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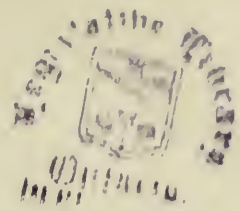
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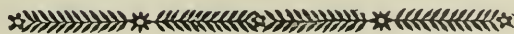
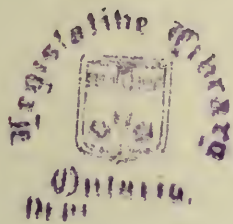
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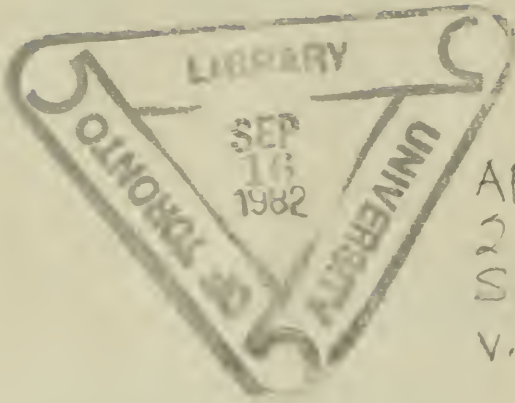
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



VOLUME XVI JULY - DECEMBER



• CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK •
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FRANÇOIS FLAMENG'S "THE FRENCH IN HOLLAND."

[Selections by Philip Gilbert Hamerton from Types of Contemporary Painting. See p. 63.]

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XVI

JULY 1894

No. 1

THE NORTH SHORE OF MASSACHUSETTS

By Robert Grant

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. SMEDLEY



O those who live in Boston and its vicinity the North Shore of Massachusetts, or The North Shore, as it is always called, has come to have an identity as a summer-resort quite as distinct

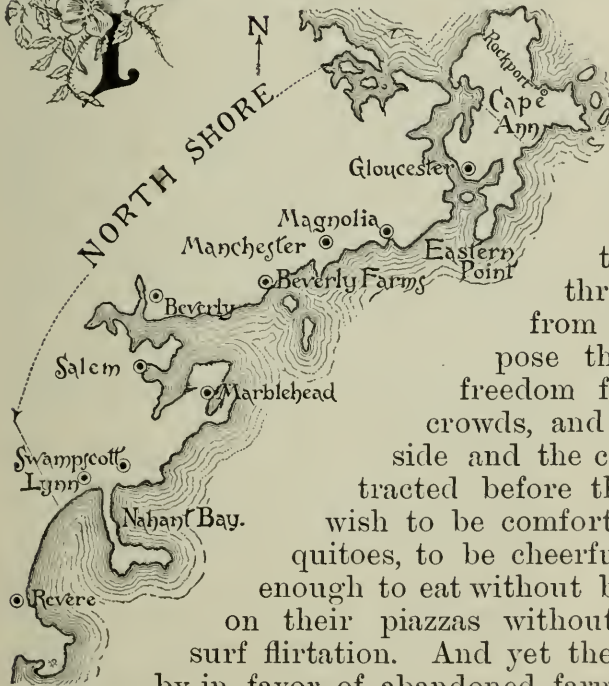
as that of Bar Harbor, Newport, or Lenox. Even New Yorkers, enlightened as to its advantages by those who go down to the sea in yachts, have learned to think of it respectfully as a very pretty place to which Bostonians who wish to

keep cool, and yet be able to see the gilded dome of the State-house through a telescope, hie themselves from June to October. One would suppose that its accessibility, its coolness, its

freedom from either democratic or plutocratic crowds, and the unique combination of the seaside and the country which it affords would have attracted before this the people from large cities who

wish to be comfortable without being devoured by mosquitoes, to be cheerful without having to be riotous, to get enough to eat without being obliged to fight for it, and to sit on their piazzas without exposure to kodaks, picnickers, or surf flirtation. And yet the comfort-seeking public still passes it

by in favor of abandoned farms, sylvan camps, islands on the coast of Maine, and the various other refuges from the life of the average summer watering-place. Perhaps the reason is to be found in the argument that it is too near Boston, which is a polite way of expressing reluctance to invade the sacred precincts of the most critical society in America for fear of not pleasing. If such be the case, this attitude of caution acts as a two-edged sword, for if there is any plea to be urged against the attractiveness of the North Shore it is that the society is so exclusively Bostonese. The families from a distance are almost to be numbered on the fingers of one hand, and you meet in your walks and drives and social intercourse the self-same people with whom you have dined and slummed, or whom you have seen at the Symphony Concerts all winter. If it is meet that man should not live alone, it is almost equally desirable that he should for a month or two in every year lose sight of all his family, except-





The Beverly Shore.

ing his very nearest and dearest, and his entire customary social acquaintance. But this is a privilege which only those who are not tied by business exigencies to the apron-strings of their native city are able to enjoy with any degree of regularity.

By the North Shore is meant the northern coast of Massachusetts Bay, from Nahant and Swampscott on the southwest to Gloucester and Cape Ann on the northeast. Cape Ann is the end of everything except the Atlantic Ocean, and civilization properly ceases before you come to Gloucester, the famous fishing-town of this portion of the world, which lies thirty-one miles from Boston in a tolerably direct line by rail. Along the borders of this rocky coast, which abounds in marvellous curves and indentations, including several fine harbors, stands a succession of villas, of various types of architecture, and for the most part at sufficient intervals from one another to insure privacy, for a distance of fifteen miles. Swampscott, Phillips Beach, Marblehead Neck, Beverly, Pride's Crossing, Beverly Farms, West Manchester, and Manchester, are among the names by which, for the sake of municipal or railway convenience, one strip of shore is distinguished from the next; but except for the purposes of taxation the aggregation of villas may be said to be part and parcel of no town, and to be a community unto themselves. In the same category should also be included Nahant, a watering-place far older than any of these, a

rocky promontory stretching out into the sea, nearly at right angles with the coast from Lynn, to which it is joined by a narrow line of sand beach, three miles long, traversed by a single road. The late Thomas Gold Appleton fastened upon Nahant the epithet of "Cold Roast Boston." It has for several generations been a favorite summer-resort for old Boston families, and its popularity has never waned among those who by descent or purchase have acquired an interest in its limited territory. For invigorating coolness of atmosphere, boldness and picturesqueness of rock effects, and the complete illusion of being at sea, which one experiences on many a piazza, Nahant has attractions at least equal to those of the rest of The North Shore. There is indeed a mild rivalry between its cottagers and those of the Beverly coast, whose favorite taunt, that Nahant possesses only one drive, can never be refuted, and only counterbalanced by the claim that those who sleep at Nahant can enjoy a delicious sail to the city by steamboat, instead of being obliged to undergo a heated, dusty, railway journey. The rapid and luxurious evolution of summer life along the North Shore has had a marked effect upon the appearance of Nahant, and to some extent upon the manner of life there. Twenty-five years ago Nahant was the aristocratic watering-place of Boston; but there were few if any trim lawns to be found upon its territory, and there were no trees except an occasional clump of

weather-beaten balm of Gileads. White weed, dandelions, and buttercups, the red honeysuckle, and common prickly roses ran delightful riot in front of every piazza, and the not infrequent cry of "Cows on the place," was a pleasant slogan to the rising generation. To-day all these primitive beauties have disappeared beneath the harrow of the landscape gardener, and given place to cultivated verdure, æsthetic-looking bushes, and a very respectable number of trees, so that it is no longer possible for the Beverlyites to declare, as formerly, that there is not a reputable piece of foliage on the peninsula. Moreover, a very successful club or casino, organized within the last five years, acts as a central magnet to draw the cottagers from their piazzas and to promote social circulation. And still along the water's edge, especially on the eastern side, stands a splendid array of cliffs which no one has ever attempted to improve, and which are more impressive in their ruggedness and bold beauty than any on the North Shore. There are, indeed, none on the coast, excepting perhaps at Bar Harbor, which surpass them in grandeur. Here is the well-known Pulpit Rock, so named from its shape, to the top of which, in the days of the old hotel—burned more than thirty years ago, and never rebuilt—an adventurous damsel climbed, only to discover that she had to be lowered by ropes. Tradition tells us that Nahant was originally traded by an Indian for a suit of clothes; and it is probable that the simple savage felt that he got quite as good a bargain as William Blackstone did when he parted with Boston. Where in the world is there such a delightful dormitory as Nahant, distant by either sea or land only an hour from the city, where the tired business man may refresh his brow and lungs and eyes, and his children may breathe ozone day in day out, and learn to swim like ducks in the coldest of cold waters?

The North Shore proper, which begins at Swampscott and extends beyond West Manchester, represents, unlike Nahant, the growth of the last twenty years. It is a fringe of aristocracy skirting the coast of the noble

County of Essex, whose towns of Salem, Beverly, Marblehead, and Gloucester have, in the past, been such intelligent and honest factors in the welfare of the State and nation. But the once well-known Ocean Street, Lynn, should not be passed over in any itinerary of this shore. This short, straight avenue, on the ocean confines of the shoe town of Lynn, was, twenty-five years ago, divided into perhaps a dozen and a half beautiful estates, of from one to three acres in extent, ranged side by side in precise stateliness. The villas were elaborate for that time, and the places were tended far more carefully than those of Nahant, and made in most instances to display beautiful lawns and fine trees and flowers. They fronted on the avenue, and backed directly on the full expanse of the portion of Massachu-



Looking Toward Swampscott from the Cliffs at Nahant



Cape Ann.

"The end of everything except the Atlantic Ocean."

setts Bay which lies under the lee of Nahant, and they were owned by Boston people of wealth and social prominence. Under the combined influence of the tide of fashion, which was moving farther along the coast, and the increased demand for summer residences, which suggested to real-estate speculators the possibilities of subdivision, these fine estates began to drop into the market about twenty years ago, and have since been cut up into smaller building lots and traversed by connecting streets. The old villas have been pulled down, and in one or two cases have been superseded by much more elaborate structures, the homes chiefly of the wealthy manufacturers of Lynn. But the greater portion of the new cottages are of the every-day Queen Anne pattern, and, though they command the same beautiful ocean outlook as formerly, they are too much commanded by the windows of their next-door neighbors. In short, Ocean Street has become more like its next-door neighbor, Swampscott, a community of small estates on the edge of the sea, grouped closely together with an eye only to keeping cool and to looking seaward in summer. Ocean Street, however, as has been stated, has been appropriated chiefly by the rich shoemakers of Lynn, who live there the year round, whereas Swampscott's single shore road, which runs out of Ocean Street, has for years and years been the camping-ground of

people from Boston and its vicinity who have been content to allow its fishing-village aspect to remain unaltered except in a very few instances. Here are two large hotels, and a host of boarding-houses, and a sand beach, and a railroad station within easy driving distance to accommodate the business men who wish to live at the sea-side with as little trouble and expense as possible, and at the same time to be close to town. This simplicity of architectural and social effects is true, particularly of the village proper. Beyond it the shore, which stretches to Marblehead, has become occupied by more elaborate cottages, some conspicuously ugly and others of very tasteful design. Many fine water-views are obtained from these, notably from the beautiful Galloupe's Point, which is shut out from the dust of the high road and other suggestions of urban proximity. In brief, it may be stated that the last twenty years have seen the erection, along the hitherto unoccupied shore from Swampscott to Marblehead, of colonies of cottages inviting the proprietorship of the increasing class of well-to-do people who desire to live comfortably in summer, interspersed with an occasional hotel of ample dimensions, the prices of which terrify the democratic beachcomber whose ambition is bounded by a fishing-pole, clams, and pink lemonade.

In an indenture of the coast formed



DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

On the Piazza of the Eastern Yacht Club at Marblehead

by the harbors of Marblehead and Salem, and on a smaller harbor of its own, is situated the ancient village, but modern shoe town, of Beverly, from which the picturesque strip of shore which stretches thence to Cape Ann takes its name. For almost a generation there has been a nucleus of beautiful estates on the shore, beyond the street limits of the town, where the same class of people who went summer after summer to Nahant lived in peaceful enjoyment of broad acres of woods, marsh, and beach, undisturbed by thrifty cogitations as to their market price. The houses, like the original houses at Nahant, were square, comfortable-looking, dull-colored edifices, surrounded by broad piazzas, protected by sloping roofs unenlivened by the modern shingle stain, and the landscape wore a rougher appearance than at present. To the northeast, as far as the eye could see, lay a marvellous coast,

with here a curving beach and there a wooded point, and here again a superb reach of cliffs, each and all provided with a background of undulating fields and rich dark foliage. All this edge of ocean, with its wealth of country behind, was practically unoccupied, and large tracts of it could be purchased at what now seem pitiful figures from the fishermen farmers who held it in fee. To the south-southwest, across the water, the Beverly cottagers looked at the queer old town of Marblehead without a suspicion that there was a handsome fortune staring them in the face in the shape of the spit of land which forms the outer bulwark of the harbor, where to-day the white-winged yachts almost outnumber the white-winged gulls. Twenty years ago and less, Marblehead Neck, as it is called, was in the general estimation a bleak headland which no one cared to build upon. Now it fairly bristles with small habitations, which have sprung up in such close proximity to one another, and on such primitive lines, architecturally speaking, as almost to suggest a camp-meeting settlement. A little apart from these stands the club-house of the Eastern Yacht Club, the meeting-place on shore of the yachting brotherhood, whither, at the time of the sojourn of the New York or Eastern squadrons, comes all the fashionable Shore to dine and dance and visit the racing machines and the graceful floating boudoirs which fairly crowd the tranquil waters of the snug harbor below. Outside this same harbor, where the pleasure yachts of two friendly countries contend for silver cups in eager emulation, the Chesapeake and the Shannon fired broadsides at each other in the same summer weather not far from a hundred years ago.

It is at and beyond Beverly, however, that the true



Looking Toward Boston from Nahant



The Cliffs at Nahant.

grandeur of the North Shore begins. Marblehead Neck is bold and reaches out to sea, and the old town of Marblehead, which lies directly across the narrow harbor, provides, by its quaint streets and its legend of Skipper Ireson with the hard heart, abundant material for the edification of those who take an afternoon drive in that direction. But the true glory of the North Shore, that uniquely picturesque and ever-varying combination of sea-side and country which distinguishes it from the rest of this shore and from other shores, begins at Beverly. It sounds like a paradox to state that you may there look out from rugged cliffs over a summer sea and inhale its salt fragrance, and yet by a turn of your heel find yourself face to face with a landscape of rustic meadows and stately woods. Yet such is exactly the case. The dweller in this paradise scents on his piazza the mingled aroma of brine and pine, of storm-tossed seaweed and new-mown hay; and, moreover, in this instance man has joined hands with nature to preserve the beau-

ties of the scene, in that he has refused to subdivide his lands. A succession of magnificent estates follows the shore, but almost invariably the houses stand in the midst of several acres, and are frequently sheltered by woods or surrounded by a more or less cultivated park. This gives an elegance to the landscape which serves to heighten the effect of the splendid scenery, and these conditions have been maintained in the rapid development of the shore which has taken place during the last ten or fifteen years.

The sudden increased demand for sea-side residences, and the rapid and extraordinary trebling and quadrupling of values consequent thereon, which has been a part of the recent history of the entire New England coast, has been more remarkable in the case of the Beverly shore than in that of any other resort except Bar Harbor. Large tracts of wooded lands along the sea's edge, and strikingly beautiful points which had been suffered to remain unoccupied for generations save by local



At Manchester-by-the-Sea.

farmers, have changed ownership at fancy prices and been made the sites for villas of the most improved modern architecture. From Beverly you come to Pride's Crossing and Beverly Farms, beyond which lies West Manchester, Manchester and the Masconomo House—the one hotel of that immediate shore—and Magnolia; and everywhere the same class of habitation is to be seen, more elaborate and luxurious, perhaps, the farther you proceed. The eager purchaser has occupied every available piece of shore, and in many cases has bought it from poetic but far-sighted individuals who anticipated the demand. It sometimes happens in this wicked world, though perhaps too infrequently, that the practised acumen of the real-estate speculator is put to the blush by the more discerning wisdom of the seer.

Unlike Newport, Lenox, and Bar Harbor, the North Shore is first of all a dormitory. The busy men of affairs, who spend the summer at Beverly Farms or Manchester, go to Boston every day and return home in the early afternoon, content to sit on their piazzas enjoying the breezes from the ocean, or to drive or ride. Until within the last few years the evening meal was a high tea, at which the rising generation could entertain their contemporaries without compelling *paterfamilias* to do more than brush his hair, or depriving him of his evening paper. Many people on the Beverly shore now have late dinner; consequently there is more formality and circumstance, and he who would fain lie in a hammock and listen to the trembling of the sea may have to choose between green

mint, curaçoa, and benedictine, and try to forget that he is to take the early train in the morning. But, after all, the entertaining of this kind is not extensive. *Paterfamilias* is a long-suffering biped, but his good nature is apt to give way after missing once or twice the A.M. train, which he had hoped would be later than he; and even the

most energetic spirits in the family—naturally the unmarried daughters who need do nothing all day but breathe ozone—prefer to spend the evenings in their hammocks. A ball or evening reception such as we know at Lenox or Bar Harbor, or even the hotel hop, which is common enough at the hotels along the Swampscott-Marble-



A Yacht Race at Marblehead.



Pavilion at 'The Masconomo.'

head coast and at the Masconomo, is unheard of on the Beverly shore. Occasionally small parties drive through the woods to Chebacco Lake to sup on broiled chickens, thin fried potatoes and champagne, to dance a gay waltz or polka or two, and drive home by moonlight; but apart from occasional dinner-parties, this is the limit of the social gayety. A few of the younger matrons complain, as a consequence, that the Shore is dull and needs awakening; but the sentiment of the busy men, that rest after a warm summer's day in town is the best form of recreation, appeals to most wives and daughters, who indeed on their own account are delighted to make the most of the out-of-door life, to look after their lawns and shrubbery, to drive and walk, to go yachting if there is a yacht in the family, and in general to break away from the social diversions of life in town. There is some calling, and women invite other women from Nahant and elsewhere to stay with them

in order to give them women luncheons—sometimes rather elaborate luncheons—where the conversation may be about art and literature, or may be about yachts and hunting, according to the aspirations of the hostess. Three afternoons a week, during July, August, and September, there is the opportunity, of which many avail themselves, to see the members of the Myopia Hunt Club play polo on the club grounds at Wenham, four or five miles inland to the north from Beverly. This is a favorite meeting-ground. To reach it you enjoy a delightful drive, and while there you are afforded a panorama of the toilettes and equipages of the Shore while watching the an-

tics of the players. During the summer of 1893 the Essex County Club, a casino situated a little inland from Manchester, has been completed. This will doubtless prove a convenient uniting point for those who crave greater social activity, though, owing to the fact that its patrons are scattered along ten miles of shore, it is likely to be occasionally empty. A cynic might be disposed to suggest that the success of the Club at Nahant was the controlling reason why it was built.

The New England gentleman of fifty years ago, if he could see the way we live now, would open his eyes at the importance which the horse and his accoutrements have acquired in the eye of the present generation, and undoubtedly would come to the conclusion, on the whole, that our ancestors were bigoted in their association of a semblance of sin with a free use of the quadruped in question. Certainly the gay vehicles, bright harnesses, and sleek, stylish animals which are to be



DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

Magnolia, from Norman's Woe Point.



Entrance to the Grounds of the Essex County Club.

encountered nowadays along the country roads of the strict old county of Essex, are a vast improvement, from an æsthetic point of view, over the sombre chaises and inelegant nags by means of which our forefathers endangered their chances of salvation. The charms of out-door life on the North Shore have fostered a taste for riding and driving which has proved, alike in a hygienic and a liberalizing sense, of great benefit to both the sexes. Riding, at which most young ladies and many men in the North used to shy, has become, in several sections of the country, and conspicuously on the Beverly shore, a favorite form of exercise and recreation. Under the conduct of the Myopia Hunt Club, fox-hunts after the English pattern engage the enthusiastic attention of a considerable number of young and middle-aged people during the early autumn months. The beautiful inland country about Wenham, Hamilton, and Topsfield has become a race-course for

this hunting element, many of whom do not hesitate to risk life and limb in their almost hysterical enjoyment of the transplanted ancient sport. The Hunt Club has a modest club-house at Hamilton, where a pack of hounds are kept, and in the course of the last five years a colony of horse-loving spirits has absorbed and settled upon the most attractive of the surrounding farms, some of which possess an old-fashioned picturesque quality which suggests brass andirons and gilly-flowers. These hunting men and women have succeeded in maintaining friendly relations with the Essex County yeomanry, over whose corn-fields they dash in pursuit of a real or imaginary reynard, and who were inclined at first to resent this new invasion of red-coats as undemocratic impertinence and a legal trespass. But well-mannered tact, especially if it go

hand-and-glove with liberal indemnity, will mollify the wounded pride even of a New England farmer. By degrees the hard-headed countrymen, who sniffed at fox-hunting as mere Anglomania, have become genuinely, though grimly, enthralled by the pomp and excitement of the show, and take almost as much interest in following the fortunes of the riders as though they themselves were booted and spurred and swathed in pink. To cement mutual good feeling a ball is given every autumn, at which the wives and daughters of the country-side dance with the master of the hounds and his splendid company, who valiantly, if vainly, endeavor to cut pigeon-wings in emulation of the country swains.

If the temper of the Beverly-Manchester shore is equine, no less is it nautical. The telescopes on every piazza command the entrance to Marblehead Harbor, and the womenkind unable to distinguish a cutter from a

stone sloop or fishing schooner are in the minority. On fine sailing days a bevy of yachts, of every cut and length, is to be seen on the broad sweep of the horizon, and often so close to land that you would seem to be able to toss the traditional biscuit aboard until you made the attempt. And yet the number of vessels owned by the actual owners of the Shore is not so large as might be expected. Not everybody by any means keeps a yacht, and only an intermittent chain of moorings follows the coast. Now and again some cottager of means buys a steam-yacht for a season or two, in which he runs to town when he is not pressed for time, and invites his friends to make the return trip with him at the close of the business day. Others keep a comfortable full-fledged schooner, with a trusty sailing-master, at their doors as a family convenience, to be enjoyed whenever the spirit moves and the elements invite conjointly—which sometimes is not for days at a time, such are the caprices of women and children, the contrariety of weather, and the business obligations of man. There is, too, a moderate number of small craft—catboats and sloops—in which yachtsmen of sixteen and some of maturer years, who deem the pleasure of handling the tiller superior to that of following the dictates of a sailing-master, tempt the deep. But whether it is that the coast is an exposed one, so that yachts cannot lie there safely in a southeaster, or that the responsibilities of maintaining a white-winged racer seem to the average business man analogous to those of maintaining a white elephant, there is rather a dearth of yachts actually owned along the Beverly shore, in spite of the fact that in the racing season the coast is fairly gay with them. There are few more beautiful spectacles than the series of races annually conducted under the auspices of the Eastern Yacht Club, when the grand flotilla of visiting New York yachts, in all their high-priced majesty and gracefulness, join the united craft of the New England coast, and spread their wings under a deep blue sky before a rattling breeze. Only second to this display is the captivat-

ing spectacle of Marblehead Harbor viewed from the piazza of the Eastern Yacht Club, when the yachts, great and little, lie packed together at night, their wings folded and their sides and rigging aglow with electric lights and lanterns which make them seem like huge fireflies afloat on the dark waters of the basin. Hither to Marblehead Neck come crowds from Boston and the surrounding towns to see the Mayflower, the Volunteer, and the huge steam-yachts in which some of the conspicuously rich men of Gotham take their summer outings.

A casual observer might suppose that the only live issues on the North Shore were horses and yachts. The wave of the discovery that there are many ways of amusing one's self profitably and harmlessly in our vale of tears, the very idea of which was an abomination to those who laid the foundations of the Republic, has not spared this delightful region in its sweep across the country. But surface indications are apt to be deceitful, and it may truthfully be said that, even in the way of surface indications, the life along the North Shore has but few of the purely volatile features which distinguish many of the doings at Newport, for instance. And just as at New-



The Hounds—Myopia Hunt Club.



Avenue of Pines, near Manchester-by-the-Sea.

port and Bar Harbor there are hundreds of delightful people who live apart from the fashionable rout, because it bores them to jump and change feet all the year round, so this class along the North Shore is even larger, partly because of the more conservative spirit of the population, and partly for the reason already referred to, that the cottagers are chiefly active business or professional men who go to Boston every day. The North Shore is essentially a Paradise for men of comfortable means, who do not wish to be separated from their wives and children in summer, and who wish at the same time to give their families a thorough change of scene and atmosphere. Neither his interest in horses nor yachts, nor the desire to be socially rampant, induces the well-to-do Bostonian to settle along the North Shore. He thinks rather of the comparative ease with which he can exchange the parboiled pavements and the scent of tepid watermelon for the delicious

breeze from the sea which greets him on his own piazza, where he can sit through the afternoon on a long cushioned chair and watch the yachts sail by, waxing proud in his belief that he is able to distinguish one from another. He thinks of the delightful and numerous drives in every direction, and of the safe beaches and shaded groves in the enjoyment of which the hue of health will be deepened in the faces of his children and of his wife and grown-up daughters, provided they do not wear veils. He thinks, in short, that he will be delightfully comfortable; that his household can be kept amiable by out-of-door amusements, while he enjoys the rest which middle-aged human nature ought to enjoy in the sweltering season, and that if he chances to feel frisky, he can drive over to dine at the Marblehead Club-House, or feast his eyes on the pink-coated pageantry of an aniseseed hunt. And, not to leave the finer sensibilities out in the cold—you may be sure he



DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

The Pleasure of Handling the Tiller.



Residences on the Point at Manchester-by-the-Sea.

bears them quietly in mind, this Bostonian cottager—there are unsurpassed and rarely paralleled effects of sky and water, and winds and woods, and sunset and moon-glory, continuously appealing to his love of nature with endless variety. The ocean on the north shore of Massachusetts Bay possesses a wider range of expression than on the other side, where it begins to woo the sands of Cape Cod and to yield to the milder moods of the Gulf Stream. It is a veritable lion here, and the rugged, rock-bound coast seems to be a necessary bulwark to stay the fury of the elements. The very temperature of the water, and the fresh, bracing vigor of the winds, suggest a strength and majesty which is sometimes trying to human constitutions which lack vitality. But though a lion when roused, this northern sea has a nobleness of disposition which makes you forget its cruelty on the very morrow after it has strewn the beach with salvage, and dashed in gorgeous spray well-nigh up to your chamber window. Then there

is a depth of blue in the sky and water, and a life-giving, life-stirring warmth in the sun which fills the soul with gladness; and when at nightfall the breeze dies away, and the pink and saffron clouds paint themselves upon the peaceful deep and the silent landscape, what a joy it is to sit and watch the twilight fade into night, the stars appear, and the light-house beacons come out like other stars along the horizon. How still, refreshing, and soothing is the night! You only just catch the refrain of the automatic buoy-whistle guarding the Graves, appropriately known as the Melancholy Bull, telling, from across the Bay, that the storm has been; and once and again a cool, salty puff announces the advent of the night-breeze. Now rides the moon, and far away across her glittering wake glides some coaster like a phantom ship. Can this be the ocean which yesterday seemed so cold and cruel and revengeful, as you listened to the roar of the wind upon the roof? Even the "Reef of Norman's Woe," that poetic sorrow of



The Reef of Norman's Woe.

the coast, the Mecca of the tourist who visits Gloucester, has lost its treacherous leer, and suggests for a moment to the ever-hopeful soul that nature has become the slave of man. Such days, such nights are the frequent recurring boon of the dweller by the North Shore.

Those who regard the continued individual ownership of large tracts of land, or even of an acreage sufficient to keep one's neighbor at a respectful distance, as inconsistent with true democratic development, will be likely to look askance at the beautiful estates along the North Shore. It may be that in a few generations we shall all live cheek by jowl with one another in houses built and painted after a stereotyped model, with exactly the same number of square feet of land in our front-yards, and under limitations as to the number of flowers we may grow in our pitiful little gardens, for fear of seeming to outstrip the luxury of those

who are too indolent to grow any. Such a period may become necessary in the process of giving all men an opportunity to enjoy equally the fruits of the earth and the fulness thereof. But whatever the dim future may bring to pass in this regard by dint of positive law or ethical argument, there is no doubt that, at present, the beautiful sea-side estates which have been cut out of the coast-line from farthest Maine to the limits of the shore of Buzzard's Bay, during the last twenty years, are among the most precious of human possessions, and that the class of people seeking for them is increasing in direct ratio to the growth of refined civilization over the country. More and more do we realize that a residence at a summer watering-place hotel is apt to leave soul, mind, and body jaded, and that to bang about in the hot weather at fashionable beaches and promiscuous springs may amuse for a fortnight, but suggests by the close

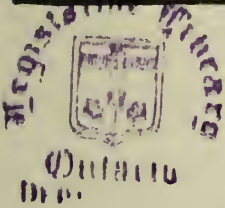
of a season the atmosphere of the *corps de ballet* or a circus. We are learning as a nation to rest in summer, instead of to gad, and those who have been the fortunate pioneers in the movement are indeed to be envied, for though the sands of the sea are said to be unnumbered, the coast of New England has its limitations. *Beati possidentes!*



BY THE SEA

By Anne Mayo Maclean

THE hoary sea, that through a thousand years,
 To all the burdens of the hurrying streams
 Doth bare her heart, oft-times in troubled dreams
 Murmurs her secrets to unheeding ears.
 Such weight of knowledge beyond price her breast
 Doth hide, of sins undreamed and voiceless woe—
 A child's glad laugh beside the river's flow,
 And all the love at countless brooks confessed.
 Who waits alone beside her, as oppressed
 She stirs from some deep calm, and to and fro
 Ceaselessly tosses in her long unrest—
 Who waits with heart intent perchance shall be
 Listener to things no mortal heart hath guessed,
 And steal her secret from the whispering sea.



THE GETTYSBURG WEEK

By Philip Schaff, D.D.

[THE following reminiscences are taken from a special journal kept by Dr. Schaff during several weeks in July, 1863, and are given in the exact form in which he wrote them. Dr. Schaff was at that time a professor in the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, a town of twelve hundred inhabitants, in Southern Pennsylvania and within a few miles of the Maryland line. It witnessed several Confederate raids and Lee's invasion. The battlefields of Antietam and Gettysburg are forty miles away. Within three miles is Stony Battery, a wild gorge in the mountains, where President James Buchanan was born. Dr. Schaff was prominently identified with the Union cause, and narrowly escaped being taken prisoner by the Confederates for the public speeches he had made in its support.—D. S. S.]

Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, June 26, 1863.—This is the third time within less than a year that the horrible civil war, now raging through this great and beautiful country, has been brought to our very doors and firesides. First, during the Rebel invasion of Maryland, in September, 1862, when forty thousand Rebel troops occupied Hagerstown [Maryland, eighteen miles away], and sent their pickets to within five miles of this place, and kept us in hourly fear of their advance into Pennsylvania, until they were defeated at Antietam. In October followed the bold and sudden Rebel raid of Stuart's cavalry to Mercersburg and Chambersburg, in the rear of our im-

mense army then lying along the upper Potomac. At that time they took about eight prominent citizens of this place prisoners to Richmond (released since, except Mr. P. A. Rice, editor of the *Mercersburg Journal*, who died in Richmond), and deprived the country of hundreds of horses. Now we have the most serious danger, an actual invasion of this whole southern region of Pennsylvania by a large portion of the Rebel army of Lee, formerly under command of the formidable Stonewall Jackson, now under that of General Ewell. The darkest hour of the American Republic and of the cause of the Union seems to be approaching. As the military authorities of the State and the United States have concluded to fortify Harrisburg and Pittsburg, and to leave Southern Pennsylvania to the tender mercies of the advancing enemy, we are now fairly, though reluctantly, in the Southern Confederacy, cut off from all newspapers and letters and other reliable information, and so isolated that there is no way of safe escape, even if horses and carriages could be had for the purpose. I will endeavor on this gloomy and rainy day to fix upon paper the principal events and impressions of the last few days.

Sunday, June 14th.—While attending the funeral of old Mrs. McClelland, near Upton, whose husband died a few weeks ago, in his eighty-seventh year—having been born in the year 1776, in the same month with the birth of the American Union—rumors reached us of the ad-

vance of the Rebels upon our force at Winchester, Va., and of the probable defeat of General Milroy.

Monday, the 15th.—On my way to my morning lecture to complete the chapter on the conversion of the Germanic races to Christianity, I heard that the advance of the Rebels had reached Hagerstown and taken possession of that town. Rumors accumulated during the day, and fugitive soldiers from Milroy's command at Winchester and at Martinsburg, most of them drunk, made it certain that our force in the valley of Virginia was sadly defeated, and that the Rebels were approaching the Potomac in strong force. On the same evening, their cavalry reached Greencastle and Chambersburg [nine and eighteen miles distant], endeavoring to capture Milroy's large baggage-train, which fled before them in the greatest confusion, but reached Harrisburg in safety.

Tuesday, the 16th.—We felt it necessary to suspend the exercises of the Seminary, partly because it was impossible to study under the growing excitement of a community stricken with the panic of invasion, partly because we have no right to retain the students when their State calls them to its defence. We invited them all to enlist at the next recruiting station. For what are seminaries, colleges, and churches if we have no country and home? We closed solemnly at noon with singing and the use of the Litany.

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, June 16th–18th.—Passed under continued and growing excitement of conflicting rumors. Removal of goods by the merchants, of the horses by the farmers; hiding and burying of valuables, packing of books; flight of the poor contraband negroes to the mountains from fear of being captured by the Rebels and dragged to the South. Arrests of suspicious persons by some individual unknown to us, yet claiming authority as a sort of marshal. One of these persons, from Loudon County, Va., was shut up for a while in the smoke-house of the Seminary, under my protest. I concluded to stay with my family at the post of danger, trusting in God till these calamities be passed. There is

now no way of escape, and no horses and carriages are within reach. All communication cut off.

These "rumors of war" are worse than "war" itself. I now understand better than ever before the difference of these two words as made by the Lord, Matt. xxiv. 6. The *sight* of the Rebels was an actual relief from painful anxiety.

Friday, the 19th.—Actual arrival of the Rebel cavalry, a part of General Jenkins's guerilla force, which occupied Chambersburg as the advance of the Rebel army. They were under command of Colonel Ferguson, about two hundred strong. They had passed through town the night previous on their way to McConnellsburg [nine miles away], and returned to-day after dinner with a drove of about two hundred head of cattle captured at McConnellsburg, and valued at \$11,000, and about one hundred and twenty stolen horses of the best kind, and two or three negro boys. They rode into town with pointed pistols and drawn sabres, their captain (Crawford) loudly repeating: "We hear there is to be some resistance made. We do not wish to disturb private citizens; but, if you wish a fight, you can have it to your heart's content. Come out and try." Long conversation with Col. Ferguson. He said in substance: "I care nothing about the right of secession, but I believe in the right of revolution. You invaded our rights, and we would not be worthy the name of men if we had not the courage to defend them. A cowardly race is only fit for contempt. You call us Rebels; why do you not treat us as such? Because you dare not and cannot. You live under a despotism; in the South the *Habeas Corpus* is as sacredly guarded as ever. You had the army, the navy, superiority of numbers, means, and a government in full operation; we had to create all that with great difficulty; yet you have not been able to subdue us, and can never do it. You will have to continue the war until you either must acknowledge our Confederacy, or until nobody is left to fight. For we will never yield. Good-by, I hope when we meet again we will meet in peace."

The colonel spoke with great decision, yet courteously. The Rebels remained on their horses, and then rode on with their booty towards Hagerstown. The whole town turned out on the street to see them. I felt deeply humbled and ashamed in the name of the government. The Rebels were very poorly and miscellaneously dressed, and equipped with pistols, rifles, and sabres, hard-looking and full of fight, some noble, but also some stupid and semi-savage faces. Some fell asleep on their horses. The officers are quite intelligent and courteous, but full of hatred for the Yankees.

Saturday, the 20th.—Appearance of about eighty of Milroy's cavalry, who had made their escape from Winchester in charge of the baggage-train, and returned from Harrisburg under Captain Boyd, of Philadelphia. They were received with great rejoicing by the community, took breakfast, fed their horses, and then divided into two parties in pursuit of some Rebels, but all in vain. They then went to Shippensburg, I believe, and left us without protection.

Sunday, the 21st.—Received mail for the first time during a week, in consequence of the temporary withdrawal of the Rebel advance from Chambersburg. But on Monday all changed again for the worse.

Monday and Tuesday, 22d, 23d.—Squads of Rebel cavalry stealing horses and cattle from the defenceless community. No star of hope from our army or the State government. Harrisburg in confusion. The authorities concluded to fortify Harrisburg and Pittsburg, and to leave all Southern Pennsylvania exposed to plunder and devastation, instead of defending the line and disputing every inch of ground. No forces of any account this side of Harrisburg, and the Rebels pouring into the State with infantry and artillery. The government seems paralyzed for the moment. We fairly, though reluctantly, belong to the Southern Confederacy, and are completely isolated. The majority of the students have gradually disappeared, mostly on foot. Mr. Reily left on Saturday. Dr. Wolf [Prof. in the Theological Seminary] remains, but his wife is in Lancaster.

Wednesday, the 24th.—An eventful day, never to be forgotten. As we sat down to dinner the children ran in with the report, "The Rebels are coming, the Rebels are coming!" The advance pickets had already occupied the lane and dismounted before the gate of the Seminary. In a few minutes the drum and fife announced the arrival of a whole brigade of seven regiments of infantry, most of them incomplete—one only two hundred strong—with a large force of cavalry and six pieces of artillery, nearly all with the mark "U. S.," and wagons captured from Milroy and in other engagements. Their muskets, too, were in part captured from us at the surrender of Harper's Ferry in October last, and had the mark of "Springfield." The brigade was commanded by Gen. Stewart, of Baltimore, a graduate of West Point (not to be confounded with the famous cavalry Stuart, who made the raid to Mercersburg and Chambersburg last Oct.). The major of the brigade, Mr. Goldsborough, from Baltimore, acts as marshal and rode up to the Seminary. He is distantly related to my wife. I had some conversation with him, as with many other officers and privates. This brigade belongs to the late Stonewall Jackson's, now to Ewell's, command, and has been in fifteen battles, as they say. They are evidently among the best troops of the South, and flushed with victory. They made a most motley appearance, roughly dressed, yet better than during their Maryland campaign last fall; all provided with shoes, and to a great extent with fresh and splendid horses, and with U. S. equipments. Uncle Sam has to supply both armies. They seem to be accustomed to every hardship and in excellent fighting condition. The whole force was estimated at from three thousand to five thousand men. General Stewart and staff called a few of the remaining leading citizens together and had a proclamation of Lee read, dated June 21st, to the effect that the advancing army should take supplies and pay in Confederate money, or give a receipt, but not violate private property. They demanded that all the stores be opened. Some of

them were almost stripped of the remaining goods, for which payment was made in Confederate money. They emptied Mr. Fitzgerald's cellar of sugar, molasses, hams, etc., and enjoyed the candies, nuts, cigars, etc., at Mr. Shannon's. Towards evening they proceeded towards McConnellsburg, but left a strong guard in town. They hurt no person, and upon the whole we had to feel thankful that they behaved no worse.

