.

"What do you consider the fair thing?" asked Carpenter sharply.

Callahan answered, in an easy voice: "Two hundred and fifty thousand for the city and two hundred and fifty thousand for us."

"Two hundred and fifty thousand what?"

"Dollars."

"Too much."

There was a silence. Everhardt's fingers played more rapidly on his hat-band. The boss waited.

"Name a fair figure, Callahan," said the president,— "either that, or we can't trade."

"Suppose you name your figure," said Callahan.

Carpenter was still standing. He looked again, with knit brows, from the one man to the other. "You understand, don't you," said he, "that you are to give us absolute ownership of the charter?"

Callahan nodded.

"Very well, then. Our attorneys will be here in the morning to wind up the city's share of it. They will want to see you gentlemen. What time will be convenient?"

"Ten," said Callahan.

"At your office?"

"Yes."

Carpenter took a step towards the closet door, but then, with a snap of the fingers he wheeled back. "Another matter," he said. "Of course nothing must slip out about this transaction."

"Not a word," Callahan replied.

"How many of you know about it now?"

Callahan nodded towards young Everhardt. "Him and me."

Carpenter's eyes grew scornful. So Callahan was selling out his friends, after all. He wondered a little, as he looked down into the round face, just what tactics Callahan meant to employ in pulling the wool over the eyes of the local aldermen, how much he meant to give them. But that was Callahan's business, not his.

With another snap of his fingers, Carpenter turned again to the closet, unlocked the door, and brought out a hand-bag which he set on the table. "I'll turn this over to you, gentlemen," he said.

Everhardt, with a nervous glance at the window, as if he thought to find some one peering in, jerked his chair forward. Callahan rose more deliberately and joined him.

"How much?" asked the boss.

"One hundred thousand. Open it."

"No," said Callahan, "That won't be necessary. To-morrow at ten. Good-night."

"Good-night."

They went out.

Carpenter stood at the window and looked down at the street. In a moment he saw two figures—a tall, thin man, and a fat one carrying a hand-bag—across to the farther side and disappear in the shadows beyond the circle thrown by a buzzing arc-lamp. He continued to stand there after they had gone. He was thinking about the trains. He could hardly catch the nine-forty back to Oldham without a greater scramble than he cared to undertake. The next train did not leave until eleven-fifty and would not get him home until the early morning hours. The sensible thing seemed to be to sleep here at the hotel and go directly down to New York in the morning. He left the room and strolled down-stairs with the notion of calling up Louise and telling her that he should not get home until the following night; but, recalling, before he reached the telephone booth, that she had spoken of being out this evening, he passed on to the veranda and resumed his arm-chair by the railing and found himself again looking across at the college. The campus had quieted down; most of the lights were out; but the vibration from the deeper organ-pipes were still on the air, with now and then a recognizable strain from some oratorio or other.

His thoughts drifted back to his classmate. He had been in the

habit of looking on Scott as rather a failure; but he was broad enough to recognize now that something was wrong with his estimate. Men who have missed it do not wear the expression of culture and genial good-citizenship which Scott carried off so naturally. "How," he wondered, "does the man do it on three thousand a year?"

III.

THE vigorous way in which Truman worked up the owners' meeting, and his quiet irresistible enthusiasm about it, surprised Alden. "I shouldn't wonder," he said to Esther,—after the State's Attorney had taken up a long evening with his lists of names and values and with the reports of Hawtrey, his lieutenant in the business,—“I shouldn't wonder if we misjudged him at first. When you come to think of it, you couldn't expect him to commit himself at once.”

"No," said Esther, not wholly convinced, "Perhaps you couldn't."

"It was too important for that. The fact that he has thrown himself into it so whole-hearted shows that there is something left of the old Truman. Of course, he may think he sees something in it for himself. But what if he does? The main thing is that he believes in the meeting and the Hamilton Canal Association, and he believes that through it we can get those men their money. He's rushing it, too. The meeting is called for Friday night. That's August third. Everything is to be done through Judge Henry, of Warwood, and Truman's man Hawtrey. Truman himself will keep out of sight and push the buttons. We mean to elect Judge Henry president, and a man named Ames, a banker, secretary and treasurer. It's a strong ticket. He said to-night that the M. & R. R. Railroad is going to find itself in the stiffest fight of its history."

"He does seem to do things thoroughly," said Esther.

"He said to-night, just before he went away," Alden continued, "that it isn't always a bad thing to put all your eggs in one basket. 'All our hopes are staked on the meeting,' he said, 'but that may be a good thing after all. It simplifies the work for us. We know now just what we have got to do, and that is to make the new association a strong working body.' That's the way he put it; but to my notion our strong point is that Ellery Truman is with the thing and heartily believes in it."

They had come in from the porch, where they had remained for a few moments after bidding Truman good-night, and now they were standing in the hall.

"I—I meant to tell you," said Esther, "that Mrs. Carpenter called to-day."

"Did she?" Alden replied. He was absorbed in locking the outer door.

They were silent for a moment. Then Esther said, in an odd voice, "I don't know—quite—whether I like her or not."

The following telegraphic messages were all sent within the next two days:

"Michael J. MacPhail, Cashier of the Middleburg First National Bank, to P. H. Callahan, Colonial Building, River Rapids:

"Secret meeting of canal land-owners, called here August third, to oppose M. & R. R. Railroad. Are you wise?

M. J. MacP."

"P. H. Callahan to M. J. MacPhail:

"Who is behind meeting?

P. H. C."

M. J. MacPhail to P. H. Callahan:

"Meeting called by Judge Henry, of Warwood. Talk of strong parties behind him and of surprise to be sprung. I am running it down.

M. J. MacP."

"P. H. Callahan to John H. Carpenter:

"Secret meeting, August third, canal land-owners. Can they interfere with you? I advise quick acting, and if you wish will try to delay them until you can get your men on the ground. How soon can you lay tracks?

P. H. C."

"John H. Carpenter to Wm. Spader, Chief Engineer M. & R. R. Ry., Middleburg:

"On what day can you have full working force, with all materials, ready throughout entire length of Hamilton branch. Name earliest possible date. Expense not considered.

CARPENTER."

"Wm. Spader to John H. Carpenter:

"All materials promised by August twelfth. Will have entire outfit on ground by August fifteenth, outside date.

SPADER."

"P. H. Callahan to M. J. MacPhail:

"Take charge of boys at meeting. Important that they elect you treasurer. See that all action is put off until September first. Letter follows giving details. Get in touch with the boys at once.

P. H. C."

"P. H. Callahan to Leopold Kurowski, of Middleburg, Gustav Schrag, of Oak Hill, Peter Muldoon, of Oldham, Dennis Maher, of Redfield, and others:

"Attend canal land-owners' meeting August third. Report at once to M. J. MacP. If you are not in the deal buy up a small country claim immediately and get in. M. J. MacP. to be elected treasurer. Letter follows with full instructions.

P. H. C."

On the day of the meeting Alden and Hawtrey lunched together in a Middleburg restaurant. They had just found out, what Hawtrey should have found out earlier, that all was not going well.

"Who has done it?" asked Alden.

Hawtrey shrugged his shoulders.

"Who is this MacPhail?"

"Local boss of Middleburg. He handles the funds of the State machine."

"And he has worked this up himself?"

"Hardly."

"Who is behind him?"

Hawtrey lowered his voice. "A fat man—lives in River Rapids."

"Oh, Callahan?"

"He's the man. Don't you see the shrewdness of it?"

"Well, I know nothing about this MacPhail."

"It's this way." Hawtrey leaned forward, his elbows resting on the table, his right forefinger laid in his left palm. "Our fat friend sized us up exactly, as we should have foreseen. He knew that nothing can keep Judge Henry out of the presidency. So, what does he do? He sends out orders to work up a Henry and MacPhail ticket instead of a Henry and Ames ticket. Neat, isn't it! I'll warrant not one of these farmers could say just when the notion of voting for Mac along with the Judge got fixed in his head, but fixed it is. And we can never beat Mac with Ames."

"But why does Callahan mix in this? Why doesn't the M. & R. fight its own battles?"

Hawtrey thought for a moment. "I could only guess. And I might guess wrong."

"What do you propose to do?"

"I can't say off-hand. I should have to think it over. The situation is a little awkward."

To Alden it seemed very awkward indeed. And as the hours flew by, and the farmers and lock-tenders and small and large city owners came into the hall and took their seats, and Judge Henry called the meeting to order in a dignified little speech, he grew out-and-out disturbed. Hawtrey was uncommunicative, but whether from decision or indecision Alden could not determine. The tall, handsome MacPhail, and the stout, inscrutable Peter Muldoon, and the dozen other machine workers, seemed to be leaders of the majority. And the feeling, which Truman had for a time succeeded in removing, that he and his cause were being played for pieces in some big game, again took possession of Alden.

To his surprise, Hawtrey, with perfect unconcern, permitted the

machine men to conduct the meeting. Alden watched him, convinced that Hawtrey knew what he was about, and wondering what it was that he meant to do. Alden himself was cool enough. This sort of thing was out of his line, but he was too fond of a good fight in his own work to overlook the pretty character of the situation.

A simple constitution for the association was read and adopted and Judge Henry announced that nominations were in order. Alden glanced at Hawtrey. He wondered if it would do to allow the opposition to nominate the judge. And then he was given a surprise. One of Hawtrey's men, Hill, of Oldham, got the floor, and without the slightest attempt at a speech, nominated Ames for president and Judge Henry for treasurer.

For a moment the full meaning of this change of front did not sink into the minds of the astonished machine workers. They looked at one another, and then they looked at MacPhail.

Alden almost chuckled. Hawtrey, it seemed, knew his business. What, he wondered, would MacPhail do. But then it began to appear that the Middleburg boss also knew his business. Before the bewildered Schrag, of Oak Hill, impressed with the policy that his chief must not be put up against the judge, could get to his feet to propose MacPhail for president instead of treasurer, the boss himself had the floor. With his general bearing and his blue Irish eyes, he was an attractive figure, and Alden could see how, among the simpler voters and in matters considerably more important than the present skirmish, he might be quite irresistible. His pleasant, rather high voice, was trained by years of speaking, his gestures were not wanting in a sort of grace. He had not spoken many words before Alden began to think that of the two leaders Hawtrey was not a match for the man from Middleburg.

MacPhail, to the astonishment of his followers, seconded the nomination, and recommended that the election be made unanimous. This was done. The fighting, it appeared, was to be conducted along unforeseen lines. When the confusion attendant upon the installation of the new officers should die down, it was to be a question of getting the floor. And MacPhail got it.

"Mr. President, and gentlemen," he began. He knew the value of a parliamentary manner. "The reason for this meeting is known to us all. It is a very good reason or we, hard-working men, all of us, would not be here. We know, for this fight has been going on since some of us were children, how hard the Middleburg and River Rapids Railroad has tried to rob us of our land. We know that until this year, thanks to the sturdy opposition of Judge Henry, of Warwood, the robbery has been prevented. We know that this year

the railroad is making a desperate effort to beat us. The time for our final stand has come. When the legislature convenes in the fall, we must have men and money there with instructions to fight. But we must not be contented to wait in idleness. The Railroad is doing its work now. We must do our work now. I move you, therefore, that the president be empowered to appoint a committee which will work out a plan of campaign in detail, and will report to us in this hall not later than September fifteenth."

"Clever," thought Alden, "very, very clever. But why is he talking on our side? What is he driving at?"

Meantime Hill and Hawtrey were exchanging glances. Then Hill rose. "Mr. MacPhail has spoken vigorously and to the point," he said. "I think everybody here will agree in the main with what he says. But I suggest that we set our date rather earlier than the middle of September. I should like to know what Mr. MacPhail thinks about this."

"By all means," cried MacPhail, heartily. "It seems to me that, so long as we allow the committee time enough to do its work thoroughly, we can't be too quick about it. Suppose we say September first. That will give us several months before the question will come up in the legislature."

"September first is better," said Hill; and the motion was carried with this amendment.

There were a number of other matters to be disposed of, particularly that of getting up a set of resolutions for the intimidation of the younger and less resolute of the lawmakers; and it was late in the afternoon before the meeting adjourned.

"I suppose," said Alden then, "that we knocked them out, in a sense."

"In a sense," Hawtrey replied, doubtfully.

"But why—" Alden paused.

"I know what you mean," said Hawtrey. "You want to know what Mac's object was in taking the count so graciously."

"Exactly. What is he up to?"

"I wish I knew. Apparently we are all right. But I should like to feel a little surer of it." He hesitated, then added, "I don't know of anything they can do before the legislature meets."

But neither felt right about the situation; and that very evening, as soon as he could get back to Oldham, Alden went to Truman's house and reported.

"Fine!" said Truman at once. "Fine!"

"You feel, then, Truman, that we are beating them?"

"In a sense."

"That is the expression Hawtrej used. He didn't seem to understand their game, but I'm beginning to think that you do."

"Yes," said Truman, with a shrewd smile, "I think I do. You see, the constitution which was passed at the meeting authorizes the treasurer to levy assessments at once."

"Does it?—I didn't notice particularly."

"Yes. And that is all we could possibly expect from this association."

"All we could expect?—Funds, you mean?"

"That's it."

"Then the plans for the meeting—stirring up public opinion—frightening the legislature—"

Truman smiled. "You didn't swallow that?"

"I'm afraid I did."

"You see, Alden, there are some expenses connected with a fight of this sort. And there was at first a little question as to who should foot the bills."

"And that's all the association is for?"

"That's all.—Why, man, the railroad expects to begin grading within a couple of weeks."

"Not without a franchise?"

"Hardly."

"Where did they get it?"

"That's what we've got to find out,—within twenty-four hours, if possible."

"You really don't know now?"

Truman saw that Alden's spirit was rising, but he answered heartily: "I haven't a glimmer. But it won't help us to 'pursue them with forks and hope' or to 'threaten their life with a railway share.' They have the advantage in that game. No. It is up to us to . . .

. . . contrive an ingenious plan
For making a separate sally."

Alden got up. "Your allusion is a bit unfortunate, Truman," he said, shortly. "Good-night."

When Alden had gone, and the State's Attorney stood alone in his study, the smile he had worn began to fade. He was wondering just what—His eye sought the rows of books against the wall, and passing rapidly over the stately files in sheepskin they rested finally on a group of less formidable volumes. He took down a dainty book in

white vellum, with a name dear to childhood on its back, and turned the leaves until he came upon these lines:

“They hunted till darkness came on, but they found
Not a button, or feather, or mark—

In the midst of the word he was trying to say,
In the midst of his laughter and glee,
He had softly and suddenly vanished away—”

On the following Sunday morning Alden walked down to the post-office for his letters, and found one from the railroad company enclosing a check in payment of his salary, for the month to come. He walked out to the street and along the sidewalk, turning the yellow slip over and over in his hand, while an angry flush spread slowly over his face.

Esther read his expression at the first glance when he entered the house, but said nothing. And when he handed her the letter and the check she merely looked them over and gave them back, glancing up at him as she did so.

“Are you going over there?” she asked, a little later.

“Yes.”

“You had better wait until after dinner. He always goes to church, you know.”

After dinner, accordingly, Alden walked over to the Carpenters'. He was told that Mr. Carpenter was out, but would be in very shortly, and was shown up into the library. And there, after a few moments, he was joined by Louise.

“I wonder,” she said, after the first greetings, “If you—” then she caught his expression, and hesitated. “What is it?” she asked. “Have you heard about—”

All in a heat, he interrupted her. “I demanded of Mr. Carpenter that he accept my resignation, and his reply is to send me this check.” He drew it from the envelope, laid it on the table, and placed a paper-weight on it.

She raised her eyebrows. “He shouldn't have done that.” And she added, with a half smile, “But you know, I told you that he would never let you go.”

“Well,” said he, “I have gone.”

They were silent for a moment. Then she abruptly changed the subject. “Tell me,” she said, “do you know anything about the River Rapids charter?”

“Why—yes, in a general way.”

“Do you know what has been done with it?”

"I don't believe I do."

"Tell me, first, just what it is. I want to understand."

"I suppose you mean what is called the Society for Establishing Trade."

"I suppose I do."

"Why, it is simply—" He stopped short, and looked at her. "And I never thought of it!"

"But now you are puzzling me."

"Oh—I beg pardon. It is a society founded by Alexander Hamilton, away back, just after the Revolution. We had almost no trade at all in those days, and so a few broad charters were granted as an inducement to enterprise, broader than any that have been granted since. This charter gives its owners the right to carry on every sort of manufacture and transportation including the power of eminent domain." He smiled a little at her puzzled expression, and added, "Just what eminent domain is doesn't matter. But with this charter a company could do anything it liked. For fifty years the town of River Rapids was governed under it,—until the town grew up into a city, and got a municipal charter of its own, and bought over the old company. Since then the society has been run in a small way, by what they call a 'governor,' under the general direction of a committee of aldermen. Do I make it plain?"

She nodded.

"Well, then, you see,—Oh dear, dear! And to think that—I—of course Truman knows about it or suspects it. That is what he meant—"

"And really hadn't you thought of the possibility?"

"Not once. I hadn't a glimmer. The society is a sort of historical curiosity. The citizens of River Rapids would never dream of selling it—of all things to a corporation that already just about owns the State. It is a part of their history—they—don't you see?"

She nodded again.

"What I should have thought of is that Callahan might have the impudence to sell it without consulting the citizens. But Callahan would never do that without—" He paused, and looked at Louise with a momentary hesitation, then came out with it—"without a big bribe."

Her voice was low, but she answered steadily. "Yes, he had to be bribed," she said.

"But—"

She went on, in the same low voice: "I know that a hand-bag packed with bills went down to River Rapids."

"When was that?"

"A little over a week ago."

A bell rang. Both started, and after a moment Louise arose and stepped to the door and stood waiting there. Excited as he was over this new turn in the fight, Alden was all unconscious of the admiration in his eyes as they followed her. Her gown was so simple that he gave it no thought; it was her supple carriage and the way her head was poised that attracted him.

"Do they want Mr. Carpenter?" she asked the maid, very quietly.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Tell them that he has gone to River Rapids and will not be back before to-night."

When she turned and saw that he was looking at her, the faintest touch of color fluttered under the surface of her skin. She came slowly across the room and resumed her chair, opposite his. He thought that she intended saying something, but instead she glanced at the table and absently straightened a pile of magazines.

"That is just what I have done," said he, thinking aloud—"I have thrown myself under the cars."

"Will it help you," she asked, without looking up, "now that you know?"

He shook his head. "Oh, no. They can laugh at me now, all they like. It was a queer thing for me to try to do, anyway. They have probably been laughing for some time."

"No," she said, "I don't think they have felt like laughing. It seems to me that you have driven them into changing their plans."

"Well, perhaps. But it looks like a pretty effective change."

"I should think,"—she spoke with some hesitation,— "that now—that what they have done—knowing about it, as you do, would give you—well, a better hold on the situation."

"How do you mean?"

A curiously sober smile flitted across her face.

"Oh," said he, "if they were given to understand that we know about the bribing, they might be willing to make terms?"

She had taken one of the magazines into her lap, and was turning the advertising pages.

"You have put a weapon into my hands—"

She nodded.

"—Which I can't use."

"Why not?"

"Of course, a skilful man like Truman could probably run the thing down, and make out a case,—” He paused.

"I shall never,—” said she softly,—“I shall never ask you whom you have told.”

"But to accomplish anything we should have to threaten them—the railroad."

"Yes—?"

"Suppose they should refuse to back down. They might; they are hard-headed men. Then we should have to make good. If we should succeed, it would mean—well, it would mean the penitentiary."

The color left her face. "I never thought of that," she said.

"And so, you see, I couldn't do it."

"You are thinking of me."

"Well—yes."

She looked up, and their eyes met. Then the color returned to her face. Her expression changed; she was almost smiling; a look of daring came into her eyes.

"Well," said she, "I shall never ask you—what you have done."

"But—but that—you wouldn't have me—"

"Perhaps—you had better not ask me."

He leaned forward. "Why did you tell me?"

She lowered her eyes. "Perhaps—you had better not ask me that either."

He looked at her. He was sure of nothing, of himself least of all. She looked up again, with the same daring in her eyes. A part of him was aroused which had not been aroused for years excepting as it had gone into his active, out-of-door work. The moments were slipping by; and she was looking at him. He saw, clearly, that she had, as she said, placed the control of the situation in his hands. But what a choice it left him! His only hope of victory lay in taking the final plunges into the atmosphere which he thought he despised: threats; a sublime sort of blackmail; fighting, fighting, fighting; with the web of trickery weaving around him and the political spiders playing with him; and something else—something which he—

He looked again at Louise. The fire in her eyes was triumphing in a conflict of emotions which had shaken her. He could see that. He knew that this real Louise Carpenter before him was a woman unknown, perhaps, to every one but himself. There was triumph in the thought.

Her eyelids seemed to tremble a little. "It is strange," she said—and he remembered afterwards that she looked as if she did not know what she was saying, and did not care—"Things are strange."

He was conscious of a wrench. Then he was on his feet, and saying, in a voice which seemed to come from another quarter of the room:

"No, I couldn't do it. If he has taken to bribery, why, I can't follow him. I guess we shall have to let him win. Thank you.—"

Good-bye." He knew that he had her hand, and that she was looking up at him without a word. "Good-bye," he repeated.

He got to the door; then hesitated, and said stupidly, "Will you explain—about the check?"

She had not risen; she made no reply. And so he let himself out of the house.

It was an hour later that Esther, swinging lazily in her hammock, caught sight of him rounding the lilac-bushes on the corner. He was walking briskly, with his head thrown back. She saw him look up among the branches of the elm-trees, as if there were something there which interested him. Then he caught sight of her, and waved his hand.

"The M. & R. R.," thought Truman, "is a great road." He was riding on the four-fifty-two express, which makes the run from New York to River Rapids without a stop; and he was gazing out of the window at the rock-ballasted freight track, which was flowing by in a continuous blur of granite and two continuous gleams of steel. "It's a great road," thought he. "And John Carpenter is a good deal of a man. But he does not own all New England. I'm not even sure that he will own this State much longer."

It was not half an hour since Truman had been momentarily annoyed by a paragraph in a New York afternoon paper.

"The Oak Hill *Inquirer* (Ind.)," so ran the paragraph, "suggests pertinently that the independent voters of that State turn to that brilliant young man, Ellery Truman, for their next Governor. The better element throughout New England remembers Truman's strong attitude in the Brewer business, and his brilliant reform speech at River Rapids last year. The item is interesting, as an indication of a change in popular feeling."

But, as the train sped comfortably on between the boulder-strewn meadows and past the vine-clad stations, set each in a bower of foliage and flowers, and through the brisk manufacturing towns and across the many tidal inlets, his annoyance passed away. "After all," thought he, "it may not be premature."

By the time River Rapids was reached the State's Attorney found himself in a really cheerful frame of mind. Apart from tactical considerations, the compliment was personally agreeable. Then, too, the work which he had in hand for the evening opened up so many new lines of thought that he let the paper lie half-read on his lap and turned his thoughts adrift. "The trouble with Sam Callahan," he was thinking, "is that he doesn't understand the American tempera-

ment. The boss who can't see that there is a strain of perfectly unconscious hypocrisy in all of us, that the man who bribes him and the man who abuses him for a rascal are walking the streets under the same hat, can hold his power only about so long. If he can't appeal to our good side as well as our bad, his days are numbered. It's the boss who really believes he has a right to steal, who can stand up on Sunday morning and sing 'Like a mighty army moves the church of God' as triumphantly as the best of us—he's the man that dies rich and gets put on the stained-glass windows."

Waiting on the drive-way behind the station was a line of runabouts and automobiles and traps and station-wagons; and in nearly every vehicle sat a young woman, hatless and dressed in light colors. Children clambered out, and ran to meet the men who were alighting from the train. It was a bright scene, and it gave out the note of American health and freedom and sanity. Truman paused a moment to take it in, familiar though it was to him, and a cynical smile flickered across his face. "So these," he was thinking, "are the people who are paying tribute to Sam Callahan." And then, with a nod here, and a cordial word and a grip of the hand there, and an almost continuous succession of bowings to the fine, clear-eyed young women, he left the station. The Trumans had closed their home when they went to Oldham for the summer, so he walked directly up Campus Street to the Packer House.

"Good evening, Mr. Truman," said the clerk, as the State's Attorney set down his bag and pulled the register around.

"Hello, Tom." He was glancing over the pages of recent signatures. "Were you on duty when Mr. Carpenter was here, the other day?"

The clerk nodded.

"Did Callahan see him all right?"

"Yes, Callahan and Charlie Everhardt. They say old Mr. Everhardt's pretty sick."

"He's getting better," said Truman.

"Let's see,—he went to Florida, didn't he?"

"California," said Truman.

Twilight had not yet set in, and through the broad windows the State's Attorney could see the street, and the college buildings beyond. A red polo-cart came by, drawn by a tandem team and driven by a slim young man with red hair.

"There's Charlie now," said the clerk. "He's just come into a lot of money in his own right,—an uncle out west, they tell me. He's been laying it on pretty thick for a week or so."

Truman stood looking out for a moment after the red polo-cart

had disappeared around the corner. Then he walked into the dining-room and took plenty of time to study the bill of fare. After dinner he strolled out to the veranda and chatted with an acquaintance. He was perfectly sure of the situation, perfectly sure of himself; and, though he was not the man to give way easily to the elation which power brings, still he felt that it would have been absurd not to recognize that he had the business pretty well in hand.

At half-past seven he shut himself into a telephone booth and called up young Everhardt, at the family homestead in Plymouth Street.

"Good evening, Charlie," he said. "This is Ellery Truman."

"Oh—how are you, Mr. Truman? Father isn't back yet. We don't hardly expect him before next week."

"They tell me that California agrees with him first-rate."

"Yes,—oh, yes."

"I've only just heard of your Uncle George's death."

"Uncle George? Is he dead?"

"Why—isn't he?"

"Not that I know of."

"Oh, it was gossip then, pure and simple. I was told that you had been left a fortune by a western uncle, and I knew that George Everhardt was the only one of the three who went west, so I jumped at conclusions. I was thinking of offering my congratulations."

"That's only—why—Uncle George is still out in Pittsburg."

"You don't mean to say that Fred—"

"Uncle Fred? Oh, no. He and Aunt Harriet are over in England this summer, rubbering around the cathedrals." Everhardt laughed a little. "You see,—it wasn't an uncle on my father's side."

"Not your mother's brother! Charlie Baird and I were classmates here eighteen years ago. I'm mighty sorry if—"

"No—you see—he was a grand-uncle—"

"Old John Baird, of Haringford? Well, he must have been close to eighty."

There was a long silence at the other end of the wire; then this:

"Hello! Hello, there!"

"Yes?" said Truman.

"Can you hear me? There's a bad connection—can you hear me?"

"Perfectly," said Truman.

"That's queer. I can't get you at all."

"Then I'll speak as distinctly as I can. Suppose we get together for half an hour this evening. I want to know about this grand-uncle of yours, and I fancy you'd hardly like to give me the details over the wire. We'll meet wherever you say, but you'd better make it

some out-of-the-way place, where we shan't be observed. If it were to be at the hotel here, or at your house, there might be talk."

"Excuse me, Mr. Truman. Sorry, but I've got a date for this evening."

"The fact of the business is, Charlie," said Truman coldly, "that I know all about it. Don't think for a moment that you can dodge what is coming to you. Don't communicate with Sam Callahan, for he is going to get smashed. If you do exactly what I tell you, it is just possible that I can get you off. Now tell me where I shall find you in half an hour,—at eight, sharp."

There was another long silence at Everhardt's end of the line. At last he said, "Look here! What are you trying to say to me?"

Truman's voice had been growing harder; now his reply came out sharply:

"You have got yourself into such a mess, Charlie, that no power on earth can keep you out of the penitentiary if I choose to send you there. I am trying to help you, and you reply like a fool, or a child. I'm giving it you straight, and I'm doing it over the telephone. If you would like me to make it stronger and state the fact, just say so, and I'll do it, and anybody can hear that wants to."

"No, no," cried Everhardt, "that's all right—that's all right! Come out to the office. Nobody will see us there."

"All right—the office of the society—at eight, sharp. That's in twenty minutes.—Hold on, there!—Wait, Central!—I think I may as well tell you, Charlie, that I have taken all necessary measures to stop you in case you should try to slip out of town by motor, or anything of that sort. Don't try it. Keep your head, and I'll do what I can for you. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Everhardt.

The State's Attorney passed out through the office, chatted for a moment with the men who were sitting on the veranda and then caught a Campus Street car.

The work of the Society for Establishing Trade, during the past fifty years, had been mainly a little matter of book-keeping. Once upon a time the power for all the local factories was supplied through a short canal which was connected with the river a mile above the rapids and which had its outlet in the same stream something like three miles below. When the society was finally swallowed up by the city which had grown up under its hand, all its activities were discontinued excepting the one of supplying water-power to the established interests along the canal and incidentally of continuing in existence the famous old charter. Far back—in the days of the sober merchants in white stocks, whose stiff portraits look down unmoved on to-day's

scramble—some famous commercial battles were fought for the control of the society. For those merchants were as stiff of backbone as of countenance, and while their looms were weaving the garments of New England and New York, their ships were plying the middle Atlantic laden with black African souls. Sober they may have been, but they were great fighters, great haters. One of them stares down to-day, from a stained-glass window, on the pulpit of a wonderful old abolitionist orator; and the window was erected by a trio of loving daughters, with slaver's gold. At the time of this narrative the society was a memory,—a crumbling heap of bricks here, a dusty old frame factory there, and a muddy ditch in which endless broods of River Rapids boys have hunted snapping turtles and fished for suckers and bull-heads. The later office, where the governor and his son and an aged book-keeper conducted the business of the society, was a two-room structure of brick veneer, erected, back in the 'eighties, when the last of the frame buildings was finally condemned.

Truman had to walk a little way down a muddy road and cross a bridge over the canal. Before the office stood an electric runabout, the lights of which threw a shine on the oily water, and rounded memories which brought an odd expression to the face of the State's Attorney. Many a time he had "gone swimming" in that ditch.

Charlie Everhardt was walking back and forth between the office and the canal, smoking cigarettes. "Hello," he said, when Truman came over the bridge.

"Here we are," said Truman. "On time, I see."

They entered the office, and Everhardt lighted the gas. "Have a cigarette?" he said then.

"No, thanks." Truman seated himself in the swivel chair. "I'm sorry you got into this business, Charlie," said he.

"Well—what do you want me to do?"

"Here's the situation: John H. Carpenter came down here about ten days ago, you and Sam Callahan met him, in the evening, at the Packer House. You sold him the charter of the society. The next day the railroad attorneys were down and closed the deal with the Council Committee. But Carpenter had to bribe you two first. He brought the bribe money down himself, and gave it to you that night."

Charlie Everhardt had a college trick of drawing a lighted cigarette wholly into his mouth, closing his lips on it, apparently swallowing it. and then puffing out a cloud of smoke. He did this now.

"And now I'll tell you what I want of you," Truman went on. "Sam Callahan had to let you in on this simply because he couldn't possibly sell the society without your immediate knowledge. It is you people who conduct the business and have all the books and

papers. Your father was in California. And Sam was glad enough to have it this way, because he would have had trouble with your father. As it was, he figured on keeping it from him until the deal was a *fait accompli*—ah—an established fact.”

He paused a moment to consider his words, then continued:

“I’ve got you already on the Black Maria—you and Sam Callahan. But if you will turn State’s evidence and tell me all you know, I will let you off and go after the men, who, along with Sam, are more important. If you won’t do this, I shall have to turn you over to the law.”

A wave of relief passed over Everhardt’s face. “Is that—is that all you want of me?” he said.

“That’s the whole case.”

Everhardt looked at him, then suddenly began to talk. He talked so fast, and he tried to tell so many things at once, that Truman had to check the torrent and guide him through his excitement by means of skilful questioning. When at last the sordid tale was told and noted down, the State’s Attorney looked at his watch.

“Now,” he said briskly, “I want you to call up Sam Callahan.”

Everhardt obeyed.

“Say this:”—Truman leaned forward in his chair and dictated rapidly—“Mr. Ellery Truman is here with me at the office. He knows all about the charter, and he suggests that you come out here at once and see him.”

“Is—is that all?” asked Everhardt.

“That’s all. What does he say?”

“He says, ‘Alright.’”

Truman’s eyes were very bright, and for an instant the corner of his mouth twitched slightly. He had waited too many years; he might be permitted a half-smile in his great moment. It would not be necessary to spell things out to Callahan as to this red-headed youngster. Callahan would understand.

“Is there a spring lock on the door here?” he asked, looking up with a quick, nervous gesture.

Everhardt nodded.

“Then you’d better go. I’ll shut up when I get through. Tell the night watchman that it’s all right, will you?”

The young man nodded again and walked towards the door, but hesitated half-way.

“Well, what is it?” said Truman, sharply.

“It’s—I had a date down at New York to-morrow. Would you—can I go?”

Truman gave him a look that drove the color from his face, as he said, “How long do you want to stay there?”

"Oh, not at all—back in the evening—"

"See that you keep your word, then. I will fix it so that you can get out of town after nine in the morning. I shouldn't advise you to try it sooner. Now go home, and keep away from Sam Callahan."

Everhardt went out, leaving the door ajar. A moment later the State's Attorney heard him get into the electric runabout and speed away over the bridge.

A quarter of an hour later Truman heard a heavy step and looked up from his notes. In the door-way he saw the portly figure of the State boss, crowned with the inevitable soft straw hat and emitting smoke from the inevitable cigar.

"Hello, Sam," said Truman cordially.

"How are you, Ellery?"

"Sorry to put you to this trouble, but I leave town early tomorrow. I want to talk with you about the State ticket. How are you figuring?"

Callahan held up his cigar and gazed at it. "I'm not figuring," he replied.

"Come, come, Sam!" said Truman, with an incredulous smile.

The boss's cigar still seemed to interest him. "Speak up, Ellery," he finally said. "What is it to be—Governor?"

Truman nodded.

"What'll we do with Harkworth?"

"He won't do: he's Carpenter's man."

"Carpenter's got to go, eh?"

"Carpenter's got to go," said Truman. "And a few of the Council boys, I'm afraid."

"What would you say to Harkworth for the Senate?"

"Won't do."

Callahan meditated. After a moment he said, looking straight into the keen, nervous eyes of the State's Attorney, "And what do you plan to do with me? I'm Carpenter's man, too."

"You were," Truman replied. "Now I'm offering you a choice between him and me. You've got the best organization in New England—the best anywhere, except Tammany—and I'm no more eager to break it up than you are. You can stay, if you choose. Young Everhardt can stay, if he behaves himself. But Carpenter's got to go. As to going down with him—suit yourself."

"They've called me a good many names, one time and another," said Callahan, speaking slowly. "I've been a rum-seller, and I've been a politician, and I was always there for my pocket. Everybody knows that. I never for a minute pretended to be anything that I ain't. I've got money on my bank account now that some people

thinks ought to be on their bank account. But they say it was John H. Carpenter that made me what I am."

"As you like," said Truman coldly, with a slight, but expressive movement of his shoulders.

Callahan smiled cynically around his cigar. "Oh," he replied, "I ain't any 'boy stood on the burning deck.' If the ship's got to go down, I'll take to the boats with the next man."

There was a silence. Then both rose. Truman put on his hat and took up the satchel.

"I'm going to run down to Manhattan Beach a little later in the summer, Sam," said he. "Suppose we meet down there, and talk things over."

Callahan nodded, and they walked together to the car line.

Half an hour later Truman appeared in the Packer House bar-room. There was a snap in his eyes; his tread was light.

The bar-tender served him and turned away. It happened that there was no one else in the room. Truman raised the glass to the level of his eyes and looked at it with a suppressed smile.

"To the Governor!" he murmured, and drank it down.

IV.

THE next morning Truman returned to Oldham by an early train. He found Alden weeding his garden, and they sat on a bench under the tree for their talk.

"Well," said Alden, "What have you done?"

Truman leaned back and clasped one knee with both hands. He had not slept much during the past twelve hours. It does not come often to a man to hold the welfare of a sovereign State in his hand, and Truman had spent most of the night assuring himself that it really had come to him. And in the thrill of the bigger game he had, he now found, lost Alden's point of view. Readjustment was necessary; and he was silent for a moment, and he tried to subdue the triumphant fire that he knew was blazing in his eyes. He had prided himself on his adaptability and his self-control; he had not foreseen the physical and mental disorders which spring out of sudden power.

"We're off," Truman replied.

"How do you mean?"

"The new track will not be laid *this* year."

"Why shouldn't it be laid *this* year?"

The State's Attorney did not wholly conceal his surprise at this

question. "That makes me wonder just what *you* mean, Alden," said he.

Alden hesitated. It was perfectly clear to both that they were not pulling together. Alden, for the moment, could not place the difficulty; but Truman knew that it lay in the new manner which, somehow, he could not bring within the boundaries of his old self.

"Nobody objects to the track," said Alden, with a touch of impatience, "if the M. & R. R. will only pay for the land it's laid on."

"That is so, of course," replied Truman. "Suppose I lay out the situation, Alden. As it stands, there are three possible endings to it. The simple ending would be for Carpenter to buy the land and pay for it, like an honest man; but he won't do that. The second is for him to build the line under a new franchise—or an old one. The third is the downfall of Carpenter; for throughout this business he has been the man in the way. I know how you feel about personal attacks. I dislike them as much as you do. But in this case nothing but a down-right defeat will make the M. & R. R. men pay up. And so, since to make them pay up is what we are here for, I am at work to bring about ending number one by working through ending number two and ending number three. Is it clear?"

"No," said Alden, "it is not clear."

The State's Attorney smiled. "We haven't been strong enough for a frontal attack," said he, "so I adopted Japanese methods. Did you ever hear of the Society for Establishing Trade?"

"Yes."

"Do you know about its charter?"

Alden nodded.

"Twelve years ago Carpenter and old Adam Cheneau—who was then president of the M. & R. R.; Carpenter was vice-president—tried to buy it and got laughed at. It's absolutely the only such charter to be had—at least in this State. Since Sam Callahan came into control I've had half an eye on the business, though I never supposed that I was to be mixed up in it. When Carpenter got the presidency, one of his first moves was to approach Sam about the charter. But Sam knew its value, and stood him off. I was in the City Council myself at that time.—You see now, don't you, how easy it has been?"

"No," said Alden, with knit brows, "I don't."

Again the State's Attorney smiled. "It was only necessary to scare Carpenter away from the legislature—"

"Ah," cried Alden, "you set a trap, and baited it with this charter!"

"Precisely."

"And now what?"

"Carpenter is in the trap. I have caught him bribing the City Council of River Rapids."

"And what are you going to do to him, now you've caught him?"

Truman lowered one knee from his clasped hands and replaced it with the other. "Really," he said, speaking with great frankness, "I haven't a thing in the world against John Carpenter, personally. If he wants to take advantage of any small delay on my part in pushing the attack home, and slip off to England—Well, I can't be expected to see everything that goes on."

"But you consider it absolutely necessary to finish Carpenter, one way or another?"

"So far as his influence in this State is concerned, I do, absolutely."

"Well, I don't."

"But I'm afraid you're soft-hearted, Alden. This sort of thing is new to you."

"No," said Alden, "I don't think it is that."

"And then, of course," Truman continued, with an odd, quick glance at the young engineer, "one can't help thinking of his wife. It *will* be hard on her."

"No," said Alden soberly, "I don't think it is that, either. You see, Truman, I'm not sure you're right in taking it for granted that Carpenter won't pay."

"You aren't?" The State's Attorney was amused.

"No, I'm not. As I think it over—Yes, I see! I'm sure of it. He'll pay."

"This is interesting, Alden. How are you going to manage it?"

Alden replied with a question: "You say that Carpenter is actually caught."

"Unmistakably."

"Well, then,"—Alden paused, and ran his fingers through his hair,— "Yes, I've got it! It's the simplest thing,—You see all I need do is lay the situation before him. He's smart enough. He'll see at once that you have outwitted him. He don't want to go to prison, or to England; all he wants is to stay here and go on running the M. & R. R. Railroad. Now, suppose he returns the charter to Callahan, and suppose Callahan returns more or less of the bribe money, and suppose the road comes out flat with an offer to pay up for the canal land,—why, there you are! Don't you see? There's no question that it's the cheapest way out for Carpenter. There's no question that it's the cheapest way out for Callahan; for, though I suppose you would let

him off, it would only be on condition that he surrender himself and his machine to you. And if the land is actually paid for, there can't be the slightest objection to the legislature granting the new franchise. Don't you see? Your whole case falls to pieces at a touch. For, while there's no doubt that the M. & R. R. people have been bribing heavily both at the capital and at River Rapids, you could never interest a jury with the old charter back in the city vaults and the canal-owners all satisfied. The moral support, which is the real foundation of your case, will be taken away."

The State's Attorney was smiling again, but it was a different sort of a smile. "Why didn't you tell me sooner, Alden," said he, "that it is I whom you are fighting?"

"Because I never until this moment saw through your game."

"And now that you do see through my 'game,' as you call it, what is your next move?"

"I have told you already. I recognize that, if I am to save Carpenter from you, I must act pretty quick. To have any force, these acts of restitution must be done before the law begins to buzz. They must not have the appearance of an attempt to escape from justice."

"Though that is, of course, what they would amount to."

"Of course, really. But appearances can be saved, I think. And this saving appearances, is the whole thing in undermining your popular support. We want the crowd with us." He paused then added, "And we can get it."

"By your use of the pronoun 'we,'" said the State's Attorney dryly, "do you want me to understand that you are throwing yourself on the side of the law-breakers?"

"Yes—just that."

"And the inconsistency of it doesn't trouble you?"

"I never dreamed of being consistent."

There was a pause.

"I asked you a moment ago," said Truman, "just how you plan to go about it, and you evaded a reply."

"Did I? I didn't mean to. Here's what I'm going to do. Speed, as I think I said, is on my side."

"Oh, of course," said Truman, "I can hardly set my forces at work in an hour."

"Exactly. And I can. I'm going into the house now and call up Carpenter and arrange to see him just as soon as I can get down to New York."

"Ah! You *are* going at it!"

"And I suppose he will decide to stay down there until he can

put things through. For, of course, you will have men boarding trains at the State line to arrest him."

"Very possibly."

"And getting extradition papers from the Governor of New York will take some time."

"Of course."

"That's the whole case, you see, Truman. If we can put it through and publish the facts before your warrant is served, you are beaten, aren't you?"

"Well—it might seem so."

"Then excuse me, will you, if I step in and telephone. It's a bit inhospitable, but I think I'd better do it."

Truman bowed coldly and Alden hurried into the house.

A few moments passed. The State's Attorney got up and walked part way to the house. Then he hesitated. He had never before been in such uncertainty over his own movements. Finally he walked up to the steps and called in through the door:

"Good-bye, Alden. I must go along."

"Well, say,—Hold on there!" came Alden's voice, followed in a moment by Alden himself. "I haven't got them yet," he said. Central will call me. Don't go yet."

"Yes, I must. You see, I haven't the advantage of being near a telephone. Good-bye."

"Well—good-bye," said Alden.

He stood there on the top step, while the State's Attorney walked rapidly off under the double row of elms. Then the telephone bell rang and he went in again.

When Alden laid the situation before John Carpenter, and he put it briefly and well, the President's face was not the least interesting thing in the room. Carpenter had received the engineer without the slightest departure from his old manner; he sat in his mahogany chair, rested his eyes on Alden's face, and listened attentively. The news that he had been caught in crime by a man whose interests and whose temperament both would probably take the direction of merciless prosecution seemed to interest him much as the news would have interested him that a mass meeting of "commuters" had demanded a new time-table, or that the Arktown bridge had collapsed under the Mayflower limited, or that the yard-men had walked out after shunting all the perishable freight to the foot of the yard. At the conclusion his brows came together, and Alden saw that he was turning it over in his mind. Then, with the not unhumorous remark, "You will never forget those farmers, Alden," he pressed a button.

A stenographer came in.

"Take down this statement," said the President:

TO THE PRESS:

President Carpenter, when asked about the Hamilton Canal matter, said:

"The story that we have planned any such buccaneer exploit as stealing a new right of way across the State is absurd on the face of it. It stands to reason that we don't care to close up the land business until we are reasonably sure that the legislature will grant us the franchise. For the future, the only persons who are competent to say what this road means to do or does not mean to do are the directors of the road. But now that agitators have taken up the question, I will say that we shall ask the legislature, at the approaching session, to grant us a franchise, and that if we get this franchise we will buy every foot of the necessary right of way, either by direct purchase or through condemnation proceedings. In every case we shall proceed strictly according to law. Any one who will take the trouble to look back over the history of the Middleburg and River Rapids Railroad will see that the best interests of our line have pretty generally been those of the State and the majority of the people in it. We see no reason to-day for changing our historical policy. That land will be bought at regular market rates—just as soon as the people, through their legislature, will give us permission to go ahead."

"Get that up right away and let me have it," he said to the stenographer. And when she had done so he called in his secretary and handed him the paper. "Turn this over to the Associated Press at once, Mr. McCready," he said. "I want it to appear in every afternoon paper in New England."

The secretary turned to go.

"Wait," said Carpenter; and he looked steadily at the young man. "Does Ellery Truman, of River Rapids, know you?"

"Yes," replied the secretary, "he does."

"Then you won't do.—That's all."

The president mused for a moment. Then he said, "Let's see, Alden, this business of buying the land was all that bothered you, wasn't it?"

"That was all."

"How far did you get in your tramp along the canal?"

"Nearly to Benningsville."

"Then suppose you go on from Benningsville to-morrow morning."

"All right," said Alden cheerfully.

"I want you to look things over pretty sharply at Channing. There's a hill there with a double inclined plane. The surveyors say that a cut would cost too much, and they advise swinging out around

Poplar Hill and adding nearly two miles to the line. Let me know how it strikes you."

"All right," said Alden; and he rose to go.

"Hold on; one thing more. Could you run up to River Rapids for me—now? It looks as if you were peculiarly the man I need."

"Certainly."

Carpenter summoned his secretary again, and said, "Mr. McCready, get the document that you put in the vault for me last week." When the secretary had gone, he turned again to the engineer. "I think you will find this a congenial errand, Alden. I'm going to ask you to hand a certain document to Sam Callahan. I'll get him on the wire and tell him to be at his house when you get there. And you'd better meet me at the Packer House at nine o'clock and report."

"To-night?"

"Yes."

So John Carpenter was not to be frightened out of the State! But Alden asked no question, and when a certain document was placed in his hands he put it in his inside pocket and buttoned his coat over it.

Callahan was waiting at his house, as Carpenter had intimated, and two men from the City Hall were waiting with him. Callahan's broad countenance was as impassive as ever, but a keen observer might have thought that he betrayed some nervousness in the celerity with which he took the document from Alden and handed it to one of the two men, both of whom promptly left the house.

For twenty minutes after their departure the engineer and the practical politician sat in what Callahan termed his library and undertook to carry on a conversation. Callahan produced a box of cigars, and they smoked. The situation amused Alden, and in thinking about it he forgot to talk. Finally the telephone bell rang, and Callahan deliberately took down the receiver and held it to his ear. Alden could hear the rasping of a distant voice. Then Callahan hung up the receiver.

"You can tell him it's all right," he said, without bothering to turn around.

"Very well," said Alden. "Good-day."

"Good-day."

When he had shown Alden out, he returned to the telephone and called up the hotel.

"Hello, Truman!" he said, after a moment. "This is Callahan."

"Oh! How are you Callahan?"

"Say, Truman—Are you sure you got that business straight last night?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I'm not. I've been looking things up at the City Hall, and they tell me that the society charter is right there in the vaults and ain't been sold to anybody."

There was a silence.

"Well, hello!" said Callahan. "Hello!"

There was no reply. Callahan called up the central office. "Say, Central, what's the matter with two-two-two?"

"Two—two—two? I'll see," said Central; adding later, "they rang off."

"Well, say,—hold on! Give me two-two-two."

"All right. There they are."

"This the Packer House?"

"Yes. Who is it?"

"Mr. Callahan. I want Ellery Truman."

"Why, you just had him, Mr. Callahan. He has gone out now."

A broad smile spread over Callahan's face as he hung up the receiver for the last time. "That's no dream," he murmured. "He's gone out now—for good!"

At a few minutes before nine that evening Alden walked up Campus Street to the Packer House. He observed two figures sitting in the dusk at the farther end of the veranda, and then he heard his name called in the well-known voice of John H. Carpenter. The other man was Callahan, it seemed.

"Sit down, Alden," said the president. "Mr. Callahan has reported for you. Here's Harkworth now!"

Close on Alden's heels, mounting the steps and striding along the veranda, came the Governor of the State. When he passed the big window, the light from within fell brightly on him. Alden had not before seen the Governor at short range; he saw a smooth-shaven face, a wide mouth with thin, set lips and with the lines of a seasoned orator worn deeply about it, a wrinkled forehead, and conspicuous crow's feet and dark circles setting off a pair of weary, weary eyes.

"How are you, Harkworth?" said the president. "Mr. Harkworth—Mr. Alden. Come right up to my room, gentlemen."

They rose, the four of them, and entered the office, and stood chatting at the counter while the Governor registered.

Suddenly an odd silence fell upon the party. Alden looked about. Coming from the elevator, a bag in his hand, a light overcoat over his arm, was Ellery Truman. For a moment it looked as if the State's Attorney did not know what he was going to say or to do; then, flushing angrily over his own weakness, he recovered himself, bowed coolly, and passed on.

Harkworth bowed gravely. Carpenter said brusquely, "How are

you, Truman?" Callahan, who was lighting a cigar, paused and looked out over the light in his hollowed hands with a cold stare.

"Well, Mr. Carpenter," said Alden, a moment later,—the boss and Governor were moving towards the elevator,—“I'll say good-night.”

“Oh, going, Alden?”

“Yes.” Then something flashed into his mind, and he hesitated, “It has just struck me,” he said,—“maybe I miss the point, but—I believe Truman has made the mistake of his career.”

“He has,” said Carpenter.

“He certainly had the whole State in his hand there for a few hours,—”

“There's no doubt about that,” said Carpenter.

—and he let you bluff him down.”

“No,” said Carpenter, “it was you who bluffed him down, not I.”

“I?” Alden showed surprise; then the corner of his mouth twitched. “I never knew it,” he added. “But I see now. He should have paid no attention to what I was about; he should have gone right on.”

“He certainly should,” said Carpenter.

“What do you suppose was the matter with him—Ellery Truman, of all men?”

The president was looking at his engineer. “I can tell you what was the matter with him, Alden,” he said. “There's nothing so warps a man's political judgment as politics. Good night.”

“Good night.”

Carpenter joined Harkworth and Callahan at the elevator. Alden caught the nine-forty train home.

Alden, his tramping accomplished, with bronzed skin and an outdoor snap in his eyes, stepped out of the drug-store which faces the railway-station at Oldham. The shade-trees—they were soft maples—were turning red. The ancient elm on the corner displayed a touch of yellow. An afternoon train was just in from New York. Alden stepped over to buy a paper and met Louise Carpenter. The crowd had passed on; she was the last, coming alone down the steps.

She paused. They shook hands and tacitly stepped to one side.

“How is Mrs. Alden?” said she.

“A little better, I think,” said he.

They were silent then. Both looked up the track after the departing train.

“Do you think you have been quite fair with me?” she asked, in a low voice.

"Oh," said he, "it wasn't as you think. Truman found it out for himself. He meant to push it, too. So I broke with him. I went over to Mr. Carpenter's side then."

"I don't believe I understand it." She was still looking up the track, though the train had disappeared. "I thought you had taken your stand. And now you are back with the railroad." She paused. And then she said, "Are you coming to see me?"

He looked at her; and after a moment her head turned, as if she could not help it. His eyes had wrenched themselves suddenly free from his life-long control; they told him that she was a splendid woman. The existence of his habits and duties was slipping off into unreality. The railroad-station, the shops, the trees and hedges,—these were things of the fancy. Only the present was real. There was a sad, dreamy smile about her eyes which he had known throughout the ages. That was real. This part of him which had slumbered so long, what was it? It did not seem that it could be a bad part, for Nature had put it there, and she had given it, it began to seem, the strength to sweep away his self. A river will get to the sea. What are these forces? They are raging in the plain men and women of our acquaintances. They laugh at laws—even at customs—as a river will laugh at a fence.

He turned and looked at the elm-tree. As he looked, the tree took substance. It was the same with the street and the shops. When he fixed his mind on them, they seemed to become real again.

A horse pawed in the street. Alden gave a little start and glanced towards the sound. A carriage stood there; and on the panel were the initials J. H. C., in dull red. He saw her coachman sitting rigid, like a statue, gazing off over the trees.

The habits and duties held. They shook hands again. He opened the carriage-door and lifted his hat.

He found Esther in bed, propped with pillows so that she might read. The light of the late afternoon fell not unkindly across her fragile features. She was smiling.

"Sit down, Bradford," she said. Her voice was so much a part of her wistful, whimsical self that he had not realized its charm. "Sit here on the bed—and listen."

She took up a book which lay open beside her and read:

"Truly, said the Bishop, here was Sir Launcelot with me with more angels than ever I saw men in one day. And I saw the angels heave up Sir Launcelot into heaven, and the gates of heaven opened against him. It is but dretching of swevens, said Sir Bors, for I doubt not Sir Launcelot alleth nothing but good. It may well be, said the

Bishop; go ye to his bed, and then shall ye prove the sooth. So when Sir Bors and his fellows came to his bed they found him stark dead, and he lay as he had smiled, and the sweetest savour about him that ever they felt. Then was there weeping and wringing of hands, and the greatest dole they made that ever made men. And on the morn the Bishop did his mass of Requiem.'"

She lowered the book to her knees and looked up at her husband with shining eyes. "Poor, sinning Launcelot," she said, softly. "What a beautiful way to die!"

His own eyes were lighting up.

"No man who had not fought his wild beasts for a lifetime could smile at the end as Launcelot smiled. Don't you think so, Bradford?"

"That is so, of course," he replied, gravely and tenderly. "A man who has no wild beasts to fight—" He did not finish. He was looking at her, and smiling. Her charm was not of the body; it lifted him.



APRIL

BY ALICE E. ALLEN

I HEARD a laugh, so low, so light,
It seemed the winds were bringing
Sweet echoes from the flower-bells
Down in the meadow ringing.

At last, where willows gently droop,
I found a little maiden,
All dressed in robes of trailing green,
With vines and blossoms laden.

I rubbed my eyes and looked at her,
I thought I must be dreaming,
For while she laughed, down dimpled cheeks
Great glistening tears were streaming.

"You must not mind," said she to me—
Her voice my whole heart ruling—
"I cannot help my many moods,
I'm only April—fooling."

DÉGAS : THE ARTIST AND HIS WORK

By *Marie Van Vorst*



IN spite of the modernism of his work, Dégas is the artist the farthest removed from his epoch in so far as his personality is concerned. When we consider him as a painter, he seems to have been born long before his time; whereas his artistic temperament belongs to the period when masters like Donatello and Brunelleschi made their own marbles, cooked their own breakfasts, and were called nothing more complex than artisans.

From the impression given by his pictures he might almost be designated as an anarchist in the world of art, when, on the contrary, no one is more aristocratic than he in his ideas of painting, and possessed at the same time by a savage sort of freedom. It is the quality of *character* which renders his personality not to be forgotten by those who have the honor and pleasure to know him.

This pleasure is a very rare one indeed. Dégas is refractory almost to the point of mania when conventional acquaintanceship is in question. When the visitor has overcome the almost insurmountable obstacles which the painter places between himself and the world, the delight of knowing him is found to be incomparable.

He lives in the Rue Victor Massé, near Montmartre, in a house which has an uninhabited air and of which indeed he is the only tenant. He occupies three stories, the second serving as a workshop for his pictures and drawings, and next to it his bedroom, as if even in sleep he could not be separated from his beloved canvases.

The third floor is a sort of receiving apartment reserved for himself alone and for the rare times when he leaves the studio, and in these rooms he eats. They, as well as the whole house, are decorated with pictures. All kinds of furnishing are conspicuously absent. On the fourth floor is his studio, with still more pictures.

Dégas never considers any one of his paintings finished, and when he consents to sell one it is always with the explanation that it is only a sketch or a colored drawing.

When after a mental and moral effort that only a hermit or a melancholic can comprehend, he decides to receive a guest, the hour

is always at noon, at the moment of his finishing his breakfast, when he smokes a cigarette and drinks a cup of linden tea. He is attended by his faithful servant, who reads to him his daily papers during his meals.

The fortunate visitor, once permitted to penetrate his retreat, traverses two rooms whose walls are covered with brilliant canvases, which Dégas is always promising himself to work up, but which in reality he would not touch for the world, knowing well that his advanced age and a disease of the eyes have, since these pictures were painted, stolen from him the freshness of his genius.

Before his frugal board is seated a gentle and timid old man, whose face is illuminated by two wonderful eyes, which, nevertheless, one has the feeling are almost extinguished. His greeting to the guest is far from being that which his savage and unsocial reputation would lead one to expect. Nevertheless, there is evidently in his timid and questioning manner a fear that the visitor has come to stare at him, or, worse still, has come to buy a picture.

He is dressed in the simplest fashion, in fact only clothed at all because it is an irrefragable custom. Nevertheless, despite his scorn of the elegancies of life, his breeding is of the best, and he is a man of the world in every sense of the word—he presents a strange combination.

His first query is whether or not you are a journalist or a picture-dealer. When once set at ease on these points, he is ready to embark on a conversation which because of its amusing, original, dramatic qualities becomes an event in the listener's life.



Dégas is an Italian by origin, and for this reason the *s* in his name is pronounced like a *z*. His grandfather was a Parisian banker, who found himself in Naples at the time of the Revolution, and there met and married an Italian woman, the daughter of a painter.

Dégas is in all his sentiments violently French, and a Nationalist at that; and never displays by any chance the faintest sympathy for the country of his mother and his early home.

It is difficult to obtain details of the life of this man, who speaks with hesitation of his past and obstinately refuses to satisfy the stranger with information as to his life, which appears to him to be utterly commonplace, consisting of constant toil, cheered by the presence of one or two rare friends, an atmosphere in which he lives content and withdrawn from the indifferent world.

He has never had his picture taken. He has lived for many years in the fear of seeing his face on the page of some magazine. He has

refused all decorations from the Government and has never of his own accord hung any pictures in an exposition.

When Caillebotte left by will a collection of Dégas to the Luxembourg, the painter exclaimed, "Glory has been forced upon me at the menace of the police." He criticises Manet for being a little ridiculous in his love of public approval; he laughs at the decorations of Puvis de Chavannes; in speaking of Rodin, he calls him the prey of journalists and interviewers; and the hatred he feels for the man of letters who dares to write of art is without limit! He only sells a picture when his actual need of money is so great that he cannot refuse, and then he is so reluctant to part with the canvas that he is *rusé* enough oftentimes not to deliver the one that has been bought! He admits of no discussion of his prices.

His collection is rich with chef-d'œuvres of Ingres and Delacroix. Among the modern masters he most highly esteems Manet and Daumier. Of these he has several fine examples and displays his treasures with pride. The pictures have each a history of bargains with dealers and victories over merchants, for Dégas sells high and buys at the lowest.

When you speak to him of his collection and of painting in general, the conversation becomes very animated. His anecdotes have a peculiar finesse and originality. He is said to be sarcastic and cruel, but few artists have more respect than has he for evidences of talent and originality. "I detest skill," he says. "It is a death-blow to art, and after my last annual visit to the salons I came out humiliated because I saw so much work done with skill and cleverness." "You must never laugh at any picture you see exposed," he says. "Each should give you a real emotion. Each represents serious effort, but don't, for heaven's sake, expect to find in them the eternal spark."



It was Dégas who said to Boldini, after the famous portrait he painted of de Montesquieu, "When you paint a woman, you dishonor her; when you paint a man you degrade him. I admire you cordially." On seeing the pictures of several celebrated painters, who profess disdain for his work whilst their inspirations were most evidently taken from Dégas, he cried, "Look, they are flying with my wings."

When an artist interests him he takes a fancy to him at once and asks him to fetch his paintings to him for criticism, and these criticisms are given with a gentle modesty that is as charming as it is great.

He grows red with fury when any one in the folly of the modern affectation dares to express his radicalism by speaking lightly of the old masters, for he holds Raphael, Titian, Michael Angelo,

and even the Italians of the most mediocre talent to have more merit than all the painters put together since their time.

Dégas treats his models in a curious fashion, as if they were simply instruments to his art. He has no need of an inspiration that comes from a personality more or less remarkable,—a creation either masculine or feminine, which will give him the movement, the gesture,—for the position is all he requires. The woman who poses for him is a tool, as necessary to his art as the pencil or palette. He does not insist that she shall be graceful or beautiful. He demands that she shall be a great physical resistance, for he entirely forgets that he has before him a human being. Sometimes he is at the mercy of the little Opera or ballet girls, whose caprices and deceptions keep him waiting, but they do not entirely miss their *séances*.

When he is not at work on a subject of importance, he cannot replace the special model by any other, and he requires for each position people of the particular calling that he is painting,—a dancer from the Opera, a real dressmaker or a real jockey. Ordinary models, such as serve the usual need of the painter, are useful to Dégas only for studies of the nude. He asks some of the most difficult and fatiguing poses and is quite without mercy. In his relation with his models he is, on the other hand, of a conduct and dignity beyond reproach. He respects and esteems the sex. He has a special cult for the working-woman, for the milliner or dressmaker. He appreciates her art and her graceful skill. He has an intense indulgence for her, mingled with sincere and human understanding.



His private collection numbers countless treasures of art, but it is his studio, to which scarcely any one is ever admitted, that is the most interesting of the rooms of his house. It resembles more the warehouse of a picture-dealer than a studio. There are piles upon piles of pastels, canvases upon canvases, great boxes of drawings, all in chaotic pell-mell. Only at the death of the artist will the fecund extent of his production be known. All the work which he esteems to be of value remains in his own possession. The pictures now on the market or in the museums are only those which the need of money has forced him to sell, and he has with curious malice selected the poorest examples of his art. His fantastic coloring is one of the charms of his art, and he paints almost from the sense of touch rather than sight. A motive might be said to inspire his pictures more than a subject, for a motion of the arm alone suffices to constitute a creation for him, and he has passed all his life in transfixing a gesture and a pose.

II

The critic who is not a painter must approach with the utmost hesitation the subject of the art of Dégas. The unique individuality of this special genius, a talent and understanding which there are no laws of precedent to explain, make it a difficult theme for treatment. There is no suite, no development, no thesis in his productions; they cannot be judged by laws, or canons, or formulas; no one has painted like Dégas, no one will paint like him. There is in his medium the naïve and delightful simplicity of the early Italians; there is the ultra-modernism of the twentieth century, and beyond, in his subject. He is an impressionist—a suggestivist, a painter of shades and sentiments, a student of emotions—if one might so express it; he is the painter of the senses, his art is not to be comprehended but to be felt.

Scarcely any canvases command the prices in London, Berlin, and Paris that Dégas's claim. These cities make war to secure the precious examples of this curious art, curious and singular because absolute in individuality, true in its essence, and therefore beautiful.

The immutable and immobile phases are absent in his work. With Dégas it is the instantaneous, the sudden, the transient, the otherwise lost impression which he causes to be caught and forever fixed. No better painter for the times of modern rush, when a touch, a flash is all that twentieth-century haste has time or taste to see. With a spirit of the Renaissance and a *métier* of classic perfection, Dégas has made himself a modern, and as such should be accepted and sympathetically understood by the age.

He gives laborious care to each of his pictures, making with unflinching patience countless designs and studies. He has the admiration of painters; no artist has the pretension not to bow with deference before this man who knows so thoroughly how to paint and to interpret.



Ingres is unquestionably his preference in the schools of the nineteenth century, and with him Dégas has points in common and draws quite as well as the forerunner of the impressionist school. His interpretation is near to caricature often, the amused sarcasm of his intelligent point of view dangerously leading him to caustic representations. His coloring is simple and never complex; he employs just sufficient color to paint with and never to affect with, and often the scheme of the picture, the dominant note of the otherwise sombre canvas, will be one knot of ribbon or the dancer's vivid shoe.

With this extraordinary effect his work gives, nevertheless, the impression of being studied (*voulu*) or the result of pose on the

painter's part; but this is the inevitable effect produced by a genius which cannot fail to grasp with distinction and to reveal the major idea.

The absolutely life-like poses, the naturalness of the groups he paints, are so far removed from the elaborate assembling of models and adjuncts in the more composed schemes of his confrères, one might almost say that Dégas carried a wonderful camera and "took pictures."

A child sitting on a sofa, languid, relaxed, indifferent, extends her little foot to the pedicure as he bends over his task. Not an ideal subject, but so treated, so painted that one is before life, and, as always when real life is portrayed by the artist to the public, the right chord is touched and the work is great.

Photographic effect is only remarked in the perfect resemblance to life. Dégas is behind the apparatus. The trenchant division of values, the points of distinction, the pure art of the composition, so subtle that one imagines it not to be composed.



Nearly as impossible to see are Dégas's pictures as the artist himself. Outside of his studio there are few in Paris. Monsieur Rouart has several notable ones in his collection, from which, in criticising his work, it would be as well to take some examples.

One of these is "The Lesson." A long, light room, giving a sense of distance and brightness, a feeling of space which is characteristic of Dégas; in the centre a danseuse in gauze and white pirouettes before the master, a droll little old figure, bâton in hand, at the obscure end of the hall. The modelling of the woman's figure is more like sculpture than painting, the muscular vigorous limbs, the insinuating force in the trained muscles, the sustained, the difficult pose. The hard, iron-like development of the body from the waist down is an interesting study in anatomy. The celebrated dancer lacing her shoe, well known to Americans, is a good example, but inferior to this picture of Monsieur Rouart's. The dancer who poises on the point of her foot for a single instant before the eyes is a perfect expression of grace and lightness. Dégas has the joy of motion in his conceptions, the talent of seeing the instantaneous spirit of activity and nervous force. These creations of dancing women on the scenes or at rest are like a breath, a touch, a dream, and from the view-point of art, a perfect reality.

There are again two more danseuses in Rouart's collection that poise in the air long enough for us to remark their gauzy draperies, the garniture of poppies, the knots of black ribbon, one tense spot against the dull treatment. These women seem to be butterflies that shake the gold from their wings of gauze as they pass. The character and finesse of Dégas's interpretation in these studies is beyond rivalry.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that the very best of these pictures of ballet-dancers is in Rouart's gallery. It is the single figure of a danseuse running along the beach. She is in green picked out with scarlet poppies; one hand is charmingly extended in a little gesture of the dance. The background is the beach and distant sea. It is stage scenery, a fantastic bit of double artificiality: scenery repainted again for the setting of the volatile impression of the woman. The picture is vivid and brilliant, and yet intensely soft in treatment.

Distinctly the gem of Rouart's rooms, however, is the picture called "Les Modistes." Here is a workroom bench before which two hat-trimmers are engaged in garnishing a felt bonnet—one almost wishes to touch the texture, it is so real. With a few strokes of his brush Dégas has depicted actual life,—the interest, the intensity, the cleverness of these two workwomen; the deftness, and delicacy of the finely modelled hands; the feathers on the table, the knot of ribbon at the woman's throat,—it is the very apotheosis of feeling and study and exposition. There is a queer little striped green paper on the wall and one can imagine the rest of the atelier. This picture, as Rouart says, is beyond price; it is so absolutely perfect as not to suggest value any more than one of the treasures of the Louvre could do.



The purity of his conceptions, his simplicity, the clear expression, limpidity of his idea, makes his work resemble the construction of the language of the country in which he lives. One of his pictures is like a beautiful French phrase,—classic, arbitrary, and distinguished. One falling ribbon across the breast of the dancer, one of the attitudes, half conscious, half dreamy, of the light, fleeting creature of the ballet, one pose of the jockey as he seizes the stirrup, possesses the importance and distinction of great art. His presentation suggests the thing—embellishes the thing—defines—and is at once the thing it represents and immortalizes.

His early work has a decision of drawing, a classical tendency, far removed from his present impressionism. His drawings, of which Rouart has a collection, are full of dignity, displaying accurate technique and at once a disdain of form and standard. He has studies as Greek and perfect as the Winged Victory; draped figures in pose as rigid and uncompromising as the Tenagra; sketches as naïve as the Japanese, whose points of departure and whose execution often suggest Dégas. A Japanese with his hereditary bias educated in Europe might easily have drawn the famous "Visite au Louvre" of Dégas.

Everything that concerns daily life interests him. He has taken truth, actualities, realities for his subject. The bath, the toilet, the

minute care of the body, the manicure, the pedicure, the coiffeur, attain distinction in his hands; the relaxed figures, the strained tensity of human form, all interest him to draw and paint.

Unfortunately, the American public will have no opportunity to study the work of the greatest living painter until he is dead. There is no collection of Dégas; there will be none; there are few of his pictures in America, and all of them are inferior to those in France. One alone of the little canvases stars an exposition when it is found; and the visitor stops before it, seeks it, and responds to it with a smile of delight and sympathy that truly great and perfect work calls forth.

Dégas works with a composition of his own; pastel, oil, wash and other mediums are often to be found on one canvas. He is as eccentric in his actual labor as he is in his conception. His extreme simplicity, his modest, almost fierce retirement, his devotion to his art, his distaste for public approval, mark him as apart from his age, in which painter, writer, and sculptor run after rather than avoid notoriety. He has refused decorations and lives peacefully with his actualities and his truths—one can hardly say his dreams. His own hero-worship for men whom he holds greater than himself, greater than any one in his age, is a cult with him. There are many painters in France to-day, and they take all of them a second place, a second character, when placed alongside of this great interpreter of life.

On a fine spring day he can be seen coming along the Place de la Madeleine, a splendid old man, with a benign, gentle face, from which look out two eyes, two marvellous eyes, whose light is nearly gone. He stops to observe a flower-vendor bowed under her blooming wares. He remarks the gay little group of Parisians gathered around some outdoor table. In his long checked coat, of cut and style à *outrance*, a knitted scarf around his neck, a felt hat on his head, he presents, in spite of his singular costume, a figure of distinction, whose grace and character France will not see the like of in many a day again.



SPRING

BY E. CHILD

THROUGH old Earth's veins the pallid ichor creeping
 Turns at the touch of Spring to pulsing blood;—
 See, in the blossom's cheek it mantles leaping,
 Staining its whiteness with a crimson flood!

THE COWBOY AND THE MERMAID

By Gay Bentley Wuerpel



THE circus was a great three-ringed affair, flanked by numerous side-shows, the most flamingly advertised of which exhibited within its canvas—at the fixed and moderate charge of “ten cents, one dime”—the only genuine mermaid ever landed upon terra firma. She was a paragon of loveliness,—so said the advertisement,—found in the hollow of a big wave, and christened, by virtue of her aquatic origin, “Miss Oceanica.”

Now three cowboys, with some loose time and the insignificant remainder of a month's pay on their hands after a day spent in town, jingled into the tent and ranged themselves in a row upon one of the front blue-slat seats. They had come in a scornful mood.

“I bet the deception ain't wuth bustin' a quarter on!” one of them made free to conjecture in loud, breezy tones.

Night had fallen, and the tent was feebly lighted by a single, high-slung, globular light, simulating the moon. Suddenly, at the tinkle of a bell, a curtain slid up, and there, poised upon a jagged rock in the middle of a dark pool, her hair falling over her shoulders like strewn gold, vivid, alive, bearing out the show-bill's assertion of her loveliness, was the mermaid,—a creature whose upper half was of exquisite proportions, as was, no doubt, the rest of her, judged by piscatory standards.

As the spectators leaned forward and brought their incredulous gaze to bear upon her, she lifted her voice in song. It was a slow, sweet, melancholy chant, suggestive of a happy life left behind. The three cowboys sat entranced and motionless, the skeptical, ironical look dying out of their eyes. When the tuneful plaint came to an end, they turned and stared deep, with an unconscious burst of profanity, into one another's eyes. One of them slapped his leg and dashed his hat to the ground.

“I wisht I was but a little oystcher rompin' round in that same puddle!” he shouted excitedly.

A pandemonium of applause greeted this ebullition and the mermaid, leaving her rock, steered straight toward the impudent fellow, pausing with a dipping little courtesy, half-ironic.

“What's your patronym, anyhow?” she inquired cavalierly.

He squirmed uneasily. “Ma'am?” he said.

Indeed, as the audience suspected, she had fixed him on the horns of an embarrassing question. But, though lacking a familiarity with some large words, he possessed, along with a chance knowledge of others, a shrewd sense of applicability, coupled with the audacity that sometimes takes the place of wit. The confusion passed; he collected himself for an adequate reply.

"Did you say patrimony, ma'am?" he asked, with an air of ingenuousness. "The question's sudden, an' I might remark that, while my patrimony ain't large, it'd be a-plenty to support *half* a lady on!"

T'was a fair hit. And while the audience dug their elbows into one another's ribs and shrieked their appreciation, the mermaid, turning an acute angle in the water, flapped her tail in confusion and scudded off to the other end of the pool. But in a moment she returned.

"Why," she answered him mischievously, "your sentiments, if sincere, are complimentary, and I will consider the proposition. But first I must have credentials. Can you recommend him as a husband?" she appealed archly to one of his companions alongside.

The rascal's hand swept a disclaimer. "No'm, I cain't do it," he drawled, amiable and laconic; "fur Buck's a blatherskite from who-laid-the-chunk. He's already got the heart-bustin' of six other ladies on his han's. Ain't that so, Billy?"

"Uh-huh," rejoined the other cowboy, running a covert eye over this new and interesting species of femininity, "Buck's right smart of a scoundrel. The first lady—her that's his wife—why, she's hot-foot on his trail now. Leastwise, that's what the telegraph man——"

"It's a lie!" shouted the first cowboy, an embarrassed grin overspreading his features; "I never was no great han' fur lady-folks, nohow, an' these here skunks know it. Why, I'm as steady an' serious as"—his eye roved around for a comparison—"as that little ol' dried-up lady a settin' over yander!"

The person alluded to, a timid-looking little woman at the other end of the row, shrank back in confusion at finding herself the focus of the tent's hilarity.

"I knew it!" cried the mermaid gayly; "I knew you were a rascal—shooting and swearing your way into ladies' hearts, wooing and riding away. I've been told that cowboy and scalawag are synonymous. I'm afraid of you!"

He received this with derision. "Aw, say!" he hurled back, "you know you ain't scairt of me,—nary sech thing. Now I want to know right here how I stand with you—or air you jest out fur my scalp?"

She put the question by with the ease of a practised coquette. And thus the fray went on merrily; the mermaid airy, mocking,

ethereal, in the mystic semi-light, swimming gayly about flirting strenuously with the infatuated fellow, the sinuous track of her glittering fishtail marked by little eddying ripples, and with an occasional mischievous upward flap that showered spray in the faces of the beholders.

The cowboy, like most recruits under fire for the first time, bold to daring, sat regnant in the proud distinction of her partiality, his tongue growing more and more flexible under the uproarious appreciation of the crowd. The other two, with tastes more practical and commonplace,—preferring woman in her ordinary aspect,—looked on with an air of humorous detachment, albeit feeling a sort of vicarious pride in the dash cut by their companion. Each of the three carried a bulge in one cheek, and from time to time they spat furtively.

Presently, after the interval of another song, the mermaid swished toward Buck again.

“I sha’n’t lay it up against you—your innocent aptitude for getting into scrapes,” she said, with enchanting sweetness; “I am convinced that exaggeration, perhaps jealousy, has colored your friends’ accounts of you. And I shall take it really unkind of you not to come again to-morrow night,” she added, with a tinge of sentiment in her tones.

“Come! Why, I’ll come ef I have to leg it them forty miles,” he declared ardently.

Then, as the curtain went down, something hit him gayly in the eye, rebounding in the dust at his feet. He scraped out his heel for it, picked it up, and clumsily adjusted it in his hat-band. It was the rose he had seen in her hair. And amid the prodigious pounding of the band, and the outgoing tide of laughing, jostling humanity, he reeled out, wearing, for all to see and covet, the flower—the sweet proof of her favor.

The sickle of a new moon faintly illuminated the cowboys’ homeward ride, and two of them, glimpsing the other’s abstracted, enamoured face, exchanged winks.

“Bucky,” one of them parodied the mermaid’s tones, “I’m a gon’er take it plum unkind uv you not to come agin t’morrer night!”

Buck rode on unheeding, his head in the clouds, his soul remote from them. A woman—at least, half a woman—was in his blood for the first time in his life, and a new influence—new, yet ever old—was producing the inevitable disturbance within him. Putting up his hand to the flower in his hat, he felt like the hero-prince of a fairy-tale. Then remembering the other flowers with which she had pelted him—the flowers of rhetoric, of elegant diction—and his own neglected opportunities, a momentary bitterness of soul swept over him. The other two were watching him with mischievous delight.

"Bucky,"—Bill Carter rode alongside and clapped a big paw on his shoulder,—“ain't you 'shamed to 'a' gone an' took up with a fish-lady? What'd your ma say?”

This time the effect was instantaneous.

“Ma!” exploded the badgered fellow, with a vehement expletive, “what'd you go an' say it was a wife fur?”

The boys went off into a yell of laughter. He waited gravely for the hilarity to subside, then swung sharply about in his saddle, his blue eyes sinister.

“Look-a-here,” he said, with a slightly augmented drawl, “I wouldn't advise you to git funny. I'm liable to take exceptions to them promiscuous comments floatin' aroun', an' when I do there's going' to be trouble on this range!” After which admonitory speech, he plunged the steel into his horse's flanks and pursued the rest of the way alone, with only his thoughts and the stars for company.

Next evening found the tall cow-puncher and his satellites again before the charmed flap-door of the siren's tent. They had come far and arrived late. Buck, rigged out in “store clothes,” which strongly indicated that he had come to make a deeper impression, carefully elongated his cuffs and flourished an exuberant silk handkerchief over his dusty boots.

To-night the crowd was much larger, and his entrance created a sensation. Clearly, the mermaid's notice had changed him into a man of distinction. Indeed, the day's show-bills scattered broadcast had heralded him, in giant type, as an extraneous though special and gratuitous attraction. And as the devoted trio limped in on boot-heels elevated enough to upset their equilibrium, they found the best seats left vacant for them.

Miss Oceanica, in full beauty and song upon her rock, paused to waft them a salute from her lips with her finger-tips.

“Here comes my cowboy!” she called out, in tones of reminiscent comradery.

“An' there sets my fish-gal!” he answered back, all pride and swagger, as, with a robustness of self-confidence that rendered him impervious to the universal attention centred upon him, he marched boldly, with heels of Mercury, to the edge of the pool.

Anticipation, expressed in a smile, flickered over the faces of the crowd.

“Say, Miss Oceanica, that was a mighty unnecessary lie them busters tol' on me las' night,” he began, with engaging directness.

She tacked toward him, ready for mischief.

“What was?” she inquired, in dulcet tones.

“Why, 'bout all them heart-broke ladies an' me havin' a wife!

Yes'm, Bill Carter was tight when he dealt me them slugs las' night."

"'Tain't so! I don't drink nothin' but sody-water, an' you know it!" interposed Bill Carter, in injured tones.

"An' I come here to-night," pursued Buck, "to say that, though I hain't nary a wife now, I've a cinch on a good job 'bout forty mile from these diggin's, an' I'm open to any matrimonial prospec's floatin' 'round."

The crowd cheered vociferously, and sentiment ran high for the cowboy.

"That is, ef your hand an' heart is free!" he shouted above the tumult, with an earnestness not to be laughed down.

Miss Oceanica received the audacious proposal with a sweet seriousness of manner. "Why, Mr. Buck," she began, and the audience leaned nearer as she appeared to dally with an inclination to yield, "I have never really thought of getting married; to *drift*, you know, is a mermaid's natural tendency; besides which, there's another who claims the first mortgage on my affections."

"Who? Whur'bouts?" demanded Buck, with jealousy and a subtly heightened authority.

"He's a merman—a sea-Turk with a harem-aquarium in the Bosphorus Sea. But, though titled and rich,—one meets heavy swells in the ocean, you know," she added demurely,—“I have a rooted objection to being included among a plurality of wives, also a weakness for a man who, like yourself, has literally won his spurs,—though, to be sure, the other does sit a sea-horse well! But before going any further, or committing myself to the uncertainties of an alien locality, I must know if you have any 'puddles' for me to 'romp' in. Otherwise I should be like a fish out of water!"

Buck bethought him of a solitary, dried-up watercourse skirting a far corner of the ranch, but he was not going to imperil his chances by indiscreet admissions.

"Why, plenty of 'em!" he answered offhand. "Over the left!" he added aside, with a private wink, and the other two cowboys snickered. "Say, ma'am, will you come aground with your decision, or shell I see you alone after this show?"

A burst of protest greeted this last proposition. The audience, with a unanimity which betokened interest and delight in the situation, refused to be excluded from any part of the little drama, particularly the *dénoûment*. Also, it seemed the astute ulterior policy of Miss Oceanica to keep the public's curiosity whetted. Never before in circus annals had there been such tremendous side-show receipts!

"Well, I declare," she said, with a touch of yielding in her tones, "you are certainly pushing matters! I understand now what is meant

by 'the aggressive vigor of the Southwest.' But you must give me the usual time accorded to think it over. Come again to-morrow, Mr.—er—Buck."

"You bet! But don't you keep me on tenderhooks much longer, or I'll jest natcherly take an' kidnab you from this here show!" he avowed bold and tender. And the artless and confiding fellow stepped back with a fatuous smile which—to use a vulgar but expressive phrase—unconsciously expressed the conviction that "things were coming his way."

Now, beneath the assiduity, the swaggering assurance with which he was pushing his suit, should have lurked some uneasiness as to the anomalous nature of his dream; for, aside from the elementary fact that human nature seeks affinity in its own kind, any one with half an eye must have seen that a cow-ranch—especially one unpercolated with "puddles"—is hardly the proper setting for a mermaid! But such was the extent of his bewitchment that his heart had the field, while his head swam in vacuity. In contemplating her charms as a woman, he lost sight of the impracticalities pertaining to her fish-half. And when he got her, he said to himself with mounting intoxication, he would "fix her up a little room an' there all pink an'"—suddenly his heart contracted; the situation, alas, called for a tank!

Meanwhile, during a cessation of sallies and laughter, as she was favoring the audience with another song, the orchestra came to an abrupt and discordant stop, and her voice trailed off into silence. There was a curious pause—that vague, indescribable uneasiness which portends something unusual. Then suddenly, from the recesses of a grouping of stage scenery representing a distant vista of tempestuous waves, shot a brandishing column of flame.

Simultaneously the tent was in an uproar, and the three cowboys found themselves precipitated to the dust, fused, as it were, into a tumbling, agitated, inextricable mass of people,—the flimsy wooden structure supporting the tiers of seats having collapsed in the general stampede. For a moment perceptions were blurred, but speedily recovering feet and faculties, their first thought for the mermaid, they sprang knightfully, fighting their way against the current of the crowd, to her rescue. In the confusion she seemed to have been forgotten by every one else, her own people being clamorously occupied with keeping the flames off the contiguous tents.

As Buck stripping off his coat, and with an awe upon his bold heart as of a devotee approaching a shrine, set a timorous foot deep into the pool, there she lay, face downward, bobbing and dipping like a cork, the water ravaging about her, and long, greedy flames licking at the outspread golden hair. Something in her aspect made his heart contract. Was she drowned? He was struck with the incongruity of the

idea as, quaking with agitation and sweet rapture, he threw his coat about her head and shoulders and drew her into the protecting clasp of his arms.

Firelight, blended with moonlight, played fantastically over the fast-dissolving scene of the cowboy's love episode. The air resounded with commingled human and brute voices raised distractingly in one multifarious din,—a veritable Bedlam let loose. And over all the flames roared and crackled with a strident fury.

On the outskirts of the crowd stood the three cowboys, dazed but safe. Buck, his clothes sodden and steaming on him, but callous to physical discomfort, held the mermaid in his arms. She lay passive, a dead weight, hard and cold as a refrigerated trout. And her glittering fish-tail, from which trailed two long wires, brushed against Buck's trousers with a metallic chink which, in his agitation, he failed to notice.

"Ain't you well, ma'am?" he began diffidently, removing with a trembling, hesitant hand the enshrouding coat from her face and shoulders. And the three cowboys, with sensibilities more delicate than might be accredited to them, considering their bold manners, turned an abashed look into the aqua-marine depths of the upturned eyes so near their own. Suddenly they fell back, their eyes revolting from hers to meet one another's in a shock of comprehension. A tide of agony and humiliation surged through Buck; a strange weakness assailed him. Then, summoning all his remaining strength in one mighty effort, he hurled her from him with a passionate scorn and force that would have inevitably put an end to any ordinary woman. After which, wandering off vaguely for a few steps, he stood in a stricken stillness, his heart turned to gall.

Yet she was not dead, this radiant creature that had so sweetly befooled him,—neither had she ever been alive! In short she was the most outrageous fraud to which mechanical ingenuity, aided and abetted by the ventriloquist's art, had ever set its hand! An amazing travesty of a woman, with a heart of—bran! A tawdry stage puppet, a device and construction of the devil, to captivate, snare, and cruelly dupe the easy, unthinking cowboy!

The other two, looking at Buck, saw a touching, tragic expression in his face, as his eyes shrank from theirs in shamed embarrassment, and their resentment suddenly rose, venting itself in a deed which, alas! violated all traditions of cowboy chivalry.

One of them, unreeling a rope from the sling of his saddle, adjusted a dexterous noose about the mermaid's neck. Then the two of them, with no word passing their lips to explain what was taking place in their minds, set off with her toward a tall mesquite.

As she lay over Bill Carter's shoulder, with head like a broken

flower, her eyes seemed to supplicate Buck, to plead innocence of any voluntary treachery against him, to rally him on his non-interference in a woman's behalf. But her empire over Buck was gone. He stood measuring her with hostile, embittered eyes, with a glance, indeed, of infinite disillusionment and utter aloofness, and reached out no restraining hand. The gloom of his soul was tinged with a smarting self-contempt. In the light of awakening—the scales having literally dropped from his eyes—he had a realizing sense of his own inexperience.

A moment later the artificial hybrid, "half fyshe and half mayde" (possessed of so dangerous a battery of charms!), dangled ignominiously in the breeze,—lynched! her career of dissimulation at an end, as was, likewise, Buck's foolish, phantasmal dream. Then the other two cowboys—in whose stealthy affection for him lurked an immeasurable relief that he was unattached, unfettered, still their own—returned to him, and each laid a touch of some diffidence and delicacy on his shoulder.

"Come along, Bucky; git your plug an' less hit the trail," they said, with cheerful common-sense.

And Buck, with a sudden, acute yearning toward the breezy activities and prairie exhilaration of the ranch, obeyed mechanically, yet not without a backward look. The fire was losing some of its fury and taking on gray edges, but a sudden upward flare revealed the circumambient gleam of a swaying fish-tail, and memories crowded back poignantly upon Buck.

But once in the saddle, with the illimitable silver reaches of prairie underfoot, the moon hanging in crescent glory overhead, and the sweet night breeze blowing a lenitive upon his bruised heart, he felt somewhat his own man again. A returning serenity and sense of inextinguishable humor forced its way through his joylessness.

"Boys," he said, with a gulp that was partly a sob, but more of a guffaw,—and he gingerly picked a long golden thread off his sleeve,—“maybe they's more fish-ladies in the sea, but nex' time, by gum, your uncle Buck'll pursue his own species!”



MATE

BY ELSA BARKER

THERE is a wistful Prayer
 That often comes to me
 And lays its face against my face
 In utter ecstasy—
 That all the lovers in the world
 Might be as near as we!

A WOMAN SCORNED

By *Lucy Copinger*



“IN the intellectual companionship of the sexes lies the key to the mental and moral growth of the nation.” This was the sentence from “Tudor’s Education” in which Miss Lucy’s soul rejoiced, for “companionship of the sexes” was Miss Lucy’s hobby. True, the sixty little members of Class A, School 20, had quickly knocked down many of Miss Lucy’s most beloved theories; but although “moral suasion” had been immediately routed by the wickedness of Bum O’Reilly and “enlarged apperception” had given way before the Teutonic denseness of Frederick William Schneider, “companionship of the sexes” still flourished. Therefore the little boys and girls of Room A sat, not in the usual discreet and opposite rows, but mingled with the freedom of the modern co-eds.

Miss Lucy was displeased. If Miss Lucy had not been a teacher Frederick William would have said that she was cross, but one of the first things Frederick William had learned in school was that a teacher can never be cross, she can only be displeased. Frederick William, tow headed and with a continual odor of soapsuds and sanctity, saw this displeasure and trembled. It was the end of his second month in school; the first having passed in tears, the second in trembling.

The morning started out well. First Frederick William joined cheerfully in the song,

“From the Heav a buvuz,
Midst thangel smiled,
Looks a loving Father
Dow nun every child.”

Then Miss Lucy tripped to the board. “Little boys and girls,” she began smilingly, “to-day we are going to learn a nice new story. “Anna, dear, don’t you want to hear it?”

“No, um,” said Anna quickly.

“Oh yes, dear, you do,” said Miss Lucy reassuringly. “First, though, we are going to remember the story we had yesterday. Now watch.” She wrote in large letters on the board

ight

“Who knows? Josef?”

Josef, who had raised his hand in a rash and thoughtless spirit, looked foolish, and grinned.

"Well?" smiled Miss Lucy. The phonetic method is her favorite.

Josef made a dreadful effort. He drew himself up and, "eat," he roars.

Miss Lucy continued to smile.

"Oh no, Josef, not 'eat.' Try again. Children, Josef is going to try again. Now?"

Josef's thoughts and fingers lingered around a sticky bun in his desk, and "ate" he asserted stubbornly.

Miss Lucy still smiled, but constrainedly.

"Ight, Josef," she said; "remember. Now children," she continued "look!" she slowly formed a large

M

"This is what the cow says." There was breathless attention while Miss Lucy shut her mouth tight and made a queer sound through her nose. Anna nudged her neighbor. "Teadcher, Miss Lucy, she god a fid, yes?" she whispered wickedly.

"Now," continued Miss Lucy, "I'm going to put our two stories together, and what does it tell us? Freddy?"

Frederick William rose from his seat and to the occasion.

"B-a-a ight," he says smoothly.

It was then that Miss Lucy became displeased. She decided to give a writing lesson. There was something soothing and practical about a writing lesson, and Miss Lucy gave one whenever she grew weary of teaching the young idea how to shoot anywhere within ten feet of the bull's eye. Also in its peace she generally found time to mark the roll. So, while she waded through names that were a snore only to succumb to those that were a sneeze, Frederick William, who had a tendency to short-hand, laboriously copied upon his paper the fact that "Bby loves mmma." He had gotten to the fifth assertion of Bby's devotion when he felt a prod in the back, and he knew it was Anna.

Anna was the girl who sat behind him. She had a Polish and impossible name and Miss Lucy called her Anna Karenina for short. She never wore more than one garter at a time and it was always a blue hair-ribbon. Moreover, Anna Karenina was dirty.

It may have been the exclusiveness reflected from a royal name-sake, or only the natural snobbishness of a soapsudish upbringing, but Frederick William did not like Anna. Once when he had no little boy to march out with, she had taken him by the hand and led him, red and ashamed, down the long hall. Then one recess he was sitting under a big tree on the Boys' Side when suddenly Anna crossed the

forbidden line. Her face was very dirty and she leaned close to him, and whispered in a voice of triumph, "I've got a mash on you!" At this declaration the piece of bun Frederick William had just swallowed went half way down and stopped. A dreadful idea seized him. Once he had been sitting beneath that same tree and when he reached home his mother had found the remains of a caterpillar upon him. He sprang up. "Take it off, please take it off!" he cried, vainly craning his head backward. But Anna had only stared.

Since then he had received many overtures. He never stood up for his lessons but that when he sat down, it was upon some trifling love token—a pencil, a fragment of banana or a piece of candy. Therefore when he felt Anna's touch he did not turn, and it was not until his paper was filled that the prod was renewed and something dropped into his lap. It was a piece of chewing gum that had been much and lovingly chewed.

Frederick William picked it up at once and laid it on Anna's desk. "No, thank you," he whispered politely. In a few minutes it fell into his lap again. "Id's for you," came in a thick whisper from Anna, whose accent was like a cold in the head.

"No, thank you," Frederick William said politely. However, a few minutes later he found the gum sticking to his sleeve, and then he grew angry. He pulled it off, and tiptoeing to the waste basket he threw it in. On his way back he glanced at Anna Karenina and she made a face at him.

Just then Miss Lucy looked up. "Children," she said, "I am going to call the roll. Answer at once."

It was not until she had gotten down to the E's that it happened. A cry rent the air, a loud and sudden cry that started from Frederick William's mouth, causing fifty-nine little children to make fifty-nine queer and unintentional marks on their papers, and echoed all the way down to the Principal's room.

During an awful moment of silence Miss Lucy held her pen suspended in petrified displeasure. Then, "Frederick," she exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

A hot wave of shame dyed Frederick William's face.

"Nothun," he said stolidly.

"But why did you cry out like that?" asked Miss Lucy severely. "What was it?"

"Nothun," said Frederick William.

Then Miss Lucy glared. Whenever Miss Lucy encountered a case not found in "Discipline of the School Room" or "Moral Suation," she glared. It was unpedagogical but human.

"Remain after school," she said shortly.

Frederick William sobbed, sobs that jerked him up from his seat, shook him convulsively, and sat him down again rudely and heavily.

In the meantime the number work had begun. Anna Karenina was at the board. She was "weak in her sums," and left handed, and she had just written

$$1 + 2 = 3$$

when Miss Lucy chanced to look down at the child's feet. Anna's shoes and stockings were interesting as family heirlooms of a prehistoric period, but it was upon Anna's right toe that Miss Lucy's eyes were fixed.

"Anna," said Miss Lucy, "what is that sticking out from the toe of your shoe?"

"Miss, I never pud id there," said Anna virtuously. "I dond know noding about id."

"Anna," said Miss Lucy, sternly, "why did you stick that pin in your shoe?"

"Honesd, Miss Lucy," cried Anna with vehement innocence, "honesd to drudth hope I may die may the devil cadch me if id aind the drudth I'm delling you I dond know noding about id."

"Stay in after school," said Miss Lucy helplessly.

At twelve o'clock the dismissal bell rang and the children filed out, leaving Miss Lucy alone with the culprits. Ten minutes later Frederick William was dismissed and departed with an echoing snuffle. Then Miss Lucy waited until she knew the heavy silence of the empty school had sunk down into the soul of Anna Karenina.

"Anna," she said at last, "can you tell me the truth now?"

Two dirty tears rolled down Anna's cheeks.

"Miss," she began sullenly, "I had a mash on him. He was so glean and I give him all my gandy and all my bencils and all my lundch and I give him to-day my gum thad I luf, and he would nod haf id. Id was the windergreen and id is now in the wasde basged. And then I sduck a pin in him and he made a holler and I am glad. I hade him."

It was then that Miss Lucy understood that problems will arise for which no theories have been as yet arranged.

"You can go now, Anna," she said.

After Anna had gone Lucy sat for a long time confronting the empty benches and the eternal problem of the child of the streets. The next day Class A, School 20, changed seats, and when the Principal came into the room he saw two proper rows of little girls on one side of the room and two proper rows of little boys on the other.

Also from that time it was noticed that "companionship of the sexes" had somehow fallen into oblivion.

THE FOOLISHNESS OF STEPHEN

By Adèle Marie Shaw



OF course, if a young man stops payin' attention to one girl and begins to hang 'round another, folks will talk. You couldn't convince 'em with a meat-ax that the first girl warn't wastin' away with love 'n' mortification.

Anyway, you couldn't convince Mill Village. An' there sot Helen every Sunday lookin' calm as Pike's Pond, an' there was Stephen Wells gazin' soulful at Letitia Huysman. I just hated to go to church. I'd seen him an' Helen together ever since they was in baby-clothes and I never was much took with Letitia. And I was bothered about Helen. I didn't see how she could be so calm as she looked, and her color good as ever.

One day when she was up here—she was horseback, but she hitched King Cole under the porter tree and come out to the barn where I was huntin' eggs and she took hold an' helped—I tried to git her to talkin'. But she never peeped—about Steve, I mean.

I kept thinkin' to myself, "Is the child thinner or ain't she?" and finally I says, "The old weighin' machine's here in the harness-room yet. Let's weigh one another," but she see through me in a minute.

"No you don't, Aunt Rushy," she kind of drawled, laughin' the way she does when she's a mind to tease; "my weight is a sore point. I'm not going to have Hiram Pratt telling the town that I weigh more than any young man in Mill Village."

Sure 'nough, Hi was comin' round the house with a wheelbarrer-load of turnips, and he trundles 'em right over to the barn, though a barn ain't the place for winter vegetables. He'd seen Helen come in, I guess.

"Howdy do, Hi?" says she, pleasant as if she never suspected he was lookin' her over. "When are you going to bring the belle of Slab Town over here to live? There isn't a girl in this place half so beautiful, Aunt Rushy," she went on. "I met her riding over to the Park with Hi Saturday."

She said it all earnest as anything, and I see she meant it. Hiram Pratt was pleased as Punch.

"The's one girl in Mill Village no one could make little of—in looks," he blurted out, "and that's you, Helen."

"You're a good man, Hi," she laughed.

And so she kep' it up same as ever, only more so.

When she rid off I never see Helen look better. She always looked well on a horse, anyway. She's kind of large for some things. "Massive," Letitia always called her, prancin' round to show how little she was herself, so somebody'd say, "You're a reg'lar fairy, Letitia." And generally that somebody was Helen. She ain't got a mean bone in her body.

I kep' thinkin' about her not bein' willin' to be weighed and in my heart I s'pose I b'lieved she'd fell away; but one day, a week after, she dropped in again and, "Now Hi ain't round," says she, "let's weigh each other," and she weighed a pound more'n I'd ever known her to in my life. I was dumfoozled. I wouldn't 'a' ben if I'd seen her take a stone out of her pocket and throw it over into a field down by the cranberry bog, I guess.

Everything I see her doin' just put me in mind of Steve. They'd always gone ridin' an' walkin' an' boatin' together. She was the best girl in the village at anythin' out-doors. It's a great place for such things too, Mill Village is, you know. Helen'd been away to boardin'-school an' she'd picked up more ways of doin' things, besides havin' always naturally took to the woods, as you might say. But, boardin'-school or home, she never had no airs an' graces.

Steve an' Helen had always led off and the rest follered, and Letitia'd been kinder out of it with the young folks till this summer I'm tellin' you about. She was *all* airs and graces, but awful limpsy. Lazy, I call it. She got out of all the housework to home,—let her mother do it. Mrs. Huysman always was a poor, pindling thing, and she was bound Letitia shouldn't have to slave. It was good of her, but 'twarn't good for Letitia to see her mother slavin' an' not offer to help. She hadn't any muscle in her body, that girl, and nobody thought she had any go in her constitution till she got her eye on Stephen Wells. From the time she was a baby she never could bear to see anybody else have anything but she wanted it herself. An' I give her credit for bein' smart enough the way she went at it.

She begun by bein' as different as she could from the rest of the young folks round here. Old Huysman's got money, if his wife is a slave, and Letitia could always wheedle 'most anything out of him. The way that girl went in for clothes! And they were pretty,—soft and traily, with a kind of—well, they were pretty enough. And she'd

sit out on her piazza with a mandolin (she took lessons, and I expect she worked for the first time in her life, for she could tinkle one or two little things and show off her slim fingers real graceful). There she'd set and tinkle away and hum to herself, and they was most always candy and cakes and lemonade or elderberry wine on the table she'd set out there, and the young people'd drop in to the gate and set there on the steps nibblin' and sippin' and talkin' away among themselves—It's funny how a bite or a sup will turn the scale of things.

Well, Lettie looked pretty in her long clothes, and she'd set there tinklin' a little accompaniment to some of the songs she'd learned, while the rest sang 'em, or smilin' a little becomin' smile; and Mr. Bassett (he was minister to the First Parish church then), he says to me, "In these degenerate days of onwomanly sport, Mrs. Tubbs," says he, "it is beautiful to see such a womanly young girl as Miss Huysman. I'm pleased to observe," he says, "that the young people are rallying around such a pattern of the old-fashioned womanly virtues," says he.

"You'll notice her mother don't get no time to rally," I answered him, real short. "She's too busy doin' up them pretty flounces. Lettie's complexion ain't never been het over a smoothin' iron."

"She's not strong, her mother tells me. A sweet flower, too fair and fragile, perchance, for this harsh sphere," murmurs the old fool, and I let it go at that. It's no use disputin' about one of your own sect.

Well, Lettie set there mornin's in soft colors, and afternoons in laces, and evenin's in white; and, on his way to Helen's, Stephen would hang over the gate to talk to the crowd, then he'd drop in and get a front seat among the worshipping throng on the step. Steve's bright as a dollar, and everythin' he said Lettie would smile as if it was too cute to bear, and let her eyes do the talkin'. Sometimes she'd just let her lips come apart and show a neat set of teeth, and Steve he got to tryin' to make her do it. I see him. I was over often then; for Mrs. Huysman was awful poorly and Lettie wouldn't raise a finger, so somebody had to.

And Helen—Nell she was then to everybody but me—I always called her Helen, as I'd called her mother before her—I suppose she didn't show off well side of Lettie. She'd enter no competition for no man. Seein' Lettie so soft and languishin' she jest did as different as she could; it drove her to it, and without any special quarrel she and Steve just drifted further'n' further apart. Steve took to carryin' his grandfather's best roses over to Lettie's, and 'stead of ridin' and trampin' with Helen he read poetry on the Huysman piazza.

And all the time folks were watchin' Helen like the mean lynxes

they are, 'cause they like to see somethin' romantic, partly, I s'pose, hopin' she'd show some sign of a carkin' worm gnawing at her bosom. That girl never showed 'em a thing.

One day—it makes me sick to think of it now—she come gallopin' over on King Cole and I see she'd run him hard. She'd heard Steve and Lettie was engaged. 'Twarn't true, but she was runnin' away from sympathizin' callers, I guess. Anyway, I hollered to her and I was clost to the road prunin' my ros'b'ries, so she had ter stop, and when she stopped she tumbled off her hoss 's if she'd been shot and kind of staggered. I put up my arm to catch her, and my print sleeve come right against her cheek, and when I took it away there was a red streak on the sleeve. That was the color I'd wondered over, jest a little tinge, 'nough to fool her Aunt Rushy and all the rest of the town. I never let her know I see it, 'n' she don't know it to this day.

"It's hot. I'm actually dizzy," she said, pulling herself up straight as a rod. "I believe I'll sit under the porter a minute," she says. And she walked, slow and careful, all alone to the tree, an' set down on an old bucket bottom-side-up, that Miny's children had been usin' to climb with. I follered, scairt so my heart come right up in my throat 'n' choked me. I was sure she'd fall gettin' there.