Thursday, the 25th—Saturday, the 27th.—The town was occupied by an independent guerilla band of cavalry, who steal horses, cattle, sheep, store-goods, negroes, and whatever else they can make use of, without ceremony, and in evident violation of Lee's proclamation read yesterday. They are about fifty or eighty in number, and are encamped on a farm about a mile from town. They are mostly Marylanders and Virginians, and look brave, defiant, and bold. On Thursday evening their captain, with a red and bloated face, threatened at the Mansion House [the chief hotel] to lay the town in ashes as soon as the first gun should be fired on one of his men. He had heard that there were firearms in town, and that resistance was threatened. He gave us fair warning that the least attempt to disturb them would be our ruin. We assured him that we knew nothing of such intention, that it was unjust to hold a peaceful community responsible for the unguarded remarks of a few individuals, that we were non-combatants and left the fighting to our army and the militia, which was called out, and would in due time meet them in open combat. They burned the barn of a farmer in the country who was reported to have fired a gun, and robbed his house of all valuables. On Friday this guerilla band came to town on a regular slave-hunt, which presented the worst spectacle I ever saw in this war. They proclaimed, first, that they would burn down every house which harbored a fugitive slave, and did not deliver him up within twenty minutes. And then commenced the search upon all the houses on which suspicion rested. It was a rainy afternoon. They succeeded in capturing several contrabands, among

them a woman with two little children. A most pitiful sight, sufficient to settle the slavery question for every humane mind.

Saturday, the 27th.—Early in the morning the guerilla band returned from their camping-ground, and, drove their booty, horses, cattle, about five hundred sheep, and two wagons full of store goods, with twenty-one negroes, through town and towards Greencastle or Hagerstown. It was a sight as sad and mournful as the slave-hunt of yesterday. They claimed all these negroes as Virginia slaves, but I was positively assured that two or three were born and raised in this neighborhood. One, Sam Brooks, split many a cord of wood for me. There were among them women and young children, sitting with sad countenances on the stolen store-boxes. I asked one of the riders guarding the wagons: "Do you not feel bad and mean in such an occupation?" He boldly replied that "he felt very comfortable. They were only reclaiming their property which we had stolen and harbored." Mrs. McFarland, a Presbyterian woman, who had about three hundred sheep taken by the guerillas, said boldly to one: "So the Southern chivalry have come down to sheep-stealing. I want you to know that we regard sheep thieves the meanest of fellows. I am too proud to ask any of them back, but if I were a man I would shoot you with a pistol." The Rebel offered her his pistol, upon which she asked him to give it to her boy, standing close by her. Among the goods stolen was the hardware of Mr. Shirts, which they found concealed in a barn about a mile from town. They allowed him to take his papers out of one box, and offered to return the goods for \$1,200 good federal money, remarking that they were worth to them \$5,000, as hardware was very scarce in Virginia. He let them have all, and took his loss very philosophically. Mr. McKinstry estimates his loss in silks and shawls and other dry goods, which the guerillas discovered in a hiding-place in the country, at \$3,000. The worst feature is that there are men in this community who will betray their own neighbors! In the Gap [half a mile

from Prest. Buchanan's birthplace] they took from Mrs. Unger a large number of whiskey-barrels, and impressed teams to haul them off. They say they will bring \$40 per gallon in the South. I pity Mrs. Unger, but am glad the whiskey is gone; would be glad if some one had taken an axe and knocked the barrels to pieces. From a man by the name of Patterson, in the Cove, they took, it is said, \$5,000 worth of goods, and broke all his chinaware. From Mr. Johnson they took all the meat from the smoke-house. Other persons suffered more or less heavily. I expect these guerillas will not rest until they have stripped the country and taken all the contraband negroes who are still in the neighborhood, fleeing about like deer. My family is kept in constant danger, on account of poor old Eliza, our servant, and her little boy, who hide in the grain-fields during the day, and return under cover of the night to get something to eat. Her daughter Jane, with her two children, were captured and taken back to Virginia. Her pretended master, Dr. Hammel, from Martinsburg, was after her, but the guerillas would not let him have her, claiming the booty for themselves. I saw him walk after her with the party.

These guerillas are far worse than the regular army, who behaved in an orderly and decent way, considering their mission. One of the guerillas said to me, "We are independent, and come and go where and when we please." It is to the credit of our government that it does not tolerate such outlaws.

Already the scarcity of food is beginning to be felt. No fresh meat to be had; scarcely any flour or groceries; no wood. The harvest is ripe for cutting, but no one to cut it. And who is to eat it? The loss to the farmers in hay and grain which will rot on the fields is incalculable. This evening (Saturday the 27th) I hear from a drover that the Rebel army has been passing all day from Hagerstown to Chambersburg in great force. Perhaps their advance-guard is in Harrisburg by this time, for we can hear of no sufficient force this side of Harrisburg to check them. Hooker is said to be behind them in Frederick, Md.

Sunday, the 28th.—Thanks be to God we had a comparatively quiet Sunday. Dr. Creigh preached in our church. Small congregation, few country people, all on foot. In the evening a number of Rebels rode through town to remind us of their presence. We see camp-fires in the Gap [three miles off].

Monday, the 29th.—Imboden's brigade encamped between here and the Gap. Infantry, artillery, and cavalry. They came from Western Virginia, Cumberland, and Hancock. They clean out all the surrounding farm-houses. They have discovered most of the hiding-places of the horses in the mountains, and secured to-day at least three hundred horses.

Tuesday, the 30th.—This morning Gen. Imboden, with staff, rode to town and made a requisition upon this small place of five thousand pounds of bacon, thirty barrels of flour, shoes, hats, etc., to be furnished by eleven o'clock; if not complied with, his soldiers will be quartered upon the citizens. If they go on this way for a week or two we will have nothing to eat ourselves. They say as long as Yankees have something, they will have something. Gen. Imboden, who is a large, commanding, and handsome officer, said within my hearing, "You have only a little taste of what you have done to our people in the South. Your army destroyed all the fences, burnt towns, turned poor women out of house and home, broke pianos, furniture, old family pictures, and committed every act of vandalism. I thank God that the hour has come when this war will be fought out on Pennsylvania soil." This is the general story. Every one has his tale of outrage committed by our soldiers upon their homes and friends in Virginia and elsewhere. Some of our soldiers admit it, and our own newspaper reports unfortunately confirm it. If this charge is true, I must confess we deserve punishment in the North. The raid of Montgomery in South Carolina, the destruction of Jacksonville in Florida, of Jackson in Miss., and the devastation of all Eastern Va., by our troops are sad facts.

A large part of the provision demanded was given. Imboden made no

payment, but gave a sort of receipt which nobody will respect.

In the afternoon Imboden's brigade broke up their camp a little beyond the toll-gate, and marched through town on the way to Greencastle. They numbered in all only about eleven hundred men, including three hundred cavalry, six pieces of cannon, fifty wagons, mostly marked "U. S.," and a large number of stolen horses from the neighborhood. Late in the evening another troop passed through with one hundred horses. Imboden remarked to a citizen in town, that if he had the power he would burn every town and lay waste every farm in Pa. ! He told Mrs. Skinner, who wanted her horses back, that his mother had been robbed of everything by Yankee soldiers, and was now begging her bread. Mrs. S. replied, "A much more honorable occupation than the one her son is now engaged in; you are stealing it."

Wednesday, July 1st.—We hoped to be delivered from the Rebels for awhile, but after dinner a lawless band of guerillas rode to town stealing negroes and breaking into Fitz-gerald's and Shannon's stores on the Diamond, taking what they wanted and wantonly destroying a good deal. This was the boldest and most impudent highway robbery I ever saw. Such acts I should have thought impossible in America after our boast of superior civilization and Christianity in this nineteenth century. Judge Carson asked one of these guerillas whether they took free negroes, to which the ruffian replied: "Yes, and we will take you, too, if you do not shut up!" How long shall this lawless tyranny last? But God rules, and rules justly.

To-day I saw three Richmond papers, the last of June 24th, half sheets, shabby and mean, full of information from Northern papers of the Rebel invasion of Maryland and Pa., and full of hatred and bitterness for the North, urging their Southern army on to unmitigated plunder and merciless retaliation.

Dr. Seibert walked from Chambersburg. So did Mr. Stine. They say that terrible outrages are committed by the soldiers on private citizens. One

was shot to get his money, another was stripped naked and then allowed to run.

Hats are stolen off the head in the street and replaced by Rebel hats. Dr. Schneck, walking to his lots, just out of Chambersburg, was asked for the time by a soldier. He pulled out his old gold watch, inherited from father and grandfather. The Rebel instantly pointed his bayonet at the Dr.'s breast and said, "Your watch is mine." Another soldier, apparently coming to his relief, touched his pocket, pointing his bayonet from behind, and forced him to give up his pocket-book with \$57, all he had. This comes from Dr. S. himself, through Dr. Seibert. A similar case occurred here this afternoon. I am told that one of these lawless guerillas seeing a watch-chain on one of Dr. Kimball's boarders, who stood on the pavement, rode up to him and tore the watch from his vest pocket.

In the evening and during the night this party drove all the remaining cows away from the neighborhood towards the Potomac.

This reminds one of the worst times of the Dark Ages (the *Faustrecht*), where might was right, and right had no might (*wo die Macht das Recht ist und das Recht keine Macht hat*).

Thursday, July 2d.—Was comparatively quiet, Miss Bertha Falk, who has been with us for four weeks, left this morning for Hagerstown with Dr. Seibert, on foot, this being the only kind, of locomotion now left to this neighborhood, I accompanied them as far as Dr. Hiester's [three miles]. I hope they may arrive safely at Hagerstown.

Friday, July 3d.—At eight o'clock the first united prayer-meeting in the Method. Church, called forth by the peculiar condition of the country. Dr. Wolf presided. Dr. Creigh, Rev. Mr. Agnew, Rev. Is. Brown, Judge Carson, and myself offered short prayers. After dinner great excitement in town. Two Rebel cavalry officers were waiting on their horses at the curbstone of the Mansion House to have their canteens filled with whiskey; a shot was heard. A straggling Union soldier hiding behind a tree had taken such good aim that the bullet passed through one horse's head, and pierced the Rebel on

the other horse through the heart. The poor fellow fell back, died in a few minutes, and was hastily buried in his clothes, spur, and equipments at the edge of town. His money, \$33 in Greenbacks, was handed to his companion for his wife and children. His companion was arrested, and his dead horse pulled by the living one to the edge of town, and covered with a few inches of earth. A third member of the party had halted at the head of the street, and after the shot galloped off to tell the tale, so that if the Rebels are in force in the neighborhood they may eke out revenge and burn the town.

Saturday, July 4th.—Prayer-meeting in the morning. Heavy rain all day. The gloomiest fourth of July which this country ever saw. Perhaps the battle is now raging which may decide the fate of the Union. Or something equally important may take place.

Boan dispatched to McConnellsburg, asking Col. Pierce for a guard to protect us against the ravages of guerillas.

Sunday, July 5th.—Morning service was interrupted by Mr. Hoke bringing a message to Rev. Mr. Brown to be announced forthwith, viz., that about two hundred of our cavalry would be here at noon from McConnellsburg, requiring rations for men and horses. They arrived, Capt. Jones, of New York, commanding, a N. Y. and a Pa. company, a great many of them Germans, well mounted, part of Milroy's force which had made their escape from Winchester, and have spent their time since in Bloody Run and McConnellsburg. They came in consequence of the request alluded to above. Capt. Jones is a fine officer. The citizens provided for them most liberally. They then proceeded on the Hagerstown road. At Cunningham's tavern, about eleven miles from here, they encountered an immense train of ambulances with wounded rebels on their retreat to Williamsport and Virginia. The train was several miles long, and attested the fact of a very bloody battle at Gettysburg. Our cavalry pitched right into the middle of the train, captured three pieces of artillery, about one hundred wagons and three buggies, with four hundred mules,

one hundred horses and 747 prisoners, mostly wounded. In the evening we heard of their capture and approach. The whole town turned out to see the sight. After dark they began to arrive and pass through town. A most exciting spectacle never to be forgotten! The wounded Rebels brought the tale of the terrible battles fought around Gettysburg on Wed., Thurs., and Friday last (July 3d). They left the battle-field on Saturday the 4th of July, when the battle was still going on, though with less violence.

The last of the train passed through town towards the Gap after eleven o'clock at night. I then went to bed. But I was hardly undressed, when Mr. Murray and Beecher Wolf rang the bell and asked me whether the Seminary could be had for the temporary occupation of those prisoners who were too severely wounded or exhausted to be transported further that night. I gave my consent most cheerfully, subject to the approval of Dr. Wolf. I got up and assisted in unloading and accommodating the wounded prisoners. Several citizens assisted. I thought we would have to provide for a few dozen. But behold the whole train of ambulances was ordered back, and about six hundred were unloaded on the Seminary, the rest in the basement of the Methodist Church, and in Dr. King's barn. The whole night was consumed in the process.

Monday, July 6th.—The Seminary is now fairly turned into a military hospital. A novel chapter in its history, and one full of sad interest. The cavalry force and two regiments of infantry, Col. Pierce commanding, and acting brigadier-general in the absence of Milroy, arrived for the protection of the captured prisoners, and drained the town of available provisions. The prisoners were paroled, those who could walk were marched off to McConnellsburg, together with all the ambulances, baggage wagons, horses, and mules. The rest, between two and three hundred, were left upon our shoulders. The Col. appointed Capt. McCulloch provost-marshal, who would not serve, and Dr. Elliot, acting medical director, entrusted the medical care to two Rebel

surgeons, who turned out to be worthless, and skedaddled without paying any attention to their own wounded.

In the meantime charity and curiosity were busy in providing for the prisoners an abundance of food and attention, which seemed to fill them with delight and gratitude. One colonel from N. Carolina remarked: "Your kindness makes it almost a luxury to be prisoner here." This speaks well for this place, which has suffered such heavy losses during the last few weeks from Rebel guerillas, and now turns round without a murmur to nurse their sick and wounded.

But we know well enough that we could not rely upon private exertions for any length of time, and needed a proper hospital organization. Some of the leading citizens dispatched a letter to Major-General Couch, at Harrisburg, and one to Colonel Pierce, at Loudon, requesting him to make proper arrangements for the military and medical care of his own prisoners left in our midst. This letter had a desired effect.

Tuesday, July 7th.—The filth and foul odors accumulated in the Seminary within the last day and night, already almost beyond endurance. Contagious disease looms up before us. We succeed in getting the building swept, the wounds dressed, and the animal wants attended to. Acted the nurse as well as I could in distributing food all day. In the afternoon fortunately Col. Pierce sent Lieut. Watson & Dr. Elliot to make some arrangements and to appoint persons with proper authority, as requested. So we hope to get the hospital properly organized by and bye. It is certainly the duty of Col. Pierce to take care of his own prisoners. But these poor fellows are providentially thrown upon us, and we must do the best we can.

I spent a good deal of time with the prisoners, privates and officers. The privates, generally speaking, look most wretched—ragged, torn, bruised, mutilated, dirty. Their dress represents every style and color, butternut cloth, half uniforms, no uniforms, full of mud from the heavy rains. Many of them are miserably ignorant and unable to

read or write. They represent almost all the Southern States, including Maryland, and belong to Hill's and Longstreet's divisions. They were wounded in the Gettysburg battles and agree that they were among the bloodiest, if not the bloodiest, in the war, and that the Yankees never fought better. Some of them are intelligent, simple-hearted, trustful, confiding, susceptible of religious impressions. All seemed to be well pleased and thankful for all the kind attentions shown them by men and women of the place and the surrounding country. Many admit that the South was too hasty in seceding, and lost more than she could gain. Among the officers are a Colonel Leventhorpe of the Eleventh N. Carolina Infantry, an Englishman by birth, and formerly an English captain—a communicant member of the Episc. Church, very intelligent, courteous, and hopeful of Confederate success; a Lieut. Hand, Co. A, Eleventh North C. Infantry; Capt. Archer (brother of Gen. Archer), chief of his staff; Capt. G. A. Williams, Assistant Adjutant-General; Captain C. E. Chambers, Thirteenth Alabama; Capt. J. H. Buchanon, Second Mississippi, & other officers of Maryland, Virginia, Tennessee & Mississippi, all intelligent, but unanimous in intense hostility to the North, and determined to fight to the last man. An excellent chaplain, Mr. Frierson, of Miss., Presbyterian. They all agree with other Rebels in declaring McClellan to be the best general on the Federal side. Detailed description of the Gettysburg fight, discussion about the national question and war. All sick of the war, but determined to fight it out. They say there never was harder fighting in the world than at Gettysburg.

Wednesday, July 8th.—Dr. Negley, appointed Medical Superintendent, and Mr. Hornbaker, appointed Provost-Marshal, concluded, with the consent of the people down town, to move all the sick of the town up to the Seminary, and to throw the whole burden and offence of this trouble upon the Seminary circle. I protested, with Dr. Wolf, against it as well as I could, but in vain. So the building is taken possession of by mili-

tary force, and the students who remain will be turned out. My conscience is clear; I did my best to save the private rooms and the furniture.

Towards noon, under a heavy rain, a great many farmers from Clear Spring and St. Paul's Church, and the Maryland line, passed through this town with their horses and cattle, in flight from the retreating Rebel army, which is said to be passing towards the river and take all horses and cattle on the way, even in Maryland. Portions of them may come here. The Potomac must be impassable now in consequence of the heavy rains of the last days, and especially last night. Hope our army will be able to prevent their escape, and finish up this terrible war as far as Lee's army is concerned. If our militia now would move up from Harrisburg they could materially assist Meade in capturing the Rebel force, which must have lost at least 25,000 killed, wounded, and missing. What a sudden change in the aspect of affairs! A few days ago the enemy, so haughty, defiant, and confident, and now broken down, disappointed, foiled, and retreating! Man proposes, God disposes.

Most exaggerated reports are afloat of the capture of 25,000 Rebels and 118 pieces of cannon, which now turns out to be one of the many lies which this war is breeding in such superabundance. Lee seems to be able to retreat in order, but the height of the river at present seems to be his main difficulty.

Thursday, July 9th.—Another day of excitement. About 2,000 Union troops, Pa. militia, from Mt. Union, passed through towards Clearspring. Many Rebel ambulances captured on Sunday were returned, with mules, to carry away all the wounded Rebels fit for transportation. About 150 left. Prisoners were sent to Mt. Union to be transp. to Harrisburg on the Central Pa. R.R. Many left with evident regret, and deeply thankful for the kind treatment they had received from this community. Fifty remained, nearly all in the Seminary.

Natural kindness, Christian charity, and curiosity combined to pay every attention to the Rebel prisoners. The Seminary continues to be the centre of

attraction and the resort of all sorts of people in the neighborhood. One poor fellow from Georgia suffers intensely from his wound, and is expected to die of lockjaw to-night.

A strong militia guard from Chester Co. was left here to watch the prisoners. They pitched their tents in the Sem. yard, and we prevailed on them to move behind the German Reformed Church, where they are now encamped.

The news arrived to-night of the fall of Vicksburg on the 4th of July. A mortal blow to the Confederacy—the Mississippi in our hands; also more detailed accounts of the terrible three days' battle in Gettysburg, from July 1-3. It seems on Wednesday we were repulsed and driven out of G. to the strong position on Cemetery Hill. On Thursday both parties held their own, with a little advantage on our side. On Friday, the 3d, the Rebels were decidedly repulsed and forced to retreat, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands.

Lee is said to be in Hagerstown, and another bloody conflict is expected there. The Potomac has been unfordable for several days.

Friday, July 10th.—This morning we were treated to the luxury of a mail, the first for the last three weeks. Letters and papers kept me busy reading nearly all day. The rest was spent with the Rebel officers reading to them and conversing with them, etc. The prospects of the Union are brightening in every direction.

Saturday, July 11th.—Rev. Frierson, the Rebel chaplain, took supper with me, and had a long conversation. He studied under the late Dr. Thornwell in S. Carolina, can hope for no reunion on any terms, but admits the severity of the blow in the repulse of Gettysburg and the fall of Vicksburg. He says Lee's army was never as well clad, fed, and in as high spirits and good condition as when they invaded Pa.

Sunday, July 12th.—Dr. Wolff preached in our church a Thanksgiving sermon. I preached in the Seminary chapel in the afternoon, on prayer, to as many of the wounded soldiers as could be moved. Several of our own soldiers were in, together with citizens and

students. The soldiers were quite attentive. Rev. Mr. Frierson, the Rebel chaplain, closed with a good prayer.

At night I was to preach again in the church. But I prevailed on Chaplain Colburn to preach, who returned from Clearspring with the N. Y. & Pa. militia force, which passed through here on Sat. and were relieved by Gen. Kelley's force coming down.

Monday, July 13th.—The whole of what remains of Gen. Milroy's force, about two or three thousand infantry & cavalry, passed through here, under command of Col. Pierce, from Loudon towards Greencastle. They remained in town about two hours, & caused considerable stir. We are still without positive information about the army movements, but hear more or less cannonading all day. The Rebel advance are at eleven miles from here. The river is still unfordable, and it is raining again.

Tuesday, July 14th.—This evening persons from Williamsport [twenty miles off] brought the news that the Rebel army recrossed the Potomac yesterday and last night, and is once more safely on the sacred soil of Virginia, without leaving a horse or wagon behind, after effectually deceiving our army by various feint movements on Sunday and Monday. A sad disappointment for all who looked for nothing less than the complete destruction or capture of the Rebel invaders in their own trap. But our army retreated from the Peninsula and twice recrossed the Rappahannock in the face of the enemy, so that it seems to be almost an impossibility to bag a big army. Meade is reported to have followed Lee closely over the river.

Sad news to-night of a fearful riot in N. York City to resist the draft. The N. Y. militia company, stationed here

as a guard, was ordered to leave to-night to assist in quelling the rebellion at home.

The remainder of the week passed off without special excitement. The newspapers brought us the particulars of Gettysburg battles, of Lee's retreat to Virginia, of the fall of Vicksburg, also the surrender of Port Hudson, and the new attack on Charleston, Morris Isl. and being in our hands. The rebellion seems to receive blow upon blow just after it had lifted its head most boldly and confidently.

I studied Church History. Commenced an essay on the American Sabbath, attended to the wounded. On Sunday afternoon I heard Mr. Frierson, on Affliction, in the Seminary hospice, and assisted him.

Tuesday, July 21st.—Two regiments of Penn.'s Infantry (Colonel Frick) and six pieces of N. York artillery, which were encamped near the town in the woods, left early this morning for Chambersburg on their return home.

Six ambulances were sent here to take away nearly all the officers from the Rebel prisoners, although some of them are hardly fit for removal. It was quite a sad scene. I had become attached to some of them, especially Col. Leventhrope, a very intelligent, religious gentleman. He was very fond of reading sermons and history, and seemed quite grateful for our attentions. When his tall form, with a broken arm and pale face, supported by Chaplain Frierson, walked down the steps and into the ambulance I felt quite badly. Capts. Chambers, Betts, Archer, Williams, Buchanon, etc., also left for Chambersburg. Mrs. Williams and Miss Archer, together with some physicians, had come from Baltimore to nurse their husband, brother, and friends.

AMONG THE TARAHUMARIS

THE AMERICAN CAVE-DWELLERS

By Carl Lumboltz

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



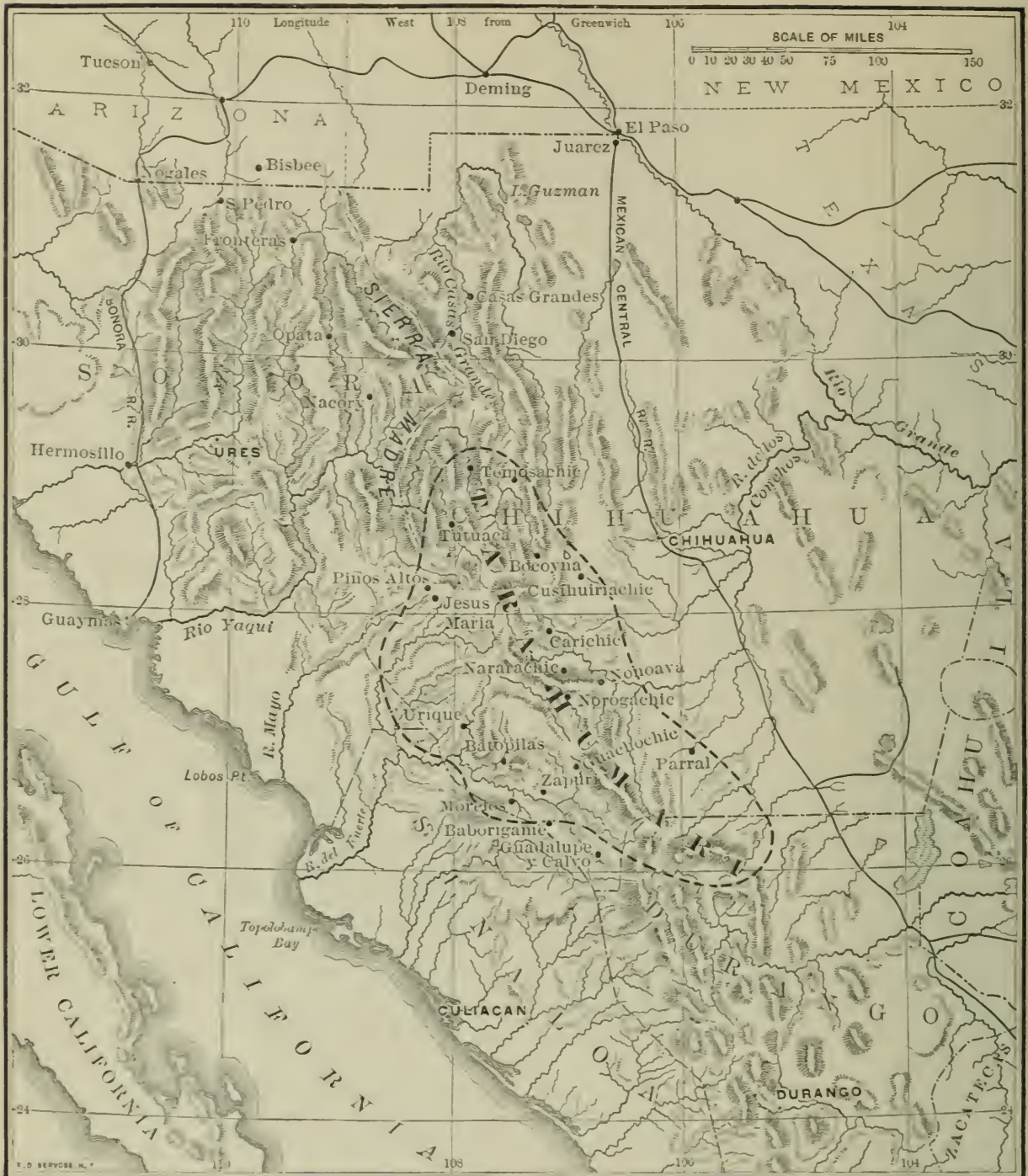
IN SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for November, 1891, I gave an account of an expedition which I made with eight scientists and assistants to the northern region of the Sierra Madre Mountains, the range which extends through the whole of Mexico and may be considered as the southern prolongation of the Rockies. That expedition began in the autumn of 1890, and during the best part of the following winter we pursued our studies in this district, having the sanction of President Diaz and of the governors of the States. I found, as I expected, from preliminary investigations, that the ignorance of even intelligent Mexicans concerning the curious people who inhabit the plateaus and the barrancas or cañons of the Sierra Madre region is almost incredible. According to my most careful estimate these Tarahumari Indians number about thirty thousand. They are scattered throughout a mountainous, and, to the outside world, but little known district, many thousand square miles in area, and it is very rare that more than eight or ten families may be found living in one place. Many of them live in hillside caves.

My first expedition gave me a pretty fair notion of the physical outlines of the country and of the work to be done, should it seem wise to devote the necessary time to acquiring, by personal intercourse with the Tarahumaris, an accurate and scientific knowledge of their character and customs. For the last two years I have carried on my studies chiefly without associates, and for the last year entirely alone.

The wonderful cliff-dwellings of the Southwest, brought to notice during the last fifty years, have of late become

of absorbing interest to the intelligent American public. Amateurs as well as scientists have explored, more or less thoroughly, the cañons of the southwestern part of the United States, and have brought to light fine collections of implements used by the former inhabitants of these curious dwellings. Many excellent photographs have also been obtained. It was easy to observe, at the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago, how attractive the various sections devoted to the Cliff-Dwellers' Exhibits were to the visitors. I have, however, since my recent return from Mexico, had occasion to notice how vague and confused is the idea conveyed to the public mind by the words "cliff-dwellers," and how commonly it is believed that these abodes, of which such admirable reproductions exist, are still inhabited. Perhaps the reckless writings of a traveller, lately deceased, who made living cliff-dwellers to suit the imagined want of the public, may have left some strange impressions in the minds of his readers. Whatever the reason of these wrong impressions, I will now endeavor to give here the truth about the cave-dwellers, for I have spent the best part of the last three years in exploring northern Mexico, with the cave- and cliff-dwellers especially in view. Let me say at once that I did find cave-dwellers; but they are fundamentally different from certain living cliff-dwellers sketched from hearsay and imagination. Before entering upon a description of the cave-dwellers I met with in the Sierra Madre, I must therefore ask the reader, for the sake of a better understanding, to forget all that he may have heard or read about living cliff-dwellers.

Cave-dwellers are found among the following tribes, counting from the north: The southern Pimas, the Tarahumaris, and the allied tribe of Huaro-



Map showing the Tarahumari Region of Mexico.

gios, and the Tepehuanes. All these tribes inhabit the State of Chihuahua, and are more or less mountaineers, living almost entirely in the great Sierra Madre range. Of these people the Tarahumaris are most attached to caves, the Tepehuanes the least. All are linguistically related. In some of their customs and manners they also greatly resemble each other, while in others, as well as in character, they are strikingly different. Very little that may be

called accurate was known of these tribes. The Tarahumaris, the most primitive of them and the least affected by Mexican civilization, are the most interesting, and I shall confine myself in the following paper almost exclusively to this ancient people, who may justly be termed the living cave-dwellers of the American continent.

In the first article already mentioned I described some interesting cave-dwellings which I met with during the

early part of my explorations. Since that time, on our march southward, we found several more of those ancient communal cave-dwellings, as well as other remains of early habitations, in the form of small, square, stone houses, fortresses on the top of the mountains, etc. Ancient remains are nowhere numerous in northern Mexico, and as soon as one enters the regions inhabited by Indians, they almost disappear. Thus it is a rare thing to meet with old cave-houses; those found are always very simple and wretchedly small, and the number of houses in each cave is very limited. The caves are generally merely walled in, and the houses are one or two stories, according to the height of the cave. The building material is grit. No implements used by the builders could be discovered, but a few stone axes have been found lying on the ground, not near the caves, on the highlands, most of them of a clumsy and coarse shape.

The Indians of to-day do not take much interest in these old cave-dwellings. They attribute them to a mysterious people, the Cocoyomes, who were small of stature, did not till the soil, but ate each other and the Tarahumaris, or green herbs, and had other characteristics of the brute. At the head-waters of the Rio Fuerte I photographed several old caves, with houses that seemed of more recent origin, which the Tarahumaris told me had been built by the Tubares, a tribe now nearly extinct, with which they were constantly at war. While I have found corpses buried inside of these Tubare houses, the dead are commonly found in special caves, quite numerous throughout the Sierras, and frequently disturbed by roaming Mexican treasure-seekers, who leave few caves untouched. The people who used these burial caves seem in most cases to have been different from the present inhabitants of the country, judging from their mode of burial and their dress.

Permit me first to try to give some idea of the physical geography of the country, its vegetation, fauna, etc. The Sierra Madre of northern Mexico, the home of the Tarahumaris and the other Indians just named, is a broad, high plateau, from six to nine thousand feet

above the level of the sea, falling rapidly down toward the west, while toward the east it gradually sinks down into the extensive lowlands of eastern Chihuahua. A few summits rise to 10,000 feet, while one of them, Cerro de Muinora, near the State of Durango, I found to be 10,450 feet, thus, no doubt, the highest in Chihuahua. There are a few llaños, but they are small. The general character of the landscape is one of small hills and valleys, sparingly watered and covered with forests of pine and oak. Along the streamlets (arroyos) which may be found in these numerous small valleys, we meet with the slender ash-trees, the young shoots and leaves of which are cooked and eaten by the Indians; farther, alders, shrubs of *evonymus* with its brilliant red capsules, willows, etc. Very conspicuous in the landscape everywhere is the madroña (*arbutus*) with its blood-red stem and branches, and its pretty, strawberrylike, edible, berries.

The Tarahumaris have names for six kinds of pine. One of these, which was first met with near Tutuaca, has a very ornamental form, on account of its slender, whiplike, hanging branches and its hanging needles, from eight to ten inches long. It grows here and there in groups at high altitudes on barren ground, and is probably a new species. The big-leaved oak-trees should also be mentioned; the leaves, which may be over ten inches long, and equally broad, are sometimes used as temporary drinking-vessels by the Indians.

Nobody can fail to observe the astonishing number of parasites and epiphytes on the trees. The yellow, round clusters growing on the branches of the oak-trees sometimes make the forests appear of a yellow hue. Lower down on the slopes of the Sierra Madre I have seen some Mexican hanging parasites, their straight, limber branches, of a fresh, dark-green color, hanging in bunches over twenty feet long. Some epiphytes, which most of the year to a casual observer look like as many tufts of hay attached to the branches, produce, during the season, extremely pretty flowers.

But flowers are not abundant in the

Sierra. The modest, yellow *mimulus* along the water-courses is the first to appear and the last to go. Also various forms of columbine (*aquilegia*) and meadow rue (*thalictrum*) should be remembered, but, above all, the Mexican carmine-red *amaryllis*. Like the *crocus* and snow-drops of northern climates they appear before the grass gets green, and it is a perfect treat to the eye now and then to meet with this exquisitely beautiful flower, such an apparent stranger in this dry and sandy country, and at such a chilly elevation, appreciated only by the humming-birds. It could hardly be expected of the inhabitant of this rugged country that he should have an open eye for the beauties of nature, but his practical sense has taught him the use of a closely allied species as a strong glue in the making of his rattles used in dancing and his violins. Edible plants, for instance a species of *mentha*, *chenopodium cirium*, and the common water-cress, are at a certain time of the year numerous, while fruits and berries are rare, blackberries being the most common ones. Also three species of palatable fungus are eaten by the Indians in July and August.

No description of the country of the Tarahumaris would, however, be complete without mentioning the exceedingly characteristic barrancas (or cañons), which, like huge cracks traverse the mighty mass of the Sierra Madre, generally running in an easterly and westerly direction. I have heard some of these, like the Barranca de Urique, compared in magnitude to the Grand Cañon of Colorado; but, as I have not seen the latter, I am unable to express an opinion on this point. Only rarely are the sides of these great chasms perpendicular, and then never in their entire length, but their angle of inclination is seldom very small.

At the bottom a running river is always found, flowing between narrow banks, which in some places disappear altogether, the waters rushing between abruptly ascending mountain-sides. The traveller, as he stands at the edge of gaps four to five thousand feet deep, wonders whether it is possible to get across them; there are barrancas into

which tradition says that not even the enterprising missionary fathers found it possible to descend, but they can at a few places be crossed, even with animals, if these are lightly loaded. It is a task hard upon flesh and blood.

Nearly the whole country of the Tarahumaris is drained by the River Fuerte, which, with its numerous tributaries, forms as many barrancas, at first very shallow, but suddenly assuming an inspiring grandeur, their yawning abysses winding along as far as the eye can reach. Although the actual distance of the main barranca, San Carlo, from the source of the river to a little below the village or pueblo of Santa Ana, below which it parts from the main Sierra, is not very great, and, were the ground level, could be covered in less than three days, a man would probably have to devote a fortnight in order to follow the bottom of this barranca throughout its entire length.

Travelling on the pine-clad highlands there is nothing to remind the traveller that he is in southern latitudes except an occasional glimpse of an agave between the rocks, and the fantastic *cacti*, which, although so characteristic of Mexican vegetation, are comparatively scarce in the high Sierra. A species of *opuntia*, the nopal, whose flat, leaf-like joints are an important article of food to the Indian, is found here and there, and is often planted near the houses of the natives. There are also a few species of *echinocactus* and *mammillaria*, but the *cacti* form no prominent feature in the flora of the landscape.

How different when you descend into the warm barrancas! *Opuntia* and the small globular-crowned *cacti*, covered with different-colored spines, become plentiful. And in the deepest barrancas is found the remarkable *cereus pithaya*, which, shaped like a candelabra, raises its dark-green, spine-covered and grooved branches to a height of from twenty to thirty-five feet and gives the landscape a very peculiar aspect. Its leafless, towering columns, never affected by drought, form a strong contrast to the light and pinnate leaves of the numerous leguminous shrubs, the *acaccia*, *sophonis*, etc., that predominate on the mountain-slopes in

these barrancas. The fruits of this cactus are the best to be found in that part of the country, and the Tarahumaris have for one month a veritable Christmas feast on them.

The barrel-shaped cactus and many other kinds are eaten by the cattle, whose stomachs become so filled with spines that the Mexicans cannot make their favorite dish "menudo" (tripe) from them, but throw them away. But the Indians clean them by roasting and eat them. Fig-trees, *magnoliacæ*, the silk cotton-tree—whose roots are eaten by the natives—the *chilicote* (coral-tree), with its scarlet flowers, are common. Many other trees and shrubs grow luxuriantly along the river-banks or cover the rocky mountain-slopes, some of them remarkable for medicinal properties. I must mention two species of agave that grow at a considerable elevation above the bottoms of the barrancas, namely, the *tsja-wee* and the *amole*. The first is a low, ordinary-looking agave, but remarkable as being the most important of several kinds used in making an intoxicating wine. According to Indian tradition it was the first plant that God made. The other agave is called by the Mexicans *amole*, and is used for the same purpose as soap, its leaves, when broken and rubbed together, producing a cleansing lather. It is also employed for poisoning fish to be eaten, this poison, like so many others, having no effect upon the person who eats the fish. We are familiar with the big, flower-spikes all these agaves have. I know of nothing so astonishing as the gigantic spike that shoots upward from the comparatively small plant. Last May I came across one that I measured. It was by no means the tallest to be found, but the spike itself, without the stalk, measured 15 feet 8 inches in height. It was 70 inches in circumference at its thickest part. It seemed a pity to cut so magnificent a specimen down, but as I wanted to count the flowers, I had one of my men fell it with a few powerful blows of an axe. Counting the number of flowers, each one half as big as a man's fist, and of a brilliant yellow, upon a piece of the spine $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, I estimated the total at 24,120. As this

piece was cut out, however, from the middle and thickest part of the spike, some allowance must be made for the upper end of the plant, where the flowers were not so thick, and surely twenty thousand would be within the truth. It required two men to carry it, and as they walked they were followed by humming-birds, which fearlessly remained at work among the flowers of what they evidently considered their private garden. They might have to fly miles before finding such another.