That was the day I set down and wrote to Harriet Dana—Harry we always called her. She's got a kind of boyish way with her, though she's a great lady where she lives, and since she fell in love with Benjamin Alloway and married him she lives in Chicago. She used to come here and board with me summers when she warn't knee-high to a hoptoad, and her mother had 'nough to do keeping track of the whole brood of 'em. They hadn't so much money then. I knew she'd be East somewheres if she warn't in foreign parts, so I just put on a special-delivery stamp, knowin' some one out there would get it to her quick. And they did. In four days I got a despatch, "Expect me to-morrow, Wednesday. Harry."

When Jim Old's boy handed me that yeller envelope I was all up a stump, 'n' I waited for her in fear an' tremblin'. She was a master hand at settin' things straight, even when she was a mite, but I warn't lookin' for anything more'n advice. And then I hated to have her think I'd go cayoodlin' round to get any man back for a girl worth ten of him.

But, after all, Steve warn't so big a fool as he was makin' of himself, and I knew he'd be mis'able if he married Lettie, so I just left it to the Lord and baked up some good victuals for Harriet.

She got here jus's she said she would, and I see old Phileny Perkins peerin' at her from the back seat of the carryall when Jim Old's boy

druv her up. Phileny had been away quite a spell visitin' her brother's folks over to the Falls, but I was so tickled to see Harry I hardly spoke to her at all. "Hullo, Aunt Rushy," she calls, before the carryall fairly stopped. And I see Jim Old's boy was beamin' at her most as tickled as I was myself. I don't suppose anybody'd ever treated him so well as Harriet had done in them few minutes' ride, not since he was born into this world.

"Good-bye, Miss Perkins. Good-bye, Jim Junior," she calls after the carriage, with a little wave of her hand, and then she falls to huggin' me again.

"You dear thing, you dear thing!" she kept sayin', and I can tell you I forgot all about Helen Bradbury and Steve, I was so glad to see that blessed girl. Nothin' ain't ever spoiled her. You couldn't spoil her—and since her mother died she's felt different toward me than toward most, I guess. I knew that mother of hers through thick and thin, and I guess I come somewhere near appreciatin' her.

We set and talked awful late that night. We couldn't get at it till the neighbors stopped droppin' in. Helen didn't come. But Jim Old's boy did, with the trunks; and after that Phileny's mother was in such a hurry to get away and tell Phileny about there bein' five of them trunks she warn't hardly decent. They was quite a sight. One of 'em you could stand up on end and make into a closet with a door in the side, and one was all drawers like a bureau, and one opened out in half and had nothin' inside but hats. I showed 'em to Phileny and her mother next day, two in the upper hall and two in the spare room and one in my room.

"Ammunitions of war," says Harriet, twinklin', when we started to bed. "I want to meet the young people of this town," says she. "You jest talk while I take down my back hair. You're a worried woman or you wouldn't have written—I know you. Tell me every-thing." And she slid out of her dress and into a bedroom gown handsome enough for a ball.

"You ought to be ashamed," I says, jokin' her, "to get into such extravagance right before the eyes of my ancestors." I've got Uncle Peter Tubbs and Aunt Bethiah Turner hangin' in the spare room. I suppose Uncle Peter was the stingiest man in three counties, and Aunt Bethiah used to dry her coffee-grounds and use 'em over again.

We confabbed till midnight, or mebber later, and by the time we went to bed she'd made me believe she'd come because 'twas best for *her*. She was gettin' wore out goin' so much, and she wanted to be quiet, and so forth and so on; but I don't know: she didn't look wore out.

Sometimes I laugh and sometimes I cry when I think of the next

weeks. Such doin's in Mill Village! Harriet was bewitched to go walkin'. She could outwalk the whole lot of 'em, even Helen. Helen never suspected a thing, and took to her right off, and all the young folks were wild to meet her and join in the goin's on. When they went ridin' Lettie couldn't go, not knowin' how, and Steve, bein' pretty deep in by that time, stayed with her. I hoped it riled him some to hear 'em clatterin' off, but I don't know.

Harry had some plan for every day, and every plan was nicer than the one before. At first they was all for out-doors. She sent for her brother Billy (the goat, they called him when they was little), and I was a good deal in awe of him at first. He was a splendid boy, with lots of dignity though he warn't more than twenty-three if he was a day. They was somethin' kind of impressive about his clothes.

The second day he was here he come into the kitchen, where I was makin' up my batter for rolls, bringin' a long willer switch. "You haven't tingled my legs once since I've been here, Aunt Rushy," says he, kind o' grieved. "I suppose you've given me up," and ontied my apron-strings, jus' as he used to, and I never noticed till it slipped and I got a dab of flour on my black alpaca. I just after him with that switch, and he run laughin' as if he was havin' the time of his life. After that I warn't in no awe of Billy Newcomb.

He was awful grown-up with Helen,—“Miss Bradbury,” he called her,—makin' himself so agreeable she got to talkin' over lots of things with him, books and politics and the newspapers.

Letitia Huysman, she was round often, and would bring her fancy work when they was any settin' down bein' done, and take nippin' stitches and look at her own hands and feet; and Billy he was perfectly polite to her, tyin' her shoe and pickin' up her best handkerchief; but he was *friendly* with Helen. Steve come too, of course; but I could see he was sore about meetin' Helen and ashamed all the time, though he kept a kind of tender eye on Lettie, wrappin' her up, and fetchin' her a footstool, and holdin' her yarn.

Then there begun the greatest climbin' parties you ever see, all the young folks startin' at sun-up for Iron Mountain, or Star Peak, or Pike's Head, or Striped Mountain,—the higher the better. Harry had a trunkful of climbin' clothes, and she and Helen and Billy and Jim Old's boy were always first to the top.

Steve was a neat climber, but he was behind helpin' Lettie over the little stones or settin' on a rock with her while she rested. I set with 'em one day. It was this way. I'd promised to go to please the children (I always call Harriet and Billy the children), and I was to wait and rest in the Holler just over the first rise on Blake's Hill. It's a sightly place and I had my work along, and they were all comin'

back there for luncheon, and it would have been nice and pleasant if Lettie hadn't given out right there and said she couldn't go no further.

Steve stayed with her but he didn't look so tickled as I'd seen men, and I wondered if he suspected that Letitia was just showin' him off. That was all it was. She'd walked up Blake's Hill more'n once. It's no great rise. I hadn't been there more'n a minute when I see she was bent on flauntin' Steve in my face because I was a friend of Helen's. Steve he tried to draw me into the talk, but I was countin' stitches, so says I, real good-natured, "I can't talk, Steve, till I get this sock heeled off. I never can talk an' keep track."

Steve was tryin' to go on about some book or other they'd all been discussin', especially Helen and Billy Newcomb. Steve reads a lot and he has ideas. His voice was natchral enough, but his brown eyes looked dretful cloudy. I could see he was torn in his mind, for Lettie's never read anything she ain't been forced to, and I could see she'd never heard of this man they was talkin' over or his book. Helen looked lovely that day. Active things showed her off. I'd begun to be kind of worried about Billy. I hadn't no kind o' notion Helen would whiffle round all in a minute, and he certainly did haunt her as if he liked it.

I set there in Pixies' Holler (that was Steve's name for it when he was a little shaver) and kep' on knittin', still as jedgment, wonderin' a little if Steve noticed the way Billy was actin', and how it made him feel, and if pride hadn't give to Helen somethin' in her look and way that had never showed out before, somethin' kinder thrillin' and interestin'.

"Does the art in this case justify the—disgustfulness?" Steve was askin' Lettie, seein' I was took up with my sock.

"I haven't had a chance to read this summer," says Lettie, "my eyes have pained me so."

"Tough luck," says Steve; but he knew, an' I knew, that that warn't no new book they was upon, and I knew that if Lettie'd seen it she wouldn't have made head or tail of it. She ain't got the brains of a guinea-pig, pore thing.

"It would be lovely on the hill. It's too bad you couldn't go," purrs Lettie after a spell, liftin' her eyelids and showin' her even teeth.

"Tough luck," says Steve again. Then he pulls himself up. "Pity we couldn't all go," he says. "We ought to have some work here, like Aunt Rushy, to keep us from— Sha'n't I build you a wigwam?"

"No," says Lettie sweetly, lookin' real cute and cunnin', like a little doll. "Just talk, Stevie."

I imagined I see Steve scringe at that "Stevie." But he tried to talk. It went awfully slow at first. He was used to havin' the crowd to answer him, and Lettie just to smile and be moonlight; but after a while he settled down to it and did the talkin' himself, not expectin' any answer, and appeared to be perfectly satisfied 'n' happy.

Mebbe he was. We had a gay luncheon when the rest come back, and Billy found a clump of Indian pipes and give 'em to Helen,—pure white ones,—and there was a lot of good talk and fun and decent nonsense.—I don't suppose there's ever been so little spoonin' off in corners as there was that summer. Every one wanted to be where Harriet was, and so they all hung together.

Steve took his share in entertainin' durin' the luncheon, and I could see Harriet didn't think he was such a saphead as she'd been inclined to. But there was no love lost between Billy and him, and once when Steve came out a little ahead in an argument there was an instant when I could feel things was hostile. Nobody else knew it, though. They was both fresh from college and young and foolish.

After that I got to being sorry for Steve, and now and then I'd get sorry for Lettie, till she'd show her vicious little mean nature by abusin' her pore mother. You see it was Steve now that fell away in flesh. He looked—sort o' grim. I hardly ever see him over to Lettie's,—hardly ever see him anywhere, for that matter. People had begun to talk about Helen and Mr. Billy Newcomb, and then Harriet and I give a party. Sakes alive! 'twas Harriet give it, but the invitations—all engraved, mind you—had "Mrs. Jerushy Farley Tubbs" on the first line, and oh, they was handsome, two envelopes and all, and *done by Tiffany* in New York.

Everything was fixed for me. Not a mite of care did I have. The caterer come from Boston. He brought everything, even the dishes, and the' was a band from Boston, too, and every tree on the place was strung with colored lanterns. The' was lines of 'em all over the big yard from one ellum to the next, and even 'way up the road both ways, and all through the orchard. There warn't a dark corner. And the grass was cut smooth as a convict's head, for the dancin', and the house was just a bower, the furniture mostly all stacked up attic.

The barn was lovely as the house, all ready for the dancin' if the' was a shower; and Bess and Beauty, the best cows ever lived, jes' calmly chewed through the whole thing, and everybody patted 'em an' give 'em cake, and I caught Steve feedin' salads and ice-cream and what they call frappéd somethin' to Julius Cæsar and Kitty Jane. Julius was waggin' his bushy tail and Kitty Jane purrin' like mad right out on the front piazza, with their noses down in that caterer's dishes.

It warn't all so free and easy, though. The' was considerable

dressin'. Harry had taken Helen down to Gloversville, and Helen had spent most of her allowance for three months on a dress. As for Harriet, "I *guess*," says she to me in private, just as if she was a born-'n'-bred Yankee, "we can compete with the fair Letitia in her own line if worst comes to worst; I've a few things soft and traily myself," says she. But I never suspected! She'd saved a dress to surprise me—My! Well, I can't describe it; the whole thing was like a story. Me so dressed up I kept goin' up to my room to see if I was really me! And right in the midst, walkin' up from Mill Village station, a bag in his hand, that millionaire husband of Harriet's.

"Ben!" she screams, just as she used to when she was a baby and something made her happy, and she flew to him just like—well, I never see nothin' just like it. Most of the party was cavortin' out in the orchard where they was room for a kind of long-winded reel, and the band had moved round to the back piazza, so only a few of us see it. Then she carried him off into the house and took him up to the spare room while he brushed up. She'd forgotten Helen and everybody.

Helen was the belle of that ball. A big woman is most always handsome in ball clothes. She was blossomin' out in lots of ways, and her fight to keep from showin' how hard she was hurt—well, it had done somethin' to her. She was wonderful. Lettie was just as traily and softy and limp as ever, and her eyes were jest as big and soulful, and her teeth jest as good, but nobody noticed her.

In the middle of the evenin' I run acrost Helen and Billy pretendin' to eat the frappéd thing and talkin' earnest, and Billy lookin' dretful sober. Helen was arguin' low and eager, and he was disputin', but I could only guess what 'twas about. I've always presumed she was explainin' to him that he warn't so dretfully in love with her as he thought he was.

Steve looked awful that night o' the dance, but I couldn't get near him,—in spirit, I mean,—to offer any sympathy. He was as bad as Helen. If ever a man hated himself and was as jealous as Lucifer at the same time, it was Steve. He didn't enjoy Billy's constant dancin' with Helen, an' Lettie made him dretful sick actin' 's if she owned him. I could see that, but he didn't go near Helen—not till everythin' was gittin' late. Then they were dodgin' each other so hard they run into each other.

I hadn't set eyes on either for quite a spell when I went down acrost the place where the clo's-lines generally hang; it was all chairs and people laughin' and talkin'. I wanted to see if the dairy door was shut so Kitty Jane couldn't slip in, but the orchestry struck up a college song and the young folks joined in and I stopped right there to listen. The crowd grew bigger 'n' bigger, joinin' in the songs, and

I kept givin' way till I stood close to the dairy door, and there, just beside the step, was Steve and Helen. They didn't see nobody but themselves.

"I can't, Steve. Something you hurt—has gone. I'd give my life to find it. I—don't trust— You don't seem like the same Steve."

I heard her say that, and every word was like sweatin' blood. I edged away before Steve answered, and I never felt sorrier for nobody than I did for Steve that minute. But when Helen said good-night to me, Steve was there too, near by; and I heard him sayin', not thinkin' I'd understand,—his face white's my ruchings,—“I'll find it for you— or die tryin'”—jest like a boy. But he'd begun to be a man.

Helen ain't the kind that's easy to earn back; but that's a long story, longer'n this, and I didn't have no hand in it.

That was a year ago. When Steve come home this summer (he's down to New York workin' in the real estate business), he hed his work cut out for him. His father was threatenin' never to speak to him again. Steve he'd hed a big offer from Levi P. Hunt, the greatest man 't ever left Mill Village, an' he'd refused it, givin' no explanation.

Phebe Wells, Steve's mother, was over to Merrill's Corner nursin' a dyin' sister, and there warn't anybody to pull John Wells off his high hoss, 'n' he got wilder 'n' wilder. He s'posed if he was ha'sh enough Steve would give in, and the more quiet Steve grew the louder he got. Steve was jest as close-mouthed as ever, but he looked sharp an' solemn. He hadn't won Helen back, and this refusin' a good offer was jest puttin' it further off, and it did seem kinder like flyin' in the face o' Providence.

I was over there to carry Steve some o' my hermits and riz biscuits, and right before me his father pitched into him. The old man was sore, I tell you. He'd never liked Steve's goin' to college, and now he was sure it had made a fool of him.

"I tell ye now," he screamed, not mindin' me no more'n if I was a settin' hen, "I'm as good a jedge of Levi Hunt's business methods ez you be." ("Twas the first hint I'd had of Steve's reason for refusin'.) "You take that offer," roared John Wells, "or you git out of this house for good. An' one thing I c'n tell you," he snapped, ugly as a snappin' turtle, "Helen Bradbury'll never marry no man that makes a fool of himself 'n' a laughin'-stock of her a second time."

"I'll marry him this minute if he'll have me," said a voice on the door-step, and Helen she jest pushed open the screen door and come right into the kitchen where we was standin'. It was sunset time, but the colors in the sky warn't more beautiful than her face. "Steve," says she, ignorin' the old man, "you're getting twenty dollars a week, and I've got fifty a month in my own right and I can earn more with

my designing. I sold a wall-paper design yesterday," she says. "I'll marry you and we'll save money," she ends up, and the tears come up in her eyes, all wide and shinin' as they were. And Steve—rigid as a ramrod and pinched like an old man—turned round to her from the first sound of her voice, and his eyes were like the eyes of the lost when they see salvation.

"Dearest—dearest," he says, and the old man 'n' I sneaked off by different ways, an' I was so excited I run all the way home.



A LEGEND OF THE EASTER LILY

BY MINNA IRVING

THE aisles in velvet darkness lay,
 The pews in shadow slept,
 The rows of gilded organ-pipes
 Majestic silence kept.
 Through painted panes a moonbeam stole
 Along the altar-rail,
 And showed upon the steps a group
 Of kneeling angels pale.

Each swung a censer as she prayed,
 An alabaster cup,
 Star-shaped, and lined with purest gold,
 With fragrance brimming up.
 And as she swayed it to and fro,
 Behold! The chilly gloom
 Grew soft with airs of Paradise,
 And heavy with perfume.

A sound disturbed the seraph band,
 They vanished in the night;
 But one forgot, and left behind
 Her censer pearly-white.
 So when the worshippers arrived,
 The church was dim and stilly,
 But lo! upon the altar-steps,
 They found an Easter lily.

A WINDOW IN THE WASHINGTON POST-OFFICE

By Willard French



THE Washington post-office stands askew. It is the fault of Pennsylvania Avenue, not the post-office; for the building is straight with the cross-streets, while the avenue, like all the statistical avenues of Washington, as a contractor once correctly—however incorrectly—said, “Hain’t plumb with nuthin’.” No more it “ain’t.”

It is not this, however, which has made the post-office such a bone of contention in the Senate and House of Representatives,—till they call it all the way from an abortion to a miracle, according to their proclivities,—for it surely has peculiarities; some that could be criticised without either straining at a gnat or swallowing a camel. It was constructed under curious conditions and for peculiar purposes. There is not another combination on earth quite like Washington, and the post-office had to conform to its unique complexion.

Washington is nothing but a great nation’s thinking cap. It is the largest employer of labor on earth, but the producer of nothing—nothing tangible. It is a magnet for every kind of metal man is made of, but a disappointment, if nothing worse, to ninety-nine in every hundred who give over to its gravity, and an inexorable quietus for most.

Motley floods flow into Washington. The more wealth, the more poverty, the more learning, the more ignorance, the more ambition, the more desperately disheartened, the less need of anything, the more need of everything, a man realizes,—the more he idealizes his chances in the Mecca of the Free and sees the cresset of his hope at one end or the other of Pennsylvania Avenue, midway which the skew post-office stands open for all.

He circles first about the pool, whatever his predilections or expectations, then, whether intoxicated by success or by disappointment, he plunges in the vortex and would be utterly lost—the great majority of him—were it not for a window in the Washington post-office.

They boast that there are no poor in Washington. It is true.

Among the constitutionally "down-trodden" there are few exhibits of abject destitution and a good many small bank accounts. The acknowledged poor of the capital are better provided for in an adequate adjustment of supply and demand than could possibly obtain in the fanatic fluctuations of commercial centres. But there is another large class in Washington,—the unknown poor, the floating poor,—which is never inventoried in taking account of stock; they who came in more or less distress, hoping for relief, and have waited in vain for it till they have not the means to get away. There is pride-covered poverty, masked misery, shame-veiled destitution in Washington as nowhere else on earth. Thousands of stranded ones have dragged forlorn hopes through years of grimmest economy ashamed or unable to retreat, existing Heaven knows how; starving, freezing, anything to keep up an externally not too threadbare show; still believing in a kind of chronic Washingtonia, that the next mail or the next must bring them the longed-for summons that shall mean their sweet salvation. They have no abiding place. They only exist—they would not for worlds have any one know how or where. They live on the solace granted by pitying Heaven to the unfortunate—Hope! To them a window in the Washington post-office is the last link which holds them. It is the General Delivery.

The position and proportions of this department in the Washington post-office betray the quantity and quality of demand for which supply must be provided. It is no side-show. It is not tucked away round some dim corner, after the manner of general delivery departments at large. It is the best positioned and best patronized of any part of the post-office. It occupies the entire space of one of the massive-arched alcoves in the front corridor, just inside the main entrance, off the avenue. Three tall, arched windows occupy the end of the alcove, opening into the office. One has not to bend and peep, like a criminal at a grating, when asking for his mail; nor does he feel like fumigating the letters he receives, as if they had come to him out of a sepulchre. He stands erect and looks into well-lighted and ventilated quarters, where three or four attendants have space to move about and an opportunity to be civil. They are civil.

Often, last winter, when going down the corridor, I stopped in the alcove to watch the interminable line of applicants and wonder about some of them. One blustering day,—a worse day than Washington had any right to,—having to wait for an interview with a post-office official, I crowded myself into a corner well out of the way, between a radiator and the end wall on a line with the windows, and gave myself over to a quiet investigation of that department. There were applicants in furs and laces, meltons and silk hats; blushing, paling,

smiling, frowning, blustering like the outside, calm and dignified like the inside; but they seemed no part of the passing show. They were but the ordinary incidentals of a general delivery. The atmosphere was pregnant with unique pathos which was not of them. It was permeated with the quivering breath of hope deferred, with smothered sobs of disappointment, with the premonitory throbs of breaking hearts, all along the line. There were anxious, lonely, homesick suffering faces,—strangers, coming from the discord and solitude of wretched quarters crowded with the unknown, to the one spot which held by weakening strands the anchor of the soul; coming with trembling lips and eager eyes out of the miserable cold into the warmth and light and stately substance of the marble alcove, where day and night the great opal electric sun sheds its soft, cheering glow; coming for the verdict from behind the window.

Better than all which the architect planned—better than all the Government has accomplished to perfect the facilities of the department—the best there, is the substance of one face behind those windows. It is the face of a woman. She does not know it, but she is a greater miracle than the post-office. Long may she reign in that General Delivery. She is the only woman I ever saw with a face, a voice, a manner to say, hour after hour, year in and out, to those hoping-against-hope appeals, "There is nothing for you to-day," in a way to send them smiling from the window,—smiling through tears, withal,—an antidote mixed with the dose which maketh the heart sick; a stepping-stone placed in the Gulf of Disappointment, upon which they can stand till it is time to come again. There are men behind the window, too, and they are all exceptionally courteous; but women are so much better at that kind of thing than men, anyway; and never was one so capable. I watched her involuntarily, hoping she might not notice it. So did every one else, especially the miserable. I noticed some who had evidently been there before, and knew the mystic charm, slip out of line and wait for a chance when she would be at liberty, dreading disappointment unsoftened by the way she said it. I do not know her name or more of her than I saw and heard at the window—may she prove merciful if the freedom I am taking is offensive; but I know that, had I been burdened with an agony of hope, like some of the lonely ones I saw come to the window, I should have done as they did,—told her all of it that there was time to tell.

A young fellow asked for a letter. She produced it with a smile. I noticed that she always smiled when she could respond favorably to that class.

"It is for my brother," he said. "He went away from home when I was only four years old. We never heard from him again till a

letter came addressed to papa, saying he would be in Washington to-day, and would come here for a letter if he cared to write. Papa is dead, so mamma wrote, asking him to come back home, but to make sure she sent me to tell him. I'm afraid I sha'n't know him, and I thought maybe you'd help me, someway."

She told him to stand across the alcove, and when anyone asked for the letter she would call him.

A wrinkled and ragged old woman called for an advertised letter. She saw it and shrank back.

"It's about my Willie, the one I loved best," she said, with a sob and a shudder. "Six years ago I came with him to Washington, to get him a government job, and they sent him out West. The last thing he said was, 'You stop here, mother, and I'll send you money to keep you till I come back.' Well, I didn't hear from him for two years. He'd had hard luck and was going to Cuba. And it was two years more when he wrote again, from there. He'd just struck better luck and was going to send me money soon to come to him. That was two years ago. I've been getting too old to come to the post-office every day, as I used to, and this letter had to be advertised. It's from him, but you can see it isn't his handwriting. I'm so afraid it says he's dead. And my eyes don't see good, anyway. Would you mind reading it for me?"

A big negro gave his name as Daniel Williams. The face behind the window looked at him curiously and said:

"The last time you were here you said your name was Johnson."

"Dat's a fac', miss," the negro replied, unabashed. "Sence den I merried a gal named Williams, an' dey wus reasons cause w'y we'd ruther I tuk her name nor she tuk mine."

A colored girl asked for an advertised letter, and was told that it was originally addressed to the jail.

"'Deed, miss, I nebber wus in jail!" she declared. "'Deed I nebber wus. But dat letter's fo' me, sho' 'nuff. Yo' kin tell by de look it's frum my folks. Dey mus' hab 'dressed it to de jail s'posin' I libbed in dat neighborhood."

Later on a white man called for a letter under the same conditions. He hesitated a moment, then, looking straight into the woman's face, replied:

"That hits me all right, marm. I just got out."

The face smiled back on him as the woman said:

"In a quarter of a century that I have been here, you are the first person who has ever owned right up to having been in jail."

It was nothing—nothing more than a human word from a human woman. It was neither consolation nor condemnation, but the man

was smiling a good smile when he went away—better, for the time being, at any rate.

The boy across the corridor started forward. She had remembered, and called him. He laid his hand timidly on the arm of a tall fellow who had just received the letter. She said something, softly. There was a quick hug and kiss, and both were crying as they hurried away. There were tears in her eyes too, as she stood shuffling the next handful of letters.

A fellow appeared who was much the worse for wear, but there was something out of the common about his face, sunken, with eyes dark underlined, and badly in need of shaving though it was. He wore no overcoat. He clutched a letter which she gave him, crumpling it in his hand, and without opening it, came toward me and backed up against the radiator.

A boy and girl—two little tots—were at the window. Standing on tiptoe they could just get their wee noses above the ledge. They asked for a letter for their grandmother, but it was registered. On such a busy day, when every one was prone to be disagreeable, they might easily have been sent away, in accordance with the law; but I heard her tell them to wait, and in a moment she appeared in the corridor. With a youngster clinging to each hand, she went away to the superintendent's office to arrange for a carrier to take the letter to their grandmother.

In the interim—because the chief interest was lost from the window—I glanced at the fellow beside me. He had smoothed out the envelope and stood staring at it. It was official—unstamped. After his name there were the letters of two degrees. I really did not mean to see. I looked without thinking, and, worse yet, he caught me at it. I tried to apologize, but he replied, carelessly:

“It doesn't matter. I am an M.I.T. man, all right, though I'm precious little honor, just now, to the big Boston Institute. I went dead broke in a bad deal out West, and worked my way back as far as Washington looking for another job. I struck in here because I had some half-way friends at court and thought I might get something from the Government. Treasury's gone low while I've been waiting on tenter-hooks for four months now. But after laying my lines I didn't dare to leave. I was too proud to call on friends to help me stay. This letter here has heaven or hell in it for me, and I'm afraid of it either way. I don't much more want to die of joy than starvation. Do you mind opening it and letting me down easy on what's inside? It's not about myself that I'm thinking. I've got a wife, you know.”

It proved to be heaven—thank God! He went away rejoicing.

The face was again at the window. With a little space of instinctive deference about her, there came up such a sweet little old lady—

such a fragment of long ago, slipped from an ancient frame in some ancestral gallery. Her dress was old when you and I were born; but it was not shabby-old, even last winter. It might have been hanging all these years in that same gilt frame. Under it was a hoop-skirt, if ever cause and effect corresponded exactly with old-time cuts. The face was like the figure,—old, not shabby-old. It was a dear little wrinkled face, under a hat—a bonnet, I presume—of some forgotten fashion. She nodded her thanks for a letter, to the face behind the window, with a smile which gave the eyes a flash of youth and turned the wrinkles into quivering *pax vobiscums*. In a voice not unlike the wind through æolian threads, she said, “It is rather blustery out,” then went her way, leaving a sense of blessing with us all,—especially, I think, judging from the smile that lighted it, with the face behind the window. There is reciprocity everywhere. “Give and it shall be given unto you,” holds good, even at the window in the Washington post-office.

But about the quaint little woman: often in days gone I had noticed her, coming or going. For a while in days that came I noticed her. Then I missed her. A curious incident brought me knowledge of her; not much of it I can impart, but this much: She was a belle at White House balls, years and years ago. She was betrothed to a rising diplomat. He was killed in a duel, defending her honor. She held it sacred to his memory thereafter, and with her small fortune became a veritable sister of charity,—without the veil, for she would never dress except as he had known her.

Her little fortune failed, and of late years she saw some bitter straits. That letter she received—the envelope—had in it only a ten-dollar bill. Those letters came to her regularly for a long time, but she never knew who sent them. A month beyond that blustering day last winter, she slipped on the ice, was taken to the hospital, and died there. I can think of little in the past more fortunate for me than the crowding of myself into the corner, that day when she came for her letter, when it was “rather blustery out,” and left her blessing with us all.

A young lady, whose furs and laces marked her from well out in the N. W. end, came shy and shrinking to the window. With drooping eyes she whispered a name which evidently was not hers, and blushed as she hurried away with the letter hidden under her cloak. There was no smile on the face behind the window. It seemed at a glance always to single out the sufferers and to say to them, in one way or another, mostly without words, “Better luck to you next time,” if there was nothing, or “I hope it has good news,” if she gave them a letter.

There came a lull in the interminable line. For a moment there

was no one in sight. I crept from my corner up to the window, and asked:

"Do you never grow tired?"

She thought I was seeking an ear for a tale of woe, and her expression instantly had in it that—often exquisitely cruel, occasionally soulful—question, "What can I do for you?" But seeing that I meant herself, she said:

"Oh, no. I've been at it nearly a quarter of a century now, and I'm so used to it that handling letters does not tire me."

"I mean the stories the people tell you," I said. "Do you never grow tired of listening?"

"Sometimes," she replied. "At least I wish, sometimes, that I need not hear or that I could forget them. They make me so sad. But then I remember that often I am the only one to whom they can tell them. So many who come here have no real friends in Washington, you know."

"They are mostly strangers who come here, I suppose," I remarked. "And I should imagine that the very monotony of new faces forever would grow tiresome. Very few, I imagine, come so often that you learn them."

"On the contrary," she said, "a great many faces grow sadly—and some pleasantly—familiar. There are people coming here regularly still who were coming just the same when I began, twenty-five years ago. There are one or two who come almost every day, and never get anything. It is almost as sad for us as it is for them, for one knows they must be desperately hoping for something, to come that way. There is one man who has come every day since I can remember, and receives only a weekly paper. I am always glad when the day for the paper comes around.

"But isn't it trying to have to listen to everybody's tale of woe?" I asked.

"That depends," she replied quickly. "Those who come here with them are those who have nowhere else to go. Washington is such a peculiar place. Almost everywhere the unfortunate who have seen better days have at least a few lines leading back to old associations, but those who come here poor and grow poorer are so utterly alone. If it helps them to talk, one must be glad to listen. The saddest stories of all are those that tell themselves,—letters coming fast at first, then dropping off, till they finally stop, while the poor things keep coming and asking, with sadder and sadder faces. Sometimes it's the other way, and letters accumulate and are advertised and then go to the Dead-Letter Office. That always hurts. So much more sorrow than joy seems always connected with the mails."

"Are you never imposed upon?" I asked.

“Plenty of times, and I hate to be,” she replied. “Awhile ago an old man asked me for a letter which wasn’t here, and then told me such a pitiful story. He said that he had walked from goodness knows how far away; that he was an old soldier; that he had eaten nothing that day; that he was expecting a letter from his son, with money to pay his fare the rest of the way. He wound up with such a sigh, saying he was too old and too tired and too hungry to go any farther. He looked all that he said, and I gave him the money for his fare and an order on a restaurant for dinner. When I went out to lunch, I passed him at the telegraph window, telling the operator the same story.

“But look at this letter from a little girl to whom I happened to be of some slight use. See, she begins it, ‘My dear Mrs. Post-Office Woman.’ I wouldn’t mind being cheated a few times, to receive such a letter as that from a real case of need.”

When I remembered that I had only seen the pathos of an hour, I tried in vain to realize what it must have been to have stood at that window five and twenty years.



SONG OF THE FREE-RIDER

BY J. BERG ESENWEIN

A TOUCH of new green is on the trees
 Where the brown forest road they over-arch;
 There’s life in the woods, the April breeze
 Is waking the chestnut, elm and larch.
 The jubilant thrush, the dappled skies,
 The low of the kine, the insects’ hum,
 And daffodils’ shyly opening eyes:
 All say that the Spring is truly come.

To gallop along and breathe the zest
 That livens and thrills the budding year,
 To welcome the robin’s new-made nest,
 Or hark to the grosbeak’s whistle clear—
 Heigh ho! for the joys of riding free,
 Of feeling the kin-blood pulsing warm,
 With Nature in Spring-tide kin to me
 And I her own child in heart and form!

THE METTLE OF MR. MATTHEWS

By Walter Barr



“THE brainiest horse I ever knew was Old Jack, who pulled the plough for my father and was hitched to a buggy only once, that one time and his future banishment from the shafts being cause and effect. He was not only the wisest horse of all, but also the hardest one to control; he seemed to have brains enough to rebel at slavery and reason enough to devise ways and means for making trouble that were entirely foreign to horses with only instinct.”

Mrs. Matthews was talking to the man on her left at the Country Club luncheon; he was a bank president, who boasted of his liking for Mrs. Matthews, because she was once stenographer and later secretary to another bank president and knew banking and because, like himself, she was born on an Indiana farm. He had found Mrs. Matthews particularly vivacious, but, as she spoke about the horse which devoted its extraordinary talents to wicked ends, her eyes rested upon her husband down the table, and she became abstracted. Mr. Matthews was cashier of the bank of which Mr. Hanson was president, and he shared with his wife the admiration of the head of the leading financial institution in Winterset.

Six years ago Matthews had brought his wife to Winterset. They had been married two years before, about the time that they had both terminated their employment as confidential clerks to the president of a savings and trust company. The employment of Matthews had ended first, as the result of some oblique transactions in farm mortgages, which, when discovered, produced a cataclysm among the force of clerks, until the president pointed out the offender. Mrs. Matthews was then Miss Harper, stenographer; and the wonderful nerve shown in the crisis by Mr. Matthews under the fire of his enraged employer had much to do with her decision to accept his last proposal of a long series. She had loved him for his strength of character, albeit it was of a kind which made her realize how much the man was like the old horse of whom she told Mr. Hanson. She retained her old admiration and consequent love for her husband, but she had felt uncomfortable

in the same little city with the rugged honesty and sneering contempt of the president of that same savings and trust company. He had promoted her to the place vacated so suddenly and unwillingly by her admirer and later had expressed with one glance his opinion of her marriage to the man whom he had flayed with vituperation but could not prosecute,—for Matthews had never violated any of the laws of the land, and insisted that he had broken only the rules of the savings and trust company, and not any moral law. But Mrs. Matthews knew better, and was perfectly candid with herself. Her mind was full of wistful longing that some moral earthquake would make over her husband; and so to-night she missed what Mr. Hanson was saying. Finally, she brought back her attention to her neighbor at the table as he was continuing:

“—And I’ll bet that your brainy and mean horse was one of the most valuable horses on the farm, just as the men like him are most valuable to the world and the development of the country.”

“He was a pretty good farm horse,” she smiled back; “but, since all the horses are dead now, we remember Old Jack with very little regret for his demise, and are still mourning for Old Puss, who was both intelligent and good.” Her eyes again turned toward her husband down the table and were full of longing. “But horses are different from men. One cannot change such a horse as Old Jack into a good horse; but one can change a rascally man into one who loves his fellow-men and hence loves the Lord.”

As Mr. Hanson was about to reply, his attention was attracted down the table, where a man with a dark complexion and a Latin sneer was saying:

“You haven’t been out to hear Tommy Gordon preach, have you, Matthews? I’ve kept pretty close tab on you and Hanson since the revival began; at the first signs of either of you getting converted, I’m going to check all my accounts from your bank. It mightn’t be a bad scheme for one or both of you to take a prominent part in the meetings, but if you do, you don’t fool me. I want the preacher to have all the graft himself. He used to get big money playing base-ball with the Brooklyns, but he’s got a better thing now, hasn’t he?”

“And he evidently is earning more than all the regular preachers in town do in a year,” retorted Mrs. Matthews; “you ought to figure it per capita of converts, it seems——”

“Matthews is authorized,” Mr. Hanson broke in, “to discharge me the morning after he can prove that I was at the meetings; and I certainly will discharge him if I catch him there—if I ascertain he’s been there, I mean,” he continued hastily, joining in the laughter of the rest; “for this thing of bank officers doing the pious act is over-

worked worse than the actress and her diamonds and the solid citizen on oil company letter-heads."

A little shadow came over the eyes of Mrs. Matthews, which were more eager than ever. She started a movement to rise from the table; and later she sat on the porch of the club-house, watching her husband and Mr. Hanson play the short course over the links, with her face almost troubled.

The sky over the golfers was no clearer than the commercial sky that afternoon. But by nine o'clock the next morning a tornado of excitement was whirling rumors and warnings in rapid eddies all over Winterset. The revivalist at the great temporary tabernacle had shouted, the previous evening, that not a bank in Winterset had money enough in its vaults to pay its depositors in full, if all should come at once for their savings. He continued that the bounty of God was very different; but many of his auditors lost the application of the simile and were ignorant of thirty-five per cent. standards of cash in vaults. Before the town was asleep, people were repeating that the banks did not have money enough to pay depositors. Before breakfast-tables were cleared in the morning, the wickedest of demons, Rumor, had hissed through all the little city that Hanson's bank was weak. When the president saw the crowd around the bank, he turned a corner, took his carriage home, and raced up to the rear door, ten minutes late, in a big automobile which parted the mass of people and bumped over the sidewalk so that he could step directly into the doorway.

Matthews had arrived an hour before and gained the cashier's desk through an alley coal-hole and the cellar stairs.

The clerks found his face as inscrutable as a gambler's when they scrutinized it as he bent over leather-bound books. His voice was steady as ever when he telephoned the bank's Chicago correspondent to transfer its entire balance to the First National of Indianapolis and then telephoned the latter to send down forty thousand dollars in silver on a special train. He had been in the building only forty minutes when he spoke over the shoulder of the paying teller:

"Parrott, I'll work this window all day to-day. Please see that sandwiches and coffee are kept within reach and that the checks are entered in the individual ledgers as fast as possible. You may take charge of all the clerks to-day, for I don't want a word said to me from inside and I don't want to say another word to any of you in here; get everybody to work to pile up all the money possible around me here, and especially make a big pile of the coin. When the wagon-load of silver arrives from Indianapolis, pile it up on a table or something

in the biggest pile you can make of it. Tell Mr. Hanson I say to keep away from me and to cover everything in his office a foot deep with soft soap. George, make a big bluff with the step-ladder and get up slowly and turn the clock ahead to nine o'clock, so they can see you through the windows. Frank, get out there and throw the doors open the instant George gets the minute hand to twelve. *Now let me alone.*"

The last words were low in tone, but filled the whole room like a rumbling organ-note. Two minutes later, the crowd surged madly toward him, but Cashier Matthews's face was clear as a cherub's, and his salutation to each new man at the counter was as casual as the utmost indifference could have made it. His hands worked like a machine set long before at a certain, proper speed. His eyes were full of attention to figures and signatures; but every few minutes they glanced like a flash upon the pushing mass of humanity outside the bronze net-work topping the counter. He saw a face as pale as putty close beside another face so red that he half thought of harvest hands back on the farm. He saw strong men jostling a frail woman, the men's lips moving spasmodically in scowling faces, and the woman's tears rolling down cheeks set like a plaster cast. Here and there was a face lacking passion, but full of alertness, and these faces were making faster headway toward him as the mass churned like grain on a riddle. Before long he noticed Parrott and four big policemen forcing the mass into a curling rope of humanity; and a little later he saw that they had formed a line which reached out the front doors, along the sidewalk, past the left-hand windows, around the corner, down the side street, past the window there and his line of vision—into infinity, he automatically supposed.

The interminable line was still crawling past his window when the whistle of factories announced noon. Some of the coffee and sandwiches were gone, but he hardly knew where, for he was not conscious of eating or drinking. As the whistles stopped their shrill drone, the backward swing of his glance from the street carried it to the rear of the bank, where it struck President Hanson standing by the vault door with face pale and eyes almost glazed. Matthews stopped long enough, after counting out a pack of silver to a merchant, to write a few lines on a yellow pad. He tore off the leaf and said evenly, against the glass which reflected his words behind him:

"Take this to Mr. Hanson."

The president tore the paper in unfolding the little note, and read:

"Get out of here and keep out. If you've entirely lost your nerve, slip out and go home and hide. A sight of your face will bring in a hundred more depositors for their money.—H. G. M."

President Hanson walked quickly back to his office, and from there sent the note back to Matthews with the addition in a scrawl:

"If the bank is saved it will be your nerve that does it. Directors have lost hope, but voted to double your salary or give you a big block of stock, your option, if you pull us through.—*D. S. H.*"

As Matthews looked up from the yellow slip of paper, he saw his wife in the line opposite the front window. He increased the speed of his motions and brought her to his wicket as rapidly as possible. She handed in her own bank-book, from which protruded a ten-dollar bill on top of a thick pile of other bills which Matthews found to be ones. As she approached the pay counter, she held the money in sight of all and chatted brightly to her neighbors. She smiled up into Matthews's face as she handed him the bank-book and the money.

"That's the first deposit this bank has had to-day," he said clearly, and with a little laugh that was so infectious that all the faces in the room became clearer. But he took up a dry pen and stuck it in the shot-bottle, instead of the inkstand, before he moved it over the page of his wife's bank-book; and, though he laid the bills on the pile to his left, he picked up a check on another bank for an equal amount, which happened to come in too late to clear the day before, and slipped this check into her little book. Fourth behind Mrs. Matthews was a slim man with a sharp countenance. When he reached the teller's window, this man laughed a little and said:

"Here's my daily deposit, and I'll leave it with you instead of taking it up to the Colonial, with my balance here, as I intended. That deposit of your wife's is too transparent to be a trick and I believe it's straight. I'm going to deposit instead of drawing out."

"No; you won't deposit anything, Mr. Simpson," snapped Matthews, and his voice rang out across the sidewalk, as he went on: "You needn't draw out anything unless you desire, but you've helped keep up this run by standing out there in line for hours, and we don't care for the account of your kind of people. Better let me cash that check for your balance here."

Almost instantly came another note from behind the slightly open door of President Hanson's private office. Matthews read:

"Have you gone daft, too? Why didn't you let Simpson help turn the tide?—*D. S. H.*"

Matthews smiled a half apology for the delay at the waiting depositor before him, and wrote below the message of Hanson on the same slip:

"You may lose your bank and money and I my job, but neither of us is going to the pen under the statutes about an insolvent bank receiving deposits. Whether we are solvent depends upon the market value of the stock of your electric company, and I imagine a slump would show, if we had a board of trade and a ticker service in this town.—H. G. M."

And, with another smile, Matthews turned to count out seven hundred and more silver dollars to the man before him, who had wisely sent a boy for a sack when he saw, while waiting in line, that the bank was paying almost entirely in silver, which was not only slow to count out but also inconvenient to carry.

At twenty minutes before three o'clock, Matthews sent a whisper back into the room behind him:

"Parrott, get a half-dozen policemen, keep them hid until the dot of three, and then rush the front doors shut."

Twelve minutes later, the last of the severed inside end of the line had been paid, and Matthews turned a composed face to the admiring and amazed clerks, with the quiet question, "Parrott, how much did I pay out to-day?" And when Parrott told him, with a new respect in his tone, Matthews replied, "I guess that's the biggest day's work any teller ever did in this town, eh?"

The entire board of directors of the bank were assembled and discussing the terrors and hopes of the day while Matthews was speaking to the clerks in front. Everything tangible had been done before noon, and they were fighting off despair by holding on to the hope that in some occult way Matthews's nerve might pull them through the maelstrom of frenzied depositors.

"That was a nervy thing for his wife to do, too," said one, "especially as it was trying to dam a torrent with a straw."

"Wonder how he reasons out the difference between her deposit and Simpson's?" said another, "so far as the banking law applies."

"Bet you my stock against yours," said the first, with grim humor, "that the books show he didn't receive her deposit into the bank, but slipped it into his pocket, or something."

"His wife is a wonderful woman," said Hanson musingly; "she married him because she fell in love with his nerve, and she has a theory that some day he'll become a great power for good in the world by virtue of that same grit—something of a Peter Cartwright, I suppose."

A director at the other end of the table smiled, preliminary to a remark in reply, but his face straightened as Matthews entered.

"Mr. Matthews," said President Hanson quickly, "You've done the work of a whole fire department to-day, and I'm afraid that to-morrow

you'll have to do it all over again. We've talked more about you than about ourselves or the bank in here. We want you to get all the rest you can to-night, to prepare for the next avalanche to-morrow. Let Parrott stay with the clerks to balance up, and you go home to rest as soon as possible. Tell your wife we're all as proud of you as even she can ask."

"I'm afraid that I'll not have to keep it up longer than noon to-morrow," said Matthews slowly, with sinister meaning. "But I'll have to have some rest to-night, and, as rest is change of occupation, I think I'll do best if I go out to the tabernacle and hear Tommy Gordon preach."

He smiled as some of the directors looked at him with amazement, some with troubled glances, and others with grins. Only President Hanson seemed to understand him, and said:

"You're right; don't stop to think and lie awake all night. Do whatever you think best and go wherever you please, but be here in the morning at opening time as fit as you were to-day."

When Matthews and his wife reached the big frame building constructed by the Ministerial Association for the four weeks' meetings of Rev. Thomas A. Gordon, it was crowded so that they entered a side door and were given chairs in an aisle near the front. Four thousand people sat in a mass as dense as crowding could make it. The neutral tones of the clothes of the men made a background upon which were splotches of color from the gowns of the women. In front was a platform as high as a man's head, upon which were banked two hundred singers flanked by two grand pianos. Projecting into the vast auditorium from this choir platform was a rostrum, more literal than those in college chapels, upon which stood a little pulpit that looked like the stand in front of the second officer of a lodge. By this pulpit, his back toward the audience and both arms gesticulating in march time, stood the musician who was the chief of the staff of the evangelist famous for his great revivals. The song was in a red book with paper covers, which nearly all in the tabernacle held before their faces. The words were something about the sunny side of life—more understandable to city folk of winter sidewalks than to countrymen—and the music was as simple polyphony as ever primary classes sang. The volume of sound was immense, from the four thousand throats; and the enthusiasm made by music amalgamated the minds of the crowd as march music always does.

As the song ceased on the tonic half note, the evangelist stepped quickly to the pulpit. He was as lithe as a tiger, set up like an army officer, and wore a business suit from a tailor who considered his trade an art. Carefully brushed hair topped a face that was smooth and mobile, regular in its curves, with a high forehead over the eyes

that were distinctly visible far back in the audience, and a square jaw framing a flexible mouth. In a rich baritone voice, that filled the building and was resonant from the exposed rafters, the evangelist announced his text with perfect modulation, and then repeated it with exactly the same tone and inflection:

“The righteous into life eternal.”

The sermon was on the thesis that every man and woman misses the fulness of life and the richness of eternity unless all talents possessed are utilized for good as well as for material profit. It was a composite sermon of the kind that always attracted a hundred thousand auditors within a month in a town of ten thousand inhabitants. There were flights of eloquence; there were stirring passages, reminding Matthews of what he had read of John B. Gough; there was a description of a scene which reminded him of the way a girl he once knew used to talk about Chopin's nocturnes; and another word-picture of action left him leaning forward with eyes staring and mouth half open; sometimes adjectives in incredible number were shot ahead of a noun like bullets from a gatling-gun; and sometimes a brilliant rhetorical period would end with a clause of slang which fairly slapped one in the face. After an hour of a *mélange* of scholarship, slang, rhetoric, eloquence, gymnastics, pathos, sublimity, and persuasion, came the peroration, which held every face there fixed as wax and every head as motionless as a congregation of the dead.

In the beginning Matthews had looked over the audience and marked the bank's depositors who would file before his paying teller's window in the morning; when the text was announced, he thought with vexation how the innocent figure of speech of this preacher had brought the bank to the brink of ruin; early in the sermon, he smiled cynically at the public's ideas of the profit in banking as contrasted with the experiences of that day. But five minutes later Matthews's mind was far from the events of the last twelve hours, and his wife smiled gratefully when she perceived that he was actually getting the rest of complete change.

The peroration of this sermon was welded to the exordium of a prayer in such a way that it was impossible to tell just where the one ended and the other began. As if his own “Amen” was a track-meet signal, the evangelist sprang upon a chair and began exhorting men and women to turn into the way of righteousness. Both Matthews and his wife thought of the satirical remarks of the men at the Country Club luncheon; Mrs. Matthews bit her lip with irritation; Matthews himself started, shook his shoulders, shot a glint of defiance upon the audience, and then settled back in his chair, with an abstracted look on his face that those noticing him mistook for weariness.

By this time the acrobatic evangelist was standing on top of the desk. The musical director was perched on a chair, with his gesticulating arms reaching only to the shoulders of the preacher. The chorus was singing *fortissimo* in an effort to be heard over the resounding invitation of the revivalist to all sinners to come forward to the front seats. Over the head of the evangelist hung the brilliant white globe of a nest of incandescent gas-burners, giving the whole scene a touch of mysticism. The bright, white globe high in the air, but not far above the uplifted hands of the preacher standing on the desk, was the only motionless thing in the big building. The lake of humanity was roughened by the surging waves of groups moving forward in the aisles, and broken by the passage of the ministers of the town moving here and there to add the bit of persuasion which should start the man moving toward the front seats reserved for those who turned toward better things. But Matthews's eyes were fixed on the white globe of light over the shouting, gesticulating evangelist. He did not hear when his wife spoke to him. She looked at him curiously and stopped with her question half repeated. Then he turned to her, and spoke as quietly as if speaking of the weather and as rapidly as if he had only a few minutes to live:

"There's a lot of rot about that preacher; but that doesn't change the fact that there's been a lot of rot about me, too; I didn't hear half he said, but I've thought enough to know that it's time for me to turn over a new leaf; I'm going up there and give him my hand with the others; Hanson and that crowd'll roast me, but I'm not going to let that lot of skimmed-milk weaklings bluff me; I've had nerve to do a few things in my life, and I've got nerve enough to do this." He leaned forward as if to rise from his chair, but Mrs. Matthews laid her hand on his knee as she whispered into his ear:

"But everybody here will think it's nothing but nerve, for you to go forward the first time you've been at the meetings, and in the middle of a run on the bank."

"Say, can Mr. Gordon speak to me a minute before he closes this meeting?" Matthews shouted amid the singing into the ear of a passing Winterset minister, without replying to his wife's warning.

The Reverend Thomas A. Gordon had sprung from the top of his desk down to the auditorium level a minute or two before, and the local minister was by his side almost instantly. The evangelist rubbed his chin with a peculiar sidewise motion while the minister spoke in his ear, and then he gradually crowded his way through the throng until he stood before Matthews. In fifty words Matthews told him his own feelings and the fears of Mrs. Matthews. The rich voice of the evangelist was clear, but inaudible two feet away, as he replied:

"I suppose your wife is right—a good woman generally is. If you've got the nerve to go forward, it's a pretty good indication that you've turned around all right. I've heard that you've been a pretty selfish kind of man, and it's going to take more nerve to treat your fellow-man right, and God right, and yourself right, than it takes to stand up here and be sneered at by a lot of fools. I believe in common sense in religion; and if by some peculiar combination of circumstances a man's going to church on a certain Sunday will do harm, I think he ought to stay away from church; if your coming forward to-night will harm anybody, or give innocent people pain or worry, don't do it. But be sure to join some church just as soon as your bank's out of danger."

"I'll do more than that to-morrow morning," said Matthews enigmatically, and not even his wife understood what was passing in his mind. She asked him about it on their way home, but he evaded the subject until they were in their own bedroom. Then he looked his wife fair in the eyes and said:

"When I made that remark to Mr. Gordon, I had decided to do something that on the way home I found out I have no right to do without permission—your permission."

"I've been waiting for this night ever since I told you I'd marry you," Mrs. Matthews said softly, and her eyes grew very tender as they gazed into his. "I put you off a long time, because I was afraid your strong character wouldn't ever get started to use its energies in the right direction, and that you'd become and remain just a cold-blooded, wicked, rich man; but I decided that you'd sometime become a good man as well as a very strong man, and ever since the beginning"—her eyes grew bright and sparkling with the moisture of joy—"I've been waiting for you to make the change. Now, when that time comes, I'll do anything to help you—anything—anything at all; and, if you have sacrifices for me to share, I'll be the more happy and content. Do you mean what Mr. Hanson said about discharging you if you did it?"

"No, not that," he replied briskly; "he can't do that now, if he wants to. It's worse than that. If the bank holds out till to-morrow afternoon at closing time, the wave of fear will have spent itself, and the danger will be past. But there's not enough money in the bank to last after one o'clock, however slowly I pay it out when the rush begins with the opening of the doors in the morning, and then the boat'll strike the lee shore and go to wreck with all on board—all on board—that's what I'm really thinking of—every man and woman aboard—and there'll be several hundred of them left, even after the fearful ones have left the sinking ship. There'll be about two hundred and fifty depositors left, many of them women, because the women can't

get into line until near the end, and I locked out nearly a hundred of them this afternoon, and only about thirty men, when closing time came. If the bank goes to the wall, the depositors outside the breast-works won't get much salvage, and it'll be tight up against the wall about one o'clock to-morrow unless something's done and done mighty——"

"But you can do it—you did it to-day," she interrupted.

"Not the same way," he said decisively; "and the only way that gives a chance of doing it is what I made up my mind to do there in the tabernacle, but if it's done, you'll be doing more than I. To-morrow it will take money as well as nerve to save the bank. It'll take about thirty thousand dollars in cold cash—maybe less—maybe more; and if thirty thousand is dumped into the hole, it may get the ship into port, or the ship and the thirty thousand may go to the bottom together—with all on board—and over a hundred women—most of them widows—if it happens that thirty thousand isn't quite enough"—Mrs. Matthews's look into his eyes remained steady, but became a little worried as he seemed to be rambling in mixed metaphors—"isn't quite enough to save it, after all." He noticed her expression of wonder and worry and hurried on. "Back in a safety-deposit box I've got a peck of currency. It's all we have in the world except each other and good credit at the stores. I sold the mortgages and everything ten days ago to buy that batch of securities Judson was going to bring down yesterday, and I had it all as a deposit in the bank. This morning, before the first man got from the doors to my window, I drew my check for it, and after we closed this evening I locked it up in a safety-deposit box, entered the box in my name, and put the key in my pocket. There's just thirty thousand dollars in there in tens and twenties,—I left forty-seven dollars and a half on deposit,—just enough to give a gambler's chance if I put it back in the deposits of the bank, and just enough to leave us penniless if the bank breaks after I do that." He paused a little, but before his wife could gather her wits to speak, he went on:

"Now, by a legal fiction, that's my own property; but you helped make it, and if I should die to-night the law would say that one-third of it is yours—I think it's half yours. Down there in the tabernacle I decided to deposit that thirty thousand in the bank again and do my very best to save the bank—and the women depositors—and all on board. But I've no right to do that, for half of it's yours—one-third of it anyhow"—he thought he saw negation in her eyes—"and it's no use at all to put in my half; that wouldn't save anything nor anybody, and would just burn up the fifteen thousand. So I won't——"

"Yes, you will, too"—his wife's eyes flashed for a fraction of an instant and then overflowed, as she ran to him, and with her arms around his neck spoke softly into his ear—"yes, you will; my half, my third, my nothing, or my all; I'd rather have you say you'll put it all in than to have a million dollars. If it saves the bank, I'll be buying my life's real happiness without spending a cent; if the bank fails anyhow, and we lose everything we've got now, it's a cheap enough price for being happy all the rest of my life—because of knowing my husband is not only the smartest and strongest man in the world, but the best too. If this change that's come in you to-night had been offered me to-day for that money, I'd have gladly set fire to the pile of bills to get the new man I've got for a husband—the husband I've had for an ideal ever since I was a little girl—the kind of husband that a real woman yearns for and so few get—the husband that's going to put that money in the bank vault and the amount opposite his name on the individual ledger before the doors open to-morrow."

In answer to the anxious inquiry of President Hanson the next morning, Matthews said that he never slept sounder in his life. "We're all depending on you alone to-day," Mr. Hanson said wearily, "and if you pull us through, we're going to get together enough money, as soon as possible among the directors, to make the bank as solid as bed-rock—but we've done all we can just now. The snake's growing already out there on the sidewalk; it depends on you to keep it from crushing us like old what's-his-name and his sons."

Matthews could not help thinking of the line ending at his teller's window as a serpent as the hours passed that second day of the run on the bank. It was half-past one o'clock, and there was nine thousand dollars left as cash on hand, when the last depositor with a check payable to self turned from the little glass counter, behind which Matthews drew a breath that threw his shoulders high. In the doorway the last frightened depositor passed Mrs. Matthews coming in. She reached the teller's window as President Hanson touched Cashier Matthews on the shoulder from the rear. The head of the bank saw Mrs. Matthews as his lips were half opened, and turned to her to say:

"Mrs. Matthews, the bank wishes you to pick out the one house in the town you want most and notify me, so we can buy it for you. Mr. Matthews gets his salary doubled, or a block of stock, for yesterday's work,"—he was smiling broadly, "—and for to-day's work we want to give you and him a home you will like."

"I'll have my ideal," she exclaimed enthusiastically and girlishly, to President Hanson, and then, turning her eyes upon those of her husband, she said, very softly and tenderly, "I have my ideal."

THE CANDY BOY AND HIS LITTLE LOVE

By Harriet Boyer.



IF my mother loved you, she plunged into a letter anywhere—and out of it anywhere.

In a large old, black-leather pocket-book I found a letter written by my mother to my father the night before they were betrothed. It had neither formal beginning nor ending, but ran simply thus:

Don't be silly about the candy business, Dickie, even if my father did rub it in rather. He won't do it again, because—I'll come to that presently. And if it will make you feel any better, I will tell you a little secret. If it weren't for that candy business my heart would not be so unspeakably and unalterably yours. And this is the way of it: When I was a tiny girl and lived on Bleecker Street, and you were a small boy and sold candy by the ounce, over the counter in your father's old corner shop so near at hand, I used to come to you to buy sweets. And you would say, with the most beautiful brogue:

“Wud ye be havin' the wintergreen shticks, miss, or the peppermint, or a thrifle of both?” Oh, yes, you would. I always took a “thrifle of both.” And while you were weighing it, and putting it into nice white paper, and tying it up, I was just doting on you,—your tight little blond curls, your brave blue eyes, your straight nose, your pink cheeks, your strong white teeth. And you had funny nicks on your hands, as if you had been playing with the cat or somebody had been driving tacks into you. I reproduced those nicks on my own hands, painfully, with large pins, until held up by my mother, who blamed our dear, innocent Tom. Then Mercy and Truth met together, and I was obliged to confess. When asked why I desired to hurt and disfigure my poor little paws, which were being tenderly anointed with soothing unguents, I answered that I thought the nicks were pretty. My mother did not argue it out with me. She made me wear gloves until my hands were healed. I did not like gloves, and soon after that we moved away. How did you get those nicks, Dickie? I see they are clean gone forever, and at first I quite missed them. When my brother talked, rapturously, of his chum at Harvard who was to enter law at the same time as himself, I did not know that the Richard Folliott, of Stuyvesant Square, whose father was the rich manufacturer of Irish linens, with works at Belfast and warehouses in New York—I did not know that this Richard Folliott was my small candy boy. That is,

not until you entered the parlor that Sunday, and I recognized the tight little blond curls, and the soft little brogue into which you tumble whenever you are slightly embarrassed. Oh, yes, you do. And then, Dickie, dearest, I knew that I had loved you for years and years, and you had never known it. For the matter of that neither had I.

And it was brave and beautiful in you to tell my father all about the candy business, though, if you hadn't good-bye to me. I hate reservations. And it was just like my father to say he liked you personally, and he respected you consummately, but that he couldn't give you the hand of his daughter. You don't know my father yet. He has one foible, Family. And he has one ideal, the Church. You hit him hard both ways. You sold candy when you were a boy, and you are Calvinist.

When my father took his dear little daughter in his arms, and told her she mustn't cry for the moon, meaning you, for she couldn't have it, I took his advice. I didn't cry. I pondered. I wanted to find out wherein our family greatness consisted. So I went to a dear old professor I know, and I asked him to lend me books which should throw light on the Dutch colonists from the time they first landed on the island of Manhattan. I was gratified. Then I went to my father's library, and I sat on his knees, and rumped his hair, and I said to him:

"Father, why can't I marry Dickie Folllott?" He answered patiently:

"Because, my dear, it would not be proper that the daughter of a man who has been Minister to the Court of St. Vladimir and one, too, having such a pedigree as ours, should marry a youth who once sold candy over the counter."

"Is it generally known that Dickie sold candy over the counter?" quoth I.

"Perhaps not generally. It must be known in certain quarters, because everything is known by somebody. These things always leak out. I confess I shouldn't have been aware of the fact myself if the young man hadn't told me; and I honor his frankness, I may say his courage. But that is no reason why I should allow him to marry my daughter."

"How is it that Mr. Folllott's father is so rich now?" I asked. I thought I might as well find out all I could about you, Dickie, dear.

"It seems," said my father, seriously, "that the elder Mr. Folllott was an Irish lad from near Derry, a regular gossoon. When he came to this country he met a poor Frenchman of Huguenot descent who had been a confectioner's assistant in his native land. The two put their wits together and the few dollars they had and started a little corner candy store, a mere cabin of a place, not very far from

where we used to live, on Bleecker Street. I have bought broken candy for your mother and you there many a time. That was their specialty. Well, those men kept at it for years, until each had made quite a respectable fortune. Then the Frenchman went back to Paris, and the Irishman to Derry. Mr. Folllott subsequently bought out some linen-mills in Belfast and returned to this country to settle. He has a large family. Richard is the youngest, I think. He has been very prosperous, lives in good style, is elder in one of the Presbyterian churches. There is another thing. You would never be happy with a Presbyterian. They are too set in their ways. No, Nellie, give him up, child. Between candy and Calvinism you would have a sweet time."

"Is candy so very much worse than rum?" I asked, innocently.

"Rum!" said my father. "Rum! What's rum got to do with it?"

"Well, you see," I answered, "I'm very fond of Dickie Folllott and I don't want to give him up, so, I thought I would find out wherein our greatness consisted and just why our family is so much better than his. And it seems that our ancestor—'Our First,' as we call him—made a large fortune by trading rum to the Indians for pelts. I thought he was a Dutch patroon, on the Hudson, and held a grant of land from the government."

"So he was," said my father, angrily. "So he had. What infernal nonsense have you got into your head now?"

I handed him a book with the page open, on which there was some unpleasant reading for a man with a foible. It was there set forth that "Our First" had accumulated an enormous fortune in the manner indicated. That he had bought an estate and slaves on the Hudson from an extravagant and impecunious patroon; had set himself up on an equality with his neighbors, and had his pretensions flouted unto the third generation; after which they were recognized as perfectly legitimate. My father read slowly, examined the book all over, sat quiet for a moment, and then said, in a hurt and displeased way:

"Well, Eleanor, I see you are determined to marry this man in spite of all your mother and I can say. You may tell that young scamp of a Folllott to come around to dinner to-morrow. And I wish him well of his bargain! For if he ever has his way again about pepper and salt, I'm mistaken. He'll be delivered over into your hands, horse, foot, and artillery."

Then my father took me by the shoulders, shook me with great tenderness, kissed me, and turned me out of the room. I had a *bonne bouche* for him, however. I knew where your family came from, and I thought while I was about it I would find out something about it. I laid a book on my father's desk called "Derryana," open at a certain page, face down. It was written by a Bishop of Derry. Among other things it said that one Sir Richard Folllott had been Governor of Bally-

shannon in the year 1604. He shall be "Our First," Dickie, dear. At supper my father was quite cheerful. We talked about birds. I am teaching my parrot to say, "Candy and Calvinism."

Now, there are still other things to be done. You must come to church to-morrow and sit in our pew. And you must bend your stiff knees and thank Heaven devoutly that your father was wise enough to sell candy, and our ancestor was foolish enough to trade rum. For if he hadn't, where would you and I be? Not sitting alongside of each other in church, if you please. At least, not yet. And there is still something else. Take the Prayer Book I gave you, get your date right, the day of the month, and learn the Lessons and the Collect for to-morrow, the Psalms and the Litany. If you go wrong I will prompt you. Bow when I do. Kneel when I do, and be quick about it. And if you get dreadfully mixed up, mumble intelligently. My father will think you are the end of the law. Finally, Dickie, you must go to him after dinner and tell him you intend to become a good churchman. Oh, yes, you must. When we are married, I shall have to promise to obey you, which I don't mean to do—not one little bit. And in your heart you will always be a black, bitter, blue, yellow Calvinist. You can have a pew in your own church, and once every Sunday I shall clothe myself in furs from head to foot, and go with you to your "Greenland's Icy Mountains service." But you must join our communion. My father belonged to the Dutch persuasion and my mother coaxed him into the Church, just as I am coaxing you. And now he is always giving her points on rubrics and ecclesiastical law, just as you will be doing with me before we have been married a year.

Oh, Dickie, dearest, what a volume I have written you! But I am so happy I couldn't wait. I had to pour it all out at once. And Cæsar will take this round, and deliver it into your own hands, late as it is.

You broth of a boy! Good-night!



WISHING

BY HARRY TORSEY BAKER

'T IS long, dear, since we left the sun
 To fall asleep behind those hills of peace;
 So long since, twilight dimming, night begun,
 Hands clasped, with slow release.

The river's windings, glimpsed and lost,
 Were misting o'er with soft and silent gray.
 Quiet they seemed and beautiful—now crost
 With winds, and thou'rt away.

AN APRIL FOOL'S PARADISE

By Edith Morgan Willett



MR. BUD BENNINGTON was responsible for it. So, naturally, was the First of April—our ancient feast day sacred to the observance of practical jokes.

It must be explained just here that Bud was a born joker, having a sense of humor which might truly be called "saving," from the fact that he invariably practised it at other people's expense. On this particular morning, for instance, literally no pains had been spared.

The day was still young, the hour being eight a.m., but already in order to celebrate it properly old Miss Skipworth, a fellow boarder, had been operated upon with most satisfactory results.

Miss Skipworth hated travelling and had a cat-like horror of rain. And it was a rainy morning. She had also been overheard referring to Bud as "an empty-headed young idler." Therefore an imperative telegram from her lawyer had just arrived, summoning her to New York on "urgent business." And even as the author of it sat by his cosy sitting-room fire, he could hear from the next room the sounds of excited feminine bustle, and a shrill voice issuing unintelligible directions.

From time to time other tones chimed in, too, at which Bud looked a little pensive; for that second voice belonged to Miss Skipworth's niece and his own Best Girl,—the sole reason, in fact, why he at twenty-one, with a fortune and an automobile, was wasting both at a suburban family hotel instead of disporting them at Newport or at Palm Beach.

The thought of Phylis Folsom, on this especial morning, however, was not entirely welcome, as it reminded Bennington of some one else in the house, and he became suddenly, irritably conscious of noises coming from the verandah underneath his room.

"There's that Pomeroy now!" he mused disgustedly. "Tramping about and mooning up at her window, as usual. Oh, the unutterable fool! Just because Phylis is kind enough to notice him occasionally, when I'm not 'round, he has the brass to fall in love with her! Or rather,"—satirically,—“he hasn't the brass, with only a miserable law business to depend upon.”

Mr. Bennington stretched himself luxuriously in his silk-lined dressing-gown and continued his reflection.

"I suppose the truth is, Phylis is sorry for Pomeroy. . . . Well, who wouldn't be? . . . What a life! Every day hard at work in the city—grinding away half the night over his law-books! Gee! I wonder what the poor devil would do if some one left him a fortune—or a FAKE FORTUNE! Jimminy Crickets! How's that for an April fool?"

Chewing his pencil excitedly, he sat, revolving a scheme that was positively diabolical in its inspiration.

And yet, Bennington was not the fiend incarnate, merely young, considerably in love, and—Pomeroy was his rival. Though the youthful Bud would not have admitted this for worlds.

"Now, the question is," he meditated rapidly, "how one can come into a nice little sum of money unexpectedly—say a few thousand, for instance. Let me see,—'Will of a defunct relative?' . . . The fellow hasn't any relatives. 'Stock dividends.' . . . Never owned any stock. 'Bad debt?' . . . That's the style! Pomeroy's father was one of those unpractical chaps who are always lending money."

Pulling a piece of paper toward him, he selected a pen with care and began to write:

NEW YORK, April 1, 1906.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have just deposited to your credit at the Fifth Avenue Bank of this city the sum of \$2,500, the amount, with interest at 6 per cent., of a loan made to me by your father ten years ago. I regret very much that I was unable to repay it during his lifetime, but am only just in condition to discharge an obligation which has laid very heavily on my mind.

Believe me, with sincere regards,

Very truly yours,

DOUGLAS WALLACE.

"Good old name," commented Bennington complacently, as he made the signature. "Suggests ancient Scottish chiefs—and modern bankruptcy. No one could succeed nowadays with a name like that!"

Pursing his lips thoughtfully, he now proceeded to forge a check, and then, cramming the letter with its enclosure into a business envelope, turned the latter over in order to write on its back in tiny letters two meaningful words appropriate to the season.

"Perhaps he'll see them when he doesn't find the money at the bank," Bennington surmised, with a grim chuckle, "and then won't he be ripping!"

He was still hard at work five minutes later when a knock at the

door made him start guiltily. But it was only one of the numerous "Buttons" in the house, bearing a steaming, smoking, breakfast-tray. Bennington hailed both jubilantly. "Got a job for you, Sam," he announced. "Just put the things by the fire and close the door. Let me see:—mail's in already, isn't it? and a registered letter's out of the question. Jehoshaphat! I've got the idea! Yes, and the special delivery stamp, too! Now listen, my boy."

Wheeling around, he dropped his voice in a few whispered directions. There was the clink of coin, followed by the gleam of African teeth, and a fervent "T'ank ye, sah. Trus' me, sah!"

Following his chocolate-colored ally to the staircase, Bennington now peeped over the banisters, noting with dismay that the hotel 'bus was already in front of the door waiting to take passengers to the nine o'clock train. What if Pomeroy got off without reading his letter!

Gazing anxiously at the dining-room door, Bennington saw it open suddenly.

"Dear me!" cried a familiar high-pitched voice. "Here's the trap already! Phyls, dear, just get my bag; hurry. Oh, see how it's raining! Those tiresome lawyers!"

"Those tiresome lawyers' will be a good deal surprised to see her," mused Bennington, as Miss Skipworth disappeared under an umbrella.

"Ah! there's Pomeroy!"

He glanced down at a tall young man putting on his hat in the hall, and then drew back, with an irresistible chuckle, as the form of Sam appeared solemnly in the door-way holding out an envelope, with these portentous words, "Special-deliberate lettah, sah!"

Pomeroy took it. So far, so good!

There was the crisp rending of paper, followed by silence.

One minute passed. Two! Outside, the horses champed impatiently; but Pomeroy, reading his letter with his back turned, seemed oblivious to the flight of time and trains.

At last some one looked in through the front door, a girlish figure in a white duck suit. "I hope you haven't any bad news, Mr. Pomeroy?" asked a voice that made Bennington start consciously.

Pomeroy started too. "No, indeed, Miss Phyls," he stammered; "but I—I don't think I'll go to town to-day. You see—"

He finished his explanation on the piazza, while the 'bus rattled off and Sam in the door-way waited respectfully.

"Dere's a boy hyar dat brought de lettah, sah," he ventured at length, with a discreet cough, "an' he wants a quarter."

It was just here that a wonderful thing happened. Bennington saw it over the banisters, and then slipping into his room, he closed the door noiselessly and subsided quite suddenly on the floor from pure emotion.

"A one-dollar tip!" he gasped. "Pomeroy giving dollar tips."

Convulsed at the sheer absurdity of the situation, he checked himself all at once, and pricked up his ears at the sound of footsteps coming along the passage-way. Then, stealing to his key-hole, he listened intently. The expression of bewilderment on his face gradually changed to one of incredulous, startled indignation.

"Are these Cedarhurst Conservatories?" a guarded voice was asking at the telephone across the hall.

"This is 'Grey Gables'—Mr. Walter Pomeroy. Just send over three dozen of your finest American Beauty roses at once, please, C. O. D. That's all. Good-bye." And the speaker rung off.

That pauper venturing to send Phyllys flowers from a swell florist! In his horrified dismay Bennington felt strongly inclined to fling the door open and hurl at the idiot outside that not undeserved epithet, "April fool!"

But he restrained himself. After all, Pomeroy was a man—and a rival. Let him reap the full consequences of his folly. Let the joke go on.

"It's getting pretty costly, though," reflected the joker complacently, as he settled down to his neglected breakfast.

"Roses are selling at two dollars a dozen. That makes seven dollars spent in fifteen minutes. Why, Pomeroy will be dead-broke before he gets through the day. Great guns! I wonder what he's going to do next."

Bennington was not destined to be left long in doubt. He was completing a lengthy toilet an hour later, when something—a mysterious, prophetic something—made him glance out of his front window, through which the April sun was now shining effulgently. Its beams lay in golden shafts over the shaven lawn, and across it, from the direction of the hotel, could be seen strolling leisurely a man and a girl! There was no mistaking them. Pomeroy had stolen a march on Bennington, or—what was worse—a walk with Phyllys.

It was an unprecedented state of affairs. In vain Bud reminded himself that a day of reckoning was coming for the Fool. His Paradise would soon be ended! Alas! The unpardonable fact remained that, for the time being, *Pomeroy was IN PARADISE!*

The rest of the morning seemed interminable to Bennington. It had cleared off beautifully, after all, with a turquoise sky above, and under-foot a hard earthiness that positively cried for motoring. But Bennington's machine stood neglected in the garage, while its owner tramped moodily up and down the hotel piazza smoking frequent cigars and wondering when that couple would return. They had not come back by luncheon, which meal Bud devoured hastily, stationing himself immediately afterward in his first front window, where

with an impatience which turned gradually into positive alarm, he sat scanning the drive as the minutes rolled by.

What had happened? What could have become of them?

At three o'clock a distant whistle proclaimed the New York train, and some minutes later the hotel 'bus drew up in front of the door, depositing Miss Skipworth, not to mention her umbrella, water-proof, valise, and sundry parcels.

"Such a nice day as I've had!" she announced cheerfully to a little group assembled on the hotel piazza. "Whom should I meet as I got out at the Grand Central Station but my old friends, the Allertons, just in town for the day! We lunched together at the Waldorf and had a delightful talk. But, what do you think? Mr. Selfridge and his partner were both out of town and the office closed! Isn't it the most extraordinary thing about that telegram?"

"She's had a lovely time, however, thanks to it," thought Bennington, rather sadly. Somehow, although his jokes were brilliantly successful, they had not turned out quite to his satisfaction.

Grimly he watched a certain pair come into sight at last along the drive, the girl swinging her hat, while the youth ambled beside her with a jauntiness that struck Bennington as positively asinine. Listening anxiously he heard them come into the house, and a moment later steps ascended the stairs and stopped at Bennington's door.

"May I come in?" inquired a masculine voice. And without waiting for permission Pomeroy entered the room—a beaming, glorified, altogether incomprehensible Pomeroy.

"Hello!" he said, grinning idiotically, "haven't seen you before to-day."

Here, quite unnecessarily, he strode across and shook Bennington warmly by the hand. "Well, old boy—"

The reserved, diffident Pomeroy calling any one "old boy!"

"Fork out your congratulations—every one of 'em. She accepted me. I tell you, man, Phylis has accepted me!"

What else he said in his exuberant frenzy the stricken Bennington could not quite take in. There was a good deal about Miss Folsom's angelic characteristics, Pomeroy's own incredible good fortune, and then a confidential out-pouring on the subject of an unexpected couple of thousand that had drifted in that morning—the very capital he had "wanted for so long in order to get into Green & Waldrop's real estate office."

"And, do you know, Bud," Pomeroy volunteered huskily, as he at length verged toward the door, "if it hadn't been for that blessed money coming, I don't believe I'd ever have had the courage to propose. It just made everything possible."

Oddly enough, it was these last words that settled Pomeroy's fate, up to that time hanging on the balance of his listener's distracted mind.

For a moment after the door closed on his happy, unconscious victim, Bennington stood struggling fiercely with the resolution that was gaining possession of him.

Then, squaring his shoulders determinedly, "Yes," he said, between his teeth. "It's the only thing to do now—the only thing for a gentleman to do."

And, seating himself at his writing-desk, Pomeroy's involuntary benefactor, with a few strokes of the pen, converted an April Fool's Paradise into a tangible bank account.



SIREN VOICES

BY WILL McCOURTIE

THE song of the spring is about, I see,
 For the air with its way is wild; .
 Through the hurry and hum of the town it is come
 From over the salt, salt sea
 To capture your heart and mine, my child,
 And set our twin souls free.

The voices call to the land away,
 And to follow faery feet
 Where the grass lies green, where the scent falls keen
 Of blooms on the clean fresh lay;
 And O, we never can stay, my sweet,
 We must fare forth this day.

Stone-deaf stays the world, call they far, call they wide,
 But a few, such as you, do hear,
 Who run one by one in the path of the sun
 And into the woodland glide:
 It is there, Nowhere, we shall hide, my dear,
 And with spring and song abide.

So on and still on we must follow the track
 Till the night and the moon come close,
 And the water-weeds, and the river-reeds
 Grow dimmer and darker, black;
 There night-long rest and repose, my rose,
 And nevermore go back.

THE GREEN BOTTLE

By Ella Middleton Tybout

Author of "Poketown People," "The Return of the Tide," "A House Divided," etc.



MRS. BROWN was fond of remarking, with melancholy pride, that Jemison always *had* enjoyed poor health. Having made this statement she would shake her head ominously and suggest he move out of the draught, while Jemison himself would inquire, with a hollow cough, whether a little sooner or later mattered, after all?

"It can't be long now, Sophia," said Mrs. Brown to a confidential friend one morning in early April, "it can't be long. Jemison sez to me this mornin', 'Ma,' sez he, 'very shortly now the sperrit will spread its wings and bust forth from this cracked and broken tabernacle of clay,' sez he. And then, Sophia, he sighed fit to split his wes'cut."

"There now!" exclaimed Sophia admiringly.

"It can't be long," repeated Mrs. Brown with conviction tempered by pious resignation.

She watched her friend disappear down the village street, then turned somewhat reluctantly and entered the house.

Jemison stood before an open closet, his tall, spare figure enveloped in a flowered dressing-gown. He was engaged in counting the empty bottles placed in orderly rows upon the shelves, and his hand shook as he moved them until they clinked merrily together.

"You've done it again," he exclaimed angrily as he perceived his mother. "There's one less than the last time I counted. The green bottle's missing; what did you do with it?"

"La, Jemison," replied his mother, sinking heavily into a chair, "sometimes you *are* a trial. I didn't do nothing with it."

"I regret being a Trial, Ma," said Jemison with dignity. "You won't have to put up with it much longer, though. I have a burning and a sinking—here."

He laid one hand on his side as he spoke, while with the other he continued to move the bottles aimlessly about.

"Oh, dear; oh, dear," said Mrs. Brown, with real distress, "that's

a brand-new place fur a pain, ain't it, Jemison? I did hope you'd keep some one spot on your body incorruptible."

Mrs. Brown sometimes got lost in the mazes of the English language, but, as she often remarked, one word's as good as another when all's said and done.

"Lean on me," she continued anxiously, "I'll help you to the lounge; I reckon you'd better lay down a spell."

"What did you do with the green bottle?" again demanded her son, disregarding her offer of help.

"I tell you I didn't do nothing with it," she responded, almost in tears.

Jemison turned his light-blue eyes full on his mother.

"I'm going to bed," he announced firmly, "and I'm going to stay there till you find it."

And to bed he accordingly went.

The days lengthened into weeks, and still Jemison Brown lay with his face to the wall, while his mother searched frantically but unavailingly for the green bottle. His countenance grew chalk-white and ghastly and his voice subsided to a mere whisper, but he still delayed taking the decisive step of passing into a better world.

"He don't eat, Sophia, and he don't sleep," said Mrs. Brown in reply to Miss Sophia Perkins's daily inquiry. "Why he don't pass away beats all. I think he must be kep' here for a purpose, but what it is——"

Mrs. Brown's pause was more eloquent than the most brilliant burst of rhetoric. She was well endowed with maternal affection, but she had suffered many things of her son and the worm was almost at the turning-point.

Miss Perkins pursued her way down the broad village street, with its shady canopy of maples, pondering deeply. Jemison Brown was an object of interest to her because of his gift of clothing the most commonplace thoughts in language so flowery and poetical that he continually seemed to be voicing an inspiration.

"To think," she ejaculated as she reached her own gate, "that sech a soul should be makin' ready to spread its wings and soar aloft all fur the want of a trumpery green bottle."

She inserted the key in her front door, but paused before she turned it.

"I wonder, now," she soliloquized thoughtfully,—"*I wonder what was in it.*"

The shadow of the green bottle hung over Sophia as she entered her little house and prepared her solitary supper, and the thought of Jemison Brown drifting into eternity for the lack of it imparted a bitter flavor to the preserved peaches and even rendered the sight of the

cream-jug distasteful. It seemed such a needless waste of a man, when the village could not supply enough to go around at the best of times.

"In the flower of his youth," sighed Sophia, unconsciously quoting from the object of her affections as she put away the supper-dishes.

Suddenly she paused, and the cup she held dropped to the floor, its fragments unnoticed and unmourned—the latter fact proving indisputably that Miss Perkins was deeply excited and not a little nervous.

For the third time Mrs. Brown readjusted the lamp-shade that the light might be properly screened from the invalid, for the seventh time she consulted the thermometer and announced the exact temperature of the room, and for the first time she sighed profoundly. Her sigh was immediately echoed from the bed in the corner.

"I'm going very soon now, Ma," said Jemison faintly, "I sha'n't be a Trial much longer."

Many times had Mrs. Brown regretted her hasty use of that unfortunate word. She now made no defence, but swayed slowly back and forth, the rocking-chair causing a loose board to creak mournfully.

A faint tapping at the outer door becoming audible, she went to open it, and discovered Miss Sophia Perkins, a shawl hastily thrown over her head and a parcel under her arm. Putting her finger warningly on her lips, Miss Perkins drew her friend out on the porch and whispered hoarsely but fluently for some minutes.

"Well," remarked Mrs. Brown without enthusiasm, "jest as you like, Sophia. But I've tried all the green bottles in town on him, and I warn you he ain't pleasant to deal with once he gets started on the bottle question. But jest as you like. I'm sure I'm willin' fur a little rest."

Consequently, when the board again began to creak the chair was swayed by Miss Perkins's slender form instead of the ample proportions of Mrs. Brown.

Jemison opened his eyes and, observing the change in nurses, immediately closed them again with a slight moan; then he opened them again half way to note the effect. Miss Sophia rocked on unmoved, and he therefore moaned louder, with a distinct note of appeal which she felt could not be disregarded.

"Want anything?" she inquired cheerfully.

Miss Perkins had a theory that patience and judicious firmness, tempered with cheerfulness and not too much sympathy, might effect a cure even without the green bottle.

"I want," returned Jemison in a hollow voice, "oh, I want to put on immortality—only immortality."

"I wouldn't talk that a-way if I was you," said Miss Sophia, hard-

ening her heart for her patient's good, "not before a lady, anyhow. Immortality's a mighty scanty covering I've heard tell."

"The weary weeks of waiting," he continued, disregarding her interruption, "the poor, suffering body racked with pain no medicine can alleviate, the soul——"

But Miss Sophia had seen her opportunity.

"You must have took right smart physic in your time," she interrupted, speaking with a genuine interest the sufferer appreciated.

"That closet," he replied, indicating it by extending a long, lank arm, "is full of bottles—*full*. And every drop of their contents has permeated my being."

"You don't say so!" she returned in awestruck accents. "How I *would* like to see 'em."

The sufferer rooted under his pillow and produced a key; he felt that such unusual and disinterested sympathy should have its reward. Miss Perkins unlocked the door and gazed in silence at the glittering array which confronted her, while Jemison raised himself on his elbow that he might better command his forces.

"The top shelf," he remarked, after allowing a moment for the first thrill to subside, "is full of Paisley's Pain Preventer; it costs fifty cents a bottle. Then comes Lawton's Life-Giving Fluid and Dr. David's Germ Exterminator (seventy-five cents apiece). Next, in the tall bottles, are Nelson's Nerve Food, Simpson's Stomach Sustainer, and Emory's Blood Enricher (one dollar and fifty cents apiece). The bottom shelf is miscellaneous."

"And all them little boxes?" inquired Sophia, pointing with reverent finger.

"Pills," he returned briefly; "Peterson's Pink Pellets on the top shelf; next, Linkum's Little Liver Lozenges; then Taylor's Compressed Tablets, and some others I can't recall."

"Well," remarked Miss Perkins as he paused for an answer, "I must say they do look handsome—big bottles at the back; little ones to the front. And that fringe of different colored pill-boxes is real tasty, it is *so*."

"Shut the door," said the invalid sadly, "shut the door. They no longer appeal to me, for their ranks are not complete."

Sophia hastily closed the door and returned the key to its retreat under the pillow.

"It can't help but be a comfort to you, Jemison," she remarked reflectively, "to think of the money you've absorbed. Take it all in all, you must have swallowed two or three hundred dollars, not to mention doctors' bills. Not many men have such a record at your age."

"Two or three hundred," replied Jemison with scorn, "*two or three!*"

He closed his eyes with a weary sigh, and Miss Perkins returned to her rocker.

"O Lord," he prayed distinctly after a few moments' silence, "take unto Thyself this pain-racked spirit. Release this fluttering soul from its sordid prison of clay and set it free from the bondage of existence."

Miss Perkins stopped rocking and leaned forward, breathless, that she might not lose a syllable.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Sophia," said the invalid, his voice faint and weak, but yet husky with emotion, "I beg your pardon. I thought I was alone with my Maker."

"Well, you ain't," remarked Sophia, who could think of nothing better to say under the circumstances.

Jemison shut his eyes and again relapsed into silence. After a while he opened them dreamily; he saw, dimly as through a veil, several rocking-chairs and any number of Sophias passing back and forth with soothing regularity and melting into space confusingly. In short, in a little while the invalid slumbered peacefully and audibly.

It was then that Miss Perkins improved her opportunity and put in execution her masterpiece of strategy.

Late that night the village awakened to unusual excitement, and hurrying figures passed down the quiet street towards the Brown establishment, where lights shone brightly from all the windows and dark shadows moved rapidly about the rooms.

The Doctor was observed to dash from his residence in response to imperative knocking and hasten to the scene of action wearing one bedroom slipper and one rubber boot, and otherwise sketchily attired. It was evident to everyone that a crisis was near at hand, and it was the laudable desire of Mrs. Brown's female friends to be present when the calamity occurred and assist her to bear up under her affliction. Therefore the activity of the inhabitants.

"I never thought he'd really do it," said one old lady to another as they met at the gate and hastened to the scene of action.

It appeared, however, as though Jemison had done it very thoroughly. He lay gasping upon the bed, his countenance livid and his hand grasping the counterpane as though in mortal agony. Upon the floor, partly under the bed, lay a green bottle.

"Poisoned," wailed Mrs. Brown, frantically applying mustard to any portion of her son's anatomy which happened to be available, "*poisoned!*"

"Try white of egg," suggested Sophia with faltering voice. She held in her hand an old almanac and earnestly studied the list of antidotes for poison contained therein, reading them off solemnly in the

intervals of silence produced by the exhaustion of the sufferer.

And Mrs. Brown tried white of egg. She also tried lukewarm water and mustard, as well as all the other remedies mentioned in the almanac, until the opportune arrival of the Doctor caused a pause in her ministrations.

"What did he take?" inquired the Doctor, his hand on Jemison's pulse and his eyes roving curiously about the room.

Miss Sophia stooped and picked up the green bottle, holding it out stiffly, as though it might contaminate her.

"Wood alcohol," she said hastily. "He must of drunk a pint."

At these words Jemison's legs fairly curled up against his body in a paroxysm of agony and his eyes rolled and set with only a rim of white visible.

"The only son of his mother, and she a widow," quoted the minister, who had also arrived on the scene to offer what consolation he could.

The Doctor wasted no more time in questions but set to work to apply vigorous measures. The remedies suggested by Miss Sophia in conjunction with the almanac also began to do their work in the most thorough manner possible, and the gaunt form of Jemison was familiarized with almost every sort of agony possible to the interior organs of unfortunate humanity.

"How did it happen?" inquired the Doctor, with a momentary cessation of hostilities.

Mrs. Brown wrung her hands in a fresh outburst of maternal distress, but Miss Sophia dropped her almanac and rose resolutely.

"Come into the parlor, Doctor," she said tremulously, "and I'll tell you all I know."

The Doctor's face was very grave when they emerged from the parlor and he stood beside the bed, regarding the limp form thereon with obvious pity. Presently he bent over and rested his hand on the victim's heart.

"Mrs. Brown," he said with an ominous shake of the head, "I can do no more. It is fitting that the physician should give way to the clergyman."

He fell back a few paces as he spoke, but as the clergyman approached Jemison opened his eyes and, regarding him with a look of aversion, clung desperately to the hand of the Doctor.

"Are you *prepared*?" inquired the minister, determined to do his duty and enunciating the last word with horrible distinctness.

"Jemison," exclaimed his mother hysterically,— "Jemison, think of risin' to the skies on flowery beds of ease. You allus liked to talk about that, Jemison."

But Jemison appeared to cling to his earthly hair mattress, uneasy though it undoubtedly was, and the glance he gave the Doctor was piteous in its importunity.

"My son," said the clergyman solemnly, "remember that you are about to put on immortality——"

"Yes," interrupted Miss Sophia, sinking on her knees beside the bed,—“yes, Jemison, immortality—jest what you was wishin’ for a spell back.”

The village choir, by this time assembled in the parlor, began to sing, "I am but a pilgrim here, heaven is my home," with the laudable intention, apparently, of wafting the suffering soul aloft on wings of music.

And now Jemison spoke. He sat upright in his bed, one hand grasping the wrist of the Doctor and the other pointing towards the parlor.

"Earth is but a desert drear," proclaimed the choir, the soprano much in evidence, "heaven is——"

"It's a lie," shouted Jemison, his voice penetrating to every portion of the little house. "Who's going to die? Not me."

"His mind wanders," remarked the Doctor compassionately, gently forcing him into a recumbent position; "it's one of the last symptoms."

"The golden streets, Jemison," sobbed Mrs. Brown, "and the harps and everything you've been wantin' so long. Think of that."

"Look *up*, poor soul, look *up*," urged the clergyman earnestly.

And Jemison looked up, a ghastly pale-green hue overspreading his pallid countenance and a look of genuine agony in his eyes. For at this moment the remedies of Miss Sophia and the almanac encountered the emergency prescriptions of the Doctor and medical science and struggled within him for supremacy.

For the first time in his life Jemison Brown really longed to die, and fainted away.

"I think, Miss Sophia," remarked the Doctor, drawing on his gloves at the front gate as the sun rose on yawning figures hurrying homeward down the long, quiet street,—“I think I can now safely leave our patient to you.”

He paused a moment, his hand on the latch.

"Miss Sophia," he said, laughing, "I congratulate you. You are a most unusual woman. But take my advice and don't confide in the minister. He worked in good faith."

Sophia returned to the sickroom and the rocker; Mrs. Brown stood uneasily beside the window and turned now and then to look at the recumbent form of her sleeping son.

"I declare," she said in a hoarse whisper, "I'm most afraid to be here when he wakes up."

"I ain't," replied Sophia tersely, and Mrs. Brown stole thankfully to the kitchen, where she regaled herself with a cup of strong coffee.

Presently the coverlid stirred, and Jemison languidly opened his eyes.

"Am I dead?" he inquired feebly.

"No," responded Miss Sophia briefly, "nor likely to be."

She walked over to the bed and sat down in a chair beside it; stooping forward, she picked up a green bottle whose neck was just visible from beneath the bed. Jemison shuddered at the sight and again closed his eyes.

"Ah," said Miss Sophia, dusting it carefully, "it don't look as pretty as it did, does it?"

"Poisoned," gurgled the invalid, indicating the label, "Wood Alcohol."

"Nonsense," returned the lady concisely.

"See here, Jemison," she continued after a moment, "you and me have got to have a talk. I deceived you, but I done it for your good."

"Where did you get the green bottle?" he inquired curiously.

Miss Sophia looked at it admiringly.

"Jemison," she said, "the good Lord sent it to me. He also put it into my head to remember your Pa's fondness for Jamaica rum."

A faint pink tinged the sallow cheek upon the pillow.

"I studied some," continued Sophia, "over the green bottle you lost and wondered what was in it. Then I remembered the kind of bottle that rum used to be in; my brother Joe was partial to it too, and I had a little at home as well as some of the bottles that I used to fill with wood alcohol and sich. I seen 'em when I put away my supper-dishes and the idea come to me then."

Mrs. Brown, in the kitchen, set the door ajar that she might hear more distinctly.

"I seemed to know," continued Sophia ruthlessly, "that you hadn't lost no bottle, but had drunk up the last of the rum and was sulky about it and took it out on your Ma, accordin' to your custom. So, Jemison, I thought you needed a lesson, and I give it to you because I know jest what a fine man you really air ef you had a chance."

Jemison made a graceful motion of recognition of the compliment with his head.

"I filled the wood-alcohol bottle with rum and water," continued Miss Perkins, "and when you went to sleep took the key from under your piller and put the green bottle in its place. Well I knowed,

Jemison Brown, that some time in the night you would be up and lookin' round to see if you could find another bottle hid away somewhere. So I watched, though seemingly asleep, and I seen you put that bottle to your lips and drain it to the dregs. I saved you from yourself, Jemison, and I hope to have my reward."

Sophia's voice was very tender as she made the last remark, and she stooped low over the bed and took his hand in hers. Jemison, however, sat upright, trembling with rage.

"Woman," he exclaimed, pointing majestically to the door, "*get out.*"

And Sophia meekly obeyed, feeling crushed and unappreciated.

Two days later Miss Perkins sat at her parlor window and read a note. It was beautifully written on tinted paper, the tapering letters shaded after the most approved Spencerian method.

"HONORED MADAM: When you receive this epistle I shall, I trust, be beyond the echo of your voice, which even now reverberates most unpleasantly against my ears. You doubtless mean well, but your methods are not such as can be applied with impunity to a shrinking and nervous organization. Your vital interest in my moral and physical welfare, Madam, can have but one object in view,—viz., matrimony. I cannot contemplate with equanimity an alliance with one who employs such heroic measures to accomplish her ends, and therefore have obtained in a neighboring town employment commensurate to my frail strength and delicate constitution. I feel, however, that some testimonial is due you to demonstrate that I am not ungrateful for your interest and affection; I have therefore directed that the bottles and boxes in my closet (which you were kind enough to admire) be transferred to you forthwith. Do with them as you will. They are yours. With them I beg you will receive the unalterable, but *brotherly*, regard of the misunderstood and cruelly deceived

"JEMISON BROWN."

The hot tears welled against Miss Perkins's eyelids and blurred the signature. He had seemed almost within her grasp at one time, and she believed she could have made him happy, when the question of his ill-health had been finally abolished.

"Such a literary mind," she ejaculated, smoothing out her letter preparatory to placing it in the Family Bible. "The world'll hear from him yet."

A clinking sound caused her to glance at the front porch, where Mrs. Brown was depositing a market-basket of bottles.

"The rest," she remarked, sinking heavily into a chair and untying her bonnet-strings, "is comin' in a push-cart."

Miss Sophia picked up a green bottle with a white label and looked absently at the title it bore, "Wood Alcohol."

"I must say, Sophia," resumed Mrs. Brown gratefully,— "I must say you done Jemison a lot of good. I didn't more'n half believe it would work that night when you told me what you purposed doin'. I'm grateful to you and so'll he be when he forgets the things he took that night."

Mrs. Brown extended her feet comfortably and prepared for a long chat.

"Jemison," she remarked confidentially, "has gone to Midvale and got a job as brakeman on a fast freight. Some time I reckon he'll meet a good-lookin' girl in his travels and get married. Do you think it likely, Sophia?"

The green bottle shook in her unsteady fingers, rolled over the edge of the windowsill, and fell upon the bricks beneath, shattered into a thousand pieces.

"There now!" ejaculated Mrs. Brown.



THE PASSING OF DUNBAR

BY SILAS X. FLOYD

OUT ovah de night's bleak silence,
 An' ovah de day's mad ro',
 De song dat once rung out wid gladness,
 Wid gladness will ring out no mo'.

De Marstah done called de sweet singah,
 Who wuz patient an' true to his art,
 An' all o' de birds in de fores'
 Dey's taken his deff to heart.

De lowly black mammies an' daddies,
 De little black chillun, too,
 Whose lives he has sung of wid fondness
 Is a-axin', "Lawd, what shall we do?"

De skies dey don't seem so happy,
 De sun it don't shine so bright,—
 It's all jes' because Paul Dunbah
 Done passed far beyon' de night.

The Best Piano Is Not the Most Costly

While the Knabe's price list is not altogether the highest, it does not pretend to be a cheap piano. The significant thing is that when it costs the maker so much to build, it yet can be sold for so small a price.

It depends on what your taste is whether you call the Knabe a piano of low cost or of high cost.

If all one wants is to say, "We've got a piano," and if one's taste is only for the hurdy-gurdy sort of tunes, then he does not really need a Knabe. A cheaply made instrument, without sweetness or durability, will doubtless answer.

But if one wants an honest value for an honest price;

Or if one feels that "the best is none too good for me and my family;"

Or if one's love of music is so chaste that he must have the best music or none at all, although he may have to economize on other pleasures;

Or if he likes to buy property which will not depreciate on his hands, but can be turned into cash again, like a diamond—

Then the Knabe piano is anything but costly: it is the best investment he can make. In the long run it is least expensive, because it is practically indestructible and will keep its rich nobility of tone for his own lifetime and his children's.

The highly attuned musical taste of this century requires a piano of the superlative tone quality. Merely a piano is not enough. To the musical discrimination of our day it is an imperative duty to buy the best. When *best* is said *Knabe* is suggested.

Accordingly the Messrs. Knabe request you

To investigate their prices;

To listen to their instruments;

To study their statements and test their claims;

To consult with people who use a Knabe piano.

That is all. They have faith in what will result.

Meantime, whether you are going to buy any piano or not at present, they will be glad to send you their free PORTFOLIO DE LUXE, containing the superb pictures, in half-tone, of their various designs in piano architecture.

WILLIAM KNABE & COMPANY
BALTIMORE, MD.

FIVE ARTISTS
OF PRESENT FAME
WHO USE THE KNABE AND
COMMEND ITS WONDER-
FUL SYMPATHY OF TONE



HANS VON BÜLOW



EUGEN D'ALBERT



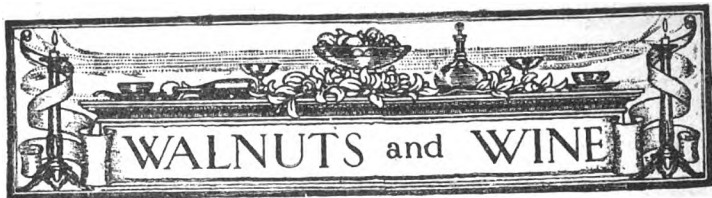
EMIL BAUER



MARK HAMBOURG



ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN



A VALUABLE DOG

Mark Twain is immensely popular with the farmers living around "Quarry Farm," his summer home near Elmira, N. Y. He and his neighbors exchange experiences and both profit thereby. The genial humorist tells of one farmer who purchased a hunting dog that was highly recommended to him by a man who did not seem particularly reluctant about parting with it. When the dog was delivered the farmer looked it over with considerable misgivings. It seemed shy and bashful and hardly the animal it was cracked up to be. Anxious to give it a trial, however, he took it out shortly afterwards and, as luck would have it, ran across a fox. The dog took after the fox and the two were soon out of sight, the farmer following as rapidly as he could. Finally he met another farmer who, in response to his inquiry, stated that they had passed in his direction. Asked as to how they were running, the second farmer replied: "Wall, it was nip and tuck, but I think the dog was about three feet ahead."

J. Maxwell Beers.

MY NEW GIRL

By Rosalie M. Cody

Her blue eyes mind me of a doll;
Her flaxen braids are fair to see;
'Tis truth to say that, all in all,
She's just as Swede as she can be!

ONE DEFINITION

"Pa," remarked the eternal questioner, "what does 'etc.' mean?"

"It is something," explained Pa, "which you write when you can't think of any more words but desire to say something else."

James H. Lambert, Jr.

Walnuts and Wine



PEARS⁹

IT'S THROUGH PEARS⁹
THAT BEAUTY AND LOVELINESS
COME IN EVERY SEASON -

Matchless for the Complexion

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
All rights secured.

Walnuts and Wine

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

Jack was making a visit to his grandparents who owned a large dairy. He had been forbidden to touch the tempting looking pans of rich cream. One day his grandmother caught him coming up from the cellar with a very suspicious white rim over his upper lip.

"Jack," she said severely, "I am afraid you have been disturbing my pans of cream."

"No, I haven't, Grandma, I just ran my tongue gently over the top."

M. Budd.

LEFT BEHIND

At an entertainment one evening young Mr. Yancy was introduced to a lady whose friends always spoke of as being a "splendid conversationalist."

"Talks some, doesn't she?" asked an admiring friend half an hour later.

"She does," assented the victim. "She only gave me time to say 'yessum' and when we quit I was about sixty 'yessums' behind."

Snowden King.

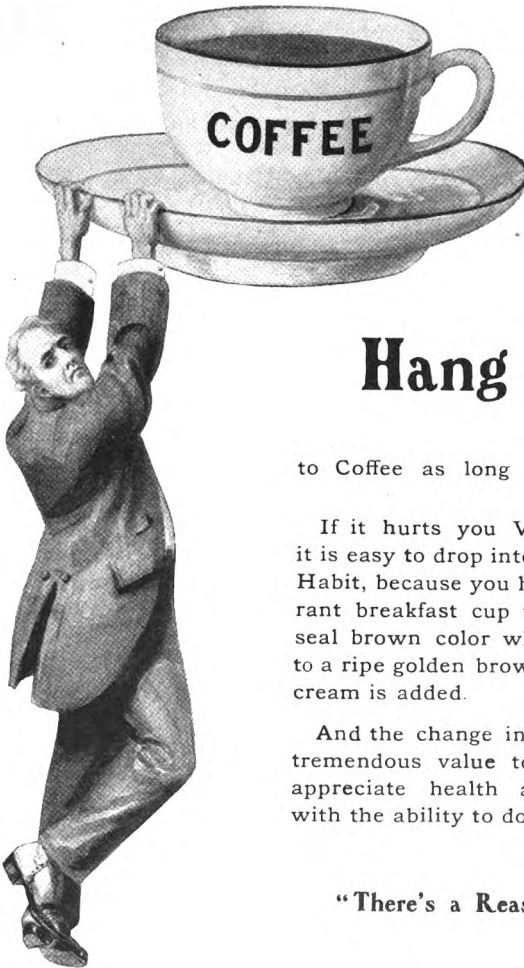
THE COCKTAIL ELUCIDATED

A member of the Diplomatic Corps at Washington used to furnish a great deal of amusement both for his colleagues and for his American friends, by reason of his struggles with the mysteries of the English language.

Shortly after his arrival in this country, the foreigner in question, who was an attaché of an European embassy, was introduced to the characteristically American drink, the cocktail. The diplomatist grew most enthusiastic over the merits of this concoction. But, on the day following, when he desired to order from an attendant at a club frequented by all foreigners, he could not for the life of him remember the name of the treacherous American compound. After a great deal of thought, a happy idea struck him: "Bring me," said he to the servant, "a glass of contraydicshun." Of course, his want remained unsatisfied for the moment, because of the inability of the attendant to understand him.

"You do not know wat I mean, eh?" exclaimed the foreigner, waving his arms in excited gesticulation, "den I shall explain heem

Walnuts and Wine



Hang On

to Coffee as long as you can.

If it hurts you **VERY HARD** it is easy to drop into the **Postum Habit**, because you **have the fragrant breakfast cup with the rich seal brown color which changes to a ripe golden brown when rich cream is added.**

And the change in **feeling** is of tremendous value to **those who appreciate health and strength with the ability to do things."**

"There's a Reason" for

POSTUM

Postum Cereal Co., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.



Walnuts and Wine

to you. Fairst you put in ze whiskee to make heem strong. Zen you put in ze wataire to make heem weak. Zen you put in ze lemawn to make heem souaire, and zen you put in ze sugaire to make heem sweet. Zen, one, two, maybe t'ree of four ozzet t'ing,—I know not. Ef zat is not a contray-dic-shun, zen I know not ze explainayshun of ze word."

"Oh, I see," exclaimed the attendant, "you want a cocktail, don't you?"

"Ah! zat is heem!" shouted the foreigner, in triumph, "Ze tail of ze cock! Make me two of heem!"

Edwin Tarrisse.

A PIPE DREAM

By James S. Boyd

I was smoking and dreaming, my darling,
Alone by my fire to-day,
When, through the soft smoke clouds, I saw you
Smiling at me, far away.

You were smiling so sweetly, my loved one,
As I gazed in your dear eyes of blue,
It seemed that you surely could see me,
And I blew a kiss over to you.

Along with the kiss went a smoke ring,
And nearer, and nearer it rolled,
'Till, at last, it slipped over your finger,
And turned to a circlet of gold.

ONE ON MRS. J.

In her daily altercation with the ice-man over the short measure he delivered, Mrs. Jones one morning rallied him, in half-angry good-nature, "I don't see what makes you so stingy with your ice! You know you can't take any of it with you to the next world!"

The man paused with his hand on the door knob, "Yes, Mrs. Jones," he said, "but you must remember that if you was to see me coming with a block of ice to you in the next world, you'd be so glad to get it that you wouldn't have a word to say about short weight!"

Dorothy Scarborough.

JOIN THE PURE FOOD MOVEMENT



The people have been knocking at the doors of Congress for a pure food law—a law that will protect them from adulterated, misbranded foods.

You can join “the pure food movement” NOW by eating a pure food—a food YOU KNOW is pure and clean—a food that stands the Test of Tooth and Time.

Such a food is shredded whole wheat, made of the best white wheat that grows, cleaned, cooked, drawn into light porous shreds and baked.

The “Tin-Can Age” calls for a Tin-Can Stomach. Have you got one? Don’t leave it to Congress. YOU are the “Speaker of the House” in your own home.

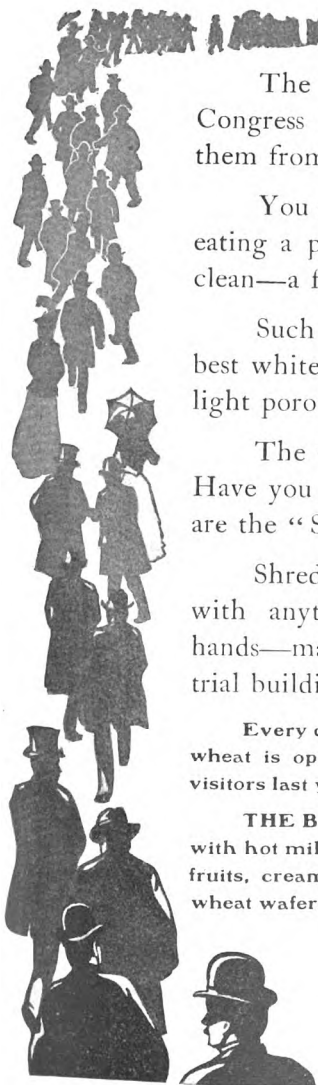
Shredded Wheat is not “treated” or “flavored” with anything—not touched by chemicals or human hands—made in the cleanest, finest, most hygienic industrial building on this continent.

Every detail in the process of cleaning, cooking and shredding wheat is open to the world--no “secret process”--nearly 100,000 visitors last year. YOU are invited.

THE BISCUIT (warmed in the oven) is delicious for breakfast with hot milk or cream or for any meal in combination with fresh fruits, creamed meats, or vegetables. **TRISCUIT** is the shredded wheat wafer, used as a toast with butter, cheese, or preserves.

Our new booklets are sent free.

THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY
Makers of Shredded Wheat Products
Niagara Falls, N. Y.



Walnuts and Wine

A SLAVE TO HABIT

Pat is sexton of a Buffalo church and, before holding his present position, he was a street car conductor. His sallies of wit are discussed and keenly enjoyed by the congregation. Pat presented the collection box to a "pillar of the church" one evening and in fishing out some change from his vest pocket, where he had slipped it for convenience, the man brought to light two cigars. Pat leaned over him and in the most solemn of tones said, "Smokin' in the three rear seats only."

Dan C. Leary.

A DIFFICULTY SOLVED

One Sunday a Philadelphia young lady had her dearest friend, a Bryn Mawr girl, come to spend the day and evening. Incidentally quite a number of young men dropped in, and so charmed were they with the taking ways of the college maiden, and her naïve manner of showing her entire superiority to the commonplace, material things of life, that nearly every man lingered to take tea.

The young girl of the house soon had the creamed oysters bubbling in the chafing-dish and the salad nicely dressed. Suddenly, practical hostess that she was, she whispered to her college friend:

"Oh, dear! Whatever am I to do? I do believe that there is n't enough bread for all these men!"

A languid interest shone in the dreamy eyes of the Bryn Mawr girl. "Oh, never mind the bread, dear," said she, "Let's have toast!"

Edwin Tarrisse.

THE POOR ORPHAN.

By Terrell Love

He's never known a mother's care,
He's had no one to love him,
No shelter from the stormy air,
No Pa to push and shove him;
No lofty, grand old family tree
To make his heart-throbs quicken—
Oh, pity, pity such as he,
The incubator chicken.

The Solution of Perfect Sanitation



is exemplified in the SY-CLO Closet, the construction and action of which ends at once all the subtle dangers of disease arising from improper cleansing; the escape of sewer gas; the absorption of poison by the material of which common closets are made (iron for instance); and

the gradual discoloration of those interior parts which furnish a prolific breeding-ground for millions of death-dealing bacilli.

The action of the SY-CLO is two-fold. Besides the copious flush of water, there is an irresistible syphonic action, which, like a powerful pump, literally **pulls** the contents through the outlet channel, cleansing, scouring, polishing as it goes, leaving the **INSIDE** of the pipe as clean and smooth as a china bowl. And this is a truism because the SY-CLO is solidly constructed of china—*pure white china*—without joint or break or rough place inside or out to furnish lodgment for dirt or disease germs.

Examine your closet; if it is made of enameled iron or has just an ordinary flush, discard it at the first opportunity for a SY-CLO. *Your doctor pays the bill.* If you are building a house or buying one, insist on SY-CLO Closets with the trade mark name burned in the china. The fact that

SY-CLO

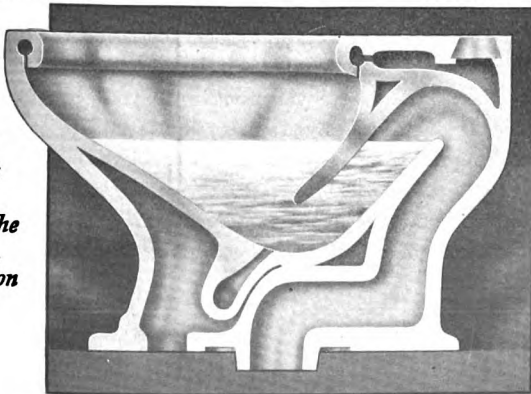
TRADE MARK

Closets cost but little more than other closets—that, with ordinary care, they will last as long as the house in which they are installed, leaves no further excuse for sewer sickness. Ask the plumber. A book on "Household Health" mailed free if you send the name of your plumber.

Lavatories of every size and design made of the same material, and on the same principle, as the SY-CLO.

**POTTERIES SELLING COMPANY,
Trenton, N. J.**

**SY-CLO
Closet cut
in half
showing the
interior
construction**



*Note the
deep water
seal, making
the escape
of gas
impossible*

Walnuts and Wine

TOO WILLING

A ducky wanted very much to propose to his lady-love but strange to say he hadn't the nerve. Some one suggested he resort to the telephone so he called her up.

"Dat yoo, Dinah?"

"Yaas," was the reply.

"Say, Dinah, I want ter ask yer somthin'."

"Yaas," again.

"Dinah, will yer marry me?"

"Yaas, who is it, please?"

M. B. Miller.

FULL PERMISSION

Francis Wilson is a lover of children and he finds keen enjoyment in telling of the humorous things they say that come under his notice. His latest is of a little girl, a neighbor of his at New Rochelle, who one day wished to carry a pink parasol. Her mother objected and the small girl grew naughty. Finally she was told to go up-stairs and pray to God to forgive her. Sometime afterwards her mother found her, parasol in hand, preparing to leave the house. "I prayed as you told me to," she said, "but God said: 'That's all right, Julia. You have a pretty parasol and if you wish to carry it I'm sure I have no objection.'"

J. Maxwell Beers.

A SURE SIGN

William Henry B., Jr., aged seven, has an inordinate appetite for buckwheat cakes and maple syrup. At breakfast the other day his grandfather watched him with amazement, counting the cakes as they disappeared.

"Junior," he asked, "have you ever in all your life felt that you had all the buckwheat cakes you could get away with?"

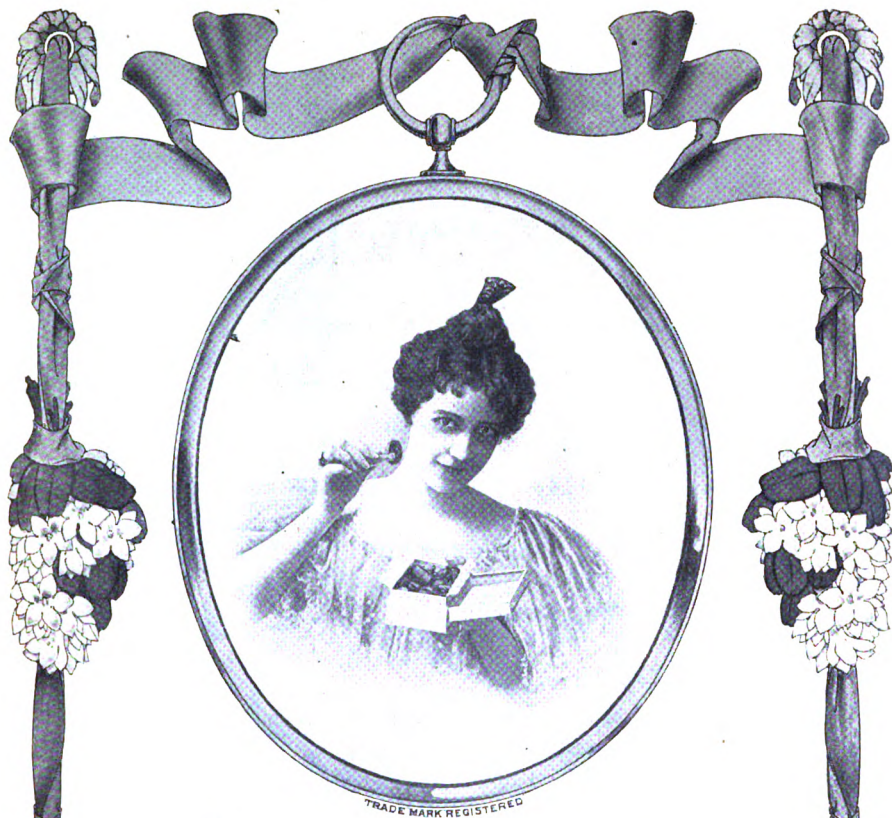
"Yes, sir," replied Junior. "Lot's of times I've felt that I had enough."

"How do you know when you've had enough?"

"Oh, I just keep on eating till I get a pain, and then I eat one more to make sure!"

Sam S. Stinson.

Walnuts and Wine



LOWNEY'S

CHOCOLATE BON-BONS

are the most delicious and the most perfect of confections. In their making nothing is used but the choicest chocolate, pure cane sugar, finest nuts and fruits and purest extracts of fruits and flowers.

Lowney's candies can be eaten freely—they are pure and wholesome.
THE WALTER M. LOWNEY COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Walnuts and Wine

IN UTAH

Jingley.—"How old did you say your wife is?"

Bingley.—"Forty."

Jingley.—"How would you like to change her for a couple of twenties?"

Francis H. Lee.

QUERY

By Edwyn Stanley

Could a beach-comber form a Marcel wave?
Or the Spanish mane of a sea-lion primp?
Or powder the periwig of a pier?
Or the crest of a curling breaker crimp?

IN OKLAHOMA

Gray Wolf: "Jackey Timberwolf is absolutely insufferable these days."

Jackal: "What is the trouble?"

Gray Wolf: "Why, his father was shot by the President, and he never stops bragging about it."

Emmett C. Hall.

NO CHANCE FOR CHANGES

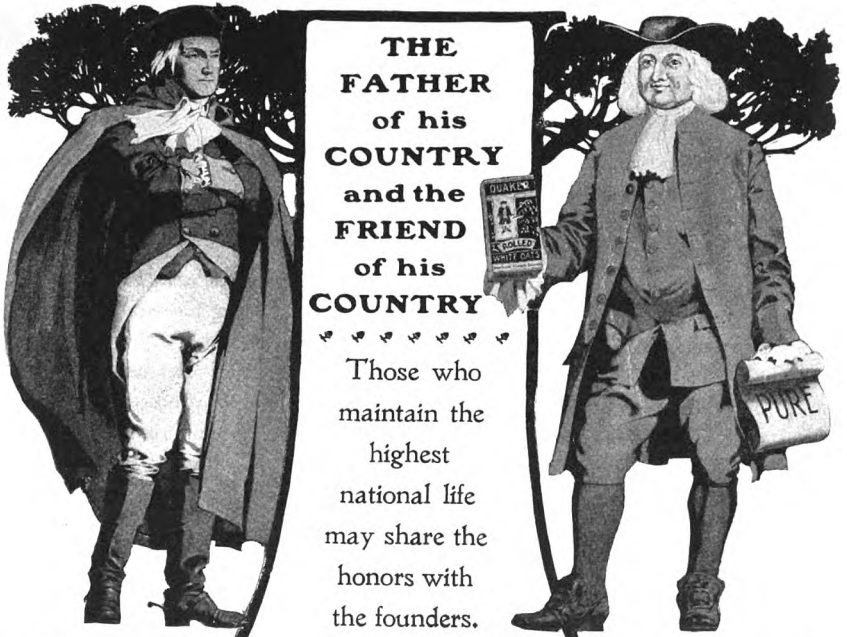
In these days of government investigations and charges the following anecdote seems fitting:

Hon. Wm. A. Buckingham, the great war governor of Connecticut, who was chosen for the United States Senate in 1869, was noted for his uprightness, especially in monetary matters.

A prominent citizen of his State, who was visiting Washington, called upon him at the Capitol one day. Buckingham received him most cordially, and after a friendly interview, summoned a messenger of the Senate, and instructed him to show the gentleman over the building. After the visitor had pretty thoroughly inspected the House, the picture corridors, the echo-stones, and the whispering gallery, he prepared to take his departure, but before going, entrusted to the messenger a small parcel addressed to his wife, instructing him to ask the Senator to put his frank upon it, a custom that was allowable and pretty generally adopted too.

But when the employé delivered the package, together with the

Walnuts and Wine



**THE
FATHER
of his
COUNTRY
and the
FRIEND
of his
COUNTRY**



Those who
maintain the
highest
national life
may share the
honors with
the founders.

Quaker Oats

is a mighty factor in contributing to the nation a wholesome sturdiness, a rugged health, a splendid ambition and conquering strength. ✿ It brings good digestion, trusty nerves and firm muscles. ✿ The battles of national life may be won or lost at the dining-tables of its homes. ✿ He is a public benefactor who provides a worthy food for his fellow men.

The Cereal that "Tastes So Good" All the Time.

Walnuts and Wine

message, to the Senator a look of extreme embarrassment overspread Buckingham's face.

"I can't do that," he said. "I don't think it right, for that privilege was originally meant for official mail only, even if it is constantly misapplied."

The messenger explained that the tourist merely wanted the Senator's autograph in a frank from the Capitol as a souvenir.

"Yes, I understand; and he is one of my best friends too. I hate to refuse what will seem to him so small a matter:—Ah! I have it," and a look of satisfaction came into his face as seizing his pen, he went on with animation: "I'll do it!" jotting his signature down as he spoke. "I can fix it up right," pulling out a drawer of his table. Then tearing from a sheet of stamps the exact amount of postage required by the weight of the parcel, he proceeded to cancel them by a process of his own, tearing them into minute shreds which he threw into the cuspidor:

"There that squares me with Uncle Sam."

Mrs. M. S. Burke.

HER VALUATION

Aunt Evelyn took little Anna to the French Church and gave her a nickel to put in the alms-basin.

Anna looked at the coin with evident satisfaction, and then nestling close to her aunt she whispered, "How much are you going to give?"

Her aunt opening her hand displayed a quarter of a dollar.

"Oh!" exclaimed the child excitedly, "don't do it, it isn't worth it."

Evelyn Clark Morgan.

AN INVENTOR INDEED

An old Frenchwoman exasperated by the continual boasting of a daughter-in-law who considered that her own children were the finest and best the Bon Dieu ever made, exclaimed one day to a friend, "really one would think that Angèle had invented maternity."

Marie Chailé Long.

Walnuts and Wine

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



Pure as the Lily

—healthful and refreshing; that is why MENNEN'S is used and recommended by physicians and nurses

Mennen's Borated Talcum has won the esteem of those who buy it and the trade who supply it, by its perfect purity and ABSOLUTE UNIFORMITY. In the nursery it is supreme, because it is sanitary as well as soothing. For the chafing of children, nettlerash, chapped hands, etc., it is healing as well as comforting.

MENNEN'S face on every box—see that you get the genuine

For sale everywhere or by mail, 25c. Sample free

MENNEN'S VIOLET TALCUM has the scent of fresh cut violets

GERHARD MENNEN CO. — NEWARK. N. J.

Walnuts and Wine

TOO FAR AWAY

There is a sign nailed against a Deadwood thirst parlor so that he who runs may read that it is "five miles to the next saloon." A short time ago the colored porter of a rival sample room down the street borrowed a beer pump from his competitor with the misleading sign but did not return it according to agreement.

Becoming impatient one morning and seeing the colored porter standing in the doorway of his saloon, the owner of the loaned article yelled in loud voice: "Why in thunder don't you return that beer pump?"

After a little hesitation the porter replied: "If you're talking to me I can't hear you because you are five miles away."

W. C. Jenkins.

TWISTED

By H. W. Francis

Confound the English language! Why
Don't words mean what they say?
John Smith, the criminal lawyer, is
As honest as the day!
While Billy Jones, the one whom they
A civil lawyer call,
I found when on the witness stand,
Was not polite at all!

TASTES DIFFER

A San Francisco woman, who had just returned from Los Angeles was asked concerning the service on the steamers.

"Oh the meals were good enough going down," she replied, "but I didn't like them coming up."

Margaret Jewett.

INCONSIDERATE WOMAN

The following extract from an obituary recently appeared in a rural paper. It was written by a child of the deceased: "In spite of all that medical skill and loving hands could do, she died without a struggle."

Charles H. Kilborn.

PORES!

WHY TAKE DAINTY CARE of your mouth and neglect your pores, the myriad mouths of your skin? The pores are the safety-valves of the body. If they be kept in perfect order by constant and intelligent bathing, a very general source of danger from disease is avoided. HAND SAPOLIO is unequaled as a gentle, efficacious pore-opener. It does not gloss them over, or chemically dissolve their health-giving oils, yet clears them thoroughly by a method of its own.

AFTER A REFRESHING BATH with HAND SAPOLIO, every one of the 2,381,248 healthily-opened pores of your skin will shout as through a trumpet, "For this relief, much thanks." Five minutes with HAND SAPOLIO equals hours of so-called Health Exercises.

Don't argue. Don't infer. Try it!

. Its use is a fine habit.

Its cost a trifle.

Walnuts and Wine

CHANGES

By E. Armstrong

When I was a child,
And he was a child,
And he lived over the way—
My mother wouldn't let him come,
When I went out to play.

For he chewed gum—
And he said "darn,"
And "bully" too, and "hook!"
And mother said you'd hardly find
Such words in Webster's book.

And though I longed
To play with him,
He seemed to have such fun—
I had to stay inside our yard
With Jack, the Colonel's son.

And now—they're rich;
Have moved into
The biggest house in town,
And have a gorgeous coat-of-arms—
A lion and a crown.

But the queerest thing
About it all,
Is mother's change—not theirs.
For *now*—she says he's *most correct*—
And *I* must *stop my airs!*

TROUBLES OF STANDING

"The coming of the automobile must have made a lot of trouble for the horse."

"I think not. It's his driver that's the horse's natural enemy."

"Why, how's that?"

"Isn't the driver the source of all his whoas?"

Warwick James Price.

Walnuts and Wine

Turkish Couch Covers

As illustrated, 60 inches wide, 3 yards long. A scarce and costly Bergma Turkish design; rich rare detail in panel and border effect. Perfectly reversible. Red, reverse Blue; Green, reverse Red; Terra-Cotta, reverse Blue or Green, reverse Terra-Cotta.

Price, \$5.00

Oriental Table Cover

As illustrated, made in 4-4 to 12-4 sizes. Perfectly reversible Oriental design. Well covered and distributed, and evenly balanced. Made in the following opposite combinations: Red, reverse Blue; Green, reverse Red; Terra-Cotta, reverse Blue; or Green, reverse Terra-Cotta.

8-4" size
2 yds. square, including fringe.

\$3.00

Artloom Tapestries

Curtains, Couch Covers and Table Covers

offer you the right article for any room, hall or corner. Write for style book J today, showing articles in actual colors.

If your dealer won't supply you send us post-office or money order and we will deliver it to you through another dealer. "Home-Making," by Miss Edith W. Fisher, the clever book on Home Decorations, with interior views, sent on receipt of four cents in stamps.

Philadelphia Tapestry Mills, Philadelphia, Pa.



This Label tells the texture



It's the texture that tells.

Walnuts and Wine

BUBBLES RE-BLOWN.

Philadelphia is really wide awake—*Rochester Post*.

No, neighbor—just walking in its sleep.—*Life*.

But no longer wide open.

A Russian Grand Duke used to be a pretty big and imposing personage.—*Baltimore American*.

Marked down to thirty cents.—*Life*.

And another reduction expected.

Amnesty has been proclaimed in Finland, and now exiles from home can hope to see their Finnish.—*Chicago News*.

But how can the poor Czar keep his head above water without his Finns?—*Life*.

He can't, for he is not able to float a loan.

Russia is said to be importing comparatively few diamonds this season.—*Boston Herald*.

Chain-mail undershirts will be more generally worn.—*Life*.

Throats, however, will still be cut bias.

Henry James desires a campaign "for the elimination of colloquial modes of expression."—*Louisville Times*.

Can it be that Mr. James is afraid his novels will some day be translated into English?—*Life*.

Pshaw! Merely a publisher's dodge to educate people to read Henry in the original.

"What shall our girls read?" asks a magazine writer.—*Louisville Times*.

In a blushing and modest way we would suggest a certain illustrated weekly.—*Life*.

We had been led to believe that *Life* is uncertain.

A man named Adam was elected Mayor of Buffalo.—*St. Joseph News-Press*.

Perhaps Buffalo will be able to sum up his career with "Adam, good Mayor."

Not unless the New York apple crop tails.

Karl Von Kraft.

BREAKFAST FOOD

First Freshman: "How's the board over at your place?"

Second Freshman: "Oh, all right, I guess. Tastes just like board, anyway."

E. B.

For over 40 years we have been distilling Hayner Whiskey

and hundreds of thousands of critical buyers have been using it for medicinal and family purposes. During all these years it has not only stood every test, but its sales have largely increased each year, conclusive proof of highest quality and perfect purity.

Won't you try this good old reliable HAYNER, the favorite of discriminating buyers for a generation? Don't hesitate because of its low price, for you cannot buy purer, better or more satisfactory whiskey, no matter how much you pay.

It goes direct to you from our own distillery. You're sure it's pure for there is nobody between you and us to adulterate it. We cut out all the middlemen and dealers, so you save their enormous profits. That's why our price is only 80 cents a full or honest quart, while you pay dealers \$1.25 to \$1.50 for whiskey not as good, and get a "short" quart at that.

4 Full Quarts \$3.20 Express Prepaid

Our offer Send us \$3.20, and we will ship you, in a plain sealed case with no marks to show contents, **FOUR FULL QUART BOTTLES** of HAYNER PRIVATE STOCK RYE or BOURBON. We will pay the express charges. Give the whiskey a fair trial. Put it to any test you like. Then, if you are not perfectly satisfied, ship it back to us at our expense and your \$3.20 will be promptly refunded. Doesn't such a guarantee, backed by a company that has been in business for 40 years and has a capital of \$500,000.00 paid in full, protect you fully? How could any offer be fairer? The expense is all ours if you're not satisfied. Write our nearest office **TO-DAY**.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Col., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., or Wyo., must be on the basis of **4 Quarts for \$4.00 by EXPRESS PREPAID** or **20 Quarts for \$15.20 by FREIGHT PREPAID**.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY,

Dayton, Ohio.

St. Paul, Minn.

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Atlanta, Ga.

Distillery at Troy, Ohio.

Established 1866.



Walnuts and Wine

SPRING

By Grace G. Bostwick

Spring!—sassy, frolicin' tormentin' thing!
Ain't she th' durndest ever ye see,
Makin' a fool out an old one like me?
I vow! ef I ain't a-tryin' t' sing!
Ever see anything like her—Spring?

Spring!—foolish, frivolous, dancin' thing!
Ain't she th' daisy of all creation?
A-stirrin' our blood till we act like tarnation,
'Ith her birds an' her music an' blossoming;
Never seen nothin' to beat her—Spring.

Spring!—jolly, tant'lizin', tom-fool thing!
She makes me feel like I'm young agen,
'Ith my rheumatiz' gone—a prince 'mong men—
Prancin' along, a-havin' my fling!
Ain't she th' very old beatenest—Spring?

THEY NEEDED THE MONEY

A freight steamer once came into Mariopol, a port on the sea of Azov, which had among its cargo one hundred pieces of machinery numbered M. from 1 to 100. When the pieces were unloaded it was found that No. 87 was missing but two pieces numbered 88 showed that there had been an error, the final tally being correct. But the custom officials did not take this view of the matter, the port being in need of funds, so they fined the ship 500 rubles for being short of cargo as per manifest, namely No. 87, and 1000 rubles for smuggling—having two pieces numbered 88 when the manifest called for but one.

Caroline Lockhart.

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

A clever college girl who had just finished reading Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," was asked as to her opinion of the work.

"Well," she answered, "I should like it a great deal better if a few fig leaves were mixed in with the leaves of grass."

Dorothy Scarborough.

Walnuts and Wine



FROM NEW YORK TO
ICELAND, SPITZBERGEN AND NORWAY
Leaving **JUNE 23, 1906,**
by the twin-screw S. S. "OCEANA"—8000 TONS
Specially equipped for pleasure cruising.
Superb Accommodations. Rates including
all side-trip expenses, if desired.

12 OTHER SIMILAR CRUISES
by well-known steamers Blücher, Prinzessin Victoria
Luise, Meteor, during
JUNE, JULY and AUGUST.

For programmes, rates, etc., apply Hamburg-American Line.

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WONDERFUL NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTS.

An art reproduction from ten inches to six feet long seems almost an impossible achievement, but by a new process prints are made in this great size with such perfect faithfulness to the original that the finest details are retained as perfectly in the large as in the smaller print. These reproductions are known as Turner Prints, and are made in rich brown, in gray, and in the exact colors of the originals. They are absolutely fadeless, while for depth, beauty, and brilliancy they are unequalled. The larger sizes are especially suited to large halls and corridors, but by this new process each subject is published in sizes from 8 x 10" to 50 x 70", so that the pictures can be used in any size room as well as in the largest halls.

These pictures sell at practically one half the prices of other high-grade publications, and include the great works of ancient and modern painting, architecture, and sculpture. The Horace K. Turner Company, of Boston, Mass., are the sole owners of this process.

CHILDREN
TEETHING

For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by all Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for *Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup*, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

Walnuts and Wine

DIFFERENTLY EXPRESSED

Two groups of people were seated in the waiting room of a railroad station. One consisted of a young man, and two young ladies dressed in the height of fashion, the other, a man and his wife not so fashionably attired.

They had been there only a few minutes when a girl came in whose complexion was as nearly perfect as anything in this world ever is. While she was buying her ticket the young man remarked to the ladies with him:

"Isn't Miss Cransford a beauty? Her complexion is as perfect as a rose."

At the same time the other man clutched his wife's arm and whispered:

"Lord, Nan, hasn't that gal got purty hide?"

Della Snowden King.

RICHARD'S REASONING.

Richard startled his mother, one day, by asking, "How does it come that Ned's papa is Mr. Artman through the week and Jesus on Sunday?"

"Why, Richard, he is always Mr. Artman. He is n't Jesus."

"Yes, he is. On Sundays we sing 'Give your pennies all to Jesus, and then Mr. Artman comes 'round and gets 'em.'"

Effie S. Black.

AT THE CONFECTIONER'S WINDOW

By John L. Shroy

When young, how we wanted to try them!
Those candies our palates would taunt;
But now, when we've money to buy them,
We don't see a thing that we want.

FORCE OF HABIT

"Do you drink?" asked the manager of a manufacturing company, to the applicant for a position.

"Why, yes," responded the applicant cheerfully, "I don't care if I do."

James H. Lambert, Jr.

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

MAY, 1906



THE STRANGE CASE OF DOCTOR NORTH

BY NEVIL MONROE HOPKINS

"I T certainly seems as if fate had it in for me," said my companion, as he threw down a copy of the *Times* and walked toward the window. A persistent rain was falling, and he stood staring into the dreary street with its few bedraggled pedestrians.

"I have decided to take up the case," he said at length, turning abruptly, and I saw that iron resolution upon his handsome face, the meaning of which I knew full well. I first learned to know what that look of determination meant when he made up his mind to lick a certain bully in our school-boy days, and often in later life, when after sober calculation and reflection, he had weighed conditions in the balance and had finally and irrevocably decided to act. A dispassionate judgment, coupled with the fullest courage of his convictions, were among the strong points of Mason Brant, my oldest and best friend.

Though I felt that Brant had chosen the road to success, a pang of regret crept into my heart at his decision, for I knew the man to be above the work to which he proposed to devote his life and his wonderful talent.

"You know I'm with you," I said, thrusting out my hand. "I wish you all kinds of luck, old man!"

He gripped my fist in both of his sinewy hands, and in the rapidly-growing gloom I thought I discerned the glitter of moisture in his expressive brown eyes.

We were in London, and had taken rooms together in Sackville Street. I was fairly independent, but Mason upon the death of his father had found his debts nearly equal to the small sum left him. I

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was so fortunate as to be appointed Second Secretary to the American Embassy; Mason had been less lucky and had failed to find the congenial employment so necessary to his happiness.

"Anything important in the last edition?" I asked with interest.

"Yes," he said, "the best men in London have been called into the case. A young woman of prominence is suspected and her arrest may take place any hour. I shall report to Inspector Williams at once." He took down his rather shabby overcoat, then continued: "Drayton of the *Herald* got me credentials to the authorities at Scotland Yard, you remember, when I got mixed up in that case for Lord Fife." He had picked up his sloppy-weather hat and old umbrella, and now made his way to the door.

"Don't wait dinner for me after seven," he said, and was gone. I heard the outside door slam, and then Brant's retreating footsteps upon the wet pavement. I went over to the window and looked out into the darkening street. A lamp-lighter had just lighted the street-lamp, and was throwing away the taper as he descended his dingy little ladder. A cab went rattling over the rough stones with the rain streaming from the dilapidated rubber covers the driver wore.

I pulled down the shade and lighted the lamp, deciding to read over once more the account of the mystery which had set all London in a tumult of excitement. Thus ran the sensational headlines:

DOCTOR NORTH MURDERED!
THE CELEBRATED OCULIST FOUND DEAD IN HIS STUDY ABOUT
HALF PAST SEVEN LAST EVENING BY ONE
OF HIS SERVANTS.

When discovered the noted physician was sitting in his library chair with his head bent forward, and the mark of some blunt instrument plainly discernible just above his right temple. The library windows were all found to be securely fastened from the inside, and the door leading from the hall was bolted, also on the inside. The door leading from the inner consulting-room was likewise closed and locked from the office side, the key being found in the lock. No other means of entrance or of egress exists.

Failing to get a response when he had knocked repeatedly, and fearing his master might be ill, Dr. North's servant stooped and looked through the old-fashioned keyhole, when he saw his master seated in his chair, his head bent forward upon his breast. The doctor's nephew was at once summoned, and he, in the presence of his sister, Miss Almy, burst open the door. It was necessary to bend a heavy bronze bolt before the door yielded.

There was a terrible expression of fear upon the doctor's set face, as, with the dreadful bruise showing under his gray locks, he sat there glaring from sightless eyes at the massive treatises and scattered pamphlets which littered his great study table.

The police were at once notified, but up to a late hour no further facts could be learned.

All this seemed strange enough. I then picked up the evening edition of the *Dispatch*, the account in which had determined my friend to take up the case, and virtually to choose detective work henceforth as a career:

SCOTLAND YARD MAKES PROGRESS!

ARREST OF DR. NORTH'S MURDERER EXPECTED HOURLY. IM-
PORTANT CLEW IN THE MYSTERY.

A young woman well known in London social life is implicated in the murder of Dr. James L. North. It has been learned that the great specialist had a violent quarrel with this lady just before his lifeless body was discovered, as exclusively reported in last evening's *Dispatch* special. The theory of the police is that the woman went to the physician's office prepared to strike him down. The principal mystery lies in the fact that Dr. North was securely locked in his library when his body was found. It is also learned that he had been under the pressure of some very unusual work the last few days of his life, and had refused to be seen socially, or even to be consulted professionally. Indeed, for three or four days prior to his murder, Dr. North had neglected important cases and consultation appointments. The police have also discovered that his telephone had been put out of service, probably two days before his death, by someone's having thrust a copy of the *Times* newspaper, date of November 6th, securely in behind the bells. Dr. North leaves a large fortune, to which his niece and nephew are the only heirs.

This account, I reflected, seemed to point to Miss Almy, the niece, or the nephew as the suspected murderer. The article went on to tell at length of Dr. North's brilliant career and enviable reputation—so well known to all Londoners that I laid down the paper and dressed for dinner.

I then lighted my pipe, wandered aimlessly to the window, and raised the shade. I was just in time to see a hansom drive hurriedly up to the curb. A young woman stepped out, ran up the stoop, and hastily pulled the bell. Mrs. Briggs invariably takes her time in responding to such summonses, so, as I could see unmistakable signs of distress upon the lady's face, which was now illuminated under the fan-like transom of the old-fashioned entrance, I stepped out into the hall and opened the door myself.

"Is this Mr. Brant?" she gasped, stepping past me into the hall. Her pale face was as beautiful as it was agitated and alarmed. Her gown indicated that she had been out in the rain for some time.

"Mr. Brant is out, but I am his friend," I replied. "If I may be of any service to you, I shall be only too happy." She looked at me in a questioning way, and I hastened to add, "If you will step into our little

drawing-room and remove your wet coat, I think you will not have to wait very long."

"This is the Mr. Brant—who—the American amateur detective, I mean—who did such remarkable investigating work when Lord Fife's little boy was abducted?" she said as she entered.

"Yes," I said, "only now he has become a professional."

She seemed much relieved, and allowed me to hang her coat before the wood fire on the hearth.

"Is Mr. Brant very busy with any case at present? And do you think he would be willing to do something for me at once, for I am in great trouble?" she asked timidly, and still in some agitation.

As I looked into her beautiful appealing eyes I could not imagine any man's refusing any service that so lovely a woman might ask. I did not hesitate, therefore, to commit Brant to do all in his power for her. I pulled up a comfortable chair before the fire, and she seated herself, looking into the blaze. While our visitor patiently waited Mason Brant's coming, I pretended to be occupied with some official papers upon my table. I say "pretended," for, as I saw a tear run down her lovely cheek, I confess I was anything but absorbed in my work. I was eager to draw her into conversation and even try to offer consolation, but I thought it would be little short of cruel to molest her when I could in all probability do nothing without Brant. I was arranging a set of papers for about the seventh time, when I heard the fumbling of a key in the lock outside, and soon my friend came into the room.

"This young lady has come to you for advice, Brant," I said by way of introduction. She rose as I spoke and held out to him a visibly trembling hand. "I'll leave you, Mason," I volunteered, and started—slowly, I admit—for the "adjourning-room."

"Mr. Dale is my oldest and best friend, and is often of great assistance to me in my work," broke in Brant, "and if it is professional advice you seek, my dear young lady, I suggest that you allow him to remain, that is, of course, only with your entire approval."

She fixed her gaze upon me searchingly, and as I looked into her expressive brown eyes, I was struck by the strong resemblance she bore to Brant. They might have been brother and sister.

"Yes, stay," she said simply; "I am Miss——"

"Miss Fairchild, of Philadelphia," Brant supplied, "and you are suspected by the police of being the murderer of the late Doctor North."

She gave a painful start and looked suspiciously at my companion. "Then you are at work upon this dreadful mystery with the police," she cried, half rising, "and you, too, may believe me guilty of this awful crime."

"No," responded Brant gravely; "I have only just decided to work upon the case, and I have no reason for believing you guilty,—pray let me hear your story."

He seated himself and looked earnestly, almost tenderly, into her eyes as he leaned forward to hear what she had to say.

"My father met with a frightful accident ten days ago," she resumed, "and it was found that among other injuries sustained, his eyes were seriously affected. Dr. North was immediately called in by the attending physicians, and was consulted by them several times. Day before yesterday my father took a turn for the worse, and Dr. North was telephoned for. Upon hearing from the operator that the doctor would not answer his telephone, a messenger was despatched to his residence, but returned with word that Dr. North was engaged upon some very important work and would not be disturbed. Dr. Phelps was then sent for, but he was out of town, and, as Dr. North was considered the ablest oculist in England, Dr. Ramsay, one of the attending physicians, went personally to persuade him to come to us. He too, came back saying that Doctor North positively declined to see any one; the butler, he said, referred all callers to Doctor Phelps.

"Yesterday afternoon my father was in a most critical condition. Every one agreed that Doctor North was probably the only man who could save his sight, and so another effort was made to induce him to come—but without success. Enraged at this attitude, and at Dr. North's great breach of professional ethics in dropping my father's case without reason or notice, I drove to the doctor's house, determined to learn for myself the cause of his refusal. I found the front door open, so I slipped back to what appeared to be his office door, and knocked. There was no reply. I then turned the knob. The door was locked, so I pounded upon the panel with the silver handle of my umbrella. I was determined to get at the bottom of this remarkable behavior, and I struck the door several heavy blows. I was about to call out, also, when the door was suddenly opened, and Doctor North, looking like a thunder cloud in his wrath, stood before me. I pushed myself into his study and began immediately to entreat him to accompany me at once to Mr. Fairchild."

"Allow me to interrupt you for an instant, Miss Fairchild;" said Brant, "did you close the door behind you when you went into the study, or did you leave it open?"

"I did not close it, but stood well within the doorway," she said; "even when I went out I left it standing partly open."

"Pray proceed," said my companion, as he wrote a few lines in his note-book.

"He had barely heard my appeal when he shouted, 'Impossible! Did they not tell you I would see no one? Go; I can do nothing for you.' He walked toward me with a threatening look, and when I caught his eyes again they were so wild with rage at this interruption in his work that I was frightened and realized that my errand was hopeless.

"As I reached the door I mustered courage to make one last appeal to his manhood and charity, as well as to his science and skill, for my father was in a desperate state, I said, and no man but he could save the sight so dear to life. 'Go! Go!' he thundered, his voice reverberating through the immense library, and his face crimson with rage. He had picked up a large pair of clipping scissors and was advancing rapidly toward me, pointing with them to the door. I had failed, and fearing bodily harm as well, I slipped quickly through the door, which was immediately slammed behind me and I heard the snap of the lock as I ran almost into the arms of a servant who was hurrying to the library door.

"Who let you in, Miss?" the butler asked, but I was too agitated to reply, and I made my way as quickly as possible to the front door, which was now closed. I passed a young lady in the hall, who, with the butler, had evidently been attracted by Doctor North's angry words. I was trembling with excitement, for I was enraged at the treatment I had received, and I indignantly left the house without explaining my presence.

"Late last evening somebody called to see me regarding my visit to the doctor's office, and I then recalled that I had left my silver-handled umbrella lying against a chair in his study. From the nature of the question he asked our servant, I am certain now that this man was an officer. Then this dreadful article came out in the paper this afternoon," and she took from her muff a folded copy of the evening *Dispatch*. "Lord Fife had told father and me of your skill in getting back his little son while others had failed, and I came here as fast as I could for advice and assistance. With my father so ill there is no one to whom I can turn for help but you. Do you think my name will appear in connection with this awful crime, and will they arrest me? Can you not find some clew that will shield me from this notoriety and possible disgrace? I realize how black it all looks for me, and I am dreadfully frightened."

"I am glad you came to me, Miss Fairchild," said Brant, "and I will do all in my power to prevent your arrest in this matter. My friend, Mr. Dale, who is attached to our Embassy, will be glad to help us in taking up the work at once, and I only regret that I did not make the start last night."

"Permit me to show you to your cab, Miss Fairchild," said Brant, "and, believe me, I feel that you are innocent. I shall never rest until you are cleared of this suspicion and until I have run down the murderer of Doctor North."

Miss Fairchild looked her gratitude so charmingly that I heartily envied Mason his good fortune. Just as she was about to leave, our visitor turned, and permitted a little quizzical smile to play about her lips as she said:

"One thing I'd like to know, Mr. Brant. How were you able to call me by name when you came into the room?"

Brant's face lighted into a smile, too. "Oh, that was very simple, indeed, Miss Fairchild; so simple it scarcely bears an explanation. I had seen a broken umbrella at police headquarters not an hour ago, and the handle was marked 'C. H. Fairchild.' A young woman comes to me in great distress with the initials 'C. H. F.' upon her card case, and shows a copy of the evening *Dispatch* protruding from her muff. Then your coat is quite wet about the shoulders, as well as your hat, and you have no umbrella with you. Certainly things point strongly to your identity."

"But how did you know that Philadelphia was my home?"

Brant laughed aloud.

"That was absurdly simple, too," he said. "I also noticed that the silver handle of the umbrella bore the mark of Park & Johnson, Philadelphia; then the umbrella had been recently recovered, for the silk was quite fresh and was stamped Hallwell & Company, Philadelphia, while the handle is smoothed down considerably, as by the friction of a glove upon some of the embossed silver flowers. All these little things would indicate that the umbrella had not been simply sent to you as a present, but that you had bought it there yourself, and had actually worn out one cover at least in that city. Finally, when I saw the name of a well-known Philadelphia outfitter in the little band at the neck of your coat, as it hangs over the back of the chair, I felt pretty sure you were a Philadelphian."

"I am so glad," she said, with a sweet look of approval. "You can surely help me since you are so clever as that."

Then opening her case and handing him a card, "In case it is necessary for you to communicate with me," she explained.

"You have spent considerable time in France, I observe." Brant took the card and looked at her, this time with a broad smile.

"Yes, I was at school there for a year, but how in the world does my card reveal that?"

"You have written your address there with a pencil, and crossed

your seven, as all French people do, to avoid confusion with the figure one. I caught the habit myself when I was there."

"You certainly have the most remarkable gift," she said in naive admiration; "and I do so value your interest in my unhappy situation." Again her sweet lips trembled. Then, with an arch smile: "I should hate really to be a criminal and have you on the trail." She started to say something, but colored deeply, then, and after a little pause, stammered, "My father will send you a check, of course, in payment—of—of—whatever service you render me. If you will let me know the amount, I shall see that it is sent upon my return home." She colored again and added, "It may be some little time before my father is able to write in person, or to attend to any business matters."

"Do not give yourself the slightest concern about that, Miss Fairchild; a check is the lowest form of reward for any man capable of rendering you a service."

She held out her little gloved hand in a frank, relieved sort of manner, and from the feeling reflected in his serious face, Brant, I know, pressed it tightly.

Evidently he had been deeply touched, and I knew him too well to believe it to be a passing fancy. My portion was merely a parting look which caused a pang of envy for my old friend's attainments, and the privilege of using them in such a cause. How gladly would I have exchanged my post at the embassy for the opportunity enjoyed by Mason Brant! Yet I felt provoked at myself for being so affected.

After he had entered a few more carefully written notes in his book, Brant suggested dinner. We were not long at table, and soon were bowling along in a four-wheeler, for we were too anxious now to see the scene of the tragedy.

Although wild with excitement to reach the actual scene of the crime, I could not dismiss from my mind the young woman who had called in such distress. I found myself wondering when I might see her again, for her beautiful face and appealing eyes had made a deeper impression upon me than I wished to admit. Brant now sat in silence, and between the puffs of his cigarette I could see that he wore a deep and troubled look.

"What a lovable girl," I ventured, but he appeared not to hear, and continued to sit with a far-away and absorbed expression. I did not address him again until we drew up to the curb in front of the now famous house.

We dismissed the cab, and hurrying up the steps past the crowd of curious onlookers, rang the bell. The door was opened almost immediately by the butler, to whom we told our errand.

"I have orders, gentlemen, to refer all callers to the Inspector at Bow Street, but as he happens to be here at present, you may come this way and state your business to him."

The servant led the way to the study door and knocked. It was opened by a man who recognized Brant and admitted us both without further ceremony into the library. There were seven or eight others already present. Four men were at work returning to the shelves the books which had evidently been taken down in search of something. Every nook and corner had evidently been minutely examined. The large rug had been taken up and was lying in a roll in the corner upon the polished floor. A little group of three was standing over by the fireplace in earnest consultation. One of the group I recognized as the famous Inspector Williams, Chief of the Scotland Yard Detective Bureau; the second was unknown to us; but the third we both recognized at once to be the greatest unofficial detective in all England!

Beyond giving Brant a curt nod when we entered, Inspector Williams took no further notice of us. I was in a sense relieved, for I feared I might be asked what connection I claimed with the case. There were several others also in the room, and among them one or two reporters of the public press. What lines the detective had out, or what the men had been searching for, I could only conjecture, but I appreciated full well that the police had just twenty-four hours start of Mason Brant in this race to run down the guilty. Upon inquiry for Dr. North's nephew, Mr. Almy, Brant was informed that he was at home, but declined to be interviewed again. He had gone to his room to rest after the excitement of last night, and apart from describing his uncle's absorption in some exceptionally important work for the past two or three days, and the visit of the young woman who had forced an entrance to his study, with the ensuing quarrel, he insisted that he knew nothing. He had ended the interview with the police by announcing a reward of one thousand pounds for the arrest and conviction of the murderer of his uncle.

His sister had testified, Brant also learned, that two weeks ago her uncle had quarrelled with Doctor Phelps, the oculist, and that the latter had left, exchanging very high and angry words with Dr. North. She said that her uncle used to leave his practice with Doctor Phelps in the Summer, and whenever he was out of town. Phelps had been in the house once since, about a week or ten days ago, when his relations with her uncle appeared to be amicable again.

During her uncle's unprecedented absorption in work for the last few days, he had referred all his cases as usual to Doctor Phelps. She had seen the young woman in the hall, in a state of great excitement, a few minutes before the dead body of her uncle was discovered

for she had been attracted from the floor above by his angry words. Beyond these facts she knew absolutely nothing.

Having gotten the foregoing from the police, Brant then had a short interview with the butler, in which he learned that just preceding the murder he had evidently failed to close the front door securely, for it must have swung open by the wind after he had gone downstairs. He knew nothing was wrong on the library floor until he heard his master's high words, and when he hastened upstairs he saw the young lady just slipping out of the study door. He was sure that she slammed the door after her and that she was in a great state of excitement. A few moments afterward he knocked, and when he failed to get a reply, fearing that something was wrong, he stooped and looked through the key-hole. His further testimony coincided fully with the newspaper accounts.

When my friend had finished entering his notes he turned for the first time to the group of detectives and inquired if the books in which the doctor was so greatly absorbed upon the day of his death, had been disturbed, or returned to the book-shelves.

"Learn what you can without bothering us, Mr. Brant," the Inspector answered, dryly. "If you possess so much cleverness as to wish to mix up in our business, use it to obtain your own information."

He was thus peremptorily dismissed from any further interview, and he left the group to look over his note-book.

"Wait here one moment," he said to me and stepped out into the hall, closing the door softly behind him. I heard him strike several matches, and after a few moments he came back into the room. There was a satisfied expression on his face as he entered more notes into his now fair sized collection. He then walked about the room inspecting the books upon the shelves, observing their titles and running his finger over their tops. It was reputed to be the finest private collection of works upon optics and diseases of the eye in England. The tops of the books were dusty, and they had evidently not been consulted for some time. Suddenly Brant appeared to be much interested in a group of ten or twelve large volumes upon one of the lower shelves not far from the centre-table. He had run his finger over the tops of this group and when he found them to be free from dust and perfectly new, he began taking them down and examining their title-pages. Nearly all contained book-marks, and one, much to Brant's delight, consisted of a letter postmarked November 4. Surely, then, these must have been the books in which the great oculist was so engrossed. Brant turned to see if he was observed by the detectives, whose chief had so rudely replied to his question, and when he found that they were absorbed in

some papers they were going over, he motioned me to step close to his side, and slipped the letter from its envelope. It was from one of the largest downtown dealers in medical books:

November 4, 1905.

DR. JAMES L. NORTH,
ESTEEMED SIR:

We are in receipt of your valued favor of yesterday, and hasten to comply with your request. We are herewith sending to you by special messenger the leading authorities upon insanity.

Trusting that you may find among the volumes a work meeting your requirements and that we may be favored with your order, we are.

Most respectfully yours,
BLACKWELL, BLACKWELL AND COMPANY,
Publishers and Dealers in Medical Books.

21 A Hanover Square.

Mason returned the letter to its envelope and copied the titles of the books into his note-book. They were without exception treatises upon the causes and treatment of insanity—and Dr. North was the leading eye specialist in England. Why did he devote the last few days of his life to such a deep and secluded study of insanity? Why did he refuse to see any of his patients, and neglect his important consultation appointments? Who could have struck him that fatal blow when he was at work in his study with all the doors and windows securely locked? Did he lock himself in so carefully because of fear, or because he did not wish to be disturbed? These were questions not to be answered easily.

Brant now asked to see the body of the deceased physician. The three detectives had seated themselves by the large study-table and were composing a report evidently of great moment. Inspector Williams brusquely jerked his thumb toward the proper door, and a sergeant led the way through the little passage connecting with the inner consulting-room, where the body of the great specialist had been carried. The coroner's jury had just completed its second and final examination, and was leaving the room to confer in the front parlor, as we entered.

The body was lying upon a large leather-covered lounge in the centre of the room. Several undertakers were there and were about to lift the body into the ice-box as Brant reached their side.

"One moment, please," he said. "I have not yet had opportunity of seeing the body," and he stooped over to examine the wound. It was under a lock of the doctor's iron-gray hair, which my friend gently pushed aside.

The man in charge of the body eyed Brant suspiciously, but withdrew a step or two to make room for us.

Brant then examined the body minutely in a scientific and systematic

manner, finally focusing a small magnifying glass carefully upon the wound. Then he struck a match and held the flame near the focused lens, while he scrutinized the injury in the most searching manner. "What are you looking for?" I whispered, with great curiosity, but Mason apparently did not hear me, so deeply was he absorbed in his examination. He seemed about to ask me to take a look, when he turned and struck a second match. As the phosphorus end burned, I saw him suddenly knit his brows and hastily strike another. He had no sooner lighted one match and allowed the phosphorus to splutter when he extinguished it and lighted still another. From the unmistakable excitement upon his face I knew that something remarkable had been discovered.

"What is it?" I insisted.

"Do not ask me questions," he said, "but take this and stand here." The undertakers stood eyeing us so closely they made me feel uncomfortable.

Mason Brant thrust the lens into my hand and focused it for me upon the area of the wound. "Now look while I strike this match," he said.

As the match flared and spluttered, I saw faintly glowing lines in the wound. My lips formed the words "What do they mean?" but I uttered no sound.

"Strike another match."

I did so, and this time could discern faint, glowing letters, not exactly upon the injury, but apparently inside, and just below the skin.

"Tell me just what you see," my companion asked excitedly.

With the aid of one more match I could easily make out the letters
A M O H.

With fast-beating heart I whispered the names of the weird letters and told my companion how they appeared.

"Just so," he said.

I felt the blood creep in my veins at the uncanny sight. The letters were about one-eighth of an inch in height and in character and appearance resembled the images in an old-fashioned daguerrotype.

"Lower the centre lights," said Brant.

As I did so the chief undertaker and one of his assistants pushed their way close to our side and scanned the wound critically. In a moment, when our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, the strange letters could be seen glowing in the wound as if written there with phosphorus.

I could see, as soon as the lights were turned on again, that Brant was in a quandary what to do. "Did you see those letters?" he asked one of the undertakers.

"Yes," they answered, to a man, and looked at each other in astonishment.

"Leave the body here, please," said Brant to the man in charge; "I must point out this discovery to Inspector Williams and the coroner's jury without delay."

But we had no sooner entered the "adjourning-room" where we had left the detectives, than I heard Inspector Williams say decisively, "It must be done, and the sooner the better. We are now fully justified in taking the step."

There was now lying upon the table a silver-handled umbrella, the same that Brant had seen at headquarters. The handle was broken off, the repoussé work was battered in on one side. The three detectives were still at the table where they had sat writing their report, and a fourth man, a stranger, was standing by their side. He had just handed the Inspector several typewritten pages, neatly fastened together at the top, and as he turned them over I could see that about a dozen signatures were affixed to the document.

A police officer of high rank stood beside them, resplendent in his gold braid and buttons; the reporters were ranged around manifesting the intensest interest, their note-books and pencils meanwhile doing rapid service.

"What has happened?" Brant asked, now very white, and I myself blanched as I guessed the worst.

"We have decided to place a certain young woman under arrest for the murder of Dr. North," Inspector Williams said shortly, "and this action will also dismiss you from further annoying us with your useless questions,—in this case, at least."

"Do so at your peril, you clumsy bungler!" cried Brant, now red with passion. "You will not only plunge your entire department into ridicule and contempt, but will mar forever the name of an innocent woman. Stop that absurd order now and at once, and I will show you a new clew."

This was the first time any man in the history of the Inspector's professional career ever dared round him up in such a manner. He started as if he had been struck in the face, while his companions stood in dumb amazement.

"So the Yankee meddler chooses to make himself more than an infernal nuisance!" he thundered as he advanced toward my friend. I fully expected a blow to pass, the Inspector's face was now so black with rage, but I was less excited than interested, for I knew Mason was well able to take care of himself.

"I have a clew," insisted Brant, with equal force, "and by heaven you shall be led to it and taught something before you ruin an innocent

girl. Doctor North was not struck down by Miss Fairchild, and I can prove it." This mention of Miss Fairchild's name also gave the Inspector a jar, but no more than it did the other two detectives, for they did not know that Brant had examined the pieces of the umbrella at police headquarters as they lay upon the Inspector's desk when he was presenting his credentials. Nor did they know that another living person knew the name of the young woman suspected. They had underestimated Brant's powers of observation and ability, and for the first time were beginning to realize it. His success in the Fife case they had attributed to luck, but now, from the serious expression they all bore, I knew they were beginning to realize that my friend was a real factor.

"Let us have the clew without delay," cried England's most famous man-hunter in surly tones, "and we shall judge for ourselves if it is of importance."

Brant led the way through into the room where the body lay, and each in turn was made to strike a match and view the weird letters. The officers looked at each other in amazement.

Suddenly Inspector Williams, still wrought up with anger at Brant's words, snarled out, "What trick is this to defer justice? These fellows have simply been writing upon the wound with phosphorus! I will place you and your pal under arrest for this," turning from us to the captain of police.

"The gentlemen have not touched the body, sir," spoke up the head undertaker. "We have been watching them carefully every moment of the time. There has been no trick played, and I myself saw the letters when they first appeared."

It was our salvation. The blow to the officers was staggering and final. Once more they took their places in turn upon the spot my friend designated, and by the aid of his lens viewed the strange letters. The lights were put out as before, and once again the strange phosphorescence could be distinctly seen outlining the characters.

"Through the use of your lens and these phosphorus matches you have discovered a strange thing, young man," said Inspector Williams with difficulty, "but it cannot be called a clew, for, instead of throwing any light upon this mystery, you have only deepened it."

Brant smiled a knowing smile, but made no comment. They each took a third and fourth look at the wonderful sight, after which Williams gave orders to the undertakers to leave the body where it lay until further orders. He then sent word into the front parlor for the coroner and his jury to come and inspect the discovery.

"Mr. Brant," said one of the group of criminal investigators whom we did not know. "I congratulate you upon this remarkable discovery.

You have indicated that you are capable of exceptional observation and have brought to light an important clue which we failed to find. My name is Stratton, John Stratton, chief of detectives of the Glasgow police."

Mason Brant took warmly the hand which was frankly extended to him, and thanked him sincerely for his encouragement. Williams only looked annoyed, and his famous unofficial companion wore a suspicion of a frown.

"How do you account, then, for Miss Fairchild's conduct and her battered umbrella, since you demand her arrest deferred?" asked Williams, with a disagreeable, insinuating smile. "She was here just before the murdered man was discovered, and they were heard quarrelling violently in the library. The only weapon to be found is a badly-battered umbrella-handle of very heavy weight, and that proves to be Miss Fairchild's property. This handle, without the stick, even in the hands of a woman, is capable of killing any man," said Williams, as he took it up from the table, "and it was found upon the top shelf of that book-case, battered in as you now see it," and he pointed as he spoke to the uppermost shelf in the corner.

"I can explain all that very easily," said Brant, and he took out his note-book and, hurriedly scanning the pages, related Miss Fairchild's story to the letter. "It is quite possible that there are marks upon the door outside, and if this proves to be the case, it corroborates her story and also accounts for the dented handle. Since the handle is embossed with flowers, we may find that those flowers upon the mashed side of the handle of the umbrella coincide with the indentations on the panel of the library door."

The test was quickly made and, much to my delight, I saw with the others the unmistakable agreement, and then I knew why Brant had gone out into the hall a short while before and struck the matches.

"But you fail to account for the presence of the separated handle behind the books," said Detective Stratton.

"I think it likely that Dr. North either threw it there with accidental skill, after breaking the umbrella in a fit of rage," replied Brant, "or else he actually climbed up and secreted it."

"Not a very normal act," broke in Stratton; "men are not very apt to act that way."

"But has it not occurred to you, gentlemen," rejoined Brant, "that Doctor North was not quite himself the last few days of his life? Apart from the murder-mystery element of the case, do you not think that Doctor North had been acting very abnormally for the past few days? On the other hand, would you not consider it very queer for Miss Fairchild to have had anything to do with hiding an umbrella bearing

her name, especially in the very room where the murder was committed? You must pardon my saying so, but you are altogether on the wrong track. You are not justified in the least in further suspecting this young lady, and you must realize it doubly in the light of the recent discovery concerning Doctor North's wound. Give me twenty-four hours, and I think I can direct you to the real murderer."

The revelation of the last half hour and Brant's earnest words had produced their effect. The detectives had been stayed, and the order for the arrest of Miss Fairchild was deferred, for the present at least, and I had a thankful feeling of relief.

Brant motioned me to leave, and after bidding the others good-night we started for home.

We had silently gone a few blocks together, Brant deep in thought, when suddenly he stopped short, all excitement. "I must go back to the house for a few moments," he said, "and it is better that I go alone. I will meet you as soon as possible at our rooms."

Without another word, Brant turned and was soon out of sight. I looked at my watch and found it nearly ten o'clock. I reached our lodging and waited an hour, but, as Mason did not come, I turned in. I was very tired, and, although the day had been an exciting and eventful one, I did not wake until bright daylight.

The weather had cleared beautifully, and the golden sunlight shone into the front room which my friend occupied. My watch indicated eight o'clock, so I called to Brant, but there was no reply. Going into the front room I found the lamp still burning as I had left it the night before, and his bed untouched. While dressing I pondered over my companion's whereabouts, and why he had not sent me some word.

Then came breakfast, the mail, and the morning paper. I looked at the headlines of the *Times*:

A CLEW IN THE MYSTERY!

THE POLICE ON THE TRACK OF DOCTOR NORTH'S MURDERER—
AN AMERICAN DETECTIVE DISCOVERS IMPORTANT
CLEW—THE YOUNG WOMAN SUSPECTED OF
THE CRIME CLEARED.

An important clew in the mystery surrounding the death of Doctor North, the celebrated oculist, was discovered late last night by an unofficial American investigator, somewhat relieving the suspicion from the young woman involved in the case. The woman in question would have been placed under arrest last evening but for the timely discovery of a remarkable clew. She is kept under surveillance, however, in view of certain important evidence against her. Although the nature of the discovery is not made public, it is believed to assure an early solution of the mystery.

I could not help smiling as I laid down the paper. How contented and superior one feels with a little inside information! Brant was already meeting with great success.

But I had scarcely settled cheerfully to my breakfast and the mail when Mrs. Briggs announced a telegram for me. I tore open the wrapper and found the message to be dated Leeds, November 10 :

Spent night here. Have important discovery, but must keep secret for the present. Expect me when you see me. MASON.

I felt a little hurt at his going off in this manner without taking me into his confidence, but I reflected that he probably had no time to explain things, and that there was nothing for me to do but wait patiently for news.

I had finished with my mail and was just leaving for the Embassy when, to my surprise and delight, I was confronted by Miss Fairchild.

"Mr. Dale," she said, "I am glad to see you. Is Mr. Brant in his rooms?" Her lovely face seemed to me more beautiful than ever, as she took a copy of the morning paper from her muff. "I must see him and thank him at once, for he has already done so much for me." The good news put a charm and animation into her manner, which made her even more delightful than she had appeared in her former pathetic distress.

"Mr. Brant is away, working on the case," I said, "and there is no telling when to expect him. I am glad you are pleased with his efforts; he is certainly working hard for you," I added, with a jealous twinge.

She paused for a moment and then said, "May I not write him a little note to leave, for I am so grateful and appreciative of his skill?" A note! The disturbing feeling of jealousy which I had experienced the evening before was now more strong than ever, as I watched the graceful figure sitting by Mason's desk writing to him.

Presently she rose and handed me the missive. "You will see that Mr. Brant gets it as soon as he comes in, will you not?" she asked, and there was a slight flush upon her cheeks. "I shall of course try to see him and thank him in person when he returns."

"I promise," I said, and laid the note upon the table. "Please tell me how your father is this morning," I asked, with interest, and glad enough to change the subject.

"Father rallied wonderfully during the last twenty-four hours," she said, happiness and relief radiating from her sweet face. "He will undergo an operation upon his eyes at noon to-day. Doctor Gifaut, of Paris, was sent for when I failed to get the services of Doctor North. He is said to be unequalled on the continent."

After more inconsequent conversation she made her way toward the door, and I saw her to the cab.

I was soon plunged in my work at the Embassy and it was not until five o'clock that I heard from Mason again. This time also it was a telegram, evidently dispatched in London:

Meet me to-night at eleven, Charing Cross Station. Bring
Inspector Williams. MASON.

The more I thought about it, the more hurt I felt at his going off without letting me know, and now I was more than half inclined to be offended that he should be in London at five o'clock, if not earlier, as the telegram indicated, and yet not try to see me until eleven at night, and then with Inspector Williams.

I took the telegram and started at once for Scotland Yard. I had been walking briskly, and paused at a street crossing on account of a congestion in the traffic, when, to my consternation, not to say anger, I looked squarely into the faces of Brant and Miss Fairchild, sitting side by side in a hansom cab which was momentarily detained in the crush. They were talking very earnestly together, and were so engrossed that they did not see me. In a moment more the driver had pulled on and disappeared down the street, amid the multitude of vehicles. What were Mason and that lovely girl doing, I asked myself, and whither were they bound? Their earnest conversation and their destination were as puzzling to me as the telegram I was taking to Scotland Yard. Indeed, I was tempted not to go. Why, I reasoned, should I make myself a fool by meeting Mason at Charing Cross when he was already in town? Still, I pocketed my doubts and continued on my way to headquarters, where I was fortunate in finding the detective chief in his office.

"Do you know any of the particulars?" he asked, as he reread the telegram.

I was obliged to say that I did not, but he agreed to go with me to the station at the time specified.

The afternoon and evening dragged heavily, for I was now deeply agitated and found myself looking at my watch many times before the hour to start finally arrived. At ten o'clock I was at the offices of Scotland Yard again, and at a quarter before eleven Inspector Williams and I, accompanied by one of his right-hand men, walked into the depot.

We had not waited long before Brant appeared. He seemed absorbed in thought, so I said nothing of my grievance but greeted him as usual. Addressing the Inspector, he merely said, "I presume your

man has handcuffs with him? I should not be surprised if they proved very useful to-night."

Inspector Williams stared at Brant in amazement. "Have you got the murderer?" he eagerly questioned.

"I believe we have a fair chance of bagging him," said Mason coolly, as he looked at the station clock. It was four minutes of train time and a few belated passengers were hurrying down the platform, running for the train which stood some little distance down the track. "Here is the warrant for his arrest," continued Brant, "so you need feel no hesitation in taking him in."

We scanned the official paper. It authorized the detention of Henry Zirligon Phelps.

"Not Dr. Phelps, the oculist?" we both exclaimed, as the guard began closing the doors of the carriages and shouted, "All aboard."

"Precisely," said Brant, "and if I am not very much mistaken, here comes the Doctor now."

He was walking very rapidly and carried a small travelling-bag and umbrella. He paused for an instant to place his bag aboard, when Brant stepped up to his side and gently touched his arm.

"I am sorry to detain you, Doctor, but you must remain and satisfy my curiosity regarding your injured hands." The specialist's face whitened under Brant's meaning look. There was no question but that their minds had met. The station gong clanged out the time to start, and the guard waved his arm for the Doctor to hasten. There was one chance in a million for Phelps to take, and that one he essayed. He struck Brant a vicious blow in the face, fairly staggering him, and would have succeeded in entering the last car but for Inspector Williams's iron grasp upon his arm. He made frenzied efforts to break loose, but the famous inspector had held more powerful men than he in his vice-like grip, and he pinned the Doctor against the rail of the now moving carriage, until his assistant had manacled him and dragged him off to the platform.

Phelps was completely unnerved, and on the way to police headquarters, actually admitted the murder of Dr. North.

It was quick work, a triumph in man-hunting skill, and we all congratulated Brant heartily.

It was a group of brilliant criminal investigators that gathered in the chief's office to hear my friend outline the manner in which he had so successfully run down the criminal.

"I fear the arrest of Dr. Phelps would not have been accomplished," he diffidently began, "if Inspector Williams had not kindly cooperated with me at the station." This frankness in conceding the actual arrest

to Inspector Williams was universally pleasing and went a long way toward the winning of general good will.

"When I left the scene of the murder last evening," continued my companion, "the strange letters were uppermost in my mind and the word A M O H was at first as puzzling to me as the means by which it had been imprinted. I reasoned that the imprint of any image is always the reverse of the stamp or pattern producing it, as, for example, the reversed writing to be seen on old blotting-pads. I therefore rearranged the letters to H O M A, and was suddenly struck by the fact that this was only the word THOMAS, minus the first and last letters. No sooner had I reasoned this than it occurred to me that Clement, Thomas & Co., were among the best-known hatters in London, and from the size and position of the wound these letters could have been imprinted from the gold letters of a hat-band."

"Exactly, but how?" interrupted Inspector Williams. "We reasoned the same way," and as he spoke he took from a drawer in his desk a hat-band. "We deduced all this early this morning, and removed the band from the hat for investigation."

Brant smiled broadly. "Gentlemen, I was fortunate in formulating this theory last evening a few minutes after I left you at the scene of the crime, otherwise I fear we should not have brought in the criminal to-night. The next question was, How could Doctor North have been struck through his hat while he was sitting in his library, and his hat, without doubt, was hanging upon the rack in the hall? I had a theory as to the cause of the wound, but preferred to adopt the plan of developing one theory at a time, so I resolved first to see if these letters were not in Doctor North's hat-band, and hurried back to the house to satisfy my curiosity. I felt a certain unmistakable confidence in my deductions, so far as they carried me, and did not concern myself overmuch with the next step until I should have reached it."

"Exactly," broke in Inspector Williams again; "you were following our reasoning to the letter, for, acting upon the identical deductions, we went to the house at six o'clock this morning, and there found our surmises to be correct."

The words, "following our reasoning," brought a queer expression to Mason's face, and I myself could hardly suppress a smile when I heard them. All my former resentment at his apparent neglect had by now given place to shame of my own littleness and pride in my friend's achievement.

"Having determined to examine the hats last evening," continued Brant, "and not wishing any one to know my errand, I bade my

friend here to go to our rooms, telling him that I would join him a little later. Returning to the doctor's house, I resorted to strategy to get rid of the butler who opened the door, by telling him to ask Inspector Williams how long the body of Doctor North would be left where it lay. I sat down upon the hall-seat as he went into the library. When I found myself alone I rose quickly and looked into the hats to note the makers' names upon the bands. There were two of Bachrach's make, one of Pratt and Brothers', and one, as I expected, of the make of Clement, Thomas & Co., 'Hatters to the Prince of Wales.' This last hat also bore the initials 'J. L. N.,' and as these stood for Doctor North's full name, there was but little doubt that I was holding his hat.

"As I was examining the gilt letters of the hat-band and formulating a more complete theory, I became aware of a little lump or padding behind the letters between the band and the hat. Instinctively I turned down the band, and there, to my intense interest and satisfaction, I found a tiny package."

A look of deep concern came over Inspector William's face, and his companions bent forward with concentrated interest to hear these particulars of Brant's discovery.

"I had just time to slip this curious little package into my pocket," he went on, "and to replace the hat upon the hall-rack, when I heard voices from the library and approaching footsteps upon the rugless floor. Inspector Williams and his colleagues, together with the butler, emerged from the room. I rose and asked how long the body of Doctor North would be left where it lay. I also asked if you, Inspector, had discovered anything further, or had formulated any theory. I was again reminded that I must obtain my own information or leave the case to those who could," smiled Brant in good-natured recollection of Williams's brusqueness. "I was undetermined as to whether I should show the little package to you, but, when I was thus assured that I could not expect the same consideration from you, I resolved to use my own discoveries in the future and leave you to yours. Really, Inspector, you could hardly blame me."

Inspector Williams colored decidedly at this, but did not interrupt.

"I then bade you good-night, as you remember, and when you started off in the direction of police headquarters, I resolved to turn the other way so that I might privately examine the little package I was holding in my hand within the pocket of my overcoat.

"When I had walked several blocks I took out the packet and turned it over in my hand. It consisted of something carefully wrapped in thin sheet-lead which was colored blue on one side, similar to the covering upon the necks of wine bottles. It was undoubtedly from a French

wine bottle, for the letters 'CRUIZ ET FILS' were there intact up to the torn edge of the lead, and denoted that Cruz et Fils, Bordeaux, were without doubt the bottlers. One side of the little lead package had a circular hole about one-half inch in diameter, and through this opening I could see that there was a paper wrapper within. I pressed the little envelope tightly between my fingers and felt that it contained a powdered substance. It had stopped raining, though, and the night was still dark, and when I was midway between street lamps I could distinctly see, coming from the little circular opening in the lead envelope, a bright luminosity. I stepped into a dark doorway so as better to shield this remarkable package from the light, when a vivid but soft glow shone from the hole in the lead. Although my heart was beating rapidly with excitement and satisfaction, I realized that the fingers of my right hand, which had been tightly closed about the package ever since I took it from the hat in the hallway, were beginning to feel numb."

"Radium!" exclaimed England's famous unofficial man-hunter, while the rest of the detectives wore excited looks.

"Exactly," said Mr. Brant, "radium, and enough almost to paralyze my hand in the short time I had held it compressed between my fingers. I immediately recalled the accounts of the effects this wonderful substance had upon the tissues of the human body. I had also read of experiments in which rats had been killed by its mysterious action by simply holding a small vial of the substance in the cage with them. The rats had first lost their hair in spots, and had then fallen over dead in their cage under the terrible radiations given off. For some days Doctor North's brain had undoubtedly been under the influence of this wonderful and terrible substance every time he wore his hat, and the letters in the weird wound were simply radiographs of the gilded letters on the hat-band! Every detail of the case fitted together in a flash, for it's easy to see that the hole in the lead was not quite large enough to include the whole word THOMAS which so oddly came under its area. I had also read how bad burns had been made upon the hands of the investigators studying the peculiar properties of this substance, and the reddish color of the bruise upon the doctor's forehead was perfectly accounted for. I have carried this package only a few hours, and yet you can see unmistakable signs of radium burns upon the fingers of my right hand, when I hold my hand to the light."

Brant held out his right hand, and there upon three of his fingers could be distinctly seen a darkened reddish area.

"Doctor North may have been under the terrible action of this wonderful substance for many hours, the rays from it penetrating deeper and deeper until first the brain was affected, and then life

attacked. It was during the period when this insidious force was at work, slowly paralyzing the life of the victim, that Dr. North felt his reason tottering; and it was then, in a pathetic struggle to save himself from this impending horror, that he shut himself in his office and ransacked the latest authorities upon insanity in order to secure a diagnosis from his terrible symptoms. His heavy lock of iron-gray hair had prevented the slow burning from being noticed by any of his family, though close scrutiny of his hair will show you unmistakable evidence of attack. Numbness was followed quickly by incipient insanity—the only warning to the victim—and then came death by paralysis.

“I have subsequently learned that lead is one of the few metals which screen off these deadly rays; it is, therefore, evident why the outer envelope of the little package was made from sheet-lead, and why the circular hole was cut in it.

“There was little doubt in my mind that the murderer knew considerable about the use and care of radium, so I resolved to post myself upon the subject as quickly and as thoroughly as I could. I went at once to Professor James’s house, the home of the noted physicist, and was fortunate in finding him in his study. He told me that Professor Edgar, of Leeds, had recently imported a large quantity of radium from France, and was carrying on extensive researches upon it at the present time. Doubtless, he said, I had better go there. I took the last train for Leeds, but arrived too late to do anything further that night. The next morning found me at Professor Edgar’s laboratory. He was so deeply absorbed in some important research that, though I contrived ingenious excuses for my presence, I had some difficulty in gaining his attention. Seeing that I could not arouse his interest by any ordinary means, I resolved to startle him.

“‘So you have disposed of some of your valued radium,’” I said casually. Whether he had disposed of any radium or not, my remark was calculated to get his attention.

“‘I have disposed of no radium,’” he said, and he left his work and advanced toward me. I told him that if he would be good enough to look over his valued lot he might find that a thief had visited him.

“Now somewhat alarmed, he took from his safe a tray containing numerous small vials and boxes. When he had counted over his precious tubes and found my surmise to be correct, there was quite a scene. Three large vials of his highest-powered radium, weighing two hundred milligrams each, were gone. They were valued at five hundred pounds, and you can imagine the professor’s distress. I then asked him who was the last person to see this valuable lot of radium, with an opportunity of stealing some. He told me with great hesitation that Doctor Phelps, the oculist, was the last person to see his collection of

chemical curiosities. Doctor Phelps had paid him a visit about two weeks ago, he said, and had been left alone with the tray containing the valuable tubes and vials while the professor had stepped into the adjoining laboratory.

"I showed him the little package, and he eagerly emptied the contents upon the pan of an analytical balance, and made a hurried weighing. After a little figuring, he informed me that only about one-half the missing radium was there. I promised to return the rest of it if it could be found, and then told him the whole story, for he had won my confidence from the first time he had spoken. I lay a good deal of stress upon ability to read character, and I trusted the Professor implicitly at once. It never occurred to me to suspect him of complicity in the crime. I made a good friend of him, and at length left on an early train for London.

"I went directly to Doctor Phelps's office. I could not allow myself to believe him implicated in any way until I obtained what I considered damning evidence against him.

"He was not in when I called; so I was shown into his office to wait. This was most fortunate, for it gave me an opportunity to go over my notes again quietly, and also a chance to look about his rooms.

"You will remember Miss Almy's testimony regarding Phelps's relations with her uncle and the fact that the two physicians had quarrelled violently about two weeks before the murder. You will also remember that, according to the testimony, Doctor Phelps had called again about a week ago to see Doctor North, and that then things appeared to be amicable again. It was also brought out in Miss Almy's testimony that her uncle used to leave his practice with Doctor Phelps—who seems only moderately prosperous—whenever he was out of town on business or pleasure. Here, surely, was a motive for the crime, and the quarrel could not have improved matters. From Professor Edgar's account of Doctor Phelps's visit, it was probable that he took the radium. So much for theory, and I did not suspect the terrible evidence I was to find in the doctor's rooms.

"I closed my note-book and wandered about the office. There was nothing remarkable to be seen there, so I walked to the open door which led into his inner consulting- and operating-room. Resolving to take my chances, I entered and looked about.

"The first thing that attracted my attention was a small cage on a corner table, partly covered over with a black cloth. I lifted the cover, revealing several pieces of cheese lying upon the bottom, but no living occupant could be seen. Imagine now my delight when I saw suspended from the top of the cage a glass vial, identical in every respect to those shown me at Professor Edgar's laboratory. There was a little

heap of grayish-colored powder within the tube, and I had no doubt regarding its history. But the most conclusive evidence was yet to be discovered. I noticed that a little reflector had been bent to shape out of thin sheet-lead and attached to the top of the suspended vial in order to throw downward the powerful radium rays. In triumph I opened the cage and took out the tube and its improvised reflector. I hastily unfolded the lead and found it to be blue on one side, proving it to be the lead covering from a wine bottle. There were letters there also: 'LS, BORDEAUX'. I took from my pocket the lead which had enveloped the radium found in the hat-band, and laid the two pieces side by side. Not only did the color and the torn edges match absolutely, but the letters fell into line perfectly and spelled out the complete name and brand of the wine: 'CRUIZ ET FILS, BORDEAUX'.

"Of course there remained no longer the slightest doubt as to Doctor Phelps's criminal connection with this case, and I resolved to obtain a warrant for his arrest without delay. I had scarcely returned to the front office when the doctor came in. The best excuse I could devise for my presence were the radium burns upon my hand. Phelps looked suspicious and threatening at the word 'radium,' and informed me curtly that he was an oculist and could do nothing for me. I resolved to push the matter a little farther, for there were unmistakable signs of radium burns upon the fingers of both his hands. I smilingly called attention to these, with the remark that, as he was the only man in London possessing any radium, I thought that he was the one best fitted to prescribe for me. He denied stoutly that he had any radium or any radium burns, and his manner became threatening. I could see that he was a man of passion and action and that he was already suspicious of my presence, so I did not press the matter further.

"I felt sure he would examine his radium immediately after I had gone and would realize that he was being watched, so I took my leave immediately, but, before going for a warrant, decided to have the doctor shadowed in order that he might not escape us. Hurrying to the nearest telephone, I called up Nathaniel Maddox, the young man who did such good work for me in the Fife affair, and instructed him to watch the doctor closely, reporting to me when and where I could most easily place him under arrest after procuring the warrant. Maddox did his part well, and, through a messenger that he despatched to me a little later in the afternoon, told me that Doctor Phelps was leaving London this evening on the eleven o'clock train from Charing Cross Station. You know the rest. I telegraphed Dale and asked him to advise you at once to meet us at the station."

"Excellent!" said Stratton. "You deserve great credit, and I would be proud of you on the Glasgow force."

Brant flushed like a school-girl. It was undoubtedly the proudest moment in his career when the famous Inspector Williams and his world-renowned unofficial colleague also congratulated him upon his quick and direct work.

Next morning, after we had read the glowing accounts in the papers of Brant's brilliant achievement, and Mason had lighted his pipe for the first time in two days, I asked, in injured tones, "Where were you between the time you put Maddox on the trail and eleven o'clock, when you met me at the depot?"

He looked at me in a knowing way, and smiled as he took from his pocket his leather wallet and tapped it significantly.

"Oh! your reward," I said; "but surely you were not six hours in collecting that?"

"Yes, my reward," he replied, "but not my check—my fiancée," and he handed me a picture of Constance Fairchild.



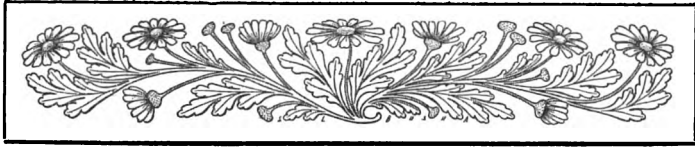
WHAT LIKE IS A LOVER ?

BY MADELINE BRIDGES

WHAT like is a lover? A lover's like
 A straw in the spring wind blowing!
 How far he will float, or where he'll strike
 Is past all our wisest knowing,
 A straw in the wind, now here, now there,
 And *that's* like a lover, so, Sweet, beware!

What like is a lover? A light in a mist
 Not well to be trusted, blindly—
 Sometimes found, but as often missed—
 Unkind, when he seems most kindly—
 A scorching sun, and a chilling shade—
 And *that's* like a lover—Be warned, fair maid!

What like is a lover? My sweet Sweetheart,
 Ah, nothing like a lover
 For guile and cunning and wicked art;
 Forswear them all,—and discover
 The one, one only, you need not fear
 To trust forever . . . *I love you, dear!*



She Borrowed
Her Own Husband

A COMEDY

IN

ONE ACT

BY

RUPERT HUGHES



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SHE BORROWED HER OWN HUSBAND



People of the Play.

GAVIN BUXTON, ESQ. *Evening dress; smoking-jacket at first.*

MARJORY BUXTON, HIS ESTRANGED WIFE. *Evening dress, décolletée; opera cloak.*

COL. HENRY BONNARD, HER FATHER. *Travelling suit.*

BLOUNT, GAVIN'S ANCIENT SERVANT. *Butler's costume.*

Scene. A well-appointed library. Doors. Glowing fireplace. Clock on mantel set at 15 minutes of seven. A large arm-chair in front of the fireplace. A centre-table with an under-shelf. Two or three light chairs near at hand. A table against back wall at L. of centre door. Other furnishings ad libitum.

Time. Early evening.

Rise. There is no light except the warm radiance from the fireplace.

GAVIN discovered in evening dress, save for smoking-jacket. He reclines in the chair before the fireplace, and is fast asleep. He snores with comic effect, a refined and gentlemanly snore. After a moment of this nasal solo, a light, servant-like knock is heard on the centre door. It is repeated three times, GAVIN answering it only with a snore; then waking with a start and sitting up bewildered.

GAVIN. Wh—what's that?—who—who's there? (*He laughs inanely.*) Oh, it's that fool of a Blount, I suppose. (*Aloud, savagely.*) Come in!

(*Enter BLOUNT C. He carries a folded newspaper in one hand and a lighted lamp in the other, or turns on the electroliers. All lights up as he enters.*)

GAVIN. (*Without turning his head.*) That you, Blount?

BLOUNT. (*Setting down the lamp and shuffling to G.'s chair.*) Yes, sir; it's me, sir; with the evening paper, sir.

GAVIN. Thanks. (*He reaches out slowly, takes the paper languidly, and lets his hand fall lazily to his side.*) I must have dropped off to sleep. (*He yawns.*)

BLOUNT. Yes, sir; and I wouldn't have disturbed you, sir; but it's getting very late and I thought you might be going out after dinner, sir.

GAVIN. Humph, yes. Glad you waked me. Get out my dinner coat, Blount. I'll dine at the Club. (*He yawns and stretches violently.*)

BLOUNT. (*After a pause of embarrassment.*) Oh, you dine at the Club, sir? I beg your pardon, sir, but I had already ordered dinner served here for you, sir.

GAVIN. (*Sharply.*) You know I rarely dine at home since—since—er—you know—er——

BLOUNT. Yes, sir, but I thought, sir, seeing as to-day is the—the—— (*He hesitates timidly.*)

GAVIN. Well? To-day is what?

BLOUNT. Pardon, sir, but it is the anniversary of your—your wedding, sir.

GAVIN. (*Starting, crushing the paper noisily in his hand, then growing angrily calm.*) Blount, you've been with me so long, I presume you think you've a right to be impertinent. But I wish you'd choose another subject for your—your solicitude. (*He drops paper impatiently.*)

BLOUNT. (*Timidly, shaking his head sadly.*) Oh, forgive me, sir, but I am such an old servant, and I was so proud when you and—and your wife, sir, was living together so happy—like two doves, sir—that——

GAVIN. (*Coldly.*) That will do, Blount. You may go.

BLOUNT. (*Bowing and shuffling toward door R.*) Thank you, sir. (*At door he turns.*) Excuse me, sir, I forgot to say that this morning, just after you left, a young lady called.

GAVIN. (*Rising in great surprise.*) A young lady! Here! To see me!

BLOUNT. Yes, sir; she wished to speak to you on important business.

GAVIN. What was her name?

BLOUNT. (*Embarrassed.*) Er—er—she didn't give it, sir.

GAVIN. Where's her card?

BLOUNT. (*After a confused pause.*) She—she didn't leave it, sir.

GAVIN. (*Rising.*) What was she like?

BLOUNT. Very handsome, sir, and well dressed.

GAVIN. (*Leans on mantel.*) Who can she be?

BLOUNT. She said she would call again this evening at seven. It's almost that hour now, sir.

GAVIN. This is interesting! If she calls, I will see her.

BLOUNT. (*Moving up C.*) Yes, sir; and the dinner, sir, that I ordered?

GAVIN. Well (*He hesitates.*); since it's ordered—. I will dine at home to-night.

- BLOUNT. Very well, sir. (*Opens door C. as bell rings.*) That may be her now, sir. There's no fire in the drawing-room, sir.
- GAVIN. Well, show her in here. I'll change my coat. (*Exit R.*)
- BLOUNT. Yes, sir. (*Exit C.*)
(*Clock strikes seven. Then re-enter BLOUNT C. He holds the door open for MARJORY, who enters hesitantly.*)
- BLOUNT. (*Eyeing her fondly.*) My master says to ask you to please wait a moment, ma'am. (*He places a chair for her.*) He hasn't no idea it's you, ma'am. (*Rubbing his hands and grinning.*) The place looks a bit familiar?
- MARJORY. It hasn't changed much, Blount.
- BLOUNT. (*Dejectedly.*) Only for the worse, ma'am, since you left. (*He bustles about, picking up the paper, straightening the chairs, etc.*) Oh! but it does brighten things up to have you back again. (*Marjory smiles at him.*) If you was only coming to stay! It would be a blessing to poor master. He's that lonesome! (*Marjory shrugs her shoulders contemptuously.*) Oh, he is indeed, ma'am. And to-day's the anniversary of the weddin', too—the fourth anniversary, too. Oh, but it was a fine weddin'. An' how happy my master was!
- MARJORY. (*Drawing a deep breath and rising impatiently.*) You needn't wait any longer, Blount.
- BLOUNT. (*Bowing himself out C. and wagging his head dolefully.*) Thank you, ma'am.
(*When he is gone, MARJORY looks quizzically about the room, goes to the arm-chair and stands with her back to door R. looking into the fireplace.*)
(*Enter GAVIN R. wearing a dress coat. He pauses unobserved and without recognizing MARJORY. Then he crosses toward her.*)
- GAVIN. Good evening! I—(*Marjory turns toward him; he stops short amazed.*) Marjory! (*He recovers himself with an effort and continues, coldly.*) This is an unexpected pleas—honor. Won't you sit down?
- MARJORY. (*Seating herself primly on the extreme edge of a chair.*) Thanks. Have I called at an inconvenient hour? I shall detain you only a moment.
- GAVIN. (*Standing at the centre-table and fingering the books, coldly.*) I am quite at your service.
- MARJORY. (*With an uneasy laugh.*) May I take that compliment literally? I have a—a great favor to ask of you.
- GAVIN. (*With a formal bow.*) It is already granted, if it is in my power.
(*A long pause in which their glances meet and separate hastily.*)

MARJORY. (*After some hesitation, suddenly.*) I have stopped on my way to ask if you still write regularly to my father.

GAVIN. Of course.

MARJORY. It is very good of you. You have told him nothing of our—our separation?

GAVIN. (*Shortly.*) Certainly not.

MARJORY. And you have added the postscript we agreed on to every letter?

GAVIN. (*Bitterly.*) Do you mean the mystic words, "Marjory is well and happy and sends her love"? Pah! Yes.

MARJORY. (*Bristling.*) Well, I have had to keep up the same hypocrisy,—“Gavin is in excellent health and spirits and will write you soon.” Ugh!

GAVIN. How long can this trick deceive him?

MARJORY. (*Sadly.*) Oh, I had hoped that he might believe in our happiness till—till the end. He lives so far away and he is so old. It was asking a great deal to make you help deceive the father of your—your ex-wife, but I have never believed that the sins of the children should be visited on the parents.

GAVIN. And he's such a good old boy, your father. I can't find it in my heart to blame him for my wife's—his daughter's unforgiving stubbornness and—

MARJORY. (*Suddenly.*) Please, let us not begin that. I came to say that, as usual, “the best laid plans of mice and men—”

GAVIN. What's gang a-gley now?

MARJORY. I had a letter from my father yesterday. He has sailed for England. He will reach here to-morrow.

GAVIN. (*Dumfounded, letting his book fall to the floor.*) Your father! Going to travel all this distance? He will be here to-morrow?

MARJORY. Yes. His health has failed him suddenly. His doctor has ordered him to Carlsbad at once. He passes through here. He writes that he will stop over only a day with—

GAVIN. —with you?

MARJORY. (*With a grimace of helplessness.*) He says—with—us!

GAVIN. (*Sinking into a chair and staring at her dumfoundedly.*) With us! Wh—what is to be done? If he finds us separated, he will be crushed.

MARJORY. (*Grimly.*) He might die. He is so old and his heart is so weak. I shall, of course, go on to Carlsbad with him, but—he will spend a day in London!

GAVIN. I'd hate to have the poor old governor come to grief.

MARJORY. I thought I could rely on your generosity.

GAVIN. Have you any scheme for bolstering up our poor little comedy? Shall I jump into the river, or disappear suddenly, —or what?

MARJORY. Only one plan is feasible. It is almost too humiliating for me to ask that, even for my father's sake.

GAVIN. Do you mean that—that—— (*They exchange a look and she nods in embarrassment.*)

MARJORY. It would be just for a day, you know.

GAVIN. Oh, I shouldn't mind if you came back for good. Life is getting to be rather a bore. It was never that when you were here. It was always rather—er—exciting. (*He laughs.*) That temper of yours, you know.

MARJORY. (*Rising.*) I beg you not to rake over those dead ashes. I came to ask you if you would take part in a little comedy—an amateur performance for—for charity.

GAVIN. (*Languidly.*) Delighted, I'm sure. But what about the servants?

MARJORY. (*Crossing L. and leaning on mantel.*) Blount knows our story only too well. The other servants——

GAVIN. ——have never seen you. Besides I can give them a holiday.

MARJORY. You are very kind.

GAVIN. But the—stage setting. This house looks rather bachelor now.

MARJORY. That is easily managed. I'll send some of my things over. May I have my room again?

GAVIN. (*Sentimentally.*) It's just as you left it. (*Both sigh sentimentally, then brace up suddenly.*)—er—er—Blount, I believe, still cherishes a hope that you'll come back.

MARJORY. Ah, dear old—(*GAVIN turns expectantly.*)—dear old Blount. (*He resumes his languor.*)

GAVIN. Yes, dear old—Blount.

MARJORY. The scenery will be perfect then, thanks to—*dear old Blount.* But what of the acting?

GAVIN. (*Uneasily.*) Whew! I hadn't thought of that. I presume we must seem to be very—lovey-dovey, and that sort of thing.

MARJORY. Exactly. (*She shudders.*) Can you muster up strength enough to pretend to be very—lovey-dovey, as you say?

GAVIN. (*Coldly.*) I suppose I'll have to. (*She looks offended, he suddenly realizes.*)—er—er that is—I'll not have to act to make love to so—so— (*He waves his hand admiringly and blankly.*)

MARJORY. (*With sudden firmness.*) I must insist that it be all acting, and no realism, or—the leading lady will refuse to play.

GAVIN. (*Smothering a yawn.*) As you wish; but when do you—as your Artemus Ward would say—when do you “rise the curting”?

MARJORY. To-morrow. My maid has already packed my wardrobe—and the properties. Like Blount, she knows our whole story. We’ll come over in the morning.

GAVIN. Can I be of any assistance?

MARJORY. Oh, no indeed, you’ll only be in the way. Besides, if you were here, we’d have to talk, and we—have nothing to say.

GAVIN. That’s true. Pardon me. (*He stifles a yawn.*) It seems quite like old times to see you here. I’ve been very lonely since you left.

MARJORY. (*Maliciously.*) Yes, it was too bad that your old flame Esther should have left town so soon after I left your house.

GAVIN. (*Angrily.*) How often must I tell you that I never truly cared for that woman!

MARJORY. (*Bitterly.*) You were attentive enough to her to neglect me rather noticeably for a time.

GAVIN. (*Wrathfully.*) I tell you, she was an old boyhood sweetheart—I simply treated her with ordinary courtesy—

MARJORY. (*Amazed.*) Ordinary courtesy! Why, you—

GAVIN. And your temper flared up like a—

MARJORY. (*Cooling suddenly.*) Oh, here we are at it again. Besides, I must be off to my engagement. Good-night.

GAVIN. (*Cooling with difficulty.*) Good-night.

MARJORY. You are so kind to—to my poor old father—so let’s say Au revoir. (*She gives him her hand formally.*)

GAVIN. (*Taking her hand formally.*) Au revoir! (*He is bowing her out C. when BLOUNT enters in great agitation.*) Well, Blount, what is it?

BLOUNT. (*After trying in vain to speak for some time finally gasping.*) If you please, sir, a gentleman has just come, who asks for (*Turning to MARJORY*) you, ma’am, as well as (*Turning to GAVIN*) you, sir.

MARJORY. (*In amazement.*) For me!

BLOUNT. Yes, ma’am; he says that he is your father.

MARJORY. My father! } (*They look at each*

GAVIN. Her father! } (*other in consternation.*)

BLOUNT. Yes, ma’am—sir; Colonel Bonnard. I took him into the drawing-room, sir; he says you didn’t expect him till to-morrow.

MARJORY. } (*To each other.*) Indeed not!

GAVIN. }

(*A pause.*) Well, what's to be done?

(*All three stand in ridiculous helplessness.*)

GAVIN. The best thing for me to do is to get out of sight. (*He moves hastily down B.*)

MARJORY. (*Rushing past and throwing herself across the door.*)
Where are you going?

GAVIN. Stand back, Fedora; I'm going to the Club.

MARJORY. (*Throwing her arms out in Fedora attitude.*) Not unless you go over my dead body. You've got to stay here and help me out.

GAVIN. (*Sinking helplessly on divan.*) But wh—what can I do?

MARJORY. (*With sudden resolution.*) The only thing to do, is to do now what we were going to do to-morrow. I'll just break my engagement. (*Hurriedly.*) Blount, my maid's outside in the carriage; go, bring her here. (*Blount starts up C.*) No, come here. (*Blount turns back.*) Run, tell her to hurry home and bring the things she packed this afternoon. Hurry! (*Blount moves up C.*)

GAVIN. Wait a moment, Blount. (*Blount turns back.*) What about dinner?

MARJORY. Oh, father must have eaten by this time. I dined long ago, didn't you?

GAVIN. No, and I'm nearly famished.

BLOUNT. And your dinner is spoiling very rapid, sir, and the cook is simply charging about, threatening to blow up the house or something.

GAVIN. (*To Blount.*) Well, tell her she can go for the evening, (*To Marjory.*) and after we've got your father made at home, I'll steal out on the pretext of leaving you two together, and eat my dinner in the butler's pantry. Ugh! but I'm hungry.

BLOUNT. Very good, sir. I'll serve your dinner in the pantry.

MARJORY. And now, Blount, hurry. (*Blount moves up C.*) And Blount, (*Blount turns back, and she speaks with much embarrassment.*) My father does not know that your master and I are—are living apart. He is old—it would kill him to know. We intend to send him on his way still thinking we are living together.

BLOUNT. Ah, I understand, ma'am; and most commendable of you, says I. (*He moves up C.*)

MARJORY. Show father in here, Blount. (*Blount bows and exit C.*)

GAVIN. Wouldn't you better lay off your cape and hat? You'd look more at home, M—M—(*With a wry face.*)—Marjory.

MARJORY. Heavens, yes, G—G—Gavin. (*Snatches off her cloak and*

throws it under divan in great haste, puts her hat on the shelf under the table; rushes out C.)

GAVIN. *(Taking out a silver pocket-flask and taking a gulp, exit R; he stands outside holding door open slightly.)*

(Enter C COL. BONNARD and MARJORY. His arm is around her waist, her arm about his neck and her cheek on his shoulder. They are both in high spirits. On entering they pause.)

COL. B. *(Taking her face in his hands and speaking with strong Southern accent.)* Give yo' ole fatheh anotheh of those long-lost kisses, yo' little—*(They kiss.)* But where's that boy Gavin at. *(MARJORY looks about in embarrassment.)*

GAVIN. *(Coming swiftly in R.)* Hullo there, Colonel, I was just breaking my neck to get down stairs! *(They shake hands warmly and embrace.)*

COL. B. *(Beaming.)* The Lawd bless you, mah boy! It makes me young again to see you two heah like doves in a nest. *(GAVIN and MARJORY glance at each other uncomfortably.)* That is, I suppose you're like doves in a nest, ain't you?

GAVIN and MARJORY. Oh, of course! of course! The loviest of doves.

COL. B. Y' see I intended to reach London to-morrow. *(GAVIN wheels the arm-chair around and COL. BONNARD sits down.)*

GAVIN. Yes, that's what we expected. *(MARJORY sits on arm of her father's chair, her arm about his neck. GAVIN crosses to divan R.)*

COL. B. But it suddenly dawned on me that to-day is your anniversary and I couldn't wait any longeh. I took a faster ship. I didn't cable because I wanted to surprise you.

GAVIN and MARJORY. Well, you certainly did!

COL. B. I hope it hasn't disturbed yo' plans in the least?

GAVIN and MARJORY. *(Eyeing each other.)* Oh, no; not at all.

COL. B. I expected to get heah two houahs ago. *(GAVIN and MARJORY start up with a gasp.)* But that infehnal train was late. *(GAVIN and MARJORY sink back, looking heavenward gratefully.)* But I solaced mahse'f with the thought of the good dinneh we three should have togetheh.

GAVIN and MARJORY. *(Aghast.)* Haven't you dined yet!

COL. B. No, of co'se not; an' I'm hungry as a bear. Don't tell me yo' all have already e't yo' dinneh.

GAVIN and MARJORY. Well—er—er—oh, no, of course, not.

COL. B. *(With a deep sigh.)* I'm glad of that.

GAVIN and MARJORY. *(Weakly.)* So are we.

COL. B. Well, all I have to say is, I'm ready whenever the dinneh is.

GAVIN. Oh, certainly, we'll have it at once. (*He presses a button near the C door. Enter BLOUNT. GAVIN motions to MARJORY to distract her father's attention; after some signalling she understands, and taking COL. B's face in her hands talks tenderly to him in pantomime, catching him whenever he tries to turn his head.*)

GAVIN. (*Softly to Blount.*) Blount, serve that dinner—in here—for three.

BLOUNT. (*Stupefied.*) For three, sir? Why, there's hardly enough for one.

GAVIN. (*Anxiously.*) Can't you send out for some more somewhere?

BLOUNT. There isn't a restaurant or a shop within a mile of here, sir!

GAVIN. (*Grimly.*) Well, then, you'll have to put most of the food before Col. Bonnard and Mrs. Buxton, and I will just pretend to eat. (*He groans and rubs his stomach.*) (*Aloud.*) Serve the dinner now, Blount,—and briskly, briskly. (*BLOUNT bows and exit C.*)

GAVIN. (*Goes back to divan and sinks down dejectedly.*)

COL. B. (*Chuckling and rubbing his hands.*) Lawd, child'n, but it does me good to see yo' bright faces again so happy togetheh! I believe it would cure me quickeh just to settle down heah for a few months. (*GAVIN and MARJORY start up in horror, then sink back.*) But Mahjory, chick, why arn't you sitting over there by yo' liege lord, eh?

MARJORY. I want to be with you, I haven't seen you in so long. (*Kisses his forehead.*)

COL. B. (*Patting her hand.*) Yo' air a good girl to yo' foolish old Dad. But I want to make sure that you two are puffedekly happy. Jest yo' set oveh there by him. I want to see how you look togetheh.

GAVIN. Come along l—love.

MARJORY. (*Rises and goes reluctantly to divan. GAVIN and she sit down together stiffly.*) Well, how do you like the picture?

COL. B. (*Disdainfully.*) Is *that* as friendly as yo' all air!

GAVIN. (*Putting his arm around MARJORY and drawing her close to him, she laying her head on his shoulder with nervous look.*) How do you like this? (*He presses her fervently to him, and murmurs softly.*) You beautiful thing! (*She starts angrily back and glares at GAVIN, then with a struggle resumes her tender bearing.*)

COL. B. Beautiful! Beautiful!