So far as animal life goes, tracks of coons are seen everywhere at the bottom of the barrancas, while peccary, a species of pig, may be met with. Otter and fish are plentiful in the rivers, while herons, fish-hawks, and ducks are the noticeable birds. Animal life is not rich either here or on the highlands, where deer, lions, bears, rats, and many kinds of squirrels are fairly common. We found also turkeys, black-birds, crows, green parrots, goat-suckers, and now and then the brilliant trogon. There are also many species of woodpeckers, all familiar to, and named by, the Tarahumaris.

The natives rightly count only three seasons, namely, the dry, the rainy, and the winter. The first lasts from March till June, and is very warm and windy. The rains set in as soon as the winds cease, and throughout July and August one can generally count on early thunder-storms and heavy rains in the afternoon, while the mornings are very bright. The rains do not, however, extend over a large territory, being local in character, which is very annoying to the agricultural inhabitants, who often see dark clouds rolling up, apparently full of moisture, but resulting in nothing but gusts of wind. The Tarahumari himself is not often to be deceived, for he is a remarkable prognosticator of the weather and is often consulted by the Mexicans on this point. Easterly winds bring the rain. In the winter season there are constant winds from the south-east or north, somewhat trying until you get used to them. Snow-falls in winter are by no means unknown. In Guadalupe-y-Calvo, which lies about seven thousand eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, in latitude twenty-six,

communication with the outer world may sometimes be entirely stopped by the snow, which is more than three feet deep. The Indians when intoxicated have been known to freeze to death in the snow.

The climate of the Sierra, although not so very pleasant on account of the winds, is extremely salubrious, the heat never becoming enervating, as it does not exceed 90° F., while the nights are deliciously cool. Lung diseases are unknown, and the sanitary condition of the Sierra may perhaps be inferred from the reply of an old American doctor, who lives in the now almost abandoned mining place, Guadalupe-y-Calvo. When I asked him to give his experience as to the health of the people, he said: "Well, here in the mountains, it is distressingly healthy. Despite a complete defiance of every hygienic arrangement; with the graveyard, a tannery, and the sewers at the river's edge, no diseases originate here. When cholera reached the mountains, some years ago, nobody died from it. People simply took a bath in Mexican fashion—a cure for all diseases—and recovered." Down in the barranca, where the heat becomes at times excessive, the climate is very far from salubrious, and I have seen even Indians ill with fever and ague, contracted generally in the rainy season.

Between these two extremes I have never experienced a more delightful climate than upon the slopes of the Sierra, down toward the warm country. The air is pure and the temperature remarkably even. There is a story to the effect that a Mexican woman who settled in that part of the country broke her thermometer because the mercury never seemed to move, and she thought that it must be out of order. When, in May, I descended, after a long stay in the invigorating and windy climate of the higher Sierra, down into the mountain valleys where the heathen live, I felt as if I had reached the land of dreams, although there was nothing suggestive of tropical luxuriance or romance in this landscape, which impresses one chiefly with its towering mountains and vast slopes. Grass was plentiful among the stones and rocks, and groups of shrubs and groves of fresh green trees indicated

where the ground was moist and water was to be found. The river Fuerte was still two thousand feet below; but what an air! So balmy and full of health! I had caught a slight cold the night before and was not feeling very well as I dozed on the back of my sure-footed mule as he worked his way down the valley; but the sleep and that delightful air made me feel well again. We found water in a small dug-out made by the Indians, and camped under a magnificent fig-tree. The weather was not hot even during the afternoon, as a soft breeze was blowing. About sunset it died out. We managed to get a meal, partly of figs, that night, and I rolled myself in my blanket and fell asleep, with nothing to disturb me but the bits of figs thrown down upon us by the bats, who were gorging themselves upon the fruit just as we had done.

The climate of the country as a whole is remarkably dry, and for the last two years there has been an unusual drought, even the flat stems of the nopal having shrivelled up. It is astonishing to see trees like the *pithaya*, or plants like the *aloë*, apparently quite unaffected by the drought. The last-named plant is found on the sides of the barrancas, and is always so full of yellow juice that it drips when you break the leaves. It smells like ham, and also tastes like it. This kind of *aloë* is just as good as the ordinary medicinal one.

This country thus comprises the highlands, the barrancas, and the wild slopes toward the west, and is inhabited by the Tarahumaris, of whom the greater part live in the pine-clad plateaus. These people formerly had a large territory, reaching north toward Casas Grandes, and east toward Chihuahua. At present they are, speaking generally, found between the latitudes of 25½° and 29°, from the pueblo of Temosachic south toward the border of the State of Durango. Mexican civilization has long ago encroached upon their territory, and even in the Sierra Mexican ranches have absorbed the best part of the soil. In the central part, however, these Indians still have absolute dominion, and no white man dares to interfere with the natives' right to the soil. The tribe is one of the least affected by advancing civiliza-



DRAWN BY V. PÉRARD.

In the Barranca (Cañon) on a Tarahumari Trail.



New Species of Pine with Hanging Needles.

tion. Fire-arms are virtually unknown among them. Nominally the majority are Christians, but they also cling to their old beliefs, their ancient ceremonies and dances. Generally some of them meet on Sundays at the church to hear one of the old men among them say prayers, and on feast-days they mingle their heathen dances with their semi-Christian ceremonial and sacrifice to the four corners of the world. It is evident that they are all relapsing into heathenism. Their churches are in ruins, and there is only one padre for the whole Tarahumari country.

At their church ceremonies they may

sometimes stand silent, the men on one side, women on the other, and remain so for a long time, because there is no one among them who can say the rosary. Christian teaching and pagan worship go hand in hand. A few of the Indians speak a little Spanish, but the majority do not; and in the most remote parts of the barrancas are found several thousand genuine pagans, called Gentiles by the Mexicans, who do not associate with the so-called Christians, and who do not understand any other language than their own. Viewing the country as a whole, there are a few trails leading from the places of com-

merce on the lowlands to the mining towns of the Sierra Madre ; one can also travel on the more or less desolate trails along the broad, pine-clad highlands from north to south, the only serious obstacles in the way being the mighty barrancas, which generally force the traveller to hold to the east, where, at their beginning, they are easily crossed.

I selected as the basis of my operations a ranch called Guachochic, an Indian name that means "many herons." Several settlers, belonging nearly all to the same family, live here at the end of the largest mesa (plateau), in the northern Sierra, it being about twelve miles long by three miles wide, and bordered on both sides by stately pine forests. Many Indian families live on the mesa, or rather in small valleys adjoining it, near some little water-hole. They are all "civilized" here, being mostly the servants of the Mexicans.

I brought a letter of introduction to the principal man in Guachochic, Don Miguel, who enjoys the rare reputation of being just and helpful toward the Indians, and, as a large land-owner, is a man of considerable influence among his fellow-countrymen. To those of them that are in need he lends money

had taken up their head-quarters in the old adobe church, and were helping themselves to the buried cash of the inhabitants, he rallied the terrorized people, gave the robbers battle, and routed them effectually. He upholds authority against lawlessness and wants justice to have its course, except when some of his own relatives have done the shooting. I was sorry to learn that in this regard he probably was not blameless, but his good deeds to the needy and oppressed, whether Mexican or Indian, should make us bear with his failings. Three Mexicans, who had no authority to do so, went to the house of a well-to-do Indian, recently deceased, and told the mourners that they must brew beer and kill an ox, for they had come to divide the property left among the heirs, and had to have good things to eat and drink while thus occupied. Their orders were promptly obeyed; but on their departure they charged the heirs, as their fee, three oxen, one bushel of corn, and some silver money. This struck the simple and patient Indians as being rather excessive; for, what would then be left to divide between themselves? So they went to Don Miguel and told him their grievance. I do not know of anybody else



Flower Spike of a Species of Agave—The plant from which it grows in the foreground

on liberal terms from out of the piles of silver dollars buried under the floor of his house. Robbers know from sad experience that he is not to be trifled with. Once when a band of marauders

who would have gone off on a long journey for the sake of putting poor Indians right with the wily white man; but Don Miguel did it.

On my arrival in Guachochic I did

not find Don Miguel at home, but I met one of his two sons, who also lives here. "I am the postmaster," he said, proudly, stepping forward and showing me at the same time his credentials, which he evidently always carried in his pocket. The mail from the lowlands to the mining towns passes over this place, and the mail-carrier sleeps at his house, bringing also, in the course of the year, a few letters to the inhabitants of this part of the country. We soon entered into conversation about postal matters, which naturally interested me greatly, as I was anxious to hear as often as possible from the outside world. I afterward learned that he had some very original ideas about his duties as postmaster. Letters are rare in that remote part of the country, and being desirous of knowing what was going on among his neighbors, he was in the habit of satisfying his curiosity by opening letters. Not that he destroyed them; he always very coolly handed them over

opened, which naturally was thought rather high-handed on his part and not altogether looked upon with favor.

He said he had heard that I could cure people. To be a doctor means to the Mexican peasantry a comprehension of all useful knowledge in this world. He looked at me for a moment, and, with a queer, hesitating expression in his face, blurted out: "Can you cut out trousers?" For some time he had had a piece of cloth in his house, and he would pay me well if I could help him to have it made into trousers. I have frequently been asked to mend watches or sewing-

machines, and to make prognostications of the weather. One of my companions deeply offended a man by saying that he did not know how to make apple-jack. "It is only because you do not want to tell," he said. The good people are astonished and hurt at one's confession of inability to help in such matters. It is the old belief in the medicine-man that still survives in the minds of these people, and they, therefore, also look upon doctors with much greater respect than upon other persons.

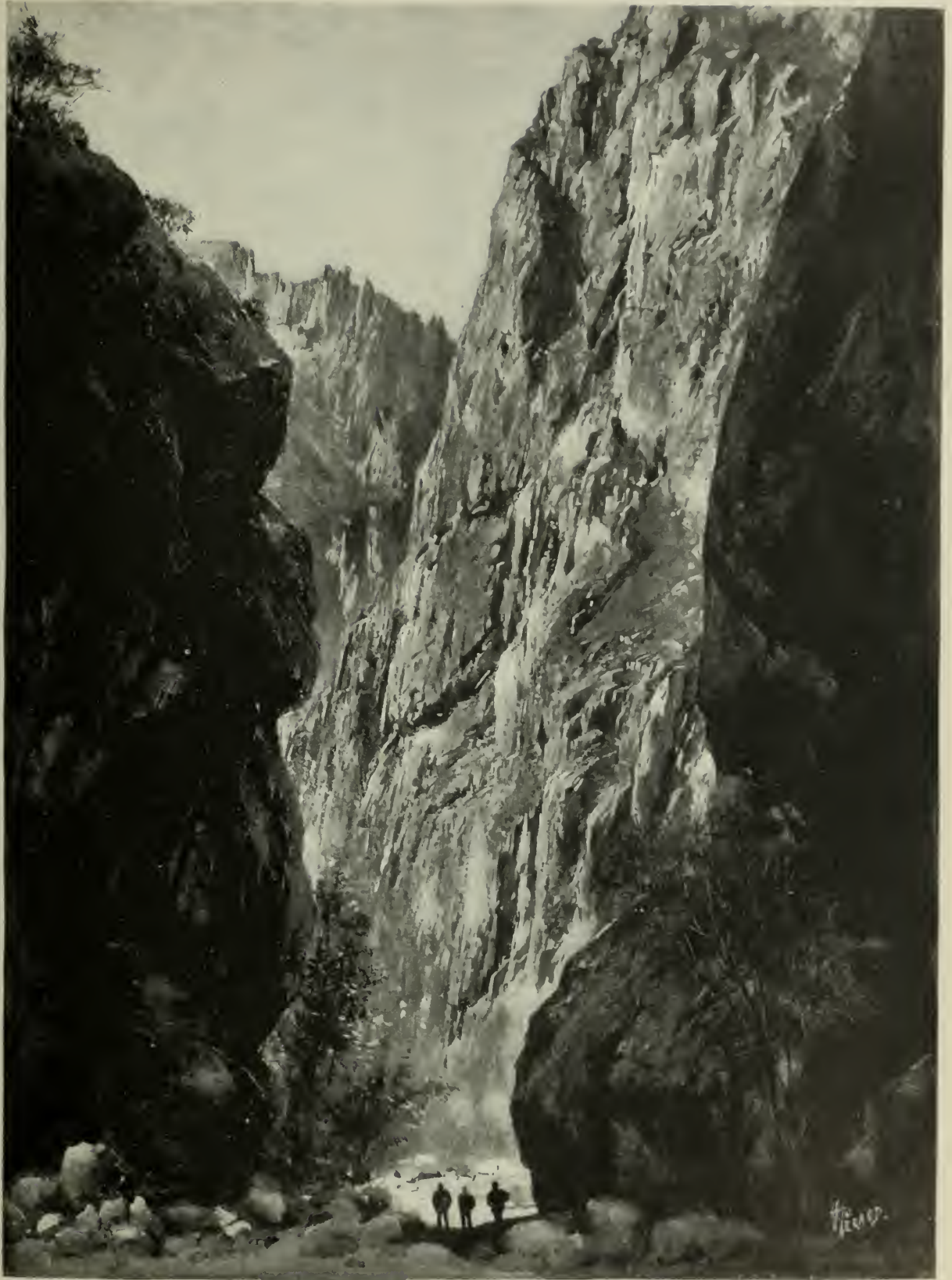
When, next day, I visited him at his office, this healthy-looking, rosy-cheeked man suddenly, without saying a word, took hold of my hand and pressed it against his head for a little while. He then, all the time in silence, carried my hand backward and brought my fingers in contact with a small protuberance on his back; now was the chance of finding out whatever was the matter with him!

By the kind arrangement of Don Miguel I installed the greater part of my baggage in one of his houses, and as Guachochoic is very centrally located for excursions in different directions, I considered this ranch as a kind of headquarters where, on coming back from tours lasting from two to five months, I would store the collections made, and where I also kept a small stock of trading material. Besides the Indians I have generally had one or two Mexicans with me, who took care of the mules and also acted as interpreters. On two occasions I took only Indians because two of them understood some Spanish. During the later months of my stay I found it difficult to secure even corn enough to support myself and my men. As I have already said, the country has suffered from drought for three consecutive years, the crops failing or proving insufficient. In many places the Indians border upon a state of starvation. It would sometimes cost me a whole day's work to secure as much as one almod of maize, that is, exactly enough for four men to eat in one day.

These Indians are difficult to study, as they are very shy and timid, and, with a true Indian trait of character, extremely distrustful of strangers. In Cusarare,



Tarahumari Ploughman



DRAWN BY V. PÉRARD.

Narrow Gorge in the Barranca de San Carlos.

in the month of March, when we were photographing them during the process of their peculiar administration of justice by flogging, they submitted to be gazed at and to have their pictures taken, without, of course, understanding what it all meant. Our interpreter spoke well for us, and we separated apparently friends. Their minds had, however, become uneasy, and messengers were sent in every direction with words of warning against some white people behaving in a strange manner, and probably bent upon taking their country, as there was a great number of them.

Later on, in May, we were staying in Yoquibo, a good way farther south, and we had one day taken out from a cave four skulls, which had been left lying near my tent. The Indians did not trust us very far, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that a guide could be secured. At last an elderly man had been found willing to go with us. At

dusk he was sitting quietly eating his supper, when the tall figure of our Swedish friend, Mr. Hartmann, the botanist of our expedition, appeared on the scene, coming down from his tent in the chilly evening wrapped up in a United States military overcoat. He had neglected to have, as we others had done, the gilt buttons exchanged for ordinary ones, and he probably, to the Indian, looked very martial and threatening as he approached us in the dim light of the moon. His appearance had, at any rate, a most unexpected effect upon our Indian guide, who suddenly jumped to his feet, dropped his blanket, and started off, swiftly as a deer, splashing through the water and disappearing among the hills. That was the last we ever saw of him. This man imagined that a soldier was coming to seize him and kill him, and that the meat pot in which he was going to be cooked was already on the fire ready for him, while the skulls of other un-



Common Way of Living in the Shelter of a Stone (Barranca de San Carlos).



My Carriers—Chief on the Extreme Right.

fortunates that had been eaten were lying around. He had, besides, a bad conscience in the presence of soldiers, as he had, while drunk, killed his wife, father, and brother, and had been imprisoned in Batopilas, whence he had succeeded in making his escape, the bullets sent after him by the soldiers having missed their mark.

After this unfortunate occurrence the Indians sent messengers all over the Sierra, warning everybody against the man-eaters who were coming, and I was seriously impeded by their foolish belief, finding, on our farther march, their ranches deserted before our arrival—women and children screaming and hiding themselves as soon as they caught a glimpse of us. Several months after this incident, when the Indians were becoming quite reconciled to me, I was taken to task for having dug out the skulls from the caves, which, the Indians reasoned, could only have been done for the purpose of bewitching them. My Mexican companion, whom I on this occasion sent to negotiate with them, informed them, of his own accord, that it had been done in order to ascertain if the people to whom the skulls belonged had been properly baptized, an explanation, no doubt, equally satisfactory to himself as to the Indians. I knew I should do better travelling

alone among them, and I felt sure that some day I should gain their confidence. Certainly, at first, wherever I came, they feared me as the man who ate pregnant women and babies and green corn—no other food; but, gradually, my difficulties subsided.

The latter part of the dry season, which lasts from April to June, is a most trying time for travelling, both for man and beast, as the Indians every year at that time set the grass on fire, and the whole country seems enveloped in smoke; only accidentally may some grass be left, and travelling is made almost an impossibility. But all this smoke is necessary, the Indians think, in order to produce rain. I had, for some time, been waiting in vain in Guachochic for the rain to begin; for after a few rainy days the new grass comes up very quickly. At last I made up my mind to start, under any circumstances, on a long excursion toward the southeast. In the end of June I therefore selected a few of my animals that had suffered the least, and had the good fortune to get several hours of heavy rain on the very day of my start. For a couple of months afterward the rain seemed, as it were, to pursue me wherever I went, which was not always pleasant to me, but decidedly so to the Indians, whose whole life is one prayer for



Tarahumari Woman Carrying Water.

rain in this dry country. They associated my movements with the rain, and, owing to this belief, were sorry when I parted with them. They began to take a delight in posing before the mysterious camera, which, they imagined, had, after all, turned out to be so powerful a rain-maker. I heard no more of their excuses for not wanting to be photographed, that it would cause their death; that their god would be angry; or any general un-

willingness, as expressed in the words of an Indian, who told me that he did not owe me anything, and therefore did not care to do it.

After thus succeeding in doing away with their foolish fears and convincing them that my inclinations were not cannibalistic, I established relations of confidence, and got on splendidly with them. In some places I was looked upon as a kind of demi-god, powerful in securing benefits—rain, crops, health, etc.—which cost them so much effort in the way of prayers and dances. I always gave visitors something to eat—my invariable rule—and that went a great way with them in making friends. The Indian loses shyness at once when well fed, and a gift of corn I found more eloquent than long speeches. Thanks to my pack- and riding-mules, which carried my tent, bedding, camera, collections, etc., I was enabled to take along some trading material in the shape of corn, cotton-cloth, glass beads, etc. But whenever I went into the barrancas I left my mules and cargo at a safe place in the

highlands, and took only necessary stores which could be carried on the backs of three or four Indians. We slept under a stone, or a tree, or wherever chance guided us, depending for food chiefly upon the Indians. My staple food for the last fourteen months has been Indian corn, maize in all kinds of Indian fashion, from corn-cakes (*tortillas*) to the grains simply roasted upon a piece of broken crockery over the fire. Having the happy faculty of liking most aboriginal dishes, I have often resorted to the herbs and roots eaten by the Indians, in a cooked or crude state, and have found some of them very palatable. Any one who wants to make researches among the Indians of the Sierra Madre will have to depend upon the produce of the country, and must be able to make the best of what Mexicans and Indians can furnish, unless provisions have been carried out from the start. Preserved goods may be carried, but they are heavy, and it is a matter of months to get a new supply, besides which the Indians are not willing carriers.

This tribe lives in many different kinds of habitations, the variety of which is very remarkable. The majority use a kind of house consisting of a framework of four poles, on which rests a roof made of a double layer of pine-boards. Toward this framework lean the slanting walls of loose boards. To get in and out, the Indian simply removes a few of the boards, which thus constitute a sort of door. In more perfect houses a crude stone-wall is found between the



Usual Crouching Position of Tarahumaris.



DRAWN BY V. PÉRARD.

Large Inhabited Cave near Cusarare, showing Storehouses and Parapet.



Side View of a Permanently Inhabited Tarahumari Cave near Nararachic.—Storehouses in background

four posts, and sometimes logs or a stockade of posts are used as walls, in which case there is a doorway left, rarely fitted with a door. In some of these houses there is found a species of vestibule, consisting of rough boards leaning toward the door side of the house; this as a protection from the wind.

There are also regular log-houses with doors, but no door-jamb. Where the climate is genial, are found mere "lean-tos" of thatched grass, the sides consisting of grass or palm leaves. Sometimes their houses consist simply of a roof of boards or thatch, or even earth, resting on four poles. Again they are merely sheds, consisting of a roof of thatch running down to the ground. Such habitations, without walls, are used as temporary abodes, particularly while watching the corn, in order to keep away domestic and wild dogs, bears, and crows. In the pueblos the Tarahumaris live in houses made with stones and adobe.

But in this country of weathered porphyry and interstratified sandstone, where natural caves and shelters are numerous, the Tarahumaris also make a free use of such habitations to such an extent that they may properly be

termed the living cave-dwellers of the American continent.

Some of them are permanent cave-dwellers, for there are barrancas and arroyos where cave-dwellers may always be found; but most of the Tarahumaris are only temporarily so. The so-called Christian Tarahumari on the highlands lives during the winter in the villages or pueblos, while he spends the rest of the year at his ranch in the mountains, living in wooden or stone hovels, described above, or in caves. Many Indians do not come to the villages at all, as the missionaries taught them to do, but go into caves in the winter, *se encuevan*, as the Mexicans say. Thus in the neighborhood of Nararachic many Christians are cave-dwellers during the winter, but in summer most of them leave the caves for fear of the scorpions, tarantulas, "vina-grones" (*telyphonus*), which in the warm weather frequent the rocks. Within the memory of man many caves have been abandoned for good, owing to the encroachment of the Mexicans upon the land of the Tarahumaris, the latter disliking the neighborhood of white men. As regards the pagans (Gentiles), who

still in considerable numbers are found in the remote barrancas very difficult of access, they all love caves, but their mode of life is shifting. They plant corn high upon the crests of the barrancas in March, and when the rain begins in June and July they descend into the cañon to plant corn there. Subsequently they harvest, first upon the high ridges, then in the barrancas, where they retire for the winter to enjoy the warm temperature, living on the crest—often in wooden shelters, and down in the cañons mostly in caves, or under a big stone or a tree, as the case may be.

I have seen heathens living in wooden shelters near their corn-fields, while only five hundred feet lower down they had a large cave where they found it more pleasant to spend the winter; but generally the caves used as winter-resorts are found much farther from the high ridges. Heat is no drawback to a Tarahumari, and therefore permanent cave-dwellers may be found even down in the hot barrancas.

The heathen in the barrancas cultivates corn, beans, and tobacco, but upon a small scale, owing to the fact that the soil is scarce and he has to build stone-walls in order to retain his scanty supply and add to it whatever the rains rushing down the mountain-sides may bring. In that way small terraces are formed, exactly of the same kind to be seen so often farther north in the Sierra and in the Southwest of the United States, abandoned ages and ages ago.

The greatest number of inhabited caves is found in the western part of the Sierra toward Sinaloa. It is seldom indeed that the caves are improved. I have, in a few cases, seen partitions of stone and adobe in them, but they never reach the top of the cave. The most common improvement is a loose stone-wall in front of the cave, as high as a man's breast, as a shelter against

the wind. The caves are rarely found in inaccessible places, like some in the United States; if they are difficult of access, they are made accessible by one or two wooden ladders, or rather notched trunks of trees. The caves are always found apart, at a distance of from one hundred yards to a mile or more. I heard of one arroyo where six can be seen at the same time, only from thirty to fifty yards apart, but this is a rare case. It is also rare to find more than one family living in the same cave; if so, the people are always near relatives.

When the caves are permanently inhabited they are fitted up, as are their houses, with the same utensils, the grinding-stones, baskets, and jars. The fire is in the middle of the cave, and the floor is often cemented with adobe. I once saw a species of parapet built of stone gravel, terraced, on a level with the floor



On the Highlands—Sierra Madre.

of the cave, so as to extend the cave's area. The storehouses, so necessary to

the household life of the Tarahumaris for storing corn and clothing, are never missing in the caves. They are built of stone and adobe along the inner walls, and serve as big closets. The largest inhabited cave I have seen, was nearly one hundred feet in width, and from twenty to forty feet in depth. If the caves are very deep, the Indian lives near the mouth. Never do they excavate caves or holes for habitation.

Although the Tarahumari is not nomadic, his life is shifting. He removes his domestic animals according to season, and plants corn in different localities, moving accordingly. On the highlands the Tarahumari is certainly more permanent, and here the best wooden houses are found. Here they may even be found living in ranches of from five to six families. One ranch had twenty-five families, but even here on the highlands, a Tarahumari never lives all his life in the same house; if any one dies the house is pulled down and removed. Sometimes the Tarahumari moves his house away because the site is a good one for planting corn, the earth having been enriched by habitation. A man who had built quite a good house left it, because he found that the sun did not shine sufficiently upon it. There may be also other reasons, known only to themselves, for moving, because in some parts families have been known to move their habitations ten times a year. A peculiar custom among the Tarahumaris is that at night the father and mother will leave the house or cave to be taken care of by the children, while they go to sleep under a tree, in the shelter

of the storehouse, or in some other cave, according to convenience.

Are these cave-dwellers related to the ancient cliff-dwellers of the southwestern part of the United States and northern Mexico? Decidedly not. Their very aversion to living more than one family in a cave, and their lack of sociability marks a strong contrast with the ancient cliff-dwellers who were by nature gregarious. The fact that people live in caves is in itself extremely interesting, but this alone does not prove any connection between them and the ancient cliff-dwellers. Although the Tarahumari is very intelligent, he is backward in the arts and industries. His pottery is exceedingly crude, as compared with the work found in the old cliff-dwellings, and its decoration is infantile as contrasted with the cliff-dwellers' work. The cliff-dwellers brought the art of decoration to a comparatively high state, as shown in the relics found in their dwellings. But the cave-dweller of to-day shows no suggestion of such skill. Moreover, he is utterly devoid of the architectural gift, which resulted in the remarkable rock structures of the early cliff-dwellers. These people, so far as concerns their cave-dwelling habits, cannot be ranked above troglodytes.

When, in the next articles, I shall treat of their life, it will be seen that there survive among this ancient people, who were probably cave-dwellers long before the races in Arizona and New Mexico took to the cliffs, customs which go far to explain practices found among other Indian tribes in obsolete or less intelligible forms.



Tarahumari Woman Grinding Corn.



JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER

By George W. Cable

XLIII

RUBBING AGAINST MEN



BOU**T** three in the afternoon on the last day of the year John March was in the saddle lopping down from Widewood.

He was thinking of one of the most serious obstacles to the furtherance of his enterprise: the stubborn hostility of the Sandstone County mountaineers. To the gentlest of them it meant changes that would make game scarcer and circumscribe and belittle their consciously small and circumscribed lives; to the wilder sort it meant an invasion of aliens who had never come before for other purpose than to break up their stills and drag them to jail. As he came out into the Susie and Pussie pike he met a frowsy pinewoodsman astride a mule, returning into the hills.

"Howdy, Enos." They halted.

"Howdy, Johnnie. Well, ef you ain't been a-swappin' critters ag'in, to be sho'! Looks mighty much like you a-chawed this time, less'n this critter an' the one you had both deceives they looks a pow'ful sight."

John expressed himself unalarmed and asked the news.

"I ain't pick up much news in the Susie," said Enos. "Jeff-Jack's house beginnin' to look mos' done. Scan'lous fine house! Mawnstus hayndy, havin' it jined'n' right on, sawt o', to old Haliday's that a way. Johnnie, why don't you marry? You kin do it; the gal fools ain't all peg out yit."

"No," laughed John, "nor they ain't the worst kind, either."

"Thass so; the wuss kine is the fellers 'at don't marry 'em. Why, ef I was you, I'd have a wife as pooty as a speckle' hound pup, an' yit one 'at could build biscuits an' cook coffee, too! An' I'd

jess quile down at home in my sock feet an' never git up, lessen it wus to eat aw to go to bed. I wouldn't be a cavortin' an' a projeckin' aroun' tryin' to settle up laynds which they got too many settlehs on 'em now, an' ef you bring niggehs we'll kill 'em, an' ef you bring white folks we'll make 'em wish they was dead."

The two men smiled good-naturedly. March knew every word bespoke the general spirit of Enos's neighbors and kin; men who believed the world was flat and would trust no man who didn't; who, in their own forests, would shoot on sight any stranger in store clothes; who ate with their boots off and died with them on.

"Reckon I got to risk it," said John; "can't always tell how things 'll go."

"Thass so," drawled Enos. "An' yit women folks seem like evm they think they kin. I hear Grannie Sugg, a-ridin' home fum church, 'llow ef Johnnie March bring air railroad 'ithin ten mile o' her, he better leave his medjer 'ith the coffin man."

"Tell her howdy for me, will you, Enos?" said John; and Enos said he would.

Deeply absorbed, but clear in bloody resolve, March walked his horse down the turnpike in the cold sunshine and blustering air. He heard his name and looked back; had he first recognized the kindly voice he would not have turned, but fled, like a partlet at sight of the hawk, from Parson Tombs.

"Howdy, John! Ought to call you Mister March, I reckon, but you know I never baptized you Mister." They moved on together. "How's yo' maw?"

John said she was about as usual and asked after the parson's folks.

"O they all up, thank the Lawd. Mr. March, this is the Lawd's doin' an' mahvellous in ow eyes, meetin' up with you this way. I was prayin' faw it as I turned the bend in the road! He's sent me to you, Mr. March, I feel it!"

March showed distress, but the parson continued bright.

"I jest been up to get Brotheh Garnet to come he'p us in ow protracted meet'n' an' to arrange to let the college boys come when they begin school ag'in, day after to-morrow. Mr. March, I wish you'd come, won't you? to-night!"

"I couldn't very well come to-night, Mr. Tombs. I—I approve of such meetings. I think it's a very pleasant way to pass—" he reddened. "But I'm too busy——"

"This is business, Mr. March! The urgentest kind! It's the spirit's call! It may never call again, brotheh! What if in some more convenient season Gawd should mawk when yo' fear cometh?"

The young man drooped like a horse in the rain, and the pastor, mistaking endurance for contrition, pressed his plea. "You know, the holy book says, Come, faw *all* things ah *now* ready; it don't say *all* things will ever be ready again! The p'umption is they won't! O my dear young brotheh, there's a wrath to come—real—awful—everlasting—O flee from it! Come to the flowing fountain! One plunge an' yo' saved! Johnnie—do I make too free? I've been prayin' faw you by name faw years!"

"O you hadn't ought to have done that, sir! I wa'n't worth it."

"Ah! yes you air! Johnnie, I've watched yo' ev'y step an' stumble all yo' days. I've had faith faw you when many a one was sayin' you was jess bound to go to the bad—which you know it did look that way, brotheh. But, s' I, Satan's a-siftin' of him! He's in the gall o' bitterness jess as I was at his age!"

"You! Ha-ha! Why, my dear Mr. Tombs, you don't know who you're talking about!"

"Yes, I do, brotheh. I was jess so! An', s' I, he'll pull through! His moth-eh's prayers 'll prevail, evm if mine don't! An' now, when ev'ybody sees you a-changin' faw the better——"

"Better! Great Sc——"

"Yes, an' yet 'ithout the least sign o' conversion—I say, s' I, it's restrainin' grace! Ah! don't I know? Next 'll come savin' grace, an' then repentance unto life. Straight is the way an' I can see right up it!"

"Why, Mr. Tombs, you're utterly wrong! I've only learned a little manners and a little sense. All that's ever restrained me, sir, was lack of sand. The few bad things I've kept out of, I kept out of simply because I knew if I went into 'em I'd bog down. It's not a half hour since I'd have liked first-rate to be worse than I am, but I didn't have the sand for that, either. Why, sir, I'm worse to-day than I ever was, only it's deeper hid. If men went to convict camps for what they are, instead of what they do, I'd be in one now."

"Conviction of sin! Praise Gawd, brotheh, you've got it! O bring it to-night to the inquirer's seat!"

But the convicted sinner interrupted, with a superior smile: "I've no inquiries to offer, Mr. Tombs. I know the plan of salvation, sir, perfectly! We're all totally depraved, and would be damned on Adam's account if we wa'n't, for we've lost communion with God and are liable to all the miseries of this life, to death itself and the pains of hell forever; but God out of his mere good pleasure having elected some to everlasting life, the rest of us—O I know it like a-b-c! Mother taught it to me before I could read. Yes, I must, with grief and hatred of my sin, turn from it unto God—certainly—because God having first treated the innocent as if he were guilty, is willing now to treat the guilty as if he were innocent, which is all right because of God's sovereignty over us, his propriety in us, and the zeal he hath for his own worship—O——"

"But, Mr. Tombs, what's the use, sir? Some things I can repent of, but some I can't. I'm expecting a letter to-day tha'll almost certainly be a favorable answer to an extensive proposition I've made for opening up my whole tract of land. Now, I've just been told by one of my squatters that if I bring settlers up there he'll kill 'em. Well, d' you s'pose I won't kill him the minute he lifts a hand to try it?" The speaker's eyes widened pleasantly. He resumed:

"There's another man down here. He's set his worm-eaten heart on something—perfect right to do it. I've no right to say he sha'n't. But I do. I'm

just honing to see him to tell him that if he values his health he'll drop that scheme, at the close of the year which closes to-day."

"O John, is that what yo' father—I don't evn say yo' pious mother—taught you to be?"

"No, sir, my father begged me to be like my mother. And I tried, sir, I tried hard! No use; I had to quit. Strange part is I've got along better ever since. But now, s'pose I should repent these things. 'Twouldn't do any good, sir. For, let me tell you, Mr. Tombs, underneath them all there's another matter—you can't guess it—please don't try or ask anybody else—a matter that I can't repent, and wouldn't if I could! Well, good-day, sir, I'm sure I reciprocate your——"

"Come to the meeting, my brotheh. You love yo' motheh. Do it to please her."

"I don't know; I'll see," replied John, with no intention of seeing, but reflecting with amused self-censure that if anything he did should visibly please his mother, such a result would be, at any rate, unique.

XLIV

SAME AFTERNOON

SUEZ had never seen so busy a winter. Never before in the same number of weeks had so much cotton been hauled into town or shipped from it. Goods had never been so cheap, gross sales so large, or Blackland darkeys and Sandstone crackers so flush.

And naturally the prosperity that worked downward had worked upward all the more. Rosemont had a few more students than in any earlier year; Montrose gave her young ladies better molasses; the white professors in the colored "university," and their wives, looked less starved; and General Halliday, in spite of the fact that he was part owner of a steamboat, had at last dropped the title of "Agent." Even John March had somehow made something.

Barbara, in black, was shopping for Fannie. Johanna was at her side. The day was brisk. Ox-wagons from Clear-

water, mule-teams from Blackland, bull-carts from Sandstone, were everywhere. Cotton bales were being tumbled, torn, sampled, and weighed; products of the truck-patch and door-yard, and spoils of the forest, were changing hands. Flakes of cotton blew about under the wheels and among the reclining oxen. In the cold upper blue the buzzards circled, breasted the wind, or turned and scudded down it. From chimney tops the smoke darted hither and you and went to shreds in the cedars and ever-green oaks. On one small space of sidewalk which was quiet, Johanna found breath and utterance.

"Umph! dis-yeh town is busy. Look like jess ev'ybody a-makin' money. 'Jawn Mawch, Gen'lemun!'—k-he-he!—dass a new kine o' business. An' yit, Miss Barb, I heah Gen'l Halliday tell Miss Fannie 'istiddy dat Mr. Mawch done come out ahade on dem-ah telegraph pole' what de contractors done git sicken' on an' th'ow up. He mus' be pow'ful smart, dat Mr. Mawch; ain't he, Miss Barb?"

"I don't know," murmured Barbara; "anybody can make money when everybody's making it." She bent her gaze into a milliner's window.

The maid eyed her anxiously. There were growing signs that Barbara's shopping was not for the bride-elect only, but for herself also, and for a long journey and a longer absence.

"Miss Barb, yondeh Mr. Mawch. Miss Barb, he de hayn'somess mayn in de three counties!"

"Ridiculous! Come, make haste." Haste was a thing they were beginning to make large quantities of in Suez. It has some resemblance to speed.

"Miss Garnet, pardon me." March gave the Rosemont bow, she gave the Montrose. "Don't let me stop you, please." He caught step.

"Is General Halliday in town? I suppose, of course, you've seen Miss Fannie this morning?" His boyish eyes looked hungry for a little teasing. She stopped in a store doorway. Her black garb heightened the charm of her red-brown hair, and of the countenance ready enough for laughter, yet well content without it.

"Yes. I'm shopping for her now."

Her smiling lip implied the coming bridal, but her eyes told him teasing was no longer in order. General Halliday was in Blackland, she said, but would be back by noon. March gave the Rosemont bow, she gave the Montrose, Johanna unconsciously courtesied.

In the post-office John found two letters. One, he saw instantly, was from Leggett. He started for his office opening the other, which was post-marked Boston. It ran :

“MY DEAR MR. MARCH.—My father has carefully considered your very clear and elaborate plan, and, while he freely admits his judgment may be wrong, he deems it but just to be perfectly frank with you.”

The reader's step ceased. A maker of haste jostled him. He did not know it. His heart sank ; he lost the place on the page. He leaned against an awning-post and read on :

“He feels bound to admire a certain masterly inventiveness and courage in your plan, but is convinced it will cost more than you estimate and cannot be made at the same time safe and commercially remunerative.”