(*Enter BLOUNT carrying dinner things in a large wooden tray, the plates, etc., covered by the table cloth folded over them. As he sees*

GAVIN and MARJORY embracing, he sets the things down on the centre table with a clatter.)

BLOUNT. Praise the Lord.

COL. B. (*Turning quickly.*) What's that yo' say?

BLOUNT. (*Embarrassed, and laying out table things.*) I was saying, sir, Dinner is served.

COL. B. Praise the Lawd! (*BLOUNT stares and hurries out C. The three gather round the table, GAVIN placing a chair for MARJORY on the L. and then for COL. B. in the centre. He seats himself R.*)

BLOUNT. (*To COL. B.*) Here's some nice oysters, sir. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Buxton eats 'em, sir. (*Aside to GAVIN behind his hand.*) There's only six in the house, sir. (*GAVIN looks wretched.*)

(*Exit BLOUNT.*)

COL. B. What! don't yo' all like oysters? (*MARJORY and GAVIN shake their heads. COL. eats with great relish.*) And these are such nice oysters, too; it's a pity yo' all don't like 'em. (*GAVIN turns away to hide his hungry envy.*) Delicious! I believe I'll have some mo'. (*GAVIN and MARJORY start; BLOUNT who has reëntered with a silver tureen and three soup plates sets them on back table with a jar.*)

MARJORY. Oh, father dear, they wouldn't agree with you.

COL. B. (*Sighs.*) Wouldn't agree with me! Why I've 'et nearly fifty at a time in my day. But—All right; what's next?

BLOUNT. (*Removes the COLONEL'S plate and having ladled soup from tureen, puts a plate of it before each.*) Some nice American mock-turtle soup, sir.

GAVIN. With the accent on the mock.

BLOUNT. (*Aside to GAVIN.*) There's plenty of bread, sir. (*GAVIN attacks the bread greedily.*)

COL. B. (*Having finished his soup.*) Well, I can surely have some mo' soup?

MARJORY. Don't you think it is too rich for him, G—GAVIN, dear.

GAVIN. I do, indeed!

COL. B. Why, it's nothin' but mock tuhtle soup. I *must* have some mo'. There wasn't enough in that plate to float a minnow.

BLOUNT. Pardon me, sir, but an unfortunit accident to the cook, which she tripped and spilled all the rest of it. (*He carries away the things and returns at once to serve a very small roast on a very large platter. GAVIN carves with great care during following dialogue and pretends to eat heartily.*)

COL. B. Oh, well, I don't mind a little thing like that—I'm not

referring to the roast, if it is a roast. It's good to be alive even if there is no mo' soup. (*To MARJORY.*) Do you know, my child, yo' grow prettieh every yeah; doesn't she, GAVIN?

GAVIN. It certainly seems so to me.

COL. B. But even betteh than havin' beauty, Mahjory, my deah, is havin' a husband that is devoted and faithful.

MARJORY. (*With a meaning look.*) Such a husband is a treasure, indeed.

COL. B. Yo' air much luckieh than yo' cousin Emily.

MARJORY. (*A bit sarcastically.*) Why so? She also married the man she loved.

COL. B. Yes. But she and her husband didn't agree at all; there were scenes and complaints, on both sides, and so on—until finally she left him and went back home.

MARJORY. She did quite right. I admire her independence.

COL. B. Don't yo' do it, my child; she was all wrong. A wife oughtn't to leave her husband for any petty quarrel. And I told Emily so; and I begged her to fohgive her husband and go back to him.

GAVIN. And did she?

COL. B. Yes, indeed, afteh a long wrangle, and a lot of foolishness about pride an' all that. An' now they seem to be ve'y happy once mo'.

GAVIN. Good for you!

COL. B. The wives have to fohgive a lot to us po' sinful men. That was yo' motheh's creed, my child. She always used to say, those that love the most, fohgive the most, and she had many a little peccadillo of mine to fohgive. She was ve'y jealous and exacting at first, but she got oveh it, an' Mahjory can tell you how happily we lived so many yeahs.

MARJORY. Oh, that was an ideal life you two led.

COL. B. It was all on account of yo' motheh's easygoin' disp'sition, child. But it was a struggle foh her at first. I don't s'pose you inherited her jealous nature, did you?

MARJORY. Well, I am not so sure—

COL. B. How about that, Gavin?

GAVIN. Oh, she hasn't a trace of jealousy in her whole soul.

MARJORY. That's because you give me no cause, d-d-darling. (*BLOUNT has poured red wine from a decanter into three glasses with frequent pauses of amazement at the dialogue; Exit C.*)

GAVIN. (*Lifting his glass.*) Here's to you, Colonel! May you live long and prosper.

MARJORY. Hear! hear! (*She and GAVIN drink.*)

COL. B. Thank you ve'y kindly, my child'en; but I've a better toast to propose. (*He rises.*) Here's to a long and happy life for the two of you, and may yo' lovin' hearts neveh be separated by foolish pride or silly quarrels. May each be so devoted to the othet that it will be a pleasure to fohgive and fohget any mistake eitheh may make.

(*GAVIN and MARJORY look at each other in embarrassment.*)

COL. B. This toast is to be drunk standin', (*GAVIN and MARJORY rise awkwardly.*) and with the lovin' couple in lovin' embrace (*After some hesitation GAVIN and MARJORY move together and each puts an arm about the other.*) and with the cruel fathet givin' his blessin'. Now drink. (*All three drink; GAVIN and MARJORY in guilty confusion.*)

(*Enter BLOUNT with a bowl of salad, one small plover and several plates. He looks dumfounded. All three resume their chairs; and BLOUNT puts the bird before GAVIN.*)

COL. B. Is that thing meant for a bird of peace?

GAVIN. It looks more like a piece of bird. Blount, where are the others. (*He looks severe, but winks at BLOUNT.*)

BLOUNT. Please, sir, the cat—

COL. B. And have we three able-bodied people got to eat that humming bird? (*BLOUNT nods timidly.*) Why, I feel like Robin-son Crusoe—lost in London.

GAVIN. Well, we must make the best of it. (*He gives a tiny piece to each COL. B. and MARJORY.*)

COL. B. But as the Good Book says, Betteh is a fried canary with contentment than a roasted ostrich without. (*BLOUNT serves the salad.*)

BLOUNT. (*Aside to GAVIN.*) There's plenty of salad. (*Exit C.*)

GAVIN. Then my name's Nebuchadnezzar and here's where I graze. (*He eats voraciously, gnawing the tiny leg-bone of the bird and looking at it sadly. MARJORY reaches over and presses GAVIN's foot with hers; he looks down at his foot, then up at her in surprise, and while the COLONEL's eyes are down, she tells him in pantomime that she doesn't care for the wing of the bird and passes it across to him below edge of table. He accepts it with a gesture of gratitude.*)

COL. B. I well remembet, Gavin, when yo' first came over to America and first came into mah daughtet's life; and you two used to set out in the southe'n moonlight so late that I grew ve'y indignant, and decla'ed to Mahjory that she must send yo' about yo' business. I was afraid of these foreign alliances.

But Mahjory she spunked up and said she loved you with all her heart and—

MARJORY. (*Embarrassed.*) Father, dear, don't bring up those old follies.

COL. B. Follies—the follies of young love are the greatest wisdom the world ever learns! Well, Mahjory vowed she couldn't live without Gavin.

MARJORY. I won't listen any more to that nonsense. (*She puts her hands over her ears and leaves the table.*)

COL. B. Catch her, Gavin and make her listen.

(GAVIN, after a pause, pursues her; she laughs and tries to run out C., but he catches her and brings her back in his arms, both laughing. He holds her and kisses her; she is at first pleased, then assumes to be angry and sinks into her chair. Enter BLOUNT C. with cheese and crackers and a steaming coffee-machine which he puts on the table; seeing him GAVIN resumes his seat R. They all eat cheese and crackers and BLOUNT serves coffee.)

COL. B. (*Laughs uproariously.*) Ah, I see yo' all air child'en still. It does mah heart mo' good than all the medicines in the world. If I could only stay heah and pay yo' all a good long visit!

GAVIN. (*Looking at MARJORY.*) Oh, I hope you will! We'll make you perfectly at home.

MARJORY. (*Desperately.*) Or, perhaps, I'd better go to Carlsbad with you to-morrow?

COL. B. Not unless you take Gavin along. You'll neveh get me to separate two such lovehs.

GAVIN. My business you know—Have a cup of coffee and a cigar.

COL. B. No, it's against the doctor's orders.

MARJORY. Just a little cup.

COL. B. No, it would keep me awake. (*Yawns.*)

MARJORY. (*Eagerly.*) Oh, do you have to take an early train?

COL. B. I expected to, but now I hope I shall miss it. (*Yawns.*) If you all will excuse me, I'm afraid I'll have to toddle off to bed; that sea-air, you know. Can your man show me my room?

MARJORY. I'll show you, father dear. (*Leaping to her feet.*)

COL. B. No, you won't. You stay here while Gavin smokes his cigar. (*She sinks back.*) Blount will show me.

BLOUNT. (*Opens door R.*) Yes, sir, this way, sir.

COL. B. (*Kissing MARJORY.*) Good-night, mah little girl. (*Shaking hands with GAVIN.*) Good-night, mah boy. (*He moves R.*)

GAVIN and MARJORY. Good-night!

MARJORY. And pleasant dreams.

COL. B. Mah pleasantest dream will be the picture of you two and yo' beautiful love. Just yo' show me once mo' how you all look togetheh. (*MARJORY and GAVIN embrace smilingly.*) God bless you! (*Exit R. followed by BLOUNT.*)

(*MARJORY and GAVIN remain in each other's embrace for a long moment; then look at each other silently, and separate.*)

MARJORY. You have been very kind to my poor old father!

GAVIN. I should like to show him the same kindness always—if you were only willing—

MARJORY. What if he should decide to stay here?

GAVIN. (*Ignoring her question.*) I never knew how much I really loved you till now.

MARJORY. We *were* happy together—for a while—weren't we?

GAVIN. Then, why shouldn't we take up the old blessedness again? Forgive and forget?

MARJORY. If we only could! (*She puts out her hand, then withdraws it, and shakes her head.*) No, it is too late—too late. Good-night! (*She turns and moves out R.*)

GAVIN. (*Stung.*) As you will, then. Good-night! (*He turns away and looks into the fire.*)

(*The curtain begins to fall; having fallen nearly half way, it stops.*)

GAVIN. (*Rushing to the door, and calling yearningly.*) Marjory! Wife!

MARJORY. (*Returning hastily with an expression of irresistible affection.*) Gavin! (*They embrace fervently.*)
Slow Curtain.



SÄIDA

BY THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

WE passed along the high-road, you and I,
Tho' I remember not the place, nor when;
Only the wonder of your face, and then
That you passed by.

But that was long ago, and I forget;

Perhaps 'twere better that I went alone;

You might not e'en have loved me had you known,
And yet, and yet—

PRESIDENT LINCOLN

INTIMATE PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

By Mrs. General Pickett



IT is said that Mr. Reed would have been the greatest humorist of the age if he could have afforded it. He had learned by observation the general rule that the man who makes a nation laugh can never hope to make it take him seriously, no matter how much in earnest he may be or how grave the crisis through which he would help steer the ship of state.

Perhaps Abraham Lincoln is the only man known to American politics who could afford the cheerful distinction of humor while playing a great part in the most tragic drama ever put upon the stage of the new world's history. And who shall say that the fair weather that finally brought the ship into port was not due largely to the sunshine of humor in which that grave, sad mind could relax the tension that might have strained it to the breaking point?

Lincoln said to a friend, "I do generally remember a good story when I hear it, but I never did invent anything original; I am only a retail dealer."

This sweeping statement may be taken as but approximately accurate, as he once admitted having originated two stories. And what of the many stories which became wholly his by the humorous modulation of the voice, the twinkle of the eye, the smile by which they were lifted from the counter of the retail shop into the laboratory of the creator?

No one has ever excelled Lincoln in the fine art of putting large ideas into a small compass of verbal expression. In this respect he differed widely from one of his acquaintances of whom he said, "He can compress more words into fewer ideas than any one else I know." There is a volume of military science in his casual remark, upon being informed of the capture of some brigadier generals with their horses down in Virginia, "I am sorry to lose the horses; I can make brigadiers."

As when the sun is shining in unclouded skies and the breezes play most softly among the waving leaves we expect to find violets growing on the southern hillside, so when we see the light of humor radiating from a face we feel instinctively that the flowers of kindness to all the world are blossoming in the heart.

A man well known among writers told me that when a boy he was brought from Paris to Washington by his father, then Minister to France. As he passed along the street with his father the morning after arriving in Washington, he saw coming out of a hotel a tall, ungainly man with the ugliest face, he thought, he had ever seen. There was a fruit-stand near, and a little colored boy was looking longingly at a tempting pile of oranges displayed in attractive style. As the tall man passed he stopped and asked the price of the oranges, put down the money, took a large orange and gave it to the black boy and went on without waiting for thanks. "Do you know who gave you that orange?" asked the diplomat of the pickaninny. "No, suh." "That is the President. Run and thank him, you little rascal." The little fellow dashed after his retreating benefactor, caught him by the coat, and said, "Mr. Lincoln, you give me this orange, sir." "Yes, ain't it good?" "Yes, suh; hit's good all right; but de gemman tol' me ter run en thank you fer hit ag'in, now I knows who you is." "Oh, I thought maybe it was bad;" and the President hurried on.

It was the same Abraham Lincoln who, years before, returning to Springfield at the close of a term in Congress, was passing a gate at which a little girl stood crying. He stopped and asked her what was the trouble. She explained that she was going with a little friend to pay a visit in a neighboring town, but the express-man had not come for her trunk, and it was almost train time and she could not go without her trunk. "Perhaps we can manage it," said Lincoln. "Is the trunk very heavy? Let me see it." She eagerly led the way to the room where the trunk was waiting for the delinquent express-man. "Oh, that's easy," said Mr. Lincoln, lifting the trunk upon his shoulder and starting off, the child clinging to his hand. He put her into the car, kissed her good-bye, wished her a pleasant journey, and went away with the pleasing satisfaction of having made one heart perfectly happy.

It does not appear that there is any special inspiration to be found in ink extracted from the galls of oak trees. That, however, was the only writing-fluid known to the boy Abraham Lincoln, and yet it has been said, by a foreign periodical much given to high-class criticism, that Lincoln was "among the greatest masters of prose ever produced by the English race." Unconsciously he gave the key to the mystery of his reaching that position, with no thought of doing so, when, in reply to praise of some utterance of his, he said it was "a truth which I thought ought to be told." If a man has a great truth to tell and the duty of expression is laid upon him, he will seek the simplest words and clearest construction possible, and when that is attained what more of style is there to be desired? When he sat

on the counter of Jones's grocery-store in Gentryville and discussed public questions, the aim of Abraham Lincoln was to make his subject so clear that any boy could understand it. The practice gained then enabled him to reach his place among the great masters of English prose.

Through the coming ages of the history of republics Lincoln's Gettysburg address will remain the noblest expression of the greatest political ideal the world has ever known. If "government of the people, by the people, for the people shall perish from the earth," that utterance will still be held among the classics of dead systems, and students will sadly trace the decline of freedom from its departure from the teachings of that great political mind, through all its wanderings in the sinuous paths of folly and wrong, to its final death. Edward Everett wrote to him, "I would be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of that occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes."

A man whose law college was a wood-pile and a borrowed copy of Blackstone would be expected to weave some practical ideas into his legal development. We are not surprised to find him later saving his client's life by showing that a witness could not clearly perceive by the light of the moon events which occurred two hours before the moon rose, and winning his case by a simple reference to a calendar.

"Go to Lincoln," said a lawyer to whom a man had come with a case that did not seem desirable to the view of an ambitious attorney. "I do not dare to take your case. It would hurt me in politics. But you go to Lincoln; he is not afraid of any unpopular case." Lincoln was never afraid of any case except a dishonest one.

In his struggle through the many obstacles that obstructed his pathway Lincoln had learned to make things go and he had small patience with things that lagged. "I wish," he said, "that McClellan would go at the enemy with something, I don't care what. He is an admirable engineer, but he seems to have a special talent for a stationary engine."

An incomparable leader of men, while McClellan and Grant could lead and direct the operations of a hundred thousand men in the field, Lincoln alone could hold in hand the vast turbulent electorate of eighteen northern States.

Walt Whitman said, "None of the artists or pictures has caught the deep, though subtle and indirect, expression of this man's face. There is something else there." There was something there that neither brush nor camera could catch, but a woman who went to him to beg for the life of her son who had been condemned by court-martial reached the central element that all artists' devices had sought in vain. Going out from his presence with a heart full of joy for the success

of her petition, she proceeded in silence for a time, then exclaimed, in a sudden burst of conviction, "I knew that it was not true!" "Knew what was not true?" asked her escort. "They told me that he had an ugly-looking face. He has the most beautiful face I ever saw." She had found the hidden motive of the man's face—sympathy.

There was something in the rugged honesty of Lincoln's character which made him an attractive man. It had centred there in the early time when, having sold a woman a pound of tea in a country store and afterward found that there was a defect in the scales by which he had unwittingly weighed out less than a pound, he walked four miles after the day's work was ended to carry the remainder of the tea to the purchaser.

Having in his boyhood borrowed Weems's "Life of Washington" from a neighbor, and being so unfortunate as to let it drop into a keg of water, he put in three days of hard work to pay for the book, which he carefully dried and kept, reading it with great interest and believing it. How many of us at the present day can recall the Golden Age in which we, too, put faith in Weems?

His honesty seems to have taken deep root by the time he went to the Capitol to represent his district in Congress, for a sketch of his life having been published in which Plutarch was mentioned as one of the authors with whose works he was familiar, he sent for the writer of the article, and told him that at the time the sketch was prepared it was not true that he had read Plutarch, but he had since bought the book and read it, in order that the story might be in every way accurate, even though it was only a campaign sketch. In 1860, when he received a telegram saying that he could not win the nomination unless he promised to give two cabinet positions to certain men who were mentioned, he replied, "I authorize no bargains and shall be bound by none."

Some one has said that few, if any, men have been called to the presidency with as little knowledge of statesmanship. This may be true, but does not his subsequent life show how much more important is a knowledge of life and humanity? With little of the training that is usually necessary to raise men to political magnitude, he was yet so much greater than those who had climbed the ladder of public life in the ordinary way that one who met him daily at the White House, surrounded by men of whom he had formed exaggerated opinions, noted that all whom he had regarded as the giants of the arena seemed to diminish in size as they came in any way in comparison with Mr. Lincoln.

The difficulty of forming a consistent view of Abraham Lincoln from the testimony of his personal acquaintances was experienced by one of his biographers who sought information concerning him from

his old neighbors and friends who had known him for twenty years. He learned that Mr. Lincoln was an able man and that his ability was meagre; that he was a profound lawyer and also superficial in his profession; that he was a Christian and that he was an atheist; that he possessed a refined nature and that he was a coarse man; that he was a profound dialectician and that he was very shallow.

There have been numerous surmises in regard to the religion of Lincoln, ranging all the way from the most rigid orthodoxy—which, as we are told, signifies “my doxy” as contrasted with “your doxy”—to the most radical negations of atheism. So broad and deep was his humanity that it touched upon all phases of life and thought, and drew from the strength and beauty of all infinite strands of love and wisdom and wove them into a beautiful chain that stretched from the narrowest of cramped souls upon earth to the Infinite beyond.

What more tender and eloquent sympathy could we find than that expressed in his simple reply, as he stood at the foot of Cemetery Ridge, when one of his generals reverently said; “Think, Mr. President, of the men who held these heights.” “Yes,” he replied, “but think of the men who stormed these heights.”

Again on that consecrated ground he spoke the words that keep the fires aflame on the altar of Liberty,—“we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom.” As he looked upon the height against which the bloody charge had been made, did he recall the act whereby he had made himself in a measure responsible for the crimson that was shed in that fatal charge?

Nearly a quarter of a century before, he had gratified the war-like ambition of a young Virginian by securing his appointment to West Point, saying, in the letter which notified his boy friend of his success, “I want a perfect soldier credited to dear old Illinois.” In one of the letters which Mr. Lincoln wrote to this young cadet he said:

“I have just told the folks here in Springfield, on this 111th anniversary of the birth of him whose name, mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in the cause of moral reformation, we mention in solemn awe, in naked, deathless splendor, that the one victory we can ever call complete will be that one which proclaims that there is not one slave or one drunkard on the face of God’s green earth. Recruit for this victory.”

He closed the letter with this advice:

“Now, boy, on your marches don’t you go and forget that ‘one drop of honey catches more flies than a half gallon of gall.’ Load your musket with this old maxim, and smoke it in your pipe.”

This young cadet, whom Abraham Lincoln, the great Emancipator, thus launched into the stormy sea of a warrior's life, was George E. Pickett.

When Lincoln passed through Richmond at the close of the war, the once fair city was a fire-swept ruin. Through the entire night of the 2d of April the sea of flame had rolled over the town and public buildings and homes had been levelled with the ground. The Queen City of the South was dismantled of her beauty and her pride and stood an embodiment of the spirit of war.

The surrender of the city, written upon a fragment of wall-paper, had been formally delivered into the hands of Major Stevens, and the Star-Spangled Banner once more waved from the Capitol.

Through the desolate, smoke-blackened streets of Richmond Mr. Lincoln came to the old Pickett home in search of his friend and old law-partner, the General's uncle. Then he asked for the General, perhaps wishing in his generous heart to offer the comfort of a cordial handshake to the soldier he had known in his ambitious youth, whose hopes had gone down with the pride and glory of Richmond. The General being yet on the field, Mr. Lincoln asked for the General's wife. The inquiry was answered by a lady who came forward with a baby in her arms, and saw at the door a tall, strong-visaged stranger, with earnest care-worn features and a kindly light in his tender melancholy eyes.

"I am George Pickett's wife, sir," I said.

"And I am Abraham Lincoln."

"The President?"

"No; Abraham Lincoln, George's old friend."

Seeing baby's outstretched arms, Mr. Lincoln took him, and little George opened wide his mouth and gave his father's friend a dewy baby kiss. As the baby was taken back into his mother's arms, Mr. Lincoln said, in that deep and sympathetic voice which was one of his greatest powers over the hearts of men:

"Tell your father, the rascal, that I forgive him for the sake of your mother's sweet smile and your bright eyes."

The General's reverential way of speaking of President Lincoln had sometimes occasioned me surprise, but a look into his honest, earnest face and the warm clasp of his great strong hand revealed the reason why all who knew him loved him. When, but a few days later, the wires flashed over the world the tragic message which enveloped our whole nation in mourning, General Pickett said:

"My God! My God! The South has lost her best friend and protector, the surest, the safest hand to guide and steer her through the breakers ahead."

WHEN THE GIRLS CAME TO CROW'S NEST

By Will Levington Comfort

Author of "The Fortress".

A MAN needs to have a woman around. Raising mutton for a living away up in that cool big pasture of Alberta between Lone Baldy and the Cascades, isn't enough for a white man. I always said that when I couldn't stand it any longer—the lonesome white prairie and the smelly sheep-sheds in winter, and the lonesome green prairie and the scattered herds in summer—I would turn over the ranch to Teddy, my foreman, and depart for the crowded settlement in the States, where they raise more girls than boys, and tell my story to one of the preponderating sex. I had set up the right girl in my mind, so that I would know her in a city-full. It turned out that the Northwest, especially Crow's Nest, the town nearest my ranch, felt pretty much as I did on the dearth of women, and was taking steps to remedy the trouble.

I had run a consignment of lambs down to Grayling, and was boarding the dusty old day-coach back for Crow's Nest when I looked into the faces of seven girls—me, Tommy of the sheep ranch. For seven years I had run wild in the pasture and hadn't seen seven women all at one time. I just backed up as if they had been seven grizzlies and the platform a large airy tree.

Hanging onto the railing, I smoked, as the train crashed through the low windy hills north of Grayling. The dark was crowding in, and they don't grow any sadder trees than Northwest pines, when they stand black and naked against a stormy evening. I couldn't help feeling sorry for those girls. Besides I was stopping a considerable parcel of red cinders that used me for a cooling surface. The brakeman looked out from the baggage-coach and remarked that I was surely fond of smoking.

"Do any of them go as far as Crow's Nest?" I inquired.

"All of 'em Tommy. I s'posed you had traded lambs for 'em!" he yelled back, above the din of the train.

Moreover, except for the sparks, it was getting cold out there, and Crow's Nest was three hours away. Trying to look as little loco as

possible, I pulled together finally and bolted in. There was one in a sky-blue silk, a little weathered about the wrists and elbows, who appeared to know me, as if we had gone to school together. I reached the back seat—to prevent a flanking movement—in a sinking condition.

A little later I found a girl worth crossing the world to see. She was opposite and four seats down—hat off, blessed eyes looking down at a little book, brown lashes curving out, and golden brown hair blowing in little curls about her temples and ears. The conductor came through about this time.

“Are they all going to Crow's Nest—all?” I whispered.

“The whole suit from seven up, Tommy, according to transportation.”

Miss Sky Blue would turn about every little while to remark upon the racket of the train or the smell of the lamps. The one nearest her, to whom these remarks were addressed, was an angular person, and every time an observation reached her, she would gather tighter her skirts, and the coolness would become more and more perceptible. I expected momentarily that she would fly up and sting Miss Sky Blue.

In front of Blowing Roses with her little book, was the palest and frailest creature that ever came up into the North. She was kind of pretty, too, but frightened, as if she had just passed through a haunted house or was just going in. I figured that I'd look out for the little white lady when she got to Crow's Nest; then Roses looked up and came to the same conclusion, producing instantanly a big pickle and a tiny sandwich. There was no further hope for me when I heard the voice offering the snack. From my end of it, Roses was the right girl. At the same time, the thought grew upon me that the little white one was more than healthfully hungry.

Along toward ten, when the next stop was Crow's Nest, I had accumulated blue funk and yellow fever with other complications of panic. The night train in Crow's Nest was not the social event of the day, and it was plain to me that in four minutes I should have seven women on my hands. Roses was gathering up her traps; the little white lady was clinging to her big shiny black valise, and looking as if she might fall out of her seat; the brakeman had taken care of Miss Sky Blue's bag; and Miss Bedrock Angles had arisen in her might.

We jerked up under the station light. Half the citizens of Crow's Nest were standing under that light; and yet it was not until I perceived Lem Steeds in a black coat and white tie that I reached the full and mighty truth. I do now solemnly arise to state that the citizens of Crow's Nest were down to the train to keep up their end of the contract with a Chicago matrimonial agency, whose first consignment had just arrived. I had heard that the loneliness of the Northwest was

about to be ameliorated in this way of childlike directness, but I hadn't taken the news seriously until the present moment of events.

Was I controlled? Oh, about as controlled as a spinning-jenny or a jumping bean. All the .deas but two that I ever had in my dynamo were away, bit in teeth, like wild horses to the foot-hills. I grabbed the shiny black valise from the little white lady, and, turning to the American beauty, fighting for air, signified my agreeableness to packing her bundles also. I knew that Tommy of the sheep ranch would be a closed issue if I didn't say or do something before we left the last step of the coach.

"Thank you," she said prettily. There never was a gamier girl. I would rather tote her baggage for the rest of my life than share a throne-room with a European princess. "I wrote yesterday from Grayling that I would reach Crow's Nest on this train," she added. "I do hope Mr. Lake or some one from there will be down to meet me, although I am a day ahead of time."

I was against the hope of the queen. So Steve Lake had a private arrangement with the Chicago people? Until now I had considered Steve as fine and fair a man as the province held. Anyway, it was too great a thing to hope that a girl like Roses should come up in the sheep country to find Tommy, but Steve, though twice as rich, was twice as old. The fact that we were on the step whipped all these thoughts away. The boys sung a "hello" to me. They looked uncomfortable. No Steve nor Steve's man was there, and I girded up my whole outfit of chances.

At that moment there was a gasp behind me, and I turned just in time to keep the little white lady from falling. It appears that she wasn't bred for the game she was trying to play; and when she saw the men gathered under the light, edging closer and looking her over with a sort of personal interest,—she just collapsed into my arms. As I said before, I doubt if she had been nourished right lately.

"There, there, little one," I said; "I'll take care of you until you don't need me any more. Get some water, you men!"

Six or seven of them dashed into the station to fetch a cup, glad for something to do, for the strain was telling on them. I noted that Miss Angles had copped out old Lem Steeds, and was cutting off his view from the world in general; and that Miss Sky Blue had paired off with His Shyness, Nibs Walton, who ran the blacksmith shop; and that others were sifting on satisfactorily. Roses was last to leave the coach, and big Chet Peake, foreman at Bridley's ranch, a good fellow, except for his idea of being a lady-killer stepped up to the right girl, saying so that it would burn you:

"Won't you dance this set with me, Miss?"

Roses gave him one look, and Chet suddenly became interested in fetching more water, deciding to wait for the second consignment. Meanwhile Roses had been standing at my elbow, whispering to the little one and loosening her collar. She was better presently.

"I will look after her to-night," Roses whispered to me. "I am sure you will add to your many kindnesses by directing us to a suitable hotel. Evidently Mr. Lake didn't receive my letter. I don't know what we should have done without you."

"Crow's Nest hasn't built a hotel yet, lady, good enough for you to stop at. I've got a right good team across at Crib's barn. If you'll leave it to me, I'll see that you both get out to Steve Lake's to-night. My ranch is that way—"

I was under the big lamp and she looked me straight in the eyes. In the days of my youth I had believed that no girl could look me in the face that way and be the same afterward, but the sun and winds and general out-doors of seven years in the big new Northwest had rid me of all that.

"If you will drive us there, we will be all the more grateful," she said, without a quiver, and I sent Chet over for the team.

That was one queer night. Thoughts were buzzing about in my head that had nothing to do with words, as I wrapped the blanket about the little white lady, and rather bossy-like chucked Roses into my oil-skin slicker, for the rain had started. My pair of grays settled grandly to the road, but presently we ran into the teeth of a driving shower—a storm of pelting arrows that slanted in under the buggy-top and found our faces. A sizzling streak of lightning flashed across the wagon-trail and the pines stood out savagely black. I felt the little white lady trembling, and above the pounding of the rain and the boom of young torrents in the ditches, I heard the voice of Roses faintly:

"Perhaps you had better not go so fast—"

Trust Tommy to pull the team down after that. Here were two lonely women in a strange land, behind a frightened team and a reckless driver, bent on carving a hole through a cloud burst. Steve's ranch was twenty miles from the Crow's Nest station. Mine was on the same road, but only half so far. That thundering sheet of water was good to me. The road was heavy with brand-new lakes when the lights of my outfit loomed ahead.

"Can that be the place so soon?" Roses asked.

"No. That's my ranch. Steve's is ahead as much further," I answered shakily. "The night is getting pretty wild and the roads beyond—" just here was another flash of lightning; the wagon-trail showed ahead like a lashed river in front of the steaming team, and the thundercrash was a spike sledged into one's head, "—the roads beyond

are rather rough! I never did entertain any ladies up here in the sheep country, but that's no sign I can't—"

Personally I hold the opinion that Roses nudged the little white lady about that time. Anyway there was no objection from the third party, and the grays turned in at my gate. Presently Teddy, the best foreman in the province, appeared in the opened door-way in considerable lamp-light.

"All hands—evening clothes—ladies along!" I called. "Send a man out for the team and have Homegrown put the kettle on—"

The door was slammed before I finished. Judging from the racket inside and the shadows flying across the screens, you would have thought that my shack was a fire-engine house, with an alarm just turned in. Then Toastie Larup dashed out and took the grays, and Big Teddy, combed to a hair and dressed to his boots and a nervous smile, handed the ladies in. The rest of the boys, painfully burnished and expectant, were backed up against the several walls, and there was a promising clatter from Homegrown in the kitchen.

Roses smiled her fairest, and even the little white lady pricked up winsomely. All the sorrow and terror seemed to melt out of her blue eyes, leaving only a smiling peace, when Teddy drew a chair for her close to the fireplace, took her little black bonnet and put it away on the antlers.

Homegrown had a series of lemon-pies cooling in the buttery. I've seen grub-emperors who could make more of a novelty the year around out of ram, lamb, sheep, and mutton, but for lemon-pies Homegrown was the undisputed Canadian champion. To see Roses sitting there by my old stag fire, rain-drops still shining in her brown hair, a wedge of pie with a high drift of frosting on top doing duty, but never spoiling the jolly smile on her red lips, made my heart bingle like a tin roof in a wind-storm. Then I got cold and hot to think of her going up to Steve Lake's in the morning—to stay! Teddy was crowding more pie on the little white lady, until I thought Homegrown might make a scene about to-morrow's dessert. Cooks are peculiar.

I couldn't sleep. I didn't know but what a log might jump out of the fire and incinerate those girls in the front room—my room. I was up in the bunk-loft with Teddy. Ordinarily you could never mistake the place where Teddy was sleeping for a nursery, but all you could hear from him that night was a long low sigh now and then. There was more than sheep on his mind.

Every little while there would be a growl from Homegrown; then Toastie Larup would scratch another match for his eternal cigarettes; and, as he described it later, "the whole outfit had inso-mania" that night. Then, just as I would get into a doze, I would think of Roses

going up to Steve Lake's in the morning! The rain had stopped back toward pie-time.

When daylight slipped in fair and warm, I was feeling a little burnt-out, but I had Homegrown pump several yards of spring water on the back of my neck; then I shaved and policed generally. By the time the sun poked up behind Lone Baldy, not stopping for anything but trailing all heaven behind, I had decided on heroic measures. Something had to happen before we left the sheep-ranch. There would be no saving grace after we got into the buggy, for the little white lady would be along; and if we ever got in sight of Steve's castle, I knew it would be Tommy for a mirage forever, instead of Golden Glory at the fireside. I hated to treat old Steve badly, but I had seen her first.

I won't stop to analyze the crawling state of nerves I was in when Roses stepped out of the front room. I heard Homegrown clear his throat to call, "Come and get it," meaning breakfast; but I aimed one look his way. Homegrown has a domestic brand of countenance. My look turned the power off, and there it stood, limp, open, bereft of all its savage grandeur, behind a fifteen-story structure of flapjacks.

Teddy was hovering about the dining-room in sooner raiment than the lilies of the field. It was plain to me that he would toil not, neither herd sheep much that day.

"Good-morning," I said to Roses. "Breakfast won't be ready for a few minutes, and wouldn't you like to see some lambs?"

Pure inspiration, about those lambs. Luck stood for it, since it was the spring of the year. The next minute I was leading her out into the most beautiful morning that ever shone on that bright breezy plain west of Lone Baldy. Homegrown had a bed of young onions at the back-door, shooting up their green pipes after the rain, and beyond was a deep-sea-green field of hay. Then Nance Sykes, the mother of all good sheep collies, trotted out from the kennels to greet us, with four long-tailed, melting-eyed, white-blazed pups waddling behind.

It was the fat of the land that smelled up from the ground after the rain. It seemed as if you could see sixty miles through the washed air. The sheep were scattered like cotton-plants over the great springing meadows ahead. * * * I turned to her. It was as if the States had sent her out as a champion to rival that glorious Northwest morning. Almost as tall as I am, she paused and faced me, brown hair blowing, her face shy and shining. It was I who looked down the first, but out of themselves, the words came:

"Won't—you—stay—here—with—me?"

There was no answer. It seemed to grow dark. By sheer strength I raised my eyes again.

"Do you realize that I do not know your name—nor you mine?" she questioned, half smilingly.

"Yes, but you are The Lady. I have been thinking and dreaming about you—just you—all these years up here with the sheep. I was going back to the States to find you, if you didn't come. You are the right girl—"

"You shall see me again. I'm afraid—afraid we have been like a pair of little children, mystified by a very marvelous morning," she whispered, not in the least angrily.

I began to know how Saul of Tarsus felt just before he changed his name. Homegrown was beating a bell on the back porch. Roses glanced at me, as if to ask if we had better not turn back. We did, but my heart kept booming away at the same old story.

"It cannot be that I have found The Lady—just to lose her," I managed to say, when we were almost at the door. "And yet it would be a miracle if Tommy of the Sheep-ranch could win a girl like you—"

She did not answer, and we passed through the kitchen. There in the dining-room on the same settee, oblivious to the rest of the boys and the steaming porridge, sat Teddy and the little white lady. I expected every minute that Homegrown would break open and volcano at some new crater. Once during breakfast Roses and I looked up at the same time, and when I found my plate again, lamb-chops, gravy, toast, pickles, and griddle-cakes were all moving around like in a kaleidoscope. The next thing I remember, we three were in the buggy again, with Teddy standing at the head of the team and acting as if he were sunstruck.

It got harder for me every minute. By the time Steve's place loomed ahead like a summer palace, I felt that I couldn't live long nor prosper much if Roses staid there. Steve's black team was in the yard. He ran down the steps and toward us. Roses was out of the buggy and in his arms before I had fairly pulled up. It dawned upon me that they had perhaps met before. Steve was just sending a man to town for the mail, hoping to hear that she would arrive that night. Daylight had gone back on me again. Quite in the dark, I handed out the little white lady, and heard Roses telling Steve how good I had been to them. The grays seemed to turn about of their own account, and I was mumbling that I couldn't possibly stay, when the air cleared and Roses was smiling up at me from the wheel. The voice of Steve reached me from behind:

"We are going to have a little party here to-morrow night, and we want you to come. Of course, you will, Tommy?"

"Be sure to come," Roses urged.

Then I was staring ahead on the long empty road and the grays were stretching their gait to the verge of a break. * * * I felt that I might gather some hope from a communion with Teddy that day, but

he remained apart,—rode off toward the mountains wild and bare, leaving the rest of us to take care of the ninety and nine. It was plain to me that I had promised Steve and Roses to attend their wedding the next night—plain blasting truth.

There were many things I couldn't understand—whole mountain-ranges of them, and they saved me. It is wonderful how long and how far a man can hope. For the next thirty hours I wandered back and forth through those mountains of misunderstanding, looking for the eternal glow of radium. Late the next afternoon Teddy came in, and followed me toward the house from the sheds.

"If it's all the same to you, Tommy, I'd like to use the gray team to-night," he observed, pale but defiant.

"It isn't. I was thinking of using that team myself," said I.

He looked up sharply.

"But," I added, "as we are going in the same direction, we might ride together. Say, Teddy, do I look as bad as you do?"

"If you don't, I'm devilishly bad off," he answered.

Teddy didn't know of the party, but apparently had a private arrangement to call. And so we rode up to Steve's just as the full moon began to accumulate power over in the low Southeast. I have dwelt upon my own emotions considerably in this narrative, and I don't intend now to add a great deal on the subject; but, as Teddy and I drew into Steve's parlor, I, at least, felt that eleven good men and true had decided against me, and that the twelfth was wavering. Roses was there, the party having been built around her, and she came forward to greet me as man was never greeted. It seemed horrid cold to treat Steve this way in his own house, but I could not help it, and whispered, when the chance offered:

"The moon was never like it is to-night. Won't you—"

"Good gracious, not now! I am just being presented to all these good people of the Northwest."

Just then Steve and Lew Gale, who was starting with the sheep thirteen miles east, joined us, and Steve said, "Lew, I want you to know Louise,—Louise Lake,—as far as I can hear, the finest girl that the East has produced to date,—my brother Dave's girl, up here to spend a month with her old Uncle Steve. Tommy knows her, you see."

The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. * * * Out on the front porch there was a clematis-vine, and I groped my way there, between the deep sea and rushing home afoot. And yet, I called the moon and the moonlit prairie and the clematis-vine to witness that it made no difference! She was the right girl, whether shipped from Chicago or blown from the castles of Spain. And after all, seeing her there at

my fire, I wondered if I could have been less tumultuous had I known. Steve called from the door:

"Perk up, Tommy. We're going to dance. I want you and Louise to lead the cotillion!"

* * * Hours afterward we were alone in the moonlight. A baby collie woofed sleepily, as we passed out toward the orchards.

"I've heard a great deal about you, Mr. Grainer," Roses said.

Even then I couldn't wait.

"Lady, won't you stay here with me?"

Again there was that killing pause. I wonder if any other man ever suffered as I did that moment. Again I looked up into her face, ashen in the moonlight.

"Will you show me those lambs—if I do?" she whispered, catching her breath. Her slight hand was warm in mine. * * * "Somebody is coming!"

Roses was right. We stepped aside from the path to allow Teddy and the little white lady to pass back toward the house. Then we walked on—into the blessed orchards.

"Fine night," said Teddy, when we were together behind the grays once more.

Four miles more were tucked behind before he spoke again.

"Tommy, would you object if I brought a woman to the ranch?"

"I was thinking of using the ranch in that capacity myself, but, as we are both going in the same direction, we can manage all right until the carpenters get through. We're going away for awhile, anyway."

More miles were put aside, and we turned at last into the old gate and Nance Sykes came out to meet us.

"Fine mornin'," said Teddy, and I craned about to the East and saw the gray steps of dawn there.



THE CROWN

BY RICHARD KIRK.

HE chose *not* to succeed; he thrust aside
 The crown Ambition urged; and bade Renown
 Adieu; made common Grief his friend; sat down
 With Sorrow. So he lived, and died.—
 And, lo! upon his brow Achievement placed her crown!

A CHEERFUL GIVER

The second of the "Miss Lucy" stories—a series of humorous child sketches, each complete in itself.

By Lucy Copinger



IT was recreation period of Friday afternoon and Frederick William sat eating a ginger-snap. Across the aisle Marie Schaefer of a goodness and neatness rivalling Frederick William's own was eating a bun. Anna Karenina sat beside her. Anna did not have any lunch, and she was wishing it was an apple as then she would get the core. She had not had any dinner either, for when she had gotten home that dinner-time it was to find the door locked and her mother out for the day. She had spent the time till the afternoon session in following the dog-catcher's wagon. She had also gotten in three fights, and therefore she may be excused if she sat very close to Marie and looked hungrily and rudely down into her mouth as she ate. When you have had no dinner and three fights, you have little thought for the super-refinements of life.

Miss Lucy was writing at her desk and Bum O'Reilly was rubbing off the board. Bum O'Reilly, being the biggest boy in the class, often "did things" for Miss Lucy. There was always a glamour about "doing things" for Miss Lucy that "doing things" for one's mother somehow lacked, and Frederick William thought regretfully of the only thing he had ever done for her. It was one noon when she had asked him to get her a basin of water. Although trembling with excitement, he had carried it safely up to her desk, where he had turned it over into her lap. Since then "doing things" for Miss Lucy had been a much desired but never attained condition.

Frederick William liked recreation period a great deal better than recess, which came in the morning and during which you were pitched violently into the yard, where you stood timidly squeezed up against the fence and shivered while the other boys ran around and "hollered." If you got a foot away from the fence, you were at once knocked down and stepped on and your nose was made to bleed. Then the bell rang, and you were thrown violently into the hall again unless you did not have a partner, in which case you were "pulled out." The horrible possibilities of getting "pulled out" caused Frederick William and Josef to stand together hand in hand during the whole of recess. But recreation period, which came in the afternoon, was quite different, for then you sat with dignity in your seat and ate your lunch while the other children looked at you enviously.

That afternoon Frederick William had come to school with a great resolve and two ginger-snaps. He was going to give one of the ginger-snaps to Miss Lucy. He knew just how he would do this, for it was only yesterday that Bum O'Reilly had brought a whole three-cent cream-puff and, in the openness of his Irish heart, had given it all to Miss Lucy—all, that is, except the sugar, which he had licked off the top. Frederick William thought with pleasure of how he would bestow his ginger-snap. He would walk boldly up to the desk without even raising his hand for permission. True, there was an explicit rule concerning the reckless one who was guilty of this act, but when you had something for Miss Lucy that was the exception. One then walked grandly from his seat, and she only smiled sweetly and said, "Thank you, dear." Later she might even let you rub the board off.

Frederick William thought of all this as he ate his ginger-snap. He ate it slowly, leaning over the desk so that the crumbs would not be lost. Then he reached into the bag and drew out Miss Lucy's ginger-snap. He looked at the cake. It was so nice and round and smooth on the edges. He remembered that his had had a tiny piece chipped out of it. An insistent element of equity in his nature demanded that he should take a bite off of Miss Lucy's cake just the size of what had been broken from his. He did so. Then he took another little bite right beside the first one. Then, to make it look even all around, he thought he would bite once around the edge in a circle. But he lost track of where he had started from, and it was not until the ginger-snap was reduced to a damp, sticky object about the size of a quarter that he stopped suddenly, for it had occurred to him that if he ate it all he lost all chance of rubbing off the boards. So, after a fearful struggle with his frugal little German soul, he dropped the remains of the cake into the bag and went up to Miss Lucy's desk. She looked up with a displeased frown, which, when she saw the bag, delightfully changed into a nice smile. "Thank you, Frederick," she said sweetly. Frederick William laid the bag on her desk and returned to his seat, glowing with the satisfied blessedness of the cheerful giver.

A few minutes later Miss Lucy stood up and called for order. "Children," she said, "sit up nice and still. I am going to let you have an Action lesson." In the Primer the "Foreword to Teachers" declared the Action lesson to be unexcelled in "the quickening of perception," and therefore Miss Lucy conscientiously gave Action lessons, but she did not like them at all. That afternoon she started the Action lesson by writing "jump" on the board. "Now, children, look!" she said. Then Miss Lucy jumped and her comb fell out. The class at once rose as one child and rushed forward to pick it up,

This caused a temporary check to the lesson, but, when order was restored, "Children," said Miss Lucy, "what did I do? August?"

"You lost your hair-comb," said August truthfully.

"Yes, but what else?" said Miss Lucy.

"You jumped," said August.

"Good," said Miss Lucy, "Then what does this say?" and she wrote, "See me jump."

"See me comb," said August, whose mind was slow to eliminate first ideas.

"No, it isn't," said Miss Lucy impatiently. "I told you 'jump,' didn't I?—Marie?"

"See me jump," said Marie correctly, and Miss Lucy smiled once more.

In the same way Miss Lucy ran, flew, laughed, hopped, and skipped. It was while she was skipping vigorously across the room that she glanced out through the open door into the hall and saw the janitor looking in. To him the Newer Education, as practiced by Miss Lucy, was an unending marvel, and he was watching her skip with an expression of bewildered interest that made Miss Lucy feel very foolish. She got very red and shut the door angrily upon him.

"Children," she said, "you know it is Friday afternoon, and I think, since you have been very good, I am going to let you have a little entertainment."

An entertainment! A real entertainment, consisting, it is true, mainly of speaking, but not at all to be confounded with the awful memory gems that one was obliged to recite every morning. Miss Lucy taught these memory gems of the "be-good-little-ones-and-you-will-be-happy" kind, and Frederick William did not understand them at all. He thought of the one that he had recited that morning with the usual accompaniment of swallows and gurgles. It was

"Willie Hands and Willie Feet
Lead us straight to Sunshine Street."

Frederick William had not yet come to the age of criticism that one acquires in the third grade, and he still accepted absolutely all statements made by Miss Lucy. But he could not help wondering who Willie Hands was and who Willie Feet was, and whether after they got him to Sunshine Street they would leave him there lost or take him back to Heneman Avenue and his mother. But an entertainment—that was quite different from memory gems. Miss Lucy, quoting, called it "the spontaneous and free utterance of thought concept." To the children it meant that one might say or sing anything he wished in the way that best suited him. Therefore the heart of Frederick William was glad when, the Action lesson being finished, Miss Lucy

put on her entertainment smile. This smile of Miss Lucy's was one of a great many. It was much nicer than her "try again, dear" smile which she had when Anna did not know her sums and which Frederick William did not like at all, but it was not nearly so nice as her "Now my little boys and girls" smile, which she smiled when the Principal came in the room, and it could never for a moment be compared to her "getting things" smile, which was the loveliest of all.

Miss Lucy having acquired her entertainment smile, "Now children," she said, "who knows something to say?" A dozen hands waved wildly, Anna Karenina's among them like a brown flag. "Marie," selected Miss Lucy.

The hypocritical Marie stepped out and recited a hypocritical little piece in which she earnestly declared her love for her teacher.

"Very good," said the flattered Miss Lucy. "Who else? Josef?"

Josef was a foolish little boy who always raised his hand and never knew anything. He stood beside Miss Lucy grinning in sheepish silence until at last she had to send him to his seat still grinning. Can a thought concept be formed in a vacuum? thought Miss Lucy psychologically.

Next Bum O'Reilly sang in a dreadful monotone one of the organ-grinder songs, consisting mainly of the statement that he would be waiting among the roses for a vague young person of the feminine gender. He further insisted upon an encore,—“The Holy City,” coming out with a fortissimo upon the “Je” in “Jerusalem” in a way that made it sound irreverently slangy.

At last Anna Karenina's turn came, and Miss Lucy knew that she would feel the need of a dramatic censor, for Anna inclined greatly to the less refined forms of literature. The fatal gift of beauty was not Anna's and she wore the regular first-grade dress of the Karenina family. It had already been worn by six other Kareninas, and as there were two more coming, it was never put through the trying ordeal of the wash. There was nothing timid about Anna, however, and she stood boldly forth and in a thick loud voice she recited:

“One o'glock is sdriking';
Muder, may I go oud?
The boys are waidin' on the gorner
For me do gome oud.

“They says they'll give me gandy;
They says they'll give me gake;
They says they'll give me fify zends
If I giss them ad the gade.

“I did nod dake the gandy;
I did nod dake the gake;
Bud I dook the fify zends
And I gissed them ad the gade.”

This classic being finished, Miss Lucy, with a sigh of relief that it was no worse, asked for some one to play "Jack and Jill," a dramatization of the nursery rhyme that she had taught them. She selected Frederick William to be Jack, causing him at once to get a queer trembling of the knees. Anna was the only one of the girls who would be Jill. The two were given a large tin cup to be held between them, and they were to march up from the door while the children recited the rhyme. At first all went well. At the proper time the self-conscious Frederick William dropped gently and neatly to the floor, ever mindful of his clean waist, and put his hand to his head with the freedom of gesture of an automaton. But at the words "Jill came tumbling after," the excitable Anna, with the abandon of a Bernhardt, threw herself headlong upon Frederick William, knocking the tin cup at Miss Lucy, stepping upon Frederick's finger, and hitting her head violently against his. At which Frederick William at once burst into tears and was sent sobbing out to bathe his finger. Anna was sent to her seat, and, with the ringing of the bell, the entertainment concluded.

When Frederick William returned, all the children had gone. He got out his things and was just going out when Miss Lucy called to him. "Frederick," she said, "would you mind emptying the basket?"

Frederick William grew red with pleasure. This, then, was to be the fruit of generosity, the reward of the ginger-snap. He managed to carry the basket down the steps without putting his foot into it. When he emptied it his natural methodical neatness caused him to take out each piece of paper and lay it carefully in the bin. Near the bottom he found two captured horn agates of Bum O'Reilly's. He had often admired them and he unhesitatingly put them into his pocket. Some gloomy vivisector of child nature might prophecy from this act a criminal career for little Frederick William, but it would have been too premature a prophecy. His mind was chock-full of precepts from his mother, his Sunday School, and Miss Lucy. But he had as yet no moral sense at all, and it never occurred to him that these maxims were intended for any practical use. Having disposed of the horn agates, Frederick William finished emptying the basket, and it was when he had come to the last piece of paper that he saw something sticking to it. It was a small, brown, moist object. Fitting climax to an almost perfect day!

The tears had quite dried upon his little shiny pink cheeks, and he sat down comfortably beside the bin as with slow and happy content he ate the despised remnant of Miss Lucy's ginger-snap.

“MARKED MIT CATS”

By Caroline Lockhart

“**I** VAS marked mit cats—by my mudder,” Mr. Vogel, observed, each time that he stood with his hands deep in his trousers pockets at either his kitchen or dining-room window and watched the neighborhood tabbies trotting briskly along the perilously narrow top of the high board fence which enclosed the Vogel’s back-yard.

“They gif me such a crawliness up my back along—I don’t know what,” Miss Josephine Vogel, angular and austere in her print morning gown, always echoed, as she stood beside her father and regarded the antics of the sleek Thomases.

“You get it from me, Chosaphine; I haf chust dose feelings.”

The neighborhood cats seemed aware of the Vogel antipathy for themselves, and, with feline malevolency, assembled each night in a sort of cat congress in the cement alley directly under the Vogel’s sleeping apartments. These midnight sessions produced in Mr. Vogel a state of mind which may truthfully be called murderous. For a time, when he appeared at the breakfast table red-eyed and drawn from his sleepless night, he expressed merely a desire to kill the cats; later his longing to take life extended to their owners.

“If I should not get in the brisons for firing guns inside the city limits, I should shoot somebody or somedings,” declared Mr. Vogel savagely.

Each night he hurled portions of his wardrobe and all the movable furniture in his room into the alley, but the cats dispersed only to reconvene and attack the subject under discussion with renewed vigor.

Heavy-eyed and dull-witted from loss of sleep, Mr. Vogel was bending over his books one day when a heaven-sent inspiration came to him. A slow smile crept over his stolid countenance as, figuratively speaking, he held the idea off and inspected it, with its possibilities, from all sides. When he trudged home at night with a neat package in his hand, a vindictive gleam shown in his placid eyes.

“Cheeses?” inquired Mrs. Vogel, as he placed the package tenderly on the top shelf of the china-closet.

“Revenche!” replied Mr. Vogel darkly, “made to order by my inzdructions.”

By twelve o'clock that night the uproar under the Vogel windows was at its height.

"Gott! vat noises!" breathed Mr. Vogel as he crept stealthily from bed. "Bud I fix 'um."

"Careful, mine Alpert," whispered Mrs. Vogel. "You put us in droubles."

The short arm of a white-robed figure was poised for a second over the yowling circle below, and then came an explosion which seemed to jar the earth. Another, and still another followed.

"Murder!" cried a shrill voice from the window across the cement alley.

"Help!" called a deeper voice from the window opening upon the street.

The terrifying thump of a policeman's club battering the front door made Mrs. Vogel sink back trembling among the pillows.

"It's turrible the way Germans treat their wives," she heard the shrill voice opposite say, as Mr. Vogel pattered down the stairs to admit the policeman.

"What's the rumpus? Who's shot?" demanded the officer.

"Nopody's shot," replied Mr. Vogel curtly. "I'm a brivate cit'zen and would like to schleep."

For answer, the policeman pushed past him, stepping on Mr. Vogel's bare toes as he bounded up the stairs.

"Ach, mine Alpert, you haf put us in droubles!" moaned Mrs. Vogel, clutching the policeman about the neck, in the darkness.

"Where was that shooting?" demanded the officer sternly, disentangling himself.

Mrs. Vogel shrieked at the strange voice and concealed herself modestly behind the door.

"It vas nuddings," panted Mr. Vogel, as he flooded the upper hall with electric light and stood on one foot holding the flattened toes of the other in both hands. "I am marked mit cats—by my mudder, and I cannot stand dose noises or I go grazzy. They sing, they fight, they have barties all night long under my vindow. I am a brivate cit'zen and I vill not stand it. I go me to the firecracker factory and I order vat you call giant dorpedoes, and ven the cat sangerfest begins I drop one, two, dree dorpedoes out of my vindow. Dot is all Nobody vas killed; nobody vas dead; I merely vish to schleep."

"You can't disturb the peace like this," said the officer, looking at Mr. Vogel severely.

"Beace!" cried Mr. Vogel, growing red in sudden fury. "There is no beace—nuddings but noises—ten tousand devils screaming under my vindow. I schleep mit my head under the covers, I schleep mid

billows on my ears. I schleep down-stairs in the barlor, and I cannot get rit of dose cats. I would haf the law on dose cats, bud there is no law ven I may not disturb the beace mit dorpedoes, but they may disturb mine mit their voices.

"Ach, Gott!" cried Mr. Vogel despairingly. "Unless you vas marked mit cats you nefer vill know vat I suffer."

"Well, don't drop any more torpedoes out the window," replied the policeman in a more lenient voice, as he tramped down-stairs and slammed the front door behind him.

The morning after this exciting episode, Mrs. Vogel went out in the alley to gather up Mr. Vogel's ammunition. There was a cake of soap and her curling-tongs Mr. Vogel's gaiters and his camel's-hair flesh-brush. Mrs. Vogel was loading these articles and others, of a personal nature, into her apron when a pack of street curs, urged on by gamins, whirled into the alley in pursuit of a black kitten; before Mrs. Vogel could protest, the kitten had run up her skirt and was glaring a wild-eyed defiance at its pursuers from Mrs. Vogel's plump shoulder.

The instant that lady felt its soft fur against her cheek and heard the frightened beating of its heart, she became a passionate partisan. The leading dog received a swift kick from Mrs. Vogel's square-toed shoe which staggered it, and the rest of the pack swerved outside the danger line.

"You touch dis kitten and I make it hot by you!" declared Mrs. Vogel to the jeering gamins in the street end of the alley.

The kitten clung to her like a frightened child, mewing piteously. Mrs. Vogel listened until she heard Josephine moving about on the second floor and then she stealthily opened the kitchen door. It was not a handsome kitten, this outcast; it was black with gleaming yellow eyes, a head shaped like a triangle, and a squawk which seemed to come from a rusty throat. But its wafer-like thinness was the thing which appealed to Mrs. Vogel's heart. On the alert for Josephine's step on the stairway, she hurriedly emptied the contents of the cream-pitcher into a saucer and set it by the stove. Her round face was radiant as the starving kitten lapped the cream with incredible rapidity, almost strangling in its eagerness for food. When the cream was gone, Mrs. Vogel felt the kitten's sides critically to note if there was any appreciable difference in its thickness.

At dinner, that night, in the midst of Mr. Vogel's minute explanation of his scheme to run a wire along the top of the high board fence and charge it with an electric current, a distinct and unmistakable meow came from the cellar.

"Vat's that," cried Mr. Vogel, starting like a horse at a yellow-jacket's sting.

A guilty red swept over Mrs. Vogel's face.

"I haf heard it before," replied Mrs. Vogel. "Some of the neighbors must keep cats in deir cellars."

"Sounds travel underground like telephones," observed Miss Vogel. "In the mines up by Siberia——"

"There must be one thousand cats in this plock," declared Mr. Vogel, emphasizing his statement by striking the table with the handle of his knife.

Mrs. Vogel looked relieved at the turn of the conversation.

The following morning Mrs. Vogel displayed an unwonted alacrity in getting down-stairs.

"I feel better by my head ven I get up early," she declared, when Mr. Vogel remonstrated with her.

There was a faint scratching on the door of the china-closet when the Vogels sat down to breakfast.

"You haf such an excitedness in your face, mother." Josephine looked at her critically across the table.

"Dis milkman don'd gif the cream he used to gif," observed Mr. Vogel, as he poured skimmed milk into his coffee.

The scratching on the china-closet door increased.

"The rats is geddin' awful bad in dis house," said Mrs. Vogel, stirring her coffee nervously. "We ought to keep a cat."

"Nod if they eat me alive," returned Mr. Vogel ambiguously.

The spring in the latch of the china-closet door was weak, and Mrs. Vogel paled when, her senses keenly alert, she heard the faint click which told her it had given way.

The kitten slipped outside and arched its back with great deliberation, then, catching sight of Mrs. Vogel, it made a bee-line for her and scrambled into her lap under the table-cloth. The eyes of Josephine and her father remained upon the sausage on their plates in that tense and, to Mrs. Vogel, endless second when the cat was galloping across the floor.

A loud purr made Mrs. Vogel jump. Josephine and her father looked at Mrs. Vogel in surprise.

"I haf dose rumplings lately," stammered Mrs. Vogel, "a kind of a wheeziness."

"You sound like a cat," said Josephine.

"You haf cats on the brain—you two," Mrs. Vogel replied tartly.

This was only one of the numerous hair-breadth escapes which followed for Mrs. Vogel and the kitten. Providence itself seemed to intervene at times in their behalf; in no other way could Mrs. Vogel account for the miracles which happened.

The outcast thrived astonishingly on the cream which formerly went into Mr. Vogel's coffee, and it grew in length and height and thickness

with a rapidity which was a constant source of amazement to Mrs. Vogel, who robbed the table of cream without compunction.

While Mr. Vogel was at his office and Josephine shopping or paying visits, the black cat, a kitten no longer, sat on the back step with an arrogant air of proprietorship and washed its face or regarded with a certain aloofness the vulgar fence-walking tabbies who no longer trespassed by day, at least, on the Vogel premises. At night the cat was shut in the cellar, and if his voice mingled with the discords which made the midnight hours hideous, Mr. Vogel never suspected that he harbored one of the disturbers of his peace.

There were times, during Mr. Vogel's more amiable moods, when his wife contemplated ridding herself of her secret, and to that end she adroitly switched the conversation to cats. But the immediate effect upon her husband's temper was such that it stayed the confession on her lips.

"I would blant the sweet peas there," said Mr. Vogel earnestly, one Sabbath afternoon, as he and Mrs. Vogel stood in their restricted backyard, "and dose vines there. Ach, Gott! where did dot cat come from?"

A black streak had shot from the cellar window and, seating itself in the sunshine, had commenced a careful toilette. Mrs. Vogel, in dismay, saw that the coal-man had left the window open.

"Gif me a broom," commanded Mr. Vogel sternly. "No cats sits in my backyard ven I am awake."

"He does no harm; he makes no noise; he only washes his face," pleaded Mrs. Vogel.

"You know dot cat?" demanded Mr. Vogel suspiciously.

"I haf seen him before, I dink," she replied. "His face seems familiar."

"Stand back, Rachel. I vill swipe him." Mr. Vogel snatched a convenient lath and swung it.

The cat gave him one injured look, side-stepped and bounded lightly to Mrs. Vogel's shoulder, where it sat secure, glaring its old-time defiance at Mr. Vogel.

"Whose cat is dot?" thundered Mr. Vogel.

"Dat vas my cat!" A fierce rebellion was in Mrs. Vogel's face and voice and attitude.

A sudden light dawned upon Mr. Vogel.

"Dose scratchings in the closet!—dose noises travelling underground from the neighbor's cellar!—dot skim-milk I haf drunk for weeks!" The crescendo movement of Mr. Vogel's voice made his last words end on high C.

"Dot vas my cat, Alpert Vogel!" reiterated Mrs. Vogel.

"Dot cat leaves my house."

"Ven dot cat goes, I go!"

Mr. Vogel's double chin dropped upon the pleated bosom of his Sabbath shirt. While he stared and fumbled for adequate words in which to express his exact feelings, the largest and loudest-voiced tortoise-shell Thomas in the entire neighborhood, the one which Mr. Vogel had particularly marked for death, poised itself on the fence and bounded into the yard. The eyes of the cat on Mrs. Vogel's shoulder turned green. He did not jump,—he literally hurled himself upon the trespasser, and immediately there was under way the most savage fight Mr. Vogel had ever witnessed. Mrs. Vogel screamed and would have separated them with the lath but Mr. Vogel, whose sporting blood was up, held her arm.

"Himmel!—he's a vunder!" whooped Mr. Vogel, dancing about the writhing ball of fur. As it bounded and thumped from one end of the backyard to the other, an occasional glimpse could be caught of green eyes, needle-like teeth, and extended claws. There was no sparring for time, and no intermission,—it was a fight to a finish. Mingled with the catamount-like screams of the cats as they clawed and tore at each other, tooth and nail, was Mr. Vogel's excited voice coaching the black cat.

"Now, den! Eat 'im alive! Dot's the stuff! Out mit his eye! At him again! Goot! Goot! Chump him!"

Mrs. Vogel tried to silence him, for the windows were filled with neighbors viewing the extraordinary spectacle of Mr. Vogel inciting a cat fight on a Sabbath afternoon. But there was room in Mr. Vogel's brain for but one idea at a time, and he would not be silenced.

"He's got him goin'!" whooped Mr. Vogel, waving his arms and leaping into Mrs. Vogel's rose-bush that he might not miss a single point of the fight.

Patches of tortoise-shell fur began to float in the air and decorate the shrubs. Finally the visiting cat tore loose, leaving what seemed to be a portion of one ear in the black cat's mouth. The victor chased him over the fence and out of sight, only to return shortly, breathing heavily, but otherwise quite calm.

"He would be goot for mice," said Mr. Vogel, as he looked at the conquering Thomas reflectively.

"Grand," replied Mrs. Vogel, as she stooped over the crushed rose-bush to conceal a smile.

By the time Mrs. Vogel put linen dusters on the parlor furniture and made other preparations to close the house for the summer, the cat was sleeping regularly on Mr. Vogel's heaving chest when he took his after-dinner nap.

"I don'd like him personally, but he's so goot for mice," Mr. Vogel explained to wondering visitors who knew of his antipathy.

Finally the question arose as to what should be done with him during the summer.

"I vill not leaf him to run the streets and starve," declared Mrs. Vogel. "And nopody vants cats in summer."

Mr. Vogel reflected and then said judicially:

"Send for the man from the Society for the Brevention of Cruelty to Animals. He vill take him away and kill him easy—mit chloraform."

Mrs. Vogel shuddered and declared it would be murder; but, as one friend after another declined the honor of entertaining the Vogels' Thomas, the Society seemed the only alternative.

"He vill nefer know it, it's so bleasand—tying mit chloraform," argued Mr. Vogel, in a tone which implied that he spoke from personal experience.

So, at last, Mrs. Vogel blotted a postal card with tears and sent it to the Society.

Mr. Vogel was reposing on the sofa, the cat purring loudly on his bosom and occasionally reaching up a soft and playful paw to slap Mr. Vogel's double chin, when a closed black wagon stopped at the door. The electric bell trilled loudly, and Mrs. Vogel admitted a burly colored man with a covered basket.

"Cats," he asked, in a business-like voice.

Mrs. Vogel burst into tears and pointed to Mr. Vogel on the couch.

"Cats," repeated the colored man, reaching for the cat on Mr. Vogel's chest.

The cat seemed instinctively to know his danger. His pupils dilated his tail swelled, and he sprang to Mr. Vogel's shoulder for protection.

"Oh, fadder!" cried Josephine Vogel, and her voice shook. "He vas a fine cat—and such a fighter."

"But we haf no blace for him," said Mr. Vogel stubbornly. "He vill die easy—mit chloraform."

The man reached again for the cat, and it struck and spit at him. Then the Society's agent raised his hand to slap him into submission. The cat shrank from the blow, and, putting one soft paw on Mr. Vogel's double-chin, clung desperately to his shoulder with the other.

"I dast you to strike this cat!" shouted Mr. Vogel furiously, and he covered it protectingly with his hand. "You lay your finger on this cat ofer my dead pody.—Chosaphine!" he continued, to that person, who was weeping audibly, "I vill gif you twenty dollars to look after this cat this summer."

"But hotels vill nod take cats," wept Josephine.

“Den, py chiminey!” roared Mr. Vogel, “I vill keep this cat if I haf to build a cat hotel. I am made ashamed to dink I raised a vife and childern vat would gif a cat like this to the Cruelty.—Dot’s the door, you cat thief, and you go before I do somedings for vich you will be sorry!”



THE BLUEBIRD

BY MINNA IRVING

AMONG the windy boughs of March
 A silver note I heard,
 And saw against the morning sky
 A blue and bonny bird,
 A feathered soldier, bright and brave,
 Who faced the chilly hours
 Of early spring to sound again
 The roll-call of the flowers.

O, violet in the withered moss,
 Awake from sleep once more,
 Come daffodils and crocuses
 The winter snows are o’er,—
 And tulip light your flaming torch,
 And snowdrop, meek and pale,
 Arise, and strew your dainty bells
 Like pearls o’er hill and dale.

Then forth from every spot of earth
 Where rootlets ever grew,
 With silken banners floating free,
 And plumes of varied hue,
 And slender spears of living green,
 And tiny golden shields,
 The army of the blossoms came
 And took the woods and fields.

SAPPHO

WITH SOME NEW TRANSLATIONS

By William Cranston Lawton

MORE perhaps than any other Greek land, the fertile island of Lesbos retains to-day its traditional charm. The remains of ancient temples, theatres, or palaces are indeed rare and fragmentary. But the climate is ideal,—never enervating, never inclement. The wooded hills, the streams and fields, amid which Chloe and Daphnis pastured their flocks and coned together the sweet tale of rustic love, are as beautiful now as they ever can have been. Countless flowers and fruits grow easily and abundantly. Man himself seems more shapely, bold, and happy than in other regions of Turkish misrule. Even the blue-black hair and heavy brows of “violet-tressed Sappho” are repeated in many a beautiful descendant.

Of the Lesbian cities, Mitylene, nobly set between two fine harbors and facing the Asian mainland, was in ancient days, and still is, the chief. Here more easily perhaps than in any other spot does the imagination overleap the billows of twenty-five centuries. That art-loving, musical island race was a folk even more impulsive, emotional, ungoverned, than their Ionian neighbors. For a single generation their energies broke out with volcanic force and drew upon them the eyes of the little Hellenic world about the Ægean Sea. Such a career, for man or people, is inevitably brief.

The largest public figure of that epoch is the benevolent low-born tyrant Pittacos, author of the humane maxim, “Forgiveness is better than vengeance.” Besides his rank among the “Seven Sages,” won by such aphoristic wisdom, his royal power is remembered through a very ancient bit of folk-lore, a miller’s song:

“Grind, mill, grind,
For even Pittacos grinds,
Of great Mitylene the king!”

Among the haughty nobles whom he recalled from banishment and reconciled to peaceful civic life was Alcaios, a lyric poet of passion and of strife, whose songs are now all but lost, save in the close imita-

tions by the Roman Horace. Among the tantalizing fragments of his verse occur the lines :

" O violet-tress'd, pure, sweetly smiling Sappho,
 . . . Something I fain would utter, but am checked
 By Shame."

Among Sappho's own few remaining verses we find the response, in that "Alcaic" stanza, bearing Alcaios's name, which he often employed, perhaps invented :

" But if your wish were noble or virtuous,
 If on your tongue naught evil were quivering,
 Then shame would not have closed your eyelids:
 Fitting the words you would utter fitly."

So then we may fairly conclude that the two poets lived in the same time, and that Alcaios admired, perhaps loved, his greater rival, in whose verse we find an intense ethical earnestness not felt in his.

We prefer to believe only the best concerning this the most famous among all women poets. She was certainly of noble rank and well beloved. There is proof that she was a happy and devoted mother. Like Margaret Fuller she gathered about her a brilliant circle of women, who became her pupils, friends, and passionate lovers. Of her more intimate life, of her environment and time in general, we really know little or nothing.

The merciless gossip of later antiquity may have its source in nothing better than Athenian comedy or some forgotten ribald farce of a coarser people. That she was a favorite subject for comic plays is certain, and not strange. The Dorian, especially the Spartan, women, of her century and of the more glorious age which followed, shared, as inferiors, the hardy exercises and rude intellectual training of their brothers. In Ionian lands respectable ladies were almost as secluded as among modern Turks. The flute-girls, dancers, and women generally who are seen in the vase-paintings at convivial gatherings with men, had hardly even the humble social rank of the modern ballet and variety troupe. They were not merely the playthings but the property of men.

If Sappho really had the free social position and fair name of a Mrs. Browning, then the whole condition of society which in the Lesbos of her day made it possible were forgotten in later Hellas, as our own happy freedom is not fully comprehensible even now to Spaniards—or to Greeks. The ladies who appear in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* enjoy a freedom quite like that of our own wives and daugh-

ters. Indeed, the Princess Nausicaa seems herself half aware that she needs a chaperone.

This probably indicates the real conditions in early times. Oriental influences, somewhat later, seem to have forced the women of most Greek clans into a harem-like seclusion, from which they have even now hardly escaped. The best praise Athenian Thucydides, or Pericles, can imagine for women in 430 B.C. is that nothing be said of them, whether good or ill.

It is more likely, however, that Sappho neither conformed to, nor could have understood, any such conventions as now lightly hedge us in. She is a poet of passion, and if she drank the cup to the bitter dregs, as Catullus, Shakespeare, Burns, de Musset, did after her, we are thankful for that artistic mastery to which full knowledge must usually make its contribution. We are not compelled to make a Christian saint out of the unseen, unknown artist of the beautiful.

A lover, Phaon, is mentioned in the fragments. The late and incoherent story of Sappho's hopeless passion for him, and her desperate leap from the Leucadian cliff into the Adriatic Sea, has acquired a fame which it ill deserves. There was no such cliff, save as a place of execution. Greeks of Sappho's day did not wander willingly to the savage western seas. "All hope abandon ye who pass Malea" was the Ægean proverb. It is curious, finally, that no one who alludes to this silly tale has any sequel to offer. Whether the plunge freed the loving lady from her passion only, or from all life's woes, none tells us. We turn eagerly away to the only Sappho of whom we know anything, the artist.

It is no partial fancy of the Philhellene that a peculiar glow, a tenderness, an art perfected, yet not cold, but athrob with life, can be felt even in the single verses, the mere broken phrases, that echo still from Sappho's lost lyre.

"Lately to me Aurora golden-sandaled . . ."

begins—and for us ends—a strain, and we would give a whole drama of Euripides for that one lost vision of her dawn.

"Pride not thyself upon the finger-ring"

What more? That the heart's love is better than all its outward marks? The doctrine would be true, however fatally misunderstood.

"Nightingale with voice of longing,
Harbinger of Springtime . . ."

Surely this is Sappho herself, the first to utter fearlessly the needs of the lonely human soul.

“ Evening, giver of all that shining morning has
scattered,
Thou bringest the sheep, thou bringest the goat,
thou bringest the child to the mother.”

Scott, Byron, and many another have echoed, prolonged, but not purified this strain.

“ Happy bride, and happy he who weds her.”

“ Maidenhood, O maidenhood, whither parting from me
dost thou wander ?”

Longfellow's maiden standing “ with reluctant feet ” utters no word quite so wistful.

“ Beautiful this child of mine,
Like in shape to golden blossoms.
Nay, not Lydia's wealth for her,

Every mother-heart can complete the measure.

Nor all lovely . . . ”

“ Sweet mother, I can weave no more,
Smitten now with love and longing
By the might of graceful Aphrodite.”

“ Set is the moon, the Pleiads:
Already is it midnight,
Past is the hour appointed,
Yet lonely I am sleeping !”

“ Come, O Cypris,
In thy delicate golden goblets
Mingle nectar for our banquets,
Prithee, and pour it !”

Love, wine, and golden luxury have always waked the lyre. These utterances are distinctly feminine in their sensuous delicacy, they are in the forms of art, they are the voice of Nature. Here we have at last a singer who is not in any sense Homer's disciple, but inspired wholly from within. Pindar sings of youthful athletes, comparing them with fair young gods, of heroes semidivine, of the far-off mythic world. Sappho's strains reëcho from the narrower changeless

walls of the human heart itself. Meagre and tantalizing we shall agree that they are. In fact, with the two exceptions presently to be noted, we have to depend on bits quoted by late Greek grammarians, usually to illustrate the peculiar forms of words in the little known Æolic dialect of Lesbos.

The few Greek lyric poets of personal feeling—Archilochos, Alcaios, Sappho, and Anacreon—may yet be at least partially restored to us by capricious fortune, as was the other day Bacchylides. Of Sappho's odes and songs we may be sure the form will prove perfect, the harmonies of sound unrivalled. That a great wealth of thought and imagination will have been revealed is not so certain. Our maidenhood would perhaps still find in Adelaide Proctor, our motherhood in Helen Hunt, our love of nature in Edith Thomas, a more familiar and intelligible voice. There may even have been coarse, savage, ungenerous notes. We prefer not to believe so.

Meanwhile a somewhat kinder fate has preserved one complete hymn of Sappho, and perhaps entire, or nearly so, a briefer love-confession. Both are in the tender Sapphic stanza, with that sudden quickened heart-throb midway in each verse which our heavy-accented speech hardly allows us to imitate. The shorter poem, or fragment, is closely echoed by the passionate Roman lover and poet Catullus. We may render the opening stanza of Sappho's ode thus:

"Blest to me he seems as a god immortal,
He who face to face as he sits may hear thee
Sweetly murmur, listens with eager longing
Unto thy laughter."

The one sustained and undoubtedly completed lyric flight of this wonderful singer is a prayer to Aphrodite. The elemental simplicity and directness of the thought brings into plastic relief its perfect and seemingly effortless art. An absolutely literal rendering can hardly suggest, even, at the same time the inimitable measure.

Aphrodite, glorious-throned, immortal,
Child of Zeus, enchantress, I do beseech thee:
Not with deadly woes nor with ills in spirit
Slay me, O goddess.
Nay but come to me, if aforesaid ever
When my supplication afar thou hearest,
Leaving father Zeus's habitation golden
Hither thou camest,
Harnessing thy chariot. Lovely sparrows
O'er our dark earth fluttering nimble pinions,
Down from Heaven, through the expanse of ether,
Easily drew thee.

The Forest of Years

Quick was their arrival, and thou, Benign One,
 With immortal features upon me smiling,
 Asked me what my sorrow had been, and wherefore
 Hither I called thee;
 What with frantic soul I again was craving.
 "Whom dost thou desire that Persuasion," saidst thou,
 "Gently lead to passion for thee, or who, O
 Sappho, has wronged thee?
 "Soon shall he pursue, though he now avoid thee.
 He shall proffer gifts, though he now refuse them.
 Though he love thee not, yet he shall right quickly
 Love thee, unwilling."
 Hither now once more by thy coming free me
 Out of grievous sorrow: do thou accord me
 What my spirit craveth: and still hereafter
 Be thou my ally.



THE FOREST OF YEARS

BY CHARLES E. NETTLETON

TO-NIGHT I am lost in the Forest of Years
 That borders the Land of Regret;
 Staid sentinels grown with the rain of my tears
 And the sun of my life that is set.
 The path is obscured by the leaves of desire
 And the trees have not blossomed anew;
 It is gloomy and bleak yet I never shall tire
 Of losing myself there with you.

And I wonder if you ever travel that way,
 Ever stroll through this Forest of Years
 When the march of the night has succeeded the day
 And the problem of life blights and sears.
 Perhaps you are now in the Land of Regret
 Awaiting the call to be free;
 But if I should call would you trust and forget
 And cross the wide border to me?

HOOD'S WOOD VIOLET

By *Charles Battell Loomis*

Author of "Cheerful Americans," "More Cheerful Americans," Etc.



IT was a little old-fashioned drug-store in a side street in Greenwich village. The small soda-fountain would have been out of date twenty years ago, and the yellowing shelves bore bottles and vials and dingy patent medicines that somehow reminded one of the days just after the Civil War. The low-ceiled place was dimly lighted by ill-smelling kerosene lamps, and the directory needed its chain to keep it from falling to pieces.

Behind the prescription counter, one evening, stood the druggist proprietor, a man not far into middle age, yet wearing side whiskers that seemed indicative of his lack of progressiveness. He was making up a prescription and revolving in his mind ways and means to bring about a return of the custom that had been steadily falling off ever since the smart young druggist had opened a brilliantly lighted store on the corner below.

The front door opened, and a thick-set, smooth-shaven, red cheeked, humorous-looking man entered, with a waddling step caused by the undue stoutness of his two legs.

"Hello, what's happened?" said he, as soon as he came in. "Why, it smells like a violet ranch. Say, I need some of that perfume right now."

Talking quickly and loudly as was his wont, as he approached the prescription desk, although he saw nothing but the shiny top of the druggist's bald head, he sniffed and snuffed, and at last stepped around behind the counter in a familiar way and said, as he knocked his wind-pipe with the edge of his pudgy hand, "Frog in the throat. Need some eucalyptus tablets. Say, but it is *sweet* in here. What's been upset?"

The druggist went on preparing his prescription. He compressed his thin lips to show that he did not care to speak, and the jolly little man continued, 'Oh, musn't talk to the man at the wheel. All right, my son. Might give laudanum in place of rhubarb. That's what

happened to me when I was a kid. Stomach upset. Father great believer in red mixture. Had a big bottle of it in closet. Also had a bottle of laudanum. I loved red mixture almost as much as candy, and when he held the spoon out to me I shut my eyes and swallowed quickly. But I didn't smack my lips. I said, 'That's nasty.' Father said, 'What? Thought you liked it.' Took bottle to light, read 'Laudanum' on the bottle, snatched me up under his arm, and ran two blocks to the nearest drug-store. They gave me things there that caused a regular Russian uprising, but my life was saved and has continued to this day. But my father was the most demoralized parent you ever saw until little Willy was out of danger."

The apothecary had not heard a word, but he had finished putting up the prescription and he now said, "What is it you wish, sir?"

"Some eucalyptus tablets. Thought I mentioned it. I also want to know why this place smells like a bower of violets?"

The druggist gave a dry little cough, smiled faintly, and said, "I happened to break a bottle of my violet perfume. Does smell good. doesn't it?"

"Smell good! Why, there's a fortune in that smell, man. Early days of courtship, only girl I ever loved, and all that sort of thing. Are you advertising it much and is it selling well?"

"I don't have time to advertise," said the druggist, as he opened a drawer and pulled out a package of eucalyptus tablets. "And I wouldn't know how. There are so many people advertising nowadays that small advertising is a drop in the bucket and is as unnoticed as a drop in a bucket."

"That's gospel," said the fat man. "But why advertise in a small way? Why not do something to attract attention? Now, look here. I'm a normal man. Perhaps a little more wide-awake than some, but still pretty much the man in the street that we hear so much about these days. Now, what happened when I came in here and was greeted by that fragrant salutation? That's what it was, a fragrant salutation. Why, I felt curious to know all about the thing. I want a bottle right off, but I also want you to advertise it so that other people will feel as I did. It knocks the Fifth Avenue preparations all hollow."

"I know it's a good thing," said the druggist quietly. "It used to be used a good deal by the old substantial families in the neighborhood. My father put it up before me. But why should you be interested in it? What is there in it for you?"

The stout little man squared his shoulders and stepped back a pace as he said, "Why, I'm *only* the man who crammed Breakfastbran down the unwilling throats of a credulous public. That stuff was a drug on the market. Done up in unattractive packages and selling about one

a week. I made them put it up in packages that gave you an appetite at once, and I made them spend thousands in hammering away on that famous catch phrase that covered every chimney on the East and West sides for upward of a year, and to-day the proprietor of Breakfastbran is an art connoisseur and needs a man to dress him and can't enjoy music unless he's in a box, and I did it. Now, if you want to have me work this thing up for you, I'll do it, and we'll make old New York the sweetest place on earth."

Just then the door opened and a young woman entered and asked for a glass of ice-cream soda.

"I don't have ice-cream," said the druggist, approaching her, "I can give you plain vanilla cream."

"Never mind," said the woman, and walked out.

"Oh, I see," said the stout man, as the door closed after her. "You're in business for your health. You don't care to keep what the public wants. You're like the man up in Maine who was asked if he had somebody or other's laundry soap. 'I did keep it,' said he, 'but there was so many calls for the pesky thing that it got to be a nuisance orderin' it, an' I gave up handlin' it!'"

"No," said the druggist, good-humoredly, "I'm not as bad as that. I'd like to build up a better business, but I get discouraged. I'm off the line of travel."

"Then create a new line of travel by carrying a line of goods that will cause travel in your direction."

The druggist shook his head dubiously.

The door opened, and the young woman who had wanted ice-cream soda came in again and said, "How much is your violet perfume a bottle?"

"See there?" ejaculated the stout man.

The druggist told her the price, and she bought a bottle, which he wrapped up neatly in the way known of old-fashioned druggists, and she went out with her purchase.

The door was no sooner closed upon her than the stout man said, "She bought that because you advertised it by breaking that bottle. Now, see here. I'm something of a plunger and I'm willing to put five thousand dollars into the exploiting of your violet perfume if you'll give me a royalty of twenty per cent. on its sale."

"That seems fair," said the druggist, pulling at his whiskers thoughtfully. "But it also seems mad. How can you get your money back? There aren't many people that call for violet perfume."

"Oh, it's a cinch. You can begin to get your picture-gallery ready, pick out your man to dress you, and give the dimensions of the box you want at the opera."

II.

IT was a balmy Saturday afternoon in early spring. Fifth Avenue and Broadway were thronged by the usual crowd, made up of Brooklynites, suburbanites, Harlemites and travellers, with here and there a New Yorker born and bred. They moved north and south, some of them clad in the habiliments of fashion, but more clothed in the coverings of necessity.

At the junction of Fifth Avenue and Broadway and Twenty-third Street, many stopped to look at the huge bottle of perfumery on wheels that was slowly coming up the Avenue.

The bottle was ten feet high, and was made of violet-colored glass bearing a white label setting forth the fact that it contained "Hood's Wood Violet." The bottle was set on four violet-colored wheels, and the driver was clothed like a page in a suit of violet velvet, and walked alongside of the bottle driving four Shetland ponies in violet-hued harness and bearing violet aigrettes on their heads.

The boy driver was pretty, the ponies were "cute," the bottle was of graceful shape and more than one person made the original remark, "What won't they do next?"

What they did do next was of an astonishing nature.

Just who did it or how it was done was apparent to few, and they did not tell the policeman; but just as the bottle had cleared the tracks of the cross-town lines and had entered upon the plaza, a loud crash was heard, the bottle disappeared in a wreckage of glass, and the balmy air was made more balmy by the penetrative odor of "Hood's Wood Violet," which watered the streets for the space of the third of a block.

Little boys and boys not so little lost no time in dipping handkerchiefs into the fragrant flood; one small street urchin deliberately lay down on his back in the perfume and rose sweeter than he had ever been in his nine years; horses stepped through it and bore a fragrance as of a bed of violets far up the avenue.

The usual crowd collected and the usual inquiries were made, but no one seemed to know who had thrown the Belgian paving-stone which lay in the crush of glass upon the asphalt pavement. The ponies had started to run, but had been stopped almost instantly by their little driver, who seemed exceedingly unconcerned except that the breaking of so much glass naturally pleased him.

For rods around people sniffed the air delightedly. Not a few felt a longing to get out into the country, but more felt that they wouldn't mind owning a little perfume like that themselves.

It could not have been more than two minutes after the accident

when twenty little pages clad in violet arrived on the scene and began to distribute handbills which were gotten up to resemble miniature "extras." The handbills read:

"Full account of the cause of the fragrance in this part of the city.

"The bottle that was wrecked at Madison Square was filled with 'Hood's Wood Violet.' If you like the perfume, why not buy a fifty-cent bottle at Hood's Drug-Store, 6 Grove Street? Or ask your druggist for it.

"'Hood's Wood Violet' is the most delicate perfume on the market. Every one is speaking about it."

And every one was. It was singular how strong and how penetrating the delicate essence was. Ladies whose skirts trailed through it bore the sylvan sweetness on their clothes for days. Not a train out of town that afternoon but carried some involuntarily beperfumed man or woman with a story of the sweet disaster.

Before nightfall of that day the little apothecary had more calls from customers than he had received in a week.

The incident had been enough of a news item to get into the papers, but, while some of the editors refrained from mentioning the name of the perfumer, it was noticed that others spelled his name in full. And, curiously enough, those of the latter class had column advertisements made up of a picture of a bottle of the perfume and underneath it the inscription, "'Hood's Wood Violet.' The most talked-of perfume in New York. Carry the news to your neighbor and buy a bottle for your sweetheart."

The little druggist made so much before a month was up that he thought he had better stop advertising, as every one must know about the perfume.

"My dear fellow," said the advertising man, who had that day deposited five hundred dollars in the bank as his share of the profits of the first month, "advertising should never stop. Why, if the papers were to stop advertising Teddy himself, the people would forget him. And I voted for him and like him too. But it's advertising that keeps him alive. The secret of success is advertising and then advertising again and then never stopping advertising.

"Now, if you'll get a soda-water fountain that was made day after to-morrow and have ice-cream soda whether you like it yourself or not, and if you will put in electric lights and make this place blaze at night, and advertise your old perfume every day in every paper, you and I will get capitalist's cramp from cutting coupons."

"I guess you're right," said the little druggist.

"Of course I'm right. And do you mind my being personal?"

"I can stand anything from you, for you have certainly brought me prosperity."

"Well, then, remove those Dundrearies and come into this year of our Lord 1906. Whiskers were all right in the nineteenth century, but this is the twentieth."

And the whiskers fell like leaves in the forest of Vallombrosa that very day, and their fall took twenty years off the age of the drug-store.



LIGHT O' LIFE

BY MARY PEMBERTON GINTHER

WHEN night comes on
 I have such glorious visions of a wondrous dawn
 My heart stands still
 Awhile, joy-dumb. I see the heavy sky line thrill
 With tender, mystic light waves, pulsing wider till
 The gold leaps out, and night and dark are gone.

When pain comes on
 And sunny Life, sore hurt, looks out through eyelids wan
 'Gainst the close wall
 Of grief, I know that where the shadows deepest fall,
 Darkling, in that obscurest corner of them all,
 I'll find the door which opens to the sun.

When age comes on
 I trust I shall not linger in the day that's gone;
 My ship of dreams
 Must leave the little harbor in the sunset beams
 To find itself and freedom on the vast sea-streams
 Sweeping a world curve toward that greater Dawn.

THE FOIL OF LAERTES

By *Fred Gilbert Blakeslee*

Author of "Sword Play for Actors," "The Broken Foil," Etc.



THE conversation in the smoker of the St. Louis Express had drifted to the dangers encountered by actors in presenting stage combats. Henry Milton, tall and distinguished-looking in an unmistakably theatrical way, naturally became the centre of interest in a little group of gentlemen,—of types various,—such as a long journey seldom fails to assemble in a Pullman.

"Even the ordinary stage fight, if realistically presented," said Milton, "is more dangerous than one might suppose. There is always the chance of accidental injury, at the hands of one's opponent, especially if he becomes rattled and departs from the prearranged order of attack. I once had an experience in which the danger was more real than if I had been engaged in an actual duel."

An interested silence encouraged Milton to go on.

"I devote myself to Shakespearian rôles, notwithstanding that many managers nowadays declare that 'Shakespeare spells ruin.' Personally I have always found the public ready to respond to the proper presentation of the great dramatist's plays, and so have had no reason to regret my choice. But this is aside from the story.

"Several years ago there was in my company a man—well, call him 'Ward'—who was a good actor, and, being a skilful fencer, almost always cast as my opponent in stage combats. Our relations were pleasant enough, though, being of a moody disposition, he was not particularly popular with the other members of the company. Before becoming an actor he had been a medical student; just why he gave over the pursuit of medicine I never learned. This point bears upon my story, as you will see.

"We had played perhaps half of our season—being then on tour through the West—when something happened which changed the lives of both Ward and myself. My leading lady was badly injured in an automobile accident, and it was evident that she would be incapacitated for work for many months. No one in the company was really fitted

to fill her position; so I had to cancel several bookings and telegraph to New York for a substitute. In four days Miss Hamilton joined us, and we resumed our tour. She was young, vivaciously beautiful, a thorough artiste, and a lady. I confess I fell sincerely in love with her, almost from the first.

“Much to my surprise, Ward, who had hitherto paid but scant attention to women, seemed equally anxious to win her regard; and before long it became evident that he and I were serious rivals. The great good fortune was mine, however, and, as our season drew to a close, my engagement to Miss Hamilton was announced to our friends.

“I shall never forget the look of concentrated and unmixed hatred which came over Ward’s face when he realized that he had lost. I shudder to recall it even now. My *fiancée* did all that she could to make things easy for him, but to no effect. From that time he became more moody than ever, and it required no little diplomacy on my part to finish the tour without an open rupture.

“The last week of the season found us playing in Chicago. One night, coming down to the theatre earlier than usual, I found Ward standing near the property box in which our stage swords were kept. He had in his hand one of the foils we used in ‘Hamlet.’ When he saw me, he muttered something about having a little practice in fencing, but I paid no attention and passed on to my dressing-room. Indeed, having selected ‘Hamlet’ for our closing bill and having cast Ward for the part of Laertes, I did not think it at all strange that he should be devoting a little extra time to keeping himself in condition for the fencing scene.

“The foils we used in this scene had guards of different design, so that the audience might clearly distinguish the change of weapons called for by the text, Ward always using a certain one and I the other.

“When the final night arrived, the curtain was rung up on an audience that taxed the capacity of the theatre. There is always something in a crowded house which inspires actors to do their best, and it seemed to me that I had never seen the company play better than it did that night. As the stage was being set for the last scene, I noticed Ward again examining with great care the weapon he was to use in our coming bout. This time something about his expression made me vaguely apprehensive, but before I had a chance to speak to him the curtain rose and I had to go on with Horatio.

“Soon the King, the Queen, and the Court entered, and, as usual, at the King’s command Osric presented to us our foils. As Hamlet, I took the one I always used, and Ward, as Laertes, took the other. After the King had spoken his lines we began to fence.

“From the very first, Ward departed from the prearranged order of attack and seemed to be trying with all his might to hit me, without regard for the lines of the play, which, as you perhaps know, allow Hamlet the first two touches. Fortunately, I had been taught the art of fencing by some of the best masters, so I was able to keep his point off my body, though it was hard work. I was mightily puzzled at his unexpected action, and could account for it only by supposing that he had forgotten the plan of the bout and so was obliged to make one up as he went along. But this would hardly account for the ferocity with which he attacked me. Although my fellow actors knew the fight was not going as usual, they thought it was something which we had arranged for this special occasion and never suspected that anything was wrong.

“As for the audience, it was wild with delight at the realism of the encounter.

“Suddenly, during one of the pauses, I noticed something which showed me that it was due to deliberate purpose on the part of my opponent and not to accident that the order of the fight was not being followed. The little flattened button of Ward’s foil had been broken off, leaving a jagged point at the end of the blade which was capable of inflicting a dangerous wound. The instant I saw this all was clear. I realized that Ward knew his foil was broken—had probably deliberately broken it himself—and that he intended to kill me if he could, hoping to attribute the whole devilish thing to an accident. It was a terrible situation. If I should order the curtain rung down, I would spoil the play, and even then not be in a position to prove anything against Ward, since he could always allege that he was not aware of the condition of his weapon; while if I let the fight go on, I ran the risk of being seriously injured, if not killed outright.

“As yet I did not suspect the full depth of the trap which the scoundrel had prepared for me, and not until it was all over did I know that I was—for the first time in the history of the drama—playing the scene exactly as Shakespeare had conceived it, and that Laertes’s foil was actually poisoned.

“While I was trying, all in an instant, to decide what I had better do, parrying meanwhile with every bit of skill at my command, a way out of the difficulty unexpectedly presented itself. In meeting one of Ward’s particular vicious attacks, I unconsciously showed the opening which in our stage fight we always used as the cue for the exchange of weapons. From force of habit Ward dashed into it. Before he could draw back I had sprung forward and seized his foil near the guard with my left hand, at the same time dropping my own weapon from my right. He realized at once that he was caught, and struggled like the

madman that he was for the possession of his sword. But I was stronger than he, and in spite of his resistance tore the foil from his grasp.

"I gave him no opportunity to escape, but forced him to take my discarded weapon and continue the fight. I was thoroughly angry by this time, and, mind you, still never dreaming that the foil which I now held was poisoned, I determined to wound the treacherous rascal slightly in order to teach him a lesson.

"Now that he was acting solely on the defensive, and knowing the odds against him, he lost his nerve, and I had but little difficulty in pinking him in the leg. As he fell he exclaimed with fearful meaning, the very line of his part: "I am justly killed with my own treachery!"

"But Ward did not die—thanks to the able services of a physician who was called to attend him at once. He has never acted again, however, and I do not know what has become of him. It was from the doctor that I learned of the poisoned point, Ward having been obliged to confide in him in order to save his own life. Ward's knowledge of toxicology, acquired while studying medicine, had enabled him to procure a poison which would not prove fatal for a considerable time, and then with only the general symptoms of blood poisoning. What more natural, he doubtless reasoned, than that I should die from this cause after having been accidentally wounded in a stage encounter with a rusted foil, and how then could my death be attributed to Ward? Suspicion might attach to him, but proof never.

"Prosecute him? No! Miss Hamilton is now my wife and is in the sleeper ahead of us. We play 'Hamlet' at St. Louis to-night, but, as her brother now acts the part of Laertes, I know that I shall not again be called upon to face a poisoned foil."



THE WOOD PEWEE

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

WHAT tearless tragedy of old despair
 Moves thy complaint amid the shadows green?
 The long-drawn sweet of thy voluptuous air

Throbs with dim memory of things unseen:
 Love ardent, love delicious, love so rare
 Earth-children cannot guess what it may mean,

Love faint with ecstasy beyond compare;
 Yet through thick pants of joy there sobs between
 Some tearless tragedy of old despair.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE WHITE CARNATION

By Frederick J. Burnett



“F^{ORTUITOUS} circumstances,” said Fletcher, “haven’t very much to do with real life. In *fiction* a man may take the left-hand road because a raven flew across the right, and meet a princess or find a gold-mine,—that is, in such fiction as yours, —but in *life*, meeting a princess is usually the natural sequence of the efforts of a friend in court, and the gold-mine is found by him who hunts for it—if it’s found at all.”

“But you must admit,” contended Bolton, “that if the left-hand road leads to the princess or the gold-mine, he who takes the right will not arrive.”

“Yes, but his choice of roads will not be governed by such a trifling circumstance as a raven’s flight. What I mean is, there’s a reasonable reason for almost everything. We are not turned this way or that by the shadow of a raven’s wing. Whether the bird flies to the left or to the right doesn’t change our lives; they don’t hinge on such trifles.”

“It’s a pity,” sighed Bolton, “that a man with your gift of stringing words together can’t see anything but the commonplace. You could write a glorious romance, if you ever get your eyes open.”

He walked across the room to a desk upon which a vase of white carnations was standing, and selecting one of the blossoms, drew it out of the cluster.

“Here,” said he, “is one of these posies Neale got to celebrate the appearance of your new serial in the *Elzevir*—because your yarn’s called after them. It’s a rather simple thing, if you look at it in one way. It wouldn’t be strange if you stuck it in your button-hole and wore it for a few hours, yet your doing so might make a difference in how you spend the rest of the day; it might change your whole life. Considerable might depend upon whether you do or don’t wear this up to Kepple’s.”

Fletcher made a gesture which reflected upon Bolton’s mental stability.

"You don't believe there's any potency in this flower," continued Bolton, "more than in any other; neither do I, but I *do* believe that important events are sometimes determined by such little things as a flower in one's button-hole. Here, wear it this afternoon and see if the course of things is in any wise changed by your having it. You'll probably forget all about it before you reach Fourteenth Street, but remember what your plans for the rest of the day are, if you have any, and see if they've changed."

Fletcher laughed and started for the door.

"Don't forget to give Reed that *Elzevir*. And, say, stop and look at those bits of silver in Tiffany's north window; they're worth seeing," Bolton called after him.

When Fletcher reached Tiffany's, a trim-figured girl, with warm brown hair, was standing before the north window; so he stopped at the south one and began to look at some rings as if he had come from the Battery expressly to see them.

He kept a corner of one eye on the girl with the warm brown hair, however, partly because he was afraid he would forget to go over and look in that window when she left—he had already forgotten what Bolton told him he was to see there—and partly because she was good to look at.

He noticed that her gown, her hat, gloves, and shoes were all of a warm brown color, like her hair; as near like it as a dead texture may be like a living one; and that she had that well-groomed look he admired so greatly. He also noticed that she seemed to be casting furtive glances in his direction.

He wondered if she thought he was considering the jewels with the view of selecting an engagement-ring, and found him interesting for that reason, just as all the rest of the world finds a lover of more or less interest. There were some fine stones in the window, now he thought of them, and as he looked he wondered which would be her choice. Would she choose the ruby, that looked like a drop of warm blood, or the opal with a heart of fire, or would it be the pink diamond? He wondered too if she wore a ring with such a meaning, half hoping she did not; and this set him thinking how it would seem to put such a thing on her finger.

Presently she half turned her back, giving him an opportunity to use more of his eyes, which he was not slow to improve. He could see that she had extracted a white carnation from somewhere and was pinning it on her coat. When she turned again he was, apparently, absorbed in the rings, but he noticed that the magazine she held under her arm was the *May Elzevir*. The back of it had been in evidence before, and the soap advertisement he had seen told him nothing.

To make sure it was not some one he knew, he looked up and for a second their eyes met; but, as she was evidently a stranger to him, he resumed his study of the rings.

Still making use of a corner of one eye, he was aware that something annoyed her and, in a moment, that she made a move as if to come over to his window. Thinking it probable she wished to see what was in that window, and that his presence was keeping her from it as hers was keeping him from the other one, he started to step into the doorway. She seemed to have been of a like mind, and they met face to face, almost in a collision, before the door.

She smiled and he raised his hat with a murmured apology, whereupon she smiled again.

"You are late," she said, "and you didn't know me; yet behold how conspicuous my credentials are!"

With one hand she pointed to the white carnation, with the other held the magazine toward him.

For a moment he looked rather blank, trying to guess who she was and what she meant.

"I believe you've forgotten!" she exclaimed, accusingly, reading the query in his eyes. "You have the *May Elzevir* and the white carnation. You must be *you!*"

He looked at the white carnation which Bolton had put in his button-hole, and at the *Elzevir* just out that day, with the first number of his serial which bore the name of the flower, and then at the young woman.

It seemed incredible that even *he* could fail to remember this girl or an appointment with her, which her words seemed to imply; yet it must be so, unless she had mistaken him for some one else.

"I surely am," he laughed, "and I cannot imagine any one ever forgetting anything connected with you." But to himself he said, "Oh, you beautiful creature, tell me who you are and what I have to do with you, and if I am the wrong man, keep from finding it out as long as possible."

It was just after one, and the hour and the place seemed to suggest that this engagement into which he had stumbled might be for luncheon somewhere; so he ventured to remark, "Let's see, was it Sherry's or Delmonico's?"

"You didn't say *where*," she answered, "but I'd hoped it might be Delmonico's; I know you go there sometimes."

"How do you know?"

"You spoke of it in one of your letters."

"Did I?" he asked, wondering if he had in truth ever written her; "I don't remember."

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"Yes, you told about a dinner there with some other writers, a dinner to somebody."

"Oh, yes, the dinner to Fields," he replied.

Here was something tangible. He was a writer, she knew that, and about the Fields dinner. He had begun to believe that she had mistaken him for some one else; but this looked as if it might be a case of his forgetfulness, after all; yet he could hardly think it. He forgot commonplace people, he knew, their names and faces; but this was not a face to forget; rather, was it one to remember always.

He tried to think if any one he knew had spoken of a daughter or a sister, or some other kinswoman, to whom he had offered some courtesy in the way of making her stay in town pleasant, which had slipped his mind; but he could remember none.

They had been walking slowly up-street, but now Fletcher hailed an empty cab.

"No, let's walk," his companion remonstrated, "if you're not tired or in too much of a hurry. You *have* to ride so much here you seem to think there isn't any other way of getting about. I should think you—*we* New Yorkers would forget how to walk."

Fletcher made a mental note of the fact that she spoke of New Yorkers in the second person, and that, from the manner in which she corrected herself, it was evident she did not wish to do so before him, inferring that she did not live there, or was a new-comer, yet wished it to appear otherwise.