There was plenty more, but the wind so ruffled the missive that, with uplifted eyes, he folded it. He looked across the corner of the court-house square at his office, whose second month's rent was due and the first month's not yet paid. He saw his bright blue sign with the uncommercial title, which he had hoped to pay the painter for to-day. For, had his proposition been accepted, the letter was to have contained a small remittance. A gust of wind came scurrying round the post-office corner. Dust, leaves, and flakes of cotton rose on its wave, and—ah!—his hat went with them.

Johanna's teeth flashed in soft laughter as she waited in a doorway. “Run,” she whispered, “run, Mr. Jawn Mawch, Gen'lemun. You so long gitt'n' to de awffice, hat cayn't wait. Yass, betteh give it up. Bresh de ha'r out'n yo' eyes an let dat-ah niggeh-felleh ketch it. K-he! I 'clare, dat's de mos' migracious hat I eveh see! Niggeh got it! Dass right, Mr. Mawch, give de naysty niggeh a dime. Po' niggeh! now run tu'n yo' dime into cawn-juice.”

At his desk March read again :

“We appreciate the latent value of your lands. Time must bring changes which will liberate that value and make it commercial ; but it was more a desire to promote these changes than any belief in their nearness which prompted my father's gifts to Rosemont College and Suez University. Not that he shares the current opinion that you are having too much politics. Progress and thrift may go side by side with political storms, and I know he thinks your State would be worse off to-day if it could secure a mere political calm.

“In reply to your generous invitation to suggest changes in your plan, I will myself venture one or two questions.

“First—Is not the elaborateness of your plan an argument against it? Dixie is not a new, wild country ; and therefore does not your scheme—to establish not only mines, mills, and roads, but stores, banks, schools, and churches under the patronage and control of the company—imply that as a community and commonwealth you are, in Dixie, in a state of arrested development?

“Else why propose to do through a private commercial corporation what is everywhere else done through public government—by legislation, taxation, education, and courts? Cannot—or will not—your lawmakers and taxpayers give you their co-operation?

“The spirit of your plan is certainly beyond criticism. It seeks a common welfare. It does not offer swift enrichment to the moneyed few through the use of ignorant labor unlifted from destitution and degradation, but rather the remuneration of capital through the social betterment of all the factors of a complete community. But will the plan itself pay? Have not the things around you which paid been those which cared little if savings-bank, church, or school lived or died, or whether laws or customs favored them?

“Suppose that on your own lands your colony should seem for a time to succeed, would you not be an island in an ocean of misunderstanding and indifference? If you should need an act of county or township legislation, could you get it? Is this not why capital

seeks wilder and more distant regions when it would rather be in Dixie?

"I make these points not for their own sake, but to introduce a practical suggestion which my father is tempted to submit to you. And this, it may surprise you to find, is based upon the contents of the paper handed you as I was leaving Suez by the colored man, Leggett, whose peculiar station doubtless makes it easy for him to see relations and necessities which better or wiser men, from other points of view, might easily overlook.

"This man would make your scheme as public as you would make it private, and my father is inclined to think that if public interest, action, and credit could be enlisted as suggested in Leggett's memorandum, your problem would have new attractions much beyond its present merely problematic interest, and might find financial backers. Alliance with Leggett is, of course, out of the question; but if you can consent and undertake to exploit your lands on the line of operation sketched by him we can guarantee the pecuniary support necessary to the effort, and you may at once draw on us at sight for the small sum mentioned in your letter, if your need is still urgent. With cordial regard,

"Yours faithfully,

"HENRY FAIR."

March started up, but sat again and gazed at the missive.

"Well, I will swear!" He smiled, held it at arm's length and read again facetiously. "'Alliance with Leggett is, of course, out of the question; but if you can consent and undertake to exploit your lands on the line of operation sketched by him——'

"Now, where's that nigger's letter? —I wonder if I—" a knock at the door—"come in!—could have dropped it when my hat—O come in—ha! ha!—this isn't a private bedroom; I'm dressed."

XLV

ROUGH GOING

"Ah! Mr. Pettigrew, why'n't you walk right in, sir? I wasn't at prayer." Mr. Pettigrew, his voice made more

than usually ghostly by the wind and a cold, whispered that he thought he had heard conversation.

"O no, sir, I was only blowing up my assistant for losing a letter. Why, well, I'll be dog— You picked it up in the street, didn't you? Well, Mr. Pettigrew, I'm obliged to you, sir. Will you draw up a chair. Take the other one, sir; I threw that one at a friend the other day and broke it."

As the school-teacher sat down John dragged a chair close and threw himself into it loungingly but with tightly folded arms. Dinwiddie hitched back as if unpleasantly near big machinery. John smiled.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Pettigrew. I've been wanting a chance to say something to you for some time, sir."

Pettigrew whispered a similar desire.

"Yes, sir," said John, and was silent. Then: "It's about my mother, sir. Your last call was your fourth, I believe." He frowned and waited while the pipe-clay of Mr. Pettigrew's complexion slowly took the tint of old red sandstone. Then he resumed: "You used to tell us boys it was our part not so much to accept the protection of the laws as to protect them—from their own mistakes no less than from the mistakes of those who owe them reverence—much as it becomes the part of a man to protect his mother. Wasn't that it?"

The school-master gave a husky assent.

"Well, Mr. Pettigrew, I'm a man, now, at least bodily—I think. Now, I'm satisfied, sir, that you hold my mother in high esteem—yes, sir, I'm sure of that—don't try to talk, sir, you only irritate your throat. I know you think as I do, sir, that one finger of her little, faded hand is worth more than the whole bad lot of you and me, head, heart, and heels."

The listener's sub-acid smile protested, but John—

"I believe she thinks fairly well of you, sir, but she doesn't really know you. With me it's just the reverse. Hm! Yes, sir. You know, Mr. Pettigrew, my dear mother is of a highly wrought, imaginative temperament. Now, I'm not. She often complains

that I've got no more romance in my nature than my dear father had. She idealizes people. I can't. But the result is I can protect her against the mistakes such a tendency might even at this stage of life lead her into, for they say the poet's heart never grows old. You understand."

The school-master bowed majestically.

"My mother, Mr. Pettigrew, can never love where she can't idealize, nor marry where she can't love; she's too true a woman for that. I expect you to consider this talk confidential, of course. Now, I don't know, sir, that she could ever idealize you, but against the bare possibility that she might, I must ask you not to call again. Hm! That's all, sir."

Mr. Pettigrew rose up ashen and as mad as an adder. His hair puffed out, his eyes glistened. John rose more leisurely, stepped to the hearth, picked up a piece of box stuff and knocked a nail out of one end.

"I'll only add this, sir: If you don't like the terms, you can have whatever satisfaction you want. But I remember"—he produced a large spring-back dirk-knife, sprung it open and began curling off long parings from the pine stick—"that in college, when any one of us vexed you, you took your spite out on us, and generally on me, in words. That's all right. We were boys and couldn't hold malice. But once or twice your venomous contempt came near including my father's name. Still that's past, let it go. But now, if you do take your spite out in words be careful to let them be entirely foreign to the real subject, and be dead sure not to involve any name but mine. Or else don't begin till you've packed your trunk and bought your railroad ticket; and you'd better have a transatlantic steamer ticket, too."

Mr. Pettigrew had drawn near the door. With his hand on it he hissed, "You'll find this is not the last of this, sir."

"I reckon it is," drawled John, with his eyes on his whittling. As the door opened and shut he put away his knife and was taking his hat when his eye fell upon Cornelius's letter. He opened and read it.

The writing was Leggett's, but between the lines could be caught a whisper that was plainly not the mulatto's.

He was ready, he wrote, "to inter-juce an suppute that bill to create the Three Counties Colonization Company, Limited—which I has fo shawten its name an takened out the tucks. The sed company will buy yo whole Immense Track, payin for the same one third $\frac{1}{3}$ its own stock—another one third $\frac{1}{3}$ to be subscribed by private parties—an the res to be takened by the three counties and paid for in Cash to the sed Company Limited—which the sed cash to be raised by a special tax to be voted by the People. This money shell be used by the sed Company Limited to construc damns an sich eloquent an discomojus impertinences which then they kin sell the sed lans an impertinences to immigraters factorians an minors an in that means pay divies on the Stock an so evvybody get mo or less molasses on his finger an his vote Skewered. Thattle fetch white immigration an thattle ketch the white-liner's vote. But wheresome-dever an as soon as any six miles square shell contain twenty white children of school Age the sed Company Limited shell be boun to bill an equip for them a free school house. An faw evvy school house so billden sed Company Limited shell be likewise boun to bill another sommers in the three Counties where a equal or greater number of collared children are without one. Thattle skewer the white squatter an Nigger vote."

The next clause—there was only a line or two besides—brought an audible exclamation from the reader: "Lassly faw evvy sich school house so bilt the sed Co. Limited shell pay a sum not less than its cost to some white male college in the three counties older than the sed Company Limited."

John marvelled. What was Garnet doing or promising, that Leggett should thus single out Rosemont for subsidies? And who was this in the letter's closing line—certainly not Garnet—who would "buy both fists full" of stock as soon as the bill should pass? He stepped out and walked along the windy street immersed in thought.

"John!"—General Halliday beckoned to him. The General and Proudfit were

pushing into the lattice doors of a fragrant place whose bulletin announced "Mock Turtle Soup and Venison for Lunch To-day." March joined them. "Had your lunch, John? I heard you were looking for me."

"Well, yes, but there's no hurry." The three stood and ate, talking over incidents of war times, with John at a manifest disadvantage, and presently they passed from the luncheon trestles to the bar.

"No, Proudfit, if Garnet hadn't come in on our left just then and charged the moment he did we'd have lost the whole battery. Garnet was a poor soldier in camp, you're right; but on the field you'd only to tease him and he'd fight like a wild bull."

They drank, lighted cigars and sauntered out toward the General's office. "John, I've read what you wrote me. I can't see it. We'll never colonize any lands in Dixie, my boy, till we've changed the whole system of laws under which we rent land and raise crops. You might as well try to farm swamp lands without draining them."

"Why, General, my scheme doesn't include plantations at all."

"Yes, it does; Dixie's a plantation State, and you can't make your little patch of it prosper till our planting prospers—can he, Proudfit?"

The Colonel laughed. "No go, General. I'm not going to side with you. Our prosperity, all around, hangs on the question whether you and the darky may tax us and spend the taxes as you please, or we shall tax ourselves and spend the taxes as we please."

"Ah, Proudfit, you mean whether you may keep the taxes low enough to hold the darky down or let them be raised high enough to lift him up. Walk in, gentlemen. Proudfit, take the rocking chair."

But the Colonel stood trying to return the General's last thrust, and John was bored. "General, all I want to see you about is to say that I'm going down into Blackland in a day or two to get as many darkies as I can to settle on my lands, and if you'll tell me the ones that are in your debt, I'll have nothing to do with them unless it is to tell them they've got to stay where they are."

Proudfit whirled and stared. The General gave a low laugh.

"Why, John, that sounds mighty funny to come from you. Would you do such a thing as that?—run off with another man's niggers?"

John bit his lip and looked at his cigar. "Are they yours, General?"

"By Jove! my son, they're not yours! O! of course, you've got the legal—pshaw! I'm not going to dispute an abstraction with you. Go and amuse yourself; you can't get 'em; the niggers that don't owe won't go; that's the poetry of it. I'd rather you'd take the fellows that owe than the ones that don't; but you won't get either kind."

"I can try, General."

"No, sir, you can't!" exclaimed Proudfit. His cigar went into the fireplace with a vicious spat, and his eyes snapped. "Ow niggehs ah res'less an' discontented enough, now, and whether you'll succeed aw not you sha'n't come 'round amongst them tryin' to steal them away! Damned if we don't run you out of the three counties! So long, General!" He went by March to the door.

John stood straight, his jaws set, chin up, eyes down. Halliday, by grimaces, was adjuring him to forbear, but—"Colonel Proudfit," he said—Proudfit paused—"you'll not insist on the word 'steal'?"

"You can call it what you damn please, sir, but you mustn't do it." The speaker passed out, leaving the door invitingly ajar.

The General caught John's arm—"Wait, I want to see you."

"I'll be back in a minute, General."

"My boy, the ground's full of nice fellows going to be back in a minute. Son John, there's only one thing I'm thoroughly ashamed of you for——"

"I can see you half a dozen better, General; let me go."

"You've no need to go; Proudfit's coming right back; he's only gone for his horse. There's plenty of time to hear the little I've got to say. John March, I'm ashamed of this reputation you've got for being quick on the trigger. O, you're much admired for it—by both sexes! Ye gods! John, isn't it pitiful to see a fellow like you not able to keep a kindly contempt for the opin-

ion of fools! My dear boy—my dear boy! you'll never be worth powder enough to blow you to the devil till you've learned to let the sun go down on your wrath!"

John smiled and dropped his eyes, and the General, with an imperative gesture detaining someone at the young man's back, spoke on. "John, the old year's dying. For God's sake let it die in peace. Yes, and for your own sake, and for the sake of us old murderers of the years long dead, let as many old things as will die with it. I don't say bury anything alive—that's not my prescription; but ease their righteous death and give them a grave they'll stay in."

"General, all right! the Colonel may go for the present, but I'll tell you now, and I'll soon show him, that whatever the laws of my State give me leave to do I'll do if I choose, even if it's to help black men do what white men say sha'n't be done." John reached behind him for the latch.

His mentor smiled queerly. "Yes, even if it's to float a scheme drawing twice as much water as we've got on our political sandbar. Ah! John March, don't you know that the law's permission is never enough? Better get all the permissions you can, and turn your 'I' into the most multitudinous 'we' you can possibly make it. Seven legislatures can't dig you too much channel."

March's reply was cut short by a voice behind him, which said:

"You can have the *Courier's* permission."

As John wheeled about, Jeff-Jack came a step forward and Barbara Garnet shrank against a window.

"Well, Miss Garnet," laughed March, as Ravenel conversed with Halliday, "I was absorbed, wa'n't I? You and Miss Fannie going to watch the old year out and the new year in to-night?"

"No, sir, we're only going to the revival meeting," replied Barbara, with mellow gravity. "All bad people are cordially invited, you know. I reckon I've got to be there."

"Why, Miss Garnet, my name's Legion, too. I didn't know we were such close kin." He said good-day and de-

parted, mildly wondering what the next incident would be. The retiring year seemed to be rushing him through a great deal of unfinished business.

XLVI

SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY

It was really a daring stroke, so to time the revival that the first culmination of interest should be looked for on New Year's eve. On that day business, the dry sorts, would be apt to decline faster than the sun, and the nearness of New Year would make men—country buyers and horsemen in particular—social, thirsty, and adventurous.

In fact, by the middle of the afternoon the streets around the court-house square were wholly given up to the white male sex. One man had, by accident, shot his own horse. Another had smashed a window, also by accident and clearly the fault of the bar-keeper, who shouldn't have dodged. Men, and youths of men's stature, were laying arms about each other's necks, advising one another, with profanely affectionate assumptions of superiority, to come along home, promising on triple oath to do so after one more drink, and breaking forth at unlooked-for moments in blood-curdling yells. Three or four would take a fifth or seventh stirrup cup, mount, start home, ride round the square and come tearing up to the spot they had started from, as if they knew and were showing how they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix, though beyond a prefatory catamount shriek, the only news any of them brought was that he could whip anything of his size, weight, and age in the three counties. The Jews closed their stores.

Proudfit had gone home. Enos had met a brother and a cousin and come back with them. John March, with his hat on, sat alone at his desk with Fair's and Leggett's letters pinned under one elbow, his map under the other, and the verbal counsels of Enos, General Halliday, and Proudfit droning in his ears. He sank back with a baffled laugh.

He couldn't change a whole people's

habit of thought, he reflected. Even the *Courier* followed the popular whim by miles and led it only by inches. So it seemed, at least. And yet if one should try to make his scheme a public one and leave the *Courier* out—imagine it!

And must the *Courier*, then, be invited in? Must everybody and his nigger “pass their plates?” Ah! how had a few years—a few months—twisted and tangled the path to mastership! Through what thickets of contradiction, what morasses of bafflement, what unimperial acceptance of help and counsel did that path now lead! And this was no merely personal fate of his. It was all Dixie’s. He would never change his politics; O no! But how if men’s politics, asking no leave of their owners, change themselves, and he who does not change ceases to be steadfast?

Behold! All the way down the Swanee River, spite of what big levees of prevention and draining wheels of antiquated cure, how invincibly were the waters of a new order sweeping in upon the old plantation.

And still the old plantation slumbered on below the level of the world’s great risen floods of emancipations and enfranchisements whereon party platforms, measures, triumphs, and defeats only floated and eddied, mere drift-logs of a current from which they might be cast up, but could not turn back.

He bent over the desk. “Jove!” was all he said, but it stood for the realization of the mighty difference between the map under his eyes and what he was under oath to himself to make it. What “lots” of men had got to change their notions— notions stuck as fast in their belief as his mountains were stuck in the ground—before that map could suit him. To think harder, he covered his face with his hands. The gale rattled his window. He failed to hear Enos just outside his door, alone and very drunk, prying off the tin sign of John March, Gentleman. He did not hear even the soft click of the latch or the yet softer footsteps that brought the drunkard close before his desk; but at the first word he glanced up and found himself covered by a revolver.

“Set still,” drawled Enos. In his left hand was the tin sign. “This yeh trick

looked ti-ud a-tellin’ lies, so I fetch it in.”

Without change of color—for despair stood too close for fear to come between—John fixed his eyes on the drunken man’s and began to rise. The weapon followed his face up.

“Enos, point that thing another way or I’ll kill you.” He took a slow step outward from the desk, the pistol following with a drunken waver more terrible than steady aim. Enos spoke along its barrel, still holding up the sign.

“Is this little trick gwine to stay fetch in? Say, yass, mawsteh, aw I blow yo’ head off.”

But John still held the drunkard’s eye. As he took up from his desk a large piece of ore, he said, “Enos, when a man like you leaves a gentleman’s door open, the gentleman goes and shuts it himself.”

“Yass, you bet! So do a niggah. Shell I shoot, aw does you ’llow—”

“I’m going to shut the door, Enos. If you shoot me in the back I swear I’ll kill you so quick you’ll never know what hurt you.” With the hand that held the stone, while word followed word, the speaker made a slow upward gesture. But at the last word the stone dropped, the pistol was in March’s hand, it flashed up and then down, and the drunkard, blinded and sinking from a frightful blow of the weapon’s butt, was dragging his foe with him to the floor. Down they went, the pistol flying out of reach, March’s knuckles at Enos’s throat and a knee on his breast.

“’Nough,” gasped the mountaineer, “’nough!”

“Not yet! I know you too well! Not till one of us is dead!” John pressed the throat tighter with one hand, plunged the other into his pocket and drew and sprung his dirk. The choking man gurgled for mercy, but March pushed back his falling locks with his wrist and lifted the blade. There it hung while he cried,

“O if you’d only done this sober I’d end you! I wish to God you wa’n’t drunk!”

“’Nough, Johnnie, ’nough! You air a gentleman, Johnnie, sir.”

“Will you nail that sign up again?” The dirk glistened.

“Yass.”

The knife was shut and put away, and when Enos gained his feet March had him covered with his magazine rifle. "Pick that pistol up wrong end first and hand it to me! Now my hat! 'Ever mind yours! Now that sign."

The corners of the tin still held two small nails.

"Now stand back again." March thrust a finger into his vest-pocket. "I had a thumb-tack." He found it. "Now, Enos, I'll tack this thing up myself. But you'll stand behind me, sir, so's if anyone shoots, you know, he'll hit you first, and if you try to get away or to uncover me the least bit, or if anybody even cocks a gun, you die right there, sir. Now go on!"

The sun was setting as they stepped out on the sidewalk. The mail hour had passed. The square and the streets around it were lonely. The saloons themselves were half deserted. In one near the *Courier* office there was some roystering, and before it three tipsy horsemen were just mounting and turning to leave town by the pike. They so nearly hid Major Garnet and Parson Tombs coming down the sidewalk on foot some distance beyond, that March did not recognize them. At Weed and Usher's Captain Champion joined the Major and the Parson. But John's eye was on one lone man much nearer by, who came riding leisurely among the trees of the square, looking about as if in search of someone. He had a long, old-fashioned rifle.

"Wait, Enos, there's your brother. Stand still."

John levelled his rifle just in time. "Halt! Drop that gun to the ground! Drop it or I'll drop you!" The rifle fell to the earth. "Now get away! Move!" The horseman wheeled and hurried off under cover of the tree-trunks.

"Gentlemen!" cried Parson Tombs, "there'll be murder yonder!" He ran forward.

"Brother Tombs," cried Garnet, walking majestically after him, "for Heaven's sake, stop! you can't prevent anything that way." But the old man ran on.

Champion, with a curse at himself for having only a knife and a derringier,

flew up a stair and into the *Courier* office.

"Lend me something to shoot with, Jeff-Jack, the Yahoos are after John March."

Ravenel handed from a desk-drawer, that stood open close to his hand, a six-shooter. Champion ran downstairs. Ravenel stepped, smiling, to a window.

March had turned his back and was putting up the sign, pressing the nails into their former places with his thumb. Men all about were peeping from windows and doors. Champion ran to the nearest tree in the square and from behind it peered here and there to catch sight of the dismounted horseman, who was stealing back to his gun.

"Keep me well covered, you lean devil," growled John to Enos, "or I'll shoot you without warning!" Working left-handed, he dropped the thumb-tack. With a curse between his teeth he stooped and picked it up, but could not press it firmly into place. He leaned his rifle against the door-post, drew the revolver and used its butt as a hammer. Champion saw an elbow bend back from behind a tree. The mountaineer's brother had recovered his gun and was aiming it. The Captain fired and hit the tree. March whirled upon Enos with the revolver in his face, the drunkard flinched violently when not to have flinched would have saved both lives, and from the tree-trunk that Champion had struck a rifle puffed and cracked. March heard the spat of a bullet, and with a sudden horrid widening of the eyes Enos fell into his bosom.

"Great God! Enos, your brother didn't mean to——"

The only reply was a fixing of the eyes, and Enos slid through his arms and sank to the pavement dead.

Champion had tripped on a root and got a cruel fall, losing his weapon in a drift of leaves; but as the brother of Enos was just capping his swiftly reloaded gun—

"Throw up your hands!" cried Parson Tombs, laying his aged eye along the sights of March's rifle; the hands went up and in a moment were in the clutch of the town marshal, while a growing crowd ran from the prisoner and from Champion to John March,

who knelt with Parson Tombs beside the dead man, moaning,

"O good Lord! good Lord! this needn't 'a' been! O Enos, I'd better 'a' killed you myself! O great God, why didn't I keep this from happening, when I——"

Someone close to him, stooping over the dead under pretence of feeling for signs of life, murmured, "Stop talking." Then to the Parson, "Take him away with you," and then rising spoke across to Garnet, "Howdy, Major," with the old smile that could be no one's but Ravenel's. He and Garnet walked away together.

"Died of a gunshot wound received by accident," the coroner came and found. John March and the minister had gone into March's office, but Captain Champion's word was quite enough. It was nearly tea-time when John and the Parson came out again. The sidewalk was empty. As John locked the door he felt a nail under his boot, picked it up, and seeming not to realize his own action at all, stepped to the sidewalk's edge, found a loose stone and went back to the door, all the time saying,

"No, sir, I've made it perfectly terrible to think of God and a hereafter, but somehow I've never got so low down as to wish there wa'n't any. I—" his thumb pressed the nail into its hole in the corner of his sign—"I do lots of things that are wrong, awfully wrong, though sometimes I feel—" he hammered it home with the stone—"as if I'd rather"—he did the same for the other two and the thumb-tack—"die trying to do right than live,—well,—this way. But—" tossing away the stone and wiping his hands—"that's only sometimes, and that's the very best I can say."

They walked slowly. The wind had ceased. By the *Courier* office John halted.

"Supper! O excuse me, Mr. Tombs! really I—I can't, sir!—I—I'll eat at the hotel. I've got to see a gentleman on business. But I pledge you my word, sir, I'll come to the meeting." They shook hands. "You're mighty kind to me, sir."

The gentleman he saw on business was Ravenel. They supped together in

a secluded corner of the Swance Hotel dining-room, talking of Widewood and colonization, and by the time their cigars were brought—by an obsequious black waiter with soiled cuffs—March felt that he had never despatched so much business at one sitting in his life before.

"John," said Ravenel as they took the first puff, "there's one thing you can do for me if you will: I want you to stand up with me at my wedding."

March stiffened and clenched his chair. "Jeff-Jack, you oughtn't to 've asked me that, sir! And least of all in connection with this Widewood business! It's not fair, sir!"

Ravenel scarcely roused himself from reverie to reply, "You mustn't make any connection. I don't."

"Well, then, I'll not," said March. "I'll even thank you for the honor. But I don't deserve either the honor or the punishment, and I simply can't do it!"

"Can't you hide in your breast every selfish care and flush your pale cheek with wine? Every man has got to eat a good deal of crow. It's not so bad, from the hand of a friend. It shan't compromise you."

With head up and eyes widened John gazed at the friendly, cynical face before him. "It would compromise me; you know it would! Yes, sir, you may laugh, but you knew it when you asked me. You knew it would be unconditional surrender. I don't say you hadn't a right to ask, but—I'm a last ditcher, you know."

"Well," drawled Ravenel, pleasantly, when they rose, "if that's what you prefer——"

"No, I don't prefer it, Jeff-Jack; but if you were me could you help it?"

"I shouldn't try," said Ravenel.

XLVII

JOHN HEADS A PROCESSION

By the afternoon train on this last day of the year there had come into Suez a missionary returning from China on leave of absence, ill from scant fare and overwork.

General Halliday, Fannie, and Barbara were at tea when Parson Tombs brought in the returned wanderer. The General sprang to his feet with an energy that overturned his chair. "Why, Sammie Messenger, confound your young hide! Well, upon my soul! I'm outrageous proud to see you! Fan—Barb—come here! This is one of my old boys! Sam, this is the daughter of your old Major, Miss Garnet. Why, confound your young hide!"

Parson Tombs giggled with joy. "Brother Messenger is going to add a word of exhortation to Brother Garnet's discourse," he said with grave elation, and when the General execrated such cruelty to a weary traveller, he laughed again. But being called to the front door for a moment's consultation with the pastor of the other church, he presently returned, much embarrassed, with word that the missionary need not take part, a prior invitation having been accepted by Uncle Jimmie Rankin, of Wildcat Ridge. Fannie, in turn, cried out against this substitution, but the gentle shepherd explained that what mercy could not obtain official etiquette compelled.

"Tell us about John March," interposed the General. "They say you saved his life."

"I reckon I did, sir, humanly speakin'." The Parson told the lurid story, Fannie holding Barbara's hand as they listened. The church's first bell began to ring and the Parson started up.

"If only the right man could talk to John! He's very persuadable to-night and he'd take from a stranger what he wouldn't take fum us." He looked fondly to the missionary, who had risen with him. "I wish you'd try him. You knew him when he was a toddler. He asks about you, freck-wently."

"You'd almost certainly see him downtown somewhere now," said Fannie.

Barbara gave the missionary her most daring smile of persuasion.

March was found only a step or two from Fannie's gate.

"Well, if this ain't a plumb Providence!" laughed the Parson. The three men stopped and talked, and then walked, chatted, and returned. The star-

light was cool and still. At the Parson's gate, March, refusing to go in, said, yes, he would be glad of the missionary's company on a longer stroll. The two moved on and were quite out of sight when Fannie and Barbara, with Johanna close behind them, came out on their way to church.

"It would be funny," whispered Fannie, "if such a day as this should end in John March's getting religion, wouldn't it?"

But Barbara would come no nearer to the subject than to say, "I don't like revivals. I can't. I never could." She dropped her voice significantly—"Fannie."

"What, dear?"

"What were you going to say when Johanna rang the tea-bell and your father came in?"

"Was I going to say something? What'd you think it was?"

"I think it was something about Mr. Ravenel."

"O well, then, I reckon it wasn't anything much, was it?"

"I don't know, but—Johanna, you can go on into church." They loitered among the dim, lamp-lit shadows of the church-yard trees. "You said you were not like most engaged girls."

"Well, I'm not, am I?"

"No, but why did you say so?"

"Why, you know, Barb, most girls are distressed with doubts of their own love. I'm not. It's about his that I'm afraid. What do you reckon's the reason I've held him off for years?"

"Just because you could, Fannie."

"No, my dear little goosie, I did it because he never was so he couldn't be held off. I knew, and know yet, that after the wedding I've got to do all the courting. I don't doubt he loves me, but, Barb, love isn't his master. That's what keeps me scared." They went in.

The service began. In this hour for the putting away of vanities the choir was dispensed with and the singing was led by a locally noted precentor, a large, pert, lazy Yankee, who had failed in the raising of small fruits. His zeal was beautiful.

"Trouble! 'Tain't never no trouble for me to do nawthin', an' even if 'twas I'd do it!" He sang each word in an

argumentative staccato, and in high passages you could see his wisdom teeth. Between stanzas he spoke stimulating exhortations: "Louder, brethren and sisters, louder; the fate of immortal souls may be a-hangin' on the amount of noise you make." And the tide of melody rose higher.

As hymn followed hymn the church filled. All sorts—black or yellow being no sort—all sorts came; the town's best and worst, the country's proudest and forlornest; the sipper of wine, the dipper of snuff; acrid pietist, flagrant reprobate, and many a true Christian whose God-forgiven sins, if known to men, neither church nor world could have pardoned; many a soul that under the disguise of flippant smiles or superior frowns, staggered in its darkness or shivered in its cold, trembled under visions of death and judgment or yearned for one right word of guidance or extrication; and many a heart that openly or secretly bled for some other heart's reclaim. And so the numbers grew and the waves of song swelled. The adagios and largos of ancient psalmody were engulfed and the modern "hyme toons," as the mountain people called them, were so "peert an' devilish" that the most heedless grew attentive, and lovers of raw peanuts, and even devotees of tobacco, emptied their mouths of these and filled them with praise.

Garnet had never preached more effectively. For the first time in Barbara's experience he seemed to her to feel, himself, genuinely and deeply the things he said. His text was, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Men marvelled at the life-likeness with which he pictured the torments of a soul torn by hidden and cherished sin. So wonderful, they murmured, are the pure intuitions of oratorical genius! Yet Barbara was longing for a widely different word.

Not for herself. It was not possible that she should ever tremble at any pulpit reasoning of temperance and judgment from the lips of her father. Three things in every soul, he cried, must either be subdued in this life or be forever ground to powder in a fiery hereafter; and these three, if she knew

them at all, were the three most utterly unsubdued things that he embodied—will, pride, appetite. The word she vainly longed for was coveted for one whose tardy footfall her waiting ear caught the moment it sounded at the door, and before the turning of a hundred eyes told her John March had come and was sitting in the third seat behind her.

In the course of her father's sermon there was no lack of resonant *Amens* and soft groanings and moanings of ecstasy. But Suez was neither Wildcat Ridge nor Chalybeate Springs, and the tempering chill of plastered ceiling and social inequalities stayed the wild unrestraint of those who would have held free rule in the log church or under the camp-meeting bower. The academic elegance of the speaker's periods sobered the ardor which his own inspired, and as he closed there rested on the assemblage a silence and an awe as though Sinai smoked but could not thunder.

Barbara hoped against hope. At every enumeration of will, pride, and appetite she saw the Pastor's gaze rest pleadingly on her, and in the stillness of her inmost heart she confessed the evil presence of that unregenerate trinity. Yet when he rose to bid all mourners for sin come forward while the next hymn was being sung, she only mourned that she could not go, and tried in vain not to feel, as in every drop of her blood she still felt, there behind her, that human presence so different from all others on earth. "This call," she secretly cried, "this hour, are not for me. Father in heaven! if only they might be for him."

Before the rising precentor could give out his hymn number Uncle Jimmie Rankin had sprung to his feet and started "Rock of Ages" in one of the wildest minors of the early pioneers. At once the strain was taken up on every side, the notes swelled, Uncle Jimmie clapped hands in time, and at the third line a mountain woman in the gallery, sitting with her sun-bonnet pulled down over her sore eyes, changed a snuff-stick from her mouth to her pocket, burst into a heart-freezing scream, and began to thrash about in her seat.

The hymn rolled on in stronger volume. The Yankee precentor caught the tune and tried to lead, but Uncle Jimmie's voice soared over him with the rapture of a lark and the shriek of an eagle, two or three more pairs of hands clapped time, the other Suez pastor took a trochee, and the four preachers filed down from the high pulpit, singing as they came. Garnet began to pace to and fro in front of it and to exhort in the midst of the singing.

"Who is on the Lord's side?" he loudly demanded.

"Should my tears forever flow," sang the standing throng.

But no one advanced.

"Should my zeal no respite know," they sang on, and Garnet's "Whosoever will, let him come," and other calls swept across their chant like the crash of falling trees across the roar of a torrent.

"O! my brother, two men shall be in the field; the one shall be taken and the other left; which one will you be? Come, my weary sister; come, my sin-laden brother. O, come unto the marriage! Now is the accepted time! The clock of God's patience has run down and is standing at Now! Sing the last verse again, Uncle Jimmie! This night thy soul may be required of thee! Two women shall be grinding together; the one shall be taken, the other left. O, my sweet sister, come! be the taken one!—flee as a bird! The angel is troubling the pool; who will first come to the waters? O, my unknown, yet beloved brother, whoever you are, don't you know that whosoever comes first to-night will lead a hundred others and will win a crown with that many stars? Come, brethren, sisters, we're losing priceless moments!"

Why does no one move? Because just in the middle of the house, three

seats behind that fair girl whose face has sunk into her hands, sits, with every eye on them, the wan missionary from China, pleading with John March.

Parson Tombs saw the chance for a better turn of affairs. "Brethren," he cried, kneeling as he spoke, "let us pray! And as our prayers ascend if any sinner feels the dew o' grace fall into his soul, let him come forward and kneel with the Lord's ministers. Brother Samuel Messenger, lead us in prayer!"

As the whole house turned and sank to its knees, Fannie whispered, "Isn't this all wretched?"

"O," moaned Barbara, "I'm so wretched myself I can't tell."

"Go up, then! If you go I believe he'll follow."

"I can't. I can't!"

The missionary prayed. But the foot-fall for which all waited did not sound; the young man who knelt beside the supplicant, with temples clutched in his hands, moved not. While the missionary's amen was yet unspoken, Parson Tombs, still kneeling, began to ask aloud,

"Will Brother Garnet——"

But Garnet was wiser. "Father Tombs," he cried, "the Lord be with you, lead us in prayer yourself!"

"Amen!" cried the other pastor. He was echoed by a dozen of his flock, and the old man lifted his voice in tremulous invocation. The prayer was long. But before there were signs of its ending, the step for which so many an ear was strained had been heard. Men were groaning, "God be praised!" and "Hallelujah!" Fannie's eyes were wet, tears were welling through Barbara's fingers, mourners were coming forward in both aisles, and John March was kneeling in the anxious seat.

(To be continued.)





THE FRENCH IN HOLLAND*

PAINTED BY FRANÇOIS FLAMENG

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton

SOME readers will remember a little treatise by M. Taine on "The Philosophy of Art," in which he advocated the theory that the artist is the product of his time. Taine had a full belief in this theory himself, and supported it by many arguments and examples. Since then a new opinion has found expression. Artistic genius, it is said, exists independently of everything else, and there has never been an artistic epoch. *Spiritus spirat ubi vult* alike in time and space. The artist appears where he is least expected, and when the most elaborate preparations are made for his reception, the world may wait for him in vain.

Each of the two doctrines contains a portion of the truth. The artist is nothing without a natural gift, and the natural gift is sure to prove abortive unless he is favorably situated for its development. Harmen, the miller, has a son born at Leyden near the beginning of the seventeenth century. The artistic and theological influences of Leyden and Amsterdam operate upon the child, and the result is Rembrandt. The same influences operated upon a child of inferior natural endowment, and the result was only Van Vliet. But if the child Rembrandt had been born in the twelfth century he would have illuminated missals, and if he had had the Shetland Islands for his birthplace he would have learned no fine art whatever.

M. François Flameng is one of the best modern instances of a natural gift

* See Frontispiece.

placed in the happiest situation for its own culture. For an artistic temperament of his lively and rapidly assimilative nature, there is no place in the world like Paris, and François Flameng had all that Paris could give to him in his youth, besides one incalculable advantage that belonged to himself alone. His father, M. Leopold Flameng, the celebrated etcher and engraver, like most members of his profession, regretted that he had not been a painter, and having been himself debarred from following painting otherwise than as an amateur (with a substantial foundation of learned drawing), became ambitious, in that art, for his son. The boy was thus brought up from his earliest infancy in a house where art was the constant subject of discussion, and as an experienced engraver acquires a closer knowledge of the works of painters than is common among painters themselves, the elder Flameng continually directed his son's attention to the qualities of great masters. The extreme versatility which has marked the son's career as an artist may be due, in great measure, to the catholicity of the father's interest in the fine arts. It was the elder Flameng who gave life to modern engraving in France, by adapting etching to the interpretation of certain kinds of painting with which it is most closely in harmony; and yet it was the same engraver who used the burin for the interpretation of classical painting with a purity and severity that recalled the masters of the sixteenth century. Be-

tween the extremes of apparently free etching and scrupulously accurate burin work, Leopold Flameng employed many intermediate varieties of execution, his only invariable rule being to put his work into harmony with that which he had to translate; and he translated all kinds of painting, both conscientiously and with pleasure, provided only that they were good.