"All right; I think I can walk as far as Delmonico's," he assented; "then we can have the fun of looking in the shop windows and choosing things."

"Oh, do *you* do that?" she exclaimed rapturously. "Isn't it fun?"

"Fun; but rather childish, don't you think?"

"But it's only the *elect* who can retrace their steps and be children again; I'm glad you're one of them."

"I've seen people who thought differently."

"Yes, but they don't count. Now, isn't it pleasant to find some one, once in a while, with whom you can take hold o' hands and run back to ten years old? Isn't it better than always to have so much dignity?"

Fletcher thought it was, and regretted that taking hold of hands, at least for those of mature years, was contrary to the accepted canons of Broadway, the people in which could not know that they had turned the glass of Time and were running its sands the other way.

Their progress up-street was necessarily slow, because of the various windows, and more than once they crossed the street to see something

on the other side. When they reached Delmonico's, Fletcher felt that he had known her always, almost; but, while their walk had told him much of her and her tastes, which were strangely like his own, he was still profoundly ignorant regarding her identity. He had learned that she did not live in New York, yet wished him to think she did, and that the person whom she supposed him to be, whether himself or some one else, she knew chiefly through letters. He also suspected there was something besides the fact that she was not a dweller in Manhattan she did not wish him to know. He could not be quite sure of this, as his own position made it needful for him to be exceedingly careful, and inclined him to see in her the caution he was himself exercising; but several times she checked herself, bit a word in two and supplied its place with one that did not quite fit.

About half-way through their luncheon he noticed she seemed to be trying to make up her mind to say something. She would look at him and color and then make a remark which he knew was not closely related to what she had in her mind. Whereupon he thought his hour had come, that she knew, or suspected, the situation, and was going to tax him with sailing under false colors.

To prevent this, he kept the conversation in his own hands as much as possible, and whenever he saw a sober look and an increased color creep over her face, made a remark or asked a question intended to be diverting. That could not go on forever, though; and finally she beat down his guard with "Oh, never mind the woman at the third table; I'm trying to screw my courage up to say something. I think you know it and are trying not to give me a chance, but I must.

"It's a horrid thing to do, to pass oneself off for somebody else, isn't it?" she asked, looking at her plate.

"I'm afraid it's hardly the proper thing *ordinarily*, but there may sometimes be extenuating circumstances which justify it," he answered nervously.

"And to go to lunch with some one who thinks you're some one else is really disreputable, what the lawyers call 'false pretences,' isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't think it's quite as bad as that. It depends. As I said, there may be mitigating circumstances. It's hardly fair to judge an action without considering what may have led up to it," he replied, wondering if he could ever justify himself in her eyes, and feeling that if he could he would never care what other critics said of him.

"You're very clever with your excuses; but what isn't the truth's a falsehood, isn't it, whether it's spoken or acted?"

"It may be a mistake."

"But this isn't, at least not that kind of a mistake. I didn't see

things as clearly as I do now." She paused for a moment. "I'm not Mabel Durston!"

"Not Mabel Durston," exclaimed Fletcher sitting up straight.

"No, but don't look at me like that; you frighten me."

"Pray, who—"

"Wait," she interrupted; "give me a chance and I'll tell you. You see Grace's—I mean Mabel's sand ran—I mean she lost her courage at the last minute and wouldn't come. I labored with her, to no purpose. I told her your letters showed you were a gentleman, and besides we knew you pretty well through your poems; so it wasn't as if you were somebody else, it wasn't like going to meet a stranger. I told her she could keep the carnation and the magazine out of sight until she had sized—until she had seen you, and then if she didn't like your looks you'd never guess who she was."

"And if I sized up favorably, she could turn her back and put on the flower, as you did?" asked Fletcher, smiling.

"Precisely," she laughed; "but I didn't suppose you saw that. You're not as blind as I thought."

"I'm not blind to the compliment."

"Oh, I thought you didn't look altogether disreputable."

She paused to take a swallow of water, and then continued, "She said she was crazy to have answered the advertisement and crazier to keep on corresponding with you for so long; that it was an atrocious thing to do, and she was going to drop it while she could. She wouldn't listen to reason. She didn't care if you cooled your—if you stood in front of Tiffany's all the afternoon, and it was wholly immaterial what you thought of her.

"Well, I thought it wasn't being fair to you; so I said that if she wouldn't go I'd go in her place. I thought you'd recognize me as 'Mabel' at once and speak to me, then I'd explain, and that would be all. But you simply *wouldn't* see me, and made me speak first. I wanted to pay you for that, and it seemed to me a good way would be to fool you a little longer. I've read most of the correspondence and was sure I could play 'Mabel Durston' as well as Grace could—as well as she could herself; but I didn't think how perfectly horrid it would be. Then we were having such fun I hated to spoil it. The illusion was so pleasant I wanted it to last. By the time we'd reached here I'd almost forgotten I was playing a part and that we hadn't known each other always. That's a shocking thing to confess, I can see how it must look to you, but I hope you'll forgive me."

She looked up at him with a pair of pleading brown eyes that would have moved a harder heart than his.

"Are you sorry?" he asked.

Her eyes fell. "No, honestly, I'm not; that's the worst of it."

"I'm glad, for if you were sorry I'd never have forgiven you."

"Then you do forgive me?" she asked hopefully.

"For what?"

"For deceiving you."

"You haven't deceived any one but yourself."

"What do you mean?" she asked, looking up in surprise.

"That I never imagined you were Mabel Durston," he answered.

"You don't mean you've known all the time?" she exclaimed disgustedly. "Am I as poor an actress as that?"

"I mean, never having heard of Mabel Durston before, I could neither believe you were or were not her."

"Never heard of her. I don't understand!"

"Neither do I, but I have no recollection of ever hearing the name until you mentioned it."

"And you haven't been writing letters to her for months? And you didn't arrange with her to meet you in front of Tiffany's and go to lunch with you? And you're not Mr. Hathaway?"

"No."

"Then, may I ask who you are, and whom you did suppose me to be?" she asked, rather icily.

"I hadn't the remotest idea who you were," he said, handing her his card.

"Perhaps you're in the habit of asking stray girls whom you encounter on the street to lunch, if they look hungry?" she remarked, as she looked at the card.

"I've a worse habit than that. I make engagements with people and then forget all about them."

She had been wrinkling her forehead over Fletcher's card as if trying to remember, and as he finished speaking he noticed her turn to the index of the *Elzevir* which she had in her lap. What she found here seemed to be reassuring, for the irritated look that came into her face when she learned he was not the person for whom she had taken him gave place to one of more cordiality.

"I see," she said, laughing; "and you thought I was some one you had forgotten."

"Well, you seemed to know me. When you spoke to me I couldn't be sure you weren't some sister or cousin of somebody to whom I had engaged to help show the sights and forgotten all about it, though I knew I'd never seen you before," he admitted. "I couldn't very well tell you this and ask you to explain who you were and what we were to do, could I? I thought it would come out later, that I'd get hold of a clue."

"We seem to have been playing a sort of a 'Comedy of Errors.'" "

"Something like it," he agreed. "I hope you won't want the curtain rung down on it until we're through lunch, anyway."

"I don't; I want to understand more about it,—how you came to be at Tiffany's at just that time, with the carnation and the *Elzevir*, what's become of Mr. Hathaway, and if you are really the Jarvis Fletcher who writes 'The White Carnation.'"

"To begin backwards," said Fletcher, "I am. I suspect Mr. Hathaway has been trying to play a joke on me. Was it *Harold* Hathaway you were to meet?"

"It was he whom 'Mabel Durston' was to meet. Do you know him?"

"I've heard of him. That isn't his real name; he uses it for some of his stuff he doesn't want to publish over his own. We're always quarrelling because I write of things as they are and he writes of them as he'd like to have them. The old-as-the-hills idealist-realist quarrel. He says when I meet the right woman the scales will fall off my eyes and I'll write romances too; thinks he's found her and he's been trying for a month to get us together. He put that flower in my coat, asked me to leave the *Elzevir* with a friend of his near Union Square, and told me to stop and look at something—I forget what—in Tiffany's window. You see, fixing it so I would be there at the appointed time, with the appointed carnation and magazine, and *l.* taken for him. He couldn't know just how it would turn out, but the prospects for a joke on me were good. I don't understand how he came to let you—or your friend—in for it too."

Then he told her about their last argument, and that it had started because his friend contended he should have made Marie marry Milton, in the story. She exclaimed that his friend was right, that any other outcome was outrageous, that by all the rules of romance those two should wed. He said it was not romance but reality he was endeavoring to portray, and she contended that reality *was* romance if you looked at it in the right way.

Mindful of his experience with the white carnation and the white carnation girl, he was shaken in his beliefs, and entertained the idea of changing the ending of the white carnation story, or of doing aught else that would win her favor. All of which took much time, but they finally left the restaurant and came out into an April shower, which made it needful for Fletcher to call a cab, in which she permitted him to accompany her home, that he might learn the way.

"This is very cosy," he remarked, as they jogged up the avenue; "but there is one window we didn't choose from; I wanted to go back; it's the window in which I was looking when you first saw me."

"Oh," she said, "I looked in there before you came; beautiful stones, weren't they?"

"Which did you choose?" he asked.

"A little ruby that looked like the blood of a dragon," she answered. "I'm something of a barbarian; I like color."

"I noticed it," he said. "I was wondering—Look, quick! there's your Mr. Hathaway! Holding the umbrella over the girl in gray. That's the girl he's engaged to."

As she looked in the direction indicated she clutched Fletcher's arm. "Lean back; don't let them see you!" she whispered excitedly. "That's Grace and Mr. Bolton!" She paused a moment. "You don't mean——?"

"And you don't mean Grace Grosvenor's your 'Mabel Durston'?" he almost shouted.

For a moment they looked at each other in mute amazement, each reading an answer in the other's eyes.

"Oh, I see it all!" exclaimed the girl. "I've been *densely* stupid. It's as plain as day now. We've *both* been sold; it was all a put-up job—I mean they've played a trick on us; we're the victims of a plot!"

"Then you're Miss Rainbolt, of Rochester, of whom Bolton has had so much to say?"

"Of course; and I hope you'll believe I'm wholly innocent of any complicity. Now, what shall we do to them,—murder 'em at sight, or make it something lingering, like boiling oil?"

"I think," said he, "we'd better give them each a harp."

She smiled and looked out of the side window, but did not withdraw the hand he was holding.

When Fletcher left the cab, after taking her home, he went to Tiffany's and bought a little ring with a blood-red ruby. He had changed his mind about fortuitous circumstances.



The only being who can make you or me permanently happy, is you or me.

Life had better be a little "flat and stale," than too full of bubbles.

The surest way to turn a strong woman's head, is to use her heart as a pivot.

To say nothing charmingly, is certainly a great gift.

A PRINCESS OF THE WESTERN ISLES

By Phoebe Lyde



“Amour, oh, doux mystère,
Rêve infini,
Mélange du ciel et terre,
Joie et souci,
Beau paradis de peine,
Et de plaisir,
Dans ce pays, ma reine,
Veux tu venir?”

THE singer's melting tenor, pierced by a vibrant sweetness, blended with the baritone's lower notes and the tinkling guitar accompaniment. Set against a dark background of pines, upon the very summit of a crag, stretched the long façade of the Alpine hotel, its creamy white expanse broken by pale-green shutters and little gray iron balconies; far below, like a great opal, lay the Lake of the Four Cantons, and all around towered range upon range of mountains, made, it would seem, of translucent purple, and holding other lakes, rose-hued, in their distant deeps. The flaming chariot of the sun had sunk, but the new moon's silver crescent hung upright against the golden, glowing west. The evening air was inexpressibly light, pure, and fragrant.

A motley crowd of tourists was assembled on the hotel terrace, smoking, sipping coffee, lounging in deep-scarlet wicker chairs or sitting erect upon stiff little green seats. There were Americans and English, groups of French and Germans, Poles, Russians, even a swart Hindoo, for aught one knew, Parthians, Medes, Elamites, the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and the rest of them. The faces, old or young, were all turned in the same direction, with varying expression, ranging from vivid pleasure to mere after-dinner good humor.

The terrace was flanked at either end by small pavilions, twined with pink roses, in one of which a party of wandering minstrels was giving an entertainment. There were but three artists,—the two singers, one of whom had also a violin, and a third man with a guitar.

The central and most picturesque figure was a slender young fellow attired in wide white trousers, a yellow silk shirt, open at the throat, a short, gold-embroidered jacket, a Roman scarf about his waist, and a cap of Roman colors set aside his close-cropped dark curls; his great flashing black eyes had an indescribable expression of impudent charm. The baritone had a worn, eager face, dreamy blue eyes, and dark hair, shot with gray at the temples, and he made less attempt at costume, wearing buff trousers, a shirt of heavy tussore, a crimson handkerchief knotted about his neck, and a cap of the same shade thrust through his belt, while he held a pair of castanets, which he occasionally rang in tune. The guitar-player, who stood a little apart, was short, stoutish, and quite undistinguished in appearance.

Executing a charming fantasia on his violin, the tenor continued his song, while his great eyes watched the audience keenly.

“Donnez moi ta main qui tremble,
Oh, mon amour,
Allons, cherchons ensemble,
Ce beau séjour,
Ne crois pas qu'on y redoute
Aucun danger,
Nous trouverons la route
Dans un baiser.”

“In effect, a very finished performance; the boy has talent,” said a crumpled-up old Pole, turning to his neighbor in the front row. “It is a pity the princess does not grace our concert this evening.”

“But who is she, then, this princess?” cried the lively little French woman. “I have been here a day and I hear of nothing else. Princess of what, princess of where, *je vous demande?*”

“Qui sait? I believe it is only a *titre de fantaisie*,” returned the other, shrugging his shoulders. “Il y a des princesses de toutes espèces, as you well know, madame. This one comes from the land of fairies, of that alone am I certain; she lives up in a *châlet*, back there in the wood, with a frightful old duenna, and she flies about the country every evening in a white dragon-car—*piff-paff*—how it can go, and how its great eyes shine! It starts always before the hotel, and she comes down to meet it here. Look; I believe you can see her now.”

Indeed, as he spoke, a woman's figure was seen slowly approaching down one of the steep woodland paths; over her dress of filmy black hung a long, loose cloak of soft fawn-colored silk, and from her great black hat a pale filmy veil floated far behind. She paused, gave some order to an attendant, who turned back, then continued to advance, with haughty, languid grace, toward the singers' pavilion. As she came

nearer her extraordinary beauty was apparent,—an oval olive face, cloudy hair, eyes of midnight, and mouth like a scarlet flower, while the movement of her tall, slender shape recalled a wheat-field across which blows the summer wind.

The song had ended, only a few vibrating chords echoed from the guitar, and the tenor's quick eye had seen the gracious form approaching; perhaps his quick ear had caught the Pole's words, for his face suddenly lit with a smile of malicious delight, and, making an extravagant reverence, he pulled from his sash a bunch of carnations, which he tossed with so just an aim that they scattered directly at the lady's feet.

"Ecco, ecco la Principessa!" cried the boy, giving a peal of elfin laughter, and snatching his violin to his breast he broke into a wonderful cadenza of runs and trills.

The lady started, as though a rude hand had struck her, opened wider her lovely, startled eyes, and, making a hesitating step forward, caught her high-heeled shoe in a floating flounce, swayed to one side, and might have fallen had not the older singer leaped lightly from the pavilion and supported her elbow.

She regained her balance in an instant, while her pale face flushed into passionate crimson, and the singer made a signal to a passing servant for a chair, which with a dexterous twirl he so placed as to be screened by the little pavilion from the rest of the audience.

"Vous permettez, madame?" he said ceremoniously. And, as she sank trembling into the deep seat, he threw himself on the step of the pavilion close by—and all the while the violin sang and trilled, and the music leaped and fell like running water, and presently the tenor began to murmur a crooning chant above it.

"La belle Princess
Pleurait sans cesse
Dans sa vieille tour,
La nuit est sombre,
Reviens de l'ombre,
Oh, mon amour!"

The woman drew down her beautiful arched eyebrows over her flashing eyes; her delicate nostrils quivered.

"Raymond," she said, in a low, shaken voice, "what is this travesty—how dare you insult me so?"

The man caught his breath in a sharp sobbing sigh.

"Ah, Constance," he returned, quietly, "must we always misunderstand each other? Believe me, this scene is none of my seeking. I doubt even if Carlino knew of your presence here."

The diamond buckle on her slipper sparkled as she moved her foot impatiently, and an emerald chain throbbed upon her breast. "Oh," she cried, unheeding. "It is a plot, a league against me, I understand only too well you—you encourage Carlino to make a mere mountebank of himself! My poor father, if he could but see him now!"

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"He would certainly not find him an appropriate ornament for one of his counting-houses," he said, dryly. "Yet that, I think, was a foregone conclusion. Come, Constance, your father at least is reasonable. Of course it is a bitter disappointment that his only son should wish to be a musician and not a railroad president, but a hard-headed man of business might have considered that possibility before indulging himself by marrying an Italian singer. Like many another, he has had to pay dear for his heart's desire." He gave a curious hard laugh as he ended.

"Ah, yes," she said, bitterly. "Sneer at love and marriage; it well becomes you, who have trifled with both."

The violin throbbed and trembled on a sudden high note; the guitar twanged below; half absently Raymond chimed the little castanets he held in unison; suddenly he turned, with an air of resolution on his worn face.

"Constance," he said, softly, "fate has thrown me another opportunity; this time I will not let it slip. When we last spoke together, I own I was in the wrong—as well as you, my dear, as well as you. I was so hurt, so outraged, so wounded, I did not consider that I too must have been to blame. But when I woke, next morning, and found you gone, fled without a word—oh, Constance, did you ever realize what you made me suffer?"

His voice rose a moment in appeal. The tenor glanced carelessly over his shoulder, then nodded to the man with the guitar, who now took up his part of the entertainment, and in a rollicking bass trolled forth a gay Italian barcarolle, while Raymond continued, unheeding:

"Never, never for one instant have I regretted our marriage, despite all the anguish it has brought me. I loved you, ah, from the first moment that I saw you, and I let nothing stand in my way. You were a princess,—why, it was even your playmates' nickname,—I merely a scribbling pauper; you were young, beautiful, adored, courted, what had I to offer? Nothing but my heart. Yet I offered that, and you took it, and it is yours till it ceases to beat, and for aught I know, even then."

"And yet," she interrupted, haughtily, "you grudged me even a paltry half-hour of your time, you despised my friends, you scorned the things I prized; when I entreated you to consider my father's wishes about your writing, you refused even to listen to me."

He stretched out his thin brown hand, and for an instant touched a falling fold of drapery.

"Constance," he said, gravely, "I would give up everything in the world for you, except—except my honor. Why, child, you learned the old cavalier's song in your school-room, 'I could not love thee, dear, so much.' And it is just as true of our modern world; we have no longer swords by our sides, but we must keep faith with our ideals. Your father—your father would be the first to sneer at a man who sold his opinions for gold."

She struck her hands together so that the jewels upon them glittered.

"Always money; wretched, wretched money!" she cried. "Was it my fault that I was not born a beggar?"

"No," he answered, quietly. "And it was my fault that I thought your lovely eyes should see at a glance what mine had only learned to recognize through years of suffering. It was my fault that I made no allowances for the false ideals you had been taught, that I judged your friends instead of pitying them, that I imagined you could remake your whole life in a few months. But, oh, Constance, if I erred, I was bitterly punished; what agony you made me suffer! To think of you, with your beauty and ignorance of the world, wandering defenceless at the mercy of any bird of prey that met you."

She interrupted with a sudden hysteric laugh. "I had Amalia; she is gorgon enough for any one; and papa knew where I was, when he could spare time from the railroads to think of me."

"And yet you thought he would spare time from them to disapprove of my opinions?" said the man, a smile of tenderness lit his worn face. "Hush," he said, before she could speak again. "Wait; listen to Carlino; he is inspired to-night."

The violin throbbed forth a wild, enchanting waltz, a dreamy, pulsating harmony that seemed to murmur of woods and streams, and silvery summer nights, and cool, rose-filled twilights; a melody that had caught the freshness of dawn, the haunting sweetness of moonrise, and yet thrilled with the touch of tears. Overhead the dusk deepened and deepened, the moon had gone, a few pale stars glimmered in the dim vault of heaven; on the opposite shore a trail of fire rose, flashed, and disappeared; far below the lights of Lucerne lay scattered like spilt diamonds. The crowd held its breath in silence as the lovely notes leaped and lingered; Raymond leaned closer, watching his wife's exquisite face.

"Oh, Constance," he whispered, "give me another chance; give it to yourself. Believe me, no one else knows you as I do, knows the hidden soul, the hidden heart, that only the best will satisfy. See, dearest,

this old world is fair; I love its beauty, its memories, its romance, all that speaks to me as it does to you; but it is the old world after all, and we are children of the new. And she needs us, our new world, she needs her children to live in her, and work for her, and make music for her, as Carlino does yonder, and make life more beautiful. I do not blame your father and the men of his generation. They built for empire; their faults went with their virtues; but we must build for beauty. Come back to our western land with me; be my inspiration, my hope, my joy, my wife. See, dearest, I will not interfere with your life; have everything beautiful about you, to match your beauty; do you think I grudge seeing you so fair? But let me live beside you, and dream my dreams, and tell them to the world as best I can, and always, always feel that whoever fails me you will not, and whatever chances your heart is eternally mine."

His thin face flushed with passionate appeal, while hers had paled and her eyes widened with tears like dusk pools at twilight.

"Whose else?" she whispered, and her trembling voice thrilled as the violin. "Whose else? Why, that was all I asked! Do you suppose I would not follow you barefoot to the world's end if I thought you needed me? But I thought you did not care; I thought you loved your songs better than me; I thought to show you that others might prize what you disdained—I thought——"

Her voice stopped on a gathering sob. At the same moment the violin and guitar ended in a passionate burst of melody, and the excited audience broke into tumultuous applause. The young maestro bowed with careless grace, his half-mocking smile lingered, though his great dark eyes flashed fire.

A confused babel of many tongues rose from the terrace. "Bravo! Bravo!" "Bis!" "Encore!" "Jove, what a talent!" "Colossal!" "Ecco, ecco il maestro!" The old Pole clapped his withered hands in enthusiasm. "But it is genius; yes, genius. Ah, if he will only work, what a future is before him!"

Under the shadow of the roses Raymond smiled at his wife; a flash of humor woke his dreamy blue eyes.

"If your poor father could see Carlino now, would he make him a bank director, do you think? Hark, is he going to play again? No he is speaking; what is it he says?"

In response to a fresh outbreak of applause, the violinist had moved nearer to the edge of the pavilion; the clear radiance of an electric lamp above fell on his slight figure and debonair countenance. He held up his bow with a gesture that asked for silence, and his dark eyes swept round the circle of waiting faces; then, as half turning he glanced at the group behind him, his smile flashed into radiance.

"Mesdames et Messieurs," he said, his sweet, penetrating voice rang along the terrace in pure, fluent French. "You do too much of honor to a poor wandering player, and I thank you from my heart. Ah, if we but please, we other musicians, that is the limit of what we can ask; 't is you that are the judges, posterity holds no court of appeal for us. And see then, since that is that you are so gracious, I will play yet again, yes, and sing too, a morceau of mine own, in which I have shrined the song of a friend. But you will permit that I arrive at it lentement, and first I will tell you, à votre bon plaisir, a mere trifle of story. See, the stars shine, the roses toss their fragrance to the night, Mesdames, Mesdemoiselles, you will not be averse to un bout de roman?"

A fresh murmur of applause ran round the circle, and the audience settled again into their seats, leaning backward or forward as it needed to watch the speaker's expressive face. He made another step in advance and took up his story, with a sort of half-rhythmic chant; now and again he drew his bow across the strings of his violin; sometimes it was a couple of chords he played, sometimes a bit of minor scale, sometimes a bar or two of half-finished melody that lingered on the ear.

"Far, far from here," the mellow voice chanted, "yonder, where the sun sinks to rest behind Pilatus, beyond the snow mountains and the blue waters of ocean, there lies a land, a distant land, the land of the Western Isles. Many have been to seek it in their day, for some thought to find there El Dorado, and others the Fountain of Youth, and again others the promised land, flowing with milk and honey, and yet others again the paradis terrestre. Do you ask me did they find there what they sought? Ah, who can realize his dreams, and is it not the lot of humanity to search for impossibilities as long as the world lasts? But there are blue skies there, 't is certain, and lakes like seas, mountains Atlas high, and vast rolling prairies, and gold, ay, gold too, though not for the picking up, as some would persuade you."

He struck, carelessly, a shower of notes that sounded almost like clinking pieces.

"In this land, the land of the Western Isles, there lived once a princess; she, truly, could pick up gold whenever it pleased her, and she was young too, and beautiful. Mesdames," said the boy, his voice suddenly changing from its cadenced sweetness into laughter, "I leave it to you, if I say that she has been thought to resemble me in feature, need I add more?"

A ripple of amusement ran along the terrace, and the group behind the pavilion smiled at one another.

"Voilà!" said the raconteur. "The point is conceded. Eh, bien, then, Mesdames et Messieurs, since she was all of this, had she not

suitors? *Ma foi*, she numbered them by hundreds; ah, would that she could hear me so announce. And some wooed her for her gold, and some for her youth, and most of all for her fair face; but there was one who loved her more than any, and he loved her for her soul. He was but a poor poet, this one, a dreamer of dreams, one who would fain remake the world à son gré, a new heaven and a new earth. *Hélas*, *m'est avis* que le bon Dieu set the ball rolling well enough, but unfortunately *M. Lucifer* gave it a twist à travers, and it is like enough to spin crooked till the Day of Judgment."

He stopped for an instant and played, half smiling, a bit of odd barbaric tune. "Hullo!" whispered the American bridegroom to his pretty wife. "'Till Gabriel blows his trumpet in the morning'! How the deuce did the fellow get hold of that?"

"*Mais je m'embrouille*," the boy went on. "And I will spare you my conceptions of life and get to the story. He came then to this princess, that poet, and, though he fell on his knees, which is due to a woman, he held his head high, as beseems a man. Eh, *Messieurs*, it is well we should know our worth; they cannot do without us, *ces dames*, however they may protest. He fell on his knees, *comme j'ai dit*, and said, 'My Princess, I would make you a queen. Take then this priceless jewel I offer; beware that you do not lose it, or break it, or throw it away, for it can never be replaced.' Then the princess stretched out her white hand for the jewel, and behold it was a heart! So she put on a crown of flowers and veiled her lovely face, and all the bells rang joy because she was made queen. *Ecoutez, Mesdames*, you will hear them now."

And indeed like a silver chime the little Swedish wedding march rang out into the still evening air.

But suddenly the boy broke off, shaking his dark curls. "Alas, alas, they did not ring long. *Voyez vous, mes amis*, what is the great difference, *en ce bas monde*, between men and women. When Adam and Eve were turned away from Paradise, the angel bade that one should dig and the other spin; so was the division of labor. And in effect the daughters of Eve have tried ever since to filer le parfait amour, and they desire always that the sons of Adam should help them turn the wheel."

Hum, hum, hum, with a whirring murmur the bow darted up and down the strings and ceased in a sudden snap.

"But, ah, *Hercules* does not tarry long at the distaff! No, no; the curse is on him and he cannot rest; whether he call it pleasure or art, or sport or politics, or mere bread and butter, one day he will go away to his work and leave le parfait amour to spin without his assistance. *Mesdames*, I see in all of your eyes que je suis dans le vrai. Well, then,

so was it with these two. For the princess desired that they should hide themselves in a tour d'ivoire where he sang his songs to her only. But when he was shut away in an ivory tower the poet pined and pined, and he could not make his songs to one alone, though it was the one he adored, since he must make his songs for all the world. We are like that, nous autres hommes, faut croire that there is reason for it. But because men are men and women are women they could not always understand each other, and because they were human beings they could not always be patient with one another, and because they loved each other to distraction they could hurt one another to madness, and alas, alas, alas, one day they quarrelled!"

How the violin twanged and rattled, sharp discords and harsh, unlovely notes,—the instrument seemed bewitched.

"They quarrelled," the boy repeated, sadly. "I cannot tell you how or why, I know not; only I know the beautiful princess spread her rainbow wings and flew over land and sea; far, far away she flew, and left the poor poet alone with his broken dreams." What a sad, wailing air trembled along the strings!

"But because he loved her very dearly, and she was after all his heart's delight, the poet rose up to seek her, and he too journeyed over land and sea, so far, so far, always watching and seeking for his beloved. And because people sing songs for sorrow even as they do for joy, he made for her poems as he wandered on, for he thought to himself, 'One day, one day I shall find her, and, when I have looked into her eyes and touched her hand, all will yet be well, and I will lay at her feet the little wreath of verses which I have woven for her out of my great despair.' See then, mes amis, this is all my story, and I thank you for your patience in hearing. Now will I sing you his song, and, though it be in a tongue that is to some unknown, yet I hope the music may speak to your hearts."

With exquisite delicacy he played the prelude, a strain of absolute simplicity and sweetness, then he nodded to the guitar player. "Andiamo, Battista, il canzone d'amor fidele."

The violin continued its dulcet harmony, the guitar chimed below, and the tenor, sweetly soaring, took up the air, to the surprise of all the Anglo-Saxons present, in perfectly modulated English, without a trace of foreign accent.

"Oh, love that goes with the blossom of the rose,
 And fades with the falling tree,
 Or love that flies when the bloom of morning dies,
 Is never the love for me,
My dear,
 Is never the love for me.

“WHOSO FINDETH A WIFE”

By Helen Ellsworth Wright



ABNER BENNET frugally removed his black cotton gloves and thrust them with the handkerchief, still crisp in the folds of its newness, into his pocket. From another pocket he drew a time-softened bandana; then he gazed down on the freshly heaped mound, white under its quilt of calla and lauristinas flowers.

“Anne was a good wife,” he said, brokenly. “She took good care of me in all the three years that we lived together.”

A half-dozen men, awkward in their seldom-used best clothes, were unhitching teams from the scrub oaks in the little cemetery. The horses, shaggy with winter coats, backed buckboards and mountain-wagons creaking into the main drive, and a group of women closed around the mourner. Their sympathy opened the font of his tears.

“Anne was a good wife,” he repeated; “and the house’ll seem empty—empty as a mud-dauber’s nest in July.”

Instinctively his gaze turned to Emmeline Riggs and dwelt there, demanding pity. It was Emmeline who had been his early love. That was in the days before Martha, the first wife, or Cordelia, the second; it was Emmeline’s commiseration—her cinnamon bread and lemon pies—that had turned his widowerhoods into periods of mitigated mourning.

“Man is of few days and full of trouble,” he quoted, his eyes again on the mound. “He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down.” A gulping sob interrupted the obituary. “Anne knew that—she knew the enduring strength of women folks. It was Anne who fumigated trees when the orchard got the black scale pest. It was Anne who, when the cow took down with anthrax——” He stopped, overcome. “I can’t go back there alone!” he cried; “I can’t do it!”

Emmeline’s eyes radiated compassion; she spoke for the company. “No one’s planning that you should,” she said.

The sun slanted shadows to the east when the teams wound up through acres of sprouting grain, through an orchard pink with petals, to the unpainted house clinging, like a barnacle, to the hill. There were rocks about the back door; there were more rocks at the front. In economy Abner Bennet had selected for the home the one place

where nothing else would grow. Emmeline's glance drifted comparably from the site, to a grass-padded knoll studded with white oaks; then she thought of the three worn-out women put away in the cemetery, and a longing came to avenge them.

It was Abner who helped her from the buckboard. He lifted a basket, animated and chirpy as to contents, from underneath the seat, and peered in unasked. The solemn eyes of seventeen fledgling turkeys met his.

“There was no one at home to feed them,” the woman apologized, producing a can of meal.

Abner brought out his bandana. “You're just like Anne,” he sighed; “so mindful of poor dumb things,—so—— How much do you calculate they'll bring you, Emmyline?”

She shook her head.

Together they made their way over the rocks and through the tufts of stick-grass.

At the kitchen door he laid his hand on her sleeve.

“Emmyline,” he said, impressively, “a prudent wife is from the Lord; Anne was prudent. She always used *rubbish* for light fires and saved the hard-wood for baking. She used *half* a spoonful of coffee to a cup, and the *shell* of an egg for clearing. If the pearly gates were ajar to-day and Anne was to be a-peeking out, I'd like to have her see things done her way.”

Emmeline's eyes narrowed; she opened her lips and snapped them into a resolute line.

Within the kitchen a box stood behind the stove. It was filled with dried almond-shucks and corn-husks. A patched bonnet still hung on a nail behind the door. On the floor were three rag mats.

Women were moving about in the adjoining room; she could hear them straightening the furniture and talking in subdued voices. There was the swish of a broom, and she knew they were sweeping out the fallen lauristinas flowers.

Abner tiptoed in, his new shoes uttering Sunday squeaks of complaint. He carried three grain-sacks.

“Anne was a good wife,” he sighed. “But she was a little mite extravagant in some ways.” He got clumsily down and covered the mats as he added: “It says in Exodus that ‘all the children of Israel had light in their dwellings,’ but it don't say that they had rag carpet that'd fade! That was one point where Anne was like a stiff-necked and stubborn generation.”

Left alone. Emmeline Riggs stared ahead of her, with the coffee-pot in her hand. She fancied three patient faces were watching out of the shadow.

"Martha and Cordelia and Anne," she breathed, "he's a close-fisted old hypocrite, and if any one of you had had the spunk of an angleworm you wouldn't have stood it."

She went cautiously to the door of the next room and peered in. Abner sat in the midst of a group of his neighbors. The family album was on his knees. His eyes spilled tears.

"I made Marthy a happy wife for thirteen years," he said. "It was Marthy that planted most of the orchard. It was Marthy that helped me build the barn."

Emmeline silently counted the persons in the room and closed the door. Her hand shook as she measured half a spoonful of coffee to a cup; then she gazed wrathfully again at the shadows.

"And what did *you* do for him, Cordelia?" she demanded. "You baked and mended and washed. You went without medicine and helped him draw the water and pack the wood for a year and a half and *died!*" She set down the coffee-pot and leaned toward the imaginary faces; the lines of her mouth were set. "I was his first choice, and his second choice, and his *third* choice," she said. "If I'm his fourth choice I'll say 'Yes,' and then you'll see what you'll see!"

Spring came again. It brought back the mocking-bird and the quail, and long warm twilights full of the scent of apple-bloom. To Emmeline Riggs it brought the end of her sewing. She finished the last piece and added it to the pile on the bed of her sister's little spare-room.

"There, you niggardly old skinflint," she soliloquized; "I'm almost ready for you." Then she went to the cemetery. Three mounds, long and thin and neglected, stretched side by side. Emmeline bent over them.

"Martha and Cordelia and Anne," she said, aloud, "I want you all to know that I'm going to do just what any one of you would have done if you'd had the spunk. I'm going to do just what I'd have wanted *you* to have done if I'd been the first wife, or the second, or the third!" Then she drew a pencil and a foot rule from her pocket and took some dimensions.

The next evening, sitting on her sister's porch in the dusk, she heard a familiar squeak of boots on the gravel path; she saw the spare figure of Abner Bennet emerging from between the budding hollyhocks. Instinctively she knew why he had come.

"Emmyline," he began, sitting down beside her, "'behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience.'"

"Yes, Abner," she answered.

"'To everything there is a season,'" he went on. "'There's a time

to mourn and a time to dance. A time to keep silent and a time to speak.’”

“Yes, Abner.”

“‘There’s a time to love,’” he fervently quoted, “and Emmyline, I asked you before I asked Marthy or Cordelia or Anne. I’m going to ask you just once more, for the Book says it isn’t good for man to live alone.”

It was late when he rose to go. “Emmyline,” he asked, abruptly, as if the idea had just occurred to him, “how much did those turkeys bring?”

“Two of the seventeen died,” she answered. “The rest averaged three dollars apiece.”

The moon looked like a section of orange suspended in the sky. Abner gazed thoughtfully at it. “Have you anything else?” he asked.

“I put sixty dollars in the bank last fall.” She came suddenly close to him. “Abner,” she questioned, “don’t the Bible say a man and his wife are one?”

He nodded. “There’s only one purse between them, Emmyline.”

She seemed reluctant, and a suspicion crossed his mind. He remembered that Martha had had thirty dollars which she refused to give him, and that Cordelia had had seven dollars that she hid. Then an inspiration came; he dived into his pocket, found an envelope, and divided it into halves.

“‘Man is of few days and full of trouble,’” he began. “But his mind is strong. Woman is in wits the weaker vessel. That’s why it’s man’s right to spend and why their purse is one. Let’s write that down—that there’s one free purse—and sign it.”

Emmeline’s eyes were dewy with submission. “It shall be as you like,” she agreed.

It was after the wedding that Abner had his first surprise. Emmeline triumphantly led him into her sister’s small spare-room. Two huge trunks stood open. They held frocks,—pink frocks and white frocks and blue frocks. There were a hundred other feminine things.

“Whose things are those?” he demanded.

“Ours!” The cheerful plural stung him. She was beaming into his eyes. “We’ll take them on the trip!” she cried. “Won’t that be fun?”

“Tr-ip?” he repeated. The sweat came out on his forehead. “Whose trip? What trip? *Where?*?”

“Oh, you dear!” she gurgled. “Our *wedding* trip!”

Abner gasped like a fish in mid-air; his throat was dry. “There ain’t going to be any wedding trip,” he shouted, his voice coming like

an unexpected trumpet blast. "There's stock to tend and there's corn to plant!"

Emmeline raised a handkerchief to her eyes. It was bordered with lace, and Abner used a word, a strong old Saxon word.

"The tickets are bought," she sobbed. "And it took every cent of—the turkey money!"

Blood was bubbling in Abner's ears, but he heard her distinctly.

"I was *afraid* you'd feel you couldn't go—so sister's all ready."

There was the rumble of the town hack; it stopped at the gate. Emmeline instantly stopped crying and began to close the trunks. She was smiling again.

"The clothes are lovely," she cooed, "and I got them for *sixty dollars*, but you shall see every one of them"—she shook her finger at him—"when we get home, you dear old man!"

His fourth wife waved to him as she and "sister" drove away. Abner, returning to the desolate house, found no appropriate quotation. Memory was a kaleidoscope of Martha's one best frock,—of Cordelia's humble thrift,—the dog-like devotion of Anne.

A week dragged by—a week steeped in anger and revenge and self-pity. Spring brought an advance sample of hot days; the sun lavished the heat of the tropics on the cornfields, and the continuous bleating of a weaning calf voiced the reigning spirit of discomfort. Abner Bennet, sweating over his hoe, gazed down the county road. The town hack was rounding a bend, and a handkerchief fluttered from its window.

The hack wound up through acres of half-wilted grain,—through the already parched little orchard, and stopped at the front door. Emmeline paid the driver. Her skirts billowed as she tripped over the rocks and into the unpainted house. Abner followed.

She went through the kitchen and threw open the windows of the tiny best room. The sun streamed in on the red-and-green carpet,—the carpet that had been cherished by her three predecessors. Abner knew that his shoes were dusty, that his overalls were smeared with tar-weed, but he followed and did not care.

He opened his mouth; it was dry, and he found no words. Helplessly he fumbled in his pocket and produced the half of an envelope. It was their signed agreement that a man and his wife should have one purse between them. Then utterance came.

"There was the turkey money! There was sixty dollars in the bank!" he yelled.

Her teeth showed a crescent of white. "Why, that was before we were *married*," she said. "But, I've used the promise! Oh, Abner, I've done such a sweet thing. Just see!"

She opened her satchel and drew out a paper. It was the plan of a monument, a huge pillow of granite. Across it was the inscription, “There the weary are at rest.” Beneath that were the names of Martha and Cordelia and Anne.

That night the tuneful breathing of his fourth wife stung Abner with murderous thoughts. He rose and went out into the star-strewn blackness of spring. A night-owl hooted in the oak tree, and on the spur of the mountain a coyote howled. The cloak of dawn was trailing the east when he decided what to do. If possible he would cancel that order at the stone-cutter’s—if not— At least he would try.

Emmeline prepared the breakfast. It was a good breakfast, but she used a spoonful of coffee to a cup. She neglected to skim all the cream off for butter, and she had muffins and ham and scrambled eggs. Abner, watching in fascination, saw her take the grain-sacks off the rugs and throw the rooms open to the light. It was eight o’clock when he started for town.

At a bend of the county road he met a big load of lumber. There were shingles and scantlings and boards. A half-dozen workmen swung their feet from the rear of the load.

One of them addressed him.

“It’s fine weather for building,” he said.

Abner drove on, his mind intent on the monument.

In town women smiled at him; men nodded; Emmeline’s sister waved as he passed.

“It’s a nice day for building,” she called.

Abner tied his horse at the post-office. He was turning from it when the constable grasped him by the shoulder. The constable was philanthropic and he had once been fond of Emmeline.

“Well, Abner Bennet,” he exploded, “I’m glad to see you doing the right thing by that fourth wife of yours! You can afford a good house! And you’re giving work to unemployed men! I’m glad to see you do it, Abner. I must say I’m glad!”

Abner stared; he took off his hat; he raised one hand to his head and felt of the scanty hair at its crown.

The editor of the weekly “Courier” tapped him respectfully on the arm.

“We want a few items about the new house, Mr. Bennet.” He smiled.

“What new house?” Abner roared, his face purpling. “Thunderation, *whose* new house?”

“Oh, come,” coaxed the editor. “We’ve got the item about the monument in for to-day. Next week we want news of the house.

The week after we're going to ask you for a few words on 'progression,'—just a sort of stimulus for the town, you know. You enterprising fellows——”

But Abner was unhitching his horse. He went through the town at a pace that General Sheridan might have envied on his memorable ride. The springs of the old buggy creaked and hit together. Dust, born of the last hot days, sifted around him. It clung to his moist face. A wind swept down the canyon; it blew off his hat, but Abner did not care. His heart was an awakening volcano.

The little house, when he reached it, was deserted. The sun blazed down on its unpainted sides, the dazzle of a heat-wave rose from the rocks around the doors.

“Emmyline!” he shouted. “Emmy-line!” and then he saw her.

She was coming toward him in a cool print frock; she looked care-free and young. There were men on the knoll behind her. There was lumber under the trees. He tried to speak, but she put up her hand. There was a look in her eyes which he had never seen in the eyes of Martha or Cordelia or Anne. It mingled mirth with mastery.

“Abner,” she bubbled, “the men think *our* plan for the home is just perfect.”

He dully stared at her, trying to comprehend.

Her face softened as she turned from him and gazed toward the town. A patch of white-flecked green stood for the cemetery.

“I wish they could have had comforts,” she whispered. “But—that monument *we've* ordered is lovely! It's all we can do for them now, isn't it, dear?”



SATIETY

BY S. DECATUR SMITH, JR.

TO him who hews, on pleasure bent,
His ruthless way through flood and fire,
Fate metes for mocking punishment
His satisfied desire.



An ill-fitting halo is sadder than a rhinestone tiara.

It is not what happens that is unbearable. What may happen fills asylums.

Never shout until you are out of the woods; even then—whisper.

THE MIDDLE DISTANCE

By Jennette Lee



I.

SHE walked rapidly along the Cliff path, her skirts gathered in one hand, her right arm swinging free. To the left lay the harbor, with the boats creeping, in the yellow twilight, home. To the east stretched the moors, with dun-colored shadows, to the open sea. She had walked to the Point, two miles, to the light-house, and was hurrying back for supper.

Her thin face in the clear twilight had a transparent look, and the dark eyes held little balls of fire that glinted mistily, like the harbor, when she glanced to the west . . . She was late—ten minutes at least. Except for the eyes and the transparent face she was without distinction. It was only when the fires within were lighted that one caught a glimpse of beauty ebbing and shining below. She walked with the free step of one who is either married or does not intend to marry—the peculiar freedom that comes from marriage or indifference. The women that possess it are repellent to men, or very attractive.

Marian Walston, if she had thought about it at all, would have said that she was not attractive to men. She had ample chance to know. As the daughter of the president of a small eastern college, she had grown up among men. She had watched them, hundreds of them, pass from freshmen to sophomores and from juniors to silk-topped seniors, without a flutter of heart. The professors, who were either staid men with families or new material from Germany, were part of the familiar college life—nothing more. A year in Crete with the professor of Greek and his family, and another in Rome with the Latin professor, had given rise to interests that had lasted well. She had never known what it was to be bored. But to-day she had walked to the Point and back to escape from herself. This summer, for the first time, she had encountered a man. And the worst was, that she did not approve of him. In her girlhood, she remembered, she had dreamed, in a vague way, of falling in love—sometime—but always with a superior, godlike creature whom one could spend one's days

admiring and worshipping and serving. As she had not encountered this being and as fate had dealt kindly with her, she had been free of soul these thirty-three years. Now there was Spencer Manning.

If she had approved of him, she would have suspected that she was in love. It would not have appalled her—the falling in love and marrying as one's ancestors had done. It was not necessarily a disgrace. She would have accepted the common lot with ease if she had approved of him. But she disapproved of him in every particular. Brought up in the strict academic atmosphere of activity, in which one must produce at least one monograph a year to place upon the college shelves, she demanded results. Manning had never produced anything, though he apparently knew enough, and his command of English made her uneasy. But he had done nothing. She defended him against herself. He was not a scholar, but an artist. Her year in Rome had taught her that the two are not weighed in the same scales. But tried by the more delicate beam, the result was even less assuring. What had he done—a man of middle age, rich and talented and in perfect health? She recalled Colvin, at the University, with bent shoulders and hacking cough, performing faithfully his stint of work each year. She remembered the look of patient faithfulness in his eyes when she met him on the campus. Manning's eyes danced before her vision, full of subtle light and a kind of humanness that caught at her breath. She walked a few steps with set lips. She tried to regain her disapproval. She had walked to the Point and back for no other purpose. . . . He was dilettante. The word had the weight of academic scorn. It covered him like a pall. She walked with freer step.

Then, at a turn of the path, she stopped.

The man sprang to his feet, lifting his hat. "I saw you coming—half a mile back—before you skirted the cove—I waited." He stood before her with clear, smiling face and round chin, looking at her frankly. The light shining on his uncovered head revealed a tiny bald spot at the crown; but the face and the chin denied it. He had an air of prosperity.

She glanced away from him. Her glance stayed itself. "You have been sketching—in the afternoon?" There was a note of surprise in the tone.

He moved toward the easel in eager mood. "It's a discovery—a little discovery of my own. I will show you."

She looked to the west uncertainly. "Have we time? I am late—and my father is coming to-night."

He acquiesced by gathering up his materials and adjusting his step to her's. They struck into the Cliff path. A little color had

come into her sallow face. It glowed softly like a flame imprisoned in crystal. Manning watched it as he talked. "It's the afternoon light that I'm trying for," he said.

"Is that the discovery?" She did not look at him.

"For me—yes. It came to me, all of a sudden, that no one has done it, or tried to do it—that look of afternoon. We're all out in the morning—sunrise and early dew and light like lances—morning glamour—anything up to twelve o'clock. Then we drop it."

She was looking at him with an amused smile. "And if every one has always done it?" The tone conveyed, "Every one must be right."

He rejected it with a shake of the head. "All wrong—all of them. If I could paint it as I saw it to-day—" His tone was musing.

"How did you see it?" Her voice had a gentler note.

"Something still—unchanging—a kind of eternal quiet. It holds the breath—the country like a city of the soul—an everlasting—What is it Browning says of Rome?"

"'An everlasting wash of air, Rome's ghost since her decease.'" She had caught the mood. Her fires beneath glowed softly.

He nodded, watching the light. "That's it—an everlasting wash of air—" His mood changed lightly. "It's the only wash that will catch it, apparently. I've tried everything else." His voice shook itself free from regret.

"Let me see it." She stopped in the path.

He placed the canvas against a rock and they moved back by common consent.

A stretch of rocks in the foreground—a line of sky in the distance—and between, the harbor in the afternoon light. The composition was simple; the colors pale, almost featureless.

He waited for her without speaking.

"The foreground is unspeakable!"

"I know it." His voice was meek.

"And the sky is mush!"

"It is."

"But between—" She mused, dropping to silence.

"Yes?" His voice had caught the note of hers and laughed to her.

"Yes. It is good."

"Clear afternoon," he assented cheerfully.

"But that does not make a picture." Her voice had regained its level poise.

"No?" He lifted the canvas. "But it was interesting to do. I shall try again—someday."

She made no reply. The flame in her face had died out. Only

her eyes glinted—but dully, as if something harsh had brushed them.

As they neared the hotel he looked at her. When he spoke his voice was gentle. She had heard him speak like that, the other day, to a child that was hurt. She resented it, even while it soothed her. “I wanted to please you,” he said.

She looked at him. Then her lips smiled. He was absurd. A man should assert himself. “You will never please me,” she said, “with a foreground of wooden blocks.”

He ignored the tone. “I wanted to please you,” he repeated; “I think I shall—sometime.”

She longed to retort, “You never will!” But something held her—the man’s presence, his mood, a sense of fate. She shivered a little. “You would much better please yourself,” she said stiffly; “I should be sorry to influence your work in any way.”

He looked at her in the twilight. Something gentle and human in his face held her. “We cannot always do what we choose,” he said.

It came to her like a cry out of a far place.

She ignored it, hurrying up the steps. “It is sometimes better to choose less and do more,” she said clearly. It had come to her, in a flash, that she heard him use the same tone, the very inflection, to her mother when he had picked up a ball of yarn and handed it to her. There was something in him. He could no more help being gallant to women than the sea could help flooding the beach.

Her face relaxed a little. She turned it to him with a smile. “Won’t you come to our table to-night and meet my father?” Her smile had a new serenity. Her father had never failed her. She could trust his judgment in a thousand. He would tell her the real nature of the man who attracted and repelled her in a breath.

II.

“FATHER, this is Mr. Manning—Mr. Spencer Manning,” she added, with a slow inflection.

“Ah!” The president swung his eye-glasses to his nose and looked down on the man standing before him. “Mr. Spencer Manning,” he repeated vaguely. His face lighted. “You planned my brother’s house in Watertown?”

“Did I?”

“Didn’t you?”

“I planned a house there for a Mr. Walston.”

“I thought so. I remember your name perfectly. I thought of getting you to do some work for the college.” The tone was approving. In a younger man it might have been patronizing. “I liked your work,” he added.

"You made a mistake," said the other.

"In liking it?"

"In not having me for the college."

The president laughed. "We shall see—we shall see. My daughter tells me you paint—"

"A little—for amusement."

They moved toward the dining-room, the president walking beside his wife.

"You never told me you were an architect," said the girl reproachfully, as they fell behind the others.

"Didn't I? I must have forgotten to mention it."

"Forgotten!"

"It was long ago I did that house."

"How long?"

"Five years, at least."

She laughed out. "And since then, I suppose, you have been a minister and practised medicine and studied law——"

"Not quite," he admitted. "But I have been busy."

"No doubt. Though I don't know just what your business is." Her tone was jesting. But her father, who was unfolding his napkin with deliberation, took it up.

"What is your business, if I may ask, sir? I did not think of connecting Mr. Manning, an artist whom my daughter had met this summer, with *the* Mr. Manning, the architect."

His tone was polite and guarded. His comment, with his back turned, as they walked from the parlor to the dining-room, had been, "Good fibre, but relaxed." He was accustomed to judging human nature in the bulk,—fifty at a time, or more. He seldom made a mistake. When he did he never forgot it.

The artist regarded him frankly. "I'm not, properly speaking, an artist."

The president looked inquiringly at his daughter.

She shook her head with a smile. "I only said he painted pictures."

The artist laughed out. "You were too kind. You should have said I tried to paint them."

"It would have been more truthful," she assented.

The president looked from one to the other with a puzzled smile.

His wife came to his aid. "He paints very nicely," she said. "It is only Marian's way."

"I shall be glad to see your work," said the president politely.

The girl looked at the artist with dancing eyes. "And he knows good work when he sees it," she said. "He buys the pictures for the gallery."

"Marian!" said her mother reprovingly.

"I was only trying to help Mr. Manning," said the girl. "Father would faint at one of his foregrounds.—You would much better play for him," she said to the artist.

The president swung his glasses to his nose and stared at the man again. "You are a—a—musician—also?" he said.

"I play a little—sometimes," grudgingly admitted the man.

"And compose," supplemented the girl.

"Ah," said the president, "an amateur!" His glasses dropped from his nose. He resumed his supper contentedly. He had named the object under discussion.

After supper he invited the man for a stroll on the beach. It was his first night at the shore that summer and he was hungry for a breath of sea air. For two hours they paced back and forth on the shining beach. The girl from her window looked out, now and then, with an amused smile. "What *do* you suppose they are doing to each other?" she demanded of her mother, who sat by the lamp, placidly knitting.

Her mother counted the stitches and drew out a needle. "Mr. Manning is a very talented man, Marian," she said gently.

"And father is a talented man," said the girl. "I suppose they are exchanging talents."

Her mother smiled negatively. She was absorbed in rounding a corner.

When the president came in at last, he sat down with almost boyish enthusiasm. "A remarkable man!" he said, with emphasis.

"Father!" It had a little note of regret.

"You like him, James, don't you?" said his wife. She had dropped her work and was gazing at him approvingly. "I knew you would. You must hear him play."

The president wrinkled his brow. "I don't know that I care much about hearing him play," he said slowly. "It's the man that interests me. His ideas are remarkable—remarkable!" He twirled his glasses thoughtfully. "I haven't had so many good suggestions for the college in years. He seems to have a kind of genius in that direction."

The girl groaned softly.

Her father looked up. "It is a pity he has never had academic training. He would be a most valuable man on a faculty——"

"You might make him professor of literature," suggested the girl. "He knows a lot about poetry—writes it."

The president started. "Does he, indeed!" He shook his head reluctantly. "It wouldn't do. But I should like to have a man like that at hand." He sighed thoughtfully, a smile on his lips.

The girl watched him, half in impatience. He was the keenest man

she knew in judging human nature, and he had failed her. Instinctively she knew what had happened. It was the human quality of the man. It had won her mother from the first. It was what she had constantly to resist in herself when she was with him—a sense of well-being and simple human pleasure. She had resented it in him a hundred times,—the fact that he could be so simply happy, and make others happy, without achieving. She would at least warn her father.

“He is a very fascinating man,” she said guardedly.

Her father beamed upon her. “You have discovered it?” he said, with enthusiasm.

“Yes.” Without enthusiasm.

“I have seldom met a man that I liked so much on short acquaintance,” said the president; “I feel as if I had known him always.”

“He has never done anything,” said the girl.

The president stared at her. “He planned your Uncle Ansell’s house.”

The girl blushed. “Anything of importance, I mean.”

“Oh—well—he is young yet.”

“Thirty-eight.”

“Ah.”

“And has never done anything,” she persisted. He *must* see it and help her.

“Ah,” said the president cheerfully. “Plenty of time—for a man like that—plenty of time.”

Her mother smiled at him contentedly.

The girl rose with a little sigh. The fire in her eyes had died out. A kind of fate seized hold upon her. And the worst was that the man would never care—he would not care more than he cared now. While she—she saw unfathomable gulfs opening in herself—springs of being—dark places. She might even— She had seen girls like that— she drew back. . . . “Good-night, mother.” She bent and kissed her softly. “Good-night, father.”

III.

DURING the days following she avoided him. At the end of the week they had not exchanged a dozen words alone. Her father had gone back to town and she and her mother fell naturally into the company of the artist as they strolled on the beach or walked home from the downs. When they encountered him, her conversation was as frankly that of good comrades as ever. She was building a fortress, stone by stone. No one must suspect her. She laid the stones each day with careful hand, setting them line by line; and at night she

placed anew those that had toppled over, cementing them with scorn and self-humiliation.

Her mother, who guessed nothing of the silent masonry, sang his praises night and day, thus innocently adding her handful of brick and mortar to the structure as it rose. She was not an ambitious mother. She only desired for her daughter's happiness. He was, surely, a man to make any woman happy—wife or mother-in-law. She sang his praises till the bonds of filial respect gave a little under the strain.

"After all, mother, he is only a man!"

"I know, my dear. But that is not his fault. His instincts are as fine as those of a woman."

Alas—yes! She knew it only too well. No man had the right to be fine—and have done nothing! She laid the stone in place, fitting it with level brows. As fine as a woman! She would not forget.

They were walking home in the late light. The crowd had deserted the beach for the Casino, and the moon coming over the downs threw their shadows on the level beach that stretched ahead. They had turned back for the last time and were approaching the hotel.

"I feel like playing to-night," said the man. "I wonder if you would care to stop." He glanced toward the lighted windows of the empty parlor. "We should have it to ourselves. Everybody's at the Casino. I need an audience," he said, half apologetically, turning to them.

"Fit, though few," laughed the girl.

"Exactly."

"Shall we come, mother?" She laid her hand on her mother's arm. She longed to compel her, by main force, along the hall to their room. But she only said laughingly, "Shall we come?"

"Of course, Marian. I would not miss it." She entered the parlor, her clear face in its bands of white hair flushed with pleasure. She delighted in Manning's playing. He had not played for more than a week, she remembered. He wheeled forward a big chair for her, shading it from the light and placing a footstool. His attendance on her had in it something pleasing, a kind of sincere chivalry. The girl turned from it impatiently, finding a chair for herself and refusing brusquely his offer to place it more comfortably.

"It does very well. We cannot stay long," she said.

He sat down at the piano without reply. His hands struck the keys in quick sound. She looked up in surprise. It was not like him—this sudden initiative. It grew, and laughed—and died away, restless at heart. It challenged her. She did not speak when it was done, and he glided into another—something gentle and quiet.

She resisted it subtly. She had dreaded to come in to-night. Her heart was tired. She glanced toward her mother. She had fallen asleep in the great chair. She looked very pretty, her hands lying loosely apart, her head drooping a little. She was a dear mother—with the pretty, feminine ways that men like. The girl stirred a little.

The music had stopped. "Tell me something to play," said the man. He did not look up.

She waited a moment. The silence grew significant.

"Play anything you like. Play something from Sill," she said at random.

His hands wandered, touching notes, waiting. "'The Fool'?" he asked.

"Yes. If you like."

He wove music about the theme, groping slowly from note to note. The spirit of the poem held the sound and shaped it. A melody grew in it, sweet and haunting. Words fitted themselves to it, half-chanted, half-sung, breaking off, now and then, for the music, but emerging again with new power—a sense of fate that deepened to the climax, low-toned and full, the cry of the shame-smitten king, "Be merciful to me a Fool!"

Manning's hands waited on the keys. "What else?" he said.

"Play Sill," she said quickly. He had often improvised for her—some character in life or art. She had a sudden curiosity to know what he would do with this.

"Edward Rowland Sill," he said thoughtfully. "I am not sure that I can."

He began to play—a little insignificant air—beginning and breaking off and starting again, as if the scent eluded him. Then, at last, he came upon it, almost unawares, a tentative, hesitating note that called for answer and waited and swept into the maze of sound. Struggle and rebellion and fierce fight for life, broken by strains of sweetness, clear high notes of import that broke and fell apart, a shower of sparks—restlessly blown in the wind.

As she listened she caught the clue. It was his own life he was playing,—the soul beneath the clear life, unseen, unguessed, that drove him always toward achievement, that he would never achieve. It opened to her reaches where the soul ran for life, desperate, breathless, till the next point be won. And the high, clear places where it drew breath—failure behind, achievement still to come, both forgotten in the quiet light.

She caught her breath as she listened. The subtle sense of a life that neither fails nor achieves—poised between rest and unrest on wings of strength—it was what his life meant. Who could have felt it but he?

Who else would know! Her heart gave a throb of pride and waited while the music died away.

"Play something else." She spoke quickly. She wanted to think. She seemed on the brink of discovery. "Go on."

He waited a little. "Here is something I've wanted to try. I think I can do it—to-night!" He played a few bars and stopped. "The lines you quoted the other day." He was speaking softly under the music. "Do you remember?—'The campaign with its endless fleece of feathery grasses everywhere. Silence and passion, joy and peace, an everlasting wash of air, Rome's ghost since her decease.'"

The voice ceased. The music opened full wings. It hovered in light—long, clear stretches of light, with the pulse of the past beating through it. She listened joyously, her eyes filling. She had not known that she cared—like this. What could he not be? Poised as life itself—he needed only a motive. . . . Love? . . . Life stretched before her. Some great service shone along its way. She strained her eyes to the end—hidden in the mists. . . . She drew back a little. . . . To give oneself unasked! The music lifted her and bore her.

When it ceased she looked up. "It is very beautiful."

He turned to her, his eyes glowing out of the slumbering quiet of the music. "You never said that before."

"No, I never said it—before. I never thought it."

"I have played better."

"I think not."

He waited, looking at her intently.

"You have played, perhaps, with more feeling, but not"—she searched for the word—"not so perfectly. It is—yourself." She smiled at the anticlimax.

He ignored the smile. He was looking at her thoughtfully. "You mean that is the kind of music I can do best?"

"Yes."

"Not great music."

"Not unless you happen to think so."

He smiled. "I don't happen to think so. I wish I did."

"I wish you did." The tone was quiet.

"Would you mind telling me why?" He had turned away to the music in the rack and was fingering it, fitting it exactly into place.

"I don't want to tell you now. Some day I will—if you will write out something like that and dedicate it to me." Her tone laughed, but it trembled a little.

He wheeled about. "I will dedicate everything I write to you—"
She held up a hand. "Oh, please—"

He turned back. "Very well.—I will compose an opera. I have

had it in my head for years. It is in that tone. When it is done it shall be dedicated to you."

"Thank you."

"It is not great—I warn you."

"I don't expect it to be."

They waited in silence.

"It will be better than great," she said at last.

He looked at her curiously.

"You know that——?"

"Yes."

"I did not think any one would know.—When did you find it out?"

He moved a step nearer.

"To-night, I think."

"While I was playing?"

"Yes."

He looked at her with slow glance.

She shook her head. But the fire in her eyes glowed softly. She did not look away. She wanted him to see—all that he might see. She had lost the sense of herself—of small, feminine fear. She was all woman—wooing him. She no longer cared what he might think. He might love her, or he might forget her and leave her. He should have love's chance that he would not take for himself. He should know that he was loved and believed in. Her eyes rested on him with radiance. She waited, without shyness and without wish.

Something dawned in him, and drew back. His lips parted—to shield her.

Then her lids fell. "You will do it," she said quietly, "because I have asked you, and your reward will be the doing it."

"And your reward—what shall that be?" His lips moved stiffly—almost against his will. His gaze was on her eyes.

She raised them again, with the soft glow unconcealed—frank and sweet. "My reward will be that you have done it," she said. "You could not give me other reward if you would."

Her hand touched her mother's lightly. The mother opened her eyes and smiled at them dreamily, without confusion. "I fell asleep," she said. "It was beautiful music."

"He knows that," said the girl, with a smile; "I have just told him."

"You have told me more," said the man. He had moved toward her, holding out his hand.

She put her own in it frankly. "I have not told you anything I did not mean to.—It is my mother who must make her peace with you if she can."

"I did fall asleep," said the mother smiling. "But I liked the music. It rested me. I think I heard it in my dreams."

"I think you did," said the girl. "It will rest everyone that hears it." She patted her mother's hand. "He is going to make an opera of it, for the hearing of the nations."

"I am glad of that," said her mother. "I shall want to hear it again when it is done."

"And I,—"

said the girl,—"I shall want to hear it too."

"You shall both hear it," said the man. His tone was light, but under it something vibrated, full and sweet, like a tiny bell of hope that caught a note from afar and held it ringing.

IV.

For a month Manning worked steadily on his opera. The mood of the night did not return to her, but she held fast to its vision and to the conviction that at last he would do something worth while. The belief seemed to have communicated itself to him. It held him to his task. Sometimes she caught him looking at her curiously, as if studying her, and once or twice she surprised a look of deep pity in his eyes.

If he had spoken in words, he could not have said more plainly "I cannot do without you. But I can never be more to you than I am now, and that will not satisfy you." Sometimes the look was humble. It said, "I give all I can. Believe me, I would give more if I could."

The girl could have laughed in her heart. She had forgotten herself, her need, her questionings. If she still cared what he should be to her, she did not know it; so deeply did she care that he should be himself. She gave without question—but always in one direction. If his interest in music lapsed and he turned to sketching or poetry, she withdrew into herself and waited. Poetry and painting did not exist for her. They should not exist for him—till he had proved himself. Slowly, almost reluctantly, he would return to his task. He had grown dependent on her. He must have her sympathy. If she would not give it except in one direction, he must follow that direction.

So for a month she held him. One morning she came down to find him gone. He had left a note for her. He was tired of the sea. He had gone to the mountains. He would return later—perhaps. He did not return. But he sent for the opera. He wrote asking her to send it. It was in the top of a trunk that he had left packed. He enclosed the key. He did not apologize for troubling her. She did up the sheets, with careful fingers, and sent them to him with the key. She heard no more.

It was late in the season and they were on the point of leaving when he reappeared. She had never seen him look so well. His content with himself and with her and with the whole world irritated her. She could not keep back the question.

"Yes. It is finished."

She did not question further and they went for a walk on the Cliff. When they came back he said, "I want to play to you."

"Did you bring it?"

He laughed. "I do not trust it out of my sight."

She looked at him curiously. "You think it is good?"

"I know it." It was not boasting or exultation—only the statement of fact.

She smiled. "You are satisfied."

"I have reason to be. Wait till you hear it." He had turned away to go for the music. "I did not do it myself, you know," he said over his shoulder.

When he came back her face was flushed. "What did you mean by saying that?"

"What?" He was running over the keys. "I beg your pardon?" He looked up.

She repeated the question.

His eyes twinkled. "My dear lady, you ought to know who did it!"

His fingers had taken up the notes. He was lost in sound. She listened, at first in perplexity, and then in delight. He had changed it all since she heard it,—broadened it, deepened it. It was the very mood of her vision. It came back to her as he played. He had done the thing she had seen for him and he had outdone the dream. Her heart glowed.

When he wheeled about he caught the look in her face. "You like it?"

"When will you publish it?"

He smiled a little. He got up and crossed the room, pacing back and forth once or twice. He came and stood before her.

"Will you marry me?"

"No."

He gathered up the music, crowding it together in his hand.

She moved forward with a quick gesture.

He held it a little from her, smiling. "I shall not hurt it. But it shall not be published till you promise."

The next morning he was gone again. She had refused to listen to him. He had urged the power of the music, her influence over him, his need of her, her perfect understanding of him and his work. He had asked her almost grudgingly to marry him. He had pleaded with

her generously to accept him. She put it from her with a little smile of wistfulness. "I don't think you quite understand," she said.

As she packed the trunks the next day and made ready to go, her thoughts followed him. She did not reproach him. It was as if fate had come. He had been too honest to say that he loved her. She thanked him for that . . . She might have yielded. She needed love—now. And she would never have it.

She folded the last garments and laid them neatly in place. A golf-cape lay on a chair, left out till the last. She took it up and threw it about her shoulders. "I am going for a little walk, mother."

She hurried across the strip of beach and struck into the downs. They stretched away for miles, cold and brown. She drew a deep breath, walking rapidly. Life was still tonic. Earth and sky hung poised as before. She would come back to them.

V.

THE fall and early winter fled rapidly. She joined a musical club and went into one of the classes in harmony. She read deeply in musical composition and became almost a local authority on musical biography. Where another woman would have cut herself off from the pain of association, she deliberately sought it, filling it with fresh interest and adding it to her life. Manning himself she did not mention. When her mother brought him into the conversation, she talked of him easily and quietly—enough to divert suspicion she thought.

The only drawback to her serenity was that after these conversations she sometimes found her hands trembling strangely and her heart beating. It was disturbing to a philosophic view of life.

One afternoon in December she came home early from a musical and went directly to her room. She was very tired. She would rest a little before dinner. When she had lain down, she became conscious of voices in the room below. Some one was calling on her mother. The voices rumbled a soothing accompaniment to her sleep.

Suddenly her attention grew alert. The voices had laughed—her mother's in quiet content, and the other—she sat up, pushing back the hair from her face. How foolish! She pressed her hot cheeks between her palms. She rose and bathed her face, cooling the hot skin slowly. Then she combed her hair, piling it high, and put on her prettiest gown. She descended the stair with tranquil step, the fires within her eyes. Perhaps because she was thinner than a year ago, they blazed a little, lighting the transparent skin. She moved toward the library, whence the murmur of voices came pleasingly.

Her mother looked up with a gentle start. "Why, Marian, I did not know you had come home. Mr. Manning is here."

He came forward with the old look in his eyes, gentle and human and a little quizzical. Her own fell before it as she withdrew her hand, but her head kept its quiet poise.

"He is going to stay to dinner," said her mother. "I must tell Lena." She moved from the room.

They stood facing each other across the fire blazing on the hearth.

He spoke first, choosing his words almost awkwardly. "I ought not to have said I would stay. You may not want me to.—There was something I wanted to say—to explain."

"Won't you sit down?" She motioned to the chair near him and seated herself on the opposite side of the hearth, shading her eyes from the fire with her hand. Behind its shelter the fire in the depth smouldered.

He did not sit down. He took up the tongs instead and thrust a little at the fire. "I always expected her to be tall," he said. He straightened himself. "Tall—and handsome," he added. He rapped the tongs together and set them in place, looking at her almost aggressively.

She did not reply. A little smile had crept into her face.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing,—only a man that I admired—once."

"Who was he?" He had moved a step uneasily.

"He wasn't at all. I made him up. He was very tall—and handsome."

He stared at her. A smile dawned in his eyes slowly. "I see." He gazed at the vision. "Wouldn't they make a gallant pair!"

"Perfect pigs," she admitted.

"Ah, you *do* know!" He moved toward her.

"How you feel? Perfectly." Her voice was cool and impersonal. She had clasped her hands and was leaning forward gazing into the fire, the little smile still on her lips.

He looked at her without speaking. His eyes followed the lines of her figure—its quaint poise and the lighted face.

"You are very beautiful, dear lady," he said. The words were quiet,—hardly a breath.

She did not stir. She might not have heard them.

He came nearer. "You are beautiful," he repeated softly. His hand sought the clasped ones and covered them. "Listen." His voice had a note of authority. "You will not send me away again. I must stay." He was close to her, scanning her face. "I am not good enough. But I shall stay."

She had turned her face away swiftly.

He drew it to him, covering it. "You made me come," he whispered.

"Never!" The word was muffled, but vigorous.

"Ah, but you did," contentedly. "I tried my best. I travelled thousands of miles to escape."

She lifted her head proudly. "Then you may go. I do not approve of you. I have never approved of you."

"No. But you love me?"

She threw out her hands with a little gesture. "Alas—yes!" The tears overran her smile.

He dried them slowly with his handkerchief in little dabs till the smile came out again.

He rose to his feet, stuffing the handkerchief into his pocket. "I'm going to stay," he said. "I'll make you approve."

She looked at him, half-fearfully. "How will you do it?"

"My opera will help." He spoke cheerfully.

"It is good."

"It's being rehearsed. It's to be given next month."

"No?" She leaned forward, a little breathless. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"I wanted you to promise—first."

"I promise. Tell me!" She was on her feet.

"You promise!"

"Yes. But wait. Tell me!" She was moving from him.

He followed close. "I will tell you," he said, "by and by."



MAIDENHAIR FERN

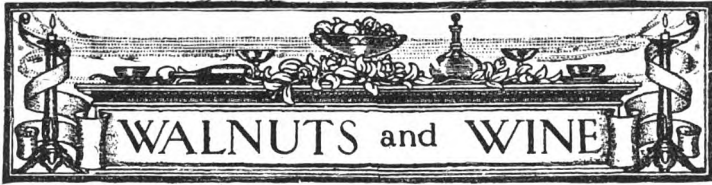
BY FULLERTON L. WALDO

FROM the vivid sod
 Like tangled locks of priestesses at prayer
 The fern lifts intertissued fronds in air,
 To the woodland god.



The Sphinx is the only woman who ever kept silent when surrounded by admirers.

Discontent is the greatest spur for good or evil in the world.



THE COLONEL IN AFRICA

“Speaking of automobiles,” said the Colonel, though no one had; “Did I ever tell you of my little trip through Central Africa in an auto? No! I thought perhaps I might have mentioned it. It was brought about by a discussion we had had at the club, in which I contended that an automobile could be more successfully used for exploration than either a boat, which would have to follow the waterways, or animals, which get sick or are killed by the lions. They rather scoffed at me, so I told them that I would prove my theory.

“Well, I went to the West Coast and started inland with a good steam 40 h.p. machine that I had had specially built to burn palm oil, which I could get from the natives. I had proceeded without a mishap several hundred miles beyond the furthest point ever before reached by explorers, when, having passed through the friendly tribes, I found myself in the land of a fierce, warlike people, parties of whom frequently pursued me, but I could, of course, easily distance them.

“I forgot to mention that while staying at the town of one friendly Chief, he had presented me with four pet snakes, each about seven feet long, and four inches through the body. I had become very much attached to them, and they would obey my slightest command. They usually rode curled up among my luggage.

“Well, one day a large war-party was in pursuit of me, and I was amusing myself by proceeding at a slow speed to entice them to greater efforts, when I thoughtlessly drove under one of the huge thorn trees of the country. The ground was covered by the large, sharp spikes which had fallen from the tree, and in an instant all four tires had been punctured in half a dozen places, and I could drive the machine at a mere snail’s pace. The savages were rapidly approaching, waving their spears and filling the air with their yells. My doom seemed sealed, and I had gotten out my rifle to sell my

Walnuts and Wine

life as dearly as possible, when my eye chanced to rest upon my snakes.

"It was the work of but a moment to remove the deflated and useless tires. I then picked up one of the snakes, placing his elastic body in the concave of the wheel rim, and the intelligent creature at once understood what was desired of him, and, swallowing the end of his tail, he drew himself tightly into place. The other three, having observed our movements were already in place, and just as the whooping savages arrived almost within spear-cast, I sped safely away.

"Having now demonstrated the correctness of my theory, I was content to return to the coast, which I did.

"The only regret I have in connection with the little affair is that my poor snakes in the excess of their zeal, had swallowed so hard upon their tails that they could not be loosened from the wheel rims. The Government bought the machine from me and used it all through the Boer war as a means of distant and severe scouting."

Emmett Campbell Hall.

PREPARING TO GET EVEN

"Yes," he said, "I wish to adopt a girl."

"A little girl?"

"No, a girl old enough to have energy and perseverance and one who has had enough experience with the piano to make her think she knows how to play it. And if she thinks she can sing, why, so much the better. I tell you, I am going to get even with the people in the next flat even if I have to adopt two musical prodigies."

T. E. McGrath.

BOY-LIKE

By John L. Shroy

"Do yees like to go to school, me b'y?"

Said Uncle Pat to little Mike.

"I like to go, I like to come,

It's stayin' there I do not like,"

Said Mike.

Walnuts and Wine

SUGGESTING THE SPEED
WITH WHICH
PEARS' SOAP



Cleanses and refreshes after a ride and
utilizes the invigorated blood in producing
a complexion that is the inspiration of
artists and poets the world over.

CREATES A MATCHLESS COMPLEXION

*OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
"All rights secured."*

Walnuts and Wine

WHERE JOY TRESPASSED ON SORROW

Hans is a German resident of Eastern Pennsylvania. Recently losing his wife by death, his grief and loneliness knew no bounds. After two weeks of mourning he "struck another match." His friends, according to the custom of the community, surprised him by a rousing calithumpian serenade. Hans stood the racket as long as he possibly could, and then, opening the window, in tones of greatest disgust called out: "Poys! Ain't you ashamed of yourselves to make such a noise, and just so soon a funeral."

K. A. Schleicher.

AN HONEST CONFESSION

One of the transparencies carried in a recent reform parade depicted the shortcomings of the county poor directors, and asked:

"If the present directors did not steal the county funds, who did?"

The firm of Smith & Jones, who painted the transparency, advertised their ability in such arts by inadvertently placing their imprint directly under this question, and thus unconsciously supplied the answer.

E. W. Hilgert.

THE POET'S SPRING

By Grace G. Bostwick

A song of Spring
('Tis thus it goes,
Is what I sing;
(And still it snows!)
Sweet, sunny thing!
(I'm nearly froze!)
Glad hearts she'll bring.
(Gee! How it blows!)

Green grasses sprout
(Like fun they do!)
Birds sing about,
(They'd soon be through!)

Walnuts and Wine



Get Out of the **Shell**

Many people are "pinched" and held back because their food does not properly nourish and build a strong, successful, thinking **BRAIN**.

You can feed the Brain just as surely and successfully as you can fatten a steer by feeding corn—

If you know how.

A Food Expert devised a food for the purpose.

It proves its claim by actual results.

"There's a Reason" for

Grape-Nuts

explained on the pkg.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Walnuts and Wine

Sweet buds are out,
(I'm not—that's true!)
One longs to shout.
(I don't—I'm blue!)

Soft zephyrs blow,
(Soft! That's abuse!)
Where streamlets flow,
(Flow like the deuce!)
Fair flowers grow,
(Jove! What's a Muse!)
In sunshine's glow.
(O, what's the use?)

Hearts all a-thrill,
(Ain't this the beat?)
Are throbbing still
(Goodness! That's sleet!)
At haunting trill
(I've chilled my feet!)
Of Whip-poor-will.
(Ugh! What a treat!)

The Darling Spring,
(Cold as can be!)
Fair, winsome thing!
(Frozen! That's me!)
All joy shall bring.
(I hope this—see?)
Her charms I sing!
(Brings me a V.)



PROOF POSITIVE

“Your children are growing fast.”

“Yes. I've had to raise the bolt on the pantry door twice during the past year.”

D. F. Maguire.

Rambler

The Right Car at the Right Price

There is a system of rigid tests and thorough inspection of each part and feature of the Rambler cars, whereby every possible weak spot is found in the factory, not on the road.

This system covers every step from the design and selection of the raw material to the finished product and begets a car that is *right* and *stays right* without tinkering and adjustment.

If this, in connection with abundant power, elegant appearance and simplicity of control, appeals to your judgment we invite your most critical examination of our Model 14.

In it is embodied every modern feature that has proven worthy of adoption and the facilities of the largest automobile plant in the world enable us to present it at a price far below anything approaching it in quality and equipment.

Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin

Branches:

Chicago, 302-304 Wabash Avenue

Boston, 145 Columbus Avenue

San Francisco, 125-131 Golden Gate Avenue

New York Agency, 38-40 W. 62nd Street

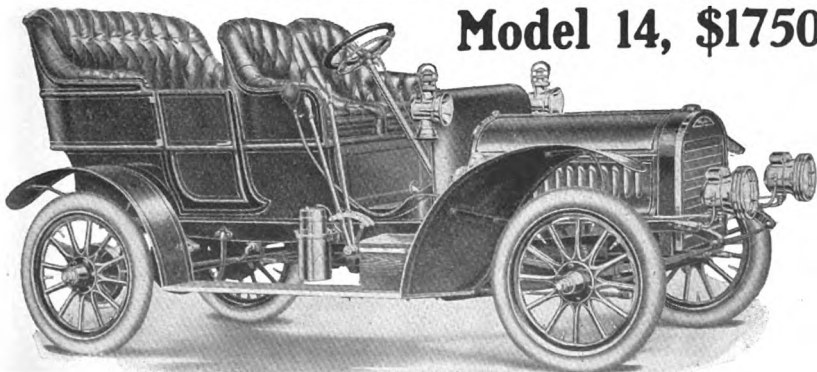
Milwaukee, 457-459 Broadway

Philadelphia, 242 No. Broad Street

Representatives in all leading cities.

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company

Model 14, \$1750



Walnuts and Wine

BRYAN AND THE GOAT

Last year William Jennings Bryan visited Cornell University. While being entertained at dinner by a prominent legal fraternity he told the following story on himself:

Once out in Nebraska I went to protest against my real estate assessment, and one of the things of which I particularly complained was assessing a goat at twenty-five dollars. I claimed that a goat was not "real" property in the legal sense of the word and should not be assessed. One of the assessors, a very pleasant faced old man, very obligingly said that I could go upstairs with him and together we would look over the rules and regulations and see what could be done.

We looked over the rules and finally the old man asked; "Does your goat run loose on the roads?"

"Well, sometimes," said I, wondering what the penalty was for that dreadful offence.

"Does he butt?" again queried the old man.

"Yes," I answered, "he butts."

"Well," said the old man, looking at me, "this rule says, tax all that certain property running and abutting on the highway, I don't see that I can do anything for you, good day, sir."

Richard R. Lovett.

MIKE'S GOOD REASON

One of the ablest and best known surgeons of western New York, on undoing a bandage one day found to his surprise that he had securely fastened it to the patient's skin.

"Well, Mike," said he, "why in the world didn't you cry out when I ran that pin into you?"

"Indade, sor," said Mike, "and I supposed you understood your business."

F. B.

LOOKING BACKWARD

A ship came into Batoum, a town in the Russian Caucasus on the Black Sea, and, as is customary before entering the port the customs officials were taken on board. It was the duty of these officials to seal all the ship's stores and provisions except those

12 REASONS WHY



- 1** No Stropping
- 2** No Honing
- 3** No Waiting
- 4** Nothing to Learn
- 5** Nothing to Adjust
- 6** Always Ready
- 7** Always Sharp
- 8** 24 Sharp Edges
- 9** Absolutely Safe
- 10** A Money Saver
- 11** A Perfect Barber
- 12** Clean Cutting

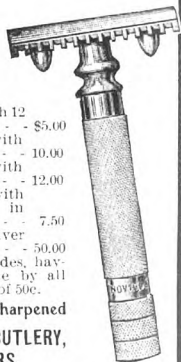
*Every Reasonable Gentleman
knows "The Gillette"
fulfils all claims.*

**SHAVE YOURSELF AND SAVE
TIME, MONEY AND WORRY.**

"The Gillette" Blade is of Fine, Flexi-
ble Wafer Steel that Shaves.

**12 BLADES :
24 KEEN EDGES.**

*20 to 40 Quick and
Comfortable Shaves
from each Blade.*



Triple silver-plated set with 12 blades - \$5.00
 Quadruple gold-plated set with 12 blades - 10.00
 Quadruple gold-plated set with 12 blades and monogram - 12.00
 Standard combination set with shaving brush and soap in triple silver-plated holders - 7.50
 other combination sets in silver and gold, up to - 50.00
 Standard packages of 10 blades, having 20 sharp edges, for sale by all dealers at the uniform price of 50c.

No blades exchanged or resharpened
**SOLD BY LEADING DRUG, CUTLERY,
AND HARDWARE DEALERS.**

Ask to See Them, and for Our Booklet. Write for Our special Trial Offer.

Gillette Sales Company
 Times Building, New York City



**WE COULDN'T ELIMINATE SHAVING
SO WE REVOLUTIONIZED THE WAY.**

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING.

Walnuts and Wine

required for immediate use. Among the stores were the liquors which were kept in the sea locker in the Captain's private room. The officials removed the cushion on the top of the locker and affixed the seal to the sliding door.

After the departure of the officials the ship moved into her loading berth in the harbor. The captain, a portly and pompous person, came down hurriedly to sign his official papers and inadvertently sat down on the newly placed wax seal. When he arose, he found to his horror and dismay that the seal came with him. Great was his consternation, for the laws in Russia are very strict upon the breaking of a seal, the minimum fine being 100 roubles.

The Captain thought the only way to convince the suspicious officials of his innocence was to present the seal intact in its new location for their inspection. So the unusual spectacle was seen of a dignified ship's captain walking gingerly up the wharf and through a populous thoroughfare with both hands clutching the amplest part of his trousers, occasionally twisting his portly form to see that no portion of the precious seal had been lost.

But his precautions proved useless, the officials were adamant and they fined the outraged old gentleman 100 roubles for breaking the seal and the laws of the country.

Caroline Lockhart.

SPEAKING OF THE BAKER

"The Baker," said the knowing youth, "is the happiest man ever. Everything he stirs up pans out well. All he kneads is his, he has dough to burn, and his stock is still rising. He certainly takes the cake! He's a stirring chap, and does things up brown. Though he is well bred, and somewhat of a high roller, he is not above mixing with his hands. Besides, he is pious, and cheerfully icing his favors for everybody. The baker is the original wise man of the yeast.

Karl von Kraft.

SURE THING

Papa—Be careful, Tommie. You'll break your cart. Then what will happen?

Tommie—You'll have to buy me another.

D. F. Maguire.

From the Land of the Rising Sun

come many delightful and charming sentiments, and one great food principle—the use of rice. It has been left to the cleverness and ingenuity of the American to originate a distinct improvement upon the Japanese way of using rice.

Quaker Rice

(Puffed)

is the lightest, daintiest, most delicate food you have ever eaten. By a wonderful patented process the rice kernels are “puffed” or expanded to many times their ordinary size, and give a most delicious crispness. This marvelous process perfectly cooks the rice, making it ready to serve by simply warming in a pan as it comes from the package, with the addition of milk, cream or sugar to your taste.

The more you eat of Quaker Rice, the more you will want; it is so light and delicate that you cannot over-eat. Children fairly love Quaker Rice, and it is excellent for them, because it is easily digested and contains exactly the food values the growing child requires.

On each package of Quaker Rice you will find directions for making Quaker Rice Candy, Quaker Rice Brittle, etc. These very delightful confections can be easily and quickly made in your own home, and will give untold delight to every member of the family. Children can eat all they want without the slightest fear of consequences.

Quaker Rice is sold by grocers everywhere at 10c the package.

Made by the Manufacturers of Quaker Oats. Address, Chicago, U. S. A.

Copyright, 1900,
by American Cereal Co.



Walnuts and Wine

A SONNET UP-TO-DATE

What a piece of work is a man!—HAMLET.

By Don Mark Lemon

Look on this man: how wonderful! Behold,
Begirt with immortality he stands,
Divinity in his face—and in his hands
A light-weight measure! Eyes supremely bold
To pierce to heaven—or to spy out gold.
A heart for others' needs—and others' lands.
A brain to deal in truths—and contrabands.
Who turns out sin—and tenants—in the cold.

He is a worker for the "larger peace"
On land and sea—the larger piece and best.
A man of worth, whose love shall never cease
For others' good—and goods. Whose interest
In all on earth and under heaven blue
Is large;—'t is ten per cent., and compound too.



PROFITABLE LABOR

Jimmy's mother was surprised to see him heading toward the flower yard with a garden rake.

"Why, Jimmy!" she exclaimed. "What on earth are you going to do with that rake?"

"I am going to rake your flower pot," answered the youngster.

"What for?" demanded the mother.

"Why, for money," was the response; "I heard papa tell Uncle Harry that he raked a pot last night, and got fifty dollars."

E. F. Moberly.



LIFE, OR WHAT'S THE USE?

By a Pessimist

An armless man, with a toothless rake,
Its handle wholly gone,
Scratching an earth composed of naught,
For what never grows thereon.

Walnuts and Wine

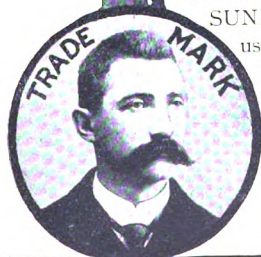
MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER



Welcome and Refreshing

as the first flowers of spring is the soothing touch of MENNEN'S. Gives immediate and positive relief from PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, SUNBURN, and all skin troubles. Everywhere used and recommended by physicians and nurses for its perfect purity and absolute uniformity. Mennen's face on every box. See that you get the genuine.



*For Sale Everywhere, or by Mail, 25c.
Sample Free.*

CERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.
Try MENNEN'S VIOLET (Borated) TALCUM.

Walnuts and Wine

NOT IN THE OPERATING ROOM

Judging from the following conversation that recently took place in a local meat-market a blind man had he wandered in to overhear it would have thought he was in an operating room. The butcher had hired a small boy to do his errands and this boy had just returned from one when this took place.

Butcher.—"Did you put Mr. Jones's ribs in the box?"

Boy.—"Yes, sir."

Butcher.—"Well then, put Mr. Brown's legs along with them and slice up Mrs. Smith's shoulder."

L. Cortwright.

FIXING THE ERROR.

A teacher in a Connecticut district school gave one of her pupils these two sentences to correct.

"The hen has three legs."

"Who done it?"

The little fellow looked at his slate a minute and then seriously wrote:

"The hen didn't done it. God done it."

H. Reynolds.

SUCH A GRANDFATHER

A young man was being examined by a life insurance official as to his family record. Among other questions the following was asked, "Of what did your grandfather die?"

The applicant hesitated a few moments and then stammered out "I-I'm not sure, but I think he died in infancy."

Wm. Naumburg, Jr.

BICYCLE NEWS

A travelling salesman in the employ of a large bicycle manufacturer in Philadelphia was obliged to go on a business trip into the West about the time an interesting domestic event was expected. The salesman desired his sister to wire him results, according to a formula something like this: If a boy, "Man's safety arrived;" If a girl, "Lady's safety arrived."

To the astonishment and chagrin of the father-elect he had been gone but a few days when he received a telegram containing but one word: "Tandem."

Edwin Tarrisse.

Be Fair to Your Skin, and it Will Be Fair to You—and to Others

A Beautiful Skin can only be secured through Nature's work. Ghastly, horrid imitations of Beauty are made by cosmetics, balms, powders, and other injurious compounds. They put a coat over the already clogged pores of the skin, and double the injury. Now that the use of cosmetics is being inveighed against from the very pulpits, the importance of a pure soap becomes apparent. The constant use of HAND SAPOLIO produces so fresh and rejuvenated a condition of the skin that all incentive to the use of cosmetics is lacking.

The **FIRST STEP** away from self-respect is lack of care in personal cleanliness; the first move in building up a proper pride in man, woman, or child, is a visit to the bathtub. You can't be healthy, or pretty, or even good, unless you are clean. **USE HAND SAPOLIO.** It pleases every one.

WOULD YOU WIN PLACE? Be clean, both in and out. We cannot undertake the former task—that lies with yourself—but the latter we can aid with **HAND SAPOLIO.** It costs but a trifle—its use is a fine habit.



"You have just come into a piece of good fortune, Miss, and you will hereafter get more out of life. You will have better health, a fair soft skin, and will be welcome among the best people."

HAND SAPOLIO IS A PERFECT TOILET ARTICLE. ITS USE IMPARTS AN AIR OF DAINTESS AND GOOD BREEDING. A TOILET NECESSITY. A BATH DELIGHT.

HAND SAPOLIO neither coats over the surface, nor does it go down into the pores and dissolve their necessary oils. It opens the pores, liberates their activities, but works no chemical change in those delicate juices that go to make up the charm and bloom of a healthy complexion. Test it yourself.

WHY TAKE DAINTY CARE of your mouth and neglect your pores, the myriad mouths of your skin? **HAND SAPOLIO** does not gloss them over or chemically dissolve their health-giving oils, yet clears them thoroughly by a method of its own.

HAND SAPOLIO is

- SO PURE** that it can be freely used on a new-born baby or the skin of the most delicate beauty.
- SO SIMPLE** that it can be a part of the invalid's supply with beneficial results.
- SO EFFICACIOUS** as to bring the small boy almost into a state of "surgical cleanliness" and keep him there.

Walnuts and Wine

THE REALM OF RELAX.

By Martin E. Jensen

A wonderful place is the Realm of Relax,
Where Contentment rules as King,
And the Smile-tree grows, and the Laugh-breeze blows;
Where 't is always joyous Spring.
Do you know it not, this inviting spot,
And the comfort it may bring?

Have you never heard of the Realm of Relax,
Where is seen no anxious frown,
And the worrying word is never heard;
Where are buried, deeply down,
Every carking care and dulling despair;
Where Rest is the kind King's crown?

Have you never been to the Realm of Relax?
There Life is a merry wight,
Whose labor is done—and counted as fun—
With a lilting heart, so light;
The Past is forgot; and to-morrow's lot
Unthought,—*to-day* is so bright.

Do you long to go to the Realm of Relax?
It is not so far away;
You can find it, whole,—in your anxious soul,—
And may reach it in a day
By a road quite clear, called the Road of Cheer,—
Take it now; do not delay.

EXIT CANN

Office boy: A gentleman named E. Cann would like to see you, sir."

Busy Broker: "Tell him E. Cant."

E. B.

HE HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT

His Satanic Majesty was growling over the size of his shoemaker's bills.

"You must remember," said his wife patiently, "that you have two hind legs and a tail to boot."

C. A. Bolton.

HARMONY

Much depends upon appropriate decorations. The tone of the surroundings completes the rhapsody. There is an added harmony in

Artloom Tapestries
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Curtains, Couch Covers and Table Covers

Artloom Tapestries cost no more than tapestries with the art left out. Progressive dealers now keep them in stock, and women everywhere are learning to look for the label which is attached to every piece of our work. Write to-day for Style Book "J" showing articles in actual colors.



*This Label Tells the Texture—
it's the Texture that Tells.*



Heavy Oriental Stripe

The curtain illustrated above is of soft Oriental tones, harmoniously broken by stripes, giving the hanging a warmth and richness most attractive. It is fifty inches wide, three yards long. One combination of Olive, Terra Cotta, Light Cream, Tan, and Blue; another in Gold, Steel Blue, Dark Cream, Light Green, and Burnt Orange. Lattice fringe and tassels. **PER PAIR \$6.00**

If your dealer won't supply you send us post-office or money order and we will deliver to you through another dealer.

Philadelphia Tapestry Mills, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Home Making," by Miss Edith W. Fisher, the clever book on Home Decorations, with interior views, sent on receipt of four cents in stamp.

Walnuts and Wine

BIG GAME

Not long ago an ex-governor of Michigan, a Cleveland capitalist and several friends were in the big woods near Turtle Lake, guided by Sam Sampson, a famous hunter and trapper. Sam possesses a gun with a barrel five feet long, but once, according to his story, he had a still longer one.

"It was a wonderful gun," he said to the ex-governor. "I could kill a b'ar as fur off as I could see 'im, an' that gun was as knowing as a man. If it hadn't been fur that it would never ha' busted!"

"How did you break it?" asked one of the hunters.

"I strained it t' death," said the old guide soberly. "I was out hunting one day when I seen a buck an' seven does a-standin' close onto me. I pulled up old Beetle—that's what I called th' gun—and was jest goin' t' let go when I heard an awful funny noise over my head. I looked up'n' there wus more'n ten million wild geese a-sailin' over me. There I was in a perdicament. I wanted th' geese 'n' I wanted th' deer. At last I aimed at th' geese an' let sliver. Beetle must ha' knowed I wanted both, fur that wus th' end of the old gun! Th' strain on her was too much, an' both barrels busted. Th' shot in one of 'em killed the buck, th' shot in th' other killed ten geese, an' when Beetle died she kicked so hard I was knocked into a crick. But when I come out my boot-legs was full o' fish! I ain't never seen another sech gun as Beetle!"

J. Olivier Curwood.

AN IMMEDIATE RESPONSE

"My son," said the strict mother, at the end of a moral lecture, "I want you to be exceedingly careful about your conduct. Never, under any circumstances, do anything which you would be ashamed to have the whole world see you doing."

The small boy turned a hand-spring, with a whoop of delight.

"What in the world is the matter with you? Are you crazy?" demanded the mother.

"No'm," was the answer. "I'm jes' so glad that you don't 'spec' me to take no baths never any more!"

Dorothy Scarborough.

Do This TO-DAY

Do you want to become identified with a magnificent proposition—STRONG, SECURE and SOLID—one that will certainly bring you a rich competency FOR LIFE?

This is a clean, legitimate enterprise of mammoth proportions, backed by men of business integrity and experience, who are pledged to the success of this enterprise in every particular.

NOW is the time to investigate this offer and get in line for the forthcoming benefits. Mere economy is no road to wealth; to realize you must embrace opportunity. This is a tidal-point in your experience. Will you rise with the flood or recede on the ebb of a lost opportunity?

We want to acquaint every reader of this magazine with the merit and magnitude of our undertaking. It will interest you, will appeal to your good sense and business judgment. Remember you take absolutely no risk. If you are not *fully convinced* that this is one of THE GREATEST opportunities of your life to secure a LARGE, PERMANENT INCOME, YOU ARE UNDER NO OBLIGATION WHATEVER, so do not delay but cut out the attached coupon and let us send you the details in full.

CUT THIS OUT

Continental Commercial Company,

842 Fullerton Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me Booklet, Reports and all information. If I am fully convinced that it is an enterprise of the soundest character, and will prove **ENORMOUSLY PROFITABLE**, I will probably be interested.

NAME _____

STREET OR R. F. D. _____

POST OFFICE _____ STATE _____

A Beautiful Souvenir FREE to all who mention "LIPPINCOTT'S."

Walnuts and Wine

A GOOD DEFINITION

"Pa, what is a psychological moment?" asked a Virginia farm boy of his father. "I've read so much about it," continued the boy, "and even the dictionary doesn't give a definition of it."

"A psychological moment? Let me see," said the farmer, meditatively. "Well now did you ever notice your Ma when she was hangin' out a washin'? Did you ever see the old clothes-line break and let the whole blame lot fall into the mud? Well, that's a psychological moment—a moment when you had better have urgent business at the barn."

Will M. Hundley.

HIS SENSE OF JUSTICE

The small grandson of Governor Cummins of Iowa, a handsome and precocious child, has displayed an early and inherent conception of justice, which is illustrated by the following accident.

The boy is not permitted to eat doughnuts, but when visiting in the kitchen of a neighboring relative, the cook presented him with one of these delicacies, he proceeded to eat it with perfect enjoyment.

No suspicion of his indulgence reached the ears of his family, and all would have gone well had not an overpowering sense of his obligations mastered the culprit. Curious investigations were the natural outcome when he said his usual prayer that night and then hesitantly added this brief but incriminating petition.

"And—and please bless Aunt Cora's hired girl."

M. J.

TAKING NO CHANCES

During a recent discussion on juvenile crime, Charles Richmond Henderson, professor of sociology at the University of Chicago, and an eminent authority on criminology, told a story of a youngster who was asked if he knew the meaning of "regeneration."

"Yes" responded the lad, 'it means to be born again.'

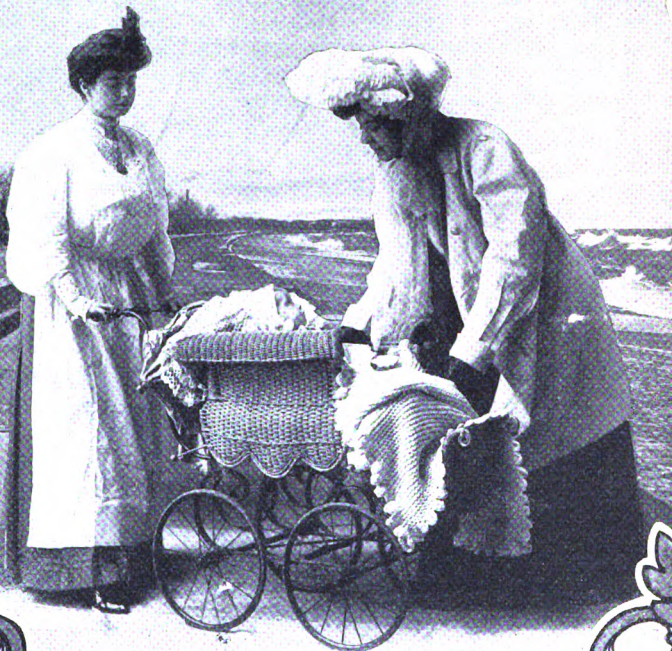
"And would you like to be born again?" he was asked.

"No, sircce," exclaimed the boy, 'I'm too much afraid of being born a girl.'

James H. Lambert, Jr.

Walnuts and Wine

Pabst Extract



The physical well-being of the child depends largely upon the health of the mother.

Pabst Extract

is the "Best" Tonic for mothers. It is just pure malt—the most nutritious food known to science. It aids digestion, soothes the tired nerves and gives strength when it is most needed. Physicians endorse and prescribe Pabst Extract for both men and women. Try it yourself when you are nervous, listless or sleepless, and note its beneficial effects.

25c at all druggists. Insist upon the original.

Pabst Extract Department, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

Walnuts and Wine

A DEAD LOSS

"See here, Aunt Dinah, I sent two brand-new shirts of my husband's to the wash last week, and you have brought only one back. Now, *what* have you done with the other?"

"Yes, Miss Lulu, ma'am, I was coming 'round to the question of dat dar shu't. You knows dat I ain't a pusson dat *pretends* to one thing and *protends* to anudder, so I'se agwine to tell de truf 'bout dat shu't. It was dis-a-way. My ole man he up and died las' week, and de "Bur'al Sassiety" dey didn't do nuthing but covort 'round, an' I neber had anyt'ing to lay dat man out in. So I helps myse'f to dat' shu't for a fac'. An' oh, Miss Lulu, honey, I jec' wishes you could hab seen how dat nigger sot dat shu't off!"

M. Budd.

THE FERTILE COMPOSITOR

"Wx hopx," said the editor of THE SHOKEGAN SUN, "that our rxadxrs will pardon thx sxxmgingly mystxrions absxcnxx in this wxxxk's issux of THX SUN of a most important lxttxr. Thx fact is (much to our rxgrxt and disgust) that our composing room was ntxrxrd last nght by that scoundrxl, Bill Walkxr, who stolx vxvry lxttxr from an indispxnsiblx box. Wx undxrstand that thx misercxant subxqxuntly rxmarkxd, in a sarcastic way, that as hx was going shooting and had no ammunition, hx thought hx would borrow somx of our typx for shot.

"It has, of coursx, bxxn impossiblx to preurx a nxw supply of this most important lxttxr in timx for this issux, and wx arx thus compxlld to go to prxss in a situation at oncx xmbarrassing and distrxssing; but wx can sxx no other coursx to pursux than to make thx best xffort wx can to gxt along without thx missing lxttxr. Thxrxforx wx print THX SUN on timx, rxgardlxxs of thx loss wx havx sustainxd.

"Thx motivx of thx misercxant doubtlxxs was rxvxngx for somx suposxd insult. But it shall nxvvr bx supposxd that thx pxty spitx of any small-soulxd villain has disablxd THX SUN; and if this should mxxt thx xyx of thx dxtxstablx rascal, wx bxg to assurx him that hx undrxxstimatxs thx rxsourcxs of a first-class nxwspapxr whxn hx thinks hx can cripplex it hoplxxsly by brxak- ing into thx alphabxt. Wx takx occasion to say, furthxrmorx,

WE ARE DISTILLERS AND SELL DIRECT TO YOU.

There is nobody between our distillery and you to tamper with HAYNER WHISKEY, to "doctor" it, water it or adulterate it in any way. We cut out the wholesale and retail dealers, jobbers and middlemen, so you save their enormous profits, and, most important of all, you are absolutely sure of getting pure whiskey. You cannot buy anything purer, better or more satisfactory than HAYNER, no matter how much you pay. We have been distillers for over 40 years, and we mean every word we say.