François received the beginnings of a classical literary education at the Lycée Louis le Grand; but this seems to have been interrupted by the siege of Paris, though the classes continued to be held as long as possible, even after the opening of the bombardment, and a schoolfellow of Flameng's remembers how they translated a Greek text to the tune of an incessant cannonade in the cold and gloom of the dreariest of all Parisian Decembers. This is the last glimpse we have of young Flameng as a literary student. Next, we find him at Brussels working hard as a student of the old masters and copying them diligently in the galleries. On returning to Paris he went on exclusively with his artistic education, and after the usual preparatory work became a student at the *École des Beaux Arts* under Cabanel, who perceived that he had original talent and did what he could to give it a safe direction, not without some rude earnestness of manner. This work at the *École* may have been necessary to the young painter, but what pleased him more was the incessant work at home, in a studio of his own high up in a house on the Boulevard Mont Parnasse, where he studied under his father's guidance. I knew the family in those times and well remember my astonishment at the young man's progress. As I saw his work only at intervals, it seemed to advance "by leaps and bounds." His first picture in the Salon was "Le Lutrin" (a church music-stand with a chorister singing), exhibited in 1875, a cleverly painted picture, full of character, though there was but a single figure. Soon after this good beginning the universal French military service claimed the artist's time and interrupted his career. So far, however, from weakening his powers, it seemed actually to have

strengthened them by a restraint analogous to the damming up of waters, for in 1879 he attracted universal attention by "l'Appel des Girondins," a most striking scene in the prison of the Conciergerie on the morning of October 30, 1793, where the Girondins have breakfasted together for the last time, when they were called for execution. There was such strength of conception in this work, so much expression, and such a complete mastery in the representation of all the details of a most impressive scene, that it was immediately recognized as one of the most notable pictures of the year and soon became in one sense the most notable of all, as it gained the *Prix du Salon*. Other historical pictures followed, some on a still larger scale, and I remember being disappointed by what seemed to me a misdirection of energy in the production of the kind of picture known as the *grande machine*, which is often resorted to by rising French artists when they are determined to attract attention at all costs. As it turned out, however, these works on a great scale were of the utmost practical value in the painter's education, since they prepared him for his vast mural compositions. François Flameng is one of the few artists to whom the scale of their works is a matter of complete indifference. He is equally at home in a wall-painting and a tiny canvas or panel that he finishes with the minuteness of a Meissonier. His abundant energy embraces everything that concerns his art. For example, the wall-paintings at the Sorbonne and elsewhere are surrounded by elaborate ornamental borders as a sort of framework, or, at least, decorative margin. Most artists would intrust work of that kind to a subordinate, but Flameng not only designs it, he paints it all with his own hand.

He does not confine himself, as to date, either to this century or any other in particular, but chooses his subjects indifferently in any time from the Middle Ages downward to our own. Still, I think it is easy to see that his strongest and most lively artistic sympathies attach themselves to the life and costume of the eighteenth century, which he has studied perhaps as closely,



François Flameng.
(From a portrait by John S. Sargent.)

though not so exclusively, as his wonderful contemporary M. Maurice Leloir. The picture reproduced in this number, by the kind permission of the owner, Commandant Hériot, is one of the most characteristic of the artist's representations of the eighteenth century. It gives a glimpse of one of the poorly equipped but vigorous and energetic armies of revolutionary France marching beyond the frontiers in the midst of cold and all kinds

of privation, yet with unabated hope and courage. In our times of ultra-perfection in everything that belongs to military organization we are as remote as we can be from those days when soldiers were little better, as to outward appearance, than mendicants, yet marched to death or victory with a dauntless gayety and a firm confidence in the triumph of the modern idea which they believed themselves commissioned to impose upon the world. All

this is so remote from present French notions about the propagandism of republican convictions that it might be a thousand years since instead of a hundred. Even the First Empire seems wonderfully remote from us, and M. Flameng has given us his own version of Napoleon in private life by representing him romping with the ladies of the court in the garden at Malmaison, an idyllic episode between two sanguinary campaigns. For subjects of that nature, M. Flameng has a singularly complete equipment, as he is not only thoroughly acquainted with costume and the life of the world, but has also found time to make himself an excellent landscape-painter by working much out-of-doors and so accumulating a large collection of studies from nature, most of them in oil. I do not know any artist who can get more of nature on a little board or panel in a strictly limited time. Though a most accomplished draughtsman, Flameng does not hesitate to use the *camera lucida* for his first sketch, to get all objects in their proportions and places, and on this sketch he paints so rapidly, yet at the same time with detail so abundant and so exact, that a study done in one sitting by his swift and practised hand looks as if it had taken four. Many of his studies in Italy are rich in architectural detail in the most vivid light and color, and without the slightest executive bravura or affectation of any kind. Indeed, as to the display of execution, M. Flameng's opinion is that the best execution of all, that which may be supposed to be ideally perfect, would not obtrude itself in any way, but simply leave the beauty of forms and colors to charm the spectator by themselves. I may add that although this painter has tried all the varieties of art and has mastered the special difficulties of water-color, he is firmly convinced of the practical superiority of oil, even for the most rapid studies from nature. He believes, indeed, that the old reputation of water-color for superior rapidity is without foundation, that it is essentially a slower and more complex, and especially a more *méticuleux*, process than oil on account of the extreme care required in reservations if the brilliancy and

purity of the paper are to be maintained.* As for the mural paintings executed by M. Flameng for the Sorbonne and other public or private buildings, and which are called "frescos," I may say that the word is used to indicate a resemblance only to fresco in deadness of color, not identity of process. In fact, these works are painted with colors ground in oil and diluted with a solution of wax. They are not painted on the walls themselves, but on canvases fastened to the smooth plaster with white lead. The modern French are not fresco-painters at all; they have no practical experience of real fresco, which was a most troublesome process, full of hurry and inconvenience. The breadth of treatment adopted by M. Flameng in his mural paintings is, however, perfectly suited to their association with architecture, and I have observed a strong architectural bent in the painter himself, which is proved not only by his numerous architectural studies, but by the truth and force with which architectural construction is rendered in his pictures. He has, indeed, even too great an interest in construction as a process, for this leads him to a taste for the picturesque of scaffolding and unfinished buildings, such as were often to be seen in the Paris of his boyhood, when it was demolished and rebuilt under the auspices of Baron Haussmann.

That period, indeed, seems to have left a permanent impression on the artist's mind, as he has always been too fond of mere poles and planks and ropes, which are not very rewarding subjects of study and cannot add anything to the beauty of a work of art. The general coloring of Paris is what the French call *blonde*, and I notice that some of the more recent Parisian artists have been educated by it to a delicate perception of the values of

* I give these opinions on a technical point, as they may be equally interesting to professional and non-professional students of the fine arts. I may add that the very accomplished marine painter, M. Paul Jobert, told me he was exactly of Flameng's opinion with regard to the comparative rapidity and convenience of water-color and oil. Perhaps I may add that I have myself made many experiments in practical study with careful reference to time, and am now quite fully persuaded that the only superiorities of water-color are in its cleanliness and in the portability of the studies when made. Oil comes much nearer to the truth of natural tone and color in a much shorter time.

various pale grays, both warm and cool, that are scarcely to be found in the old masters. The effects of this Parisian education of the eye are plainly visible in M. Flameng's work, even when he attempts the scenery of other countries, as when, in one of his backgrounds, he painted Windsor Castle in purely Parisian color, to which the English building bears no resemblance. However, one cannot reproach this painter with staying too exclusively at home, as he delights in visiting foreign countries and has wandered over the greater part of Europe. His head-quarters are in Paris, where he has a large, curious, and picturesque house in an old garden with big trees, in the Rue d'Armaillé. The garden is a sort of oasis surrounded by high houses, as a bit of green land in a Derbyshire valley may be hemmed in by lofty precipices of gray limestone. There is, of course, no view from the house whatever, except that of its own garden, and the sense of privacy is diminished by the multitude of neighboring windows; still, it has a sort of monastic seclusion that one does not expect in a great capital. Besides the usual living-rooms in a large house, there are a vast studio, a library, and a museum of objects useful to a painter of past ages, and all these rooms, either by their architectural construction or their rich and picturesque furniture, are full of artistic interest, so that the painter may find good backgrounds for his figures without stirring from his own house. M. Flameng has also a country house at Septeuil, near Le Mans, where he spends part of the year. Certainly, he is one of the most happily constituted and most favorably circumstanced men of genius I have ever known. What seems to me the most

desirable of his gifts is the strength of natural faculty with which he assimilates all that is likely to be necessary or



Flameng.
(From a photograph)

useful for his work, while at the same time, by an easy process of rejection, he casts aside all the varieties of labor and of knowledge that would burden his spirit uselessly. Too honest and straightforward for the affectations of the hour, he belongs to no clique or sect, and has no object but to do sound work; and never did hard worker bear incessant industry with a lighter or more cheerful temper, or look forward to new undertakings with more courageous anticipation.





A MAN WITHOUT A MEMORY

By William Henry Shelton

I

I WAS so completely at a loss about the points of the compass that while the sun was, perhaps, three hours above the horizon on my right hand, I had no means of judging whether the time were nine o'clock in the morning or four o'clock in the afternoon. I was seated alone in a rickety old buggy, driving, or at least holding the reins over a horse evidently weak with age, whose only possible gait was a walk, except when at the foot of a hill his weakness yielded for a space to the pressure of the wagon and he fell into a listless trot, which presently subsided into the original walk. Where I had come from, or whither I was going, or where or how I had come into possession of the nondescript equipage, were alike unknown to me. The heat of the sun warmed me comfortably. The fields had an agreeable smell, and the oppressive stillness in which one of the wheels of the wagon creaked mournfully, and the hoofs of the old horse paddled the dusty road with shuffling beats, filled me with a vague surprise, as if I had just awakened from a dream

of turmoil, and had but half awakened at that, because I seemed to dimly realize that I was not yet in the full possession of my normal faculties.

I was scarcely more ambitious than the horse which was drawing me. A vague idea that mine was a case of suspended animation began to take hold on my mind. How else could I account for my possession of the horse and wagon, and for my mysterious surroundings? The only moving object in sight was a carriage behind me, which I could see contained two men, whose horse was making no better time than my own. The approach of the two men had no interest for me. I was struggling too hard to grasp myself. It was my recollections of the events which seemed to be last past, now growing rapidly more distinct, that were helping me to re-establish my identity. My eye fell on my left shoe, from which the sole was torn away at the toe, and straightway I remembered that the morning before I had struck it on a sharp stone imbedded in the road; but then I had been marching with my companions with a gun on my shoulder, we had just passed at a

swinging step through the long street of a village. I remembered the houses of stone and hewn logs standing close on the road, with closed doors and blinds, the cheering of the men belonging to other divisions who were lounging on the rough flagging behind their stacked muskets as we swung by, the crowds of officers and the ranks of held horses which choked the public square in front of the brick building where army head-quarters had been established.

Then I remembered how, without a moment's rest or refreshment, we had been pushed to the front, to re-establish a yielding line. I could feel again the cold chill that ran through my hair as the first rifle balls whistled with a hot, spiteful sound past my ears, and then the excitement and exaltation when time flew with such unaccountable rapidity that a day, in passing, shrank to the dimensions of an hour; while in recollection it was fraught with incidents sufficient to crowd a week, when, however you may account for it, early morning stumbled over midday without any perceptible interval between, and you suddenly found yourself famished and fell to eating with one hand in your haversack, and the other on your rifle. I remembered that on this morning, which should have been yesterday, I had been doing all these things—fighting, running, shouting, building up small granite ledges into breast-works, dimly conscious of the dead and wounded on every hand. The roar of artillery and musketry had been deafening, and the pungent sulphurous smoke rolled in white clouds along the crests of the fields, and rose like steam from the standing corn, hot and stifling to breathe. How vividly the awful scenes surged up in my mind! Where had I slept since? I remembered that we had rallied and charged across the open; what an intense relief I felt when the regiments had leaped down into a sunken road, and we took refuge behind the opposite bank. I could see the appealing eyes of the wounded boy lying close to the edge of the smoking grass, at whose body the rushing line had parted and closed again. I was panting, grimy and perspiring, against the gravelly

bank. A thorn-tree spread its branches above my head, and the earth beneath me was strewn with green boughs, as if a tempest had been raging there. Through the rails of the low fence, I saw a shattered gun limber with one mangled horse leaning against the pole, his mates and masters heaped on the ground about him—the whole group cut sharply against the sky.

I remembered how crowded we were in that narrow lane, and how grateful we felt for the rest and protection it afforded us in our exhaustion, as if we had been a great suffering body suddenly relieved of intense pain; then how the drowsy sense of security was rudely dashed by the awful scream of a shell which came swelling from the front—hissing, rushing, roaring until, as it passed above the fences over our heads, it sounded like the flight of a steam-engine through the air. The cannoneers who were sending us these spiteful compliments from the crest of a distant hill, were beyond the reach of our rifles. If we looked over the bank we could see, at intervals, a puff of white smoke against the rim of the woods, and a hot flash of fire bursting through the small white cloud, followed by a dull report, and then the screaming crescendo of the oncoming shell which culminated above our heads, and then died away behind us. Once a shell burst in front of our position, a cloud of dust floated over us, and a shower of leaves and branches fluttered down from the thorn-tree over my head.

I remembered how we laughed and made light of this grim annoyance, and felt a renewed security in our natural earthwork, and counted with glee the splintered places on the board fence behind us. I remembered the first intimation of the attack of the infantry, coming in the form of a thin skirmish fire puffing from the crest in front—the balls pattering on the fences—then the dark line rising above the ridge, with flags and glittering bayonets—and then the onrush and the wild cheering—and then how we reserved our fire until they were close upon us—and how the line withered and broke under that smoking volley, leaving the wounded scattered on the hill, and how they came

again and again only to be rolled back, covering the hill thicker and thicker with the dead—how we cheered and yelled and leaped on the fences at each bloody repulse—and how some of the wounded almost crawled to the shelter of our fence.

I remembered how steadily they formed for the last charge just beyond the smoking weeds, in full view and in close range from our secure position, and how we laughed and jeered and admired them, and held our fire to give them a fiercer welcome than ever when they should come. Everything I saw and everything I thought in those critical moments seemed to be burned into my memory. The familiar device of the old flag with the red stripes and blue field of stars, on which that broken line was dressing, carried me back to the days when I had cheered it and sang to it, as enthusiastically as I now jeered it and cursed its upholders through the powder-blackened rails of the fence, and across the belt of smoke and fire which smouldered in the dry turf of the bank.

Just as they started with a cheer, a gust of hot air swept the smoke in our faces, and impelled little tongues of flame to leap up and consume solitary dry weeds, and simultaneously we heard a blast of bugles from the right, and saw an awful vision of whirling horses galloping and turning in a cloud of dust at the end of that sunken road. The sunlight flashed on brazen guns and polished tire, and the bobbing heads of the drivers, as they lashed their teams to the rear, passed and re-passed each other like figures in a fiendish dance. I remembered that instant of horror which impelled some to spring on the banks and fences, regardless of the charging infantry, and completely paralyzed the faculties of others—the mingled cries of warning and reproach—a glaring burst of flame—a deafening roar, a benumbing concussion which for an instant made my head fill all space, and along with it a sickening sensation of drowning in the air, and then darkness.

In the next instant, as it seemed to me, my eyes opened dimly on a great field hospital. It was chill night, and

men with lanterns were moving to and fro along the lines of wounded, and in and out of the lighted farm buildings. Ambulances were unloading, fires were burning, men were moaning, laughing, cursing, cooking—I smelt the fragrant odor of coffee and frying meat. I saw men with pale begrimed faces sitting up in the glare, exchanging canteens and wetting bandages. I heard moaning and talking behind my head and the shifting of restless bodies on the straw. Just before me I saw the active figures of surgeons working over lighted tables. I was dimly conscious of all this, but without the power to speak or move. I could only see those objects which came within the radius of my limited vision, and the firelight shining up into the branches of the tall trees, and the quivering stars in the dark heavens beyond, were more directly before my eyes. The men stretched close about me were utterly silent. I heard the wind souging in the tree-tops and the tinkling of water in the spring-house sounding through groans and imprecations, and for once I seemed to hear with my parched tongue instead of with my ears. Outside the tantalizing tinkling of that water going to waste, I seemed scarcely interested in what was going on about me, and even to that I became more and more indifferent. A delightful lethargy soothed my limbs and faculties. I was like one conscious of falling asleep.

The attendants from the tables brought another body and laid it down beside me. I knew that I lay in a row of such; I was indifferent. The men retired whence they came, the busy surgeons vanished, the firelight died out in the tree-tops, the twinkling stars paled in the heavens beyond, the tinkling water sounded farther and farther away, as if the spring-house had been retreating up the hill—and darkness enveloped me again.

I had shut my eyes to recall this vision, and presently they reopened on the jogging horse and the sunlit road, and I experienced the sensation of relief that comes to one awaking from a frightful dream. The dry hub was creaking as before, and the jingling bolts and rattling thills had a de-

lightly reassuring, even a musical sound. I alighted and walked around my turnout. It was dilapidated surely, and muddy as country vehicles are apt to be. I had not thought of my gun before, but to my inexpressible relief the barrel of a musket protruded from the boot, lying softly across a coil of blanket. I recognized neither of these properties as my own; even my belt and cartridge-box had a strange look, but these equipments might have been changed in hospital or supplied to me after my recovery. I certainly had recovered. The recollection of the fragment of shell which had struck my head in the sunken road came vividly to mind, and I instinctively plucked off my hat and passed my other hand softly over that part of my scalp where I thought the wound should be. I rather expected to feel a mass of clotted hair, but instead my fingers brushed over a surface as smooth and polished as ivory; but there was indeed a tender place. The surgeons had shaved my head in the process of recovery. I must have been insensible for a considerable time.

The old gray horse was stamping his feet and shaking his headstall at a green fly which was buzzing about his withers, and he had whisked the reins into the road while I had been examining the wagon. The harness had high, rusty hames and a saddle surmounted with square, tarnished german-silver turrets, and was altogether as antiquated as the wagon. It was all beyond my understanding, and the two men following me in the carriage had been halted all this time, in the most exasperating way.

I had but one desire, which was prompted by my sense of duty in the matter of returning promptly to my regiment. In that respect my conscience would be satisfied, if only I used my best endeavor to return; so I gathered up the reins and took my seat in the wagon, and the old horse cheerfully resumed his walk. My late experience with my command had been so terrible, that I was forced to admit to myself the relief I felt in my present peaceful surroundings and comfortable style of marching.

The sun on my right hand was lower than when I had first noticed it. It was certainly declining. That, then, was the west, and I was driving into the south. I preferred to drive south. I felt some surprise at the warmth of the evening, but everything was disjointed and surprising. In front of me was a broad wheat-field where the yellow bundles lay thick in the stubble between the strips of green oats, and at the farther end men and boys were gathering the sheaves into stacks. How could this be, when yesterday had been September? Alongside this field was another field of young corn, its dark-green stalks not yet tassled out. Yesterday the ears had been hard as flint, and long past roasting. I could endure this complication of mysteries no longer. I would stop and consult the men in the carriage behind me. When I stopped, they halted again as before. I started back on foot, leaving my wagon in the road. Seeing this, the carriage came on at a trot until it reached my position, when it slackened to a walk as it reined out to pass me. The two gentlemen stared at me in a most remarkable way, bowed solemnly, and would have passed without a word, if I had not begged them to tell me where the road led to. "The very question we were about to ask you," said the one who held the reins, and then the two exchanged glances. After they had passed me, they threw up the top of the carriage, and I had no doubt they were watching me through the oval window in the back curtain.

I felt a conviction that I must be in the enemy's country. The carriage drove on at a brisk pace, but somehow it never quite disappeared from my view; or if it did sink into a depression or pass behind a clump of trees, it presently reappeared, going on as before. Once I saw the head of the driver thrust outside the leather top, apparently to speak to a friend who was passing in my direction on foot. The man halted a moment and then came on. He was evidently a young farmer returning from work, for he carried a cradle on his left shoulder, his right hand grasping the back of the scythe-blade which swept diagonally around

his right hip. As he approached nearer, I observed with satisfaction that his face wore a pleasant quizzical smile. "Can you tell me," I said, and at the sound of my voice my horse ceased to walk; "can you tell me where this road leads?"

His smile broadened to a grin; his right hand left the scythe-blade to tilt his wool hat forward, until I could just see his eyes glitter underneath the brim.

"When, in the name o' Gord," he cried, "did you come to life, Torm Johnson?"

I was staggered at what the man said, but I was more angered at his insolence.

"You haven't answered my question," I roared, half starting from my seat, at which the old horse resumed his walk as if I had spoken to him, and the man, with the same exasperating smile on his face, shouted "Good-by, Torm. The road leads to the river if you go far enough."

I had not thought of myself as Tom Johnson, and yet that was my name. Strange to say, my mind had not gone back of the absorbing events of the battle. I had thus far only considered myself as a convalescent soldier returning to his regiment, which I seemed to have left but yesterday. A longer time must have elapsed, for the seasons had changed—they had even gone backward in the most perplexing way. I passed my fingers again over the tender spot on my head and across the polished surface above.

Tom Johnson! My name came to me like a revelation, as if its familiar sound had not fallen on my ears for ages, and at the same time it connected me with a past to which I wished to return even more than to my regiment. It brought to me the picture of my young wife, standing at the entrance to the drive which led back to our home, and beside her, little Tom crowing in his old mammy's arms. I had fallen out of the dusty ranks to kiss her tearful face and the rosy mouth of baby Tom, and that had been only the day before the battle. Alec, the third, sat erect on the hammer-cloth, holding the reins over the coach-horses behind, and com-

pleting the family group. I remembered his familiar voice calling after me:

"Take keer yo'sef, Marse Torm."

My mind had burrowed back, at last, to the centre of my world—to the mainspring and motive of my patriotic action. Through the dust of the column, to which I was obliged to return hastily, for we were advancing to give battle to the enemy and straggling was only permitted to those who fell from exhaustion—I waved a last farewell to the group of loved ones whose defence made my service a holy crusade. My State was my country, and my country was the sky above and the earth underneath the feet of that sacred life which had given itself to me, and that other wonderful life to which our lives had given being. I was the defender of a hearthstone, the champion of a gentle mother-spirit, whose innermost thoughts I had shared and whose prayers for my courage and safety were constantly ascending like incense—and of a small unconscious life which, even if I fell, would live on to call my memory blessed.

Where was my regiment? I felt a sort of frenzy to regain that post of duty. What victories had my comrades won in my absence? A sense of shame overcame me that I should be crawling along over that peaceful country road, lulled to indifference by the drowsy influences of the evening—I, the Defender and the Champion!

A child was coming across the field in front of me, but before I had approached near enough to speak to her, she fled back as if I had been some dangerous animal. The carriage, with its mysterious occupants, was still crawling into the distance. The moon was rising on my left, for the sun had already gone down over opposite. The stars were appearing overhead, and a ruddy light illumined the window of a small house by the roadside, to which my weary horse was advancing with the old monotonous walk.

The light from the window lay out on a toll-bar which spanned the turnpike. I instinctively put my hand in my pocket and drew out a small roll of bills, which looked quite natural and

blue in the warm firelight from the doorway. I was about to tender one to the woman who appeared, with a scared look, and extended her hand to the cord which hung from the pulley before the door. "There's nothing to pay," she said. The toll-bar was rising for my passage.

"Where does this road lead, Madam?" I exclaimed, bending eagerly forward to catch her reply.

"I am not to tell you," she said, and the door of the toll-house closed with a bang.

The old horse walked on of his own monotonous will, out of the shadow of the house into the moonlight. The dry hub creaked and groaned like a living thing in agony, and the loose bolts and linchpins jingled in harsh counter-notes of derision.

I was on the verge of despair. Was all the world leagued against me? Men, children, and women avoided me as if I was a leper. I was Tom Johnson, a highly respectable citizen, bearing arms in the defence of his country, hopelessly lost in that or some other country, where I had as yet seen no soldiers or any signs of their recent passage or occupancy. The old horse broke into a gentle trot along the descending grade, as if it had some intuition of a camp in advance. Perhaps he was right, for lights were sparkling among the trees beyond. There was something about the road which seemed familiar, and yet in many respects it was unlike any road I had ever seen before. A clump of oaks crowned the knoll before me, and the walls of a building gleamed in the moonlight through the tree-trunks. It was a low, whitewashed church, clean, silent, deserted. At first I was sure I had been standing in the same place before it yesterday; but there was no gaping hole above the door as there had been then, and its walls should be pitted by the iron hail. Even the woods which formed a thick screen behind it had vanished. Was I dreaming? The fields opposite were inclosed with trim, well-kept fences, and the hills were thickly dotted with shocks of newly cut wheat, which perfumed the dewy air with the odor of moist straw. Yes, I must be dreaming. There was a spell of witch-

ery over the land—the stars were not behaving—the moonlight was certainly playing pranks, for above the trees on the highest ground to my left, the gray ghost of a gigantic soldier reared its huge head and shoulders, gleaming and immovable.

I was Tom Johnson, and beyond that everything was disjointed and uncertain. I rubbed my eyes and looked again at the big soldier. There it stood as before, leaning on a gun, and so much as I could see of this figure, or apparition, above the tops of the trees, was as clearly cut against the sky as if it had been carved in stone.

The carriage which had so long preceded me had finally disappeared among the trees where the lights were sparkling. Much as I feared and distrusted its inmates, I felt impelled to follow it as the only moving thing I had to tie to, and the two men, whether friends or enemies, seemed in some way linked to my helplessness.

Presently I came creaking and jingling into a village street flanked with stone houses, where the moonlight broke so fantastically through the trees, gleaming on white dresses peeping out of masses of shadow, and mingling with red lights shining through windows and doors onto other figures, walking, talking, singing, laughing, listening to or not heeding the wheezy notes of a cracked melodeon on one side of the street and a rioting violin on the other side—the moonlight everywhere so uncertain, and so bewildering, and so misleading that the faint sense of familiarity with the street eluded me like a will-o'-the-wisp; and yet, somehow, it seemed that the soldiers had a right to be there—that the violin should be a bugle, and that a respectable drum could give points to that melodeon, and that the long roll might beat at any moment along that shadowy street.

As I came creaking and pondering into the market square, where the line of the houses was forced a little back to the advantage of the sidewalks, or rather the flagged plaza into which those thoroughfares spread out, the moon poured its unobstructed light onto the gable end of the very brick building which I had seen yesterday—(the only yester-

day I knew)—gay with head-quarter flags and glittering uniforms—the turf and flagstones crowded with restless horses, and a great Confederate banner floating above the roof.

I was in Sharpsburg.

I leaped out of the wagon and seized my rifle and coil of blanket. The long tavern stood opposite, and under the buttonwood-tree which overspread the rough flagging, a group of men lounged in chairs and on benches, while a few others could be seen inside at the dimly lighted bar.

“When did General Lee leave here?” I cried, as if I had been summoning the garrison to surrender. The battle spirit had complete possession of me for a moment, and the butt of my gun rang down on the pavement, striking sparks of fire from the flinty stone.

II

THE carriage which had followed Tom Johnson’s humble outfit out of Hagerstown, passed it on the turnpike, and finally preceded it into Sharpsburg, had contained an eminent surgeon and a physician, well known in western Maryland. The two medical men had alighted at the tavern opposite to the red brick building, which had been Confederate head-quarters, and, after greeting the host, had seated themselves on a bench near the main entrance, and just out of the radiance of the oil-lamp which hung over the bar-room door and shed a ruddy light on the rough flagstones, even out to the feet of the group of loungers under the buttonwood-tree. The horse and carriage had gone around to the stables, and the reserve of the medical gentlemen had been respected to that degree that the only evidence of their presence inhered in two burning stars, which gleamed from the deep shadow thrown from the end of the adjoining building, which stood forward on the line of the street, and in the fragrant odor of the cigars which the aforesaid medical gentlemen were smoking. The tavern-keeper, having for the moment no drinks to mix, stood in his shirt-sleeves in the bar-room door, and stood also in some obscurity, as the bottom of

the big lamp over his head was not made of glass, and the light behind him on the bar was of the dimmest radiance, and served only to illumine his back. The cool air of the evening after the heat of the day had the effect of emptying the grim stone houses onto the grim stone flagging outside the doors, under the thick trees where there was sparse light of an artificial sort, outside of the rays of moonlight which found their way here and there through the leafage; and this was the drowsy condition of the sleepy old village when the creaking and jingling outfit of Tom Johnson came at a snail’s pace up the street, the white horse showing particularly white as he crossed the occasional patches of moonlight, and finally came to a stand in the full light between the tavern and the red brick building over opposite. The peculiar appearance of this singular visitor sufficiently excited the curiosity of the villagers to bring men, women, and children trooping up the street on both sides to the market square, where they were rapidly assembling when the butt of Tom’s rifle rang down on the pavement and he propounded his startling question. The loungers under the buttonwood-tree stood up in silent amazement, and the circling crowd gazed dumbly at this lonely and belated Confederate soldier standing before them in his gray uniform and dusty equipments.

Tom Johnson looked somewhat dazed as he confronted this formidable assemblage, made more formidable to him by the unwonted presence of so many pretty girls, while at the same time he had good reason to be vexed at the staring crowd and at the absence of any reply to his ringing question.

“What ails you all?” said he, in milder tones than he had at first used, and evidently in deference to the presence of ladies, and then turning to survey the crowd which completely encircled him: “Am I such a curiosity that you can’t answer a civil question?”

“You ruther took us by surprise,” said the tavern-keeper, who stood in the front rank of the crowd directly confronting Tom.

“You keep this hotel, I reckon,” said

Tom Johnson, looking straight across into the other's eyes.

"That's so," responded the tavern-keeper, "there's no doubt about that."

"Then please to tell me how long it is since General Lee left this town?" and Tom paused impressively for the expected answer.

"Well, I'll have to figure a little," said the tavern-keeper, scratching his head. "Let me see; it's '92 now. Well, I reckon it'll be thirty years next September since he pulled out o' this town."

Tom Johnson was staggered for a moment by the wildness of the tavern-keeper's mendacity, and then his face flushed several shades redder than it had been in the lamplight.

"You are the most monumental—beg your pardon, ladies," said Tom, glancing around, "I won't say what he is. I reckon he's been drinking too much of his own liquor."

"Where did you come from?" said the tavern-keeper, taking Tom's implication in excellent part.

"I came from hospital," said Tom Johnson, with a shade of helplessness in the tones of his voice.

"What hospital?" said the tavern-keeper.

Tom Johnson was forced to admit that he did not know, and, moreover, he didn't know when or how he came in possession of the horse and wagon which still stood in the road where he had left them. He said that he had had some trouble with his head, and with that he took off his hat so that the lamplight focussed on his baldness, and ran his fingers absently over the polished surface in search of the soft spot.

"Take that white horse around to the stable," said the tavern-keeper to the hostler, "and lock him up." And then addressing Tom: "Don't you reckon you'd better come in and have something to eat, comrade?"

Tom Johnson began to feel faint with hunger at the very mention of food, and he was so perplexed and mortified at his inability to account for himself that he was glad of any excuse to escape from the crowd, and so he followed the tavern-keeper into the bar-room, while the villagers surged up to the door and the open windows. He walked directly

across to the bar and ran his eye over the bottles.

"Hand me that decanter of brandy," he said, as he leaned his gun against the wall, and ran his fingers once more over his bald head. After he had taken a moderate drink of the liquor diluted with water, he put his hand in his trousers' pocket and produced the roll of blue bills he had taken out at the toll-gate, and threw one down on the bar with the evident satisfaction of a man who can at least pay his own way, if he is a little dazed about where he came from.

"What's that?" said the tavern-keeper, picking up the bill and turning it over under the lamp, and then tossing it back. "Is that the kind of money you carry?"

"It's good enough for me," said Tom Johnson, whipping it into his pocket. "I don't carry Federal rags."

The tavern-keeper thrust his hand into his own pocket and drew out a double eagle and rang it down on a copper tray under Tom's nose. "That's the kind o' money we use around here," he said, triumphantly.

Tom Johnson felt of his head, picked up the yellow coin, turned it over in his hand, looked at the face and read the inscription, and then his eye fell on the date. "It's no good," said he. "Look at the date—eighteen hundred and *eighty-three*."

"That's all right," said the tavern-keeper. "It's nine year old, but it's good, and don't you forget it."

"It's brass," cried Tom Johnson, indignantly, as he threw the coin down on the counter. "I may have been out of my head for quite a while—in the hospital—maybe for weeks, but that's no reason why everybody should be in a conspiracy to make game of me. I think you said supper was ready."

Tom Johnson picked up his gun in view of the troublous times and followed the tavern-keeper into the dining-room.

Now, this tavern-keeper had a beautiful young daughter, with large lustrous eyes and a complexion like peaches and cream, and as soon as Tom was comfortably seated at table, he heard the musical voice of this lovely creature behind him:

"Would you wish tea or coffee?"

"What!" cried Tom. "Why, coffee, of course. I haven't tasted coffee in a year," and then he turned about until his eye fell on the sweet girl-face, which blushed red under his ardent gaze.

"Pardon me, my dear," said Tom, falling back in his chair and raising his hand to his head. "Your daughter," he continued, addressing his host, "reminds me of my young wife. She's an angel, sir, and God forgive me, I haven't thought of her or of the baby since I got out of that wagon. I must leave here early in the morning. I saw her only a few days ago when we came this way. Ah, sir, you should have seen her standing there by the road and that little rascal, Tom. See here, old man, you must call me early. I'll find little Tom or the Thirteenth Virginia before night. That's my regiment, the old Thirteenth, and hurrah for old Jack!"

"Why didn't you say you belonged to the Thirteenth before," exclaimed the tavern-keeper. "We've got a Thirteenth man here in town. Do you happen to remember Pete Snavely?"

"Remember Pete!" cried Tom Johnson, pausing for an instant in his eager feeding, "I know him like a brother. We belong to the same company. Wounded?"

"No," said the tavern-keeper, regarding his mysterious guest with a look of wondering compassion; "there's nothing the matter with Pete. Helen," he continued, turning to his daughter, "send around for Pete Snavely, and tell him there's a friend o' his wants to see him."

Pete Snavely needed no sending for, as he had been in the crowd from the first which had welcomed Tom Johnson, and was prominent in the bar-room at that very moment, awaiting the return and discussing the appearance of our hero; and, I am sorry to say, holding very uncomplimentary opinions touching his sanity, and his property relations to the white horse.

Pete was a grizzled old veteran, who had a museum of relics in the basement of the adjoining house, and who, by virtue of his long service as battle-field guide, affected brass buttons and a nondescript uniform, which might suggest both or neither of the old armies. He

was so tall that he had to double himself up like a jack-knife when he descended into his curiosity shop, and so lank and lithe that it cost him no trouble to accomplish that feat. Pete Snavely, who stood head and shoulders above the crowd in the bar-room, was engaged in conversation with the doctor and the surgeon, alongside the bagatelle table in the corner, when the tavern-keeper entered, followed by Tom Johnson, eager to meet his companion in arms.

"There he is," cried the tavern-keeper, indicating Pete, who stepped briskly forward into the centre of the room. "That's Pete Snavely, of the Thirteenth Virginia."

A shade of disappointment passed over Tom Johnson's face, which was followed by a flush of anger. "What! That old codger? He's old enough to be Pete Snavely's grandfather," and he struck the butt of his gun on the floor and looked Peter over with an expression very much akin to disgust. "He's no comrade of mine. The Thirteenth Virginia was never accused of robbing the grave for recruits."

Now, Pete was good-natured and, moreover, he believed Tom to be mildly demented, so he smiled blandly at the uncomplimentary speech and surveyed the speaker with a like insolent coolness.

"Well, now, see here, stranger," drawled Pete, at length, "how young do you allow yourself to be?"

"I'm not ashamed of my age," said Tom Johnson. "I'm twenty-three."

"You're about the maturest infant I ever seen," drawled Pete. "Git out o' the way, boys, and let the young gentleman look at himself in the glass."

At this suggestion the crowd stood aside, and Tom Johnson, who had just taken off his hat to pass his hand over his head, and who was carrying his gun at a trail, walked deliberately over to the looking-glass hanging against the wall. Those who stood nearest to him said that his face turned white, at first, at sight of the grizzled and bald-headed image reflected in the mirror, and then he flushed red to the tips of his ears, as with a curse he dashed the glass to atoms with the muzzle of his rifle and

staggered back into the arms of Pete Snavely.

"Never mind the looking-glass," said the physician, who, with his friend, the surgeon, had been a deeply interested observer of this strange meeting between Tom Johnson as he was and Tom Johnson as he supposed himself to be. "Our patient is a little over-excited," he continued, stepping promptly forward and relieving Pete Snavely of his burden.

Tom Johnson yielded completely to the influence of these men, although he had no recollection of ever having seen them before, except when they had passed him in the carriage on the road. There was something soothing in the touch of the Doctor, and poor Tom, who had been dazed and puzzled and balked at every turn since he had first discovered himself in the wagon, was completely crushed by this last experience. His physical strength seemed to have undergone a complete collapse, until he was like putty in the hands of this strange doctor, whom he obeyed like a child.

"He must go to bed now," said the Doctor, "and have a good night's rest," and to this quiet decision Tom Johnson made no resistance, except to feebly reach for his gun, which had fallen from his grasp in the reaction which followed his ebullition of passion.

The tavern-keeper lighted a candle and led the way to a chamber, where he remained with the Doctor until Tom was laid safely and comfortably in bed. As the tavern-keeper lingered behind to fetch the candle, Tom rose weakly on his elbow and called after him: "Good-night, old man; don't forget to call me early in the morning. I want to find her and little Tom."

The Doctor slept in a room adjoining and commanding the only entrance to that of his singular patient, and he took good care that no one should disturb him.

Tom Johnson slept heavily after his strange experience, and when he awoke, with a refreshed and clarified brain, he began, at least, to realize that he was no longer a young man, and to adjust some things, albeit lamely, to that established fact; for when the Doctor looked in on his patient at sun-

rise, he found him seated, half-dressed, before a small mirror which stood on a chair, and if his face was not the picture of satisfaction, he showed no disposition to quarrel with the image the glass revealed.

"What does it all mean?" said Tom, helplessly. "It's a terrible thing to grow old in a single night."

"How old were you on the day you were wounded?" asked the Doctor, laying his soothing hand on Tom's shoulder.

"I was twenty-three a few days ago, when I was killed," replied Tom, looking steadfastly at the image of the old fellow in the glass.

"And what year was that?" continued the Doctor.

"It was '62," said Tom Johnson.

"And it is '92 this morning," remarked the Doctor, keeping a steady eye on his patient.

"'92!" exclaimed Tom Johnson, looking hard at the Doctor and making a mental calculation with the aid of his fingers. "'92," he repeated, looking back at his grizzled image in the glass, "that accounts for that old beggar I have been studying since daylight. But for God's sake, Doctor," he exclaimed, springing to his feet, "where have I been in that interval of thirty years? How old am I now? Not fifty-three?"

"Yes, my friend," said the Doctor, laying his hand on his patient's arm, which had the effect of soothing him. "You are fifty-three, and during that long interval, dating from the day and hour when you received your wound on this field, *you have been a man without a memory.* During all that time your life has been to yourself a blank, and I must tell you at once that you owe your restoration to the skill of that great surgeon whom you saw in my company yesterday. Be calm and listen. But for his skill, which has relieved your brain from the pressure of the misplaced bone, and whose watchful care, through fever and unconscious suffering, has brought you quietly back to this scene of your injury, your life would still be a blank."

Tom Johnson gazed speechless into the Doctor's face as he made this amazing statement, and then his unconscious hand stole softly to his head.

The Doctor forbore to break the silence, holding his patient under his kindly gaze.

"Praise God!" exclaimed Tom Johnson at last, rising and grasping the Doctor's hands. "You have brought me back to life. You have rescued me from a living grave—Praise God! But where have I been, Doctor, during all these years?"

"With your family at your old home, surrounded with every comfort——"

"Have mercy, Doctor," exclaimed Tom Johnson, staggering. "Don't trifle with me."

"You forget," said the Doctor, waving his patient back into his chair, "*that you were a man without a memory.*"

"And I was really there with her and little Tom? How is that precious baby, Tom? Tell me quick, Doctor," and he was on his feet again, reaching for his old gray uniform coat.

"He is in China just now," replied the Doctor.

"What?" roared Tom Johnson, with one arm in the sleeve of his coat.

"He is Lieutenant-Commander Johnson, of the navy," said the Doctor.

"What! That baby!" cried Tom. "An officer in the navy! Hurrah! I'm glad to hear he is serving his country. How did he get there?"

"In the usual way," said the Doctor. "You sent him to the Naval Academy and paid his bills, or rather your money did."

"Good," said Tom Johnson, who still stood before the Doctor, with his old coat half on. "I believe everything you tell me. Would to God I had another boy to give to the same service."

"You have," said the Doctor, "and he is also in the navy."

Tom Johnson stared at the Doctor without opening his lips, and when he was about to speak he was restrained by a warning finger. "You are about to forget again that you have been a man without a memory."

Tom stood in silence for a moment, the better to grasp the surprising information, his coat still dangling from one shoulder, and then he raised his free arm above his head. "Thank God," he exclaimed, fervently, "that I have two

sons in the service of the Confederacy, and she—she——"

He had seized both hands of the Doctor, and was trembling visibly as he breathlessly awaited a reply.

For the first time the Doctor was silent.

"My wife—my darling—where is she?" and as he put these questions passionately, Tom Johnson clung desperately to the strong white hands of the man he trusted, he knew not why.

"God have mercy on him," ejaculated the Doctor, fervently. "*He has been a man without a memory.*"

"Dead! Dead!" groaned Tom Johnson, dropping the Doctor's hands, and seating himself on the bed. "Oh, why did you bring me back to life?"

The Doctor sat down beside his patient and put an arm about his shoulders to soothe him as best he could. "It was years ago, my dear fellow," he began. "She was a good wife to you, and you lived long together in a happy home. She anticipated your every want. You lived a half-conscious life without any recognition of the past. Your infirmity was the only cross she had to bear. You were constantly with her in her last sickness. You closed her eyes with your own hands, and you have often stood by her grave, where the sunset stretches its golden bars under the dark pines. Not that you knew why you were there, but she entreated Tom with her last breath to bring you to her often, and her one hope and prayer was that some day you might come understanding why you came." The Doctor ceased speaking.

"Leave me alone for a while," said his stricken patient, who was overcome by this first knowledge of his bereavement, just as if he were standing by the dead form of his beloved wife, who had at that moment ceased to breathe.

Tom Johnson kept his room and would see no one during that day, even refusing the food that was offered him; but with the dawn of another morning he called for his old comrade in arms, Pete Snavely, of the Thirteenth Virginia. When the latter appeared, towering in the doorway, the two literally fell into each other's arms, with voluble protestations and explanations and apol-

ogies, for Pete had had no idea at the time the looking-glass had been smashed in the bar-room that he had been chaffering little Tom Johnson, of the old Thirteenth.

"Tommy," blubbered Pete, as he held his comrade to his breast, clad in the sacred old uniform which now moved him to tears, "it's all over what we fit for."

Tom Johnson released himself from the embrace of the weeping giant, and looked up at him with a terrified expression. "You mean the war's over, Pete," he said, feebly grasping at this interpretation of his comrade's meaning.

"No, I don't," whimpered Pete, determined to have the worst over with the least delay. "I mean the Confederacy was busted, turned down more'n a quarter of a century ago—snuffed out like you was, Tommy, under that old thorn-tree—the niggers was set free, everybody nigh about was killed—but by G—, Tommy, the way we fit ag'in odds was a thing to be everlastin'ly proud of."

Tom Johnson had fallen back to a sitting position on the edge of the bed, his face of an ashen pallor, which frightened his comrade to see. Pete Snavelly partially shut himself up and deposited his knife-ship on a chair over opposite. "Never mind, Tommy," he said, wiping his eyes; "it's all ancient history now, and we did our level best with bibles in our pockets and tooth-brushes in our button-holes. The difference between Blue-bellies and Gray-backs don't count no mo', and the fact is, Tommy, we're all Yankees now, and rather proud of it."

This unwelcome news coming so suddenly was utterly appalling and crushing in its effect on Tom Johnson, particularly when he realized that baby Tom and the son he had no recollection of ever having seen, were actually serving under the despised Yankee flag. It made him angry to think that he himself had been living under its folds for an ordinary life time, unconscious and unprotesting, as if an unfair advantage had been taken of his peculiar condition, which amounted to a personal affront. It was a positive relief to him to learn that his beloved old com-

mander, Stonewall Jackson, had fallen in the fore front of battle, and had thus been spared the humiliation of conscious defeat.

"Don't take it to heart so, Tommy," said Pete, shrugging his shoulders and turning out the palms of his hands. "There ain't so many o' we all left, and the kids that's been born since the war, in one State o' the forty-four, could drive both o' the old armies into the sea. We're back numbers, Tommy, that's what we are."

"I'm afraid so," said Tom Johnson, standing up and readjusting his belt over his old gray coat. "I shan't need this gun any more," he remarked, sadly, as he drew the iron ramrod and rang it down in the empty barrel. "Somebody has drawn the charge."

Peter Snavelly, who had some new surprise every hour for his old comrade in arms, took him under his protecting wing, and the latter gradually put off his rusty equipments, exchanging his old uniform for a respectable suit of sober gray cloth, and it was quite refreshing to see him thus transformed by dainty linen and clean shaving, et cetera, into a courtly old gentleman with good money in his pocket, and a gold chronometer on his fob; in short, put back externally in the well-groomed condition his body had been accustomed to before he came under the hands of the surgeon, with the addition of a brain as clear as the tone of a Japanese gong.

The two were always together (the one short and sturdy, and the other lank and tall, as that President Lincoln, of whom Tom had had but a poor opinion), except when Mr. Thomas Johnson disappeared for a few days to look over his property and stand by the grave of that wife who had stood bravely and lovingly beside him during so many years when he had been a man without a memory.

His home had no attraction for him, to be compared with the claims of his old comrade, and so he preferred to surround himself with such comforts as he could at the long tavern under the buttonwood-tree over opposite the old head-quarters, where he could enjoy his pipe and his glass with Pete Snavelly, of

the old Thirteenth, and walk out at will to the knotted and deformed thorn-tree which still overhung the fenceless gash in the fields known as the bloody lane.

One day in September, namely, the fifteenth, in the year of our Lord, 1892, a letter arrived at the Sharpsburg office addressed to "Thomas Johnson, Esquire," and post-marked "Newport News." Pete Snavely clasped and unclasped himself with more agility than usual, as he descended the stone steps into the basement museum where his old comrade was smoking his pipe, among the glass cases of shells and canteens and buttons and oxidized bullets, in an environment bristling with guns and sabres and rusty lances of the John Brown period. The letter was signed "Baby Tom," who had steamed into port from the Chinese seas, a full Captain in the Navy under orders to report at the navy yard at Washington, whence he was to proceed to New York to take command of the new ram Constitution, where he would be granted leave to come and embrace his dear old father, in his joyful restoration.

Tom Johnson, Sr., wiped the moisture from his eye-glasses, and with a promptness born of his military training ordered Pete Snavely to pack his knapsack forthwith. "Put in your Sunday clothes and plenty of them," cried Tom Johnson, and the tall comrade had come so completely under the control of the short one who carried the check-book that he obeyed without a question, and the two old soldiers were seated under the buttonwood-tree when the carriage came up for the station.

They had a couple of hours at Hagerstown before the night train, and in all probability Captain Johnson, U. S. N., was then at the Washington navy yard. When Pete Snavely's eye fell on a long-distance telephone in the hotel office, he bribed the clerk to call up the Commandant's quarters and, sure enough, Captain Johnson was there, whom Pete informed of the presence of his father and requested him to stop at the instrument.

"Come this way, Tommy," roared Pete; "there's a man outside wants to speak to you on the telephone."

Tom Johnson came, but he had never

seen or heard of a telephone, having been quite busy enough during the last two months catching up with other things. It was a sort of new-fangled telegraph, Pete said, and showed him how to put the receiver to his ear. Tom Johnson handled it very much as if it were loaded, and started a little when the bell rang; but he followed Pete's instructions and called "Hello!"

"Why, it echoes back in this thing," exclaimed Tom.

"Now, does it?" said Pete, pushing the receiver back to his ear. "That's the other fellow a hundred miles from here. Tell him you are Tom Johnson and ask him who he is."

The most surprising answer came back, which caused the old man in gray to drop the receiver and feel for the soft spot on the top of his head, after the pleasant way he had of expressing perplexity and surprise.

"He says he's Baby Tom, from China!"

"Well, I reckon he ought to know, Tommy," said Pete Snavely. "He's eatin' fried chicken with the Admiral in Washington this minute, and you better ask him for a drum-stick."

So it fell out that father and son had a meeting at long range, in which everything was fixed, and it is certain that no telephone before or since has ever heard such eager "helloes" and affectionate "good-byes" as passed each other on that happy occasion; and in consequence thereof the Captain's launch with the Captain in it met the two old soldiers at the landing, and Baby Tom looked so tall and bronzed and smart in his glittering uniform that his old daddy was overcome with awe and admiration for a sixth of a minute before the two came to close quarters, to all of which Pete Snavely can testify, for he clasped and unclasped himself during the functions and amenities incident to this meeting between father and son with a rapidity that suggested a dancing-jack.

During all this time the new Constitution, toward which the copper-coated launch was presently dancing over the swells, lay out in the river and in the sunlight, dressed in bunting from stem to stern, with four hundred pairs of canvas trousers and four hundred

shirts fluttering from the stays; and the deck was manned to receive the new Commander and his guests, and the little old man in gray was sufficiently impressed with the dignity and importance of "Baby Tom."

During their stay on board and their peregrinations on shore these two old veterans saw more of the world and the sea than they had ever dreamed of before, and they dined in such state with the Commander that they found themselves drinking bumpers to the flag before they knew it. They looked through the winding, oily bore of the ten-inch rifle which ranged over the nickel-steel prow of the ram, and found the whole wonderful interior of the ship crowded here and there as compactly with delicate machinery as the case of a watch, and when they found themselves back at the long tavern under the buttonwood-tree, with the Captain in their company, they couldn't forget the wonders they had seen or divest themselves of the loyalty they had unconsciously put on.

When Tom Johnson asked the Captain, his son, if the Constitution couldn't sink any battle-ship or any other ship afloat, the Captain said he thought it might, but next year every battle-ship would carry sufficient dynamite tubes, for use at short range, to blow him up in a white cloud at just fifty yards short of the fatal impact; and then he confided to his father that the steel monsters of the day were at heart the most arrant hypocrites and missionaries of peace, and that their commanders everywhere had such a profound and growing respect for each

other, that he had to laugh into his cocked hat sometimes to think of it. The Captain told them, moreover, as they smoked their pipes under the buttonwood-tree, that in a few years the naval attacks would all be made under water, while the officers of the directing battle-ships were drinking champagne and watching each other through powerful glasses, and that in the end all naval combats would be decided by mathematical computations made by the Admirals on shore, to which the tavern-keeper, who had been born since the battle, said that things were certainly coming to a pretty pass.

In due time, after father and son had stood together by the grave under the pines, and talked much of the absent son and brother, the Captain went away to join his ship, and things settled down to a normal condition at the long tavern under the buttonwood-tree. The two old comrades, the long one and the short one, may still be seen wandering about the historic field, and Tom Johnson has a new respect for the countless dead in the Government cemetery, and a positive affection for the big stone soldier standing silent guard above them (which he had mistaken for a ghost in the moonlight as he came crawling back into Sharpsburg in the creaking outfit, behind the old gray horse), and which, leaning on its stone gun, looks complacently out over the tree-tops across the smiling wheat-fields to the whitewashed walls of the low Dunker church and the sunlit strip of turnpike, where the battle raged so fiercely.



BEASTS OF BURDEN

By *N. S. Shaler*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS



It is not too much to say that the opportunity to go forward on the paths of culture, at least the chance to advance any considerable distance beyond the estate of primitive men, depends upon what the wilderness may offer in the way of domesticable beasts of burden. Where such exist we find that the folk who dwell with them in any land are almost certain to have made great advances. Where the surrounding nature, however rich, denies this boon, we find that men, however great their natural abilities may appear to be, exhibit a retarded development. Thus in North America, where there was no domesticable beast of burden, the Indians, though an able folk, remain savages. So, too, in central and southern Africa, where the mammalian life, though rich, affords no large forms which tolerate captivity, the people have failed to attain any considerable culture. On the other hand, in the great continent of the Old World, where the horse, the ass, the buffalo, the camel, and the elephant existed in the primitive wilds, men rose swiftly toward the civilized station.

The immediate effect arising from the possession of beasts of burden is greatly to enlarge the scope and educative value of human labor. A primitive agriculture, sufficient to provide for the needs of a people, can be carried on by man's labor alone, though the resulting food-supply has generally to be supplemented by the chase. Rarely, if ever, are the products of the soil thus won sufficient in quantity to be made the basis of any commerce. Such conveyance as is necessary among the people who are served by their own hands alone, has to be accomplished by boat transportation or by the backs of men. The immediate

effect of using beasts for burden is the introduction of some kind of plough, which spares the labor of men in delving the ground, and in the use of pack-animals, which, employed in the manner of caravans, greatly promote the extension of trade. A great range of secondary influences is found in the development of the arts of war, by which people, who have become provided with pack or saddle animals are able to prevail over their savage neighbors, and thus to extend the realm of a nascent civilization. Yet another influence, arising from the domestication of large beasts, arises from the fact that these creatures are important storehouses of food; their flesh spares men the labor of the chase, and so promotes those regularities of employment which lead men into civilized ways of life. In fact, by making these creatures captive, men unintentionally subjugated themselves from their ancient savagery. They were led into systematic and forethoughtful courses, and thus found a training which they could in no other way have secured.

The first and simplest use made of the animals from which man derives strength, appears to have been brought about by the subjugation of wild cattle—the bulls and buffaloes. Several wild varieties of the bovine tribe were originally widely disseminated in Europe and Asia, and these forms must have been frequent objects of chase by the ancient hunters. Although in their adult state these animals were doubtless originally intractable, the young were mild-mannered, and, as we can readily conceive, must often have been led captive to the abodes of the primitive people. As is common with all gregarious animals which have long acknowledged the authority of their natural herdsmen, the dominant males of their tribe, these creatures lent themselves to domestication. Even the first

generation of the captives reared by hand probably showed a disposition to remain with their masters, and in a few generations this native impulse might well have been so far developed that the domestic herd was established, affording perhaps at first only flesh and hides, and leading the people who made them captives to a nomadic life, that constant search for fresh fields and pastures new which characterizes people who are supported by their flocks and herds.

It is probable that the first use which was made of beasts of burden in ways in which their strength became useful to man, was in packing the tents and other valuables of their masters as they moved from place to place. Even to this day, in certain parts of the world bulls and oxen serve for such purposes. In fact the nomadic life, a fashion of society which is enforced wherever people subsist from their cattle alone, leads inevitably to such use of the beasts. In the southern Appalachian district of this country there remain traces of this service rendered by bulls and oxen. These creatures, provided with a kind of pack-saddle, are occasionally used in conveying the dried roots of the ginseng, beeswax, feathers, and the peltries which are gathered by the inhabitants of remote districts, not accessible to carriages, to the markets of the outer world. All the varieties of ordinary cattle could be made to serve as burden-carriers, and they doubtless would be continued to be used for saddle purposes in one way or another but for the wide use of the horse, a creature very much better adapted for carrying weight. The cloven foot of the bulls and buffaloes gives a weakness to the extremities which will quickly lead to disease in case they are forced to carry heavy loads such as the horse or ass may safely bear.

The help which our bovine servants render us by the power which they exert in traction, as in drawing ploughs, sleds, or wagons, appears to have been first rendered long after their introduction to the ways of man. The first of these uses in which the drawing strength of these animals was made serviceable appears to have been in the

work of ploughing. In primitive days and with primitive tools, hand delving was a sore task. The inventive genius who first contrived to overturn the earth by means of the forked limb of a tree, shaped in the semblance of a plough and drawn by oxen, began a great revolution in the art of agriculture. To this unknown genius we may award a place among the benefactors of mankind, quite as distinguished as that which is occupied by the equally unknown inventors of the arts of making fire or of smelting ores. After the experience with the strength of oxen had been won from the work of ploughing, it was easy to pass to the other grades of their employment, where they were made to draw carriages.

Next after the contribution which the kindred of the bulls have made by their strength, we must set that which has come from their milk. Although this substance can be obtained in small quantities from several other domesticated animals, the species of the genus *Bos* alone have yielded it in sufficient quantities greatly to affect the development of man. It is difficult to measure the importance of the addition to the diet, both of savage and civilized peoples, which milk affords. It is a fact well known to physiologists that in its simple form this substance is a complete food, capable when taken alone of sustaining life and insuring a full development of the body. It is indeed a natural contrivance exactly adapted to afford those materials which are required for the development and restoration of creatures essentially akin to our own species. Those races which avail themselves extensively of it in their dietary are the strongest and most enduring the world has known. The Aryan folk are indeed characteristically drinkers of milk and users of its products, cheese and butter. It may well be that their power is in some measure due to this resource.

In our horned cattle man won to domestication creatures which were admirably suited to promote his advancement from savagery to civilization. Indeed, the possession of these animals appears to have been a prime condition of his advancement. With them, how-

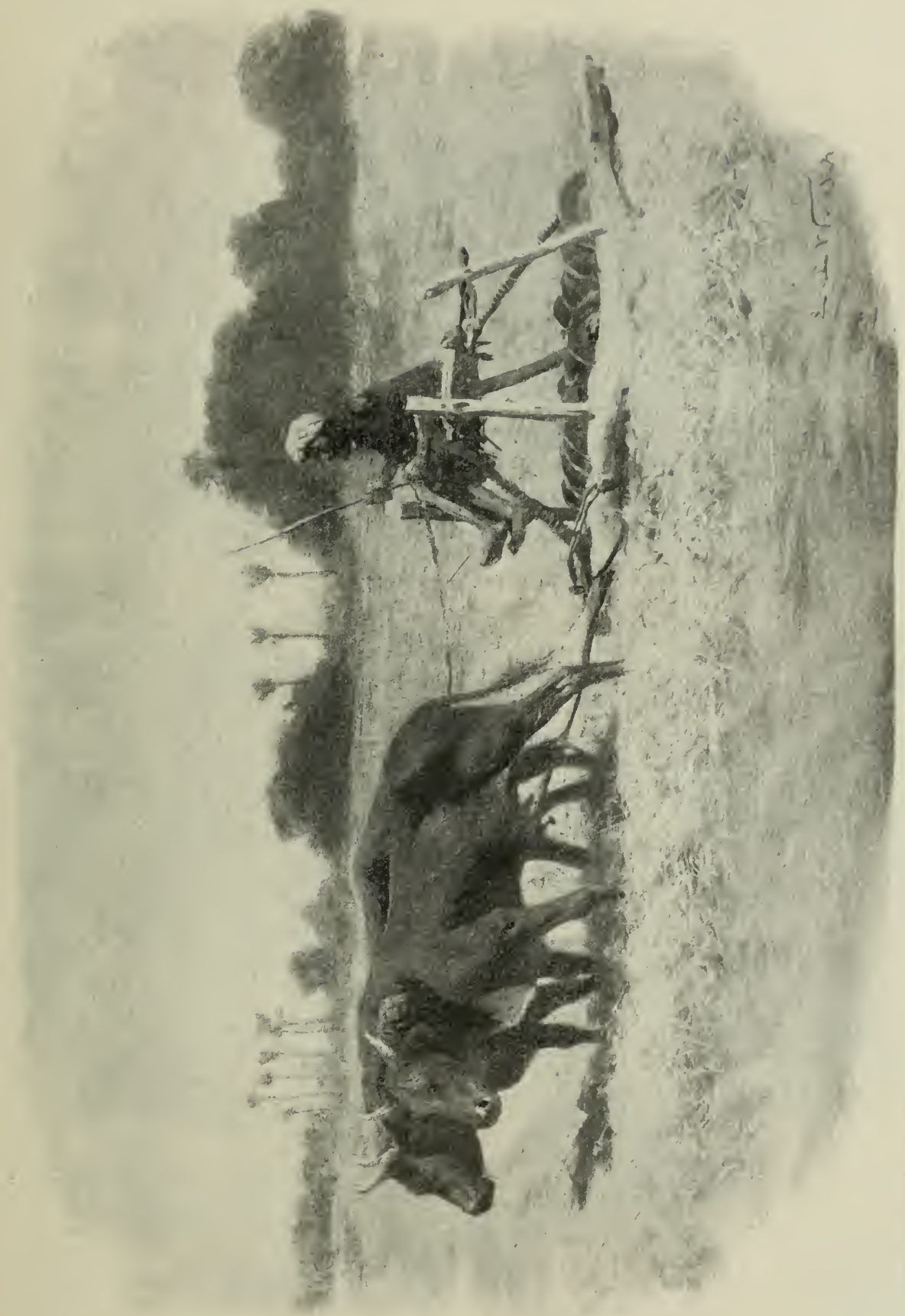
ever, as with the camel, there came little in the way of those sympathetic qualities which have made it possible for our race to establish affectionate relations with other captive forms. Long intercourse with man has, it is true, somewhat diminished the wildness of these creatures, though the males remain the most indomitably ferocious of all our servants. The truth seems to be that the bovine animals have but little intellectual capacity, and it has in no wise served the purposes of man to develop such powers of mind as they have. We have ever been given to asking little of them, save docility. This we have in a high measure won with our milch cows, which of all our domesticated creatures are perhaps the most absolutely submissive; the more highly developed of them being little more than passive producers of milk, almost without a trace of instincts or emotions except such as pertain to reproduction and to feeding. It is a noteworthy fact that in all the great literature of anecdote concerning our domesticated creatures, there is hardly a trace of stories which tend to show the existence of sagacity in our common cattle.

It is evident that the variability of our domesticated bovines, as far as their bodies are concerned, is very great. Between the ancient aurochs and the more highly cultivated of its descendants, the difference is as great as that which separates any other of our captive animals from their wild ancestors. In size, shape, in flesh- and milk-giving qualities, the departure from the old form of the wilderness is remarkable. Moreover, at the present time these diverse breeds of horned cattle are rapidly being multiplied, the distinctive forms probably being twice as numerous as they were at the beginning of the present century. The process of selection has led to some very wide diversifications of the body. The horns, which in the wild state are invariably well developed, and which in the cattle of our western plains attain very great size, have in certain breeds altogether disappeared, and in their place there sometimes comes a remarkable crest of bony matter which does

not project beyond the skin which covers the head. If such differences occurred in the wild state they would be regarded as separating the two types of animals widely from each other.

In treating the wool-bearing animals along with beasts of burden, we make a somewhat fanciful classification which yet is not quite without reason. By long training man has brought these species to the state where their covering of wool or hair, once a coating only sufficient to afford protection from the weather, has become a very serious load. In certain of our highly developed varieties the annual coat is so far developed that the creature loses a large part of its bulk after the shearer has done his work. Each year's fleece often amounts in weight to eight to twelve pounds, and in its lifetime the animal may yield a mass of wool far exceeding its weight of flesh and bones in any time of its life. When the fleece is mature the creature is often burdened with a load about as heavy in proportion to his size as is a horse by the weight of its rider and accoutrements.

As a flesh producer, particularly in sterile fields, sheep are more valuable than our horned cattle. They mature more rapidly, attaining their adult size and reproducing their kind in less than two years, so that in many parts of the world it is possible to obtain a larger quantity of flesh from poor pasturages with sheep than with any other of our domesticated animals. Their principal value, however, has been from the means they afforded, whereby men in high latitudes have obtained warm clothing. Before the domestication of these creatures, peoples who had to endure the winter of high latitudes were forced to rely upon hides for covering, a form of clothing which is clumsy, uncleanly, and which the chase could not supply in any considerable quantity. Owing to its peculiar structure, the hair of the sheep makes the strongest and warmest covering, when rendered into cloth, which has ever been devised for the use of man. The value of this contribution is directly related to the conditions of climate. In the intertropical regions, the sheep plays no part of importance. In high latitudes he is of the utmost



DRAWN BY EDWIN LOHD WEEKS.

Winnowing Grain in Egypt.

value to man. No other of our domesticated creatures, except the camel, are so specially adapted to the needs which

our flocks and herds. It yields good milk, the flesh is edible, though in the old animals not savory, and the hair can



Domesticated Buffaloes in Egypt.

peculiarities of climate impose upon their possessors.

The relations of the goat to mankind are in certain ways peculiar. The creature has long been subjugated, probably having come into the human family before the dawn of history. It has been almost as widely disseminated, among barbarian and civilized peoples alike, as the sheep. It readily cleaves to the household, and exhibits much more intelligence than the other members of

be made to vary in a larger measure than any of our animals which are shorn. Yet this creature has never obtained the place in relation to man to which it seems entitled. Only here and there is it kept in considerable numbers or made the basis of extensive industries. The reason for this seems to be that these animals cannot readily be kept in flocks in the manner of sheep. They are only partly gregarious, and tend to stray from the owner's keeping. There seems reason also to believe that they cannot easily be made to vary in other characters except their hairy covering at the will of the breeder, and so varieties cannot be formed, as is the case with sheep, to suit each peculiarity of soil and climate. Thus in Europe, where it would be easy to name a score of distinct breeds of sheep, each peculiarly well suited to the conditions of the country where it had been developed, the goats are singularly alike. The original stock of these creatures appears to have been adapted to feeding on the scant herbage which develops in rocky and mountainous countries. They do not seem able to make the perfect use of the resources of a pasture which sheep do. These inher-



Cattle of India.

ited peculiarities in feeding enable them to pick up a subsistence where they may range over a considerable territory, even where it seems to afford no forms of food for the hungriest animal. Thus in that part of the city of New York known as "Shanty town," goats may be seen in fairly good condition, although the sole source of food, besides a few stray weeds, appears to be the paste of the paper advertisements which they pick from the rocks and fences.

Although goats appear to be characterized by invariable bodies, our sheep are, in physical characteristics, among the most flexible of our domesticated animals. They may by selection readily and rapidly be made to vary as regards the character of their wool, the size and proportion of their muscles, and the quantity and placing of the fat. In all these features they may be fairly blown to and fro by the wind of favor. Between the meagre-bodied merino, with its skeleton-like frame and heavily wrinkled skin bearing a vast burden of long wool, and the heavy Hampshire downs or Southdowns, there is really an immense difference in bodily quality; yet these variations represent only a century or two of careful experiment on the part of the breeders. It seems not improbable that in the present state of this developing art it will be possible, in a hundred years, to reverse the conditions of these two varieties.

Sheep and goats, like the other herbivorous species which are the common tenants of our fields and forests, belong to the great class of dull-witted mammals in which the intellectual processes appear to be almost altogether limited to ancient and simple emotions, such as are inspired by fear or hunger.

They are characterized by little individuality of mind, and although the needs of men have not led to any experiment in developing their wits, as in the case of dogs, there is no reason to believe that they afford much foundation for such essays. The present rapid variations in the physical characteristics of our sheep which are induced by the breeder's skill, make it evident that we are far from having attained the maximum profit from these creatures. The goats also give promise, when selective work is carefully done upon them, of giving much more than they now afford to the uses of mankind; but from neither of these forms is there reason to hope, at least on our present lines of experiment, for any considerable gain in intellectual qualities.

We have already noted the fact that the sheep is especially adapted to serve man in high latitudes, where he has to provide against the winter's cold. The



Indian Bullock and Water-Carrier.

camel is an even more striking instance in which the value of the creature depends upon climatal peculiarities. It is peculiarly fitted, by its ancestral training and development, for the use of men who dwell in arid countries. In the olden days of the later Tertiary epoch, creatures akin to the camels appear to have been widely distributed, and were probably adapted to consider-



Ploughing in Syria.

able variations of environment. With-
in the time of which we know some-
thing by history, these forms have been
limited to the arid districts of south-
western Asia and northern Africa. It
is not certain that we know the origin-
ally wild form of either of the two
species, the double-humped or single-
humped camels. Wild members of
each exist, but they may be the de-
scendants of the domesticated forms.
It seems probable that long before the

building of the Pyramids
the people of the deserts
had learned how to profit
from the very peculiar qual-
ities of this strangely pro-
vided beast, which in several
distinct ways is singularly
fitted to serve the needs of
man in arid lands. The
large and well-padded foot
of this creature is well adapt-
ed for treading a surface un-
softened by vegetation. Its
peculiar stomach enables
it to store water in such
a manner that it can go for
days without drink. In the
humps upon its back, as in natural pack-
saddles, it may harvest a share of the nu-
triment which it obtains from occasional
good pasturages, the store being laid
away in the form of fat which may re-
turn to the blood when the creature
would otherwise starve. So important
have these peculiarities been found by
men who have domesticated the camel,
that on them have rested many of the
greatest features of race development in
the history of our kind. In the terri-



Ezyptan Sheep.



Bedouin Goat-herd—Palestine.

tories along the eastern and southern shores of the Mediterranean, and in a large part of southern and central Asia, the camel has done service to man which elsewhere has been performed by sheep, cattle, and horses. In those parts of the world the share which these domesticated animals have had in the development of man has been relatively very small. The camel has given the strength for burdens, hair for clothing, and often flesh to the needy men of the desert.

Although long a captive, and for ages, perhaps, the most serviceable of all the creatures which man has won from the wilds, the camel is still only partly domesticated, having never acquired even

the small measure of affection for his master which we find in the other herbivorous animals which have been won to the service of man. The obedience which he renders is but a dull submission to inevitable toil. The intelligence which he shows is very limited, and so far as I can judge from the accounts of those who have observed him, there is but little variation in his mental qualities. As a whole, the creature appears to be innately the dullest and least improvable of all our servants. The fact is this animal belongs to an ancient and lowly type of mammals characterized by relatively small brains, and therefore of weak intelligence; but for its singular serviceable-



The Great Caravan Road—Central Asia.

ness in drought-ridden countries, it would probably have been hunted off the earth by the early men, as have been many other remnants of the ancient life.

It is somewhat characteristic of the older forms of animals, those which took shape in the earlier Tertiary periods, that they are less variable than those which acquired their characteristics in times nearer our own. It is a fact well known to the students of paleontology, that species and genera which have been long on the earth are apt to become in a way rigid as regards their qualities of body and mind. It is an interesting fact that, although the camel can readily be transplanted to many other parts of the world, where the physiographic conditions are similar to those of the realm where he has served man so well, he has never been thoroughly successful except in the regions where he has been in use for ages. In the desert regions of the Cordilleras of America, in South Africa, and in Australia, various experiments go to show that the creature could be perfectly reconciled to its environment. Many years ago a lot of camels were brought to the valley of the Rio Grande with a view to their utilization in that region, which closely resembles the desert countries about the

Mediterranean. These animals were thoroughly successful in meeting the climatal conditions of the region. They proved as strong and as fertile as in their natural realms. Although it is said they survive to the present day, they have never been of any service to the people.

Although, as before noted, the camel has a certain value for other purposes than conveying burdens, these subsidiary uses are so far limited that the creature is not likely to retain a place in the world after his service in caravans is no longer called for. The rapid recivilization of northern Africa, leading as it does to the development of a railway system in that region, promises to displace this creature from his most trodden ways. It seems likely that the other portions of the desert lands in the old world will soon be brought under the same civilizing influences, the nomadic tribes reduced to a stationary habit of life, and the commerce effected in the modern manner. When this change is brought about, this old-time animal, which but for the care of man would have probably long since passed away, will be likely, save so far as it may be preserved through motives of scientific interest, to join the great array of vanished species.



DRAWN BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

The Halt in the Desert at Night—The Story Teller.

It affords a pleasant contrast to turn from the consideration of the camels to able invention of the trunk, a prolonged and marvellously flexible nose which



Camels Feeding.

a study of the elephants. The difference in the measure of attractiveness of the two forms is very great, and depends upon facts of remarkable interest. Unlike the camel, which, as we have seen, is the last survivor of an ancient lineage, represented by but two species, and these limited to a small part of the world, the elephants, at the time when man appears to have taken shape, seems to have existed on all the continental lands except Australia, and to have been in a state of singular prosperity. As is often the case with other vigorous genera of mammals, the species were adapted to a very great variety of climates, and were fitted to endure tropic heat as well as arctic cold.

The group of elephants is first known to us in the early part of Tertiary time. From its first appearance on our stage it seems to have been successful in a high measure, and this probably by reason of its possession of the remark-

able invention of the trunk, a prolonged and marvellously flexible nose which serves in the manner of an arm and hand for gathering food.

When we first find traces of mankind in the records of the rocks, in what appears to be an age just anterior to the Glacial epoch, the elephant had passed the experimental stages of its development and was firmly established as the king of beasts. In his adult form he had nothing to fear from any of the lower animals, and by the organization of herds it is probable that even the young were tolerably safe from assault. Until the early races of men had attained a considerable skill in the use of weapons, the great beasts were probably safe from human attack. We may well believe that primitive savages shunned them as unconquerable. As early, perhaps, as the closing stages of the Glacial epoch in Europe, we find evidences which pretty clearly show that the folk of that land, probably belonging to some race other than our



DRAWN BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

Carrying the Sugar Cane in Harvest—Egypt.



Camels along the Sea at Twilight.

own, had attained a state of the warlike arts in which they could venture to hunt this creature.

The species of elephant which was hunted by the early men of Europe, and perhaps also by those in Asia and America as well, was a greater and, at least in appearance, a more formidable monster than the living species of Asia or Africa. He was on the average taller and probably bulkier than any of his living kindred. The tusks were larger and curved in a curious scimitar form. Adding to the might of its aspect was a vast covering of hair, which on the neck appears to have had the form of a mane. This covering must have greatly increased the apparent size of the creature, which no doubt appeared about twice as large as any of our modern elephants which are nearly hairless. Although the perils of this ancient chase must have been great the triumphs were equally so, and to a people who lived by hunting, most profitable; a single animal would furnish more food than scores of the lesser beasts such as the reindeer.

It is not certain that the extermination of the great northern elephant or mammoth came about through the action of man. It is possible that the death was due to more natural causes, such as the change of climate which

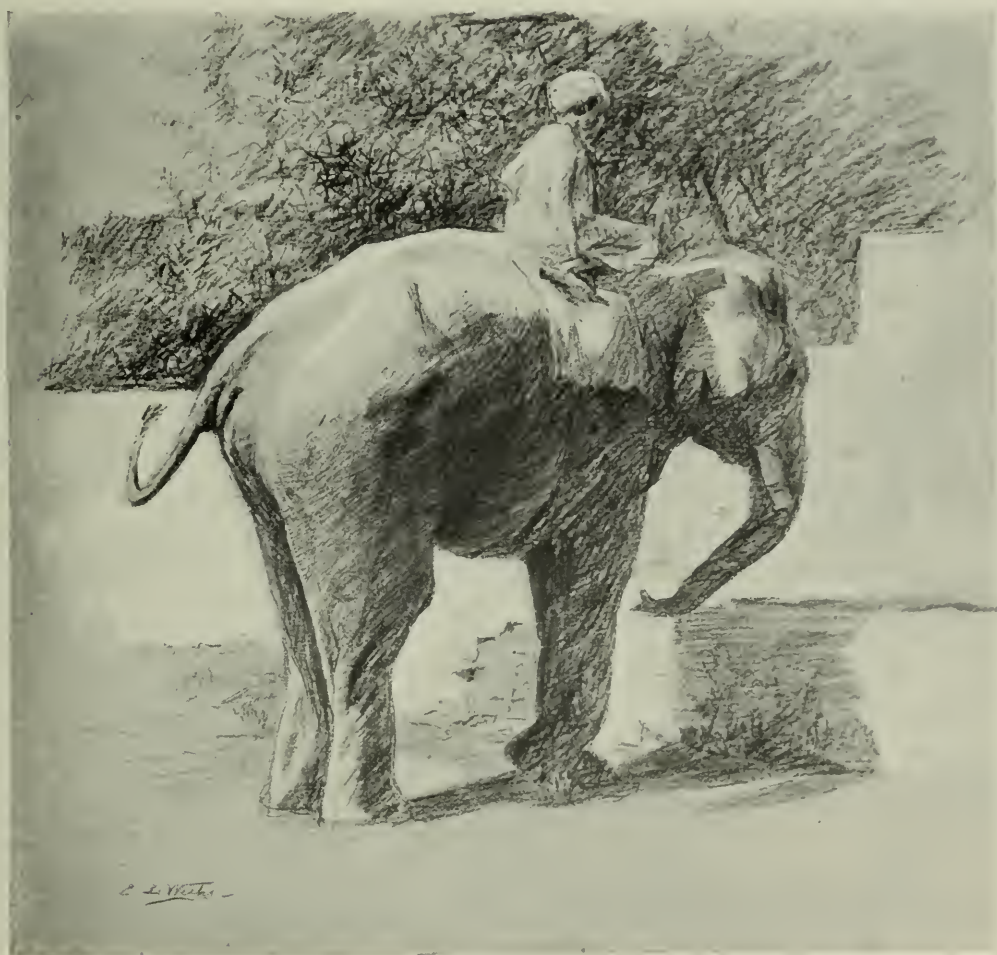
attended the decline of the Glacial period, or to the attacks of some insect enemy like the tsetse fly of South Africa, which occasionally brings destruction to cattle in that part of the world. On the whole, however, it seems most probable that the extermination of this noble beast is to be accounted among the brutal triumphs of mankind, perhaps as the first of the long tale of destructions which he has inflicted upon his fellow-creatures. However this may be, it is clear that at the dawn of civilization the species of the genus *elephas* had become limited to that part of the African continent which lies south of the Sahara, and to the portion of Asia east of the Persian Gulf and south of China. The remnant consisted of two species, the African form, on the average the larger of the two, a fierce and scarcely domesticable creature, and the Asiatic, a milder-natured species which alone has been to any extent brought into the service of man.

It is not certain when or where elephants were first reduced to domestication. In the dawn of history we find them used to enhance the state of princes and for the purposes of war. It seems likely that in this early day the African as well as the Asiatic species was tamed, at least to the point where they could be made to serve in

battle. We can hardly believe that all these animals which were at the command of Hannibal and the other generals of North Africa, came from the Asiatic realm. The fact that in modern times the species which dwells south of the Sahara has not been turned to the uses of man, may be accounted for by the lowly estate of the native people in that part of the world, and the lack of need for such creatures in the economic conditions of the Aryan folk who have settled along the shores and in the southern part of that continent.