PURE HAYNER WHISKEY

4 Full Quarts \$3.20 Express Prepaid

Our offer Send us \$3.20, and we will ship you, in a plain sealed case with no marks to show contents, **FOUR FULL QUARTS** of HAYNER PRIVATE STOCK RYE or BOURBON. Open up one, two or all of the bottles. Give the whiskey a fair trial. Test it anyway you like. Then if you don't find it exactly as represented and perfectly satisfactory, send it back to us **AT OUR EXPENSE** and your \$3.20 will be returned to you by next mail.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Col., Idaho, Mont, Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., or Wyo., must be on the basis of **4 Quarts for \$4.00** by **EXPRESS PREPAID**, or **20 Quarts for \$15.20** by **FREIGHT PREPAID**, by reason of the very much higher express rates to the far western states. Write our nearest office **TO-DAY**.

ESTABLISHED
1866.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO.,

DISTILLERY,
TROY, OHIO.

DAYTON, OHIO, ST. LOUIS, MO., ST. PAUL, MINN., ATLANTA, GA.

Capital \$500,000.00. paid in full.



Walnuts and Wine

that bxforn nxxt wxxk wx shall havx nixht times as many of
thx lxttxr as hx stolx.

“Also, wx dxsirx to go on rxcord to this xffxct: That if vxvr
this hound Walkxr is sxxn prowling about this xstablishmxt again,
bx it night or bx it day, nothing will afford us morx satisfaction
than to shoot his worthlxss hidx full of holxs. In thx mxantime
wx shall of coursx pursux lxxal rxdrxss in thx courts.

“Our subscribxrs can hxlpl us to rxplxnish our stock if thosx
who may havx bxxn shot by this man Walkxr will savx thx chargx
whxn it is pickxd out of thxm and rxturn it to us. Nvxvr mind
if it is battxrxd a littlx.”

Edwin Tarrisse.

NOT NOWADAYS

Mamma (returning from church)—“Why, Willie, take your
wheel into the back yard. You must not play in the front yard
on Sunday.”

Willie (protestingly).—“But mamma, isn’t it Sunday in the
back yard too?”

Mary Davidson.

THEY OFTEN DO

“I wonder what sort of man that lady with the past will
capture.”

“Undoubtedly she’ll get a young man with a future.”

C. A. Bolton.

WHICH?

By J. L. R. Morgan

If a cannibal should see,
After trying two or three,
How hard it is to keep a good man down.
Would he stick to vegetation,
As a constant, steady ration?
Or get a patent medicine from town?

The Gospel of Furnace Saving.

Everybody knew ages ago that gases and free carbon—smoke—possess the most vital heat elements in coal. We were the first to pen them up in a heater. Escape up the chimney is impossible in the **Underfeed**. They must pass *through* the fire that burns at the top and are consumed. This *waste* in other furnaces becomes *heat* in the **Underfeed**. Fuel is replenished from below by means of a lever. Easily operated. The **Underfeed** gets as much heat out of a ton of *cheapest coal* as any other furnace does from a ton of highest grade coal. Clean,

Uniform, Abundant heat at lowest possible cost is the **Underfeed Gospel of Furnace Saving**, which enables us to emphasize the truth that the

Peck-Williamson Underfeed Furnace Saves 1-2 to 2-3 on Your Coal Bills

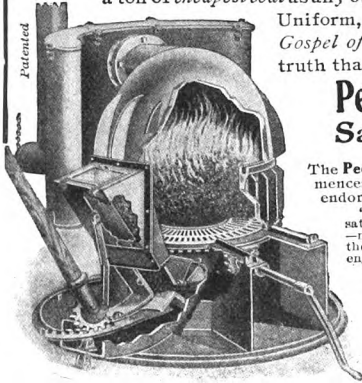
The **Peck-Williamson Underfeed** *pays for itself* in a short time, and then commences to *work and save money for you*. Owners are its most enthusiastic endorsers. Mr. E. C. Hamilton, Washington, C. H., Ohio, recently wrote us:

"The **Underfeed Furnace** placed in my house by you has given the most complete satisfaction. With it we have found the long-sought-for economy in heating expense—my coal bills have been *less than one-half* what they were in former winters, and the comfort of a warm house both day and night has been something we never enjoyed until we installed this furnace."

Is not voluntary evidence like this convincing? We've hundreds of such letters. We'd like to send you the **Underfeed** booklet filled with *fac-simile testimonials* volunteered by our patrons. It's **FREE**. So are heating plans and services of our Engineering Department. Write for them *to-day*, and please give name of local dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

The Peck-Williamson Co., 293 W. 5th St., Cincinnati, O.

Dealers are invited to write for our very attractive proposition.



Morse International Agency.

This agency had its beginning over sixty years ago and constituted a special form of business activity in newspaper advertising which had but newly developed through the commercial conditions existing then. It was founded by S. M. Pettengill, in 1849, and met with success from the start. Mr. J. H. Bates was early admitted to partnership and the name of S. M. Pettengill Company became proverbial as the leading advertising agency in the United States. After many years of the firm's unlimited success, Mr. Bates in 1886 bought out the entire interest of Mr. Pettengill, thus becoming sole owner of this large business; but the firm name continued as J. H. Bates until January 1, 1893, when Mr. Lyman D. Morse, who had been active with Mr. Bates for a number of years, became partner in the concern and caused the firm style to be changed to Bates & Morse.

After two years of partnership with Mr. Bates, Mr. Morse became the sole owner of the business and the name of the firm changed to the Lyman D. Morse Advertising Agency.

On March 1, 1898, H. Henry Douglas became the partner of Mr. Morse and so continued until the latter's death on March 6, 1901.

On April 1, 1901, the firm was incorporated under the laws of the State of New York with the same name:—Lyman D. Morse Advertising Agency,—and with the following officers: H. Henry Douglas, President; Irving M. Dewey, Vice-President and Treasurer; G. Howard Harmon, Secretary.

The Lyman D. Morse Advertising Agency, therefore, being the oldest establishment of its kind in America and having, through its large clientele and progressiveness developed wide international connections, it is believed expedient to adapt it in name to its enlarged sphere of operation by changing its business style to the **Morse International Agency, 38 Park Row, New York.**

Owing to increase of business, necessitating larger offices, the corporation will move its offices on May 1st to the Revillon Building, 19 West 34th Street, New York.

Walnuts and Wine

ALL THE TALK HE WANTED

To many people in the average small town every form of entertainment advertised to appear is a "show." At least one little negro boy, however, knows the difference between a show and a lecture.

George R. Wendling was announced to deliver his lecture, "The Man of Galilee," in a little Minnesota town. On the evening of the lecture the negro boy, who was shining Mr. Wendling's shoes, grinned up into his face and asked, "You'se de gen'man what's goin' to give the show, ain't you?"

"Yes."

A pause. Then an embarrassed but resolute face was raised again as the boy asked, "Won't you give me a ticket to de show?"

"Certainly! But I fear it is not the kind of show you like. It is a lecture. Do you want to hear a lecture?"

"No, sir. My ma gives me all the talk I want to hear."

P. M. Pearson.



A DOTTY DITTY

By Walter Pulitzer

There was a young heiress named Dot,
Who marry a Yankee would not,
So a Lord (with an eye
To a *dot*) she did buy,
And the Lord only knows what she's got!



THIS ONE BROUGHT LESS

Mark Twain once rebuked a young reporter for writing anecdotes about him which never happened.

"See here," said Mr. Clemens, "what do you mean by taking my name in vain?"

"I didn't take it in vain," replied the cub, "I got two dollars apiece for those stories."

J. M. Hendrickson.



Hair Life Revives



**Under the Evans Vacuum Cap.
Guarantee Backed by a Bank.**

The scientific reason for new hair growth by the EVANS VACUUM CAP method is simply in that the exhaust of air brings a full supply of blood to the scalp, which acts like a rhythmical massage. You can tell from using the Cap a reasonable length of time, what your result is going to be; if you experience the tingling, freshening sensation of renewed circulation, and a healthy, ruddy tinge shows on the scalp surface, it is proof positive and scientific evidence that nature is still able to do her work in the production of hair growth, and the cap will restore your hair.

endorsed by scientists generally, and is guaranteed to produce a growth of hair to your satisfaction, or your money will be refunded by the Jefferson Bank of St. Louis. When you make up your mind, send your money to the bank to hold—don't send it to us. We agree to send you the Cap on sixty days' free trial (by prepaid express), and if at the end of that time you are not convinced that the Cap will restore your hair, notify the bank and return the Cap to us. The bank will refund your money in full.

We have no agents or traveling representatives. All orders come through the Jefferson Bank.

A 16-page Illustrated Book Will be Sent You on Request, Postage Prepaid in Full by Us.

EVANS VACUUM CAP CO., 548 Fullerton Building, ST. LOUIS, MO.

“SHREDS”

*An Attractive Collection
of interesting sketches by*

MISS MARGARET L. CORLIES

“—The book represents a variety of interest where the fancy of the reader may choose what is most pleasing individually” —*Philadelphia Ledger.*

For sale by all booksellers, or will be sent post-paid by

J. B. Lippincott Company

on receipt of price, **\$1.50.**

Walnuts and Wine

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT PHILOSOPHER

By William Arnold Jacobs

He threw a banana peel under my feet,
And because he seemed friendless and old
I made a deep bow and sat down in the street;
And this is the story he told:—

“When I was a lad about eight years of age,
A great question arose in my mind,
I studied that question like any old sage,
But the answer I never could find;
So at length I inquired of my Uncle Joe Brown,
Whom the questioning seemed to annoy;
For he thought but a moment, then said with a frown,
‘You will know when you’re older, my boy!’
But alas! Though I’m sixty years older, and find
That my hair is as white as the snow,
Yet, try as I will, I cannot call to mind
What it was that I wanted to know.”



MODEST GREATNESS

One day a letter was received at the Post-Office in Paris, bearing the following inscription: “To the Greatest French Poet.” The letter-carrier was instructed to deliver it to Victor Hugo, who refused to receive it and sent it to Lamartine. This genius also declined to accept the letter and passed it on to Alfred de Musset. The latter, equally modest, re-sent it to Victor Hugo, who finally accepted it. The letter had reached its destination.

M. J. Conrad.



SO NEAR

Near Vineland, N. J., there lived a German farmer who brewed his own beer, the superiority of which he was continually proclaiming, though no other person ever enjoyed an opportunity of testing its merits. A young neighbor made a wager that he could trick the farmer into giving him a taste of the much-vaunted drink. The

Walnuts and Wine

"Till taught by pain men really know not what good water's worth"

Search the world over and you'll find no Sparkling Natural Spring Water the equal of **Hiawatha**.

Bottled at the spring, it comes to you a perfect gift from Nature's hand.

Hiawatha Sparkling Water is the most genuinely enjoyed table beverage served today at clubs, hotels, cafés and homes. The pure spring water that gives you vim and zest.

**Hiawatha holds the World's Highest Awards.
Order Sparkling Hiawatha Today.**

Hiawatha Spring Company

Send for the booklet, "It's What's Inside," to

LOUIS M. PARK COMPANY, Distributors, Minneapolis

New York Chicago St. Paul Duluth

The Angel of Pain

teen. sen. which le
at, in the end.

The "Angel of Pain" is one of the best of the present day novels, written in the purest diction, absorbingly human, yet with just that touch of the occult which never fails to fascinate and interest.

BENSONS BEST BOOK

AT ALL BOOK STORES J.B.LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILA.

Walnuts and Wine

youth visited the German one Sunday afternoon and the conversation was deftly steered around to home brewed beer. The young man boasted that his father brewed beer that could not be equalled. The farmer at once vehemently ordered up a mug of his own favorite brew. When it appeared, the German raised it to his lips, and, the other hand pressing his stomach, drank every drop without taking breath. Then holding the empty mug to the disappointed young fellow he said gravely:

“ You say your Fader’s beer iss so better as mine! Joost schmell dot mug!”

S. J. Baker.

A TRIBUTE TO SHAKESPEARE

There is an editor in Boston, a man of very excellent parts, who is of Irish descent,—a fact of which he is supremely proud. He is fond of contending that a majority of the great poets had, to a greater or less degree, Irish blood. One evening while at dinner with a number of friends he was holding forth on his favorite topic, when he was interrupted by one of the guests, who said:

“ At least there was one exception to your contention—how about Shakespeare? Surely, you can’t say that he was an Irishman!”

For a moment the editor was taken aback. But, quickly recovering his composure, he replied:

“ Perhaps not; but his genius would justify the supposition.”

Edwin Tarrisse.

WHO WORRIES

By Harold Susman

Who worries o’er each little thing,
Who makes himself distress’t,
Who to some unkind thought does cling,
Who puts away the best,
Who shuts out peace, who lives in strife,
Who will let nothing please,
Has a condition in his life
That should be called “ dis-ease.”

LIPPINCOTT'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1906



TWO IN A FOG

BY WILLIAM H. BABCOCK

Author of "The Tower of Wye," "Kent Fort Manor," etc.

I.

BESIDE the Chesapeake Edna Winston had set up her easel in her mother's company. Their temporary home was an old-fashioned brick house—her discovery—which had declined with decorum from its more prosperous mansion days. Their experiment had proved a success in every way.

Edna was aware of being popular, though so retired and busy. Murmurs of neighborhood approval often reached her—losing nothing by the maternal transmission. They celebrated, *inter alia*, her good heart, her sunny temper, her varied accomplishments, her fearlessness, her brightness of wit and of beauty, for the most part awakening only a preoccupied smile between amusement and cordial goodwill. Surely, she thought, since modern manners first made enterprise a possibility for women, there was never a maid of art more blessed in her surroundings.

One morning she awoke to find all things drowned in vapor, to which the climbing sun gave only a soiled pearliness. One might peer, but without seeing.

In the afternoon, when the girl went down to the shore, heart-weary of dimness, it was no better. A group of men in oil-skins and weather-dyed garments, much alike in tint, were lounging beside their boats on the sand. She mentioned half jestingly her longing to be rowed out through the fog.

They smiled with unanimous head-shaking, and one lank humorist made answer, "Not any for me, Miss Winston. I'll take sunlight in mine. If you want a wet blanket, better wrap up in one ashore and thank the good Lord. No, no, I've been there; dead lost, when it was even bettin' whether you was on this earth or in the kind o' unhatched mix-up that come afore it. I couldn't do nothin' sensible; I jest prayed like a baby. The more I pulled the more I didn't get anywheres; and when I run asho' I hunted a hole like a muskrat and laid low till sun-up. I tell you I was mighty glad to find it wasn't Heaven, or—some other onusual place."

There was a stir of merriment, then a grave voice took up the theme:

"There's nothin' to hinder driftin' down the bay, clean through the capes and out to sea. I knowed a man once went that-a-way. They found his boat near Cape Henry. They didn't never find *him*—never forevermore!"

Chill warning! Edna drew away, nodding politely, and went on along the water line.

Barely out of their sight, she found a light boat astray in the shallows. It tempted her strangely; and after hesitating a minute she took a light leap into it, gaining the middle with a laugh and a little clutch, having been nearly spilled overboard. Her impetus carried it off the ground only a few feet.

That did not matter; the oars still touched bottom when she dipped them low. The painter-rope hung from the bow. She drew it and coiled it, then leaned on elbow triumphing at ease in her temerity; quite safely, she felt at heart, for it was such a little way out.

But a little way grows when the tide is pulling with invisible fingers, though ever so gently. Edna looked up to find the house swimming and all but obliterated. Before she could work around to pull in, the doubtful vision had left her. Fear touched her now, but was driven off at once, for she felt sure she knew where the shore lay.

Ten strokes or more and she wondered not to hear the grating of the keel. She glanced over her shoulder, and her heart checked for a moment, then leaped affrighted; for no familiar outline—no form, indeed, of earth or sea or heaven—anywhere met her view.

Ply the oars now, Edna; pull and pull swiftly. Laugh if you will, uneasily, but that may hardly help you. Keep the right course and the straight course as you value life. Elsewhere futile circling may await you, and the bewilderment of chaos.

Now, surely, was the time to call aloud, and the impulse was on her; but pride and perversity withheld, until her random rushes had failed and her heart and arm grew weary.

Then indeed she shouted and screamed, more and more wildly and with lessening intervals as her nerves took the task on themselves, pouring out appeals, which never brought even a real echo. Her voice broke at last in a feeble quaver.

She stared at thick vacancy. Sound could not carry far, it seemed, in that swelter of cloud and air. The clamminess of it was on her like a fumbling hand from the grave. Her breath choked. The few boards of that little boat made all the world to her, adrift helplessly on the whelmed and blinded Chesapeake.

No answer: yet there were sounds,—faint, ghostly murmuring voices; a splashing as of some marine monster not far away; a fanning as of great wings overhead. She tried to explain them, but they passed comprehension. There was that in them which gripped her soul. She seized the oars again and swayed and tugged desperately in the mere random instinct to flee.

The exercise set her aglow, the more readily since the air was like a sweltering patch of early autumn out of season. It heartened her too, and she tried to find her bearings; but the very sun had turned traitor, leaving only a dissolved, pervading luminosity, dirty and dim, which might come from any side. It slowly sickened and faded, as she drifted again. Her pulses weakened too; she listened and quivered and brooded. She felt in motion, yet the water did not ripple. What was drawing her, and whither? What doom awaited? Would some steam-craft run her down, unseeing? Or Death beckon her through the dimness out into his own domain, the illimitable ocean?

The fancy nearly made her scream; but she cowered silently instead. That scream, intensified, had burst from other and invisible lips, quite near her, with inexpressible home-driven horror.

A woman's voice! But Edna uttered no sound, for the sudden unbreakable spell that was on her.

She strained eyes and ears, with no further token. Even the eerie fog-voices that had so troubled her were stilled.

Yet, after a while, in the extremity of overstraining she seemed just once to hear a low sound, muffled and pitiful, which made her hair lift and her skin creep. Illusion surely!—and she clung to that hope lest reason should desert her. Minute followed minute, but nothing happened.

As the apprehension of panic ebbed from her, extravagances awoke. One moment she felt driven to something frantic in the way of rescue. The next, she was wild for flight; but which way? And the splash of an oar might be fatal.

She felt a light breath on her forehead and a gentle eddying of the water where she dipped her hand. Hope revived, for most likely

the danger was at anchor and the elements were mercifully bearing her away.

Edna had heard far more than was good to hear of Chesapeake outlary,—the foraying of necks and islands in bitter seasons, kidnapping, murder, and the whole gamut of violent crime. Her mother or her grandmother in childhood might have heard the same. Passing generations had left the ill-doers unchanged, an abiding curse, the only American freebooters alive. Nearly all their craft were armed with Winchesters or other small-arms, and some of them abundantly. Bloodshed was common in their battles with exasperated shoresmen or the "navy" of two States. More openly shocking than all else were the ghastly cruelties inflicted on men and boys taken by fraud or against their will to work the oyster-dredges; beaten and starved, frozen, burned, shot dead in escaping, or landed in marshes when beyond all service, indescribable ruins of humanity for any one to find and see.

Not three days before, Edna had witnessed in the county-town a general outburst of indignation over one of these waifs, and had watched a posse of retribution organizing and taking the field then and there under the lead of the chief speaker, a young planter named Harold Goldsborough, whom she slightly knew. For a flash of the eye, she had seen also the living provocation, hideous as woful, and had carried away a heart of sorrow and fire.

A will-o'-the-wisp lantern blur showed soon, obliquely behind her and fading, a confirmation of her hope. Not long before she would have hailed it, and rowed for it as for salvation; but she was tremulously silent now. If they had heard her! Better the tender mercies of the shrouded appalling deep! She was thankful when no effort of vision could discern the glimmer any more.

Night came quickly, night indeed—a veritable burden of darkness; with no hint of star or hearth-fire, not even a phosphor-sheen along the water, which lifted and sank invisible in low, even, shouldering waves that lapped and whispered beside her.

After a long time, as it seemed, another light appeared ahead, and grew, as from a lamp at a window. But hope weakened as the luminous bar swayed about, up and down, with motion, evidently, of an anchored vessel.

While she was planning to steal away, a word stayed her, a single explosive word coming out through that same opening, in a deep, musical, thoroughly exasperated voice.

It startled her like a shower-bath, but with a shower-bath's bracing reaction, for she certainly knew that voice. The county-town, the speaker, the throng, the victim, all were straightway with her again. Here in a demon-haunted world was a man she knew, admiringly and

trustingly,—one of her own kindly human race. Whatever the word, the voice was its own passport, the voice of youth to youth, man's voice, unknowing, to woman,—upright, frank, and strong.

But why was Harold Goldsborough here? In grievous trouble, too, or the emphasis belied him. If he were in the hands of such enemies, that trouble might be far worse than her own. The thought made her sick with dread. She must get nearer; not forgetting the danger of approach, but danger had been with her so long! She was carried quite beyond herself by his apparent need, and also her own, for protective human company.

Her boat washed against the anchor-cable, which she caught, passing the boat's painter over it and taking the end, so that her craft was eased close to the window by the length of the loop and the set of the tide without perceptible motion or sound. She let go the rope, finding sufficient hold on the sill and the planking.

Suddenly Goldsborough's voice exclaimed, "Powers of heaven, here she comes again!" startling Edna almost adrift in dismay.

But she knew in a moment his "she" must be another,—a knowledge pleasing for once to vanity and all beside. His tone was of boredom unmitigated, or mitigated by a grim humor only. Now, who could be in possession of this worried, athletic, curiously unlucky young man? Notwithstanding all that had passed and the menacing elements of the situation, its broad farce was near to making Edna smile.

Well, there was just one that she had heard of to fit the rôle, a woman of might, comely and stormy, picturesque and formidable, autocrat of her lawless floating home, grand-daughter of that dreadful Patty Cannon whose marsh-raiders once harbored in the old Nanticoke reservation, keeping the Delaware border afire.

II.

THROUGH the window of the vessel the upper part of a masculine form with broad shoulders and bright wavy hair came into view, quite near her and moving oddly. Raising herself at some hazard to peer over the window-edge, Edna saw his wrists bound behind him and working to get free. He turned the well-remembered profile in that effort, but not far enough to perceive her.

Goldsborough had fared badly, for he showed a discolored swelling over his eye, and the bridge of his masterful nose had been in collision, too, though unbroken. However, he did not seem neglected and the blood had been washed away.

"A false alarm!" he sighed gratefully. "To think of my being

reduced to give thanks for respite from an adoring lady! If the story of this annexation should get abroad!—Moral, never invade any bugeye that harbors a handsome woman, especially if she is oversized and love-crazy. I believe those fellows sheered off just to keep from being conscripted for husbands—they offer me as a sop to Cerberus—devil take 'em!”

Edna listened and stared, governing her breath. She had fancied soliloquy a lost art off the boards; but plainly his foible of oratory would harangue himself for consolation rather than not harangue at all. He ceased with a declamatory moan.

A heavy step beyond the door explained it. Expecting an entrance, Edna hung on tiptoe, hugging the vessel's side, peeping through the least bit of window corner which would admit one eager and half-merry but very frightened eye. Her ears were aquiver for what promised to be a dialogue without example.

The new woman was unique to the young artist's eye. More than six feet she stood, fair-featured and shapely, with a neck like a tower and shoulders which might have borne away the gates of Gaza. Her complexion was ill served by the lamplight, but this only deepened the aggressive glossiness of her hair and the broad jetty brightness of her eyes. A daughter of the Titans indeed.

With this dominant specimen of the eternal feminine it was a clear case of mistaken identity and overboiling devotedness. Her arms were not yet extended, but they showed an ominous fluttering. She loomed over Goldsborough, languishing. “Edward, dear Edward!” she pleaded.

Harold stirred impatiently. His mouth corners worked against his will in vexed and deplorable amusement. “My dear madam,” he protested, “is there nothing else it would be quite convenient to call me? I always defer to your charming sex, and I am sensible of the honor—the exceeding great honor—that you so kindly accord me. But indeed I am not Edward; I never have been Edward, so far as I know; and—if you will so far pardon me—I am so prodigiously weary of being Edwarded.”

She looked at him with large, but very gentle, reproach, saying, “That isn't the way you talked when you courted me.”

He opened his lips, but closed them again, with a look of dolorous futility. No doubt he had explained and persuaded repeatedly and abundantly, finding his command of language for once quite without effect. His eyes roamed over her meditatively with curious interest. “May one inquire,” said he, “how I am supposed to have comported myself on that memorable and weighty occasion?”

She flushed resentfully.

A wicked impulse made him add, "Did I ever, by chance, have the temerity to hold you on my knee?"

She burst forth, "You know you did. And put your arm around me. And called me your—darling. And petted me. And kissed me."

He contemplated her, shaking his head very slowly. "By zines, but all that was courageous," he said.

Her face had warmed and brightened with remembrance. It took on now a more deeply hurt expression, and she murmured, "Oh my love, what a greeting for your fond and faithful Verbena!"

The appeal touched him in a tender and not at all ignoble spot which was never hard to reach. He began to speak in puzzled kindness, but she swept the words deliberately aside. Undoubtedly there was an effect of tolerant majesty about her, in spite of the preposterous rôle fate had given and some unlucky lapses.

After a little she resumed patiently, with very conscious pathos, "And you don't want to be Edwarded. What then? What would you rather be?"

What a trap for humor and exasperation! It caught him, not wholly to his credit. "Oh, almost anything," he answered. "Parboiled, scalped, brayed with medicine in a mortar. Pray don't stand on punctilios of etiquette with me."

A snort of laughter came from the key-hole. She threw the door open and lashed out with her hand. Some one went over with a cry. Back came the disciplinarian, satisfied.

"It don't do to fool with me," she observed, in high good-humor. "True," he answered. "Notwithstanding superior attractions."

She followed him ill, though beaming over the compliment. "It's well for you, young man, that I've something beside good looks to sail on," she said. "Remember how I used to carry you in when you'd come home jolly, tumbling all over the door-step? And I'll do it again, my dear, I'll do it again."

"Most grateful!" he returned dubiously. "I'll remember to remind you.—'All over the door-step,' did I?"

She gazed at him uneasily. "Didn't I save you yesterday?" she urged. "They'd have killed you. *Now, didn't I?*"

"You certainly did, and I thank you with all my heart. But——," and he twisted to show his bound hands.

She did not take the hint, but went on. "What, let 'em croak you on my own deck! No, no! I knew you as soon as I set eyes on you. I've been waiting so long, so long! But I knew you would come back to me."

He heard, ashamed. "But surely, Verbena, that strong brain of

yours must be open to truth and reason," he expostulated very kindly. He was groping at random, not confidently, for the gate and way.

She bowed her head in the assent that fears no change of conviction.

"Then," he urged, "pray ask any one in my county if I am not really and truly Harold Goldsborough of Minturn Hill, who can't possibly be your admirable Edward.—But indeed I will find your Edward; I will even find several Edwards for you if you will kindly let me go."

Not until afterward could Edna quite feel the struggle of good will and sheer fun in his distresses, humor playing at butterflies with sympathy and sentiment—too near the blaze of tragedy. But the drama drew her and held her.

Goldsborough had bent forward in his urgency, bringing his hands, extended behind him, nearly over the window-sill. The light was almost cut off from Edna's corner, and Verbena was lost to all things but her one passionate aim. Now was the time. Gripping tightly with one hand, Edna laid the other on his, lightly, tremulously, with a desperate sense of recklessness. He had given no great proof of discretion, of reticence at need. Would he destroy them both, or understand?

To her relief, there was a responsive quiver and rather more, but no movement that the woman in front could see. He was quietly bracing himself. His face turned a little. She closed her grasp and drew on him gently.

Would he have the hardihood to pitch outward and backward, unaware of anything certain but deep water and utter helplessness, at that bidding of an unknown guide?

Verbena was adream still, for how could any words overbear her eyesight, her vivid memory? Was he shaken in mind or hoaxing?

The first theory took the lead. Her voice sank to a soporific croon. "Poor lad, such licks on the head! I know! I know! Dear Edward, you may say anything, I won't mind. I'll do all I can to quiet your poor excited brain. My poor dear boy!"

She paused, not understanding the covert brightening of his face. The other solution had its turn. "Sly, are we? she drawled, with a placable wink and smile. "So—o' at your old tricks again! Oh you limb! Nobody could ever believe a word of ye. I'm mighty glad. But no more, don't fool no more.—O Edward, Edward!"

With arms thrown wide and vast palpitating bosom, she came at him in a loving rush! Backward he leaned instinctively, yet half with a will. Edna caught his hands with both her own, throwing nearly her full weight and strength into a sudden jerk; and by the combined action of all three he was pitched out head foremost in a surprising somersault, coming down in the boat with a few more bruises but no

great harm. The craft rocked crazily, then slipped a little way into the darkness. A moment later Verbena hung out of the window with waving arms, appalled by such harlequin vanishing.

She may even have thought the deed all her own; though who ever heard of a man thus obliterated? Alas for womanly devotion! But some telltale shadow or sound let her know the almost equally dismal truth,—Edward was spirited away; Edward, her heart's desire, the lost and recovered and lost! Then her words poured forth in menace and distressful imploring.

Edna had been too hurried and shaken to be wary. Her fingers tugged at Harold's bonds; then she found her pocket-knife and cut them. Now she turned to the oars, pulling away in zigzags, mindful of firearms, while he rubbed his stiffened members. Fortunately, Verbena had not let her people tie him tight enough for any harm; so presently he insisted on taking Edna's place and worked away, as might be expected, with somewhat awkward zeal, sending them along faster, but, she thought, with even more noise. At the click of a gunlock, she whispered to hold his hand; so they lay still.

Apparently no clear hint of their devious course had been given, for the repeating rifle began sweeping the darkness comprehensively in a wide arc punctuated by rapid flashes. Edna could hardly withhold an outcry when a bullet viciously clipped the water quite near her; but she heard right afterward Verbena's angry command checking this officiousness, followed by the pound and rattle of the gunstock falling suddenly. Whether or no that navigator blamed her Edward for complicity in escape, she was clearly not yet ready to risk his taking off.

The two in the boat kept silence, breathing more freely. The bugeye was silent, too. Undoubtedly many ears on board of her were straining to hear.

"Will they lower a boat?" whispered Edna at last.

"Hardly in this world of chaos and old night. Listen!"

"Edward! O Edward!" called Verbena's forsaken contralto behind them; "Edward, Edward, O Edward!" pealing grievously far out over the fog-enshrouded bay.

"She gives it up," he said.

"That woman loves you," observed Edna gravely.

"Say rather my very disreputable wraith or double," he corrected. "I would to heaven I could find her miserable Edward, and hand him over—for punishment. A terrible revenge!—think of life partnership with the she-Colossus of Rhodes!"

Edna began to laugh gently, with some hint of hardly manageable nervous revulsion, then commanded herself to say demurely, "Some one

called him 'admirable'—in other circumstances. It was a sin and a shame to break up that tableau."

"I—I think we had better be careful about talking, just a little," he said, with a touch of discomfiture. She laughed low and naturally, but made no reply.

Edna was feeling reassured, almost delivered. She had heard much of him. There was even a little triumph in having (and saving) a trustworthy comrade out of the black abyss. It seemed curiously like creation, a fancy which may be pardoned to an artistic creator by habit.

He spoke first. "I thank you more than I can say. But—who can you be and where can you have come from—to my rescue?" Notwithstanding a forced playfulness, there was certainly an odd, if not uneasy, quality in his voice. Evidently he did not remember her own.

She held her peace but for a low murmur of laughter, which he may have fancied elfin.

"I've a mind to strike a light," he threatened.

"Don't," she whispered, startled; adding, by after thought, "But most likely you can't, if you want to,"

No doubt he found it a fairly human speech. "My matches are in a dry box; but I shan't draw the rifle-fire," he answered, quite normally. "Besides, like as not, I should not see anything."

"You are talking compliment—*now*," she said. "It may complete your relief to know that we have met, like other people, on dry land—though not often. This is only one Edna Winston, adrift from shore—ages ago—by accident and her own foolishness."

"Ah!" he said. "Well, thank God for both!—to take it selfishly. But it's rough on you—if I may quite trust the tale. It's dubious. You come miraculously to my aid, out of nowhere, with no sound. Invisible you whisk me away with you into mystery. You are here and not here,—a being of misty darkness and magic and merriment,—some siren or witch o' the waters maybe, left over from old time, forever young and lovely."

She laughed at the frolicsome gallantry of his speech, recognizing no more reality in it than belongs to romance and a quick growth of admiration.

"Suppose you give me the oars again," she said. "I am at least human enough to be chilled."

At once he whipped off his coat and wrapped it round her, taking no denial; but she grew more imperative, fancying his solicitude a trifle too pressing; so sent him, without it, to his seat again. There he swayed the oars lightly, pretending to occupy and warm himself.

Growing tired of silence: "Miss Winston, is it your nocturnal habit to prowl about after local color among pirates?" he inquired,

most innocently. "It seems nearly as original as Haroun al Raschid."

Her voice shook: "I might answer, do you commonly go sailing with dear Verbena for the prevention of crime? However, it was this way;" and she told her story of mist-wandering as well as she could, with some mild feminine bravado and returning dread, but a real comfort in his protective presence.

Naturally, too, he braced her courage with becoming optimistic words befitting the masculine protective element in the case and his own nature.

Also they compared notes on life and miscellaneous sentiments, in these unusual circumstances, drifting invisible to each other yet together and so near, while mutual confidence and interest throve apace.

For a time, faint and fainter until hardly recognizable, came the far sorrowful cry for "Edward!" out of the void behind them; and at last wholly died away.

III.

Now and then something bumped alongside, and their hands, dipping overboard found ice,—a hardly needed hint that this was a late interlude in the drear season, rather than its certain end.

The air had chilled slowly with the deepening of the night, making both of them eager to warm their blood by the oars. So each took one, pulling away amicably, with no sign to guide them, but feeling that they were doing something progressive and helpful.

Yet when Edna had worked herself quite warm and weary a sense of futility came over her.

"Like children splashing in a pond!" she said dejectedly. "Has the land all melted? Surely we have gone far enough to hit something."

"Yes, even the islands below, if we kept a straight course," he assented doubtfully. "Oh—I see—I must have been pulling you around."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, adding, after a little, with faint sarcasm, "I am glad you have thought of it—at last."

He kept a wise silence.

Presently she resumed: "Perhaps you pulled around before, your left hand against your right."

"Yes," he admitted heavily; then brightened with the chance to expound: "I suppose we must have been following some sort of irregular curve, a semi-orbital, gyratory motion, you know——"

Her laugh checked him. "Consoling," she observed. "For example, like a poodle-dog intermittently pursuing his tail."

He laughed in turn, but uncomfortably. Yet quiescence and drift-

ing seemed as safe as any course. So a hush fell on them. Edna was listening intently. She desisted with a shiver. "We musn't do that," she said. "It only multiplies terror—I had that in plenty when all alone."

"At least you didn't have Verbena Cannon."

"And don't want to. She might not approve me. She has the genuine spirit of monopoly, the cornering spirit. But do explain: why are you her Edward? Is Edward a solar myth, like so many eminent and unforgotten people? Is there any Edward? Or is she making believe, under the influence of love at first sight? Or is it all a voluminous practical joke meanly worked off on a gentleman?"

He stirred and muttered; then replied aloud, "No joke! I seem to have heard of a delinquent husband—or brevet husband—though she keeps her maiden name. But all that is not edifying; nor, probably, is he. The oysterers are often creditable, spirited folk, and pretty good company—hardly more lawless than many romping college lads. Others grade all the way down to Blocky Bill, who was killed in battle with the officers not long ago. But abnormal specimens from everywhere get in among them, tempted by the safe opening to do what one will; a few even dehumanized by some twist of nature and unreined indulgence in evil. There was such a man sailing his yacht next beyond the Cannon bugeye. We tried to overhaul him, but had to be content with close-range fring.—But there's an oil-skin left by some of your shore friends. Do put it over you and try to doze again."

She would not until he resumed his coat, then settled herself in the bow under the cover, which was a little "ancient and fish-like." She knew, drowsily, that if his talk was sometimes not the wisest in topic, it was meant to keep her from worrying.

"You said 'yacht,'" she suggested.

"Yes, it's his. Julian Voss is the name he sails under."

"I know. He's already a legendary figure among us of the bay-side,—a sort of Teach or Blackbeard; even less impressible, but cultured up to date. A man of experience and many advantages, versatility, cunning, and former wealth, so they say; but I haven't believed it all."

"You may, though. I don't know where he comes from; somewhere abroad. He seems to have taken up this irresponsible life for sport, as an episode. He's the worst: that shattered boy came from under his hand."

"What a horror! The man must be crazy."

"If delight in human pain be insanity. He came aboard after me very pleasantly; but had to accept the situation, though he guessed Verbena's error. He seemed in high spirits over the excitement of our little encounter and was monstrously affable to me; but I should hate

to be at the mercy of any whim of vivisection that might take him. He counts on his dollars and his Winchesters and the ungoverned condition of the bay. He has all that belongs to a man of the world, a man of the flesh, and a man of the devil. God send we hear no more of him!" But this was not to be.

Blaming his garrulity as to disquieting matters, Harold sealed his lips, until drowsiness began again to steal over both.

By and by Edna seemed aware of others near them and sat up, disregarding his warning touch.

"Hush!" came very faintly out of the fog; then whispers, drifting.

A lantern, swaying violently and ruddier than usual, broke the curtain on one side. The hand which held it was like a claw, the arm like a seared bough. An emaciated boy-face appeared behind it, now above, now below, ghastly and wild with pain, malignant with triumph. His lips parted for a keen cry.

"Come! Here's your man, Cap'n Harridan! Come! Come! Come!"

They knew that name,—the Chesapeake outlaws' most enterprising enemy, commanding the armed steamboat Frolic of the Maryland "State navy."

Suddenly the lantern was wrenched away, giving a moment's glimpse of a man's figure bending slightly, a florid countenance looming vengefully over the lad. Then it rattled down the vessel's side, hissing into the water, and all was black again. There were sounds of thrashing about over the deck, with a frantic outcry. "Oh, come, Harridan, come!—I've shown you to him, you devil! I don't care what you do to me; you've worse'n killed my brother.—Come, Harridan! Quick! quick!—God curse you, Voss! Oh—o—o!" The last cry ran up into a scream that made Edna stop her ears. A sickening splash followed, as of a body plunging overboard. Immediately a pistol began flashing down, shot after shot,—driving spray lightly over her, they were so near.

"Don't fire!—A lady!" shouted Harold.

"Oh, why did you?" cried Edna, quivering.

He groaned, seeing his error. The firing paused. There was a stir of surprise above. An ironic voice inquired, "Does she happen to run the Frolic? No cutting out to-night! Keep off, I say!"

Goldsborough made no sign, but worked his boat farther away. Meanwhile the swimmer reached it and hung by the side. "I'm hit hard; I'm done for," he gasped.

Edna clutched his collar; felt warm blood on her fingers; cried out a little and shrank; then resolutely took hold again.

"That is a woman," declared the questioning voice, reassured. "Lower the boat. Always room for a fair messmate!"

"God in Heaven!" cried Harold, pulling undisguisedly. "Now what holds us?"

"This poor fellow," answered Edna quickly. "He is dying."

"Let me get there. Where is he?"

"Oh!" she cried as Harold stumbled past her. "Here, I have him yet. I can't see him; but I can—feel—him—die!"

As she spoke, the boy's limp body sprang all at once in a spasm, wrenching out of her hold. There was no utterance, perhaps no consciousness. The gulf took him as though he had never been.

Edna quivered aghast, but was silent, with Harold's warning whisper in her ear. They sat huddled like rabbits, dreading their own pulses. Careful sounds came to them,—oars barely creaking, barely dipping. Then the unseen went by. A bare rumor of sound went with it: "He may think we're not about, as we didn't come to the signal." Then for a time there was no hint of any one in all the world beside these two waifs of the mist.

"Harridan?" whispered Harold to Edna after a little, astir with hope.

"Why didn't you speak, then?"

"I couldn't be sure. It might have been——"

"I know. It has nearly scared the life out of me." She was barely breathing the words; but rallied at the protecting pressure of his hand.

Now there came other low murmurs from the fog. "Off this way——" "—Oh, every way. Too many ways. I'm tired. Reckon they're spooks."—"Harridan spooks, maybe!"—"No." They seemed to recognize Voss's voice, though muffled. "We'd have heard from *him*. That boy was just taking chances. The eternal feminine seems to have melted."

There was silence and one muttered, "Not a woman; a warning."

There was a faint note of laughter and, "Get back, boys. She's gone. Ugly as a rail fence, maybe."

Edna did not resent the comparison, even inwardly, being too delighted by their moving away. Surely it was phantom-like, this drama of friends and enemies shifting about them unseen, so very near.

As they waited, a great shouting broke the night. There were startled cries and quick flashes where the yacht should be. They heard Voss, laughing out midway as over a great joke at his own expense. "Pull—pull like the devil!" he commanded, through his glee.

"See!" Edna cried, half rising in excitement, so that Harold was put to it in keeping the boat under her.

A small Chesapeake naval battle in peace-time flared and whooped away at close quarters before their eyes.

Aid was coming *in a race* to both sides. Somewhere away a steam-whistle squealed encouragement, hurrying on.

A boarding party, shouting as they climbed and spread along the deck, were engaged by rallying defenders. With a reckless cry Voss came climbing up and over beside the figurehead, a boatload of men behind him, and the confusion changed.

The spectators had to guess by the sounds, the fog-dimmed flashes, the veiled glimpses of violent motion. They felt that all was not going well.

Harold stirred painfully. "If I were only there!" he cried, then checked himself contritely.

"It won't work," he said heavily. "Though Harridan is a game fellow.—Oh, squeal away and be hanged!"

For the Frolic was growing more and more unmelodious than ever, her light showing faintly at last, conspicuously too late. They did not seem to come nearer. He groaned. "That's it, aground." Then with sudden thought, he caught up the oars and pulled farther out of line. "They're due to fire as soon as it's over," he explained.

That came shortly. The storm and storm-light centred about one spot more and more, then broke as with a final effort, and a great shout followed. After an interval a single pistol-shot was heard on the water well away.

"Harridan, to show that the coast is clear," Goldsborough explained.

A flash, greater than those before, drove out of the fog and the report followed closely; but they heard and saw nothing of its missile; though every glimmer of light on the yacht went out suddenly and every sound was hushed. A gunner must aim by memory or inspiration only.

"No use," observed Harold. "Now Voss will watch his chances to slip away."

The same theory prevailed on the Frolic, no doubt; for, after a second endeavor, silence and blackness of darkness reigned again, except only a faint gleam from her.

"We must make it," said Harold, rousing himself, "before that light goes too."

"It's there yet," reported Edna from the stern: and again, "There still." Then more doubtfully, "But they're doing something to it. Oh, it's gone!"

By the slight rocking of the boat more than by sight she knew he was pausing and rising. "Don't call: keep on," she petitioned uneasily.

The caution came too late, merely checking him a little. "How could you?" she cried; then lowered her voice to add, "Who knows what we may bring on us? Listen."

Echoes were out and abroad every way, where echoes had no right to be; his broken cry coming back to them again and again from many quarters, in changing tones of derision.

But there were other responses. "This way!" shouted one voice heartily.

"That's Harridan!" declared Harold, with relief, making the bow veer toward the sound.

"Surely no!" protested Edna, turning it nervously away again, yet chilled on the instant for fear she might be wrong.

The slight chance of retrieval by ear was gone too. Already, "This way, this way!" copying the first voice, came to them from right and left, from fore and aft distractingly. Far and near took up the call, soon breaking, as a rule, in merriment. They had begun to approach one of these voices at a venture when warned off unwittingly in that way. Edna drew a long breath.

"Thank God we went no farther," whispered Harold.

"Hard, with friends so near!" she replied, settling herself as patiently as she could.

They hung, silent, in that eyeless murk, with blank nothing about and above them, while hails and solicitations, beyond any testing, pour down on them—certainly often in mockery or malice. It was like floating down the old myth-river among ill-omened voices of the dead.

It grew colder beyond what fairly belonged to the deepening night. No promise of rescue, no sign of land! But the fog thinned slowly, to judge by the touch, and by a star now just perceptible overhead. Faint as it was, it seemed companionable. However, Harold's social nature needed more human converse. He hesitated long before speaking again, but it was impossible to drift on indefinitely in this ghost-like and forsaken way.

"Miss Winston," he murmured, and repeated it more loudly, without answer. Then he leaned forward, touching her rough mantle with relief; though of course he had not really feared that she was gone. He even believed that he could see her, not wholly by the eye of fancy.

She was still; yet when he crept nearer her low breathing reassured him. Edna slept on like a child.

Harold laughed softly to himself, perceiving how precious and reverence-worthy his stranger companion had become. Of course it was to be expected that he should guard a young girl, thus in his care, and that she should trust him; but in quite a special way he felt elated by Edna's confidence. Perhaps, he thought, it was by

reason of some difference between her and the many excellent young women whom he knew. Harold was no acute analyst of himself or of others, but he discerned something individual here.

A fine, venturesome, feminine spirit had been adrift with him, but was now drifting independently in dreamlands unknown. He could recall it, any moment, from that mystery into his. Her winsome, night-hidden face shone on him, fancy-illuminated, an inner vision from foam-land or spirit-land, yet archly, kindly, delightfully human. How he longed to see the light in her eyes when she should open them again on the good world in the rising sun!

But that was remote. The wind had come first, though not rising rapidly, and was already combing out the spray. Harold's face tingled. He kept the boat running before it, now and then taking the oars for exercise. A drowsy inspection of the now plentiful stars showed him to be heading southeastward; that must bring them soon to some island of the lower archipelago.

He leaned forward, nodding; recovered; shipped his oars; and, in spite of the jostling water, finally dozed again, with a great sense of peace.

Precisely what happened must remain unknown. Perhaps an outgoing tramp steamer, ill-piloted, ran them down in those eastern shallows. They had a wild awakening. Floods and furies took them. Amid a whirl of elements they were clutching at random for life. Then something struck Goldsborough, leaving him only the half-conscious animal instinct and power to grip and cling.

IV.

EDNA came to, hanging by the stern of the upset boat, with the sensation of having been just ejected from a vortex; her wrapping gone, her hands set there she knew not how. Her eyes cleared, but she saw at first only riotous waves which subsided slowly.

She had swallowed hardly any water and was able to call out, though rather hoarsely, and to a deaf world again. The stars winked at her knowingly. The wind toyed with her hair. She was cold.

She saw Harold by the bow, clinging, with his head hung over. "Why don't you shout for help?" she complained. There was no reply. Then again, "Can't we right the boat?"—for she had seen it done. "We shall die this way. Do please answer. Oh—h!"

Evidently he could not. She worked her way painfully to him hand after hand along the keel, and somehow fastened him there with the painter and the best knot that numb fingers could tie. But their double weight tipped the bow too low, and she tried to creep back again

to her former perch. It could not be. Her grip was gone. A light wave-shock dislodged her midway; and she went down, believing all was over.

But no: she touched bottom instantly, rising with more than shoulders clear. Yet the next wave kissed her chin, before dropping to waist depth and pulling outward. It was rough play, tasking her to keep her feet. The boat floated not four yards away, with Harold hanging there as before, quite disabled; but she knew she could not overtake it.

In the opposite direction a light kept moving on as though carried along-shore. Hope and life were there, with kindly welcome. She tried to call again, but her voice failed. She could have even laughed at her effort, though in terror. Despair was not far away.

The light vanished, but a low shadow remained,—a shore-bank, no doubt, or a thicket. Love of life rallied, and she forced herself toward land as she could, very slowly, being still buffeted and dragged by the waves. But she held her senses desperately, that she might not yield and die.

She knew the contour and structure of the bay-shore and believed herself on a tapering sand-spit or submerged cape, with more depth at its sides. She had need to pick her steps gingerly and keep to the narrow path. At first it was nearly impossible work.

But it eased after a time with the shoaling of the water, until she could have run ashore had it not been for clinging skirts and paralysis of cold. In such an effort she nearly fell, so dared not try again.

On beyond the last lapping of water she reeled, hardly feeling anything. The dry beach-sand yielded to her feet. The first twigs touched her. The roots tripped and tangled her as she stumbled on up the slope. All at once there was no footing: she was swallowed, even before fright awoke or any knowledge of descent, by a great volume of dead leaves, no doubt wafted into that pit by the winds of last autumn.

She lay so that it was easy to work her face uppermost and clear a little space for breathing, her lips being at the surface or very near it. After that, she slept.

The aches of restored circulation thus missed her. When she awoke there were only faint twinges, and they soon subsided. She rested dreamily in returning warmth and vague contentment.

Her couch was as deep and welcoming as any pillow of down, but with its own fine crispness and fragrance. Pine odors, the hickory's pungency, the wilding perfume of sassafras and spicewood, and many a delicate woodland scent that blended all about her, were wholly delightful.

Not the least whiff of chill air could reach her, so safely buried she

lay. Her old enemies, the waves, might do their worst. Gone equally was every human fear. What need of effort? Was the repose of Paradise like this? All the time the salt in her saturated garments and the vigor of her young blood were bringing the inevitable reaction and glow.

Presently she was aware of yellow light, swaying in bars about her and drawing near, but she felt no need to do anything, even when the men and voices went by. They returned after no great interval and her mood had changed. More than duty awoke, though uncertainly,—with help so near there came the remembrance of Harold Goldsborough's plight. The distress of it was in her low inarticulate wail, more elf-like than human.

And it made its impression. The footsteps paused, then trampled near, and a bar of lantern-light swung over her. She called again, as eerily as before, being quite unable to do better; whereupon there fell a hush, with sudden scattering, followed by a rally of renewed search and murmurs of dismay.

"This beats Tom Walker," declared a deep, uneasy voice, though of kindly humor, "and you know he beats the——"

"Better let up on some names," interrupted another anxiously.

"*You* needn't mind, Jim," put in a third. "Satan will make allowances. He knows you'd bow down to him any day if it wasn't for losing your pull with the Lord."

The first speaker, evidently a leader, was laughing broadly now. "Boys," he said, "if we kin keep our end up with Voss and the rest of 'em the Lord may be counted on for the other kind."

Edna was summoning her powers to speak. She felt her heart turn to this water-side philosopher, whose great bulk towered close above her. The tilting lantern struck its light up along a broad hanging beard to a primitive face, bold and shrewdly benignant.

"I'm done with watchin' for pirates to-night," he went on; "but I heered a woman's voice, sure; and we're not goin' back on that, boys—specially as it's gettin' colder. It'll be cold enough to send the widder into bed with the children,"—meaning thumb by "widow," and by "children" the mittened fingers.

Edna lay there, pleased as a warm house-cat and cosily critical. Harold in danger melted from her again.

"I never did have no use for a frozen woman," pursued the great man reflectively. "I'd a heap rather find a live one any day."

"Thank you, sir!"

The sweet, sudden, quiet voice was a surprise to Edna herself, as though some one else had spoken. What, then, was the sensation above her? Even philosophy took it as a staggering blow. The lights and shadows no less than the lantern, were dancing wildly.

"Who, how, what, where are ye, anyway?" the good giant roared. "Halt or I'll fire!" evidently at random.

Now Edna was so effectually halted that this command made her laugh,—a broken ripple of sound, irresponsible as her words. In the appalled hush that followed, she was aware of making a supreme spectral success.

The artist in her, half-tranced, could well picture their quandary. Mystery all around their little isle of light, far voices, uncanny white gleamings, old tales of superstition, the assured neighborhood of hostile evil, and, to crown all, this delicate, bodiless, feminine merriment, where no living woman could well be!

"In the name of Gawd Awlmighty," began their leader's voice adjuringly.

"There, don't get rattled," struck in the voice of satire, in the pride of skepticism, though it shook. "You're a pretty man to be a justice o' the peace in our island, and a few other things! I say, miss, or madam, would you mind makin' yourself sort of—part—way—visible? Ye see, we-all don't know just where to look, nor what to look for, nor——"

"Who are you?" interrupted the leader weightily, ignoring that wealth of words.

Edna roused herself to answer: "What you said, 'a live woman.' Or the remnant of what was one not long ago."

"What *was* one," the thinner voice breathed out after her, with the effect of going on tiptoe.

Suddenly Edna grew tired of their folly. "Do help me out," she pleaded, making pitiful motions with her hands above the leaves. The charm of her wild couch was gone and she longed extremely for a human bed.

"Down there?" exclaimed the great man dubiously.

"Take keer! That's the way they all go on," urged a warning expositor. "I heern tell——"

But the larger man had sat down on the brink, dangling his legs over with an air of resolution. To Edna they seemed dangerous, and she thrust the full length of both arms up in evidence as well as her face, with a lover-like gesture. The great boots floundered awkwardly up out of the way.

"She wants him!" cried one awestruck. "Might be the bottomless pit!"

But the others were rallying already in spirit, as their responses showed,—being kindly people, sensible after their lights, and not long afraid of anything they could see.

The man on the brink answered, "It's a little late in life for Abel Watson to begin runnin' away from a woman, 'specially when she's in trouble." So he dropped his feet over again and worked himself

gingerly down among the leaves. When they bore his weight, he let go and fished about for her, with prompt success.

"Oh thank you!" she breathed contentedly, desisting from effort as she felt herself being taken. The men above made a hubbub of curiosity and concern.

"Hold your tongues and give me something to wrap her," he commanded. "Soaked through and through; boys, she's come out of the water."

"Salt water never hurts," quoted Edna from her bay-side lore, as she went up bodily.

"A lady-born, damn if she ain't—Beg pardon!" declared Watson emphatically, scrambling up after her. "Ain't many women would have sense to hunt sich a leaf-corner and crawl in safe agin freezin'."

By now he had her trebly muffled, and was beaming over her enthusiastically.

"I—tumbled," Edna admitted drowsily.

"Well, it was a powerful wise tumble and a good thing to tumble to," he answered, striding off with his burden like one pressed for time.

Edna heard him murmur, in a muffled and rumbling bass, "Don't she just favor an angel?" but she was too sleepy to contest or doubt anything. Only some hazy suggestion of "an angel in salt pickle" followed her to the verge of shadow-land.

There came an awakening shock. He had stopped. "Miss—did you come in a boat?"

"Yes," she drawled, fighting back to consciousness, with some idea that more was required of her.

"Where is it?" he demanded deliberately, comprehending her state.

"Where?—Where?" as memory came back, she struggled, crying out in anguish.

"Quiet, child; we'll save 'em," he said. "Can you say how many?"

"Save him—Tied!—Boat!—Drifting!" she cried, frantically holding her wits to the duty so long delayed.

"Who?" he asked quickly, more perfectly uncovering her face.

The cold air roused her to answer, "Mr. Goldsborough," a surname readily recognized along many miles of that shore; then, against her will she dozed off again.

He shook her, plying her with questions. "Far out? Which way? Your husband? Is he your husband?"

She was too far gone to understand, beyond a tormented sense that she was expected to answer "yes." She did so accordingly,—a random admission fruitful of surprises,—and was allowed to slumber again.

The catechizing had been a matter of seconds. Already he had started the other men to the boats and the shore. His own speed

doubled. He hurried Edna through his doorway into the capacious arms of his wife.

"She's half dead—a Mrs. Goldsborough," he explained. "We're hunting for her husband."

He paused a minute anxiously while madam turned indoors with her charge. In many things she matched him, above all in the solid efficiency which their life demanded. She had taken the task without a word and came swiftly back again.

"Soaked and tired, that's all!" was her verdict. "Ain't she a dear? You hurry and get him, Abel. Suppose you was drownin'—what'd I do?"

He bent for answer and kissed her comely solicitous face. "I reckon you wouldn't be sorry, Lucindy, to wake up from such a dream and find your old man beside you again, and no more will she."

"Much you know!" she retorted, laughing and prideful, then gave him a jolly push for haste; and he was gone, loping through the starlight.

She turned again to carry Edna upstairs, where she took the wet things from her and tucked her snugly in bed, smoothing the counterpane with little needless caresses of sympathy and love.

V.

THERE might seem to be every logical reason why Edna should sleep on; but after a while she perversely began to stir. Mrs. Watson hurried to scothe her, almost resentfully. Yet the girl's eyes would open. Bewilderment possessed them, with a glimmer of fun as well. "There, there!" she protested; "I'm not really a fractious baby, you know."

"No, no," agreed the shrewwoman caressingly. "But sleep, dear heart, sleep. You-all has had a heap o' trouble. Never mind, never mind. It'll do to talk over together in the early mornin'."

She paused abruptly. Edna watched her, mystified and quite unfit for riddles.

"Where am I?" she inquired presently.

"This yere's what they call Satan's—well, The Kingdom."

There was deprecation in her tone.

"Yet you are so very kind!" Edna drawled dreamily.

Mrs. Watson pondered a moment as over a new point of view; then explained earnestly: "Oh, there ain't any sure enough damnation about us. We was a lookin' out for it along of Cap'n Voss and all; but I reckon that's blown by. The boys they swears by my Abel. He's jestice o' the peace, you know, and the fightin'est man—when he has

to. We're mostly in a row with them oyster pirates; like you'll see to-morrow, I reckon."

Edna still had a musing, uncertain look. "Tell me, aren't you something in a dream?" she inquired.

The hostess widened her eyes with a laugh, tolerant and jovial. "I'm afeared not," she said, "I'm too awful solid. Now doze off, honey, and wake up fresh and peart.—Else we'll have her takin' that pore husband for a spook or a band o' music."

The final sentence was meant to be inaudible, but Edna sat up in dismay, repeating "Husband!" with unmistakable denial.

Then the upright good-will of that kind face sent her back to the pillow in amusement only. "I'm not lucky—or unlucky—enough to own a husband," she murmured.

That disturbed Mrs. Watson, but blew by as being the outcome of confusing circumstances. Surely one who could take her for a bodiless vision might say anything at that hour. She made a mild sound of incredulity, but it reached her guest, Edna's eyes opened. She seemed trying to understand.

"What have you done with him?" she inquired demurely, having the idea that he was saved and housed.

Abel's good Lucinda had heard nothing as yet, and felt anxious in spite of constitutional hopefulness. But this young wife must not believe her husband in danger. The situation tried a naturally candid soul.

Edna stared, realizing by degrees the other's fixed conviction. "I'm awake—I'm not wool-gathering—and I'm not anybody's wife," she answered slowly; then, with rising irritation, "Won't you even let a woman know for herself whether she's married or single—No, she will not! Did any one ever hear the like? I've landed on a happy island where husbands are so plentiful that women make you a present of one whether or no. It's beyond anything in Gulliver."

She began to laugh intermittently, not far from tears; then pulled herself together in the emergency. "Mrs. Watson," she suggested, "I'd like to dress."

Mrs. Watson moved toward the door, but hesitated. Her brain also was worried and weary, and ideas once implanted there were always of notable tenacity. Duty and the claims of kindness were shifting uncertainly before her.

Edna moved impatiently, but desisted with pain. "I might be cardboard," she moaned, "and 'clad with curses as a garment.'"

Mrs. Watson looked blank, and Edna thought she took it for disparagement. "This is very nice," she hurried to say, gratefully, touching Mrs. Watson's voluminous garment in which she was engulfed.

"Very nice, indeed, only perhaps a trifle—ah—tropical—this dear Kingdom not being actually an island in the South Seas."

Edna's irrepressible humor had never served her quite so sadly. The good woman found it wild indeed: talking Scripture about curses, wanting to get up and dress for fun in the middle of the night, repudiating her husband, going on over islands nobody ever heard tell of, and laughing so many different ways about nothing! There were many counts in that indictment. Her head swam to hear the girl; but she felt surer of her ground than before, though otherwise less at ease.

"Don't, dear!—There!—there!" she pleaded, caressingly, with the beginning of a tremor.

The patient lay still, feeling her sanity in question and considering the most effective form of speech. "My name," she asserted quickly is "Edna Winston."

"Edna Whinstone," Mrs. Watson repeated slowly, somehow making it sound improbable. "All right, ma'am," she added, with broad conciliation.

"Why shouldn't it be right, when I was born and christened so?" Edna argued, with self-constraint.

"There's more than bornin' and christenin' about ladies names," observed Lucinda sagely. "But I hear some doesn't change 'em when they marries.—I don't know."

Exasperation seized Edna. "It's unendurable. I——"

She was springing up, but cried out and stopped half-way, feeling a clutch of no mortal hand. Of old she knew the imp, offspring of chill and overstrain, whose homely name covers more than the mediæval torture-boot. Alas, that humanity should be so maltreated by what comes and goes without a trace!

Edna did not argue with this tyrant as with her entertainer, but straightened out forcefully, bending up her toes with dread of a worse seizure.

"I should like to draw some one I hated in this pose," she observed, between her teeth.

Mrs. Watson had retreated, misunderstanding the sally, but took heart to draw near again. It is hardly detraction to admit her fear of a lunatic.

"I been through a great deal o' trouble myself," she began sweetly. "Once I didn't know my own old man, my Abel. Took him for a hitchin'-post—in a fever; but he wasn't; no, he wasn't. Stood 'em all out he was a white-oak hitchin'-post, or a cedar-post one. I said *they* was for horses, an' I hadn't no use for 'em. But glad and thankful I was when I come to and saw him all right beside me again. We all has to let our friends jedge for us when we ain't very well, my

dear. By and by we feels kind an' lovin' to 'em for all they done."

Thus far Edna had held her peace dourly under the double infliction, but the vision of her future gratitude for a husband contributed against her will was too much for her and she laughed out suddenly.

"We're jest a studyin' to do you good," Mrs. Watson remonstrated.

Edna set her face. "If anybody ever offers to do me good again!"—she paused, vindictive; then broke out sharply, her eyes bulging with pain, "Doing good," she cried, "when the cramp is killing me!"

Mrs. Watson whirled about, rummaged a minute, and came on a trot with a bottle. "I'm an old fool; I didn't understand," she panted. "There's the very thing, Mrs. Goldsborough; I've tried it myself many a time."

"Rub, rub harder," breathed Edna,

"I will. What would *he* say if I left you all knotted up? Now you're easier, ain't you, Mrs. Goldsborough? There, there—there!"

It is to be feared, for all her zeal and solicitude, that she reiterated the married name with some sense of advantage in the situation and some illogical idea of corroboration. Certainly Edna did not deny—fine distinctions could not be hoped for there.

Mrs. Watson leaned over the girl, weary, but with a shining face. She laughed bodily in silence. "We've had a circus all right," she murmured, when Edna had at length fallen asleep. "If that ain't one way o' bringin' 'em to reason! Only for the cramp she'd be a single woman yet, by her reckonin'. No, it don't kill, but takin' 'em a little above the knee it's powerful persuadin'. Poor child!—Ain't she a beauty? An' don't look like she ever had a day's sickness in her life, pretty dear!"

Her thoughts turned to the men of her drama. She flattened her nose against the window, hardly seeing more than trees and stars beyond the willow-twigs that whipped it.

Edna awoke suddenly with firearms sounding in her ears, and Mrs. Watson's cry as she vanished through the door to the stairway. Then there was turmoil of many noises,—shouting, yelling, whooping, cursing, and irregular explosions—all quite near.

Edna gained the window and peered anxiously, but saw flashes only and a fire-lit face. The impression was of flight and pursuit.

It was startling, but all estimate of strangers had left her. What could be strange in that preposterous world? Who would come next? Mrs. Watson and her candidate? Abel and his islanders? Voss the piratical pervert? Or the jealous and wrathful Verbena?

She was painfully aware of having no costume in which to see visitors. Her own clothes were no doubt away somewhere drying. She was skurrying about for substitutes when the explosion of loud voices

below sent her panic-stricken to bed again. It was warm there, anyhow, and protective by comparison.

With some relief she recognized the fountain of her dismay. Mrs. Watson was welcoming home her stalwart mate. The words tended to allay Edna's personal fear, while awakening uneasiness for Harold.

"Not hurt a bit! Oh, thank God! Where's her husband?—Ah!—Poor thing, now sorry she'll be! But I'm glad you ain't hurt any."

These words and more were broken by Abel's half-audible explanations and by resounding kisses. The couple came quickly up together, but hesitated at the door. Then Lucinda entered alone, reluctantly. Edna was scared by her face. "What is it?" she cried; "have they—killed—"

"No dear!" interrupted the news-bringer, very glad of so much that was good.

"Oh, how trying you are! What have they done? Tortured him? Blinded him?—and he was so good to me!—Oh, find your tongue, woman, and speak!"

"You tell her, Abel," said Mrs. Watson, and beckoned him in.

He stepped forward, very willing to be elsewhere. "I know it's mighty bad, ma'am;" there he stuck fast.

Edna pressed her hand to her heart: "What—has happened?"

"Ma'am—Ah!—Well—Ah!" rolling his eyes like one enjoying a very hot morsel; then blurted out, almost defiantly, "Another woman's got him."

His wife glared; then turned to Edna, astonished, for this bride-by-imputation was settling back with relaxing features. The face above the boy who swung the lantern had been in her mind, with hell for a background.

"A large, handsome woman?" she inquired.

"Mighty big," assented Watson, with diplomatic reticence. "A born fighter for certain. She served me out one lick, and I can do without ary another. She allowed he belonged to her, and got away with him too."

Abel was narrating freely, though crestfallen, wondering that she could take it so well. How great must have been her wise horror of Voss!

"Verbena?" asked Edna.

"Yes, the Cannon woman."

"She'll not hurt him, nor let anybody else;" and the much-enduring girl turned away, murmuring sleepily.

The island couple exchanged looks as they left the room.

"Anything better than the yacht, eh?" he suggested.

Lucinda nodded. "A little upset, too. Haven't I had a time

with her! Oh, gentle and good as gold, but wild as a June bug up here. Such crazy goin' on! Forgot her name and her husband. Thought she was a whetstone, or something. Preached about islands and seas, and didn't know the piece of underclothing I lent her. Took the old chemise for somethin' heathen, I do believe! Oh, I can't tell you what all. Reckon we'll make out to remember this night.—Was her old man hurt any?"

"No; Thompson had brought the boat in and thawed him. He was only wet and cold and bumped a little. A good able-bodied man. We had to wait. The Cannon woman's crowd jumped us coming back; must ha' landed behind us. We druv 'em off—it's all as I told you. Ought to 'a' told her, too, about his bein' sound,—but she seemed pretty easy."

"Pretty near dead, I reckon. Let her sleep now, all she can. Poor, dear girl! We must help her get him back."

"But I do have to laugh at that man-stealing Verbena."

VI.

LITTLE remained of night. Edna over-weary, slept well on into the day. She woke to see the kind face of her hostess bending over her, more or less fagged in outline, but cheery and ready. There had been a light fire, for its warmth still lingered, though hardly needed, the sun being bright and the outer world soft to the eye.

"Thank you so much!" said Edna slowly, with reviving memory, whimsical though rueful. "But I hope you're not set on making me anything this time. I am really not a female clergyman, nor a divorced woman, nor a lone widow with three small children."

Mrs. Watson looked only half confident by daylight. The jest bothered her, too. Not that she went against fun. The boisterous island merriment was easy to share. But she found this different and puzzling, with too faint a boundary between dead earnest and laughter. Still, she was fairly in love with the spirited young creature—won surprisingly, as by miracle, out of the abyss,—whose delicately mocking eyes could mean so much and see so far.

"But—what?—how?" she queried, at a loss to begin, though curious for the story.

"It's very simple," replied Edna, in a matter-of-fact way. "There was a young woman adrift in a boat, you see, and the tide took her along, and the fog unkindly hid her and lost her. There were noises. Then she rescued a young man from an affectionate giantess, and saw dreadful things, and was spilled overboard somehow,—and soaked and frozen and drowned and buried and given over to the tormentors till

she confessed matrimony,—tacitly, anyway,—though it wasn't at all true. I suppose all that wouldn't go for much in your lively Kingdom, but some of it surprised me."

It cost an effort to keep her tone of gentle irony, there were such monsters of memory heaving up from below.

The narrative and its manner could not wholly convince, being out of harmony with the sane things that Mrs. Watson fully knew.

"You can't wonder——" she began, shaking her head with deliberation, but went no farther, unwilling to give pain.

Edna raised her brows with confiding candor, taking her up lightly: "Oh, I don't. I've reformed that habit. Wonder wears out very soon on the Chesapeake. I'll not be surprised again—even if some kind person insists I've married the commander of the Salvation Army."

Lucinda Watson pondered; then turned to what she could deal with.

"Breakfas' ready this long time—yere's your clothes, all dry an' nice again." She held up a sample.

They did credit to her every way, as Edna saw and said thankfully. But no skill could keep the viands at their best, waiting through the hours.

Afterward they passed to a small verandah, with a wide view. Scattered over brown fields amid browner wood-fringes, with water glinting through here and there, were the lime-white dwellings and palings of the island people, brilliant in the sun. A single, more individual specimen showed porch pillars blue as a chicory flower.

Paths led from house to house and elsewhere, oyster-shelled and trampled white and even on much travelled lines where the ground was low. Children played along and about the doors after their kind; old men loitered; women gossiped as they met or looked in neighborly with tidings. An axe was busy among the pines; a lone figure prodded for terrapin in the marsh; but the main force of Satan's Kingdom hung afloat above their oyster beds, lowering the tong-poles or lifting them hand under hand.

Some of their boats were masted, with furled sails. Far out other sails, wide spread, came slowly in. An exclamation drew Edna's eyes that way. The island-men off shore had seen them already, for the tongs came up faster, though such work is nearly beyond hurrying. So a fish-hawk may tug to lift his prey when he finds the robber eagle at hand. They were within their territory, their rights, and the law; but it was not well to be taken unprepared. Some had ceased already and were setting sail or pulling in.

Spectators began to gather on shore. Several men, before unseen, drew from various quarters toward a sumac-crowned knoll, the only hillock of the Kingdom. They divided public interest with the water view.

Meeting there, the men looked outward and seemed consulting. The sumac flowers, velvety red spikes, little browned by winter, made standards about and before them. A fish-crow, passing over, called down with the peculiar twang of his kind, "War! War!" Abel Watson, tallest of the group, laughed up at him and reached out his hand toward the enemy.

"Let's go to the fort," his wife suggested.

"The fort!" echoed Edna in surprise. "Oh, by all means," perceiving an outline of earthwork behind its thicket-beard.

Those oncoming sails spurred her latent anxiety for Harold and made it keen beyond the power of her companion to allay. The little that she knew seemed by daylight worse than uncertain.

The redoubt was a small quadrangle with embrasures in each face and dated probably from 1812. Its long neglect provided a mask, of no practical value; but it was cleared within. A small antiquated cannon on an improvised carriage commanded rather comically the nearer shore. One could not easily think of it but as an operatic make-believe. Yet it was in order and shone.

Edna paused, her hand on the ornamented breech, while the garrison saluted her arrival with their best courtesy.

"That ought to give us luck!" said one, amid general approval.

She followed the scroll-work which had been gilded and still wound freakishly, as in a string of unfamiliar characters, about the body of the piece. "Arabic?" she hazarded. "Some relic of the little old Barbary war?"

At once she felt promoted in their eyes, though nobody really knew.

"Our folks used to say that," assented Watson, with obvious pleasure. "I disremember the name; some heathen row. We found her stuck up like a monument, an' took her down an' cleaned her, an' christened her Bowser. She spits mighty nigh anything,—tenpenny nails, chain-links, cobble-stones,—just accordin' to the bill o' fare. Try your handkerchief, ma'am, if you like; you can't find a speck n her inside or out. Oh, she's the lady for them there robbin' howlers!"

He patted and petted his toy while he spoke, with what they all evidently felt to be a justified complacency.

But Edna had to learn of a more human ally. "Do tell me just what happened last night," she pleaded. "I am wide awake now."

Abel worked his brows distressfully, looking at his wife; then came back to his own resources. "I ain't good at explainin'; an' that was a mix-up, for sure. Voss, he was there. I remember the Cannon woman a-callin' on 'dear Edward' when she hit me—awfully! I don't seem to quite know; but indeed I thought she got him. Reckon she did; or Voss, one. We druv 'em, but we didn't get him back; no, we didn't."

He ended ruefully and turned a wrathful gaze on the hostile fleet.

"What can we do?" Edna inquired, rather blankly.

"Why, just wait. Ain't they bringin' him back as fast as ever they kin?"

Edna smiled faintly over the novel restitution. Yet it was better he should be near, though a prisoner. Some opportunity might offer or some inducement prevail.

No doubt many of the oncoming aggressors did not feel themselves criminal, nor were they exceptionally bad at heart. On impulse they had flocked after the first venturers, leaving their permitted work in deeper water for a round of savage horse-play with men who hated them. They coöperated, as usual, forming a slightly concave line.

Their craft were mostly hewn-timber "canoes" of good capacity, but a large well-appointed schooner-yacht, graceful in build, made one horn of the curve, while a lumbering giraffe-built bugeye, with foremast higher than common, led the other. Watson glared at the former saying, "There's Voss;" and grinning, nodded toward the latter with "And here comes little Verbena."

The marauding mosquito navy tacked as it drew on, the sails darkening and brightening prettily and nearly together. The two leaders held no communication and seemed to prefer keeping far apart.

"Wonder if it means anything," Abel speculated. "Could Voss have him and Verbena be half-way suspicionin'? But, then, why shouldn't he hand him over to please her? What can he have against Mr. Goldsborough, unless turnin' out to hunt him? Might be, well enough; you can't very well work out 'why's' for that sort."

Edna, too, was thinking. "We saw a dreadful sight last night That poor boy. He shot him."

"Dead?"

"Yes."

"Um-m. That settles it. Voss don't want no witnesses. Murder counts, even yet, if you can bring it home. But there's an awful sight tortured an' killed, an' buried in land or water, with no more said.—Well, I reckon we must look out mighty sharp for you, too. Mighty bad hands to be in out yonder. You stick close to me an' Lucindy, an' keep a-watchin'."

The "bad hands" went with a different moral to Edna's heart. "Oh, save him," she implored. "I'll do anything in the world for you if you save him."

The appeal surprised herself, coming straight from inner turmoil rather than will.

"Yes, yes, honey," Mrs. Watson promised eagerly, bustling between

them with a reproachful glance at her husband; then hurried their shaken guest homeward again, lest she should hear more.

Abel look'd after them uncomfortably. "Put my foot in it some-way," he grumbled; then glared out again at Voss, being in want of a scapegoat. A vision of murder by drowning grew on him. "He ain't none too good, Voss ain't," he was thinking. "He's shed a heap o' human nature, like a crab sheds its claws. Not much left, I reckon, beside the greedy, grinnin' soul o' him an' the curse o' God! But he's so dam' dead in earnest about his enjoyment, I reckon he'll make out not to miss heaven."

For all the abounding good-heartedness of the man, one would think he took it as a grievance.

Mrs. Watson and Edna were packing feather-beds and other bullet-stoppers into all the windows that faced the water-side, leaving peep-holes here and there with comfortable nests behind them. Edna stilled herself to watch, finding this expectancy a relief from inner trouble.

The shallows were all alive now with tongmen splashing overboard as the keels touched bottom, to race home for arms or turn about on the sand with what was handed them by eager fingers. In this work the women were astir and a little noisy, but with less panic than if never before under fire.

Two boats, which had gone out ready armed, came back lingeringly, as though minded to halt and defy. The sun sparkled on their steel. The men were young.

Edna was relieved to see one crew weaken and retire swiftly before an onswEEPing so like fate. But the other only laughed out derisively and let off a great ducking gun from the bow in bravado toward the Cannon bugeye. Slugs and buckshot sprinkled the water, falling short, though a few may have rattled along her side.

There was a general protest along-shore, where this youthful precipitancy met with no favor, and Verbena Cannon started up in her bow as though something had touched a spring, a figurehead of unsparing denunciation.

A general exchange of rifle-firing began. Men hurrying to points of vantage halted and aimed in the open. Others seated in the boats or kneeling in wet sand behind them pulled trigger over the sides. There were discharges from doors and windows, from trees and shed corners, from the bushy earthwork on the knoll. The fire of the invaders came from all their line. As the range lessened, but before damage was more than possible, all sorts of small-arms of less reach came into play.

An angry uproar filled Edna's ears: vociferating voices, the crackling of pistols, the double-note of shotguns, the eager repetition of Win-

chesters, and at intervals reports of long swivelled ducking guns bored like small cannon. Then Bowser spoke from the sumacs, like a voice out of the drowned Armada, tearing the water between the two middle vessels and awakening a flurry and outcry.

Edna peeped, as she dared, this way and that, listening for destruction and finding none for a while: only an occasional bullet slapped into the wall and was buried, or a keen stroke through a pane sent down its disconcerting shower of glass. The water, too, spitted and sparkled about the approaching hulls, with now and then a light streak along a canoe side or a hole in a sail. But it still seemed like play after the opening scare until the fifth missile of the great toy shattered Verbena's tiller and neighboring woodwork, narrowly missing her helmsman.

The bugeye swung around, rocking and pitching; men hurried about on board her uncovered; and the rifles along the waterside found their chance, whereby one cried out in mid-deck with a quick clapping of his hand to his thigh, and another was plainly winged while reaching up for a rope.

About the same time, a tongman came running to the house in pain, holding his forearm tightly. Next, a figure beside a ducking gun in the bow of the leading canoe pitched overboard and was promptly pulled in again, alive but red and swearing. Then Bowser spoke again, with chain links, and a good part of the yacht's canvas blew raggedly away, edging her out of the fight,—which now seemed virtually decided for the island. If Abel's good practice were merely good luck, it answered as well.

The lesser outlaw vessels were holding back or turning tail. The Cannon bugeye slanted about jerkily, her steering apparatus, by grace of makeshift repairs, working as though with the string-halt. Yet her bow was held for the most part more or less shoreward, to meet the jeers and missiles of the beach. At full height, disregarding danger, though probably aware no aim would be on her, Patty Cannon's grand-daughter answered railing with reviling, her fury doubled by ridicule, a memorable figure of menace. In three minutes the attack had ebbed quite away, passing more quickly than it came.

Still the threat of war did not vanish. Navigation was not easy to the bugeye, and it cast anchor nearer than was really safe, while Verbena came down from her pedestal of objurgation to more practical matters. There was little more noise on that craft, but evident industry, and to Edna's eyes it had a dogged hovering look. Could the Cannon woman fancy her Edward still on shore?

Her consorts took their repulse lightly, with a disquieting tendency to hang in the background, frequently consulting, as though minded to try again.

Mrs. Watson and Edna rejoined the hill-top garrison, hearing of some notable feats beyond anything they had seen or quite believed.

"But about Mr. Goldsborough?" inquired Edna, rather unhopefully.

"I reckon I seen him," a thin voice suggested. "That is, I certainly did think so. It was somebody a-wavin' somethin'."

The informant was the satirist of her leaf-bed moments, coatless now and capped with coon-skin, a quaint slender figure. She came to know him then and thereafter as Jim Simmonds, constable.

Edna's face fell. "It might have been a flag of truce," she said.

"It might have been the Declaration of Independence, only it wasn't," he retorted. "Seemed more like a pair of suspenders."

"Where?" demanded Watson.

"Out o' the side o' Voss's yacht, lively as you please. They stopped him short off when they got onto it."

Watson reflected a moment. "Reckon 'twas him," he decided, with solid hopefulness, and Edna trusted it.

Everybody spoke in congratulation.

"The next thing is to get him back," declared a new voice, a clear brisk one, coming through the brush screen before an alert elastic figure.

"There was a general laugh of welcome. "Captain Harridan!" they cried.

VII.

THIS new arrival wore a fisherman's oil-skin overcoat, rather too warm for the day. Throwing it off, he showed a uniform of neutral tint from long experience of sun and salt water. He had a springing tread, a face not boyish but still young,—intelligent, zealous, and decisive. The Gulf coast had been his birth, and he had known many climes and varied service, including a little flibustering of the humanitarian kind. He was growing impatient of his present very trying duties among elusive and reckless water savages, to whom marauding was a wild profitable game and who invoked at need every defensive technicality, every aid and menace, provided by the money of hidden backers.

"Where's the Frolic?" inquired Watson.

"Behind Hobb's Island," nodding eastward toward the woods of their nearest neighbor.

"Why didn't you help us?"

"Why didn't you keep 'em here? But you couldn't know. I want to hit hard enough to be remembered. When they sheered off we lay snug. As it was, they'd have seen us, only all their eyes were on you. I slipped around quietly in a boat and this rig to talk with you."

Watson nodded emphatically. "They're hangin' on for another try."

"I see. That's all right. You keep watching. But I think the Frolic will do it alone. Lights out and the flock all together! If the fog drifts back, all the better!—and earlier."

"Reckon it will, before the blow." And he looked far away with presage of violent weather.

"They won't see us until they feel us."

"Want any of our boys?"

"Four or five, if they can get over quietly. I've shipped three new men,—and one has given us the slip already."

Watson laughed. "None o' that here. We're just too ready. And, Captain, won't you please keep a bright lookout for this lady's—for Mr. Goldsborough? We're afeared Voss has him."

Mrs. Watson, nearer the captain, put the dots on by murmuring, "Her husband, poor thing."

Edna was too eager for practical aid to give their persistent error much heed, since its time for harm had gone by, but disclaimer touched her answer lightly. "We shall all be most grateful. It's a fearful thing, captain—you know. And in a way Harold Goldsborough was on your own errand, as a volunteer. Indeed, the same thing might have happened to yourself last night—by what I saw."

Hardly a comfortable reminder. Harridan showed a little discomposure. Mrs. Watson spoke before introducing and explained as well as she could.

"It was you we heard calling, then?" he inquired.

"Yes, out of the nightmare. We tried to save the boy who was shot; but he went down."

Weariness, physical and moral, was in her voice. She seated herself beside the cannon.

"No hurry," he suggested sympathetically. "Yet I should like to hear all when you can."

He leaned against the earth wall in leisurely attention.

It spurred Edna, just then more anxious than companionable, and ready to censure any one not wholly absorbed by Harold's suffering and relief. She made her narrative bald and hasty, until the fascination of remembered fear overtook her, and she spoke more freely, living it over again.

All the time there was an unsuspected auditor, who shook with merriment through all his good-for-nothing frame over Verbena's error and her muscular wooing—of another woman's husband. For this unseen listener was the genuine Edward. He made the gesture and grimace of blowing a retaliatory kiss toward the fair narrator. Except-

ing a dissolute prankishness, he quite duplicated Harold Goldsborough in form and face. He now listened keenly.

Harridan was saying, "Edward must be the fellow who joined me at Honga River and deserted. A surprising case, fairly beyond resemblance; yet a parody, in a way. It struck me at the first, though I hardly know Mr. Goldsborough. Probably Edward's bound for Verbena, after long absence from duty. He may even be on this island."

"We'll find him then," declared Watson. "No telltales needed!"

He turned to start a search. Suggestive fragments—"the woods by the schoolhouse"—"the thicket behind Johnson's," and so on—reached the hidden man, making him grin.

He had faith in his luck and the shrewdness which sent him, close behind Harridan, where there was least likelihood of any search.

"I'm all right," he argued inwardly, "Unless the devil's with them; and that don't stand to reason."

He heard the party conversing as they withdrew homeward: "Don't be too hard on a penitent. You may trust Verbena."

"I'd trust her," answered Watson, "to waltz right in and put up an awful row if she thought Voss had him instead."

Then the voices died away.

Edward eased his posture to contemplate his fortunes. Was he bound for Verbena? Truly he had supposed so—with some misgiving—until Edna appeared. But a new will-o'-the-wisp now took his fancy. If Verbena could not distinguish between them, how could she? Edna was Goldsborough's wife; why not as well say his own? One star reigns till another one rises. Why shouldn't dear Edna love dear Harold who was Edward, as well as dear Harold who was Harold?

There was danger every way. He had little sense of finer distinctions, personal or social. His conceit was at least equal to that of some abler and better men, his experience nothing to speak of, except in roguery and wandering. He did not doubt he could delude her long enough to get safe away. There was no enmity in this project, rather the contrary; but as little consideration of her from any stand-point but his own. It was tempting, and he felt exquisitely the gallant effrontery, the broad comedy, the extravagant, impudent farce. The joke would be on her, on Goldsborough, on Verbena, on everybody—but Edward. What a climax of practical jesting and delightfulness!

"A daisy plan!" he murmured, so in love with it that he must needs drink good luck to his incidental capering visions, from a generous flask of strong liquor. That odor had been the breath of disastrous fate to him since boyhood. Obviously, such a celebration could not be ended promptly and once for all. Whatever chance there had been of chang-

ing purpose, or a doubt as to Edna's marital status, melted in tipsy conviction and alcoholic haze.

Meanwhile Watson sat sombrely at home. "No tellin' what Voss'll do to him afore night," he said aloud, continuing his dismal reflections.

"Hush!" interposed his wife.

"Don't I know it's *true*?" Edna said with suffering and frightened eyes.

"I can't sit still under it!" shouted Abel, banging down his fist.

Edna looked at him with passionate concurrence and laid her hand on his.

"It would not do to attack now," declared Harridan, constrainedly. "You know I'd like it—and more. But they'd whisk away at sight of us, or perhaps—do worse."

"I didn't mean that," answered Abel.

"What then?"

"Why, some sort o' bargainin'. If it didn't do no other good, it would kill time an' keep Voss from deviling. We might offer Bowser—specially as we could get her back again when you rush 'em."

His face was engaging as a naughtily artful child's. He looked around for approval. It was hard to undeceive him.

Harridan ventured, "He could buy a gun any time."

"What?" there was indignation in his cry. "Not a gun like Bowser!" It had been an article of the island creed so long that the suggestion was blasphemy.

Harridan pacified him hurriedly. "It shows your big heart, Watson. But, however much he may want Bowser, he'll not come ashore for her."

Abel's face and voice cleared together. "No matter. If he's afeared, I ain't. Nor I haven't done nothin' to make me so. I'll just take my little white piece o' cotton an' go out in a boat like a man."

There was general protest, including an outcry from his wife.

The constable corrected him biting: "'Like a man?'—like a blame fool, you mean."

Harridan added gravely, "You must not weaken us and then give us another to save."

Edna felt the force of it; felt with Abel, too. Undoubtedly it hurt her to forego any chance of Harold's rescue. Between contending forces, she could hardly utter one word: "Don't." It helped her a little that a different expedient, most likely prompted by Abel's words in coming down the hill, was forming itself in her mind.

Watson appeared to give up the project. At another time she might have questioned this, divining the unboastful persistence of his loyal and simple nature; but her thoughts were elsewhere then.

VIII.

CAPTAIN HARRIDAN soon went back to his boat and vessel, though by a roundabout way, Watson and the constable accompanying him across the island. Edna kept with them as far as a little safe wood, where she seated herself on a mouldering log upholstered with moss and red lichen. In her planning, she barely noticed the prettiness. Looking out as idly, too, across the rural foreground and the shining water, her eyes were unexpectedly rewarded.

Another woman had grown unbearably impatient: Verbena was navigating her cobbled bugeye as near shore as she dared, with all the hesitations and little rushes of her desperate fitfulness. Edna passed into the open to observe more clearly.

The justice and his critical satellite returned together, and separated, the latter deliberately moving her way. She felt him funnily in accord with the brown fields, the lank tatters of old fodder, the few beech-leaves that yet rattled a little on the boughs. His eyes were mink's eyes, ever painfully vigilant, though now turned casually away, so that he could not see her smile, nor the slight gesture as near dismissal as gratitude would allow. He hung about, independently, and wherever he turned in the sun the worn crown of his skull-cap had the polish of a bald head. He was another quantity to be reckoned with, in the way undoubtedly; yet she felt more comfortable to have him there.

Meanwhile she saw Abel keep on along the shore beyond his home, pausing opposite Voss's yacht, which had never withdrawn far, and now lay nearer as on guard. She had no sails out and seemed at anchor. It was too far to distinguish more than a few forms on board and a slight stir among them.

But Verbena's bugeye claimed Edna—and she felt herself its magnet. To hasten matters, she crossed the intervening meadows and went out on a jutting horn of sand toward which it was working. Fate seemed kind to her, giving thus easily the interview she desired; and the other party seemed to be as eager, which augured well.

A boat came in, a handkerchief fluttering from the bow. Edna shook out her own in answer, with a heart-flutter between hope and fear. She knew that superbly savage nature and the danger of brushing skirts with it. Yet here were two women seeking to save a man. There must be a basis of accord and coöperation, if the truth were made clear.

Edna thought hard as she came, aware that every word might count vitally in the interview before her. The shore-fringe of low myrtles lay behind her, the whitey-brown sand was under-foot, the water lapped on both sides in ripples which were partly of the bugeye's making. She

looked up, and hesitation left her in the assurance of what she had to do. Verbena's face in the stern of her boat was hot and resolute. Edna saw it turn a little to look past her, while the oarsmen backed water at a word.

Glancing back, she beheld her odd guardian coming out after her, but with the stopping of the boat he sat down, having the low myrtle wall just behind him, waved his hand reassuringly, and laid a long pistol and club across his knees. In this posture he could shoot at the lift of a hand, almost without moving, or he could spring to his feet in a moment.

Edna felt an ill-timed longing to sketch him then and there, for a pixy or heathen dwarf. But his militancy warmed her heart.

The boat people were conferring. There was nothing amiable in their voices. The men, it seemed, would gladly withdraw.

"Let 'em talk to you where they are," suggested the protector, and Edna nodded.

Verbena seemed to hear, for she growled scornfully; then struggled with herself in the need to conciliate. The artist in Edna fell more than half in love with that tempestuous, tremendous, ungovernable beauty. The woman of the world in her—no conspicuous element—noted, with underflow of amusement, its labored pretension, a painful armor worn ill at ease. From time to time this gave way in lapses of primitive speech, instantly remedied by reinforcing her damaged dignity with a parade of words.

"I suppose," she remarked loftily, "that you, whose name I do not know, may conjecture what I desire to ascertain."

Edna answered, "I have something to ask of you, too."

Verbena broke bounds: "You pitiful little cricketty Midget!—And what should a brazen creature ask who carries off another woman's husband?"

Edna started back from the explosion, then felt its comicality. "You speak as though he were a baby to be shouldered. How could I?"

"He went off in your boat," Verbena answered sullenly. "I seen—I perceived him unquestionably. It wasn't your good looks neither, for you hain't—are conspicuously lacking in them and exceedingly deficient—exceedingly. He wouldn't give a doggone—no, it was, it was the aberration of a disordered intellect. My Edward is delirious. He's been hurt. And—oh, I was so sure we had him safe back again! Great God, what can have become of him? Do you know—do you?"

Edna did not quite escape the indignation which such a barbaric mingling of passion and pretence, insult and absurdity, might awaken in an angel. But that final cry of a soul in distress went to her heart.

She was even tempted to explain the mistake in identity, but if her explanation were not believed, who would be the better? Or, if believed, who would save Harold? She must not postpone rescue by such perilous candor. His very life might be on her head. The impulse passed.

She seemed to have been silent a long time. Verbena had fallen silent, too, with great eyes that stared on her as at something unaccountable.

Edna spoke gravely: "He whom you lost in the dark is with Captain Voss, I believe. You can't wish to get him out of such cruel hands more than I do."

"You say he is not on the island?"

"It is as I say."

There was silence again, Verbena lowering and at last believing.

"Voss lied to me," she said heavily, not yet in open anger. She seemed bewildered by this so suddenly changing front—rather daunted by the new enemy and casting about for expedients.

"I let two men carry him—Voss's men," she explained. "We was all fightin'. Voss said Watson's gang lammed—overpowered them, so that they had to drop him and save themselves. I was mad enough! Spoke my mind, too, and kept clear! But I didn't suppose *he* had him.—He lied! He lied!"

She paused, reddening as her fierceness grew, and forgetting all niceties of speech. "But he *dassent* hurt him! Voss *dassent* hurt a hair o' my Edward's head! He knows I'd have his heart out, the poisonous hound!"

She seemed threatening to brace herself. Edna was frightened by Verbena's underlying apprehension more than by all beside. "He ought not to be there an hour," she urged. "Voss has a motive to kill him. Beside, he's cruel—for the love of cruelty."

"Oh—I—know—Voss," drawled Verbena grimly. Then, with a leonine outburst of sound and gesture, "I'll shatter his soul but I'll have my Edward back again!"

"Oh, thank you!" cried Edna fervently; then laughed inwardly over the oddity of it, and in relief, and at Verbena's queer uncertain look.

But the crisis kept them together. Verbena spoke again in plain comradery. "Come with me and see it done. Don't be afeared—I owe you one for this pointer, and Verbena Cannon don't go back on nobody. I reckon she's too wicked. So, Miss——"

"Edna Winston."

Verbena bowed, picking up her fine company airs. "Miss Winston, I assure you, on my word of honor and most solemn asseveration,

that you will be as safe in my lowly floating home as in your father's mansion."

Edna was sorely put to it for refusal without offence. Beside other obvious objections, she had no faith in being useful again in any nautical raid. "Oh, thank you so much!" she began. "But I'd only hamper you—I can't——"

She broke her hesitation with an apologetic smile, as she looked back at the constable, who was drawing near to prohibit such folly. But she could not hide her relief.

Verbena's face grew dark and slighted, but she only said, "Good-bye," and hurried to her vessel. Edna waved a hand of encouragement, which she ignored; then went dutifully with her faithful guard.

How glad she was to regain her room and her bed, even so ridiculously early in the day. Blank exhaustion was with her, yet she knew dimly that she had done well for Harold, giving hope new wings. It was her last idea as she fell asleep. At dinner-time all moderate efforts to rouse her failed and she was spared. Far on through the afternoon she lay dead to all the world.

IX.

THE knocking in Edna's dream awoke her at last. The yellow of sunset lay across one corner of her room. Mrs. Watson's voice was urgent at the door; and Edna dragged herself thither in one scant garment and much alarm, wishing she had not turned the key. As the door opened the sturdy dame was precipitated in beside her guest. They caught each other to keep upright.

"You've been slow enough," complained the invader. "And after my Abel's goin' to black destruction along o' that husband o' yours!"

She was too tragic for any boggling over details. Could this awful thing be true? Edna staggered.

Contrition touched her hostess. "Now you get right into bed again," she said.

"No," answered Edna, with irrational dread.

"Take this then, or you'll take cold," and she tossed her a thin wrapper many sizes too large.

But at least it made the girl more comfortable and hidden. She sat down by the window, ready to hear, but hardly to dress or exert herself, though hungry. "Well?" she asked.

"Why, he's gone—to Voss. Abel's big an' strong and he don't take no dares.—Oh, but I wish he'd come back! I do so want my dear old man to come back to me!"

Edna drew down that broad, working face, holding it against her own with many kisses.

"Did the constable tell you about my talk with Verbena?" she inquired, by way of hopeful diversion.

"Yes. But the bugeye's just stayed—like a model ship under glass," the good dame answered dejectedly.

A glance out of the window for confirmation brought a cry from both voices. "Why, she's lifting anchor!"

Mrs. Watson added, "I must go see about it," as she scrambled up and made for the door.

Near it she paused and struck a match, putting it to a lamp-wick. "It'll be dark soon. Now you better get into day-clothes or into bed," she advised, then departed, leaving the door ajar.

Edna was too busy to heed, watching the bugeye, which moved hither and thither, as though killing time, within a small area. The sails grew dim over-quickly, and, turning to the spread fan of color above the sunken sun, she saw it robbed of its brightness. The air was surely thickening, day turning to twilight and twilight to darkness with abnormal celerity.

Uncertainties were about her and upon her, indefinable expectations, rather of eërie midnight than of good broad day. She tried to analyze and explain them, but they slipped from her in vagueness. For lack of oil, the lamp burned low. She was soon dozing or deeper in oblivion.

A voice came up to her between sleep and waking: "Edna, where is Edna?"—tones that her heart knew. Yet they had something strange about them beyond explaining.

Had he returned from the dead? The grim fancy laid its clutch on her pulses, numb and chill. Outside the fog had come again.

There were two voices. The burden of dread lifted as she heard Mrs. Watson welcoming him delightedly, though pressing for more news; while he parried the queries oddly and at random, as in eager haste. "Down that way; you hurry to him, Mrs Watson; he's all right, I assure you. There, do let me by!"

Now surely that was the living Harold Goldsborough, safe among friends and coming.

In the overflowing of relief all else was forgotten,—the audacity of his proceedings, the unfitness of her apparel, the impropriety of place and circumstance. She rose hurriedly to meet him, and was at once reminded of her enveloping encumbrance by catching her foot in it and nearly achieving a fall. "Awkward!" she muttered, gathering herself again, with a little sense of embarrassments and incongruities.

She heard him pause at the stair landing, then come on again; hav-

ing barely time to clutch the wrapper more securely together and twist it straight again, before he stood in the door-way.

This sudden presence, even more than the first sound of his voice, evoked a jangling of welcome and unaccountable fear. But why distrust him? Surely there was the remembered form, the countenance she had journeyed with and longed for. Possibly it was a subtle difference in bearing. She felt something inexplicably wrong.

"Wait! Don't!" she cried, as he entered; retreating and imploring. "Oh, do step back outside and close the door!"

For his probing eyes made clear the flimsiness of her covering. That collapsed balloon of a garment touched her here and there, seeming to reveal rather than hide. She felt not so much a clothed woman as a woman turned loose unclad in a treacherous enclosure. Even Cleopatra's roll of carpet was better. Beside, she made sure it had holes in it, ever so many,—a discomfiting belief, though untrue.

He looked mournfully at her, play-acting in part only, for indeed she puzzled him. He longed anxiously to know the right terms of endearment and the accustomed behavior. How annoying that a duplicate personality did not mean a duplicate experience! He must chance it on general principles, and he did not even guess she was unmarried.

"Edna," he began, waveringly.

She wavered too; abashed, uncomfortable, and profoundly troubled. How sorry she ought to be for him!—and why couldn't she? Where was the eager uplift of a minute before? Had she not known all along she must feel it on his return?

But he had neared the mark in tone and air, and read it in her face. Out-and-out assurance might succeed. It was reinforced by his fiery quaffings, but not reliably. The traitor within began to show his head.

"You're a broth of a boy, Ned Hennessy!" he was crowing internally. Aloud he grew pathetic, if a trifle unsteady. "After all I've undergone, dear Edna!"

He turned his cheek reproachfully, red and terrifying in the weak lamplight where he had providently smeared a cut finger. Severed arteries could have done no more.

It pleaded for him with a power. Uncertainties were blown away. "What have they done to you?" she cried, hurrying forward. No doubt the rush would have ended most naturally, but that her unmanageable cerement tangled again, bringing her almost down, till caught by him and set upright. He kept his elbow and shoulder hold, seeking to gather her in.

There was so little of the dying or broken man in him that her fear abated and the beginning of suspicion revived. "This miserable

thing!" she complained, drawing back and trying to straighten her robe again.

"Mis'ble thing!" he assented amiably, with a growing slur in his voice. "Much better be disambah—est of it, ma dear!"

He was pulling persuasively on the thin fabric, with fair prospect of more mischance than had already befallen.

"No! no!" she protested, angry, panting and frightened, holding it together in front with both hands and straining away as far as she dared. Its despised value as a garment all at once had grown extreme. It was nothing, she had said—but to suffer loss of that nothing!

He shifted one hand to her waist. She writhed from it like spring-work, furious and wondering at him, at both of them, at the whole episode. But he kept his grip on the material, which she must not tear.

"Deah-h Edna," he maundered, seeking her lips.

But his own reeked of liquor. Letting go in time, she thrust him off with both hands in more than disgust. He caught her by one wrist, expostulating: "Edna, my wife!" in quite genuine surprise. Her vehemence had a little sobered him. He began to expostulate and deprecate.

"Stop! Wait! Be still; I want to think!" she urged distractedly.

He paused. In the brief respite conjectures and wild fancies went racing through her mind. Common sense put some of them aside as preposterous. Inebriety was the one thing plain,—an unlovely weakness, belonging she knew to many else upright men. And who could tell what had been forced on him while helpless or how he may have been overdosed by zealous kindness in revival? She must know, later, before blaming. At present she had to deal with Harold intoxicated, and must take her stand.

"You have been drinking more than is good for you, sir," she declared, with judicial severity. "As to our being married people!—that is sheer nonsense, you know. Please leave the room. Leave the room, I say! Let go of me!—Oh!—"

She had been working steadily for release, with growing resentment; but now paused and stared, then tore herself away.

He felt the unmasking; but by what means? By that same red woful petition for pity, as she saw it near. There was no gash under it or about it; palpably none! It stood forth a self-confessed counterfeit, an abominable fraud; and for what end?

Harold Goldsborough! Falsity was not in him—if repute went for anything, or her own brief intimate experience—and far less an extravagance of unmanly treachery such as this. Her soul more than her body sprang from that creature, with the inner cry, "Oh, not Harold! not he!"

What could it mean—and threaten—and reveal?

Ned Hennessy had yet wit enough to hold his peace and wait an opening, wishing himself well out of the adventure; but hoping a little from her quiescence and hardly ready to go.

Edna watched him as he stood between her and the door, and thought of calling; but remembered that Mrs. Watson had gone to meet her husband, and no one might be near. Better wear away time till their return, or till there came some token of other presence outside. This, and a touch of curiosity,—felt even through perturbation and dismay,—prompted her question. "You say I am your wife; when were we married?—Not any nearer, sir!—When and where?"

This was not in his reckoning, but he hit on a natural answer. "What a question, Edna! You know as well as I."

She shook her head, he could not guess why, and insisted: "Answer."

He must invent, then. Oh, for inspiration! At least he would eschew details: "Why, in the church, of course."

"What church? Where?"

Exasperation seized him and he grew less coherent. "What foolishness! It was near—near the shore—ma dear."

She studied him searchingly. Discarded fancies were coming back again, chiefly out of old horror-tales,—diabolical possession, spirit materialization, demon impersonation, the wrong soul in the right human body, and all their charming crew. She seemed half to discern some fearful thing in shadow.

He read her face and grew frightened in turn, being no less bewildered than she; so took shelter in strengthening his case if he could. "Now, do t—try to r'member. A church near the shore; with th' light on it; an'—an'—the minister. You mus' remember *him*. We had been keepin' company so long, you know."

He held it unjust of fate that so creditable a work of art should fail. But a stone image would have felt her repudiating stare. There seemed a need to revise the version.

"W—well, mebbe not," he conceded benevolently, waving his former narrative aside. "'Twasn't that reason; no, some other reason.—Knew there was 'nother reason!—here 'tis: cause you loved me an' I loved you, no knife can cut our love in two.' Now that's 'nother reason."

Perhaps the indoor warmth was telling on him.

Edna felt her face growing absurd, as well as tormented, in conflicting stresses. At one point she had been near screaming out some insane demand that would imply a prodigy. But who could think of diabolism and this comic figure? She felt more idiotic, almost, than he.