The relations of man to the elephant are more peculiar than those which he has formed with any other domesticated animal. Although the creature will

fore been the habit of the people who avail themselves of this admirable beast, to use the captures which they make in the wilderness. It is a most interesting and exceptional fact that these captive elephants, though bred in perfect freedom and provided with none of those inherited instincts so essentially a part of the value of our other domesticated quadrupeds, become helpful to man and attached to him in a way which is characteristic of none other of our ancient companions except the dog. It is safe to say that the Asiatic elephant is the most innately domesticable, and the best fitted by nature for companionship with man, of all our great quadrupeds. The qualities of mind which



An Indian Elephant.

breed in captivity, its reproduction in that state is exceptional, and it is many years before the offspring are fit for any service. It is indeed about thirty years before the creature is sufficiently adult to attain a good measure of strength and endurance. It has there-

in our other domesticated quadrupeds have been slowly developed by thousands of years of selection and intercourse with man, are in this creature a part of its wild estate.

It appears from trustworthy anecdotes, that the Asiatic elephants in a few



DRAWN BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

African Elephant.

months of captivity acquire the rules of conduct which it is necessary to impose upon them. The speediness of this intellectual subjugation may be judged from the fact that, after a short term of domestication, they will take a willing and intelligent part in capturing their kindred of the wilderness, showing in this work little or no disposition to rejoin the wild herds. In the case of no other animal do we find anything like such an immediate adhesion to the ways of civilization. We have to account for this eminent peculiarity of the elephant on the supposition, which appears to be thoroughly justified, that the creature has, even in its wild state, a type of intelligence and instincts more nearly like those of men than is the case with any other wild mammal, an affinity with human quality which is, perhaps, only approached by certain species of birds. It appears from the observations of naturalists that the family or tribe of wild elephants is a distinct and highly sympathetic community. The grade and value of the friendly feeling which prevails among them may be judged by the fact that, when one of the males becomes lost or is driven away from its associates, it does not seem to be able to join any other tribe, but becomes a "rogue," or solitary individual, and in this state develops a morose and furious temper.

There are many well-attested stories which serve to show that wild elephants have a kind of intelligence which indicates a certain constructive capacity. Of these, perhaps, the best are the instances in which elephants have been caught in pitfalls, made by digging a hole in the paths of the wilderness which they are accustomed to follow, the surface being covered with a frail platform so arranged as to conceal the excavation. When one of a tribe is caught in the trap, the others, if time allows before the hunters come to the ground, will in an ingenious way release him. I doubt if the most practicable manner of effecting this will occur at once to the reader. The easiest plan may seem to drag the captive from the pit by sheer strength, but as the hole is deep and has vertical sides, the elephants contrive a better way. They

bring bits of timber, which they throw into the pitfall, the captive treads them down until he is elevated to a position whence he can escape from his prison.

The intelligence of the wild elephant is probably in good part to be accounted for by the fact that the creature possesses in its trunk an instrument which is admirably contrived to execute the behests of an intelligent will. It is easy for us to see how, in the case of man, the hands have served to develop the intelligence by providing the creature with means whereby he could do a great variety of things which demanded thought and afforded education. The elephant is the only large mammal which has ever acquired a serviceable addition to the body such as the trunk affords. In their ordinary life the trunk does almost as varied work as the human arm. With it they can express emotions in a remarkable way; they caress their young, gather their food by a great variety of movements, or defend themselves from assailants. To the naturalist who has come to perceive the close relations between bodily structure and mental endowments, it is not surprising to find that these creatures have attained a quality of mind which is found nowhere else among the mammals except in man and in some of his kindred the apes.

The most peculiar quality of the elephant, a feature which separates him even from the dog, is the rational way in which he will do certain kinds of mechanical work. He appears to have an immediate sense as to the effects of his actions which we find elsewhere only among human beings. From a great body of well-attested observations, showing what may be called the logical quality of the mind of these creatures, I may be allowed to select a few stories which have a singular denotative value. An acquaintance of mine, a British officer who had served long in India, told me that in taking artillery over very difficult roads, certain of the abler elephants could be trusted to walk behind each piece, where they would in a fashion control its movements, steadying or lifting it as the occasion demanded without any directions from the driver.

Elephants can be trained to pile up

sticks of timber, such as railway ties, placing the layers alternately in opposite directions, as is the custom in such work. There is an excellent and well-attested story of an elephant who without a driver was bearing a stick of timber through a narrow wood path. Meeting a man on horseback, and perceiving that the way was not wide enough for both himself and the on-comer, the sagacious animal deliberately backed his huge body into the chaparral so as to clear the way, and then trumpeted as if to signal the horseman that the path was free.

The emotions as well as the intelligence of elephants are singularly like those of human kind. It is said by those who know them well that if, when in their stubborn fits they are brutally overborne, they are apt to die of what seems to be pure chagrin. Their states of grief, despair, and rage much resemble those which are exhibited by violent children or men unaccustomed to control. Their affections and animosities have also a curious human cast. They readily form attachments which appear to be quite as enduring as those exhibited by dogs, and their memory of injuries remains quick for years after they have received the harm. Well-verified anecdotes showing the likeness of these emotional qualities to our own exist in such numbers that it would be easy to fill a volume with them. They are, however, not necessary to show the likeness of the creature to ourselves. This is sufficiently exhibited by their daily behavior under domestication. In noting this we should remember that the male elephant is the only large mammal which it has proved safe to use in the ordinary work of life. Even our bulls and stallions, though they belong to species which have been domesticated for thousands of years, are so violent and untrustworthy as to be of little value except for breeding purposes. Bulls, even of the tamer breeds, are a constant menace to the lives of their masters; yet an adult elephant recently made captive may, except when seriously diseased, be trusted to obey the mere signals of the driver, who has no such control over him as the bit affords in the case of horses. The creature has

the strength to overcome all control save that of a moral nature. To this he submits in a way which is only equalled by our well-bred dogs.

As yet the utility of the elephant to man has, measured by his qualities, been but small. The creature has a marvelous strength, great intelligence, and remarkable docility. In proportion to the power which he can apply to a task, he is not an expensive animal to maintain. He can endure a considerable range of climate, and enjoys a tolerable immunity from disease. The reason for the relatively inconsiderable use of these creatures, is probably to be found in the fact that they are not adapted for ordinary draught purposes, nor are they well suited to the needs of the caravan, for which the camel or the pack-mule is much better fitted. In ancient warfare, before the invention of gunpowder, elephants carrying archers or javelin-men upon their backs, were greatly valued for the effect of their charge against an enemy and for the fright with which they inspired horses. Against the unsteady ranks of Oriental armies they were often most efficient in breaking a line of battle. Even the Roman troops, when they first encountered them and before they knew how to meet their charges, found them very formidable. It was soon learned that if their onset was stoutly resisted, they were likely to become unmanageable in the uproar of the fight, and to do as much damage to friends as to foes. It is only in certain peculiar tasks that, in modern days, the elephants have any economic value, and in the most of this work their strength is likely to be replaced by various engines.

The two existing species of elephants are, as before remarked, the survivors of a long lineage, represented in the geological record by the remains of many extinct forms. Some of these lost species were far smaller than those of today; one at least was no larger than our heavier horses. If by the breeder's art the existing varieties could be caused so to change as to give us once again this relatively diminutive form, the creature would be sure to find a place of importance in our ordinary arts. The trouble is that the very long life of this

animal is naturally associated with a slow growth. It requires indeed almost the lifetime of a generation to bring the individual to an adult age. It is therefore not surprising that, as the wild forms can readily be won to domestication, these creatures have not been the subject of any of those interesting processes of selection, which have so far affected for the better the characteristics of nearly all the other domesticated animals.

In every other regard than those mentioned above, the elephant appears to be an excellent subject for improvement by choice in breeding. The individuals vary much as regards their physical and mental qualities. Probably no other wild mammal exhibits such differences in the mental features, as does this highly intellectual creature. The physical individuality does not seem to be as striking as the mental, but even here we note a range, at least as regards size, which is unusual in the wild forms bred under similar conditions. The general elasticity of the group is shown by the considerable differences which may be traced in the herds which occupy different parts of the field over which the species range. As yet these local peculiarities have not been carefully studied, but from an examination of the tusks in the ivory warehouse at the docks in London, I have found that those shipped from particular ports in Africa and Asia differed both in form and texture, so that the experts were able to tell from which district they came. The evidence, in a word, appears to show that the creature tends to vary, and it is a safe presumption that the forms would prove as responsive to the breeder's art as have those of our horses, cattle, sheep or dogs.

As a whole, the elephant has been almost as little associated with the life of our own race as the camel. Neither of these creatures has ever played any considerable part in European affairs. From the disappearance of the last of the mammoths in the closing stages of the Glacial time until the invasions of Italy by Pyrrhus and by Hannibal, elephants were practically unknown in Western Europe. They have never

been used in peaceful occupations on that continent, and have had only a trifling place in its military arts. It was probably due to this separation of our eminently experimental race from the realm of the elephants, that no efforts have been made systematically to breed them in captivity, and thus to win varieties in which the form might become better adapted to economic needs, and the remarkable mental powers of the creature be brought to their utmost development. As yet the only Europeans who have had much to do with elephants are the British, who in their civil and military service in India have been thrown in contact with these animals. Generally, however, these people have been only temporarily domiciled in Asia and probably on this account have not become interested in the problems which this noble beast presents to all those who appreciate the animal world. We lack, indeed, the observations which might have been made with admirable effect by British observers in India, during the two centuries in which that people has had to do with the lands in which elephants abound.

The elephant of Africa is still a tolerably abundant animal. Its numbers, though doubtless diminished by more than one-half within this century, are probably to be counted by the hundred thousand. Nevertheless, in less than a hundred years the field which they occupied has been greatly reduced, and between the ivory hunter and the sportsman of our brutal race armed with guns of ever-increasing deadliness, it will certainly not require another century of free shooting to annihilate the African species. In view of the present condition of the life of these noble beasts, it seems in a high measure desirable that a thorough-going effort should be made to extend the domestication to the point where the form will not only be won from the wilds, but will be a permanent element in our civilization, in the manner of our common flocks and herds. It will be an enduring shame if, by neglect of our opportunities, the utmost is not done to attain this end. It appears fit that this task should be undertaken by the

British Government, which in modern days has displayed a skill and forethought in the administration of its Indian provinces, unexampled in the history of colonies. Owing to the slow

breeding-rate of the elephant, it may require more than a century for experiments to attain any definite result, so that the task is clearly beyond the limits of individual endeavor.

THE WORKING-MAN

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN TYPES

By Octave Thanet

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

I T was in a corner of the Iowa Building, up-stairs, that I saw them. That corner where Harriet Ketcham's "Peri" stood, white and wistful and ethereally beautiful, like a being from another world of art (as indeed it was) astray in the heterogeneous company of pictures, quilts, and needle ambitions. The shorter and older man was looking earnestly at the statue, the tall young man near him had evidently been explaining and quoting Moore. The first man spoke slowly, in a mellow baritone voice, with the Irish richness of accent, "I guess there is a lot of fellows in that girl's fix, Willy—outside of what they are longing for and not knowing how to git in!"

What Willy answered I could not hear; but, knowing Willy himself, I looked at the men with interest.

The speaker had a round Irish head, covered with crisply curling soft brown hair; but his features were more American than Celtic. His eyes were blue and shrewd and mild, the eyes of a humorist with a dash of poetry in his nature. His dark mustache curled downward about a firm mouth. There was in his expression a very attractive blending of keenness and kindness; in fine, he looked like a good fellow. His figure, though only of medium stature, was superbly built, the clean, strong lines of chest and back and shoulder visible beneath the snugly buttoned cutaway coat. His dress was neat, even smart, and one of the hands on the slight railing before the statue was gloved; but the other had the texture, the color, and the finger-

nails of the daily worker in some grimy substance.

Willy was slender, handsome, delicate-looking, and his clothes showed all the latest fancies which young men affect; but his slim hands were stained and hardened by the same toil.

Willy is learning the manufacturing business, and the branch of useful industry to which he belongs has a foundry for its trunk. He is a moulder. The other is his foreman.

Willy is one of "the company." He was lately graduated at Harvard. He assures me that the moulders "are the pick and choice of the American working-men. They are the most intelligent, the most industrious, the steadiest. They are gentlemen, though not scholars." A manufacturer to whom I trustfully repeated this rhapsody gave me a very broad smile, saying, "Moulders?—they are the toughest lot in the trades. They make the biggest wages and save the least, and they can drink more liquor and show it less than any class of men outside the universities"—he was not a college-bred man.

But Willy's particular moulders, his comrades in the factory, are, as the decrifier of moulders admitted, very decent citizens. They do not carouse violently, admitting that they sometimes take enough friendly glasses overnight on especial occasions to make them visit the water-bucket frequently the next morning. They save money and buy themselves tidy little homes. Their children are, almost without an exception, in the way of getting a better education

—in books—than came to their fathers. They belong distinctly to the law-sup-



Make them visit the water-bucket frequently the next morning.—Page 100.

porting, not the law-upheaving, element of society.

Willy's "boss" is one of the best examples of the American working-man. He belongs to the class of workmen who respect their work more than their wages. Terence Barry feels hurt when his men turn out a casting the lines of which are not flawless. He has the artist's soul. He is loyal to his craft, and loves his work. In all countries, at all times, there have been artisans with the artist's soul, like Terence. However humble their handiwork, it has been saturated with a personal element that set it apart. Emphatically they did good work. Down in a wee Cape Cod town, all winds and sand, I found the memory of a cobbler (appropriately bearing the good old Cape name of Handy) whose shoes were described with absolute fervor by his mourners.

"There warn't no wearing of them out till they was all gone!" one man expressed it, "and everything else went fust before the stitches."

Terence's moulds and patterns, in which he takes infinite, almost fanciful, pains, will, I foresee, pass into tradition after the fashion of the cobbler's shoes; and Willy will describe them to his grandchildren with a sigh, for there will be giants in these days, when the other days shall have come.

Terence himself would state his artistic creed very simply; he would say, "Well, Willy, try to make a good job every time." The advent of machinery might be expected to rather lower than raise the personal quality needed in a good workman. Experience, however, shows that as machinery becomes more specialized a finer order of mind is needed to direct it. But it must be admitted that the specialization of industry has had the effect to diminish the all-round capacity for which skilled hand-workmen used to be noted; and the trades which still demand versatility, and more or less hand-work of an artisan, are the trades in which are to be found the cleverest workers. Terence's trade has the advantage of needing the hand and the head both. It has, also, a near acquaintance with science. Terence subscribes for *The Moulder's Journal*, and reads of every new discovery in the handling of his own metals. "That paper," says Terence, waving one hand loosely in the air (which is a favorite gesture of his), "that paper jest keeps me up to date."

Willy also subscribes for the *Journal*, and pores over it and the "Encyclopædia Britannica" in the evenings—when he does not go out to dinner, or is not too tired to sit up; indeed, it is plain to see that Willy, as a moulder, is forming himself on Terence. *The Moulder's Journal* is a union paper; but Terence belongs to no union himself; and he is as loyal to his employers as a Highlander to his chief. One of the firm "carried iron" with him and "worked on his floor" when they were young fellows together (Terence is not forty, and his former comrade is not thirty-five; but the latter is "the old man," being the head of the business;



DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

The Moulders.

and Terence is "the old man" in the foundry), and Willy is now working under him. He always called the "old man" by his Christian name, and does now; and he at once addressed Willy with informal affection in the same way. For that matter all the moulders call William "Willy," except two or three, who address him as "Bill." There is no more intention of crossing social barriers than there is in the Russian "Serge Sergevitch." They are all comrades together, as working-men of the same craft are always.

Beyond *The Moulder's Journal* and books of his trade, Terence is not fond of reading; but he has an ardent, if undisciplined, love of art. At the Fair I think he divided his time between the Art Palace and Machinery Hall. He took his wife with him. I saw her once, in the black and white exhibit of the Art Gallery. She was a gentle, pretty, rather silent woman; but what she said had a fund of sense in it, and I liked the way she received a large, florid woman, with a bonnet pushed awry, who puffed up to her in an anxious hurry and perspiration to inquire whether "all the pictures down-stairs were hand-painted?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Mrs. Terence, unsmilingly, "they are by very famous artists, all of them."

"Do tell!" gasped the inquirer, "ain't there lots!" And she turned to bustle away, in the act revealing that her rapid motion had so disarranged her gown that she must have been shocked could she have seen the back of her own skirts.

"Excuse me," said the sweet voice of Terence's wife; "but I guess you must have torn your skirt; let me fix it."

The large dame gave a sharp glance as far over her shoulder as her stunted neck permitted; with one hand she firmly grasped her pocket, the other went pudgily groping amid her skirt folds.

"Land o' liberty!" she squealed, "if haff my white petticoat ain't able to be out! Well, now, I am *ever* so much obliged to *you*. You must excuse me holding my pocket so, Mamie cautioned me so about pickpockets I don't know if I'm on my head or my heels. Yes,

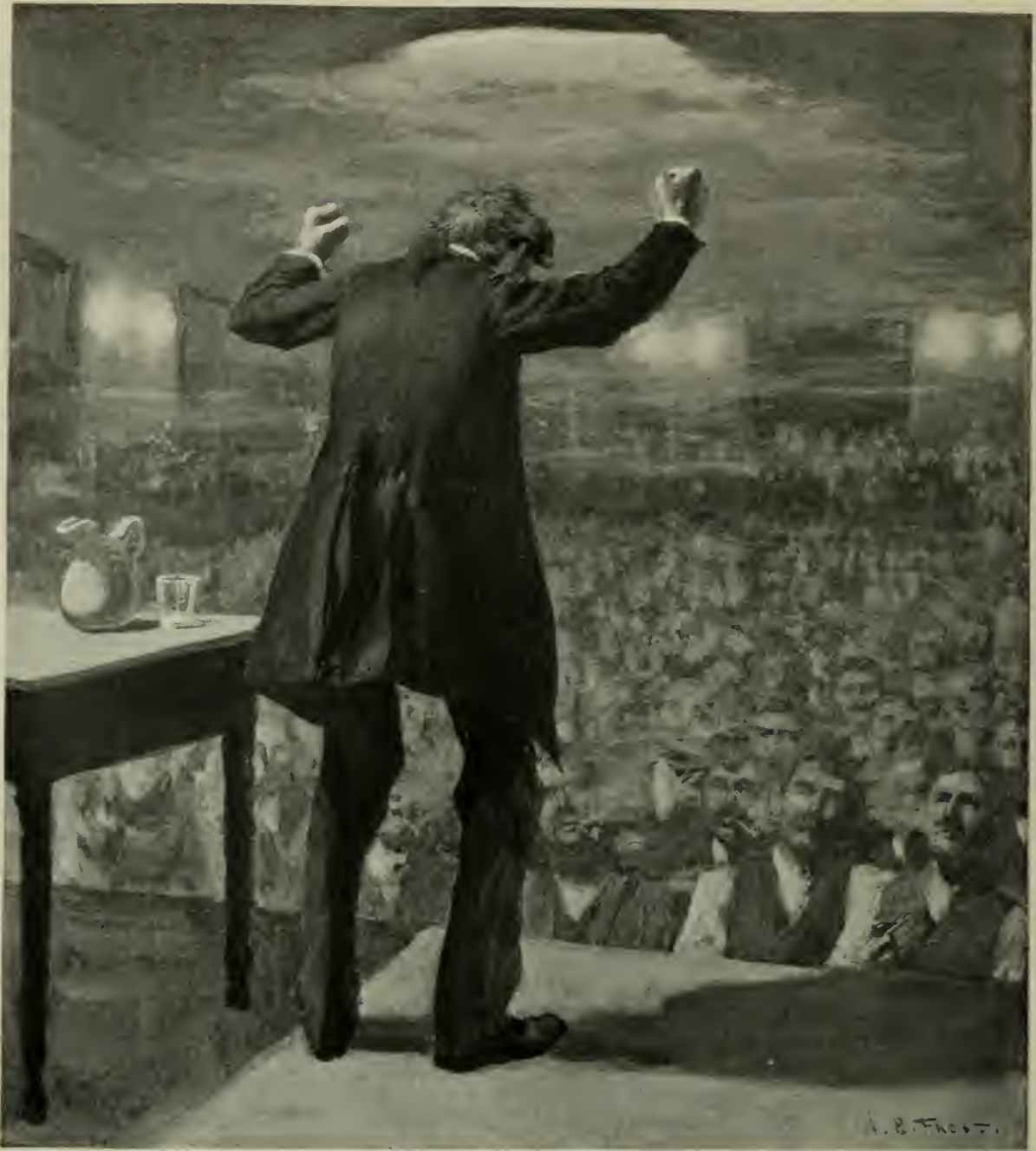
that is real nice. Thank you. Say, if you don't mind, would it be too much trouble for you to tell me something about these things? I live in Barrowtown, Indiana, and I ain't never been ten miles from home before; and all our folks from our town went to Buffalo Bill, and I ain't had a soul to say a word to me to-day!"

They went down the room together, and I thought Mrs. Terence a missionary, whether any other of the spectators did or not.

I noticed that Mrs. Terence carried a bundle of books in her hand, among them the red and black cover of the *Illustrated Art Catalogue*. She will take her books home with her, and Terence and she will read them and explain to the children how beautiful was the great Fair. The influence of those days that they spent together, worshipping, after our unexpressive modern fashion, the "beauty most ancient, beauty most new" that they saw, will form a novel tie between them; they will have another interest together, and their pretty cottage will have a different touch in its adornments.

I am sure of it on general principles of human development, but I have a concrete reason besides; for did I not hear Mrs. Barry remark to her husband, "Oh, Terry, ain't you glad we didn't buy the parlor paper before we came to the Fair?"

A very different working-man than Terence used to give me a passing salutation on the Midway and in the Art Building. No one unacquainted with the man would have classed him as a working-man. He looked like the professor of a small but deeply religious fresh-water college, where the patronage is not sufficient to justify the attendance of a first-rate butcher. He is a man of spare habit and the average height, would he hold up his chin; but in general he slightly drops his shoulders and inclines his handsome head to one side, as in meditation. His hair is silver-gray, soft and curling. Not only his black frock-coat and the wisp of black silk tied neatly about his shining white collar bespeak the clerk, but still more his long aquiline features, his mild superior smile, and his complexion of a



The working-man loves eloquence.—Page 105.

studious pallor, uncheered by so much as a freckle ; while the critical glance of the class-room peers through his gold-bowed spectacles. But he is in fact a mechanic, a carpenter, and a very good one. He does as honest work of its kind as Terence does of his. But he has none of Terence's philosophy of life. He is a malcontent on principle. From his youth he has read and pondered and agonized over the misery of the world. He is not a pessimist, quite the reverse ; the loudest promoter of a shortcut to the millennium for labor finds an eager

believer in him. He has, moreover, original notions, not in the main conceptions, but in the details ; and he is proud to dogmatism of his dazzling elaborations. He belongs to all the labor unions and federations and alliances, and likes nothing so dearly as to make speeches. Perhaps the speeches are too long, perhaps his temperament is too autocratic (for the more freedom he demands for the masses, the more intolerant of opposition or argument he becomes) ; perhaps, simply, he has not the robust magnetism possessed by many a

less honest and earnest dictator ; whatever the cause the result remains—he is not popular. The working-man loves eloquence. It is over and over again trumpeted that oratory is dying among us because we no longer care for the silver tongue. But one who knows anything about the working-man cannot fail to be impressed with his admiration for the gift of expression. “Yes,” said an honest carpenter to the writer, speaking of an arrant demagogue, “he is mean as he is slick ; but we working-men do like a good talker, and we swaller him for his speeches.” Poor Danby imagines his long-winded diatribes to be as eloquent as Robert Ingersoll’s union of melody and fire ; it is the shadow on his life that he is no longer called to speak at meetings. Passing sweet it used to be to hear the cries of “Danby !” “Danby !” “John L. Danby !” in the packed room, as he sat with an air of carefully composed modesty on his pale face. And then the exquisite emotions of that progress through the crowd, all eyes on him, escorted by a bustling member of the committee ; and the delicious ring of the exclamation, “That’s him !” and the inward rapture of that moment of power when he stood on the platform (having been assisted deferentially by willing hands in the removal of his top-coat) and glanced solemnly over the audience ! Ah, when one considers the agonies of stage-fright that some men undergo if called to address their fellow-citizens—how some of us will even stay away from delightful banquets in dread of the post-prandial oblation—it seems truly sad that poor Danby, who never felt a pang (except of keen delight) after his feet touched the platform, should sit, silent, undesired, hoping in vain for a call ! Yet even at temperance gatherings (he is a light among the believers in prohibitory liquor laws), and notwithstanding he is brave as a bull-dog, and has sworn information against saloon-keepers in a town openly defiant of the law, where he had good reason to expect his bones to be broken for it, the ungrateful brethren will not have his speeches.

But at the Fair I was pleased to see that he frequently had a little gathering about him (in which earnest women with note-books predominated), and

was doubtless pouring forth a copious stream of information.

Once in this crowd, watching the orator with a curious smile, I saw a labor leader who never lacks a hearing. There has been endless speculation concerning him ; he has been lavishly praised, venomously criticised ; perhaps he is neither a stainless fanatic nor an unscrupulous schemer who uses the working-man to further his own ambition ; perhaps he believes both in the cause of labor and his own interest, and is merely making the everlasting failure, with the everlasting blindness.

He is not so interesting to me as poor Eben Coates, who recommended the agricultural free lunches one day, when I encountered him on the Midway. It was a slight surprise to me to see Eben,



“He is mean as he is slick.”

but not a very great one, although I had had the privilege of fitting Eben’s family out with shoes a few weeks previous. Eben belongs to the fringe of labor. He has no trade, being merely a handler of material—what is called a roustabout—at a factory. In palmy times of employ-

ment Eben helps load cars at a great paint plant. He is a political character also, and works out poll taxes occasionally. He does not shun the foaming beer-mug or the still red glass; in fact he spends (in spite of his popularity on the street) a good deal more money than he can afford in drink; but I never have heard that he was intoxicated. When I saw Eben he was standing before the

high fence of the ostrich farm listening with open-mouthed pleasure to the ostrich moralist's praise of his great improving show. He has a fine, stalwart figure and a handsome face, when he keeps his mouth shut. His wife, one of the plainest and most hard-working women in our town, glories in Eben's manly beauty; and I know she sent him forth well washed and well mended;



but he was already (at ten in the morning) dusty and slouchy, and something had torn his coat.

"Pretty good show, I guess," said Eben, as I greeted him, "but ten cents is too much for these hard times."

I felt it no more than becoming to treat my townsman to the ostrich farm, and in gratitude he gave me his best information about free lunches. He explained that his monthly pension had just been paid him, and that Susan had obtained a regular job two days in the week, and the rates were very low; and Susan said it would be a shame for him not to go, so he was there.

He was anxious that I should speak a kind word for him to his employer ("We are all laid off now, you know") so that he might be taken on as soon as the shops reopened. "It is almighty hard, ma'am," he said, "for a man to be willing to work and not to be able to work, now ain't it? All I ask is jest a chance to work!"

I promised to speak to his employer, and I did.

His employer smiled. "Oh, yes, Coates? His wife does choring for us. Nice woman, but he is utterly worthless; not vicious, you understand, but

just useless; doesn't take a particle of interest in his work, and is always trying to do as little for his wages as he can. When we cut the force



A Labor Leader.

he is always among the first to be dropped." But poor Eben will never know that, nor will his wife.

THE SLEEP

By M. L. van Vorst

Love in a life; and after life—the Sleep.
 But we hang on a word, a look, and keep
 The pulses throbbing, make the spark burn low,
 And close the book to laugh, perhaps to weep,
 Most surely—if, O gods, we may but know
 Love in a life!

And so

Our burning palms we raise.
 For dear hand-clasps and kisses on the lips
 And close embrace
 We give our nights and days;
 And in one sweet draught our spirits steep,
 Forgetting, whilst the Lights of Love Eclipse
 The Sleep.

THE NEW YORK TENEMENT-HOUSE EVIL AND ITS CURE

By Ernest Flagg

THE greatest evil which ever befell New York City was the division of the blocks into lots of 25 × 100 feet. So true is this, that no other disaster can for a moment be compared with it. Fires, pestilence, and financial troubles are as nothing in comparison; for from this division has arisen the New York system of tenement-houses, the worst curse which ever afflicted any great community.

The object of this paper is to show that all the evils of the system lie entirely in the plan; that with another plan, light, air, health, and comfort can be furnished at the same, if not at less cost than the great majority of the inhabitants of this town are now forced to pay for dwellings not fit for the lower animals. Unfortunately the same division of the land which led to the plan for these houses is the chief obstacle in the way of reform.

The houses are built on lots 25 × 100 ft. and generally about five stories high. A regulation of the Board of Health limits the depth to ninety feet, so that there is a space of ten feet by the width of the lot at the rear for light. Of course this is doubled when similar houses are erected back to back. In addition there is usually a diamond-shaped court, so-called, or well, at the sides, about four feet wide, when the houses are built side by side. That is to say, each owner leaves a recess at the side of about two feet by forty odd (as shown in Fig. 4); each floor is arranged

for two families in the better class of houses, but more generally four families occupy one floor. Each family has a room facing the street or the yard, and from two to three rooms lighted, or rather not lighted, from the central slit or well. The front rooms measure about twelve feet square. The others about seven by ten feet.

When the city was first laid out, the division of the blocks into lots 25 × 100 ft. was entirely unobjectionable. The people generally built houses of moderate dimensions, lighted at the front from the street, and in the rear from the yard. If a larger dwelling was required, more land was taken and the house was made wider; but as the city grew, the land increased so greatly in value that an effort was made to occupy more of the 25 × 100 ft. lot than was consistent with the proper lighting of

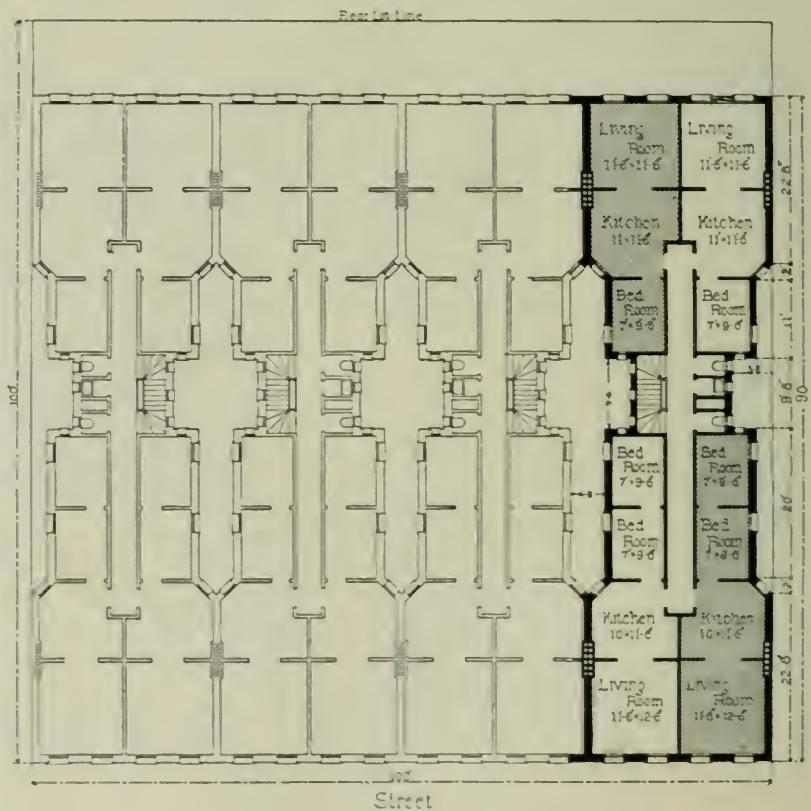


Figure 4
PLAN D

the interior. As a result, the central part of many of our so-called fine houses is unfit to live in. If this desire to cover too much of the land proved objectionable in houses occupied by one family, its results have been simply disastrous in houses occupied by several families.

As everyone knows, the fashionable quarter of the town, first at the Battery, has moved steadily and rapidly to the north. As the rich people vacated their houses to go farther uptown, they were turned over to the poor. Houses built for one family were occupied by twice as many families as the building had floors. As the older houses were comparatively shallow, being but two rooms deep, another house, known as a rear tenement, was erected on the back of the lot, a space being left between the old building and the new. The rear tenement was lighted simply from this space. There are many such houses in the city now, but the Board of Health regulations have for some years prevented the erection of more. The city grew at such a rate that it soon became necessary to erect new houses as tenements. The builders having been in the habit of building houses 25 × 100 ft., saw no better way than to continue the practice, and this new style of building took that form. The first houses to be built were lighted only at the front and rear; all the central rooms being dark as well as the hall and stairs.

During the last fifteen or twenty years, the Board of Health has made feeble efforts at reform, and we now have houses of a so-called improved type, that is to say, buildings of the kind first described, with wells or shafts of stagnant air at the sides, acting as conductors of noise, odors, and disease from one apartment to another. The bedrooms of one family have their windows directly opposite, and four feet distant from, the windows of the house adjoining. Each family has generally a cooking-stove in one of the rooms which open on to this same slit or well. It is unnecessary to comment on this style of house. Very little imagination is required to picture to one's self the wretched condition of people

forced to live under such circumstances, and the great danger arising therefrom to the health and morals of the community. By far the greater number of the inhabitants of this city live in such houses. From sixteen to twenty families to a single lot.

From the time of its first introduction, there has been no radical change in the plan of these houses. Acres upon acres have been covered by them, all constructed on the same general plan based upon the shape of the lot, 25 × 100 ft. Strange to say, they are not usually built singly. In most cases the houses are put up in blocks of from two, three, and four, up to twenty or more, yet no attempt is ever made to depart from the stereotyped plan. If an owner has a plot one hundred feet square, instead of building one house he builds four houses. It never seems to have occurred to anyone that this is an extremely extravagant and wasteful way of building; yet such is the case, for the system involves the erection of an unnecessary amount of wall, partitions, and corridor, also an unnecessary number of entrances, halls, etc., and consequent loss of room. So great is the loss of room from these causes, that it is possible to plan buildings of a different type which, while having the same amount of rentable space in rooms, shall cover so much less of the lot as to leave an abundant space free for light and air. The buildings, covering a smaller area, will cost less to erect, so that properly lighted and well-ventilated apartments can be supplied at less than it costs to build the dreadful affairs which we now have.

The difficulty has arisen and persistently flourishes, owing entirely to our lack of knowledge of the art of scientific planning. For who would waste money in erecting unnecessary walls, halls, etc., if he knew how to obtain the same amount of rentable space much better lighted without them? By the present system the ground is encumbered, the light obstructed, and the structure rendered unhealthy and unfit to live in; and all this is accomplished at a vastly increased expense over what the same rentable space, well lighted, might be obtained for. Great sums of money

are yearly squandered upon making the structures unfit to live in. Then other great sums are contributed by

erect office buildings on lots of the standard size, the difficulty was gradually overcome, and such buildings are almost always built on lots of greater dimensions.

Type 1

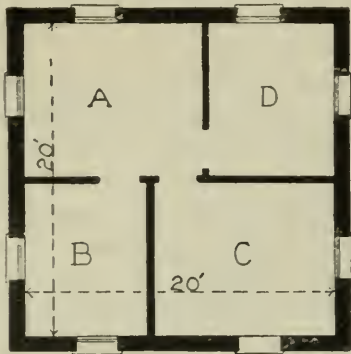


Figure 1

charitable people to relieve the distress which these horrible structures engender. Hospitals are kept full, children die, misery, disease, and crime flourish, because the people are huddled together without light and air; and all this happens simply because the principles of economical planning are not understood. Verily ignorance is expensive!

The art of commercial or economical planning is an exact science very little understood anywhere, and least of all here. It is a curious fact that, although thousands of books have been written upon architecture, there are none on planning, which is unquestionably the most important part of architecture.

In planning houses for the poor, economy of space is of the most vital importance, for any waste in the arrangement lays an added burden on people least able to bear it. Our tenement-house system is the result of accident.

No intelligent thought has been bestowed on the problem, or at least all such thought has been wasted upon the 25 x 100 plan, where the conditions are such as to preclude the possibility of a successful solution.

The fact that so much of the land is held in such parcels is our misfortune, but the obstacle is not insuperable, as shown by our office buildings. The land down town was held under the same conditions, but when it became apparent that it was not economical to

The tenement-house evil is staring us in the face, and the community is daily becoming more and more alive to the imperative necessity for reform. A desperate disease needs a desperate remedy. It should be made unprofitable to erect the kind of tenement we now have. If it is clearly shown that the present evils can be overcome by the adoption of a different type of building, erected on larger lots, certain restrictions established by law would in time bring about the desired change.

In order to demonstrate clearly the waste involved in the present plan, it will be necessary to point out a few fundamental laws in the art of economical planning. Let us take a hypothetical case; suppose that it is desired to build a small habitation in an open space. Here we can say definitely that the most economical plan is an exact square, for every deviation from it, except the circle, which is impractical, involves the erection of more wall to inclose a given area in rooms.

Let Fig. 1 be the plan of such a building, of the dimensions shown, which we will call the first type. The number of running feet of wall necessary to inclose it is roughly $4 \times 20 = 80$ feet. The area inclosed is $20 \times 20 = 400$ square feet. Now, any deviation from this plan will be found to be more extravagant, as shown in Fig. 2, which we will call the second type. In this case we have a quadrilateral inclosing the same area, measuring 10 ft. x 40 ft. The number of running feet of wall necessary to inclose this equals 2×40 plus 2×10

Type 2

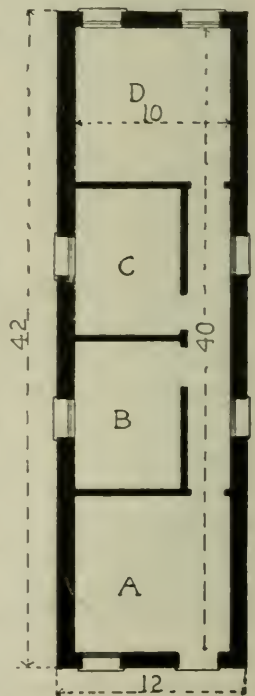


Figure 2

= 100 ft. Area inclosed is $10 \times 40 = 400$ square feet as before. Thus there is a saving of twenty per cent. in wall by the former method. Moreover, there is another consideration of great importance, viz., no corridor is required by the first plan. The corridor is of no use to the tenant, and it costs as much to build as a like area in rooms. In the dwelling of the first type, divided as shown in Fig. 1, let A be the living-room, B, C, and D bedrooms. Any of these rooms can be reached directly from A. Also in the dwelling of the second type, as shown in Fig. 2, let A be the living-room, and B, C, and D bedrooms. To reach any of these rooms from A without going through other rooms, requires a corridor of 3 ft. \times 20 ft., or 60 square feet. There is thus a saving of space on this score, between the two plans, of fifteen per cent. There is also a saving of fifteen per cent. in the number of running feet of interior partitions required to separate the various rooms.