Suddenly, from what Harridan had said, the explanation dawned on her,—the obvious, conspicuous explanation, that she ought never to have missed for a moment,—dawned with ample relief and a burst of self-contemptuous laughter. No enmity to the pretender awoke with it: that had to come after. Just then she was even grateful to him for not being Harold; more wildly grateful that she was beset by no impossible, unnamable monster. She stood before him amazed and unstrung, hysterically amused at his extravagant impudence and her more extravagant credulity.

“Oh,” she cried, “go to Verbena, Edward; go to Verbena. Make love to her. She’ll forgive you, and take you in hand. Hurry to Verbena, Edward, before they come for you.”

She sank into her chair, weeping and laughing together, triumphant, upset.

He stood there, the figure of a fool self-convicted. Was it for this he had lain in briers and crawled through weeds and listened for the hunt more anxiously than a fox with a broken leg?

Edna roused herself to spur him, summoning, “Verbena! Verbena!” in a lifted voice, with only a light shade of mockery.

Now, he certainly knew that Verbena was not near; but the anti-climax of his drama aided alcoholic reaction. His brassy toughness of nerve was gone. He felt wretchedly shaken. Alarming memories awoke. The great woman’s angry presence could hardly have been more electrifying. He went hurriedly through the door-way in blind panic.

Edna sprang to the door, jubilant in shooting the bolt again, while he stumbled and tumbled downstairs. Near the bottom he seemed to collect himself a bit for quieter withdrawal. She believed he would keep on to the bugeye, if even by swimming. But there must be no chance of another surprise like that, with her proper clothing at hand.

She dressed quickly and went down to brighter light, and food.

As she ate in the empty house, she wondered: why were the good people so long? She had good reason to doubt the story of her late visitor as to Watson’s escape—indeed, as to anything he might tell. What if he had misled the wife and there were no Abel where Abel should be? She pictured her hostess a lingerer by the shore in nightmare terror, and was about rising, to dare the dark ways as a comfort-bringer and companion of that vigil, when she heard Lucinda’s hearty laugh, gay and thankful.

“Oh!” she breathed happily, reseating herself with emotion. “Hear the husband’s deep voice too! Safe, safe!——” and surely that meant safety for Harold as well. It mattered little that she could not catch his tones; they would soon be here.

Yet something held them. They seemed indicating, suggesting, discussing; perhaps it was the confusion of the quarrelling off shore, which came in to her also,—quarrelling dominated by the denouncing Verbena. Could it be “dear Edward?” Was the fatted calf uncommonly hard to kill? She thought it must be that deplorable recreant, unforgiven and under punishment. Well, good luck to Verbena!

But her easy smile died. She wondered at not noticing before how plainly she showed to all out-doors through the unshuttered window. It was like being put up for exhibition, or invitation. She enjoyed this so little that she moved forward to bar the shutters; but drew back again, shaking. Was it a wraith of fancy that she had seen, or a shadow in man’s outline? Whatever it was, it drove her the other way and straight out through the door into the night, meaning to race down shoreward among her friends.

The blackness bewildered her: a rod out she paused uncertain. No room for question now: a man barred the door-way. Then, indeed, she screamed aloud, and sprang off, running her best, though at random, and shrieking as she ran.

She heard eager answering calls, converging toward her, one being undoubtedly Abel Watson’s. Curses and threats, too, of pursuers close at heel came to her. Now she was caught by the arm, by the waist; felt herself, with a last despairing cry, swung from the ground, and was borne away in a grip which almost ended consciousness.

X.

WATSON had meant only to call some one in for a conference at the western point of the island, but the boat which put forth was wary, would not come near, and soon returned. He withdrew discomfited.

He had had a distant glimpse of Edna’s better fortune and Simmonds told him more of it at dinner. Then the bugeye was still motionless. Perhaps Verbena, like Harridan, awaited the dark; but if that were too late?

Still, something had been effected, even though not by him,—something, yet not enough. He was far from grudging her success. He remembered Harridan’s warning. But, every way, the situation spurred him. After a time he walked along the shore.

There was the yacht still,—anchor down, sails half-furled. The boat came again, with Voss in the stern, and again it was coy: so in the end Watson took a skiff and rowed out alone. Side by side, with a narrow lane of water between, he glared at his best-beloved enemy.

Voss made the most in by-play of this open enmity, turning his eyes while they talked, as if in doubt from what quarter to expect harm. He

teased his man, too, in other trivial ways, questioning every verbal slip as though it were something in an unknown tongue, and worrying him with the need to explain his explanations. Tiring of this, he turned about with an invitation to discuss the matter on the yacht's deck, adding a touch of sarcasm for the islander's timidity.

Watson hesitated a moment, uttered a sound of scorn, and followed. Hitching his boat to the yacht's side, he swarmed up and leaped the taff-rail heavily. "I'm not afeared," he proclaimed, with ample emphasis,—a good head taller than those who gathered around him, not too near.

Then it was that his wife, watching in the distance, almost gave him over for worse than dead, and naturally hurried to heap reproaches on Edna.

They did not look as bad as they should, he thought; nor behave with hostility, being chiefly curious in expression and half admiring. Only one showed the evil eye, and it became suddenly innocent. Abel felt that extinguishment to be worse than any open threat. He was vehemently tempted to dive overboard and run the gauntlet of their rifles. But it seemed like certain death—he would make so sure a target rising against the gleam of the water. Then, too, pride forbade.

His glance around took in the yacht's deck and island shore; the sun, half-under, swathed in an unwholesome veil; the upboiling of cloud to the southward edged with unnatural light, the thickening of the air, the birds hurrying by.

"Looks like somethin's goin' to happen to all hands," he thought; "but first to me."

Before him stood Julian Voss, the prosperous human spider, with an eye to entertainment and smiling an ominous welcome.

"A glass of punch will not hurt our feelings, or our dealings, Mr. Watson," he suggested politely, and turned to lead the way below, exposing his back unguarded to the man whom he would delight to kill, and who knew it. Abel would by no means have gone first, but this confidence had its appeal. With a defiant sense of seeing the thing through, he tramped heavily down behind within arm's-length.

At the foot he looked around on luxurious furniture and trimmings rare to his experience, but telling him nothing, good or ill. Except the two there was no one visible—only a natty mulatto lad bearing a tray and glasses, an old-time crested sugar-bowl, a few slices of lemon in a saucer, and a case bottle of tempting fragrance. These were set before him.

Now, Watson's normal attitude was hospitable to such creature comforts, as perhaps befitted his trying life in every weather and his herculean frame. But in the nick of time he remembered his tragic

errand, and bitterness of heart spoiled the foretaste. Old fire-light folklore, too, came back to him, like a voice in the ear, warning against food or drink of the evil ones. To his fancy, a poison steam arose from it if you looked closely. He thought absurdly of "the head of John the Baptist on a charger."

"Not any," he said curtly.

Voss lifted his brows gently, beckoned his Ganymede, poured out a glassful and drank it appreciatively. "I never profane the real stuff with these things," waving his hand toward the accompaniments. "If, now—without them?"

Good-fellowship awoke in Abel. That was sound doctrine, according to his creed. And refusal—how could it aid Goldsborough? Might it not rather be an obstacle, making himself a fool for his pains? His hand was already extended, when some murmur of dissuasion stirred him. He would have thought it fancy, nobody being near except the docile boy, neutral and demure, but for a flitting of irrepressible annoyance over Voss's high-toned face. Then he knew with certainty that the temptation held the slumber of horror and death.

Our islander had a giant's muscle and a giant's nerve; but in that place and that sinister company his hair rose and his flesh crept. He began hurriedly to repent all sorts of things, nearly forgotten. Every prayer of his childhood came racing into mind. Suddenly, in quick shame, he made a stand against fear and spoke out roughly:

"What'll you take for Goldsborough?"

"Take?" repeated Voss deliberately. "He isn't a disorder of mine. Perhaps you're the one to be doctored."

"That—won't—put—me—off," insisted Watson doggedly, word by word, setting his jaws till the strong gray-brown beard fairly tilted forward. The ample kindness of his face had made way for something between fright and fierceness, but his resolution hung on.

"No-o?" queried Voss, with a low crowing uptilt in his tone.

How could two countenances, both full and strong and ruddy, both light of eye and once moderately fair, differ so greatly? Even in acquired tint and texture, one reddened as with old wine showing through, the other blowzed red by toil in the honest weather.

"No-o?" repeated Voss, drawing.

Was it a signal? Watson heard a light scuffling of feet overhead and drew in his breath, with a sense that the trap was closing. But this rather steadied him.

"I'm willin' to offer fair and liberal," he said sturdily.

"For what I don't happen to possess. How kind!"

Sudden, unaccountable conviction seized Watson. "'Fore God, he's here, right by us!" he cried. "But what you've done to him——" His

voice broke in a sob of passion. He was moved to fling himself crushingly on this evil one—but first to find the lost.

“Oh, I ‘do to’ people, do I?” responded Voss quietly. “Isn’t that a reassuring thought, in view of all I owe you?”

Watson had meant to bargain, to offer the irresistible Bowser, to concede many things, promise many things, for the good cause and the hour’s supreme need. But the island flesh and blood could stand no more. The sense of swooping destruction was too imminent, the crisis too present and certain.

He sprang to his feet, shouting, “Goldsborough! Where are you, Goldsborough?” At the same instant he gripped his chair and swung it around at arm’s length behind him. The awkward weapon struck some one unseen, who dropped with a cry, dragging on it heavily. A coil of netting, flung off by the blow had barely swept Abel’s face. Hands now caught at his elbow; in a moment he was pitching every way, with several men tugging at him, trying to enmesh him and beat him down. He slung them about tremendously, battering their heads and shoulders against the walls,—kicking, hammering, and lunging. Furniture in fragments went flying out from them as from a whirlwind. He was aware of hard blows rained on him, and much other ill usage; aware, too, of an uproar overhead, whence a figure pitched heavily down; while Voss seemed occupied in a corner by gymnastics of his own. At last an explosion of strength in all directions freed Abel for a moment, and again he shouted, “Goldsborough!”

“Help!” came the gasping answer; and around Voss’s shoulder Harold’s face writhed into view, gaunt, furious, and horror-stricken, like one in hell.

Watson sprang forward, but, net and all, three enemies were on him, sharing the plunge. Miscellaneous fragments went with them, the composite mass tumbling noisily about on the floor near the wrestling pair.

Voss was gaining, for Goldsborough had been weakened by suffering. Passion alone had sustained him. They fought for a revolver, which Voss had drawn with much effort, and then nearly lost in their desperate wrenching. Now he swung it upward as a club. Harold caught at it, but unsuccessfully, beyond avoiding the blow.

At this stage of the rough-and-tumble, Verbena descended, a great axe in her hand, hurling a bulky man half across the cabin before her. That rush carried her near Voss, who moved aside in time, letting go of Goldsborough. She struck at the oyster pirate,—struck to kill,—a female, unhandy blow, which he dodged easily. Her axe-blade hit the wall obliquely and turned, jarring both of her arms to the shoulder and nearly twisting the helve from her grasp. Indeed she dropped it and sprang at him bare-handed; but something tripped her up and she

pitched forward, staying herself against the wall as he dodged again. In the conflict she lurched sidewise against Harold, so that his head broke a window-pane just beyond, cutting him slightly.

"Edward!" she cried, and he turned to her, mistaking solicitude for appeal, so got her to the middle of the cabin.

For the moment her spirit of onslaught abated. Between passing weakness and affection, she leaned on the regained one alarmingly. She had him again, she had him again: That was all she knew. The tone of her "Oh! Edward," touched the proxy's heart.

But she remembered and straightened herself, piercing Voss with baleful eyes. He stood at bay, watchful, poisoning his pistol, but in no haste to fire. His men gathered to him as they could, feeling deplorably cut off in their own vessel, for the bugeye's crew were now crowding hilariously down behind the Amazon.

Abel came upright by degrees between the two factions, with garments torn to the skin and tatters of fish-net hanging about his shoulders,—not wholly unlike Neptune rising from the ocean-bed.

The invaders yelled. This redoubtable enemy, too, was in their hands—the marksman who had shattered them that day, making their vessel for a time a waif and wreck. He was hungrily desired.

Goldsborough felt the urgent need of intercession. It was no time to potter about mistaken identity. "He was fighting for me, Verbena," he cried. She listened, lost her frown, and reached a friendly hand; which Abel took honestly, making with her a giant-like tableau. Beside him, and him only, she seemed normally feminine. "Edward's friends are mine," she said; then stared at Voss again, adding truculently, "Also his enemies."

Fury quite possessed her. "You lied to me—lied! And him here suffering! And I fighting the tongmen for a swell-devil! Oh——" and her words launched out at him unrestrainedly. The lawless fellows behind her exchanged grins plentifully, delighted with a prodigality of excretion far beyond their own.

Harold would have interrupted for shame, but simply could not, so copious was the flood. Voss hearkened disinterestedly. When she paused, catching breath, he suggested: "But if it isn't Edward? *His* name is Goldsborough. They look alike? Well, do pray scold their fathers and mothers, not me."

His reasonableness impressed even Verbena, backed as it was by Harold's own declarations on the bugeye. But she looked at the face and form beside her, and their evidence overrode all. Still her mood was so far mollified that she ceased raving and took to her amateurish finelady diction instead, mincing the words:

"Perhaps, sir, you may be under the impression that my eyesight

is failing. Since when did Captain Julian Voss acquire such facility in enlightening a woman as to the features of the man she loves?"

It had reeled off victoriously, without a slip anywhere. And she had won what she came for. Then why risk her Edward as a target? Retaliation might wait. She had the instinct of the crowning moment to withdraw.

Voss, almost incredulous, but with vast relief, saw Verbena shepherding out her array. "Look lively boys. Come, Edward. Come, Justice;" and, without interference, they were soon treading her own deck.

XI.

"I WAS afear'd to come sooner, he might 'a' suspicioned," she explained. "He's due to get even—if he can."

She looked back uneasily, though the hull of the yacht was hidden and the lines above were ghostly tracery. None of them guessed that he was taking sure means already.

Verbena plied Harold with food and toddy, between orders to the crew. Her heart—and her words—burned at his ill-treatment, though Voss had been too provident and gradual in toying with his victim for permanent damage to have been done so soon.

Watson knew with a glow of the heart that they were making toward his home, though gingerly, because of the fog and shallows. Verbena watched him gazing.

"Now, Justice, must you leave us?" she inquired with full-flown archness, aware that the title and his unusual strength were chief among Abel's kindly vanities.

"Good-bye! Good-bye!" urged Goldsborough, eager for his safety, an impatience which Verbena beamingly mistook for an echo of her own.

Watson hesitated, then shook hands with a squeeze of comprehension and reassurance for Goldsborough, and got quickly away.

"Going to his dear one, too!" sighed Verbena, pressing Harold's arm, as she drew closer.

If her absurd mistake had been gall and wormwood to him from the first, it was blue vitriol since circumstances made him and held him a consenting party. A detestable, compulsory shabbiness! Honor and self-esteem writhed under it. As gently and kindly as might be, he must make an end.

"Miss—Mrs. Cannon," he began, losing his fluency in the distracting problem.

She drew away as though smitten, then flung herself on him with a voluminous abandon which he could hardly sustain.

"No! no! no! I will not have it!" she cried. "You *are* my

Edward, my dear one, my soul! Don't you feel my love all through and through you and the beating of my heart on yours? Oh, say you love me! Say you love me!"

Just what our gentleman felt would be past defining. There was no room for rational protest, but he exhorted her incoherently.

"Oh, why, why so cold, my darling?" she queried tenderly, unheeding. "Why so irresponsible? Why go back on me? Why so coy?"

Unlucky word! What imp of fiction or old school-book poetry brought it up in mind? Harold had thought of himself in divers ways—never quite like that. Laughter overbore all else in him, pouring out inextinguishably.

Verbena drew away, affronted.

Suddenly his laugh ended, his head bowed. She was barely in time to let him down easily, shouting for more whiskey and pillows.

"My poor boy! I might have known," she lamented. "What a big fool of a woman I am anyhow! They've deviled the life and sense out of him."

Truly he was reaping that harvest, though it had not hurt his brain, and her onslaught of affection completed what the first fight on the bug-eye began. But he revived at once with a will, reaching for the cup as it came and drinking eagerly—a biting draught, but it brought strength again.

Verbena sat back and laughed to herself in sheer delight.

"Well, now, if here ain't my old Ned again! It does me good to see you go for the whiskey."

Goldsborough came upright, holding by the taffrail; but his head swam for a moment and his eyes were clouded. Then they cleared again. The attitude and the occasion gave him a comic sense of oratory. As he paused with that feeling, she added in good faith to the fun.

"Do be careful; you ain't steady on your poor legs yet. What did they do to you, anyway? There, there—never mind!"

But her soothing tone was fiercely shaken and her hand clutched; her face reddened and darkened. It would be ill for Voss's eyeballs beneath her nails.

Harold, too, set his teeth, savagely remembering. "I'd have strangled him then and there if he'd left me my natural strength."

"I'm bettin' on that," shouted Verbena admiringly.

It shamed him, though well used to a generous estimate—Verbena was so tremendous a partisan, she made such an overpowering comparison and commentary! Was he actually vaunting his athletics before the giantess?

"I might have lain tied in a cubby-hole till they stuck my throat and made an end—only for a bit of broken glass," he confessed with rue-

ful honesty. "Even then, only for you—oh, you were my salvation!"

Even a brute or a cad must have been a little warm over that. Harold, far from either, lacked words for the depth of his feeling. He spoke fervently, yet it could not be a lover's fervor. Verbena felt the deficiency.

"Why not? Who else?" she demanded, almost roughly. "Good God, why shouldn't I? After our years together! And—and—everything! What are you driving at, anyhow?"

The challenge brought back his oratory, of an inherited Johnsonian cast, in ample and rounded flow. But, if he spoke from dignity, he spoke from kindness, too. It was not fairly to be called declamation.

"Thanking you again most heartily—as from my inmost soul I always shall—and hoping earnestly for some opportunity of partial requital, I must yet in honesty disavow any claim on your kindness. Do pray let me remind you how often I have assured you that I am not, and never can be, any Edward whatever."

There was a resentful emphasis on the word not really intended. Thus far she had listened quietly, puzzled and a little vexed by his superior fluency, but this roused her. Palliating theories were forgotten.

"Edward—what's the matter with you, Edward?" she demanded impatiently.

"Nothing at all," answered a cheerful, even an impudently cheerful, voice over on the landward side. "Don't make the welkin ring. No need for the court-crier, Verbena; I'll come and be sworn. Any quantity of swearing on hand in prime condition these days! Fling us a rope, if you please. Nothing wrong here except too much water to the whiskey."

Ungrateful!—since water had so plainly steadied his words. But there had been a comfortless period of wading and splashing.

The fog was thinning. A breath of wind came through it, fore-running the storm. Verbena, leaning over, saw her boat below, just returning from landing Watson. One of the figures within waved a reassuring hand.

"Who's there?" she demanded apprehensively, between welcome and menace.

"We put one man ashore and brought back another," reported the coxswain, non-committal as to identity.

Edward had been more or less of a joke among these wild sailors, though not always a safe one. But two of him!—they were tickled by their feminine skipper's predicament, and forecasted humorous results. A rumble of laughter came up to her and was echoed from the deck

behind. The discipline of the bug-eye was uneven, though furiously enforced now and then.

"Don't you know me; old girl? That's a lark!" the prodigal was calling up merrily. "I'm Edward, my dear,—Ned Hennessy,—your dear devoted Edward come home again!"

"Up with you!" she cried hoarsely, caught the line they tossed her, and passed it to a man for making fast. Her face was dubious, boding ill for some one. Perhaps even the father in the parable would have been tried by two competing candidates, both newly from the husks and swine.

"Now" pronounced their judge in petticoats,—“and if you think I am a good sort of a person for make-believes——”

He did not; not at all!—being merely sure of his evidence. He had come trippingly up beside Harold, most unlike a truant, and stood bowing with a graceless grace. His brain was as clear now as it ever got to be. Of his late verbal incompetency there remained no more than a slight waver in his speech and an overdone rollicking.

She took a lantern soberly and swayed it before the two—then drew back and eyed each alternately. Her strain of countenance grew painful.

Was this magic? What had befallen her eyes? Had Edward doubled before her? There was no glare of daylight to aid. Instinct gave no sure answer. She began to laugh—a laughter which might quickly turn to fury; then checked himself with recollected dignity.

"I'm not going to put up with both you boys, don't think it," she declared, the glint in her eyes contradicting the jocularly of her words. She held the middle of the stage, a thoroughly human figure, wronged and faithful, the storm-centre of whatever tragedy might follow. The two men eyed with concern that imposing, embodied primness.

Harold began courteously: "Madam, I call you to witness that I have tried——"

Edward struck in, more to the purpose, and louder and faster:

"Don't you remember lugging me home from the spree in Hungry Neck? And the camp meeting row on Tangier Island? And how I gave Hank Jones three inches of steel over the cards aboard the punga, and had to swim for it?—Just ask what this man remembers, he's backing out already.—See here!" tearing his shirt open with both hands to reveal a red scar that slanted across his ribs. "He matches my face and my height,—and my clothes and voice pretty well,—can he match *that*? You know where I got that swipe, and where they'd have to look under the Pocomoke cypresses for the hand that gave it."

Her face grew fierce. "I ought to!" she cried. "But if you're the one——"

"If I'm the one? You surely ain't goin' back on me, Verbena!—after I've been away so long!"

It was an ill-advised plea.

"Long!" she retorted. "Long! I should think so! Serves you right—if you're the man—to be counted out o' the game, anyway!" Stormy words, half meant, with her mind all at sea.

She turned to Harold, who had been her Edward through so many painful hours. The higher type, the finer fibre, an indefinable distinction were there, touching intimately her feminine nature, however weatherblown and stalwart, now that the two men stood side by side. If only this might be the true Edward!—if some miracle might somehow yet make him so! For to the real Edward, however untrue in every other sense and way, she strongly tended in the very depth of her soul's will to be faithful.

The impossibility of reconciling such conflicting strains, the sense that she must relinquish what one half of her eagerly aspired to or what the other half deeply demanded, came rushing over this undisciplined nature as an intolerable wrong. One moment her soul yearned for him, the next she turned on him savagely.

She clawed at his collar and tore the shirt to waist and shoulder, revealing a broad white chest without a scar. "Thought so, Mr. Imitation! Playing pretty games, eh? You base impostor! Ah-h! And you brought your forgery to Patty Cannon's grand-daughter! Passed yourself off on her lonely affections for her long-lost Edward! Oh, you villain! Oh—o——"

She had drawn back for fuller sweep of arm and now launched at him in a way that meant mischief. But Harold, foreseeing trouble and covertly abetted by Edward, had already slipped the knot and vaulted overboard with the boat's painter in his hand. He struck the water near the bow and swam a few strokes beside it, guiding it out into the darkness; then scrambled aboard and rested quietly, while Verbena vociferated and gesticulated above.

Very soon she turned with her lantern, and Edward the genuine came in for verbal chastisement of the heroic kind. He took it submissively, not omitting any form of deprecation or conciliation, for experience has a value. Harold foresaw that he would soon win. Verbena could be heard passing through the various stages of extravagant wrath, moderate indignation, judicial censure, toleration, pardon, and fully restored loving-kindness, with the speed of her impulsive energy. Nothing quite so uncurbed and unguided had ever worked itself out before him.

The forgiven one, by no means malignant, was making good use of his regained ascendancy. "I tell you, Verbena, there's no good bothering after Goldsborough, he's gone. And—he didn't really set up to be me, of his own accord, did he?"

It was delicately tentative in tone; a zephyrous intimation, one might say, and hardly more. Her recovered good-humor endured the silken strain.

"I reckon not—exactly," she conceded indulgently. "Maybe I didn't make allowances. But when a woman's put out—"

"Yes, or anybody. But listen. Harridan's coming. Harridan's right here, may be in our hair any hour. I know, I tell you, I know. He's after scalps, too; and there'll be splintering and sinking. Do you want to throw away the bugeye? The canoes are leaving; anyhow, what are they to you? As to Voss, he'll get his gruel that way, and so much the better. Harridan's marked him, marked him for fair! You keep right on out o' these waters. There's somethin' always doin' in the tropics I know; I've seen. Revolutions pay better than this random rumpus. You've a soul above oysters, Verbena. Anyway, leave Voss and Harridan to their private particular Kilkenny. Either of 'em would pay high to see you dance a long skirt-dance on a red-hot gridiron in hell!"

"Couldn't much blame 'em," she answered, laughing. "But you're right enough, all the same."

Her sails were yet spread. An anchor, dropped when her boat went in with Watson, came up at her order. The bugeye held straight out before the remnant of wind now gradually dying away.

XII.

GOLDSBOROUGH was hastening landward when Edna's first cry reached him, followed by the islanders' responses and her shrieks as she ran. These ended, but Watson's lusty volume of running sound was a guide to the line of chase. There seemed to be fighting along it in momentary pauses, as though men had been thrown back to impede. He swiftly judged that Voss, after all, was likely to carry Edna away, and adopting the most promising expedient, changed his course to intercept him if possible near the yacht.

He had refrained from adding uselessly to the volume of sound, and still held his peace to gain the benefit of a surprise; they would hardly expect an enemy on the water, unless far behind. He still carried a revolver given him by Verbena on the yacht. This weapon he had providently dropped into the boat as he sprang. The chambers were all loaded, the cartridges most likely water-proof. He must take his chances with them.

But the boat was heavy, and with the lull of the wind the fog, source of all his troubles, came again. The stars were blurred and blinded, outline after outline below melted away. The few lights of the vessels were hidden. He had to go cautiously and by his best conjecture, which

the shouts from the shore aided, and some little noise ahead. Nevertheless he missed his way and might have passed the yacht, but for happening just within the range of its unusually bright signal put out by Voss. A final effort, better directed, brought him to one side of the after part of the vessel, while Edna was passed up on the other.

The task before him was unhopeful. To mount the deck seemed mere futility. He heard Voss uttering his ironic welcome and made sure she would presently be taken below. He might have but this one man to deal with there, at least for a little time; and a little time might be vital. Harridan was coming; perhaps Watson; very certainly the storm. Minutes, or even seconds, might measure the interval before relief from one of the three. If only he could slip in somehow and watch over her until then!

Passing his hand along above him, he felt a window unfastened, with a broken pane, and felt sure it must be the one that had cut him. If so, he knew equally well what lay just within and below. That was a godsend in such a case. With a reviving confidence he swarmed quickly up and through it, making fast his boat just within.

It was dark, only a very faint glimmer coming in from the foggy night. The floor was littered still with the relics of that fracas. His former pinched prison was at hand. He took it to hide in.

Pulling aside its screen, imperfect now, he hesitated. That hollow was haunted to him, he had been so painfully one with it not long before. He could hardly believe there was no form outstretched within—not even when he had groped about to make sure. Then he heard steps above and the light rattling of a door about to open; so he worried himself into his shell whether or no and drew the curtain to behind him. There was a rent in it opposite his eyes, making a peep-hole; for already light was faintly dawning.

The cabin-boy entered from somewhere with a lamp, righted a table and placed it thereon, turning up the wick. He moved the broken stuff out of the way, raised the chairs and placed them conveniently, and then vanished, the more conspicuous broken pieces going with him. A few quick deft motions had done wonders. The cabin looked habitable again.

Perhaps the first rattling had been only a signal requiring or hastening this; for there was yet a pause before the door opened and steps came down. Voss was first, Edna following. She seemed weary, weary, unwilling, all but distraught, yet not absolutely hopeless. How the watcher longed to let her know that a guardian was near!

But as it was he felt very visible. One beam, striking in through a rift, lay like a ribbon across his knee—also the eyes that saw might be seen. And that most unnatural tail of a rope end! If Voss should

look, oh, almost in any direction! Harold had not counted on so much light. But Voss had a more engrossing vision.

They were seated. Harold could hear Edna's breathing. It was labored and fluttered. How nightmare-ridden the dear girl must be! Yet a minute later with quiet satire she broke the pause, perhaps because it had become unbearable.

"They call you, sir, a man of intellect—of culture and training. Can't you see that this is very crude melodrama to a modern young woman?"

"I am afraid it is," he conceded pleasantly.

She went on, with growing asperity: "Do you think it is in keeping with what we look for in a gentleman—or a man?"

"Unhappily," he admitted.

"Then I request that you will send me back immediately. For—I am tired, so tired!—Oh, send me back to the shore; do send me, Mr. Voss!"

Her fine front had suddenly broken under fear, loneliness, and exhaustion,—above all, under the secretive, suggestive, admiring composure of his gaze.

She half rose, urgent in entreaty.

He answered at ease: "I fear that will hardly do, Miss Winston. We should be so desolate without you!"

She began sobbing, but ceased, abruptly, and replied, in a constrained, insulted tone:

"You seem to enjoy my distress."

There was no reply.

"You do!" she insisted. "Undoubtedly you do—or any human suffering." She choked with disabling abhorrence and almost superstitious dread. "Ah, when shall I forget that poor boy? And the other! Oh, you—what *are* you, Captain Voss? Can you deny that you have become so ghastly at heart that you enjoy human pain?"

"So unprejudiced, and so accessible to the piquant and pungent," he corrected tolerantly. "You have heard of the 'pursuit of happiness.' The wise pursuer extracts honey from poison flowers, like the bee, though not from them only. No pleasure in pain!—how about the delicate Roman ladies who laughed above the arena? Did the shattered gladiators or the Christian girl find mercy there? History is full of examples. Am I to miss the treat? Charles Reade's maniac was wiser, with his invitation: 'Let us curse and pray.' You will—or would—hear of me yet as a generous benefactor, by reason of abundant good works done to warm and delight—Julian Voss. Indeed, I have experimented a little, taking care to preserve the full savor of 'let not thy right hand know;' and I find it good. Religion, too,—I perceive that

ecstasy, afar off, beyond my scope as yet, like the music of the future. In time I shall work up to it, a case of full, sincere, Pentecostal possession, divine, ineffable. Ah, nothing so entrancing shall ever pass me by.

“Do you understand me now? Life for the wise is an essay in diversified gratification, from the exaltation of saintliness, through the whole gamut of intellect and emotion, to minor interludes of spicery like this. If the reasoning parts of me are gratified by explaining to a woman, why not expound? She is not the less available for experiment——”

“Ugh!” interrupted Edna with a shudder, and the not-very-deep incredulity that such a homily must bring. If sincere, and he seemed to be, he was surely insane; yet sincere she thought he could not be. More of this was hardly bearable, yet she had noticed a final turn of expression more profoundly alarming. That, more than all else, had drawn her disgusted cry. She had the instinct to parry.

“With such principles you might fitly worship your King Satan,” she suggested at random, clamping her mind to the task of confining him to words.

He shook his head, leaning indolently, indulging her tactics, dallying with the scene. “We all have our incapacities,” he admitted. “I made a hopeful start; but the most intricate and spectacular blasphemies wouldn’t take hold. There wasn’t conviction enough to get up a thrill. The only fun I got out of it was in the way of self-mocking humor. Happily, that has never quite deserted me.”

Edna watched him with a desperate composure, bracing herself to spring either way. She was thinking swiftly, too, of every possible and impossible resource, and kept the ball going while she could.

“Humor!” she repeated. “Humor is a cheery and kindly thing. What you utter might be humor in a ghoul.”

Voss moved leisurely, as though about to end the delay. “My acquaintance with ghouls is imperfect,” he observed. “I will take your word for their peculiar taste and ways. Don’t fancy, dear lady, that I think of you solely as a subject for bedevilment. You will remember I was saying that even discussion could not make you less charmingly available for experiments in vivisection—or caresses——”

He had risen, approaching her; but she was well away beyond reach already, liking the looks of him no better than his soft unnatural words, but such flight could not carry far.

It surprised him, however, and centred his attention closely on her, which was well. For a moment he laughed gently, but heartily, then came toward her again; but she dodged by—and he encountered Harold and his weapon instead.

As Voss drew in his breath to call for aid, he felt the muzzle against his temple, the other's hand on his throat, and kept still every way.

"Out of the window into the boat, Edna!" urged Harold, with his eyes unblinking on the prisoner's. "Quick, Edna, quick!"

She had paused, dumfounded; but her strength came again in a spasm, and she slipped through.

Harold was tempted sorely to press the trigger; but he squeezed with an earnestness that was good for some seconds, and then instead dashed the man's head stunningly against the wall. In an instant he flew after Edna, taking the rope with him, but letting himself down carefully at the last. She had the boat in position below, and it received him easily. He thrust against the vessel's side, but without noise and the thick night engulfed them.

The fog was billowed and packed against them as by pressure, or so they fancied. They could hear an ominous sound like a great wind on the way. Shouts came from the island and the water, bearing with them a message of something more.

They heard Voss in recovered voice, and then a rush along the deck; saw him, too, with pistol thrust out, but at a loss where to aim.

He never fired, nor did any one. Their attention turned elsewhere. The cries from the farther limit of the fleet were plainly not of the weather. Sharp demands for surrender broke through them. Then one flash, another, a whole fusillade.

"Harridan!" cried Goldsborough, delighted. The men on the yacht must have heard, but nobody cared for him then. "Oh, my love," he exclaimed, "I thought he would never come!"

"And I thought——" she leaned over to him, the rest unspoken. "But you were there all the time. I might have known; I might have known."

"Let me have my hands, dear," he urged, very gently, but quickly. "It's a case of battle, tempest, and sudden death. Out of the firing-line of man and God!"

She moved away, but took one oar with her, and they went shoreward rapidly, guided by smothered flashes and many sounds. Presently Watson's voice shouted out ahead; and again, more tremendously, following their answer. Island boats, bound for the yacht, turned about, ranging alongside of them; and the whole cluster rushed quite out of deep water before the storm swept them. The fog was driven before it in tatters quite out and away.

Huddled in a group, the men stood on the broadest beach that had been known for years, leaning back against the strong wind, with braced feet,—Edna secure in the middle and Harold's arm lovingly round her; all intent on a spectacle most unusual in even that unusual and stirring place.

The stars unveiled showed the Frolic midway in the marauding line, which she was taking end-on amidst the blast. As she came, repeating rifles flashed out of her each way, quick as counting. A swarm of pirate sailing craft, keeping about her and racing obliquely before and across the gale, poured in a converging but uncertain fire. There was deadly earnest and hatred in the outlaw yells.

Behind her a sloop, torn in the fog, tilted over, a wreck in the shallows. The same piece of ordnance in the Frolic's bow had been fired twice without effect. The shore watchers saw it for a third time brought to bear, just missing a defiant enemy ahead. Winchesters rattled away in return, with better aim or fortune than usual, for there was commotion on board the Frolic as though some one of moment were disabled, bad enough with so slender a force and the great odds against her! Then her prow veered a little and she cut the other's bowsprit clean away as she plunged by.

It was Voss's turn now, since nothing remained between them but tossing water, wild wind and foam. His yacht hung by three anchors, leaning far out and over, with the choice to cut loose and blow away; but he seemed recklessly ready to abide the end. Thus far he had done no more, but, as the gale dropped suddenly and his vessel righted, there came from every part of the deck and all that side of her a well-directed rifle-fire. It ripped along the Frolic, tore her bow, bored her smoke-stack, and searched every accessible corner.

The bow piece replied, only a few feet from her target, sending a bolt in amidships with splintering and broad flare; and the Frolic leaped after it headlong from a rough sea, like some ravenous creature on its prey. There was a jarring stroke, a reeling and dissolution, the scattering of human fruit all abroad like apples from a shaken bough. They saw the hulls clinging and quivering together while the firelight died, and then the Frolic drawing steadily away to strike again. But there was needed no second blow—the yacht went down. The last of her consorts was hurrying far away.

Harridan himself was unharmed and put forth every humane effort to save. But Voss was not discoverable, nor has any trustworthy hint of him ever come to light.

Edna Goldsborough, for that is her name now, remains a great favorite of their wholesome island friends, and visits them often with artistic profit and cordial personal pleasure.

THE CAFÉ PROCOPE

By Addison May Rothrock



DOWN on a narrow side-street of the Latin Quarter stands the old Café Procope, the first place of its kind ever established in Paris, and one of the most interesting historic relics of the city.

For over two centuries it has been more or less intimately connected with all the great events taking place in the French capital, a rendezvous for artists, thinkers, diplomats, and conspirators.

Here in by-gone days gathered the famous lights of the French drama; in these halls Voltaire and Rousseau laid their foundation for the Revolution; from its doors went the howling mob that made the massacres of September a blot on the page of history; and here the boy Napoleon passed many an hour while yet a student of the military art.

Since its founding in 1689, down to the end of the reign of the third Napoleon, scarcely an event of importance took place in Paris but owed its origin or its development to the men who spent their evenings around the tables of the Café Procope.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century François Procope Cotelli, a Sicilian adventurer, though of noble birth, found his way to Paris. A rolling stone, never successful in any of his ventures in life, he had tried many and varied means of gaining a livelihood throughout his wanderings over Europe. In Paris his efforts were as fruitless as elsewhere, till finally the Comédie Française established itself on the street now named in its honor the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie.

With its establishment an opportunity at last seemed to be found for Procope, and he determined to start a café, like those of his native land, and different from and better than the *cabarets*, or tap-rooms, which had heretofore their place in France.

At once his tables became the rendezvous for the play writers and actors from over the way, as well as the favorite evening resort of the other artistic and literary lights of the period. The spectators dropped in to spend the waiting time before the curtain rose or between the acts, and many a time the star of the evening could be found here sipping his coffee as he waited his call to appear upon the boards.

On one occasion a young marquis rushed furiously in and demanded of his friends to help him avenge his honor. He had, it seems, been too attentive to one of the actresses during the play, and was accordingly ejected from the theatre. Soon gathering together an invading force, a desperate attempt was made to carry the Comédie Française by storm and a fierce attack began upon the theatre. Both sides fought savagely, but after a prolonged struggle, victory perched on the banner of the actors' cause and the discomfited nobleman was obliged to retire beaten from the scene of action.

Many a member of the *Institut* wandered in of an evening, and the Procope had become so popular with these *savants* that it was here, and not at the Academy, that most of their real discussions took place. The Abbé Destotaines, in answer to a complaint made on the score of one of the learned members' marked preference for the company of the Procope, once replied, "He has a right to prefer the café to the *Institut*, because in the former one talks at least a little of literature."

Tortured with anxiety one evening in 1709, Le Sage sat here eagerly awaiting the verdict upon his play "Turcaret," which was being presented for the first time at the Comédie Française. Le Sage considered this his masterpiece, the work by which his name should live or die, yet to-day it survives but as a lesser production of the famous author of "Le Diable Boiteux" and "Gil Blas." Indeed, so great was the success of the former that, when but one copy of the first edition remained, it is said two gentlemen disputed for it sword in hand.



But time moved on, the founder died, and after several changes in proprietorship we find a Levantine named Zoppi in command.

Zoppi was a peculiar character and devoted to his museum of the famous men who had frequented the Procope, for the place had a reputation, and the pride of ownership was strong within him. He had busts of all these great ones departed, and whenever an *habitué* of any prominence died a statue was at once made, and, surrounded by funeral wreaths and lighted tapers, it lay in state upon a table where it received the last attentions from Zoppi and his guests. After the period of mourning was completed, the bust would be removed to the museum along with the similar relics of the other great ones gone on before.

Voltaire lived just around the corner on the quay that now bears his name, and every evening his sharp, cynical face could be seen as he sat in nightly dispute with those about him.

Among his companions here were Diderot, author of the first encyclopædia, and d'Alembert, his chief coworker in the task. Rousseau

too and Piron were of the gathering, and with the latter Voltaire was never on good terms,—in fact, he was the epic poet's pet aversion.

Piron was a writer of no mean ability, but he devoted the best work of his pen to the thankless task of making enemies, and by his bitter ridicule forever excluded himself from the chosen circle of the French Academy. His epitaph written by himself shows the humor of the man :

“ Ci-gît Piron.
Que ne fut rien,
Pas même Académicien.”

In the early days of their acquaintance Voltaire and Rousseau were warm friends, till in an unlucky moment of confidence the author of *Emile* showed to his companion his “Letter to Posterity.” Voltaire read it through and then returned the article with the cutting remark, “It will never reach its destination,” and from then on a coldness arose between them.

Among the men of this period Voltaire was the leader in the *cénacle* at the café, and even to-day one reads over the door the words :

“CAFÉ À LA VOLTAIRE.”

Grimm, the dandified and talented musician and writer, was likewise of the *coterie*, a lesser light that circled around the genius of Voltaire.

Camille Desmoulins and Mirabeau came here to plan and work, the young deputy Robespierre was added to the circle, and with him the dwarfish, misshapen Marat, his accomplice in the darkest deeds of the Reign of Terror.

Back in the court-yard from the café there lived a physician busily engaged in fashioning an instrument which should render more humane the capital punishment then in vogue. Down in Italy he had run across some records, and the idea taking root grew step by step into the guillotine.



At the Procope the massacres of September were being planned, and on the second of the month in 1792, the *Fédérés* started on their work of butchery.

The proprietor at this time was a most ardent revolutionist, a true *sans culotte*, who wielded much influence with the people, and many a time he harangued them while standing on the old table of Voltaire which was drawn over by the door for the purpose. On one occasion, so eloquent were his arguments, or so forcible the gestures of his heavy boots, that the marble was shattered into bits, and so remains to-day with its patched and scarred surface, a mute appeal against too much

heat in political discussion as well as a precious relic of those stormy times.

The cause taken up by the Procope men succeeded, and among the throng came a small, pale-faced student from the Ecole Polytechnique to listen to the others in the hall. His purse was but a slender one and on one occasion contained not coin enough to pay his modest bill. Horribly embarrassed he went to the desk, and, laying down his hat as a pledge, started sadly out of the door and down the street, followed by the waiter calling after him to take the hat along. Though then friendless and unknown, he rose to lead them all, and as the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte held the world at bay.

In 1790, during three days, the walls of the Procope were draped in black and its *habitues* wore mourning in honor of Franklin, the great American republican, who had passed from earth, leaving a name revered almost as much by the revolutionists in France as it was in his own land.



Here, in these dingy halls, the Abbé Prevost, author of "Manon Lescault," whiled away many an evening as he sat sipping his coffee or bending over his board of chess. A man of great ability, his history is a singularly sad one. By turns a soldier and a priest, disappointment after disappointment entered into and blasted his life, and even the healing hand of death dealt harshly with him, for his end was more than tragic. Stricken with apoplexy while walking in the country, he was found unconscious at the foot of a tree. A physician was summoned and an autopsy ordered by the magistrate. Without examining his subject, the strangely careless practitioner plunged his knife deep into the unfortunate man. The shock restored the lingering spark of vitality and the priest opened his eyes. Too late an effort was made to save him; the instrument, of the doctor, dealing more cruelly than the disease itself had ended the career of the gifted writer.

Talleyrand, the diplomat, was another regular *habitué*, for this was no ordinary drinking place, and its atmosphere of conspiracy amply suited the man who profited by every change of government.

Once more, however, the people tired of their monarchy, and again from the old café came the plots which overturned Louis Philippe and put Louis Napoleon into the Elysée as president of the new republic.

In his earlier days the famous statesman Gambetta lived for five years over the Procope, and far more of his time was passed in the café beneath than was compatible with the none too plethoric condition of his purse.

Then for a while the doors were closed; the end seemed to have come for the Procope. Happily, no such misfortune was in store for it, and

in 1893 it was reopened, and here the old café stands to-day, a relic of the times gone by, one of the links which connect the Paris of the present with the Paris of long ago. Still, as of old, it is the meeting place for much of the talent of the Latin Quarter and its world of art.

Here all speaks of the past, and its associations consecrated by the traditions of those who have gone off the stage of life leaving behind them a record of something accomplished in their chosen line of work.

The walls are dingy with dust and grime of years, the furniture dates from the reign of Louis Quinze, while on the panels by the door are engraved the names of many an *habitué* now famous throughout the world. Curious old frescoes look down across the room, and around the tables are the eager, enthusiastic faces of men with an object and an ideal in life. The conversation is largely on art and literature, and mingling with the *Nouveaux* are those who have already arrived and made their mark on the work of the period. To the author or artist this is hallowed ground, and the breath of tradition lurks in the very air one breathes.

Upstairs there is a small stage where the younger aspirants for literary and dramatic fame meet to read their poems and stories or rehearse their plays. It is a sort of miniature Academy, and many a good thing has first seen the light of day at one of these *Soirées Procope*, as they are known. An illustrated paper, also called "*Le Procope*," is published once a month, and its pages are well worth the perusal of the man who seeks Paris to study and learn.

On Tuesdays, Fridays, and Sundays are held the regular *soirées* or, as the programme reads:

" Soirées-Procope
Mardis, Vendredis, Dimanches,
Les Poètes et Chansonniers
Du
Quartier Latin."

Paris to-day, like all great centres of tourist life, is full of show places, where the literary lions and drawing-room bohemians are on exhibition to the sight-seeing visitor; but the Procope is one of the real haunts of workers and men with ideas. Isolated more or less from the broader thoroughfares, it still pursues its old life and its old associations unspoiled by the gaping crowd. When that day comes, if it ever should, and the Procope is thrown open as a mere haunt of the sight-seer, then its days will be numbered indeed. The real workers and the real bohemians are a clannish people, and, when a place is advertised to the general public as a haunt for bohemians and a proper place for the dabbling outsider, the members of the craft forsake its walls forever.

BETTY: ALIAS NELLIE NEVILLE

By Sarah Chichester Page



THE rural-mail man brought me a letter to-day from Lesley Henderson, saying he would come to Newington the day after to-morrow.

I almost had a fit.

I wanted to show him off dreadfully, for he is a very delightful thing from Philadelphia. You never saw such lovely clothes in your life.

But I always feel I'm naughty when a man comes to Newington. Papa looks extremely grave, and the others very critical.

Altogether, I got a bad case of buck-fever, and decided in two minutes I would depart to Carisbrook and have him come there. That is my cousin's place in the next county, thirty-five miles away.

So I rushed to the telephone and begged our Central, Miss Eva, to get a message through to Mrs. Cary, of Carisbrook.

"I know I can't make them hear me, Miss Eva; will you please ask if I may come to-morrow, if she will send half-way to meet me, at Tracey; and tell her there's a man coming from Philadelphia, and can she have him, too?"

I listened awhile at the 'phone, hearing the message departing in its roundabout way across the State. It was repeated quite straight for awhile, but presently I heard Haymarket in a very faint voice request of her next neighbor on the line,—

"Tell Mrs. Cary, of Carisbrook, to meet Miss Betty to-morrow morning at Tracey: and can she bring a mare and colt from Philadelphia?"

Mary Cary, of Carisbrook, was never daunted by any prospect, however serious, and the answer came back brave and clear:

"Tell Miss Betty the wagon will meet her at Tracey to-morrow, and she may bring anything she pleases."

So I sent a wire to Mr. Henderson:

"Will be at Weatherby Station on Wednesday—delighted to meet you there."

Then, coming up-stairs to my big old room, I put on my dressing-gown, sat down in the little chair that used to belong to Mammy, and folded my hands to think it out.

It was all very well to run away to Carisbrook—I could change the scene of action—but there was no escaping the decisive battle. For this was surely the result of a month's hard flirtation on the sands at Cape May, and for another month, last winter, in that dear city where it's easy to stir up any kind of love—brotherly or otherwise.

There was nothing in the world to be criticised about Lesley Henderson; and sometimes I had thought I loved him. But sometimes I had thought I loved one or two other men, too.

And now the years were slipping away, and I might as well face the matter and have it out. You see it's a very disgusting thing to have to confess you've been loving somebody you don't know, all your life.

It may be I haven't quite been loving him, but I've been having him mighty seriously on my mind, and he has been getting perpetually between me and my definite decision.

I got down the old green desk with pink roses on it, that Willie Lee gave me the day I first went away to boarding-school in Alexandria.

I took out a package of letters and read, first one, and then another, reflecting:

There really seems nothing to do but *advertise* for the man!

They tell me I had four grandmothers, sixteen great-grandmothers, thirty-two great-great-grandmothers, all of whom lived here at Newington, or at Westover, or Shirley, or Widworthy,—mending their husbands' stockings, making jam, teaching the catechism to little negroes, and never once doing a thing they should not; while, at the age they were getting married and having fifteen children apiece, I was at school, writing to an unknown man—and now I'm thinking of advertising for him!

This is the way it happened.

One night at school my room-mate, Jeanie Marshall, lamented the fact that we seemed to be so fatally good.

We never had done a thing in the world we should not do, and soon we would be responsible young ladies and it would be too late for frolicking.

This seemed so sad that I was induced to enter into her suggestion that we should write to a man we didn't know. (That was the most devilish thing she could think of at short notice.)

She had heard of a man called Robert Warren, of Berryville, represented to her by some interested feminine as a type of manly perfection.

So the silliest letter was composed and addressed to him. And, almost immediately, Jeanie was called home by her father's illness, and stayed there, leaving me to bear the whole brunt of the escapade.

The small amount of sense due a girl of sixteen having returned to me, I awaited in some trepidation, what I knew I richly deserved,—a very impudent reply.

We had signed the letter "Elinor Neville," and, not daring to ask at the post-office for a fictitious name, I simply added that to a list of six or eight names which one of the girls inquired for every day, she having much business on hand, of various sorts, with which she amused herself and her set.

The answer came very promptly, and I braced myself to take my medicine without a murmur.

Imagine, then, my surprise and relief to read:

"DEAR MISS NEVILLE: It's awfully kind of you to write to me. You must have known what a stupid dreary winter I am having in this little town, and how much I need a beautiful witty girl, like yourself, to help me through.

"I'm sure you are beautiful from your description, and you should know best of all. And your wit cries aloud for recognition of itself.

"But, all joking aside,—and of course I know you meant it all for a joke,—something in your letter interests me immensely. You wrote it thoughtlessly, because you are young and careless. But let me see the other side of you—will you not? I know girls often write such letters for a lark, but it may be that you and I might get out of this something real and lasting, and of benefit to us both. Will you try it?

"My life is horribly dull here just now, and you might give me a lift! Write me a long letter about yourself. Don't you realize you could write much more fully on that subject to me, whom you don't know, than to some one you know? I glory in the fact that the correspondence must perforce be all "ego:" there'll be no chance for gossip if you preserve your incognito, as I fear you intend doing." Etc., etc.

It was a long letter, and particularly delightful because I so little deserved it. And it was one of a great many.

I was childish in many ways, but he wrote to me as if I were a responsible human being. And all winter I had such a delicious sense of being naughty, as well as the terror of being found out.

I knew it must end with my leaving Alexandria in the spring. I had no intention of bringing anything so scandalous home to Newington with me. He besought me to let him come to see me, and, when I told him seriously I meant never to make myself known, he

begged me to appoint some place where he might only see me, promising to make no effort to follow me or discover my identity. But my youth and shyness, and a newly-awakened sense of propriety, shivered at the suggestion. (Besides, I knew very well I was not so beautiful as I had led him to believe!)

I've spent a large part of my life grieving for things I've missed through an inordinate sense of propriety inherited from those thirty-two old ladies. That's the reason I've got to advertise for a man at this stage!

But to return.

About this time I began to boast to him of the fact that, though I knew all about Mr. Robert Warren, he knew not—nor would ever know—my name, my home, nor anything concerning me. This brought about a very strange denouement. He wrote me a contrite letter and said he would have to confess to having deceived me, after all. That he was *not* Mr. Robert Warren, or any other Mr. Warren—

and, I am sorry to tell you, Nellie, that it's evident you knew very little of Mr. Warren, after all, or you'd have known that he left Berryville some years ago and lives somewhere in the West.

"Mr. Warren's brother received your first letter and opened it; I happened to be in the post-office at the moment, and he handed it to me with a smile, saying I might get some fun out of it. I tell you this with some trepidation—dear little girl—though I can't, to save my life, see what difference it could make to you. But it has been a shame to deceive you in any way. And now, I *beg* of you, let us have done with secrets! tell me who you are, let me come to your home and know your face, as, I flatter myself, I've learned to know your mind and your heart.

"Write and say you forgive me, Nellie, and let me come."

And, will you believe, I never answered the letter!

I ascertained easily, from some one in Berryville, the truth of Robert Warren's having been in the west for several years. But, beyond the fact that he is not Robert Warren, I've never had any idea as to who my friend is.

He wrote again twice; the letters were forwarded me to Newington by my obliging little school friend. They were all imploring pardon and begging to come to see me. But my feelings were outraged by his deception, and I just would not forgive him.

And every year since, he has grown dearer with the very mystery and with the abnegation. And when I've tried to school myself to be satisfied with one man or another, my heart has always begged off,

at the last, with "only wait until I find the man who is *not* Robert Warren."

But *how* to find him!

It's more than probable that he is married, of course; he may have gone to the confines of the earth, or, indeed, left it altogether. But if he should be still in Berryville, and if he should still remember kindly poor little Nellie Neville, would it not be worth while trying to tell him she is sorry she would not let him come to see her?

I don't think I *could* send a "personal" to the Berryville paper. But I might just have it put in as a society item, several times, like this:

"Miss Nellie Neville is spending the summer at Newington, her home, near W—, and hopes to see something of her old friends.—"

It would be more to the point to say,—

"Miss Elinor Neville, having been a half-way fool all her life, finds herself to have arrived, at last. Will answer *any* man who chooses to write to her at W."

However, one never expects the truth in newspapers. The first shall go.

And now, what about Lesley Henderson?

II.

THE drive to Tracey was pleasant—in spite of a disturbed mind. Papa sent me in the carriage, with Uncle Henry to drive me. And as Uncle Henry has driven me since I was small, I find him very congenial. The horses were fresh—the air also—and we arrived sooner than I had expected.

I sent the old man back with the carriage; and, having traced the telephone, by wires, into an apothecary shop, I went in to telephone papa as to my safe arrival at this stage of my journey. Tracey is a pretty little village, running down a hill by one street only; and the shop was one of general utility apparently. Being small, a large part of it was occupied by a little table and two large old gentlemen who played dominoes upon it.

I gained permission to use the telephone, and asked Miss Eva to tell my father I had sent the carriage back and would wait there for Mrs. Cary's carriage. "No, there's no use giving me Newington, Miss Eva: papa won't be there at this time of day; it's nearly mail-time, you know, and you'll find him sitting in his buggy somewhere about the post-office."

Turning from the telephone, I found both old gentlemen on their feet, bowing, with hands extended.

"Delighted to see you at Tracey, Miss Betty. I know your father very well; permit me to introduce myself—my name is Tayloe Smith. And this is my cousin—another friend of your father's, Mr. Smith Tayloe."

I shook hands warmly with them, and told them I'd heard of them always and was delighted to know them.

"But, gentlemen, I interrupt your game, and you are playing a favorite game of mine, I think,—sniff?"

"Then perhaps you will honor us by joining in the game?"

"Why, with the greatest pleasure in the world, if we could sit so as to see the road; for Mrs. Cary, of Carisbrook, is sending to meet me, and I must not miss her carriage. Could we not play outside?"

This seemed very good to them, and they moved the table out to the sidewalk, under a big maple which had put on some very gay colors for the early October weather.

"You see, Miss Betty," Mr. Tayloe explained, "Smith and I fell into the habit of playing this little game soon after the war. We had to wait so long sometimes for the mail. The roads would be bad or the stage would break down. So when we met out here every morning we would just take a few games of sniff. And it does seem like a pretty good way to begin the day, when you come to think about it. It never means anything more serious than that one or the other sometimes has to buy another box of matches. We count games with matches, and I believe it was only yesterday you couldn't smoke your pipe without borrowing a light, wasn't it, Tayloe? By the way, Miss Betty, it was when we were in prison at Johnson's Island with your grandfather that we learned to play the game,—eh, Tayloe?"

It was nearly mail-time, and the people from the surrounding country were beginning to gather at the post-office just below, and every one, in passing, had to hail the old gentlemen, who were evidently immense favorites.

And presently a man came over the hill who seemed very well worth stopping the game to watch.

He rode a golden sorrel, and came on at an easy canter, riding with long stirrups and sitting with absolute ease and comfort in his saddle.

He was just a little above the average height and carried not a superfluous pound. His shoulders were broad and square and there were no hips in sight under his short riding-coat. His soft hat was pushed well back, showing a red glint in his crisp chestnut hair, and there was a clear red in his face, too, and gray eyes looking black under black lashes. His mouth had a ripple in it, but his nose was cut clear

and his jaw and chin were strong. His legs were straight and lithe in his perfectly cut riding breeches, as he reined in his horse and lighted on his feet, with almost one motion, at sight of us.

"Why, is this Italy? Where's the Chianti?" coming up with his bridle over his arm.

The dear old fellows greeted him warmly, and presented me with great ceremony to Mr. Welford, of The Glen.

"Your father will know all about him, Miss Betty; he used to spend weeks up there in his young days."

"I know all about The Glen myself," I said; "but I thought—"

"Oh, you hadn't heard Billy had bought it back? Bless your heart, Billy, it's the best thing that's happened in the neighborhood for twenty years. And, I tell you, Miss Betty, he's fixing it up! Water—good Lord, water everywhere! People about here thought they were extra clean when they had a bath-tub, but he never stopped till he got a pool big enough to swim or drown himself in."

"And where have you been, all these years, Mr. Welford?"—and, asking it, I noticed a few gray hairs just over his ears.

"I've been almost everywhere a dollar was to be made. Except the one place I wanted to go—the old University. I missed my chance for that, and nothing in life can ever make it up to me." He spoke bitterly, but Mr. Smith slapped him on the shoulder.

"Great day, boy! don't talk like that; you've done a better thing,—you've sent Harry there, and given him a good profession. It's not often a man is able or willing to do so much for his young brother, Miss Betty."

"But Harry's a bully fellow and well worth all I could do for him. I wish you knew him."

"I mean to know you both—if you will come to Newington next week, as soon as I get home. Surely that's the Carisbrook wagon?"

But he did not lift his steady, compelling eyes from mine, till he asked, "Do you mean it? May I come?"

"Please do, I—"

But here Mrs. Cary's black colts (they had been "the colts" ever since I could remember) came down the hill exactly like a pair of chamois, drawing (or jerking) an open wagon which jumped from rock to rock, and driven by Lin, a very black and exceedingly light-hearted person, who urged them to greater speed in order to hold them up with terrific effect by my side.

Shaking hands and expressing great pleasure at my visit, he put my bag in and then produced a halter.

"Miss Mary said how they was a liability to be a myar and colt?" looking around with lively interest.

"No, Lin,—not to-day; and now are we ready?"

"No, miss, not quite. Miss Mary is right in the middle of her pickle, and de vinegar done give clean out. She give me dis jimmyjohn and she say I cyarn come home lessen I gits it full. I'm goin' try in dese here stores,—but it's powerful skerce dis time o' de year."

As we drove off, I heard Mr. Smith say, "Smith, get the mail and let's be moving. It's twelve o'clock, and past the hour for my nap. But she's mighty nice. I don't regret it." And Mr. Welford stood by his horse looking after us, till I turned and he lifted his hat.

Lin had many exciting things to tell me about the summer's doings at Carisbrook. Mrs. Cary had two young daughters, just coming out, and the place had swarmed with life.

We asked at every shop on the road for vinegar, in vain. I insisted he should take a side road, to the village of Waterside, only a mile or so out of our way.

There was but the one country store here, and as Lin stopped before it, the woman ran out, exclaiming, "Ain't this Miss Cary's wagon?" then, hesitatingly, "but there ain't no mare and colt."

"No, there is not," I said, "but it certainly is Mrs. Cary's wagon."

"Well, Mrs. Stuart she sent down word this morning, that she overheard on the telephone that you'd be passing along, going to Carisbrook, and she thought it likely you'd be coming up to Waterside for something; an' ef you did, I must tell you she sure would expect you to come up to The Hill and pay her a visit while you was in the neighborhood. But you was to be signified by a mare and colt. Didn't nothin' happen to it—did they?"

III.

THE next morning, when we started to the station to meet Mr. Henderson, Mary Cary ran out to enjoin us to bring quite a number of things; and especially her shoe from the cobbler, because she could not do without it another day, and—oh, yes—three lemons. But you'll never remember all that, so be sure you stop at the telephone office, and I'll tell you it all over again."

This being my mother's native county, everybody in the neighborhood was aunt, uncle, or cousin to me, and it was a great joy to be able to see them all.

This, of course, was best accomplished at the station and post-office at "mail-time," when every one gathered to do the purchasing from the village shops and hear the news. So, when Mr. Henderson got off the train, he found me surrounded by quite a crowd of my family and connections of all ages and both sexes.

It was a very proud moment!

I had known his clothes were grand, but, when he stepped down

at that station, he looked like a man in the back of a magazine going out in a motor car or something!

From the way he took up his bag after shaking hands with us (the Cary girls had come out with me), I suppose he thought we would be driving home immediately.

But he little knew! It would be quite an hour before the mail was opened, and I meant to show him off.

We got him in the wagon somehow, bags and top-coats and all, and drove him up to the post-office, among the long rows of buggys, spring wagons, saddle-horses, etc.; and there we held a reception.

For the news had spread that "Betty had come, and had a friend with her," who must, of course, be received and entertained, if possible.

Uncle Nelson got out of his buggy, though he is old and fat, and came across to give me a smacking kiss and be introduced to my friend. "We are delighted to see you in Virginia, Mr. Henderson, and now when can you come and stay with us? Betty, your aunt will certainly expect you and Mr. Henderson to give us a week, at least, at Waverly."

Mr. Henderson looked mildly astonished, said he was only down for a few days, and said it in as few words as possible.

The Taylor girls were calling across, from their wagon, "Oh, Betty, when did you come? Awfully glad to meet you, Mr. Henderson; it's the nicest thing in the world to have you all come along just now, for we are going up on the Hog Back, for a moonlight picnic, next Thursday. Oh, it's only twenty miles; what of that? And most of us mean to ride; but they say you can get up there in a buggy, if you like. Anyhow, we've got two fiddlers—and the Hog Back is the only place flat enough to dance. We can have a good old reel up there. The Vale is not far from there, you know, and we are rather thinking of staying all night with the Carters, if we could only hear whether Cousin Sue was quite well again."

"All night, indeed!" said Philip Marshall, riding up. "We wouldn't get there till sunrise, and, as we'd sleep most of the day, I don't see how it would bother Cousin Sue. Whoever heard of a Carter minding a dozen or so people coming in? Betty, I am to give you two kisses. This one for myself—and I certainly am glad to see you, dear girl—and this one is for Corbin Beverly, over yonder. He can't leave his horses, a pair of colts he's breaking; but he wants you and Mr. Henderson to come to Kinloch to dinner to-day or to-morrow, or whichever day suits you. Do you care for hunting, Mr. Henderson? I've finished seeding to-day, and I've got two fairly good dogs, and there are half a dozen coveys of birds on Hill Top, we might go after. Or, if you like fox hunting, there's a meet day after to-morrow. It's a little rough riding about here,—pretty steep and lots of stone fences, you know, but no wire. What do you say?"

Knowing he'd not live to marry me if he did either,—since his wildest exercise was golfing or driving his motor-car,—and being still undecided whether I might want him in the capacity of husband, I thanked Philip, but declined to have Lesley killed off immediately. He had become stiffer and stiffer as the crowd increased, embarrassed, I suppose, by the many invitations pressed on him, or by the frank cordiality of the girls, who certainly felt in honor bound "to make Betty's new man feel at home." And now, turning to me, he said, quite audibly,—

"See here, Betty, if that mail is opened, couldn't we be getting on? I don't want to hurry you, you know."

"Betty!"—will you believe it! It surely was a bomb-shell. *Nobody* but your own blood cousin could call you by your Christian name in Virginia.

I jumped up, to cover the situation, and Phil held out his hands, with, "Let me help you down, *Cousin Betty*."

I distinctly heard Anne Carter say to Bertie Taylor, "*That's* the sort of thing she allows, is it?—gets it from always running up North."

I *had* expostulated with Lesley about it, and I know quite well he would not have spoken of me by my name; but to my face!—well, it seemed to be customary there, and the other girls permitted it. I know he meant no disrespect.

Little Mary Cary took Mr. Henderson into the back part of the store to the telephone (the post-office was in the front part), to introduce him to her mother over the wire, and to ask if there were further commissions.

There were, it seems,—two yeast-cakes, and an earnest reminder of her shoe from the cobbler, which, indeed, we had quite forgotten.

Armed with the mail and many parcels, and saying a lingering good-bye to the whole neighborhood, we finally drove up the road to the cobbler's.

Mr. Crosby was not at home, but his better-half was mighty glad to see Miss Betty over this way again, and what could she do for the young ladies?

We wanted the shoe of Mrs. Carey, of Carisbrook. Well, now—she couldn't really say she rightly knew Mrs. Cary's shoe; but wait one minute; and she came out, holding up her skirt entirely filled with a heterogeneous mass of shoes.

"Now, young ladies, here's every shoe in the house, and I'll set 'em out here on the tail-gate of the wagon, and you all kin pick it out fur yourselves."

Frances and little Mary having finally recognized a familiar shoe, we bore it home in triumph.

Mary Cary, waiting at the gate to receive us and give Mr. Henderson a warm welcome, counted the packages with a jealous eye, and presently demanded,—

“But where are the two beefsteaks for breakfast, I telephoned you to bring?”

“*Yeast-cakes*, mother; here they are.”

“*Beefsteaks*, little Mary, and all we had for breakfast!” Chaos ensued for a minute; then—“Oh, well! never mind, Lin can broil some chickens just as well, and Mr. Henderson can come help me catch them.”

IV.

AFTER supper we lingered a moment in the old hall. But already a horseman was seen cantering up the avenue, and Frances hastily inquired,—

“Betty, I saw your shawl on a chair on the back porch; is that your chosen spot for to-night? Then you can have the side porch, Little Mary, and I’ll take the stile. Come on and let’s meet him at the gate.”

I stepped through the open window on the back porch, followed by Mr. Henderson, and ensconced myself in the shawl and big chair, and he lit a cigar and tried to make himself comfortable near me. But it wouldn’t work. He talked in jerks and spasms, and finally blurted out,—

“Betty, do you know you kissed no less than six men in a public road to-day?”

“But I haven’t kissed anybody privately, Mr. Henderson.”

“Well, I’m sure you seem promiscuous enough about it. I don’t think it’s good form, you know.”

Then I sat up!

“Not good form to kiss the members of my own family! Why, every man there was an uncle or first or second cousin. What would they have *thought* of me if I had not received them affectionately! They’d have thought me very affected and very full of airs.”

“Let them think it, then. I shouldn’t allow my wife to kiss a whole lot of men; it’s indecent!”

Then I lay calmly back in my chair and looked at him through narrowed lids and said, “I didn’t know you *had* one.”

It was enough. But the evening was pretty well spoiled. There seemed a discordant element in it.

The next day we all went on a round of visits in the morning, and in the evening and at night there were a lot of cousins constantly coming in.

Mr. Henderson looked bored and disappointed, and I began to relent, because it really was hardly fair when he had come such a distance. So I waylaid him on the stairs (seeing there'd be no chance to talk to him alone) and suggested that he telephone for a buggy and drive me home the next day, since it would be as convenient to him to go north from our station as from Weatherby.

"But, good Lord, Betty, it's thirty-five miles; would that be permitted?"

He looked aghast, but I began to be a little tired of his attitude.

"Well," I said, "we've all been doing it ever since the Colonies; but no doubt it might be boring, after the first hour."

Mary Cary, who had begun to feel the sincerest sympathy for him, came up the stairs at that moment, and highly approved the plan, assuring him that it was quite the custom; and they went off together to order the buggy and arrange that a man should go over, on the stage, to bring it back.

The next day was clear and crisp, and the drive most beautiful. The horse travelled well. I drove him and I *saw* that he did, for I—well, I rather think I wanted to reach Tracey by mail-time!

But the village was deserted when we passed through, and I felt disappointed not to see even my old gentlemen. I began telling Mr. Henderson about them, and about our little game, supposing he would be amused.

Far from it.

"Now, see here, Betty," he exclaimed, in the last stage of exasperation, "do you mean to tell me that you sat on the road-side playing with a couple of old tramps you never saw in your life before. Why, what would prevent their being impostors? How do you know they were the men they represented themselves to be? And if they were that, they were idle old tramps by their own showing. Think of two men sitting down to play dominoes all the morning, and then going home to take a nap! That, no doubt, is a pretty fair sample of your old Virginia aristocracy."

"And what, pray, of your old Philadelphia club men? Do they lead more useful and noble lives? Is there not that sort of element in every community, where an inheritance of easy living has left some men helpless and idle?"

"That may be true, in a measure; but, Betty, indeed you should not be allowed to go about the country in this unchaperoned state and get into such situations."

"Where are the situations? Do you not see that I am surely the best judge of the customs of my own country? Lesley, your suspicions and insinuations drive me quite frantic. It would be simply ridiculous

if I tried to introduce the customs of your part of the country into my way of living here. You have no right to—”

“But it’s that I want, Betty, for I see you can’t take care of yourself.”

Oh, well, how foolish to imagine we could ever see things from the same point of view! There were generations, centuries of opposite customs and conventions behind us.

I believe he loved me honestly, but I felt outraged by the suggestion of evil, of even imprudence, knowing that our conventionalities were quite as strict as those of the North, only quite different.

It was hard to hurt him. He was a truly honest fellow. But oh, so heavy! it exhausted me to be always lifting his poor little understanding. And it had been trained all one way, till it was quite warped, and dry, and unbending. I found I could not marry him, even if my Unknown was never discovered.

We sent him to his train; and that night I felt mighty blue and forlorn.

You get on your mettle and there’s a certain excitement about refusing a man. It’s a sort of spirit of opposition, I suppose.

But there’s a big let-down when it’s all over. And sometimes you wish you had him back, and sometimes you just hate the whole creation of men altogether.

I had on a white frock, and I sat recklessly on the rug before the big fire in the dining-room, at Newington, roasting chestnuts.

The chestnuts were in a pan on the coals, and I stirred them with a long-pointed stick. (The pop-corn popper is much better, but I couldn’t find it.)

The dining-room is a long, low room, with many small windows set back in wide window-seats; and lots of heavy mahogany, and brass and silver, to catch the fire-light. The big logs were burning brightly and the two setters slept on each side of the hearth.

I was wondering about the notice in the Berryville paper—wondering if by any chance it *might* reach the eye of my old, old friend.

Then I heard Uncle Henry bringing some one through the hall, and the door opened—and he was Billy Welford, I thought, but he said,—

“Elinor Neville, my dear little Nellie Neville, how could you make me wait all these years for you!”

I didn’t get up from the floor, because truly I didn’t have a single leg that would hold me! I just sat there and looked at him. And presently he threw himself down in the low chair by me. And he told me that the years had been all made up of thoughts of me; of wanting to come home to look for me; of making himself a man fit for me; of making money to get back the old home for me.

“Nellie, how *could* you refuse to let me come to you! You know it has been a bitter time waiting;—you know.”

“I don’t know anything in the world about you, except that you are not Mr. Robert Warren—and—would you please let go my chin?”

I always think a man who holds you under the chin has such a mean advantage!



HYMEN

BY MARIE VAN VORST

WINDS kiss and twine
 Leaves of the vine:
 Birds meet their mates in the blue.
 Heart of the rose
 Honey-bee knows,
 Heart of my heart knows you!

Rising tides reach
 Arms to the beach:
 Star mates with star in the blue.
 Dawn weds the noon,
 Sun weds the moon,
 Love of my life weds you!



PROSE COUPLETS

BY MINNA THOMAS ANTRIM

Those who would scorn to “accept”
 Borrow, and keep without qualm.

It takes us a long while to learn what to say,
 And twice as long to learn when not to say it.

The Future is a mirage,
 Since To-morrow never comes.

EDGE O' THE WORLD

By *Beulah Marie Dix*

Author of "Hugh Gwyeth, a Roundhead Cavalier," etc.



HIGH up the rugged side of Mount Darby, which bulwarks the town of Glanby on the east, an overgrown path, so faint that only a cunning eye may find it, coaxes the wayfarer to farther ascent. Upward and up the little path meanders, crossing and recrossing in its course a noisy mountain brook, until it disappears at last in a plateau of pleasant grasses. To the intruder it seems a meadow upon a mountain-top, this level space, circled with virginal birches and with brooding pines. By south and west he may look across the tree-tops to the comfortable roofs of Glanby and the fertile fields and the ribbon-like Connecticut, and by north and east, if he choose to clamber the ledge of rock that bars one end of the plateau and take his stand on the edge of the sheer cliff of red stone, he may gaze on forest upon forest, where the softness of beech leaves and of birch melts to the sharp blackness of evergreens that roll away unbroken to the far horizon line.

Should he chance to mention to a Glanby man this pleasant spot of wide prospect, he will be answered with a laugh: "Oh, yes, you must have been up to Edge o' the World." Then, if the informant is very old, he may add that long ago men used to live there. "When I was a boy," he may conclude, "you still could see the places where their cabins used to stand."

To-day the curious may seek in vain for traces of those departed dwellings. The snows and rains of many seasons have infilled the cellar pits, the birches and the social alders have encroached on the level acres, weeds and stones have choked the ancient drinking places. Through all the mountain plateau he may seek in vain for a sign that the hand of man has there found employment.

Yet hands of men indeed were busy in that spot in the far-off days when Glanby was a frontier town and the wide forest was a place of peril, full of savages that were leagued with the Papist French, or, as the shuddering tale went round the winter hearth, leagued, it well might be, with darker powers. Edge o' the World they named it first in those days, the few adventurous lads who scrambled thither in search

of nuts and felt that thus they had journeyed to the verge of their universe. A little later three of those same boys, grown tall striplings and men by the reckoning of their generation, came up from Glanby, where, even so early, they could not find land enough to content them, and built cabins on the mountain plateau and planted corn and grazed on the sweet grass their few head of cattle.

Two of these youths, Ozias Hoyt and Heman Weeks, speedily brought from the village young brides to share the cabins they had builded, but the third, Eber Hichbourne, a tall lad with a breadth of shoulder that made his height seem less and a delicate-featured, stern face, dwelt alone in the highest and remotest of the three small homesteads. Unlike the others, he had not come troth-plight to Edge o' the World. Partly he had come in friendship to his two old playfellows, partly for love of the mountain and the forest. This love he hid as a sin, even from his own eyes. But as he felled trees and cleared land, with a furious show of practicality, he was conscious of a deep contentment merely in breathing the air of the high mountain and scenting the pines that were spicier, sweeter than those of the lowlands. He did not suffer any sense of loss when his friends, new married, left him more and more alone. Rather, he rejoiced in the solitude, so that at heart he was sinfully exultant when, in the fifth year of their settlement at Edge o' the World, Hoyt and Weeks, who had grown fearful at rumors of hostile movements among the savages, sought shelter against the winter for their wives and young families in Glanby town. Tranquilly Eber Hichbourne bade them God-speed, and, as a penance for his joy at the removal of those good neighbors, undertook to tend their cattle through the long months of winter.

A hard winter it proved, and one that became memorable in the annals of Glanby for the heavy and frequent falls of snow. The mountain paths were blocked, the trails were blotted out, the springs were buried. Little wood-creatures, hares and birds, came hungry and a-thirst to Hichbourne's door, and, since his neighbors were not there to mock and marvel, he did not send them unsatisfied away. Still the snow fell. There would come a single day of strong sun that cast blue shadows upon the gleaming slope of the mountain, and then three days of gray sky and whirling flakes. In the forest the trees bowed under the burden of cruel masses. All through the night Hichbourne, in his solitary cabin, could hear the rending and creaking of branches. By times it seemed to him as if the forest, under torture, were breaking from a wilful dumbness and crying out with unsuspected life.

One day in late December, a day of illusive sungleam behind piling clouds, Hichbourne went far afield. He was restless with the days he had been storm-bound, so he made himself a pretext, not to descend into

Glanby, but to plunge down the mountain-side and trudge through the undefiled northern woods. Here and there he blazed with his axe a group of maples against spring and the time of sugaring, but for the most part he trudged purposeless through the untracked snow, beneath the brooding trees, and he let his thoughts stray he scarcely knew whither.

When at last he turned his face homeward, the sun was banked behind unbroken clouds and once more the snow was falling. Amid the dense growth on the northern slope of the mountain it was dim almost as at twilight. Hichbourne walked steadily, axe on shoulder, unafraid, for he had set his feet in a trail of his old making, yet aware of the need that he had to keep his head clear, if he would win through the dusk and the whirling snow to the homely shelter of his cabin. Heedfully he peered about him to spy each landmark, and soon he noted that a great oak that had often been his guide-post had fallen in the last storm. Not ten paces from the trail it lay, but so thickly drove the snow, so near was the night, that it was hard to follow the dim lines of the riven trunk and the outspread branches. By some sense other than that of sight, Hichbourne was first aware of a faint stir of motion there in the lee of the trunk. An eddy of the snow, no more, his reason told him, yet he halted to look back. A grotesque layer of the drift, no doubt, for the snow plays strange tricks and men alone in the forest grow fanciful, yet its likeness to the fold of a woman's garment brought his heart to a stand-still. Clothed on the sudden with fear to which he could not give a name, he forced himself to approach the spot, and in the shelter of the riven trunk, wrapped in a cloak that was of the gray of the twilight and the snow, he found a young girl lying.

The fear that he could not define fell from Hichbourne in that moment, when he saw at his feet a breathing, pulsing creature in sore need of succor. He lifted the girl, a light weight to his arms, and bore her through the storm to his cabin. He laid her in his bed, he brewed hot drink for her comfort, and presently she opened her eyes and looked upon him. Her eyes were the gray-green of a willow pool and her hair was brown like a russet leaf in autumn.

In the month of February, when the snows were melting in the first blue day that ran before the spring, Heman Weeks plodded up to Edge o' the World to see how it had fared with his cattle and with Eber Hichbourne. He came back with a tale that was a nine days' wonder in the mouths of Glanby. Hichbourne had with him, storm-bound in his cabin, a young girl, come Heaven knew whence, a girl unlike the girls of Glanby. At Weeks's coming she had fled into the woods, but Hichbourne's voice had coaxed her forth. She had come to his side, stepping softly in moccasins of his fashioning, clad in a garment

wrought from one of his homespun coverlets. In her arms she bore a rabbit, that did not seem afraid of her touch. She would not speak to Weeks, but, to all his sensible questions as to who she was and whence she came, shook her head, masking her face behind her hair, and, as soon as might be, slipped from his sight. A poor, starveling creature, mazed in her wits, no doubt, with cold and privations, Heman Weeks made know his private theory, and yet—this it was that set Glanby tongues a-wagging—Hichbourne was declaring it his purpose to marry this castaway.

This purpose Hichbourne did indeed carry out. His brothers and sisters, who were his sole kin, for his parents long since were dead, protested in vain. He was five and twenty, and master of his own destinies. Glanby raged with the scandal of such a marriage, and he let it rage, unregarding. He had on his side the minister, a young new-comer to the town, who was overborne by the calm assurance of the tall mountain-dweller. After due calling of banns in Glanby meeting-house between Eber Hichbourne and Desire Hichbourne,—for Desire, Hichbourne told the minister, the girl's name would be called in their tongue, and surname she had none,—the minister clambered up to Edge o' the World, and there, in the shelter of the trees, with the windy March sky for roof, blessed the marriage of Hichbourne and the gray-eyed girl from the forest.

At Edge o' the World Hichbourne and his bride lived the summer through joyously, as young Goodwife Weeks and Goodwife Hoyt, their neighbors, reported with much scandal. Little Goody Weeks, a social soul, was piqued, no doubt, because she never could contrive a friendly gossip with Hichbourne's wife. She might spy her at the spring or flitting toward the edge of the forest; but, let her hasten never so swiftly, she failed to overtake the brown-haired lass, though at times she did hear the mocking echo of a song. To add to her vexation, a growth of slender birches—mere shrubs they must have been the summer before, for she had scarcely marked them—had sprung up round Hichbourne's cabin and screened it from her eager glances. Truly, Goody Weeks, the rosy little gossip, had cause to feel aggrieved.

Goodwife Hoyt, a taller, sterner woman, had her cause too for complaint. Country-bred, she had prided herself on a hoidenish skill that was hers, in that she could find berries even when the sharp-eyed little lads came empty-handed home. But now this slim chit, Hichbourne's goddess wife, was always before her. When there was scarce a berry to be found, Goodwife Hoyt would see her coming from the wood with a dish of bark heaped with red and dewy strawberries or blue whortle-berries to which the bloom still clung. Plainly the minx was beforehand to strip all the berry patches. In her righteous anger Goodwife

Hoyt set out to follow her one morning, and she returned at night, scratched and torn and mired, with a breathless tale of wandering lost for hours in the forest, but of Hichbourne's wife she had seen nothing from the hour of her setting forth.

With such tales as these the curiosity of the Glanby folk was fed throughout the summer, but never once did they set eyes on the girl about whom rumor was so busy. Not once did she step foot in Glanby meeting-house. She lacked strength for the hard journey up and down the mountain-side, Hichbourne, when he himself came duly to meeting, answered the questions of his kindred—an answer that moved Goodwife Hoyt to bitter mirth. But without a sight of the girl, Glanby still could spin theories about her, and did so right busily.

"A Papist wench, no doubt," said Abner Crowell. "She may have wandered from some marauding band of French and Indians."

"Or it may be," Hichbourne's brother, Micah, started a kinder story, "some poor soul stolen away in childhood from our settlements and now come back to her own."

This theory so far won favor that old Goodwife Barnard, who had lost two little daughters, borne away captive in the December massacre years before, climbed up the mountain-path to Edge o' the World. She hoped against hope to find in the face of Hichbourne's wife the lineaments of her beloved, but she returned with her hope proved vain. "A sweet and gentle soul she is," said the old goodwife, "but never a child of my body."

Then John Glover, who had been as a lad captive among the Indians and since his redemption had ranged the woods, a trapper and a trader, made his stealthy way to Edge o' the World. Hichbourne's wife, it was said, was often heard singing about her cabin in a language that was strange to her neighbors, but he who knew the speech of the French and a dozen dialects of the savages swore that no tongue in those parts could be unknown to him. By the language that she spoke, he boasted that he could tell from what parts this girl had come, and solve the mystery that had baffled Glanby. Less boastfully than he went he came down the mountain. Yes, he had heard Hichbourne's wife singing to herself beneath the birches, he admitted, but he knew not in what language was her song—perchance the speech of some far western tribe of which he had no knowledge.

But, while one half of Glanby strove to make itself content in the belief that the girl was a poor stray from among the savages, the other half gave credence to a second theory. From distant Boston a travelling pedler came to Glanby in the height of summer, and he told among his gossip a sordid story of a poor girl who in the preceding December had been, for her light carriage, driven forth from the eastern

settlements. "Let me once have sight of the strange hussy ye speak of," the fellow went on, "and I'll let ye know speedily an she be Mallie Pritchett or no!"

But a sight of Hichbourne's wife was never granted to the gossiping chapman, for, when the tale he was telling came to Hichbourne's ears, Hichbourne without words started in quest of the man that had likened his wife to a common trull. Between night and morning the pedler hurried away down-river, and it was never proved whether or no poor, light Mallie Pritchett and the brown-haired girl at Edge o' the World were one. But many of the matrons and men in Glanby needed no proof to give eager credence to such a story.

Thus in Glanby all that summer was gossip and bickering and a fever of curiosity; but at Edge o' the World, high up the mountain, Hichbourne went his way unregardful. He had put by his fowling-piece—his neighbors instanced each sample of his folly. He was eating no more than the growth of his garden and of the forest. He was friends with the birds and the shy squirrels and the rabbits that came, soft-footed, to his cabin-door. He was turned daft, in short, like the crazed girl that he had taken to his bosom. Yet if he were mad, it were a madness that many a man might envy who had eyes to read the tranquil joy in Hichbourne's face. And that which made him joyous had softened his native sternness. On the rare occasions when he came to his brother's house, the youngest children and the sprawling puppies and the kittens sought him as by instinct, and his touch with them was gentle and his face grew tender. It was at such a time, with his brother Micah's least lad upon his knee, that he told Micah, in a hushed voice that amazed that placid father of seven, that in December he hoped—if God was good—and if the child proved a lad, the cup of his content were full!

Just at that time, as Fate willed it, Eber Barsham for whom Hichbourne had been named, fell ill and claimed his services; so Hichbourne, as was dutiful, spent days and nights in Glanby among the scenes of his youth, among his old neighbors and kindred. Barsham was an old man, bereft of his kin in the great massacre, and the last of his race. All his property, he had said, should go to remote cousins in Watertown; but when he lay dead and his will was opened, Hichbourne learned, to his surprise, that the crabbed old man had left to him his rich farm and his house in the midst of Glanby Street, on the sole condition that he should remove thither from Edge o' the World.

A prosperous householder, but with a face less joyous, more like the faces of other Glanby men, Hichbourne returned up the mountain to Edge o' the World; not, however, to resume his old way of life. For a dozen causes connected with the newly acquired property, he went back

and forth to Glanby, and, once he had begun to deal again with his acquaintances, he took up his lost habit of conferring with his old comrade, Ozias Hoyt. It was to Hoyt that he told the perplexity that now was his—the passing trouble that had come to mar his content. His wife, he said, was wilfully opposed to the plan of removal into Glanby, perverse, womanish, as perhaps, he granted, with half-affectionate, half-contemptuous tolerance, was natural to her present state. To ease her mind, he had agreed to rest at Edge o' the World till after the coming of the child, and then, he said, with the old stern lines graven deep on his face, they should remove to the town. Whatever folly his wife might speak, he did not despise a snug farm and a comfortable homestead in the lowlands when he had children to provide for. For the child's sake, if for nothing else, he was resolved to turn his back on Edge o' the World.

So the days passed, until the trees shivered in the gusts of December and the mountain brook was bound with ice. Then of a morning when Goody Weeks, upon her door-stone, conferred with Goody Hoyt as to whether they should not let by-gones be and offer to their neighbor women's comfort in the approaching time of her trial, Hichbourne came striding across the plateau with face alight. "My son is born!" he told his neighbors; and so full was his thought of the child that not until he had told all that was to tell of the little one's strength and beauty did he add that the mother was wondrous well and in no need of comfort.

A few days later Hichbourne brought the child to show his neighbors, a fine babe indeed, lusty and smiling, with his mother's own eyes. "He shall be called Eber," said the young father, "but the christening need not be yet. My wife—she has a foolish whim that no doubt will pass."

But within the week Hichbourne went down the mountain to look to his Glanby farm, and by ill hap met with the minister. Months since the young man who had blessed Hichbourne's marriage had been dismissed from Glanby, too much a mystic to content the rugged frontiersmen, and in his place reigned a stern preacher who ever had the wrath of God upon his lips. In merciless phrase this old man took Eber Hichbourne to task, showing him what responsibility was his toward the young soul that he had called into being, and the result was that, when Hichbourne regained his mountain home, he told his neighbor Hoyt that on the next Sabbath his boy was to be christened.

On the appointed Sunday, a day of dull sky and chill wind, Hoyt knocked betimes at Eber Hichbourne's door and was bidden enter. Within he found the child warmly wrapped and laid upon the bed, and Hichbourne, with his face set in its sternest lines, making himself ready

for the journey. By the fire, half in shadow, sat Hichbourne's wife, with her chin in the cup of her hand. Her face was white and her eyes gloomed beneath her brows. Not till her husband lifted the child in his arms did she make a sign. Then, without changing her position, she spoke: "And thou wilt do this thing, Eber?"

He answered shortly, "My child shall be made a Christian, lest haply he be cut off untimely and his soul perish."

"And what," said she, "of the promise thou didst make me? Never a child of ours, thou didst swear, should be carried within your meeting-house."

With his hand on the latch he replied, "'Twas a promise made in madness. I had no right thus to dispose of my child."

"Thine?" said she. "He is also mine, and whatever thou mayst do, I keep my promises, Eber."

For an instant Hichbourne seemed to hesitate; but at his side stood Hoyt, and with Hoyt's coming all Glanby, practical, hard-headed, had in spirit entered the mountain cabin. A Glanby householder, with a life that must be ordered by Glanby standards, no longer the care-free dweller of Edge o' the World, who had lightly given a mad promise to his bride, Hichbourne strode from the cabin with the child in his arms, nor did he once glance behind him.

That day in Glanby meeting-house the little Eber Hichbourne was duly christened. He cried out, sharp and sudden, so the gossips took note, at the touch of the water; and small wonder, for the meeting-house was cold as the grave and the christening water like ice. Moaning and shivering, the little one was given back into his father's arms, and all the way up the mountain-side he moaned and shivered still. Ere midnight Hichbourne sought his neighbors' doors, distracted, with news that his child lay in a dangerous fever and a prayer that they come to his aid. They went to Hichbourne's cabin in kindly fashion, Weeks and Hoyt and their wives, but there was little they might do. The babe moaned fever-stricken, while the mother, quiet and tearless, sat beside it and answered nothing to their well-meant proffers of advice and comfort. In the end, the would-be ministrants returned to their own beds, all save little Goody Weeks. She stayed to bear the young mother company, and later she told a tale that won credence with some.

She said that Hichbourne crouched by the fire, with his head sunk in his hands, and his wife, the while, sat with the child in her arms. By times she soothed it, singing in that tongue to which John Glover had been at loss to give a name. Once and once only Hichbourne spoke to her. Then it was, in the hour before the dawning, that he rose, as one distracted, and cast himself on his knees beside her and entreated her forgiveness with sobs, like a very lad. She looked upon him, not exult-

ant nor angry, so Goody Weeks said, but rather as one deeply pitying, yet powerless to give aid. "Thy child, Eber?" she said at last. "Lo, here is thy part in him!"

Then Hichbourne gave a great and woful cry, and when Goody Weeks, trembling in every limb, drew near, she saw that in the mother's arms the child lay dead.

With his own hands Hichbourne fashioned a rude coffin, and, eight and forty hours from the time that he had borne his baby to be christened, bore it again in his arms down the mountain-side, this time for burial. Weeks and Hoyt went with him, but he answered nothing to their awkward words of comfort. Set-faced, stricken, he saw his child laid beneath the frozen clods, and still in that boding silence trudged back up the mountain. As the three men went, the snow fell softly round them. By the time that they reached Edge o' the World the little cabins were hid, one from another, by the whirling flakes and the fast gathering night.

At his own request Hichbourne plodded on alone to his cabin where his wife sat solitary. A few moments later he entered Hoyt's kitchen, very quiet, but with a face bleached white as the snow itself. "She is gone," he said, and at first could be won to say no more.

As soon as his neighbors realized what had befallen,—that the poor young wife, distraught, no doubt, by the death of her child and her quarrel with her husband, had wandered forth into the storm,—they made ready to go in search of her. Apathetically Hichbourne watched their preparation. "'Tis in vain," he told them. "I broke the promise that I made her. She will not come again."

His words proved true. Though all Glanby joined in the quest, though for days they searched the mountain glens and beat the forest, they searched in vain. The falling snow had blotted out the tracks of the lost one, and, as they were driven at last to believe, had hidden her body where she sank exhausted. In the spring, when the snows were melted, they comforted Hichbourne, they would search again and give her poor remains a Christian burial. Indeed, they kept their word, those honest Glanby folk, but never, for all their searching, in the snow or in the spring-time, did they find one trace of Hichbourne's lost wife.

From the night of her going forth, Hichbourne left his mountain cabin forever. He wintered in Glanby, he even, in the spring-time, began to till the rich acres of the inheritance that had been his bane; but he seemed restless, as one who found his life of little savor, and soon he gave over the pretence of husbandry to range the woods. He neither snared nor shot the wild things, but seemed content merely to be roving far from men. Thus he continued for two years and then, as in a

sudden despair, he joined himself to a scouting party of Valley men who were bound against the Indians to eastward. In the first encounter he received his death wound and was buried deep in the forest where he fell.

His cabin on the mountain plateau fell speedily into decay, for no man cared to dwell in a place of such sorrow—or so they gave the reason. For one cause or another, Ozias Hoyt and Heman Weeks within five years removed to Glanby with their families, and then the plateau sank back into the wilderness. Yet the name still clung to the spot. Edge o' the World, even to this day, they call the place where in far-off times Eber Hichbourne dwelt with the girl who came to him out of the storm and in the storm went from him.



THE LAGGARD

BY ELSIE CASSEIGNE KING

SEVEN ships of the line!
 Brave as ships could be!
 They circled there in a crescent fair
 To conquer the world for me!

But Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday fled,
 With their sails all gleaming bright,
 To race a race with the flying sun
 For the star-set goal of night.

And Wednesday and Thursday were so fleet
 That the wind could never tell
 Whether two ships there were he sped,
 Or whether two shadows fell.

Friday and Saturday, wing-and-wing,
 Like white ghosts floated last,
 And I curved my hand to hail to them,
 But swift as a thought they passed.

Dim in the west; hull down, and gone—
 And only dreams were mine!
 I had lost them all, beyond recall,
 Seven ships of the line!

ART OR NATURE?

By Lucy Copinger

The third of the "Miss Lucy" Stories—A series of child sketches, each complete in itself.



ANNA KARENINA and Sophie Bauerschmidt were sitting on the curb-stone in front of the Bauerschmidt saloon, from beneath the bar of which they had just been rudely ejected by Sophie's father. They were talking about Miss Lucy.

"My sister," said Sophie, "seen Miss Luzy, and she says she's a swell."

Sophie's sister, a creature of a very big pompadour that hung coquettishly into one eye, worked at the beauty-counter of a department store, and was therefore the social oracle of the Bauerschmidt circle.

There was an element of gloom in Anna's nature that discounted for her all thing pedagogical. "A swell!" she echoed disdainfully; "she aind even no lady. My mother says she aind nothing bud a working-woman. Ladies never do no work. They jusd sids all day und puds things on their faces like my mother."

"Well, anyhow," said Sophie, "Miss Luzy's got nice clothes."

"They aind so much," insisted Anna; "she aind god no silk peddicoad und she never wears no beads und her sdoekings aind god holes over them."

"But she's pretty, anyhow," said Sophie.

"Hod air," Anna scoffed. "Why, she's god red hair."

"It's the style," argued Sophie. "My sister put stuff on her hair, and some of it's red and the rest aint."

"Thad's like my mother's" Anna agreed; "but Miss Luzy's is jusd all red."

"But it's curly," wavered Sophie; "it's curly down by her ear."

"Aind you never nexd?" cried Anna, angered at such denseness. Thad aind no real curl.

"It's spit then," said Sophie.

"She puds id ub," said Anna, with finality; "I bed you she does."

"I bet you she don't," snapped Sophie.

"Whad'll you bed?" cried Anna.

"Nothun," said Sophie femininely.

"You're afraid," Anna jeered. "I bed you a cend she does."

"I bet you a cent she don't," cried the taunted Sophie.

"All right," said Anna; "jusd waid dill id rains." Then, growing weary of Sophie's company, she departed to the more congenial pursuits of the gang.

Two days latter it rained. Miss Lucy, having come to school in the midst of a damp, depressing drizzle, went to her bookcase where she kept a small looking-glass carefully hidden beneath a gilt-lettered "Teacher's Creed." The principal had often noted and approved the cheerful and long-sustained attention that Miss Lucy gave to her Creed each morning.

However, that morning the inspection was short. The dampness had flattened her fresh waist into a slovenly, limp garment, and the end of her nose was damp and coldly pink. Being a mere feminine creature of clothes, she slammed the bookcase door and sitting down at her desk looked gloomily and bitterly at the sixty members of Class A. Owing to the inclement weather, Class A was in an unbecoming state of damp greasiness, and Nature, in a vain attempt to give a bath to her neglected children, had only made matters worse.

Anna Karenina looked like a wet fresh sausage, and according to her usual custom in rainy weather, she had taken off the blue hair-ribbon that was her sole garter, thus letting both her stockings hang down over her shoes. True, her legs felt cold, but she had an idea that her stockings thus worn resembled the gaiters that Miss Lucy sometimes donned. Unlike Anna, whose morning ablutions no pleading could extend farther than the dainty wetting of a finger tip which was then cautiously applied to the corner of each eye, Bum O'Reilly every morning obligingly washed his face in a three-inch circle whose centre was his nose,—an oasis of cleanliness in a desert of dirt. But, unfortunately, he smelt like a very strong stogie. This odor united with the ambrosial perfume of stale beer that surrounded Sophie and the scent of the coal oil with which Josef Bureschy, whose mother was vain, anointed his too sparse coiffure. In the face of this union Frederick William, whom Miss Lucy had placed in the first and nearest seat, valiantly but vainly gave forth his usual clean soapy smell of the laundry.

Miss Lucy, as she sat and sniffed the many-scented incense of Class A, felt a depressing wane of her young enthusiasm. Dirty little brats! How she did hate teaching! Maybe it would be better to get married, after all. If only Anna Karenina's dress could be fried how nice it would look, and would it give Bum O'Reilly croup if she should wash his ears.

Just then the bell broke in upon these pleasant thoughts and Miss Lucy started in upon the morning's work. The opening exercises passed with no untoward incident other than the sudden upheaval of Anna into the corner for eating candy, an incident which vexed Anna, as she thereby missed the "Morning Thank You Song," in which she always easily "out-hollered" the other children. Then the mental number work began. The class, though good in reading, was poor in number, and Miss Lucy always gave a lesson when she felt cross, as it gave her an opportunity to glare.

"Frederick," she began ironically, "if you had six cakes and gave me five how many would you have?"

It was in the midst of this charmingly impossible proposition that Frederick was interrupted.

"Anna," Miss Lucy whispered hurriedly, "come out of the corner at once. Frederick, sit down. Children, if you speak a word you will stay in two hours." Then, with her sweetest smile, "Now, my little boys and girls, let us take out our books and find the 'pretty bird' stories."

Just at this moment the half-closed door opened and a young man peeped shyly in. He was a timid-looking young man with pale spectacled eyes and he carried a red copybook. Miss Lucy, seeing the book, knew the young man to be the critic teacher.

This critic teacher was the dread embassy of the Training School under whose kindly guidance still continued such young and tender teachers as Miss Lucy. Also it was often found that after a visit from this critic teacher these same young and tender teachers must perforce hie themselves back to the School there to study a year longer.

"He sits in your room," a teacher friend had shudderingly told Miss Lucy, "and you don't know what you are saying and everything you take hold of drops, and all the time he just sits there and writes down all your mistakes, and you stay home for a week after because you are sick."

"How silly!" had exclaimed the superior Miss Lucy. "I never get nervous. If he comes in my room, I shall merely greet him with my ordinary manner and go on with my usual work."

From this calm announcement we can easily imagine Miss Lucy advancing to meet the critic teacher with an ineffable condescension. Instead of which she stood still and opened her mouth several times vainly. Then she gurgled. The critic teacher, who in reality was only a painfully shy, woman-fearing young man, also gurgled. He then extended a cold and clammy hand, which was met by one equally cold and clammy. At this point a loud whisper was heard from Sophie Bauerschmidt, who suspected Miss Lucy of matrimonial designs upon

every man from the janitor down. "It's Miss Luzy's beau," she explained loudly. Miss Lucy glared wildly at her, and the critic teacher, sinking weakly into a chair, opened his note-book. Miss Lucy turned to her class and for a moment smiled vaguely and appealingly at them with a dreadful shadow of her "entertainment" smile. Then, suppressing a tendency to swallow all the time, she began to direct the reading lesson in a voice that reminded her of Frederick William reciting a memory gem. As for the critic teacher, still appalled by the announcement that he was Miss Lucy's beau, he sat wretchedly on the ridge of Miss Lucy's chair and wrote swiftly and constantly in his book.

At last Frederick William's turn came to read. "See kitty chump," said he. It was the first sentence in the Primer and the only one he had ever mastered. He rendered it upon all occasions, and it was always accepted by Miss Lucy with an indulgent smile. However, this time she shook her head. "No, dear," she said sweetly; "try again."

"See kitty chump," said Frederick complacently.

Then Miss Lucy came toward him and bending over him pointed to the first word.

It was at this moment that the stillness of the room was suddenly dispelled by a loud smack. This smack—sudden, loud, and sharp—was followed by a breathless gasp from the class. Then a sound of lamentation fell upon the air.

"Anna," said Miss Lucy, instinctively, come here. And you, Sophie, also."

Anna came sullenly, Sophie tearfully nursing a very red cheek. Miss Lucy, standing between them, glanced at the critic teacher. He had stopped writing and, pen held in hand, was evidently critically waiting the outcome of this breach of discipline.

"Anna," began Miss Lucy, "Why did you strike Sophie?"

"I never done id," declared Anna.

"Sophie," said Miss Lucy, "Why did Anna strike you?"

Sophie, who was rather enjoying herself, sniffed violently. "She took my cent," she said, "and I got it back and then she hit me in the jaw, and, Miss Luzy, I got the toothache," finished this victim of Anna's rapacity.

"You're a liar," said Anna angrily, "and you waid dill I ged you outside und I'll knock your block off." Then, with a sullen sob, "id was my cend anyhow. Id wasn'd even spid."

At this point Sophie, who loved an audience, broke in. "And she said you put your hair up in curl-papers at night, and she said your petticoat wasn't even silk, and she said you didn't have no holes in your stockings."

At these revelations Miss Lucy gasped and, sitting down hysterically upon a desk, looked at the critic teacher. Outraged and horrified by the idea that he, a young man of exemplary habits, should be thus drawn into a discussion concerning feminine hosiery, the critic teacher had risen, pale and with a wild look in his eyes. For a moment he and Miss Lucy, both stricken gurglesless, looked at each other. Then seizing his hat, he turned and hastened without the portals of the depraved and immoral Class A. As the door shut upon his scandalized back, Miss Lucy, glancing toward her desk, caught sight of a red copy-book lying there open. All the beautiful moral precepts that were the delight of Class A quite forgot, she clutched the copybook and feverishly turned its pages. They were all blank.

"What an awful old fake!" she exclaimed; "worse than I am;" and then, to Bum O'Reilly, "James, run and take this to the gentleman that was in here just now."

Later, when the dismissal bell rang and the children were departing, Miss Lucy fastened Anna's ragged pink fascinator over her head. Then, as she gave her a gentle shove out the door, she stealthily pressed a cent into the child's dirty hand.

After which she went to the bookcase and looked at herself in the glass. Regretfully and tenderly she pulled a melancholy strand, once the pride and joy of her heart, that hung limply down by her ear. "And id wasn'd even spid," she said gloomily.



IN ROMANY

BY LUCY COPINGER

THE clear stars, the dear stars,
 And the whisper of a tree,
 The kind night, the blind night—
 These are the friends for me.

The old north, the cold north,
 And the far voice of the west,
 The red east, the dead east,
 A South's soft sighed behest;

The white road, the bright road,
 And all the things that are free,
 The blue hills, the true hills—
 These are the friends for me.

HIS TRIAL TRIP

By Katherine L. Mead



TOMMY HARRINGTON was in a girl's parlor. The lines about his handsome mouth broke as he wondered, suddenly, what the men he knew would say if they could see him now. Tommy Harrington! He, the cynic, the woman hater, the witty scoffer, whose corner at his club was the resort of all the recently embittered, was sitting flushed and rigid, listening for the sound of skirts upon the stairs.

During the long minutes that he waited he had time, like the drowning, to review the past that had given him so fierce a reputation for woman hating.

His first attack had occurred at college, simultaneously with one of grip just after the Prom., when continuous feminine society and wet patent leathers produced their natural results. The grip he threw off, but the other he cherished and even vaunted, so that by Commencement he was avoided by such as believed in settling down early.

The next three years were given up to Law School and the Club, with summers abroad or in the backwoods with Newell Blake. This year it had been all Club, while he waited for the spirit to move him into something that he liked better than Law or his father's business. And all this time he hardened his heart yet more and more.

The manner of his final taking down was utterly commonplace. It was spring—an out-of-town wedding with house-party attachment—he, an usher—she, the prettiest bridesmaid. Before the first shower of rice he was a doomed man.

The worst was that he felt himself slipping. He blushed scarlet when a question at the end of a long monologue by his host awoke him to the fact that he had been studying the way her hair waved off her forehead, and when they sent him for a golf-club that was under discussion and he returned with an umbrella he knew the nature of his complaint. He watched himself be good to her younger brother and hint about calling, and engage two Pullman seats together, and he was so far gone that he didn't care. By the time they reached New York and he had seen her home, he was ready to proclaim his sad state upon the housetops.

At least he thought he was, but when he sat down to dinner with his father and older sister he found it difficult to approach the subject or even to answer coherently their questions about the wedding. At the Club it was no better. He got as far as saying, *a propos* of some discussion in his circle, "Women certainly have remarkable intuitions," but every sore head was raised, and Blake, his own, familiar friend, asked, "Who is it, Tommy?" And he held his peace. The solace of confidence was not for such as he, and after a week of silent struggle he found himself at her door.

At last there was a sound of light feet coming down the stairs by little rushes, and there she was, prettier than ever, under a hat with forget-me-nots. Before he could recognize the depths to which a man has sunk who notices forget-me-nots, she began:

"I'm so sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Harrington, especially as I have to go right out; but I did want to see you, if it was only five minutes, and talk about the wedding."

Harrington's heart sank. Had he waited a whole week for five minutes about the wedding?

"And I want you to meet my mother," she said, as a pretty, comfortable, little lady came in. After compliments passed and a little talk of their common friends, the girl went on:

"I wouldn't go if it was anything else; but Miss Knowlton has views to-night, and she makes such a point of every one's coming, and almost nobody else does."

Harrington looked bewildered.

"It's an old school-friend of mine," explained the mother, "who supports herself and sister by giving lectures on Europe, at this late day. Alice goes to help out, and, this being the last of the course, Miss Knowlton has it in the evening with a stereopticon, and asks the members of the class to bring their friends—and she can't understand why they don't."

"So, you see, I have to say good-bye, unless," with a mischievous lift of her eyelashes, "you would like to go as a friend."

"I should be delighted," he answered boldly.

"Alice," exclaimed her mother, "how perfectly ridiculous! Mr. Harrington would be bored to death. Alice was only joking; you mustn't really feel obliged to go."

"Not at all," replied the hardened youth. "I should enjoy it very much."

In two minutes he found himself on the steps with her, breathing the warm spring wind from the park. A savage longing seized him to wander there instead of in the more conventional ways of the stereopticon, but he mastered it and measured his untrammelled step to hers.

Presently he was roused from the music of her voice by its ending in an interrogation point.

"Yes, yes indeed," he answered at random.

"Well, so do I," she went on. "I think you ought to help people that don't have quite as many things as you do, just as much as those that live in the slums. Now, some girls that I know will spend any amount of time on a class of Bowery boys and they wouldn't call on an old maid in a boarding-house for anything."

"Dreadful!" murmured Harrington.

"Not that it's a charity to know the Knowltons. Miss Knowlton is a little trying, but Miss Lily is a dear—She used to teach me, but people want modern methods now and she has hardly any pupils this year."

"Do you represent the old order?" he ventured.

"Well, I represent Miss Lily, and you must try and like her."

"I will," he promised; and then the talk drifted to the wedding, till they reached the boarding-house where foreign travel was to be set forth.

A colored girl opened the door into a hall full of ghostly odors, and piloted them through the narrow passage to the back parlor, where a musty company gazed at them with the eyes of those who have waited past hope. A little gray-haired lady greeted them airily.

"Good evening, Alice! Mr. Harrington, very happy to meet you. We shall be delighted to have Mr. Harrington join us in our rambles this evening. I think, as it is somewhat past the hour, we will begin without waiting for other members of the class, who must have been unavoidably detained. Lily, this is Mr. Harrington, and you may turn the lights down at once."

Harrington had only time to see that Miss Lily must once have been pretty in a blue-eyed way when Miss Knowlton's command was executed. In the gloomy pause that followed, Harrington decided that the rest of the audience were fellow boarders invited in order to secure the parlor, and that he might congratulate himself on being placed where he could get a silhouette of Alice. Finally Miss Lily's experiments with the lantern were rewarded by the appearance of Westminster Abbey on the sheet. Miss Knowlton cleared her throat and began:

"Ladies and gentlemen,"—Harrington glanced at the other man, a drummer in the furthest corner,—"*Ladies and gentlemen, Shakespeare has observed that 'Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.'* Let us not merit the reproach of the immortal bard. It is my purpose this evening, by the aid of the stereopticon, to give you a brief glimpse of Northern Europe. Limited as our time must be, we shall not even

glance at its history, religion, or politics, but shall confine ourselves to the visible monuments of its mighty past.

"Beginning, then, with the shrine of England's greatness,"—here Harrington's mind strayed to the question whether you would really call the silhouetted nose retroussé, and, by the time he had decided not, Miss Knowlton was—"crossing the channel with no experience of its celebrated *mal de mer*, we find ourselves in the gay capital of France."

The hour wore on, and, in spite of the architecture flashed before him, Harrington's castle-building had projected a wide piazza and a slender girl in blue, when it vanished—with Antwerp Cathedral—at the turning on of the lights.

The audience began slowly to detach itself from the upholstery. Miss Knowlton brought up the other gentleman and introduced him, then flitted away.

"Great, wasn't it?" said the drummer, with a wink. "Sort of thing that keeps a young man off the streets."

Harrington turned to Alice for help, and in a moment was making his parting speech to Miss Knowlton: "Delightful evening; so glad to see the Piazza with the Campanile still standing. Have you been there since it fell?"

"No, Mr. Harrington. I have never been abroad except in spirit."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he exclaimed, hopelessly banal. "I shouldn't have mentioned it;" and before he could do more he found himself on the street apologizing to Alice.

"Oh, don't mind," she said. "It's my fault. I ought to have told you, but it won't really hurt her feelings. She doesn't see anything out of the way in lecturing on Europe without having been there. Oh, I wish they could go! Isn't it hard they can't when you think of the people who go every year just for clothes?"

Harrington, with a vision of the auto tour he and Newell had planned in France because the roads were good, agreed emphatically.

"Yes," said Alice, "I knew you would understand. And no one can help respecting a person who works hard at something."

"No, indeed," murmured Harrington, glad that she had put it that way; and then they drifted back to the wedding.

When Harrington reached home he found his father still at his desk. Seeing things as they would appeal to Her, he was struck with how gray his father was and how little he had known or cared what his father did in the evening. The older man's disappointment that his only son should not want to carry on "Harrington's" had ruled out business talk between them. They were of New England stock and neither quarrelled nor made up openly.

Tommy merely dropped into a chair beside the desk and said, a

little unnaturally, "Father, have you still a place for a promising young man of good antecedents?"

Mr. Harrington raised his head quickly.

"Willing or obliging?" he asked.

"Willing," answered Tommy, and when they separated at the end of an hour's talk his father simply said, "Goodnight, my son." But Tommy had a warm feeling in his heart, and before he fell asleep he had composed the anonymous note that was to make over what his summer trip would have cost him to the Misses Knowlton.

Two months later Tommy Harrington came out of a London office pale with rage. He had been sent over to do a rather important piece of business with an English correspondent, who, as he wrote his father, was slower than primitive man. Again and again he had failed to clinch the affair; his sporting blood was up, and this last postponement "over the week end" disgusted him. He hailed a passing hansom—the only thing in London with any "go," as he said to himself—and ordered Hyde Park Corner.

The time was out of joint with Tommy. He had been getting on famously with Alice, being called in consultation to plan the itinerary for the trip that some mysterious person "who had enjoyed her classes" had given to Miss Knowlton. Over Bradshaw and Baedeker he felt that he was making some headway, when his father sent him abroad a day's notice. In that day he sent her a note, and she answered that she was just starting for Boston to visit the Trenks over Class-Day. He remembered Rodney Trenk at the wedding as a Harvard Senior of more than usual stiffness. He sailed feeling injured, and for three weeks had been besieging that Englishman, taking occasional holiday spins with Blake, who hung about, as he said, harassing the rear of Commerce.

To-day Harrington dismissed his cab at the Park and sauntered along to watch the driving. He was taking a cynical joy in the scantiness of the spectacle compared to the abundance of the American audience, when his eyes fell on two little old ladies in the front row. Yes, it was the Knowltons. They would be in London about this time. They might have heard from her. In a moment he was standing beside them, blushing violently.

"Miss Knowlton, you will hardly remember me, but I came to your last lecture with Miss Olyphant."

From the buzz of greeting he detached that they had just heard from Miss Olyphant and that she spoke of him. He dropped into a chair beside them. "Is Miss Olyphant well?"

"Yes," went on Miss Lily, "and having such a gay time at Cambridge. She is always a belle, I can see; but she says that she finds the Harvard men a little stiff and they don't seem to understand her

as well as some others she has met. She said that you might be in London and if we met you to be nice to you. I wish I had her letter here."

"It would give us great pleasure," said Miss Knowlton, "If you would like to joint us in our visits to places of interest. We are here through the kindness of an unknown friend and we should be glad to pass it on. To-morrow morning we shall devote to Westminster Abbey. Perhaps you would like to meet us there."

Harrington saw himself—but he also saw that letter. "Delighted," he began, and then broke off to point out an ambassador who was passing.

Their attention strayed to the spectacle before them. "Sister says," remarked Miss Lily, "that if there were not this regulation against public vehicles she should feel justified in taking a hansom for the sake of driving in Hyde Park."

"Well, it is a pity," he answered, "that you can't get a *grande remise* at short notice; but I know a way where cabs are allowed to cut across, that gives you some idea of it. Won't you allow me to show it to you?"

He led them to the gate, called a four-wheeler, and was soon doing the honors of the Serpentine at long range. Miss Knowlton rode with her Baedeker open to corroborate his information. To Miss Lily every name was an allusion, every type an illustration of that literature which a college man may so easily escape. But while he could not share her enthusiasm he could enjoy it, and so absorbed was he in the society of his protégées that he did not notice Newell Blake spinning past them at forty miles an hour.

When he set the ladies down at their lodgings, it was with the promise to meet them next morning at the Abbey. Blake, returning late from dining out, found their rooms strewn with maps, Baedekers, Hares, Literary Landmarks, and shilling guides. Harrington looked up and said, "Did you know that Chaucer was really buried in the Poets' Corner?" And Blake answered, "You poor thing! Who is she?"

The next morning Harrington found the old ladies before him, gazing at the outside of the beautiful pile. While Miss Knowlton brandished her Baedeker at Early English and Late Perpendicular, Miss Lily handed him Alice's letter, and with that in his pocket he was ready to face the American Review. It need hardly be said that Miss Knowlton took the lead and spared them no single fact. Harrington noticed that, while he served as audience, she was not patronizing him nor showing off. Her whole attention was given to verifying her lectures. Her impressions had crystallized long ago, but it was of the utmost

satisfaction to her to measure the crystals by the facts. Her highest praise was, "Exactly what I expected."

Miss Lily, although she walked in a sort of trance, "with eyes that saw the dead," was the first to flag, and Harrington gladly sat down with her while her sister went once more to impress the Poets' Corner on her mind. "I feel that I owe it to our unknown friend, Mr. Harrington."

"Indeed you do," he assented, as he settled himself for a quiet talk about Alice, her girlhood, childhood, and infancy.

The next week Harrington was too busy worrying his Englishman to see much of the Knowltons, but he found time to plan their trip north and to induce them to visit towns in the order in which they appeared in the time-table rather than in the lectures. He even went up to Oxford with their mail to spend Sunday, to the disgust of Blake, who said within himself, "I'm a gentleman; I can't spy on a fellow; but some woman has got hold of Tommy."

He was somewhat comforted when Harrington came in one day, glowing with victory over the Englishman, and said, "There's a Frenchman to be done next, but I'll forget dull care with you for eight days in Normandy."

They were golden days of the old times, and it was a couple of care-free boys who shot into Paris one July day. As they streaked along Rue de Rivoli, Harrington's attention was caught by two familiar figures clinging to a refuge at the corner of the Rue Castiglione. The moment he could drop his paraphernalia and remove the stains of journey, he muttered an excuse to the astonished Blake and hurried into the Tuileries gardens.

It did not take him many minutes to find the sisters watching the children on hobby-horses. "We seem to meet in gardens," he observed flatly, to cover his broad grin. The two ladies fell on him with the pent-up observations of two weeks. England had been perfect. Stratford! Oh, the Lakes! Cambridge, wasn't it even more interesting than Oxford?

For many minutes he made no attempt to stem the tide. At last he ventured to ask whether they had heard from Miss Olyphant recently. "Yes, three letters since we saw you," began Miss Lily, and Miss Knowlton left them to search for the original site of the Palace.

Miss Lily wound up the report with a confidence. The 30th of July would be Alice's birthday. Miss Lily always sent her some little thing. This year, of course, she had no time for fancy work and she should like to send her the very prettiest thing in Paris; but she couldn't go above five francs, and how should she get it through the Custom-House? At one of the shops on the Castiglione there was a little

turquoise forget-me-not ring, perfectly lovely, but she hadn't dared ask the price. The sentiment would be just what she wanted, but she had very little time for shopping. Sister was so constantly sight-seeing. She felt that she owed it to their unknown friend.

Harrington said he was sending some things by customs broker and would be delighted to arrange for her parcel, and he proposed that he should call for her the next afternoon and go shopping with her, and Miss Knowlton agreed to take that time for a more exhaustive study of Notre Dame. He took them home in a cab, so that he should know the way next day, and then he searched out the forget-me-not ring and fixed the clerk thereof in case of his return next day. Sure enough, all Miss Lily's gloating over miles of shop-windows ended in her return for the forget-me-not ring, for which she negotiated herself, with gentle pride, in French as archaic as the *Chanson de Roland*. She never ceased to celebrate the cheapness of jewelry in Paris.

For Harrington the next three weeks were a period to be forgotten if possible. His days were so taken up with business that he could not go about much with the old ladies, and the anxiety he suffered about them in this strange land was beyond any he had ever known. He did their banking, changed them from one pension to another in spite of scenes with the landlord and threats of prosecution. He hunted up a doctor when four consecutive hours of the Louvre proved too much for Miss Lily. How they stood their pace was a mystery! Nothing but their strict Sundays saved them—and him. He sat up nights planning their expeditions by bus and train. Even when he went with them they refused to take a cab. They felt that they owed it to their unknown friend to spend their money to the best advantage.

The night before they left for Lucerne, came a letter from Alice, thanking Miss Lily for the beautiful ring, the dearest thing she ever had, and wishing to be remembered to Mr. Harrington if they saw him again. "Probably you won't for it seems as though, just as you are getting acquainted with people, they go away.

"Poor child, that seems a little lonely, doesn't it? I don't see why."

The next morning after he had seen them off he felt a little lonely himself. However, there was nothing to be done but hammer away at his business, placate Blake, and answer the queries that the old ladies despatched him, usually too late to be of any use. At last his business was done. He showed Blake a cablegram, "Good, father," and began rather awkwardly.

"Oh, I think I'll take a look at Holland for a week or so."

"All right," answered Blake; "the roads are good and it's all one to me."

"Well," faltered Harrington, "I was going by train—to save time you know."

"Don't mention it," said his friend stiffly. "You needn't be afraid of my intruding. I'm off for London this afternoon. The state-room for the fifteenth holds, I presume?" And with that he was gone.

Harrington felt pretty cheap, but what could he do? Miss Lily had just written him that, while she thanked him for his advice about taking a *valet-de-place* in Holland on account of the language, her sister felt that it would be an unnecessary tax upon the funds that they considered a sacred trust. If any remained after the custom-house, they should apply it to the mounting of their few photographs. But they were beginning to hear dreadful stories about the custom-house. Did he think they would have any trouble? They had bought so little of all the lovely things, but people at the *table d'hôte* told such strange instances. Would he write them what he really thought?

Harrington cursed himself for a fool and likely to be a worse one, but he packed for Amsterdam. After a week of courier duty, he was hardly surprised to find himself wiring Blake that he should sail on the Dutch line two weeks earlier than he had planned. He did not mention that Alice had promised two old ladies to come in town to meet that steamer, but he was not wholly unprepared for Blake's "You poor thing! Who is she!"

Neither that, nor the discomforts of the last berth on the ship, nor the care of two drooping old ladies, counted when at last the moment really came and he saw the hat trimmed with forget-me-nots in the crowd on the pier. Under the forget-me-nots there was a question in two pretty eyes to which his made confession, but so full of the reason why that the pretty ones had to hide behind their lashes.

Before Blake sailed Harrington was able to wire him, "She is Alice Olyphant. Congratulations in order."

The unknown friend remained forever a romantic mystery to the Knowltons, but they took a proprietary pleasure in Alice's engagement. Miss Lily said that she had foreseen it from the first. Miss Knowlton was more surprised than interested until she was told that they were going abroad on their wedding journey, when she remarked, "Alice is fortunate to have some one who has been over the ground with us." And Alice thought so too.



SAFEGUARDED

BY FRANK WALCOTT HUTT

No fear within the citadel of his To-morrow waits
Who, whatsoever the weather, fares with Purpose through the gates.

PETER O'FORUS

By Margaret Sullivan Burke



“NORA, darlint! Come here till me; I want to talk wid ye about tha book-kaping.”

Mr. Dennis O'Donnell was only a street laborer. But, being a good manager, he had reached the eminence of “boss” to a limited gang of men, a contractor in a small way on his own account. His education, however, only enabled him to spell his cognomen with an X for a middle name, thus:

his
Dennis X O'Donnell,
mark;

and his daughter gave what aid she could in keeping his accounts, though her own education was by no means finished, for she had been her mother's only helper ever since she could reach the dish-pan by standing upon a soap-box.

“Ef ye cud only do a thrifle betther, mavourneen,” the father continued, “Oi wuddent moind biddin' fer tha big job on tha bound'ry road tha spring.”

“Could you make much more money by it?” asked Nora.

“Piles an' piles av it. Phwat Oi made this toime wuddent be a fla-bite.”

“Then why couldn't I learn between this and spring?”

Dennis struck his thigh a resounding whack with his open palm, and, nodding his head, gave a quick pull at his pipe, before expressing his admiration for his daughter's forethought and pluck.

There was a business school in the town, conducted by Mr. Irving Elliott, to attend which had been Nora's secret, but quite hopeless, ambition.

The graduates could do everything, from writing a steel-plate hand to keeping a set of books in most artistic order, and merchants blocked the way in the effort to obtain their services before the ink was dry upon their diplomas, according to Mr. Irving Elliott's circulars; and as Nora read aloud to her father one that she had been

treasuring up, he slapped his thigh at every extravagant statement, with full confidence in its truth; and the following day Nora entered the business college.

Dennis secured the contract, and Nora kept her father's accounts in chirography which was such a fac-simile of her teacher's that the sharpest expert would not have discovered the forgery had she signed his name to a document; she did the housework also, but it would not be according to precedent had her occupation ended there.

Harry Flynn was the eldest son of a neighbor just beyond a vacant square, the bright green of which had long since given place to sober brown, beaten bare by the many feet that made it a common play-ground. Harry was a compositor on a morning paper, and of course worked all night, with the morning hours devoted to Morpheus. But after spending an hour distributing his type, for use the next night, he had the rest of the long summer afternoons to himself. He often utilized the time in visiting the fair Nora, and no right-thinking and discriminating young man could do that and not be, as he was, desperately in love with her, for she was pretty as a princess, though living in anything but a palace. But alas! he was jealous also, for Nora was an unconscionable tease, and kept him on tenter-hooks most of the time.

One afternoon she was in her most capricious mood, and their differences amounted to quite a quarrel.

"This ends it!" Harry, finally, almost shouted in his vexation, and, seizing his hat, made his heels ring on the board-walk as he slammed the gate behind him. Nora was a bit frightened, but she did not seek to detain him, and he went on to his work in the most wretched frame of mind possible to a healthy and upright young man. That night the *Telegraph* ran late; the city editor tarried long at the theatre; and the "heavy man" attended a political caucus, and had to save the country in a momentous leader of two columns after midnight; so the compositors were "stuck" until nearly daylight, and when the much-tired young man got to bed at last, he rested uneasily.

"I wish I hadn't been so hard on Harry," said Nora to herself next morning, "for, somehow, it seemed as if he meant what he said. Well, I will write him a letter, the first too, just as soon as the work is done, and send it over about the time he gets up."

But when, finally, she sat down to write, a domestic hubbub was going on in the kitchen that made thought almost impossible, though she completed the letter at last, just as her chum, Katie Gallagher, called her out for a back-yard social; and, running through the kitchen in response to the call, she heard her mother exclaim:

“Take onythin’ ye c’n foind, an’ be aff wid ye!”

Now, Mrs. O'Donnell was not the first woman to lose patience and say what she did not mean, nor was Connie the first boy to take advantage of such imprudence. It was kite time, and Con was engaged in constructing one of those annual air-ships; his ambition, however, had entirely outstripped his resources, and the frame he had built was so large that he exhausted all the paper which he had been gleaning from the grocers' bundles for months, and still a hollow void remained in its centre. After scratching his head a dozen times, he conceived the idea of making his kite still more stunning by putting a piece of some contrasting color, cut in a fancy shape, over this troublesome aperture. Many an inspiration has been born of like parentage, but paper of any color was not easy to find in this typical Irish household; so Con began a search, got his ears boxed, whimpered a little to soften the mother heart, and then told what he wanted. Mrs. O'Donnell was not in a May-day humor, for it was wash-day—though that was nothing new, as Mrs. O'Donnell was a washerwoman; but scolding and boxing availed nothing against the usual boyish persistence, and Con regarded the permission as a perfect godsend, for it seemed to him quite sufficient license for confiscating the letter which his sister had left lying on the table in her room,—for her room was also Con's room, and her father's and mother's as well, since there was but one room in the house besides the kitchen,—and the letter was written on blue paper.

So, cutting out from the letter the form of a star, he pasted it securely in the centre of his kite, while Jamie Gallagher looked admiringly on, ready to help if called upon, and, humbly gathering up the fragments of Con's star, he crammed them into his pocket, among the usual collection found there.

“An’ what'll ye call her, Con?” he asked, when the kite was finally completed.

“Men don't name kites,” said Con, with an air of superior wisdom.

“But they name ships,” persisted Jamie; “an’ this is most bully as a ship.”

That settled it. Con was not proof against such sincere flattery. “Well what shall it be?”

Jamie hesitated. “It must be something big, th' biggest word ye c'n foind,” he said at length.

A happy thought struck Con: “Oi'll jist luk into Nora's buk; she wuz moighty peticler t'use it when she wrote tha' letter to tha' printer chap, an' we c'n foind a big word as well as her,” said he, opening his sister's dictionary a gift from Flynn, and running his finger

down the first page to which he came. At last he found a word that seemed dignified enough, and spelled it out:

“P-T-E-R-O-P-H-O-R-U-S.”

A very significant name it was, but Con was not scientific, and did not know the meaning, of course. He was not skilled in pronunciation, either, but made out in his own fashion, calling it:

“PETER O'FORUS.”

But this butterfly, with its name spelled right, never sailed as high as that kite, the offspring of much anxiety, and destined to be the parent of even greater chagrin.

As Nora answered Katie's summons, she was annoyed, and would have ignored the call entirely had she not feared that that enterprising young person might bounce bodily into the room in another moment and discover her occupation.

“And what is the trouble with you, Nora,” asked Kate; “looking as red as my peonies, and your eyes like two holes burned in a blanket?”

“Oh, it's the steam and the heat, and Con is enough to worry a saint; but I am feeling splendidly.” And, while her mind was full of the letter that should be sent at once, she chatted on with seeming carelessness, for fear Kate would discover that she was not at her ease. They talked of the things that are most interesting to girls, until Nora half forgot her perturbed feelings and also the letter. But Mrs. O'Donnell's voice put an end to it at last:

“Nora! yer fayther'll be here till dinner soon, an' it not touched.”

As Nora turned to obey her mother's summons, Kate arrested her attention:

“Oh, see what an elegant kite Connie has put up! It seems almost a mile high already—nearly over to Griffin's.”

“Even the kites fly toward Griffin's to your eyes,” replied Nora banteringly.

Kate blushed. “It is going toward Flynn's now,” in a spirit of retaliation.

But, instead of looking smilingly conscious, Nora heaved a sigh: then the awkward pause was interrupted by a sudden exclamation of dismay from Kate, just as Mrs. O'Donnell called again, this time in no gentle tone.

Con's twine, from the grocery bundles also, was made of paper, very nice and tough when dry, but alas! quite another thing when wet. and it had been made wet in one place by a drop of moist paste,

and, untwisting, parted just as the kite was soaring most majestically, as he and Jamie thought, and down it came ingloriously to earth again; which catastrophe was the cause of Kate's sudden outcry. Its fall seemed interminable to the boys; and, although it did not fall so far nor alight in so uncomfortable a place as did Lucifer, it seemed so to Con,—though, not being versed in the classics, he did not exactly put the comparison that way,—for it landed on the premises of the Flynns, and that very morning he had had an encounter with the two younger members of that family, of which a lump on the back of his head was the only trophy he bore from the field. He, therefore, resigned all hope of recovering his property, and slowly and sadly went into the house, while Jamie lifted up his voice and wept.

Then poor Con was met by another difficulty, for Nora, who had missed and was searching for her letter, taxed him with meddling therewith.

“Sure, Oi thoct ye'd be wantin' of it delavored, an' so Oi wint flyin' wid it.”

“Well, you might have spoken to me about it, Connie; but if you are sure Harry got it, there is no great harm done.”

“It wint to Flynn's fast enough,” said Con, sticking his tongue into his cheek, and hopping over the fence, into Gallagher's yard, where he witnessed a scene that made him keep in ambush.

Crying, like laughing and yawning, is infectious. If there is more than one child in a family, a lachrymose solo of any considerable length is simply impossible. It soon takes the form of a duet, a trio, or a chorus, according to the size of the family. So, as Jamie came howling in, the baby pulled the cat's tail, and puss set up a brilliant falsetto accompaniment to Jamie's music, ending with a rapid dash of her sharp claws at baby's plump fist. The duet became a trio at once, but puss, elevating her tail, cut her part short by escaping from the house, and Jamie, diverted by the catastrophe, ceased also, leaving baby screaming solus. Kate ran to the rescue, bound up the bleeding finger with a bit of rag, and looked about for a string.

“Here, Jamie,” she called, knowing that a boy was always likely to be sufficient for such an emergency, “give me a string.”

Down went the dirty little hand into that pocketful of miscellany, and, after a brief rattling of marbles, jack-stones, and nails, emerged, bringing with it the end of a string. The consequence was an eruption, including the bits of paper saved from the kite. Jamie sniffed a little at this, but proceeded to gather up his spilled treasures,—all but the paper, which, now that the star of Peter O'Forus had forever set, was only a hateful reminder of his disappointment. Then he took little Mary, with the big tears still hanging on her under eye-

lids, and the injured member held aloft out of harm's way, and led her out-doors to be amused.

Kate gathered up the scraps of paper to put them into the fire, when she chanced to see the name of her sweetheart, Jack Griffin. Now, there were but few pieces of the letter left, but these gave intelligence to her that made every vein in her body a stream of fire. She called Jamie, and, giving him some sugar-kisses that this same Jack Griffin had brought her the evening before, smiled most encouragingly. Jamie was not a little astonished at this unusual demonstration of affection, though his instinct led him to accept the sweetmeats without question; but, as he turned to go, Kate said, in an indifferent tone somewhat overdone:

"Oh, Jamie! Where did the bits of paper come from that you left on the floor?"

"Peter O'Forus," answered he sententiously, making off for fear of being required to pick up the rubbish.

"Peter O'—who?"

"Forus," said the boy, still retreating. "It wuz part uv Nora's letter."

"What was Peter doing with it?" Kate asked, puzzled and excited.

The father of lies must have whispered in that boy's ear, for suddenly, remembering the direction the kite had taken at first, he yelled back, as he disappeared around the corner of the house, where he saw Con beckoning him:

"Takin' it over to Jack Griffin."

"To Jack Griffin, indeed!" snapped Kate to herself. "What is she sending letters to Jack for? I wonder if she wants all the men in town? I thought her my best friend too."

She went away by herself and studied the fragments. She could make out but a small part, but far too much for her peace:

"Mrs. John Griffin," she saw on one piece, and on others: "astonish Katie—let the gossips talk—dear Jack—love—bright future," and so on; good words and peaceable in themselves, but how fraught with treachery in their evident combinations!

"So, this is the way the matter stands," she muttered. "'Astonish Katie,' indeed! Well, I guess I'll astonish *them*."

Having read a number of sensational novels, she knew the proper thing to do, and that same day wrote a letter of dismissal,—but carefully omitted the signature, for in the case Julianna *vs.* Alphonso the letter miscarried and the gossips got scent of the whole affair,—thea, sealing it securely, she despatched it by little Jamie to the real-estate office where Jack Griffin was a clerk.

About the same time that Kate had captured the discarded scraps

of Nora's letter to Harry, which took such immediate effect upon her, the other portion of Nora's letter was "delavored" just as Con had said, though he little thought the statement true.

Harry Flynn was not hard to awaken that morning; but the shouts and hurrahs under his first-story window—there were no second-story windows, because there was no second story—would almost have awakened the dead, and, farther sleep being impossible, he arose and proceeded to make his toilet in no very amiable mood. The mirth outside continuing, he opened the shutters and looked out. His two little brothers had a kite, torn and defaced, over which they were holding a grand powwow.

"Won't Con O'Donnell be mad?" screamed Nick, jumping up and down in an ecstasy at the thought of a consummation so perfect.

"Hurrah for us! Whoop!" yelled Johnny, swinging the tattered kite above his head.

"What's all this fuss about?" growled Harry, slamming the shutters wide open.

"We's captured Con O'Donnell's kite," Johnny answered. "Wern't it illegant?" holding it up to the window for inspection.

Now, among the many duties of the night previous, Flynn had set up an advertisement for Mr. Irving Elliott, and he instantly recognized the chirography on the star as his, since he had never seen a specimen of Nora's. He immediately opened negotiations, through the window, for the purchase of the kite, and soon had full possession, while Johnny and Nick sped to the nearest store to invest the proceeds.

He had thus obtained the larger part of the letter; but, with that depravity inherent in, but not confined to, inanimate things, every stick and stone which had marred the beauty of the kite had effaced words he would have given an exorbitant sum to peruse. He felt sure, however, from what he could decipher, that Mr. Irving Elliott had been making love to Nora, and that he must have had abundant encouragement. His former suspicions were all confirmed. The false Nora had been trifling with him, while encouraging her teacher, whom she was about to marry. Well, he himself was not a man to be played with, and he was not in favor of waiting any girl's convenience to discard him; so, half an hour later little Nick, driven by force of currency paid in hand, and having seen his enemy Con O'Donnell start off on a fishing excursion, was wending his way to the gentleman contractor's residence, bearing a closely sealed note to Nora. Harry had written it several times before he could suit himself, and finally forgot, in his haste, to add his autograph, as operators of the type-writer are prone to do.

On the way to O'Donnell's Nick met Jamie, as he was bound for

Griffin's office with Kate's letter. Of course they stopped to compare these documents; and Nick, whose chief failing was covetousness, immediately hatched a scheme:

"How'll ye thrade letthers, Jamie?"

"Oh, Oi won't thrade! Moine is tha purtiest, it's so white an' nate."

"But moine has an aigle an' a flag onto it," persisted Nick. "Gimme a marble an' Oi'll thrade."

Jamie looked at the picture of the eagle and flag for a minute, and his love of bright colors got the better of his judgment:

"Well, Oi'll gi' ye a commy to boot."

"No, a white-alley," insisted Nick. "This aigle an' flag is worth a white-alley."

"All right, then," and the little speculators started on again, each happy in the thought that he had the best of the bargain,—one because he was a marble the richer, and the other that he could look at the picture for a time.

At O'Donnell's a neighbor had just dropped in for a chat, when one side of Nick's freckled face and one eye appeared at the door. As he caught a glance from Nora, he made a sign of profound secrecy and reached her the letter. Nora quickly secreted it in her pocket, while her heart beat a merry tattoo: Of course, as Nick brought it, it was an answer to her letter from Harry. How quickly he had sent it, and how she wished to read it! But the talk went on. She was terribly impatient, and, managing to tear off the end of the envelope, withdrew the enclosure and tried to look down into her pocket to catch a word or two, but without success; and when at last she was free to escape into the garden, the envelope with its telltale address remained in her pocket, as she read the letter, sans signature, that Kate had written to Jack Griffin.

"He did mean it, sure enough, then," she almost sobbed. "Begins it: 'False one,' and says we must be strangers henceforth; but it seems to have been very easy for him to 'end it,' after all. No wonder he was ashamed to sign his name, after I wrote him almost a—a—love-letter. I suppose he thinks he is better than I am because he works on a newspaper. Well, I don't care; he can't hurt me;" and to prove the assertion she burst into tears.

Mr. Jack Griffin was busy in his office when Jamie arrived with the other changeling letter, and, as that enterprising chap felt a trifle guilty about his recent trade, he did not dare to show his face, so he sent the missive in by the office-boy. Thinking it a business letter, Griffin opened it in a perfunctory way, threw the envelope into

the waste-basket without even glancing at the superscription, and proceeded to read the contents:

"'My once valued friend.' Why, what does this mean?" Jack exclaimed, as soon as he could get his breath, then read on to the end. "No name, but from Kate evidently, for I am accused of unfaithfulness and given to understand that everything is over between us. I presume she judges me by herself, and doubtless has a new love—the fellow who type-wrote her letter, I suppose, and composed it too, for it sounds masculine. Well, I will take her at her word: I can be as independent as she can. But who would have thought it of little Katie?"

"To think I slighted every other girl for Nora!" thought Harry Flynn a few days afterward. "It doesn't pay; and there's Katie Gallagher, who is quite as pretty, and they say she has just broken off with Griffin: I'll give her a call; and I'll time my visit so that Miss Nora will be a spectator."

So he put a "sub" on his case that evening, arrayed himself with care, and in the glow of a late summer sunset strolled leisurely up the paved walk to the door of the Gallagher mansion of four rooms and a kitchen. He was cordially greeted at the door by Katie herself, who, costumed in an airy muslin,—which was Nora's secret envy,—had been sitting by the window humming her gayest air, though she had cried half the night.

Poor Nora, looking through the morning-glory vines that shaded her window, saw the arrival, as Flynn predicted, and as Kate was glad to know, and, thinking she knew at last why Kate had been so cool lately, her cheek burned with a sense of injustice.

Flynn spent a delightful evening, and went home with the hurt to his vanity—which he thought was wounded love—aching rather less. This was only a prelude to other calls; and one evening, while he and Kate were chatting cosily, his little brother Nick, who had come over during the afternoon, was playing an exciting game of marbles with Jamie in the side yard. By reckless playing he had reduced his stock to a single marble, and that he refused to risk.

"Oi won't do it!" he cried, in no very soft tone. "It's me very lasht one, an' Oi won't do it."

"It b'longs t' me onyhow," declared Jamie. "Oi only had tha lethther a little whoile, an' ye sh'd have tha alley a little whoile."

"An' Oi say it was a fair thrade, an' tha marble is moine!" screamed Nick.

"Yer a liar an' a tafe!" yelled Jamie; and modern Greek met Greek.

"Here, Jamie!" called Kate, "what's the trouble?"

"Nick," seconded Harry, "quit fighting and go home."

"He's got me white-alley," blubbered Jamie.

"Oi aint neether," snapped Nick.

"Come here and we will see about it," said Flynn. "You can be judge, Kate, and I will be the jury."

This was a phase in the fight which the boys did not relish; they came up, however, though sullenly enough.

"Now, tell us all about it," said Harry.

Nick looked at Jamie out of the corner of his eye, and Jamie looked at Nick; but both maintained a profound silence.

"Speak up, Nick! Tell the court what you know about it," encouraged Flynn.

"Well, ye see," ventured Nick, kicking up the edge of Kate's flower-bed with his great toe, "Oi wuz a'takin' uv yer lether to Nora——"

"You are spoiling that flower-bed," interrupted Harry hastily. "Can't you tell a thing without so much fuss? You tell us how it was, Jamie."

"Well, when Oi wuz a'takin' uv Katie's lether t' Jack," began the imp, with a pretty fair knowledge of how the matter stood; but he got no farther, for now it was Kate's turn to interrupt.

"Hush, Jamie! We do not care about all that; it is what you were fighting about that we want to know."

"An' that's what we's tryin' ter tell ye!" cried both boys at once.

"Well, let them tell it their own style," suggested Flynn, seeing no other way, and being curious enough at the mention of the letters, to be willing to stand whatever came, to hear the rest of it. Kate was equally interested and so consented.

Nick made a clean breast of it in his characteristic way, and consternation invaded the hearts of his auditors.

"My letter given to Jack Griffin! O you little villain!" broke in Harry excitedly.

"And mine to Nora O'Donnell!" exclaimed Kate.

"We's didn't think it 'ud make ony dif'ence," protested Jamie.

"We's didn't know it wuz ony harrum," whimpered Nick, beginning to fear consequences.

"But it did make a difference, and it did do harm," declared Mr. Flynn sternly; though, for the life of him, he did not know exactly how, as it seemed to have had the very effect intended. "Nick, you go home," he commanded. "Hold on! Give Jamie his marble,—(Nick complied reluctantly,)—here's a dime to buy more, and here's another for you, Jamie, and don't fight any more about it."

They were silent a moment, after the boys had vanished with a somersault and a yell, and then Harry said:

"If it is a fair question, Miss Kate, what was the trouble between you and Griffin?"

"I did not care to have my betrothed receiving love-letters from my bosom friend," she replied stiffly.

"But I happen to know it is the other way, for Nora has been getting love-letters from Elliott," said Flynn in a puzzled tone. "What makes you think she wrote to Jack?"

"I do not have to surmise," a little testily. "I have part of the letter."

"I beg pardon. Where did you get it?"

"From my brother."

"How came he by it?"

"He got it from Peter—somebody."

"And who is Peter?"

Had that question been asked and answered truthfully in the beginning, how much heartache and confusion would have been prevented! Jamie was again summoned. He came with forebodings, taking care first to secrete his dime, for fear of reprisal.

"Where did you get the scraps of paper that you left on the floor that day?" asked his sister.

"Con O'Donnell guv 'em till me."

"I thought you said Peter—somebody—gave them to you?" corrected Kate.

"Peter? Oh, yes! Peter O'Forus. That wuz tha name uv tha kite."

A light began to dawn upon Flynn, and he exclaimed:

"The kite! why, that's where I got Mr. Elliott's letter. That'll do, Jamie; you may go now."

"It cannot be possible that Nora has been receiving love-letters from one man, writing them to another, and encouraging a third at the same time," he summed up, turning to Kate. "She never seemed to me that sort of a girl"—his heart softening—"there is some mystery about it; and I think I have the key. Excuse me while I step home a moment."

While Kate waited his return, she went to the door to let the fresh air fan her cheeks, which were burning with excitement, and was just in time to see Mr. Jack Griffin—who probably thought a fair exchange no robbery—step up to O'Donnell's door, while Nora graciously admitted him; and poor Kate's cheeks grew hotter instead of cooler.

She composed herself, however, to meet Harry when he returned; and produced the scraps of paper, which she had preserved for possible future contingencies. Seeing at once that it was the same paper, they fitted the fragments into the star, and lo! the seeming mystery was but the plain, every-day fact of a loving young woman's penitence. In the letter Nora had sought to preserve her own summer idyl by making due apologies first, and then proceeded to apprise her own possible suitor of the happy romance next door.

Jack and Nora were called in, and a few words did more to clear up their differences than reams of writing would have done an hour before. And, though the ambition of the kite builder had endangered two love-dreams and might have changed the current of four lives, Cupid was rescued at last by the Spirit of Trade.



MATES

BY J. BERG HSENWEIN

OH the sapphire sea has a lilt for me
 In the toss of its sibilant crest,
 When its spumy rime sounds a vesper chime
 And the amber light glows in the West.

In the midnight sea there's a note for me,
 Understandingly voicing my cry—
 Or the star-light rifts through the fleecy drifts
 Or the surges sway dark as the sky.

But the angry sea wails a dirge to me
 When the tempest artillery booms;
 Then a fearsome rune is its only tune
 And its tragical threnody glooms.

So the changing sea is a mate for me
 As it darkles or sparkles by turn:
 'Tis never the same, 'tis ever the same,
 And its life-riddle no man may learn.

LAND-HUNGER IN THE BLACK BELT

By *Booker T. Washington*

Author of "Up From Slavery," etc.



THE public has heard much in recent years about what is known as the "Black Belt" of the South. Few persons, however, have any clear idea of the actual conditions in the life of the people who live in these regions. Much has been written about their outward circumstances, but of the thoughts which move them the outside world knows but little.

It has long seemed to me that it would contribute to a better understanding of these people and of the problem which their presence in the South has created if something more were known of the struggle they are making to better their own condition. For the most part they have been considered hitherto merely in the mass. The history of their efforts to get on their feet has been given only in statistics.

The Census of 1900, for instance, recorded the fact that there were in the neighborhood of 190,111 farm-owning negro families in the United States, and that the number of these families had increased in ten years something like 57 per cent.,—that is to say, at the rate of nearly 6 per cent. a year. These figures, however, will mean little to any one who does not appreciate the effort it has cost the black masses of the South to bring about the changes they indicate. As a matter of fact, these statistics testify to a radical change throughout the South in the mind and temper of the negro people. They indicate that the desire for progress and ambition to succeed have touched and are transforming the life of what is certainly the least favored and has often been considered the most backward class among the negroes in the South.

The change in the temper of the people, to which I have referred, shows itself, among other ways, in the changed feeling of the people toward the soil on which they live. The bitter struggle that some of these men have had to get possession of it has bred in many cases a passion for land, which the people themselves speak of as "land-hunger." "I likes de land," said one of these men at one of the farmers' conference; "I jes' likes de smøll of it."

Not infrequently negro farmers will tell how, through some of the mysteries of the law that they do not pretend to understand, they have been made to pay two or three times over for the land they own. Having acquired it in this hard way, they hold on to it with a fearful and unreasoning tenacity.

These men represent, I am convinced, a new type. I do not think that the negro came out of slavery with any particular love for the land or any passionate desire to own it. Accustomed, as he was in slavery, to work under the direction of a white man and to depend upon him for his supplies, the negro farm-hand fell very easily, after emancipation, into the partial slavery of the crop-lien system. To the average man of this class it may well have seemed the least troublesome and most natural mode of existence. It had the advantage over slavery of permitting him to change his master whenever he chose. But too often this freedom meant to the negro farm-hand practically little more than the right to move from one plantation to another. It made his services less valuable to the white man for whom he worked and was demoralizing to the laborer himself. The necessity of having the laborers who performed the work permanently settled on the soil was a constant temptation to employ some form of coercion and was the direct cause of the existence in some instances of a system of peonage.

On the other hand, the negro has had to learn the necessity and importance of owning the land on which he lives. I have frequently observed that the successful negro farmers with whom I have been acquainted say that they spent a number of years roaming about the country before the idea came to them to have a home of their own. Shortly after the close of the war the colored people in the South had great hopes that the government was in some way going to provide for them, but that expectation soon vanished. The colored people set great store upon their right to vote, and after it was modified, in the way that is familiar, they became greatly disheartened.

My experience is, however, that wherever I discern a land-buying community I find there a spirit of hopefulness and confidence. The man who is established on his soil has, to a certain extent, solved the negro problem, so far as he individually is concerned.

The success of one man very soon begets a desire for a similar success among his neighbors. His example is contagious. The "land-hunger" spreads. It has spread in recent years throughout the South until at the present time, as far as I am able to learn, there is a very positive and a very earnest desire among the masses to get a foot-hold on the soil. The records of our "Black Belt" counties show that the farmers are slowly but steadily working up, through the various forms of contract labor, from the crop-lien, share-tenant, and cash-tenant system, to ownership.

In spite of difficulties—difficulties that grow out of slavery, difficulties that grew out of reconstruction—these humble farmers are beginning to advance. They have no literature of their own to record their achievements. The little heroisms of their narrow and obscure lives remain unhonored and unsung. To my way of thinking, however, there is something at once heroic and pathetic in the stories I have heard from the lips of some of these men, telling of their struggles to get a home, to buy land, and improve the moral and social conditions of the communities in which they live.

It is pretty hard for a race or class to be self-respecting, to be progressive and successful, which nourishes its spirit exclusively on the ideas and traditions of another race or another section of the community in which it lives. Every people, however, that is struggling upward has its heroes, no matter how humble their achievements may be, and the record and traditions of these achievements are to it a source of inspiration and strength. The story of what one man has accomplished encourages another to do as well or better.

When the negro conference was established at Tuskegee fourteen years ago, it was, in part, to get the negro farmers interested in their own welfare and progress as a class and as a race. Since there was no printed literature which told what each individual was doing for himself and his community in different parts of the country, the negro conference met this want by providing an oral literature. It gathered together the farmers who had been successful in the regions in which they lived and induced them to tell the other members of the conference what they had done and how they had accomplished it. These stories were carried home by the different members to their own communities, and the influence and the inspiration of them were scattered broadcast over the country.

Certain of the tales that have been told at these conferences are so familiar and so characteristic as to be, in a way, classic. It would be impossible to reproduce them in the quaint language and with the picturesqueness of detail with which they were originally told, but I should first sketch two or three of them in outline and give some notion of the characters of the persons who told them.

Some years ago a woman named Mrs. Lucy Nelson came to one of the annual conferences as the representative of a little negro community in the neighborhood of Dadeville, Tallapoosa County. Tallapoosa is not one of the "Black Belt" counties, but the white and black people are pretty thoroughly segregated there and the locality where Mrs. Nelson lives is very thickly settled with colored people.

Mrs. Nelson made herself famous at this conference by describing the manner in which she declared her independence of the store-

keepers in the town and began raising her own provisions. After living for a number of years, as she explained, in complete dependence of the store-keepers, mortgaging her crop in advance to secure provisions to carry her through the planting and harvesting seasons, she one day set to thinking what she might do to " 'clare her freedom." After considering the matter carefully for some time, she decided to buy a pig and begin, as she expressed it, "raising her own meat." The difficulty was to get enough together to make the first investment. She had no money, but she had a puppy which she had come into possession of in some way or other. She was very fond of that puppy, but she had made up her mind that she would part with it. She traded it with one of her "kinfol" for a pig and began raising her own pork, "an' I 'clare, Mr. Washington," she concluded, "I ain't bought no store meat since."

It has been four years since Mrs. Nelson first told the story of the puppy and the pig, and it has already become widely known throughout the "Black Belt." Every year Mrs. Nelson contributes a new chapter. Two years ago she told how she bought and paid for forty acres of land. This year she reported that she was completing a five-room house. "I 'clare, Mr. Washington," she said, "I'm still livin' off that puppy yet, an' I ain't bought no store meat since."

From all that I can learn, this woman, crude as she is in her speech and manners, has not only steadily improved her own surroundings, but has carried the spirit of the conference home to her neighbors and has exercised a wholesome and helpful influence in her community.

Since Tuskegee has taken her, as she says, "by de han'," she has conceived it her duty to report to the conference every year what her community has accomplished during the preceding, and what it proposes to accomplish during the succeeding twelve months.

Another of the regular attendants of the conference is J. M. Sanifer, of Pickens County. Mr. Sanifer lives at the little negro village of Mamiesville. Mamiesville is not an incorporated town. The manner in which it came into existence is interesting, since it illustrates the process of segregation of the races, with some of its consequences.

After the road from Montgomery westward was built through Pickens County, the white population in the locality where Mr. Sanifer lives gradually drew off in the direction of the railway and established the little village of Ethelsville, named after the daughter of one of the leading citizens. About this same time one of the negro farmers in that part of the county became possessed of the notion of buying land. His example was followed by others, and soon there was a promising negro community about two miles distant from the white village of Ethelsville. This community, in imitation of the white neighbor, was

given the name of Mamiesville, in honor of the daughter of the first negro to buy land in that section.

Mamiesville is the home of "the ten Singleton brothers," who own a cotton-gin, a saw-mill, and a grist-mill. They have become well known in their community because of the harmonious way in which they have worked together for their common interest and that of the rest of the community. Every year Mr. Sanifer brings down to the conference a report of what the ten Singleton brothers and the other people of Mamiesville have done for the moral and material improvement of their community during the preceding twelve months. At the present time, according to his last report, there are one hundred and nine families in the community whose land holdings amount to something like four thousand, eight hundred and eighty-three acres. Seven heads of families purchased homes last year.

Mr. Sanifer himself has a genius for mechanics. Every year he brings to the annual conference one or more ingenious devices that he has invented to solve some of the problems that farmers meet in the course of their work. Last year he brought down the model of a device to prevent cows tearing down fences. Another of his inventions was a "goat-yoke."

"You know," he said, in explaining the contrivance to the conference, "it's pretty hard to serve the Lord with a clear conscience when you have a goat on the place." His invention, he claimed, would make that task easier.

This year he brought down a model of a combination awl and needle which he declared was very handy for mending harness.

Mr. Sanifer has still another distinction. Of all the farmers I know he has taken most to heart the lesson that possession of the soil gives independence and freedom. Every year he comes to the conference in a new suit of clothes which has been spun, woven, and made by his wife and daughters from wool grown on his own land. This year he brought down several specimens of cotton fabrics that had been spun and woven by members of his family from cotton grown on his own land. Mr. Sanifer says that for nearly twenty years he has worn almost nothing but homespun. Not merely his outer garments, but shirt, underwear, and stockings are all made from wool and cotton grown on his own farm and spun and woven by members of his family. He has, too, what seems to be a very proper pride in the fact that he is able to make himself thus independent. He has entirely rid himself of the notion that store clothes are any better or lend any more distinction to the man who wears them than those made at home.

One of the most energetic of the farmers who regularly attend our

conferences is Ben Reynolds, who is known as "the best farmer of Talladega County." He has, eighteen miles from Talladega College, about two hundred and three acres of land which he has brought, according to all reports, to a high state of cultivation. He has been a great force among the farmers of his county. He has organized seven local conferences in his part of the county, and last year, in co-operation with some of his neighbors, he started the Childersberg Negro Farmers' Fair, situated at a point where the farmers of four counties could come together, the men to display their cattle and produce, and the women the products of their looms and of their kitchens. In order to arouse interest in this fair, Reynolds went about the country preaching to the negro farmers the gospel of economic independence.

He is fond of telling how, shortly after he was married and he and his wife had no furniture in the house, he went to a lumber-yard and carried home on his back lumber enough to make a table, then went again and for twenty-five cents got enough lumber to make a bed. He is very proud of that achievement.

"I had that bed for eight years," he said, "and I had that bed for ten years."

He is a profound believer in the saving quality of work. "I work six days in the week," says he, "and I works rainy days too. Saturday afternoon when all the colored people are passing my house to go to the town, I takes my seven boys way back toard the river where those people are out of sight, and put in that half a day working. On rainy days we mends our shoes and our clothes, and we rest on Sunday."

These men represent the new spirit which, as I have said, to a large degree has taken hold of the negro farmers of the "Black Belt." The men I have mentioned are exceptional, but they are typical. They represent a new type of negro that has grown up since slavery. They are a part of a large and growing class of men who have succeeded in adapting themselves to the new environment of freedom. They are the reconstructed freedmen and their sons.

The negro was landed on this continent, it should be remembered, a mere human being. His abduction from his native land had stripped him of everything but the bare human qualities of his physical and moral nature. In the course of two hundred and fifty years slavery developed out of these savage men farm laborers, artisans, and servants, whose fidelity to their masters earned for them the gratitude and respect of those who knew them in the period of their servitude.

But the declaration of emancipation did away with this institution and left a vast slave population without masters. Out of the physical and moral confusion which resulted from the war and the destruction of the historic institutions in the South, new types of the negro

race are slowly evolving to meet the changed conditions. One of these types is the negro land-owner and peasant farmer. The traits of this new type of freeman are in many respects different from those of his predecessors in slavery. He has gained some of the homely virtues and some of the sturdy independence that have always characterized a free and independent farming class.

To a very large degree the complaints that are made against the negro in the South are due to the existence of a shifting, restless, discontented class, without homes of their own and without settled vocations. But these evils are not, in my opinion, permanent or positive. They represent merely part of the confusion and chaos which resulted from the war. This class does not represent the negro people: it merely represents the raw material out of which a people is to be made.

Before passing final judgment upon the capacity of the negro people for civilization, I believe more attention should be directed to the study and understanding of those men who have succeeded and have become permanent and positive forces in the communities in which they live. In the long run the forces that are permanent, persistent, and constructive will, in my opinion, gain control in the community over those that are shifting, aimless, and confused.

The men who have established themselves on the soil have to a large degree solved the problem so far as it concerns themselves and their relations to the members of the white race about them. I believe, also, that the political rights which were refused us, when we demanded them on the broad ground that we were human beings and citizens, will not be withheld when we are permanently settled on the soil and have proved ourselves, as a class, law-abiding, useful, and responsible members of the communities in which we reside.



AN OLD SONG

BY THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

LOW blowing winds from out a mid-night sky,
The falling embers and a kettle's croon,—
These three, but oh what sweeter lullabye
Ever awoke beneath the winter's moon.

We know of none the sweeter, you and I,
And oft we've heard together that old tune,—
Low blowing winds from out a mid-night sky,
The falling embers and a kettle's croon.

IN THE COURT OF LAST RESORT

A TRUE INCIDENT OF THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH

By Willara French



NEVER was I so near "beat out" as the night when I finally struck the trail and wallowed into the alleged "inn," a day's ride down from Kalgoory and two days up from the coast, in the wildest of the Australian mountains.

Rain? I never knew what rain was before, and have never seen it more than sprinkle since. You could not breathe without sheltering your nose, and I believe one could have drowned standing upright on the top of a rock. When it began I was out in the bush with two naked native helpers, plotting a possible path, through those infernally erratic defiles, for the new railway that was to connect Kalgoory with the coast.

Rain? Dear Heaven! The two natives crept into a cave and both were drowned there. Four solid hours I waded, swam, wallowed, gulped, then more dead than alive crawled into the inn, reminding myself of a rat I once pulled from a mud-hole by the tail after holding him down with a stick long enough for him to have drowned twice over.

The railway is going in great shape now and Kalgoory is a place. Then it was only a mad mining corpse just coming back to life. It had boomed its boom and got its crowd together, with no end of saloons, a newspaper, and telegraphic communication with the coast; but there was no other connection except an evasive bridle-trail to transport necessities up and luxuries—dust and ore—down, without an apparent possibility of ever getting so much as a two-wheeled cart through those crazy intervening mountains. It was a death-warrant. The bottom fell out of the boom and Kalgoory died. Then Sir Robert Broadley, the millionaire, bought everything in sight, declared that possible or impossible a railway was about to be, and Kalgoory came to life.

Lord, how it did rain! I heard later that over in Sydney they had been praying for rain for one solid week. It came all right, but there

was an error in billing, for in Sydney they never got a drop of it till goodness knows how long later.

The inn which I struck was no place like home. It was only a cook-while-you-wait shack for transients who were better used and satisfied to do their sleeping in the open. It was kept by a half-caste,—a fellow cast half-way between a human effort and an ape,—who had precious little variety in his larder and less in his vocabulary. There were two more fugitives from the injustice of the elements already established there. One was a young priest on his way to contend with the flesh and the devil up at Kalgoory, who gave his time to religious mutterings and paid little attention to the rest of us. But the other was a paragon! a marvel of good nature and of unlimited resources. But for him there would have been hardly an obituary left of me by the end of the three mortal days and nights while the heavens stayed wide open and we huddled in the leaking inn. His other name was hard to remember, so I called him the Elixir of Life.

On my third afternoon at the inn, the fourth day of the storm, it received a knock-out from the northwest, and the mud-plastered post-man stopped for a drink on his way—four days later—to Kalgoory. The Elixir and I contributed a bob apiece for an ancient newspaper he had about him and settled ourselves to read. Many a fresh Australian daily is a dead loss at a penny, but this was cheap at two bob. It startled us from our stagnation with a thunderbolt,—the murder of Sir Robert Broadley, up at Kalgoory, four days before; telegraphed to the coast and printed, then brought back to us as vital news only a day's ride from where it happened. There was no evidence of robbery except that the assassin had cut off the little finger of his victim, upon which he was known to have worn a unique and beautiful diamond ring. The people looked upon Sir Robert as their deliverer. They were frantic and promised the criminal a real American lynching, spiced with aboriginal Australian tortures, when they laid hands on him, which was sure to be soon, for the man was murdered just before the storm broke and the villain could not have got far away. Every outlet from the mountains was now effectively guarded, and a minute description was given of a stranger who had been seen following Sir Robert just before the deed and since had disappeared.

My personal interest centred in the effect it would have upon the proposed railway, and I was pondering it when the outer door opened again. The storm was subsiding as rapidly as it came, but the fellow who entered had evidently been out in the whole of it. He grunted a kind of salutation and staggered to a rude bench before the open-fire, where he dropped like a dead log, calling to the ape-faced landlord:

"Hi! you black devil! Whiskey! A jugful! Damn quick!"

It was a fresh opening for the Elixir, and he was in it in an instant, bending over the fellow and gently as a woman asking what he could do for him.

"Ye kin mind yer own damn business!" the fellow muttered. "I got into a landslide four days ago, comin' down from Kalgoory. Lost my horse and been clingin' by my eyelashes ever since till the postman give me a lift. I'm a bit done, same's you'd be, but I ask no odds from God or man and I don't take none from such as you. Hi, you monkey! Where's that whiskey?"

Undaunted the Elixir stood, his soulful eyes fixed on the poor fellow in unshaken sympathy. The half-caste was ambling slowly across the room with a bottle and glass. The man on the bench sat glaring with bloodshot eyes at the Elixir. Just as the inn-keeper reached him he muttered:

"Didn't I tell yer to—er— Ye lobster-eyed—er——"

With words still gurgling in his throat he fell over on the bench unconscious.

"It is better so," the Elixir said, gently stuffing a blanket under his head for a pillow and lifting his feet to the bench. "Sleep will help him more than that hell-fire you call whiskey. Go heat up some of the stuff you said was soup this noon."

The Elixir returned to the window and his newspaper. I watched the unconscious face till the glint of the firelight across it dazzled me and the hypnosis of his steady snoring made me sleepy. I was beginning to doze when the Elixir touched my arm, pointing to something he had written on the margin of the paper opposite the description of the murderer: "Compare this with the man on the bench, and if you agree with me pass it on to Father Belcher."

The only thing which astonished me was that I had not thought of it before or that the man's own account of himself had not suggested it. The priest read it carefully, then went over to the bench and read it again. He crossed himself and muttered a prayer. Allowing for such days and nights as he had spent out in the storm the pen picture was perfect. The Elixir stood up and, looking out of the window, said:

"A red sunset and a fair to-morrow, so we shall part in the morning. Let's have a breath of fresh air together first."

We understood and followed him outside. Close upon the horizon the masses of gold and crimson cloud were following the sun away. The Elixir cast one admiring glance over the glorious wilderness, then his being changed to something entirely new, even after all that he had been before. He spoke rapidly and earnestly:

"That fellow is stark mad," he said. "He was demented when

he did it. It is like the work of a maniac. Perhaps he'd lost everything up there and charged it to Sir Robert. Besides he is helplessly ill. Do unto others as ye would, applies to us. If we leave him here and go our ways, the fiends from Kalgoory will tear him in pieces. If he is crazy he ought at least to have a show of justice, and we can secure it for him if you will help me. I have handled maniacs several times and always successfully. We two can easily get him to the coast if we are not overtaken by a mob from behind. You are starting for Kalgoory in the morning, Father, and will doubtless meet searching parties coming down. It will insure success if you will tell them that the man is already captured, in safe hands, and well on his way to the coast by way of the Lower Fork, where he will be given into custody. Keep them from following if possible. If not, then send them by the Lower Fork. The day after to-morrow wire privately to some one you can trust. Say that the prisoner will be at Baldwin's by Friday noon. Tell them of his condition, so that they will be prepared to care for him properly."

After a little parley the priest consented, and did his work so well that the plan worked out to the end. It did not rouse the man, even when the Elixir made him drink the soup and relieved him of a rusted revolver, some cartridges, and an ugly knife with black-red rust spots on the blade. Then the moon rose in a clean-swept sky, and the Elixir proposed that we start at once, lest the people of Kalgoory do the same.

We borrowed a cob from the half-caste for the prisoner, who was evidently an old horseman for he sat the saddle by instinct. He would not pay the slightest attention to me, but heeded every suggestion of the Elixir, to whose watchfulness he owed his life many times over during that rapid and dangerous journey.

The officers with a physician met us at Baldwin's, but for the first time the prisoner became obstreperous. He clung to his deliverer, fighting and yelling, and kicking every one else, till for the sake of peace they persuaded him to continue with them, and we parted abruptly, I at least never more reluctantly.

Two weeks later, back in the bush, a letter came to me by way of Kalgoory.

"Before you open this I shall have left the Convict Isle for quarters undiscoverable, as it was I who killed the demon at Kalgoory. Finding myself in a trap, and, worse, that I was recognized by the fellow who came in on us, looking so like the printed picture of my so-different self, I was forced to utilize him, and incidentally saved his life by getting him to a hospital, in return for his getting me out of the trap. I must make this unfolding to you, that you may stand by him again if by remotest chance the suspicion should cling to him. I did it; but, lest you

smite yourself for having helped me unwittingly, let me add: if you had been in my place you would have done as I did to the fiend who wore that ring. I have kept it as my only consolation through whatever years are left. If I could tell you the story of the ring, you would not regret having aided—

“YOUR FRIEND OF THE MOUNTAIN INN.”



THE BARREN YEAR

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

I THINK perhaps my heart would be less sore
 If I need not look on lovers any more;
 If winter only lasted all the year,
 And one could sit alone in thoughtless peace
 Beside the chimney-place and only hear
 The wind-voice in the open sing and cease,
 And gaze toward the frosted pane to know
 That all beyond was loneliness and snow.

But oh, the springtime when the birds are rife
 And all our little village wakes to life,
 And everywhere Spring bids them come again,
 As it does roses, all the lovers new—
 The stalwart lads who bear themselves like men,
 The wistful little maids half women too.
 I wish it were not mine to watch them meet,
 And note the lingering hands, the halting feet.

I wish I might not guess what words they say
 Nor what her eyes look as she turns away.
 I wish I did not know how all day long,
 Busied about her little household cares,
 Her thoughts are music and her heart a song—
 A harmony of all love dreams and dares.
 I wish I might not think when day grows late
 How she will lean and listen at the gate.

God knows I would not have their happiness
 A lesser thing or strive to make it less;
 Only I wish it were not mine to dwell
 So close without the gates of Paradise;
 Only I wish I did not know so well
 The tenderness that springs in meeting eyes.
 I think perhaps my heart would be less sore
 If I need not look on lovers any more.



BEFORE CONSOLIDATION

"Yes; the pleasantest discomforts and the most enjoyable annoyances of travel are fast disappearing," the elderly drummer reflected sadly. "Even here in the West, where in the old days apparently inexhaustible herds of trouble followed every train, already the most interesting species of disturbance are practically extinct, and these great through lines and vestibule limiteds are exterminating the rest with terrible rapidity. The picturesque uncertainty too, the individuality, and all the personal traits, which so clearly distinguished the old roads, have all been loct and obliterated in this sure and methodical, but void and expressionless, progress of the modern train.

"There *was* a time, gentlemen," the old timer harked back proudly, "before these grasping corporations consolidated all the personality out of the little lines, when a man could wake up and know at once, from the characteristic of the single jolt that woke him, precisely what line he was on. There were distinct peculiarities which we old travelling men soon learned and treasure yet. Why, only last trip when that earthquake threw me out of bed in a Colorado hotel, it sprained my right wrist so naturally and skinned my shins so familiarly that it was half an hour before I realized I was not on the old Louisiana and Western. Whereas if it had been my left wrist, instead, and the skin had been scraped from the calves, I'd have known I was——

"The most individual road of them all, however," the travelling man shifted quickly, "and the one whose peculiar traits most endeared it to the old fraternity, was, I think, the old Arkansas Midland. It ran through that section of the country where all locomotives carry condensers—it makes the inhabitants so nervous to have a water-tank around, even if it is understood that the contents are reserved strictly for engines. The trains—gentlemen, we once hired a photographer to take a picture of the 'Cannon-Ball Express' at full speed. He gave it a three-minute exposure and, in actual fact, gentlemen, the motion of the train hardly blurred the negative.

Walnuts and Wine

Wouldn't have blurred at all, photographer claimed, if he hadn't taken it on the down grade.

"The officials of the road, however, were very conscientious. If the trains wouldn't fit the schedule they were determined that, whatever happened, the schedules should fit the trains. They did everything; but, no matter how much time they gave, somehow the trains always took more, and they were worse off than before. Even left the A.M. and the P.M. off the hours announced for arrival of trains; and that *did* fix it so trains could never be more than six hours from schedule,—taking advantage of the figuring both ways. Finally, however, they hit it so that no matter what happened the trains couldn't get off. Instead of

Train No. 5 leaves—	Arrives—
Ozark9 A.M.	Jackson at2 P.M.
	Weston "6 P.M.

and so on, they made it read,

Train No. 5 leaves—	Arrives—
Ozark9 A.M.	Jackson not before.....2 P.M.*
	Weston " "6 P.M.*
	* Unless it's yesterday's train.

"I, myself," the commercial traveller went on, "have never been able to see how anyone could take exception to such a table as that; but they must have, because I understand there was a branch where even that schedule didn't work. Engineers on that branch, I was told, took to carrying calendars instead of watches to run by, and even then got confused every four years when leap year came around.

"But the real feature of the Midland was the dining service. Had the oldest dining car in the State, they claimed; and some of the food was contemporaneous. They didn't have to claim that. The cuisine was especially noted for its strawberry short-cake. That word is not used in any collective or plural sense. There was only one.

"I got it the first time I went over the road. Ordinary 'short' crust with powdered sugar, orthodox berry on top, presumably berries within. Being unable to make any impression, and that being our first encounter, I merely returned it unmarked and uninjured. Passing back over the Midland a fortnight later I ordered

Walnuts and Wine



Good morning
Have you used
Pears' Soap?

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
"All rights secured."

Walnuts and Wine

short-cake again, and back it came. I dented it this time, for identification purposes, and again returned it. Fortnight later I got it again, 'short' crust, powdered sugar—fresh coat—new red berry on top, but with the presumption of berries within still unexplored, and twelve dents added to mine. I wrote my name on the bottom, to be absolutely sure of identification, and passed it back once more.

"Well, gentlemen, a fortnight later I got it again; no doubt of my name there on the bottom, though it was almost obliterated by the seventeen others written over it. And regularly, twice a month when I passed over the line, I got that short-cake—except when someone else was using it—for the rest of the year. The boys used to order it, not to eat of course, but as a sort of mascot for the rest of the food; though some of the strangers who got it used to wash off the sugar with cream and mutilate the berry on top so that there was a regular 'maintenance and depreciation' charge against it in the kitchen. Of course by this time the bottom was a regular palimpsest; and then it disappeared.

"I had ordered it, as was our habit, when the waiter told me it was gone.

"'Do you mean to tell me, Charley,' I said to the waiter, 'that any one has *eaten* that cake?'

"'No; it wasn't that.'

"'And you mean then, Charley,' I said again, 'that, though knowing that cake so long as you did, you stood by and saw it wantonly destroyed?'

"'The gent'man would have it, suh,' Charley excused himself; 'the gent'man would have it.'

"'Would have it? Why?'

"'Why—why, he was an autograph c'lectah, and I couldn't stop him. I done speak to him, suh, explaining it to him; but he would have it. Said, suh, 't war jest the thing he war looking for to round out his c'lection.'

"'But the top, Charley,' I said. 'He couldn't have had use for more than the bottom; do you mean to say the Midland has thrown away the rest?'

"'Oh, de top, suh. Oh, yes; yes. It's strawberry tart now, suh. But—but the gent'man over there in de corner ordered it fust, suh; but I 'speck he'll be thru with it pow'ful soon. Would you like it then, suh?'

Edwin Balmer.



**That
may
be
the
Reason**

Why you do not climb the ladder of
SUCCESS

If your mental and physical machinery
does not work smoothly, it may or may not be
the coffee.

It's worth looking into.

Try quitting 10 days and see the result.

It will help, to take on as the hot morning
beverage, well-made

POSTUM

"There's a Reason."

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Walnuts and Wine

A LA MODE

You must wake and call me early,
Call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow'll be the happiest time
Of all the glad New Year!
Of all the glad New Year, mother,
The maddest, merriest day,

For I'm to go to the dress-maker's the first thing in the morning, to try on my new green broadcloth walking-suit, and then I'm to go to the milliner's to try to get a hat to match it, and then I'm to go the round of the stores, because I want to get some gloves and a veil, and I want to exchange those hat-pins Charlie Daniels gave me, and I have got to get something to give to Flossie Evans for her birthday, and something else for Daisie Franklin for her anniversary, and then I have got to meet Millie Burton at a quarter past one, to have lunch with her, and then I have to go to Madame McGinty's to get my hair dressed and my nails manicured, and then I have to go to the photographer's to get my picture taken, and then I have to come home and change my clothes, before Jack Foster comes to take me to Mrs. Elliston's dinner, and then we are all going to the theatre, and then to supper at a restaurant, and then I'm coming home!

Harold Susman.

ELLA AND BELLA

By Harold Susman

"He'll ne'er forgive my jilting him."
"Why, did he love you so?"
"No, but you see, he loved himself.
It was an awful blow!"

A FAILURE OF CONTRACT

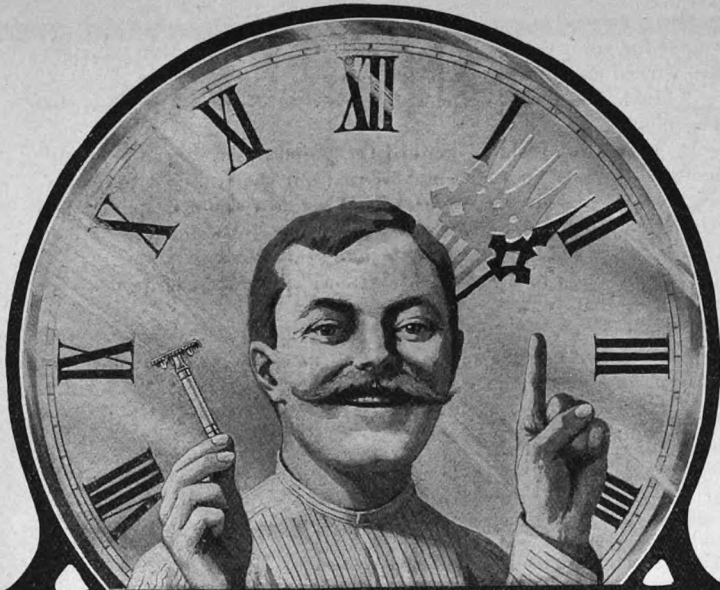
Bishop Wilmer, of Alabama, was once asked by a colored man what he would charge to marry him just like white folks.

"Why," said the Bishop, "if you will get the wedding ring and meet me at the church, I'll marry you for—for five dollars just exactly like I do white folks."

"All right, sir," the darky replied, "I'll get the ring and be at the church to-morrow morning at six o'clock."

The next morning, in the dim light, the Bishop, fully robed, stood in the chancel and read in his impressive voice the marriage service of the Episcopal Church, joining together two loving hearts and dusky hands in the holy estate of matrimony, and blessed them

Walnuts and Wine



In 4 Minutes!



You can shave with "THE GILLETTE"

Then you are ready for the day with a clean, wholesome face.

12 Blades; 24 Perfect Edges

The wonderful blade that has changed the razor world.

Truthful letters from constant users tell of the marvelous tensile strength of these blades.

Single Blades have been used 30, 60, and up to 142 times.

SIMPLE AND DURABLE

Triple silver-plated set with 12 blades	\$ 5.00
Quadruple gold-plated set with 12 blades	10.00
Quadruple gold-plated set with 12 blades and monogram	12.00
Standard combination set with shaving-brush and soap in triple silver-plated holders	7.50
Other combination sets in silver and gold up to	50.00
Standard packages of 10 blades, having 20 sharp edges, for sale by all dealers at the uniform price of	.50

Sold by Leading Drug, Cutlery, and Hardware Dealers

Ask to see them and for our booklet.

Write for our special trial offer.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 1171 Times Building, N. Y. City



Gillette Safety Razor
NO STROPPING NO HONING.

Walnuts and Wine

as they knelt at the chancel-rail. When they arose, the groom paused for an instant as if in keen expectation of something further, then turned and hurried the bride away.

"Hold, John, wait a moment;" cried the Bishop, "where is that five dollars?"

"'Scuse me, Bishop," replied the groom, with deep disappointment in his tone, "but you aint carried out the full contract."

"Not carried out the contract? What do you mean, sir? I said I'd marry you for five dollars just like white folks and I have done it word for word." cried the justly indignant Bishop.

"Dere's one t'ing you've left out, sir," persisted the groom.

"And what is that, pray?"

"I notice, sir, dat you aint salute de bride!"

For a minute the Bishop was stunned; then a great light of supreme amusement shone over his face, and he cried, "All right, John; that's all right about the five dollars, you just keep it—and I wish you much joy!"

Claude Roberts.

FLOWERS AND WEEDS

By La Touche Hancock

You say it's quite provoking,
In such a house as ours,
That I won't give up smoking
And spend the cash on flowers!
Believe me, if I were to,
I don't know what I'd do,
And, as for flowers, my darling,
I want no flower but you!
Still, just to gain your favor,
This check, I pray, accept;
In future my behavior,
You'll find, will be correct!
Buy all the flowers you wish to,
And satisfy our needs
By taking all the blossoms,
And giving me the "weeds!"

BOTH RAW AND GREEN

Mrs. Brown was not at home so we tendered our cards. But Bridget faced us, arms defiantly akimbo. "Aw, *kape* yer tickuts!" said she loftily, "We've got a plenty!"

M. B. H.

SY-CLO

TRADE MARK

The Closet of Health



The home in which is installed the SY-CLO Closet is doubly safeguarded against the perils of improper sanitation and the two dangers common to all ordinary closets.

One of these is the danger from within—imperfect cleansing. The other is the danger from without—the escape of the deadly sewer gas into the home.

The SY-CLO Closet has a double cleansing action. A copious flush of water from above starts an irresistible syphonic action from below. The downward rush of the water through the pipes creates a vacuum—a powerful pump-like *pull* which instantly empties the bowl of *all* its contents instead of merely diluting as does the ordinary closet.

Being formed of a single piece of solid white china, the SY-CLO Closet is without crack, joint or seam for the lodgement of impurity. Nothing can adhere or be absorbed.

By an unusually deep water seal between the closet bowl and the sewer connection making the escape of sewer gas into the home impossible, the SY-CLO Closet gives adequate health protection against the dangers from without.

SY-CLO Closets are heavily constructed and have unusual strength. With ordinary care, they will outlast the building,—a perpetual safeguard of health.

SY-CLO stamped on a closet, no matter what other mark is on it, signifies that it is constructed of the best material, with the aid of the best engineering skill, under the direction of the Potteries Selling Co., and that eighteen of the leading potteries of the United States have agreed to maintain its standard of excellence.

If your home contains a closet of imperfect construction, improper material, or one subject to rust, corrosion, or under-surface discoloration, such as porcelain enameled iron, you may be unknowingly exposed to a dangerous source of disease. If you have such a closet, self defense demands that you replace it with the closet bearing the trade mark name of SY-CLO, the seal of safety, the safeguard of health.

A book on "Household Health" mailed free if you mention the name of your plumber.

Lavatories of every size and design made of the same material as SY-CLO Closets.

POTTERIES SELLING CO., Trenton, N. J.

Walnuts and Wine

DUMAS AND THE COUNT

Alexander Dumas found in his mail one day, the following note, signed by a French Count:

"SIR: I have the honor to propose our collaboration of a drama. Your name will appear beside mine. *You* will compose the drama, and *I* will bear all the expenses of the first production. *You* will receive all the pecuniary benefits, for *I* only work for glory."

Dumas sent the following answer:

"SIR: I am not in the habit of harnessing a horse and an ass to my carriage. I regret, therefore, that I cannot accept your amiable proposition."

The Count, in his turn, wrote:

"SIR: Your note refusing to join me in literary work is at hand. Of course you are at perfect liberty to refuse so advantageous an offer, but I forbid your calling me a *horse* in the future."

M. J. C.

IN NEED OF REVISION

The pastor of a leading Boston church announces the subjects of his sermons on a large bulletin-board prepared by the sexton. One Sunday recently the evening sermon was to be on "Hell." Passers-by were a good deal startled to note that the lower part of the bulletin-board had on it these words in large and fiery red letters:

H E L L

ALL SEATS FREE

EVERYBODY WELCOME

J. L. Harbour.

DISCERNMENT

The way colored folk have of picking up phrases which they hear used by white people about them is amusingly illustrated by a conversation which was overheard recently on the streets of a southern city.

"Howdy, Mis' Mandy! How is you?" called one dusky aunty to another.

"Oh, I jes' tollable, Mis' Johnson. How yo' feelin'?" was the response.

"Why, I'se a-feelin' mighty peart, I is," confided Mrs. Johnson. "I suttently does feel fine."

"Wellum, yo' sho' is lookin' well," agreed her friend. "*Yo' color's so good!*"

E. B.

Walnuts and Wine

YOU DO NOT KNOW ALL

“THE JOYS OF JUNE”

if you do not know “Shredded
Wheat and Strawberries”



For strawberries or other fruit make a basket of the biscuit by crushing in top with bowl of teaspoon

The red ripeness and savory sweetness of the succulent strawberry—what could be more tempting to the jaded palate after weary months of winter waiting for fresh fruit?

Ever eat shredded wheat with strawberries and cream? If you haven't there's a rare treat in palate-pleasure for you. The porous shreds take up and neutralize the fruit acid, holding the delicious aroma of the berry, presenting a wholesome combination that will not disturb the weakest stomach. More digestible and more nourishing than the soggy white flour dough used in making ordinary short-cake.

In white flour you get the starch in the wheat and little else. You can't make Muscle or Brain out of starch. In Shredded Whole Wheat you get all the rich flesh-forming, muscle-making elements stored in the outer coats of the wheat berry made digestible by the shredding process.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit and Triscuit are served on nearly every ship that sails salt or fresh water seas—convincing proof of their wholesomeness and digestibility. They are retained and assimilated when the stomach rejects all other foods. The “Vital Question” Cook Book is sent free.

THE NATURAL FOOD
COMPANY

Niagara Falls, N. Y.



“It's All in the Shreds”

Walnuts and Wine

RATTLED

He had been told that he might "ask papa," and he had planned to do it in these words:

"I dare say that you know, Mr. Rocks, that I have been paying your daughter Madge marked attention of late, and now I have come to ask her hand in marriage. I know that I am a poor man, but I am an honorable one, and I am not afraid to work. We are willing to fight the battle of life as bride and bridegroom, pilgrims of life together. I love your daughter devotedly, and I have come to ask your consent to make her my wife."

That sounded all right when he read it for the fiftieth time from the sheet of paper on which he had written it; but this was what he really said when he stood before Mr. Rocks, with his teeth chattering and beads of cold perspiration on his brow:

"I—I—daresay that—that is, Mr. Rocks, I—I—your daughter Madge has been paying me marked attention—er, no, I have been paying her marked attention, and I—I—we are willing to fight—or the battle of life—I mean that your daughter seeks my hand in marriage, er no I—I—seek her hand and—and—I love you—or no, your daughter I mean she—she—that is I—I—have come to ask your consent to be my wife—that is I—love you devotedly—your daughter I mean—she loves me devotedly—no, I mean that I love her—and she—she—I trust I make my meaning clear, sir."

J. L. Harbour.

LOVE'S SECRET

By H. Giovannoli

O Rose, thou dearest, sweetest flower
That e'er perfumed my lady's bower!
I would that thou couldst say to her
For thee I planked two dollars per.

GASTRONOMIC

A little girl who was not feeling well was taken to see the doctor. After feeling her pulse and inquiring the symptoms, he located the trouble as coming from the liver.

"If that's my liver," said the little girl, "then I want to know where my bacon is."

M. B. Miller.



Quaker Oats

The Master Builder of Sturdy Bodies

There is a marvelous difference between Quaker Oats and *all other* rolled oats. Quaker Oats is sweeter to the taste, more delicious, more appetizing; cooks more evenly, has a more delightful flavor, and is *free from hulls* and *absolutely pure*.

Why eat *inferior oats* when you can buy Quaker Oats for the *same* price? If you have been eating the common brands of rolled oats, get a package of Quaker Oats, and find out for yourself exactly why Quaker Oats is *positively the best*.

Sold by grocers everywhere, in large packages, for 10 cents.



Walnuts and Wine

FRUGAL JAMIE

One day, while I was loitering in the door-way of a tobacco shop, a Scotchman and his friend entered.

Said Donald, "Will ye have a cigar, Jamie?"

"Yes," responded his friend.

Donald then asked the shopman for two thrup-penny cigars, and after both had lighted up he passed on about his business.

Jamie, canny Scot, quietly took a few puffs at his cigar, then slowly turned toward the tobacconist and said, "Mester, you sell these five for a shillin', don't you?"

"Yes, sir," said the dealer.

"Well," said the Scotchman, at the same time fumbling in his vest-pocket with thumb and forefinger, "here's sixpence; giv' me t'other three."

Richard Dobson.

SQUARING THE ACCOUNT

While delivering a few rather scathing remarks on the current financial situation to a party of friends at the St. Botolph Club in Boston, the speaker, who is noted for his vituperative powers, let fall some animadversions upon the Jewish race, forgetting the presence of a well-known musician, one of the most highly respected members of the club.

Deeply regretting his unintentional rudeness, the speaker hastened to apologize.

"My dear sir, I beg a thousand pardons. I had no intention of reflecting upon your people, but one gets into a careless way of speaking here, and I can safely say that you are the last man—"

The musician bowed with grave courtesy.

"And beside," continued the speaker, "I am the last person to criticise your race, for I have a slight strain of Jewish blood myself, of which I am proud."

"Stop!" said the musician solemnly, raising a protesting hand: "That does not console me in the least."

Mary E. Ford.

IN OKLAHOMA

Gray Wolf.—"Jakey Timberwolf is absolutely insufferable these days."

Jackal.—"What is the trouble?"

Gray Wolf.—"Why, his father was shot by the President, and he never stops bragging about it."

Emmett C. Hall.

Walnuts and Wine

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



The Freshness of Roses

and balmy June days are not more delightful and refreshing than the soothing touch of Mennen's. Gives immediate and positive relief from **Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn**, and all skin troubles. Everywhere used and recommended by physicians and nurses for its perfect purity and absolute uniformity. Mennen's face on every box. Get the genuine.

For sale everywhere, or by mail, 25c.

Sample free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.
Try **MENNEN'S VIOLET (Borated) TALCUM**



Walnuts and Wine

A TRUE SHEPHERD

A young clergyman in the West has made a notable success among the lawless and disreputable characters of his field, thereby causing the "unco' guid" to raise hands of holy horror at his con-sorting with notorious evil-livers. One of these pious folk complained to the bishop, and wound up his statement by saying that at the last service held in the town the collection plate had been passed by the most notorious professional gambler of the district. The bishop listened patiently, but finally squelched the objector by saying, "You must remember, my brother, that every trade has its own tools. Where would the shepherd be without his *crook*?"

S. D. S., Jr.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE

By Harriet Whitney Durbin

I peeped into her pet retreat—
A deep, old-fashioned window-seat
I found behind m'.
So meditative seemed her mood,
Did I, I questioned her, intrude?
Soft blushes mounted to her hair;
She smiling said, with gentle air,
She didn't mind me.

Long since, I won the dainty maid;
A family man, sedate and staid,
You now may find me.
Sometimes I give, for her own need,
A few instructions she should heed;
But little deference she pays,
And, even as in olden days,
She doesn't mind me!

THREE GOOD DEEDS

"My good man," said the professor of sociology, "you seem to be happy; would you mind telling me the reason for your happiness?"

"Oi wud not, sor," said the Irishman. "Oi hov just done three good deeds, and anny man who has performed three good deeds has raisin to be happy."

"Indeed he has," said the professor; "and may I ask what three good deeds you have performed?"

"Well, as Oi was coming past the cathadral this morning, I saw a wumman wid a wee bit infant in her arms, cryin thot hard it would

Walnuts and Wine.

"The Finishing Touch"



HAND
SAPOLIO
FOR
TOILET & BATH

"Beauty?" said Aristotle, when asked what it was — "That is a question which we may leave to the blind." The question can be left with any one, for it is both seen and felt when the work is left with

HAND SAPOLIO

for it develops both the tint and the texture of the skin. It gives quality as well as color, and art instead of artifice. A thousand soaps, and you still need the unique action of Hand Sapolio to remove the dead skin of an outgrown complexion and to liberate the new. Hand Sapolio gives more than cleansing; it gives energy and vim and circulation. It is called "the soap with life in it."

No animal fats, but pure vegetable oils combined with the cake so that

THE TEXTURE OF THE SOAP HELPS THE TEXTURE OF THE SKIN.

Walnuts and Wine

melt the heart av a sthone. I asked her phat could be the matter. She answered thot for the want av tharee dollars to pay the fees she could not get the child baptized, an' it was a sickly child at thot, an' liable to die soon. I felt thot bad for her I pulled out the only tin dollars I had, and tould her to go and get the child baptized and bring me the change. She went inside rejoicin', and soon returned wid her face all smiles, give me my change, and went away hapin' blessin's on my head. Now ain't thot enough?"

"That's good," said the professor; "now, what were the others?"

"Others?" said the Irishman; "that's all."

"I understood you to say you had performed three good deeds."

"And so I did, don't you see. I dried a widow's tears,—thot's wan; I saved a soul from purgatory,—thot's two; and lastly I got sivin good dollars for a bad tin, and if thot wouldn't make you happy thin you are hard to please."

Frank L. Finch.

COMPANIONS

By Dixie Wolcott

Mawnin', massa!—whoa dar, Dick
Stop, I tell yo'! Whar's dat stick?—
Sell dis mule, suh? Sakes alibe,
He's the ornarest ob his tribe.

Why, he'd nebbah suit yo', suh;
Half de time dis mule won't stir,
Stan'in' stiff an' stubborn-like
Ez ef he's rooted on de pike.

Kick? He! He! Dey tells de story
He's done kicked two mules ter glory,—
Allus kickin' up some fuss
Ter make dis po' ole niggah cuss.

Mostly, suh, it's hard ter know
Jes' which way he's gwine ter go;
Gener'ly it's bes' ter see
Ef *he* wants ter haw or gee.

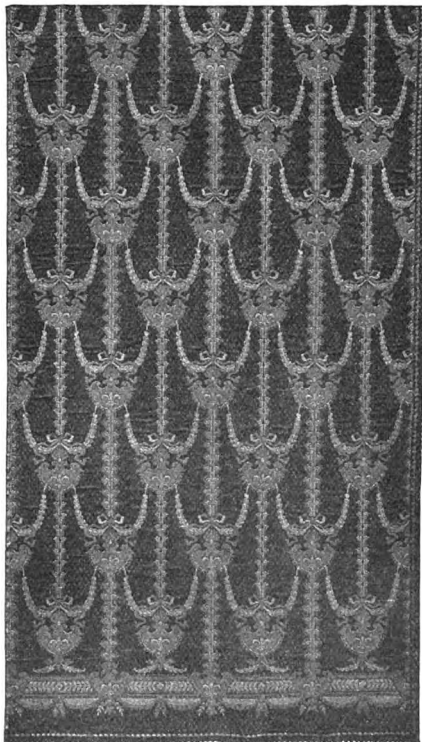
Yet I'd feel ez lost ez Noah
Landin' on some furrin' shoah,
When I'd go ter plow de cawn,
Ter find dis ole while mule wuz gone.

Walnuts and Wine

Artloom Tapestries

Curtains, Couch Covers and Table Covers

may be had to match any color scheme or style of interior. At moderate cost, they transform the average home, giving the artistic effect heretofore only possible through expensive decorators.



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SILK CURTAIN

as illustrated above is a very elaborate design in Garland and Fleur de Lis combination. Attractively bound with Vandyck edging. It is a luxurious production with an indescribable richness and beauty, fifty inches wide, three yards long. Made in Red, Olive, Rose, Dark Green, Gold, Nile, and Green. PER PAIR **\$16.50**

If your dealer won't supply you, send us post-office money-order and we will deliver it to you through another dealer.



This label tells the texture. It's the texture that tells.

"Home Making," the clever book on home decorations by Miss Edith W. Fisher. Illustrated with twelve full-page views showing contrasting interior decorations. Sent on receipt of four cents in stamps.

Philadelphia Tapestry Mills, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Walnuts and Wine

'Caze we two's grown ole tergether
Joggin' thro' all kyinds o' weather,
An' it won't be long, yo' see,
Till Gabe'l calls fer him—or me.

No, suh, I cyant change my mind;
Mawnin' massa! You'se mos' kyind.—
T'ink I'd sell yo', ole white mule ?
Git up! an' go 'long home, yo' fool.



INSULTED

Champ Clark thinks that since the practice of duelling was given over in this country men are not so careful in their observations concerning others as they were in "the old days."

"Why," says Mr. Clark, "there was an incident in Indiana not long ago which goes to show the difference. In a case being tried there in a court the two lawyers opposing became engaged in a heated controversy which resulted in one yelling at the other, 'You're a liar!'"

"What do you think the other lawyer did? Why, in a voice ringing with passion, he replied, 'Sir, do you mean that personally?'"

Edwin Tarrisse.



I WONDER

By Martin E. Jensen

A real-estate man, a good seller,
Sold a house, charging not for the cellar,—
Or so he did tell her,
The easy Marcella;
Did he sell her the cellar or sell her?



THE ONLY PLACE

Reporter (to the manager of the menagerie).—"I understand there was an accident of some kind here. Where shall I get reliable news of the affair?"

Manager.—"At the gnu's stand."

Maurice Smiley.

Walnuts and Wine

Actual size of Turkish tobacco leaves used in making "NESTORS."



"Nestor" Cigarettes

(Nestor Gianaclis, Cairo and Boston)

The best grade of Turkish tobacco, *and nothing but Turkish tobacco*, goes into "Nestor" Cigarettes. In their process of making, we even go so far as to extract and destroy the dust which accumulates during the screening process. "Nestors" are made in the cleanest and largest cigarette factory in the United States, and are without equals at the price.

25c.

packet of ten.

Sold by Clubs, Hotels, and Dealers the World over.
If unobtainable locally, we will supply you direct on receipt of price.

NESTOR GIANACLIS CO.

289 Roxbury Street, BOSTON, MASS.

Walnuts and Wine

A DROP IN DRY GOODS

It was Saturday night, and the stores were kept open until a late hour. Mr. Fred Emerson Brooks, the poet-reader, had just finished his entertainment and was walking over to the hotel, accompanied by a resident of the town, whose store they presently passed on their way.

"Wait until we can close up the store and I'll walk over to the hotel with you," said the man.

"All right," replied Brooks, "I'll help you."

With that, he grabbed up what, in the semi-darkness, seemed to be a couple of dummy dress forms, and started into the store with them, one under each arm. His triumphal progress was short, however, as two piercing screams arose, and his burdens struggled so vigorously that he dropped them as quickly as he had picked them up. They were the two young women clerks who, in the absence of customers, had come out to watch the passers-by, and found themselves thus unceremoniously escorted back to their duty.

Anna L. Curtis.

A QUAIN APOLGY

Senator James A. Hemenway often falls into the habits of the lower House (of which he was formerly a member) when addressing the Senate. When speaking before the Senate not long since, he repeatedly referred to Senator Heyburn as "the gentleman from Idaho," the term always used "at the other end of the Capitol" when speaking to or of a colleague, while in the upper chamber they refer to their colleagues as "the Senator from" whatever State he represents.

Senator Hemenway's repeated reference to "the gentleman from Idaho" caused considerable merriment among the old stagers, both on the Senate floor and in the galleries. Finally the astute old Senator was prompted by a well-meaning colleague who went by him and whispered something in his ear. Senator Hemenway's eyes twinkled, as he turned to Senator Heyburn and said:

"I hope the Senator will pardon me for calling him a gentleman."

The house broke down and the gavel fell.

A. Hovey-King, Jr.

WHY SHE TOOK HIM

Miss Swellington.—^s "What prompted Miss Golddust to take that old bachelor?"

Miss Wellington (sarcastically).—"Kleptomania, I guess."

T. E. McGrath.

Don't let the price scare you

If you have the impression that HAYNER WHISKEY is poor stuff simply because you are in the habit of paying dealers \$1.25, \$1.50 or even \$2.00 a quart for your whiskey, you were never more mistaken in your life. There's a reason for our price.

Our plan of selling direct from our distillery to you, eliminating the brokers, jobbers, wholesale and retail dealers, thereby saving you their enormous profits, makes it possible for you to buy absolutely pure whiskey of the highest quality at half or less than half the price you have been accustomed to pay dealers for something not as good.

If we sold our whiskey in the usual way through dealers, you would then have to pay them the very top price, for when it comes to quality, good old reliable HAYNER will not take a back seat for anything.

You cannot buy purer, better or more palatable whiskey from anybody, anywhere, at any price. That's a broad statement, but we have been distilling whiskey for over 40 years, so we know.

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4 Full Quarts \$3.20 Express Prepaid

Our offer Send us \$3.20, and we will ship you, in a plain sealed case with no marks to show contents, four full quart bottles of HAYNER PRIVATE STOCK RYE or BOURBON, express prepaid. Try the whiskey. Test it in any way you like. If you are not satisfied and don't want to keep it, send it back to us AT OUR EXPENSE and your \$3.20 will be returned to you by next mail. How could any offer be fairer? Don't hesitate any longer to send us a trial order. Write our nearest office to-day--NOW--while you think of it.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Col., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., or Wyo., must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for \$4.00 by EXPRESS PREPAID, or 20 Quarts for \$15.20 by FREIGHT PREPAID, by reason of the very much higher express rates to the far western states.

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Walnuts and Wine

HIS GREATEST SUCCESS

By Arthur William Beer

He has written many a story,
Books brimful of learning hoary,
And he's worn his honors easy,
Yet his head's now in a whirl.
What's the cause of this condition?
Simply this,—a first edition,—
He's the author of a bouncing baby girl!

VERY LIKELY

"Mother," cried a school-boy, "I have just discovered why
the elbow is called the funny bone."

"Why is it, dear?"

"Because it is near the humerus."

Eleanor S. Johnson.

TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE OPENING

Not many men were as ready in reply as was the late Patrick Collins, Mayor of Boston. At the very opening of his mayoralty came full proof of this.

There was a knock on the door of the municipal chief executive's office, and in response to Mr. Collins's "Come in," entered a diminutive messenger boy.

"Oh, 'scuse me," said he, in a tone that suggested both disappointment and apology; "I was lookin' for de mayor."

"Well, I'm Mr. Collins," replied that official reassuringly.

"But I t'ought you was short?" stammered the other.

And His Honor replied, "You're quite right. Can you lend me five?"

Warwick James Price.

PYROTECHNIC

By Karl von Kraft

A miner filled his little lamp
With rectified benzine;
They found him in a neighboring camp—
The lamp has not benzine.



CHICLETS are a chewing gum of exceptional merit, enveloped in an unusually strong, yet delicate covering of Real peppermint candy—there are *six drops of peppermint* on each Chiclet—On a hot day, you will find a Chiclet even more grateful to your parched palate than a glass of sparkling water.

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

To be had at all the better kind of stores and in good hotels in 5c., 10c., and 25c. packets or in bulk at 5c. the ounce.

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Philadelphia, U. S. A.
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Fourteen Hundred Miles Without a Single Stop!

If you are at all interested in automobiles, the account of this run by a Surrey Type One Rambler should interest you. Send to us for booklet that tells about it.

Most remarkable about this is:— First, the list price of the car, \$1200, without the top; second, the fact that it was a regular stock machine (exactly like one that would be shipped upon an order from you) selected at random from the stock of one of our branch houses.

You unquestionably are looking for a car that will do your work with the least bother and annoyance. This Rambler, with an engine that can run 1400 miles under adverse conditions without a stop, with only gasoline, water, and oil, should fulfill your most exacting requirements. In fact, it is about as near perfection as can reasonably be expected.

This model can be supplied now fairly promptly; a few days of pleasant weather will, however, rapidly reduce the supply. A demonstration can be obtained from our nearest representative—his name and address will be promptly supplied upon application—and if interested we suggest that you call and place your order while an early delivery is still possible.

Any further information will be gladly furnished upon request.

THOMAS B. JEFFERY & COMPANY,

“RAMBLER”

KENOSHA, WIS.

Walnuts and Wine

JUMPING JACK

By Harold Susman

Oh, Jack he said to fair Louise,
"To love me will you try?"
And when she gave his hand a squeeze,
High.

Were

They

His spirits

But fair Louise she said to Jack,
"My answer must be 'No!'"
And when she gave his presents back,
His spirits

They

Were

Low.

✽

NO REMORSE

She was large and fair. Diamond pendants graced her ears and a fur-lined cloak hung from her shoulders. Entering the theatre unaccompanied she made her way down the aisle to an orchestra circle seat. As the curtain rose on the opening scene of "Richard III," she settled back in her chair with a smile of anticipation. Subsequently the smile disappeared and a puzzled expression took its place. Along about the third act, when Robert Mantell in the guise of the Duke of Gloster was rapidly removing all human obstacles to his accession to England's throne, she leaned over to an absorbed young man beside her and said,

"Excuse me, but when does he say, 'Come on, Remorse, Come on!'"

Startled out of his abstraction the young man looked at her and stammered, "Why, I—I— don't think that passage occurs in this play."

"It don't?" she said, with a disgusted look: "Ain't this 'Checkers'?"

Being convinced to the contrary, she hastily gathered her wraps about her and, without awaiting the fall of the curtain, fled.

D. B. O'Loughlin.

✽

ODOROUS

"Say Howard, your overcoat has a horrible smell. What is it? Mothballs?"

"No, old man. Its three balls."

Henry Miller.

Walnuts and Wine



HAIR

Guaranteed

BY THE USE OF

EVANS VACUUM CAP

Guarantee Backed by a Bank



Repeated announcements in this magazine, and in all the leading magazines in the United States, for months and years past, have been published simply to explain, in a simple, understandable way, what the Evans Vacuum Cap is.

The Evans Vacuum Cap is a simple, scientific mechanism which does for the scalp and the hair what massage does for the weakened body. The dormant hair-cells can only be revived when you restore the natural, refreshing blood-circulation to the roots of the hair.

The Evans Vacuum Cap creates a vacuum over the scalp-surface which compels the blood to come up into the hair-soil. The result of this is to feed the hair by Nature's process, and not artificially. Just as long as there is one iota of hair-life in your scalp the Evans Vacuum Cap will make the hair grow, and you yourself can tell from a reasonable use, whether or not the Evans Vacuum Cap will restore your hair.

If the scalp responds to the rhythmical action of the vacuum and you feel a tingling sensation of renewed circulation, it is proof positive and scientific evidence that Nature is still able to do her work in the production of hair-growth.

Now, note that we guarantee the Evans Vacuum Cap and that our guarantee is backed by the bank.

The Evans Vacuum Cap is furnished on trial and under positive guarantee of the Jefferson Bank of St. Louis, and any bank or banker will testify as to the validity of this guarantee. We have no agents and no one is authorized to sell, offer for sale, or receive money for the Evans Vacuum Cap—all orders must come through the Jefferson Bank.

We will send you a book which explains the possibilities of the invention and gives full evidence of the results it has achieved. This book sent free on request; we prepay the postage in full.

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and other kindred diseases can find relief and generally a cure by the use of Hydrozone. This is a scientific remedy prescribed and endorsed by eminent physicians, with wonderful success for over 15 years. It is absolutely harmless, and cannot fail to do good. Read the liberal trial proposition made by Charles Marchand on another page in this magazine.



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by all Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

Walnuts and Wine

STRIKING AN AVERAGE

Mrs. Flat.—"Were the ginger wafers you got at the baker's crisp and snappy?"

Mr. Flat.—"No, but the girl who waited on me made up for it."

Will S. Gidley.

A LOYAL YOUNGSTER

Mr. Ogle, a "blue-blood" from Virginia, had recently moved to Washington, where he purchased a handsome house on a fashionable street; but, as is often the case in that city, small frame houses were in close proximity, and from these houses numerous little urchins issued and played on the pavement near his home.

Little Beverly Ogle, aged six, watched the children longingly. One day his father saw him playing with one of the dirtiest of these little boys. He called the child to him.

"Did I not forbid your playing with those children?" said he sternly to his son.

"Yes, father, you did; but Robbie is a *Virginian*; you said *bad* boys."

Mr. Ogle was silenced.

F. L. Ward.

A SECOND SAMUEL

Jane came home from Sunday-school very much awed by the story of Samuel. The following day, while the child was playing in the garden, her mother chanced to call her from an upper window. The first two calls received no answer, but at the third little Jane fell quickly to her knees, and in a high piping voice replied, "Speak, Lord; thy servant heareth."

Nell Collins Barden.

YOUTHFUL SOLICITUDE

Little Julia at three years of age had become a little question box. She had made up her little mind to know all about the round bright moon,—how it hung there on high, who put it there, who lighted it each night. The simplest way to answer her was the easiest, so she was told God hung it there each night and took it in each morning. One evening after lisping her prayers she looked out of the window and saw the moon shining brightly but about to be shut in by a heavy bank of rain clouds. In her fear that something would happen to her precious moon she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, look! It's going to rain and Dod fordot to take in the moon."

Edgar S. Nash.



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