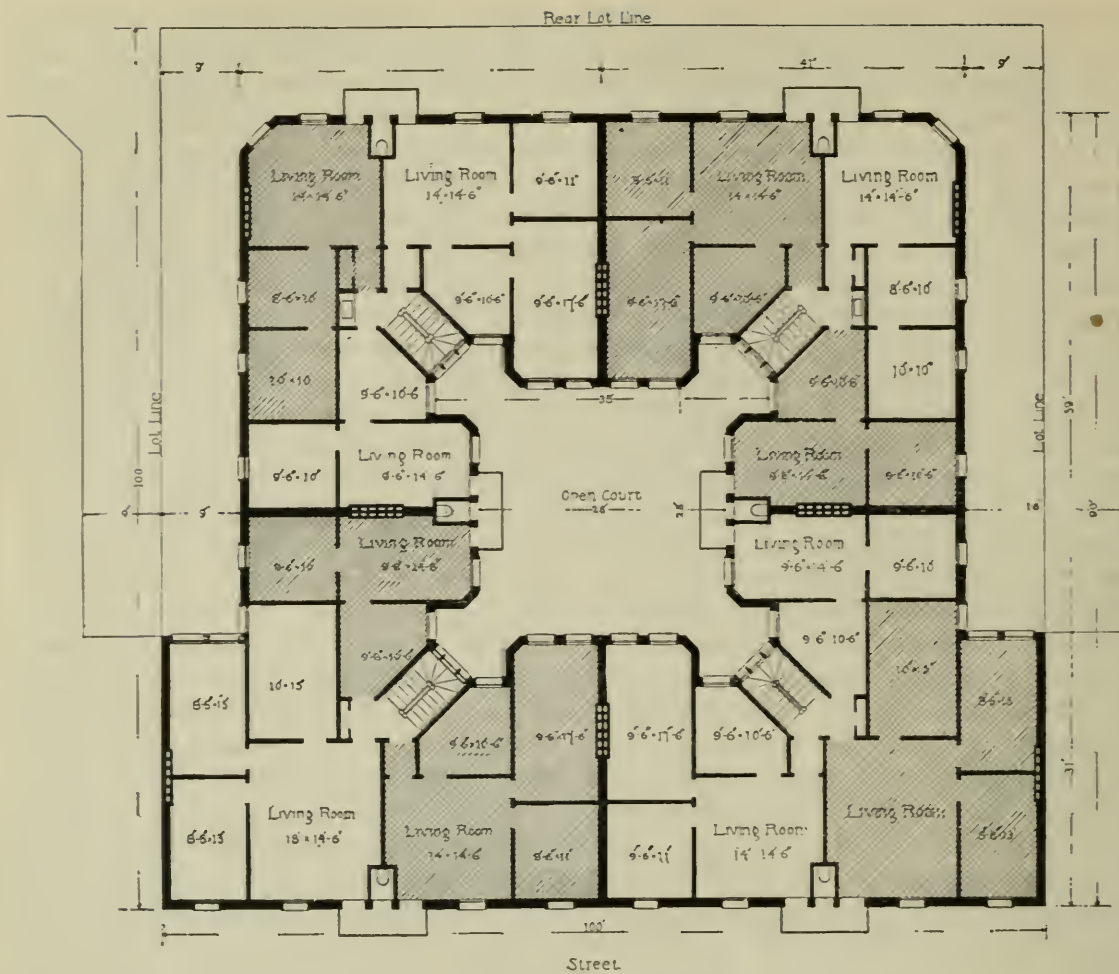
As a more complete demonstration of the importance of this principle, let us suppose these two figures to be the plans of one-story structures with interior dimensions as given, and having exterior walls of brick one foot thick; and that the cost to erect the one shown in Fig. 2, would be twelve cents per cubic foot. The contents of the building, supposing it to be twelve feet high, would be 6,048 cubic feet, and the cost to erect \$725. Now, let us suppose that the cost of the other would be at the same rate, less the saving effected in the amount of wall required to inclose it. Its contents would be 5,808 cubic feet, which, at twelve cents per cubic foot, equals \$697; from which deduct the cost of 20 running feet of wall 12 feet high; estimating the cost of the brickwork at \$12 per thousand brick laid, this would amount to \$60, making the net cost \$637. Now, by Type 1 we have 380 square feet of available floor-space in the rooms after deducting space occupied by partitions, etc., and in Type 2, only 317 square feet of such space. By Type 1 each square foot of rentable floor-space in rooms would cost to erect \$16.76, while by Type 2 each square foot of

such space would cost \$22.87. Therefore there is a saving in Type 1 over Type 2 of more than twenty-six per cent., to say nothing of the fact that it covers less ground, an item of great importance in cities.

The comparison might be pushed farther, and an additional saving calculated on the partitions necessary to separate the rooms, cost of foundations, and other matters, all in favor of Type 1; but enough has been shown to demonstrate the principle involved; and one may say here, by way of parenthesis, that, if the art of commercial or economical planning were understood by our architects, enough money might be saved in a few years, on buildings erected in this city, to endow all the charitable institutions which we have. The Building Department records show that the value of tenements, flats, etc., erected in this city during the last fourteen years, amounts to three hundred and twenty-five million dollars; of this amount at least fifteen per cent. might have been saved, or nearly fifty million dollars, on this one class of buildings. The money has been worse than thrown away, because this vast amount of useless masonry has served no other purpose than to obstruct the light and render the buildings unhealthy.

While it is possible to build dwellings exactly according to the first type in the country, where the cost of land is not a consideration and there is an open space on all sides, it is not practicable to so arrange them in the city, where the cost of land and the same conditions do not prevail. But, as will be shown, in order to arrive at the best results we must endeavor to conform to this law as nearly as circumstances will admit. The more nearly we can approach to Type 1, the more economical will be the plan.

Now, the plans of our tenements, of necessity, owing to the shape of the lot, are based upon Type 2. The plans which are submitted herewith, in Figs. 3, 5, and 6 (following pages), are based upon Type 1. It will be shown that the actual saving by these plans over those in common use, while not so great as between the hypothetical plans shown



PLAN A. FIGURE 3

in Figs. 1 and 2, is still very considerable. In the present tenement there is no proper provision for light and air. In the plans submitted there is such provision, yet, owing to the saving effected by the change of type the cost per square foot of available space by these plans would be much less than by the present vicious method.

Fig. 3 represents a building planned as nearly as possible upon the system illustrated in the hypothetical structure shown in Fig. 1.

Fig. 4 represents a block of four ordinary tenements of the most approved type, known as model tenements, the plan of which was taken from "How the Other Half Lives," by Jacob A. Riis, where it is given to illustrate the evolution which has taken place in the plan of these buildings during the last twenty years. The plan is simply a variation of the ordinary plan for a 25-foot tenement-house, and although the hall and staircase are partially lighted

from the well, all the other evils of the system are preserved.

Let us call the plan shown in Fig. 3, Plan A, and the plan shown in Fig. 4, Plan D. These two plans have been carefully drawn to the same scale, and the following calculations accurately made.

The size of the lot is the same in both cases, viz., 100 ft. x 100 ft., giving an area of 10,000 square feet; taking the average thickness of the walls at one foot, the partitions at six inches, and supposing that the walls between the houses of Plan D are party-walls, then we have this area distributed at each of the upper floors as follows :

	Plan A.	Plan D.
	Sq. ft.	Sq. ft.
Space occupied by brick wall.....	650	850
" " " partitions	350	515
" " " stairs and corridors.....	290	800
" " " water-closets	50	175
Space devoted to light and air.....	3,060	2,060
Available rentable space in rooms	5,600	5,600
Total.....	10,000	10,000

about four feet wide ; nor do these widths either represent the relative amount of light, as up to a certain point the light increases in a greater proportion than the increase in the width of the court. Also a court, unless very large, which is open on one side is of very much more service than one of the same dimensions closed on all sides. The difference, then, in the lighting of the two plans is out of all proportion to the increased light area.

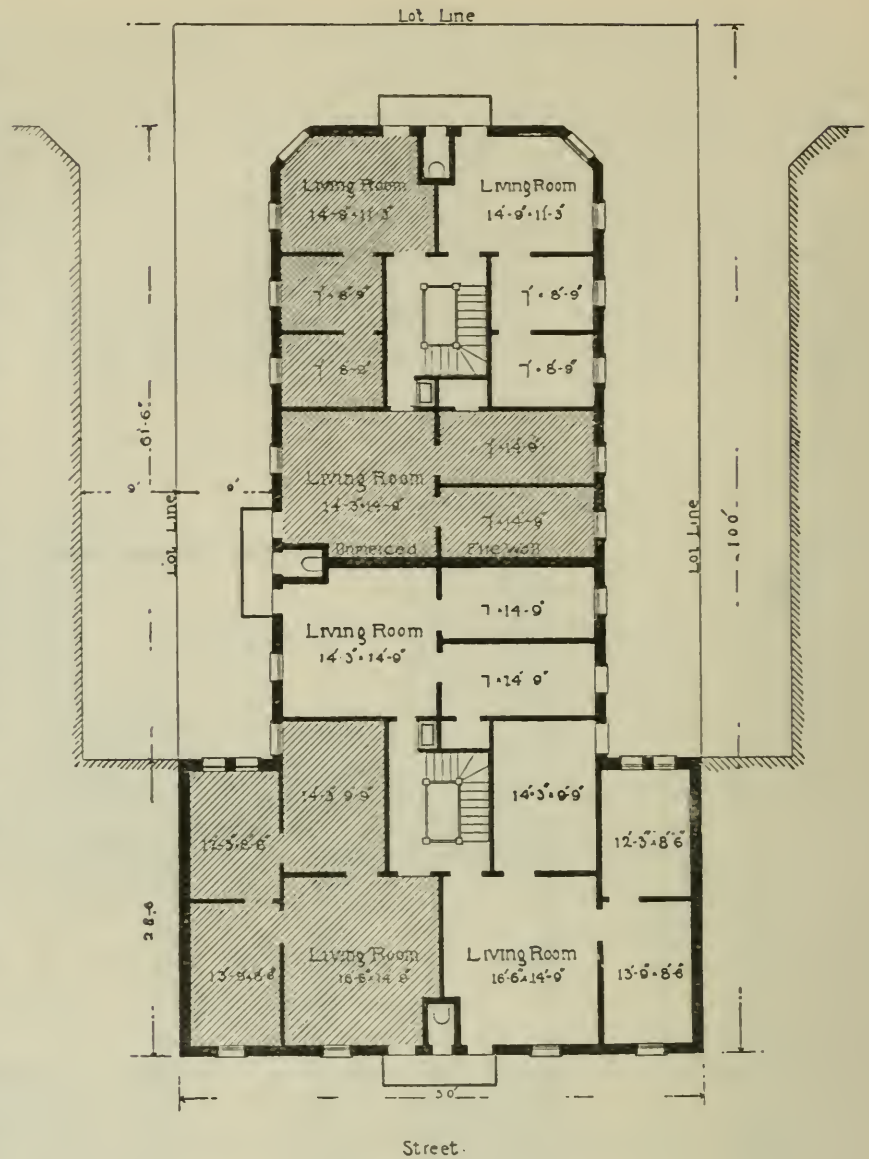
A building constructed on Plan A would be properly lighted ; buildings constructed on Plan D are only properly lighted at the two ends. The available rentable space cannot be compared, for one is fit for human habitation and the other is not.

Now let us compare the relative cost of the two structures, as shown by the following figures :

	Plan A.	Plan D.
Number of running feet of brick wall from foundation to roof.....	650	850
Number of running feet of interior partition on each floor.....	700	1,030
Contents of building, cubic feet.....	490,000	556,500
Assuming the cost per cubic foot at 15 cents, the total cost would be.....	\$73,500	\$83,475

In calculating the cubical contents it has been assumed that both buildings are seventy feet high and contain six stories.

From the above figures it will be seen that the building shown by Plan A, although infinitely better lighted and



PLAN C
FIG. 6.

containing the same amount of rentable floor area, would cost less to build than the other, even if both were calculated at the same price per cubic foot ; but this would not be the case, for while 850 running feet of wall is required by Plan D, only 650 running feet of such wall is required by Plan A, nor is the increased amount of wall required by Plan D any advantage for fire or otherwise, but rather the contrary. For it will be seen that, while there are four divisions which might be called separate buildings in both cases, yet in Plan A the dividing walls are true fire-walls, unpierced, extending from top to bottom, while in the case of Plan D the dividing walls are pierced by win-

dows, only about four feet distant from those in the next house, so that these walls offer little security against fire.

In addition to the saving of 200 running feet of brick wall extending from foundation to roof, there is another saving of 330 running feet of partition plastered on both sides, on each floor; the cost of these two items would amount to over \$8,000, which should be deducted from the estimated cost by Plan A. Now we have :

	Plan A.	Plan D.
Net cost of building	\$65,500	\$83,475
Add cost of land, say \$8,000 per lot, or \$32,000 in both cases	32,000	32,000
Total cost	\$97,500	\$115,475

Thus the well-lighted space shown on Plan A could be rented for fifteen per cent. less than the improperly lighted quarters shown on Plan D, and the owner would still receive the same rate of interest on the investment; or the owner of a house planned according to Plan A could give his tenants fifteen per cent. more room for the same rent than the owner of a building planned according to Plan D, and still receive the same rate of interest on the investment.

The above comparisons have been made between four ordinary houses, and one building designed for a lot one hundred feet square; but the same principles which govern Plan A are applicable to buildings intended for lots of smaller dimensions, as shown in plans B and C. Plan B is for a lot 75 x 100 feet, and Plan C for one 50 x 100 feet. While the best results are obtained the more nearly we can approach to the square, yet economical plans can be made for buildings on lots not less than 50 feet wide.

Plan E (p. 116) represents a building of the 25 x 100 feet type, of a kind much used during the last few years; the well at the side is extended back to the rear opening. While an improvement over the ordinary method in this respect, it is still far from satisfactory as regards the lighting of the rooms, almost all of which open upon a space about 4 feet wide, and that only under the best circumstances—that is, when the adjoining owner leaves a corresponding recess;

if this is not done, then the rooms look out upon a court about 2 feet wide, which is absurd. This plan and Plan D are for the best type of tenement, and illustrate about all that can be done on a lot 25 x 100 feet. They go to prove that satisfactory plans cannot be made for tenements on lots of that size, for if enough space is left unoccupied to properly light the rooms, then these latter will be so reduced in size and number as to make the investment unprofitable. Unless we are satisfied with our present tenement-house system, the sooner we realize this fact the better; a reform can only be accomplished by imposing such restrictions, in regard to the space to be left for light and air, as will make the erection of such houses unprofitable.

The following table gives a comparative statement of the percentage of the total area of the lot which is occupied at the level of each of the upper floors by walls, partitions, water-closets, stairs, and public corridors; the area left for light and the actual area included in the rooms, after making deduction for the above items in Plans A, B, and C as submitted, and in Plans D and E, representatives of the ordinary tenement.

Percentage of total area of lot occupied at each story level by	Plan A.	Plan B.	Plan C.	Plan D.	Plan E.
Walls	p.c. 6.5	p.c. 6.4	p.c. 6.0	p.c. 8.5	p.c. 9.0
Partitions	3.5	3.75	3.75	5.2	5.2
Water-closets	0.5	0.5	0.5	1.7	1.7
Stairs and corridors	2.9	3.1	4.5	8.0	8.0
Left vacant for light and air	30.6	31.0	32.25	20.6	20.8
Rentable space in rooms	56.0	55.25	53.0	56.0	55.3
Total	100	100	100	100	100

In Plans A, B, and C, it will be seen that the percentage of space devoted to light area increases slightly as the plan diminishes in width, and the available area in rooms diminishes correspondingly; moreover, although a greater percentage of unoccupied space for light is allowed as the lot becomes narrower, yet the best lighted plan is A, where the percentage is least, demonstrating the advisability of building upon lots as nearly square as possible. While in Plans D and E there is practically the

same amount of rentable space, very little of it is as well lighted as in the other three plans, the rooms at the front and rear being the only ones which receive a proper degree of light.

There are two methods of lighting a building: one may be called the independent method, and the other the dependent method. In the first case the owner depends entirely upon his own property for light, in the other case he counts more or less upon his neighbor's land.

The first is the French method. Buildings in France are generally provided with a central court of sufficient size to properly light the house. The latter method is that in vogue in this city; we depend for light partly upon the area of unoccupied space on our own land, and partly upon what we hope our neighbors will leave unoccupied. The latter method is the most economical, provided one is sure that the adjoining property-holder will kindly adapt his structure to the needs of our building. Unfortunately it is seldom one can depend upon such consideration.

If tenement-houses are to receive their light from the outside rather than from a central court, then restrictions should be placed upon the adjoining land which will insure light.

It will be noticed that in Plans A, B, and C a space nine feet wide is left at the side of the house, extending from a line about thirty feet from the street to the rear of the lot; a similar space should be required to be left unoccupied at the side of all tenement-houses or buildings which adjoin tenement-

houses; such a regulation would amount to a prohibition in the case of lots only twenty-five feet wide, which ought to be the case.

If houses are to be built of the present type, there is only one possible way to make them habitable—that is, to reduce the depth of the buildings to such an extent as will make them unprofitable for tenement purposes. Something more must be required than a mere percentage of unoccupied space. As shown in Plans A, B, and C, about seventy per cent. of the lot may be covered and the building thoroughly lighted in every part, but the lot must measure at least fifty feet in width to make such a result possible.

The power to make the necessary restriction is already in the hands of the Board of Health, and needs only to be enforced. A simple regulation for space at the side of the building, like that now enforced for such space at the rear, would quickly bring about a change of plan. Such a restriction would result in the adoption of plans of the type of A, B, and C, and the New York tenement-house problem would be solved so far as new buildings are concerned.

Many years would be required to bring about a complete change, but the buildings already constructed are of such a flimsy character that they cannot last forever; moreover, when it is once realized what a very great economy there is in this type of planning over the one in ordinary use, many owners would be inclined to rebuild upon a more rational system.

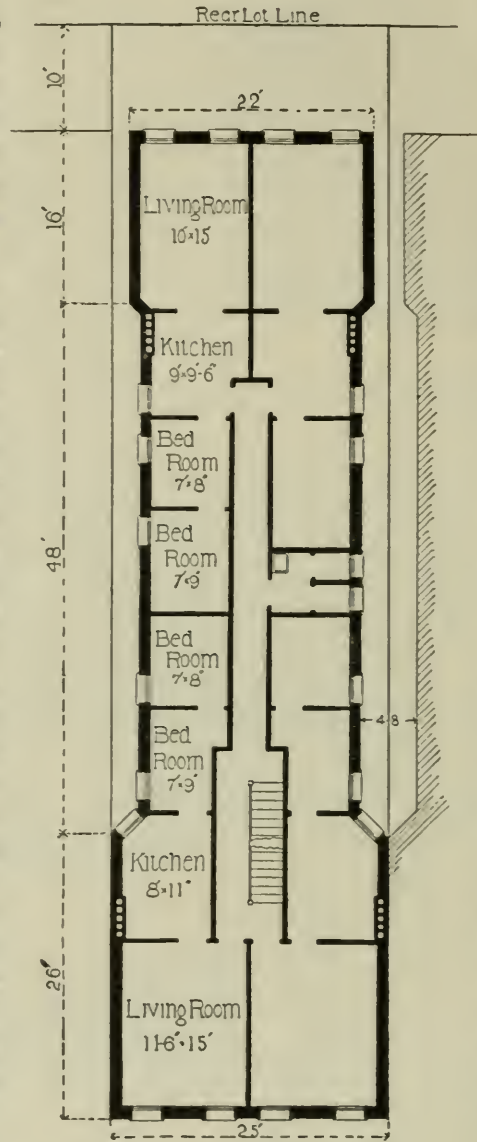


Figure 7
Street
PLAN E

In Plans A, B, and C, there are three apartments on each floor for each lot occupied. Thus there are twelve apartments to the floor by Plan A, which occupies four lots, nine by Plan B, etc., while by Plans D and E there are four apartments on each floor to the lot. In other words, the apartments shown on Plans A, B, and C have about twenty-five per cent. more space in rooms than those shown on Plans D and E. The rooms average twenty-five per cent. larger, which ought to be the case. To crowd four families on each floor of a 25-foot house is not right or decent. Nor is it right to provide bedrooms 7 feet \times 9 feet, which never receive a ray of sunlight, and which must often be occupied by several people continuously. The rooms shown on Plans A, B, and C are small enough, in all conscience, but what an improvement over those on the other plans! Not only are they one-quarter larger and well lighted, but also more conveniently arranged, for the bedrooms can generally be entered directly from the living-room without passing through other bedrooms or the public corridors, as in Plans D and E.

Notwithstanding their twenty-five per cent. larger size, proper light and ventilation, greater security against fire, and better arrangement, these apartments could doubtless be rented for the same price as the others, owing to the economy of the plan and to the fact that there would be fewer vacancies than is ordinarily the case, and loss of

rent from unoccupied apartments would count less as a factor in estimating the returns from the property.

Plans A, B, C, D, and E demonstrate mathematically that the chief evils of our tenement-house system, those which afflict this community to-day, may be overcome by a change in the type of plan for such houses, and that these evils can only be overcome by such a change.

The philanthropic method of reform can accomplish practically nothing. What if a hundred or five hundred landlords erect model tenements and rent them at a low rate of interest, such relief would be only a drop in the bucket so long as the vast majority of owners continue the erection of houses of the kind we now have.

Reform can only be brought about through the pockets of the landlords. Show them how they can build good houses for less than it now costs to build bad ones. Show them how they can get the same amount of desirable, properly lighted apartment at less cost than they have heretofore paid for undesirable, improperly lighted apartments. This is to strike at the root of the evil. Then let the Board of Health do its part to bring about the change. For twenty years this body has been pottering with the subject and has accomplished nothing; it is now high time to call a halt and to make use of the powers which years ago were vested in it for this very purpose.

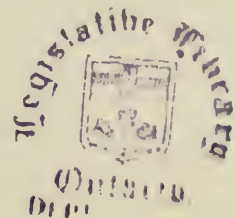
MIRAGE

By *Graham R. Tomson*

WITH milk-white dome and minaret
Most fair my Promised City shone;
Beside a purple river set
The waving palm-trees beckoned on.

O yon, I said, must be my goal
No matter what the danger be,
The chosen haven of my soul,
How hard soe'er the penalty.

The goal is gained—the journey done—
Yet naught is here but sterile space,
But whirling sand and burning sun,
And hot winds blowing in my face.



AUT CÆSAR AUT NIHIL

By Agnes Repplier

THERE is a sentence in one of Miss Mitford's earliest and most charming papers, "The Cowslip Ball," which has always delighted me by its quiet satire and admirable good-temper. She is describing her repeated efforts and her repeated failures to tie the fragrant clusters together.

"We went on very prosperously, *considering*, as people say of a young lady's drawing, or a Frenchman's English, or a woman's tragedy, or of the poor little dwarf who works without fingers, or the ingenious sailor who writes with his toes, or generally of any performance which is accomplished by means seemingly inadequate to its production."

Here is precisely the sentiment which Dr. Johnson embodied, more trenchantly, in his famous criticism of female preaching. "Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog walking on its hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all." It is a sentiment which, in one form or another, prevailed throughout the last century, and lapped over into the middle of our own. Miss Mitford is merely echoing, with cheerful humor, the opinions of the very clever and distinguished men whom it was her good fortune to know, and who were all the more generous to her and to her sister toilers, because it did not occur to them for a moment that women claimed, or were ever going to claim, a serious place by their sides. There is nothing clearer, in reading the courteous and often flattering estimate of woman's work which the critics of fifty years ago delighted in giving to the world, than the undercurrent of amusement that such things should be going on. Christopher North, who has only censure and contempt for the really great poets of his day, is pleased to lavish kind words on Mrs. Hemans and Joanna Baillie, praising them as adults occasionally praise clever and good children. That neither he nor his boon companions of the "Noctes" are disposed to take the mat-

ter seriously, is sufficiently proved by North's gallant but controvertible statement that all female poets are handsome. "No truly ugly woman ever yet wrote a truly beautiful poem the length of her little finger." The same satiric enjoyment of the situation is apparent in Thackeray's description of Barnes Newcome's lecture on "Mrs. Hemans, and the Poetry of the Affections," as delivered before the appreciative audience of the Newcome Athenæum. The distinction which the lecturer draws between man's poetry and woman's poetry, the high-flown civility with which he treats the latter, the platitudes about the Christian singer appealing to the affections, and decorating the homely threshold, and wreathing flowers around the domestic hearth;—all these graceful and generous nothings are the tributes laid without stint at the feet of that fragile creature, known to our great-grandfathers as the female muse.

It may as well be admitted at once that this tone of combined diversion and patronage has changed. Men, having come in the course of years to understand that women desire to work, and need to work, honestly and well, have made room for them with simple sincerity, and stand ready to compete with them for the coveted prizes of life. This is all that can in fairness be demanded; and, if we are not equipped for the struggle, we must expect to be beaten, until we are taught, as Napoleon taught the Allies, how to fight. We gain nothing by doing for ourselves what man has ceased to do for us—setting up little standards of our own, and rapturously applauding one another when the easy goal is reached. We gain nothing by withdrawing ourselves from the keenest competition, because we know we shall be outdone. We gain nothing by posing as "women workers," instead of simply "workers;" or by separating our productions, good or bad, from the productions, good or bad, of men. As for exacting any spec-

ial consideration on the score of sex, that is not merely an admission of failure in the present, but of hopelessness for the future. If we are ever to accomplish anything admirable, it must be by a frank admission of severe tests. There is no royal road for woman's feet to follow.

As we stand now, our greatest temptation to mediocrity lies in our misleading content; and this content is fostered by our incorrigible habit of considering ourselves a little aside from the grand march of human events. Why should a new magazine be entitled "Woman's Progress," as if the progress of woman were one thing, and the progress of man another? If we are two friendly sexes working hand in hand, how is it possible for either to progress alone? Why should I be asked to take part in a very animated discussion on "What constitutes the success of woman?" Woman succeeds just as man succeeds, through force of character. She has no minor tests, or, if she has, they are worthless. Above all, why should we have repeated the pitiful mistake of putting woman's work apart at the World's Fair, as though its interest lay in its makers rather than in itself. Philadelphia did this seventeen years ago, but in seventeen years women should have better learned their own worth. Miss Mitford's sentence, with its italicized "considering," might have been written around the main gallery of the Woman's Building, instead of that curious jumble of female names with its extraordinary suggestion of perspective — Mme. de Staël and Mrs. Potter Palmer, Pocahontas and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. The erection of such a building was a tacit acknowledgment of inferior standards, and therein lies our danger. All that was good and valuable beneath its roof should have been placed elsewhere, standing side by side with the similar work of men. All that was unworthy of such competition should have been excluded, as beneath our dignity, as well as beneath the dignity of the Exposition. Patchwork quilts in fifteen thousand pieces, paper flowers, nicely stitched aprons, and badly painted little memorandum-books do not properly represent the attitude or the ability of

women. We are not begging for consideration and applause; we are striving to do our share of the world's work, and to do it as well as men.

Shall we ever succeed? It is not worth while to ask ourselves a question which none can answer. Reasoning by analogy, we never shall. Hoping in the splendid possibilities of an unknown future, we may. But idle contention over what has been done already is not precisely the best method of advance. To wrangle for months over the simple and obvious statement that there have been no great women poets, is a lamentable waste of energy, and leads to no lasting good. To examine with fervent self-consciousness the exact result of every little step we take, the precise attitude of the world toward us, while we take it, is a retarding and unwholesome process. Why should an indefatigable philanthropist, like Miss Frances Power Cobbe, have paused in her noble labor to write such a fretful sentence as this?

"It is a difficult thing to keep in mind the true dignity of womanhood, in face of the deep, underlying contempt wherewith all but the most generous of men regard us."

Perhaps they do, though the revelation is a startling one, and the last thing we had ever suspected. Nevertheless, the sincere and single-minded worker is not asking herself anxious questions anent man's contempt, but is preserving "the true dignity of womanhood" by going steadfastly on her appointed road, and doing her daily work as well as in her lies. Neither does she consider the conversion of man to a less scornful frame of mind as the just reward of her labors. She has other and broader interests at stake. For my own part, I have a liking for those few writers who are admirably explicit in their contempt for women, and I find them more interesting and more stimulating than the "generous" men who stand forth as the champions of our sex, and are insufferably patronizing in their championship. When Schopenhauer says distinctly that women are merely grown-up babies, short-sighted, frivolous, and occupying an intermediate stage between children and men; when

he protests vigorously against the absurd social laws which permit them to share the rank and titles of their husbands, and insists that all they require is to be well fed and clothed, I feel a sincere respect for this honest statement of unpopular and somewhat antiquated views. Lord Byron, it will be remembered, professed the same opinions, but his ingenuousness is by no means so apparent. Edward Fitzgerald's distaste for women writers is almost winning in its gentle candor. Ruskin, despite his passionate chivalry, reiterates with tireless persistence his belief that woman is man's helpmate, and no more. Theoretically, he is persuasive and convincing. Practically, he is untouched by the obtrusive fact that many thousands of women are never called on to be the helpmates of any men, fathers, brothers, or husbands, but must stand or fall alone. Upon their learning to stand depends much of the material comfort, as well as the finer morality, of the future.

And surely, the first and most needful lesson for them to acquire is to take themselves and their work with simplicity, to be a little less self-conscious, and a little more sincere. In all walks of life, in all kinds of labor, this is the beginning of excellence, and proficiency follows in its wake. We talk so much about thoroughness of training, and so little about singleness of purpose. We give to every girl in our public schools the arithmetical knowledge which enables her to stand behind a counter and cast up her accounts. That there is something else which we do not give her is sufficiently proven by her immediate adoption of that dismal word, "saleslady," with its pitiful assumption of what is not, its pitiful disregard of dignity and worth. I own I am dispirited when I watch the more ambitious girls who attend our great schools of manual training and industrial art. They are being taught on generous and noble lines. The elements of beauty and appropriateness enter into their hourly work. And yet — their tawdry finery, the nodding flower-gardens on their hats, the gilt ornaments in their hair, the soiled kid gloves too tight for their broad young

hands, the crude colors they combine so pitilessly in their attire, their sweeping and bedraggled skirts, their shrill, unmodulated voices, their giggles and ill-controlled restlessness — are these the outward and visible results of a training avowedly refining and artistic? Are these the pupils whose future work is to raise the standard of beauty and harmonious development? Something is surely lacking which no technical skill can supply. Now, as in the past, character is the base upon which all true advancement rests secure.

Higher in the social and intellectual scale, and infinitely more serious in their ambitions, are the girl students of our various colleges. As their numbers increase, and their superior training becomes less and less a matter of theory, and more and more a matter of course, these students will combine at least a portion of their present earnestness with the healthy common-place rationality of college men. At present they are laboring under the disadvantage of being the exceptions instead of the rule. The novelty of their position dazes them a little; and, like the realistic story-tellers and the impressionist painters, they are perhaps more occupied with their points of view than with the things they are viewing. This is not incompatible with a very winning simplicity of demeanor, and the common jest which represents the college girl as prickly with the asperities of knowledge, is a fabric of man's jocund and inexhaustible imagination. Mr. Barrie, it is true, tells a very amusing story of being invited, as a mere lad, to meet some young women students at an Edinburgh party, and of being frightened out of his scanty self-possession when one of them asked him severely whether he did not consider that Berkeley's immaterialism was founded on an ontological misconception. But even Mr. Barrie has a fertile fancy, and perhaps the experience was not quite so bad as it sounds. There is more reason in the complaint I have heard many times from mothers, that college gives their daughters a distaste for social life, and a rather ungracious disregard for its amenities and obligations. But college does not give men a distaste for social life. On the contrary,

it is the best possible training for that bigger, broader field in which the ceaseless contact with their fellow-creatures rounds and perfects the many-sidedness of manhood. If college girls are disposed to overestimate the importance of lectures, and to underestimate the importance of balls, this is merely a transient phase of criticism, and has no lasting significance. Lectures and balls are both very old. They have played their parts in the history of the world for some thousands of years; they will go on playing them to the end. Let us not exaggerate personal preference, however contagious it may appear, into a symbol of approaching revolution.

For our great hope is this: As university training becomes less and less exceptional for girls, they will insensibly acquire broader and simpler views; they will easily understand that life is too big a thing to be judged by college codes. As the number of women doctors and women architects increases with every year, they will take themselves, and be taken by the world, with more simplicity and candor. They will also do much better work when we have ceased writing papers, and making speeches, to signify our wonder and delight that they should be able to work at all; when we have ceased patting and praising them as so many infant prodigies. Perhaps the time may even come when women, mixing freely in political life, will abandon that injured and aggressive air which distinguishes the present advocate of female suffrage. Perhaps, oh, joyous thought! the hour may arrive when women, having learned a few elementary facts of physiology, will not deem it an imperative duty to embody them at once in an unwholesome novel. These unrestrained disclosures which are thrust upon us with such curious zest, are the ominous fruits of a crude and hasty mental development; but there are some sins which even ignorance can only partially excuse. Things seen in the light of ampler knowledge have a different aspect, and bear a different significance; but the "fine and delicate moderation" which Mme de Souza declared to be woman's natural gift, should preserve her, even when semi-instructed, from

all gross offences against good taste. Moreover, "whatever emancipates our minds without giving us the mastery of ourselves is destructive," and if the intellectual freedom of woman is to be a noble freedom, it must not degenerate into the privilege of thinking whatever she likes, and saying whatever she pleases. That instinctive refinement which she has acquired in centuries of self-repression is not a quality to be undervalued, or lightly thrust aside. If she loses "the strength that lies in delicacy," she is weaker in her social emancipation than in her social bondage.

The word "Virago," in the Renaissance, meant a woman of culture, character, and charm; a "man-like maiden" who combined the finer qualities of both sexes. The gradual debasement of a word into a term of reproach is sometimes a species of scandal. It is wilfully perverted in the course of years, and made to tell a different tale,—a false tale, probably—which generations receive as true. On the other hand, it sometimes marks the swift degeneracy of a lofty ideal. In either case, the shame and pity are the same. Happily, as we are past the day when men looked askance upon women's sincere efforts at advancement, so we are past the day when women deemed it profitable to ape distinctly masculine traits. We have outgrown the first rude period of abortive and misdirected energy, but it does not follow that the millennium has been reached. Mr. Arnold has ventured to say that the best spiritual fruit of culture is to keep man from a self-satisfaction which is retarding and vulgarizing, yet no one recognized more clearly than he the ungracious nature of the task. What people really like to be told is that they are doing all things well, and have nothing to learn from anybody. This is the reiterated message from the gods of which the daily press delivers itself so sapiently, and by which it maintains its popularity and power. This is the tone of all the nice little papers about woman's progress, and woman's work, and woman's influence, and woman's recent successes in literature, science, and art. "I gain nothing by being with such as myself," sighed Charles Lamb, with noble dis-

content. "We encourage one another in mediocrity." This is what we women are doing with such apparent satisfaction; we are encouraging one another in mediocrity. We are putting up easy standards of our own, in place of the

best standards of men. We are sating our vanity with small and ignoble triumphs, instead of struggling on, defeated, routed, but unconquered still, with hopes high set upon the dazzling mountain tops which we may never reach.

AN ALLY OF MR. CROSS

By John J. a'Becket

"I CAN'T give you any other answer now, Bob. Put it down to anything, for I don't know myself why it is that I cannot in conviction say what you want me to. I like you ever so much, and I don't know but that I love you. But it is because I don't know that you must give me time. There is nothing like a little absence for getting a clearer view of a thing like this. I'm sorry, Bob. It's a little hard on me, too. Now that you have spoken I don't suppose things can be quite the same until the issue is squarely faced. The fear of some misinterpretation of my words, or, at least, of my actions, would act as a restraint on me, and we couldn't enjoy the old-time freedom, the good-comradeship. I liked that immensely, and if you hadn't said—Well, you know," and the girl laughed a short and not unmirthful laugh, "we could have gone on just as we were."

"I hope you do not blame me for being in love with you, Annette," the young man remarked with an aggrieved air.

"Oh, no!" the girl flung out, impatiently. "I don't blame you, and I don't blame myself. But I am sorry for you, and a little vexed with myself that I should have to make such a ridiculous answer. It doesn't sound flattering to you, perhaps, that I am in any doubt on the point. But I am, and you have forced me to confess it. I don't say that I won't marry you, but I want time to think it over. And this trip abroad with Louise will give me just the opportunity to do that. Don't feel vexed, or disgusted, and—don't write to me while I am away. You see," and again the girl's frank, good-natured

smile came to her lips, "I want to find out how I shall feel about you when you are away. There is nothing else I can say, Bob, unless you insist on my making a final decision now."

She looked at him with the trace of a smile still on her lips, but with such a straightforward, honest feeling in her large hazel eyes. Robert Cross, set back though he was by her attitude over his declaration of love, had yet to admit that she was doing the best, apparently, that she could under the circumstances. He regarded her in a thoughtful way for a moment. Then he said, slowly:

"Will you give me an answer as soon as you come back from Europe, Annette?"

"Yes, I promise to do that," the girl replied, with decision. "You see, I shall think of you now in a different light, and that must help me to know my own mind. I've never been in love. I don't suppose a girl could be in love without knowing it, could she? That would be awkward. So, let us say no more on the subject now. Two months, or two months and a half, isn't a long time to wait, yet it allows a chance for reflection. Don't come down to the steamer, Bob. I will write you when we are to come back, and you can see me as soon as you want to then. Good-by, dear old friend."

She extended her hand, and Cross took it, still with a shade of depression on him.

"Good-by, Annette," he said; "and don't forget that I shall not be having a very nice time during this term of waiting. Then if you should come to a conclusion before you get back, it would

be rather a kind thing to write me to that effect."

"Well, if I do, I will," said Miss Frere, and she smiled good-humoredly again. Bob was quite within his right on this last point, she thought. And so they parted.

It was with a feeling of satisfaction that she crossed the gangway of the Paris the next Saturday with her sister, Mrs. Raymond Dupont, and felt that she was leaving New York behind for several weeks. It was a brilliant morning in mid-May. There was a goodly passenger-list, and it was hard to get about on the deck or in the saloon. The two women got their belongings stowed away in their state-room, and then came upon deck. Annette stood near the rail and scanned the pier to see if the strong, plain face of Robert Cross was anywhere in view. It was not; the separation had begun. Several acquaintances came up to talk with her and make their adieus with the easy levity with which the Transatlantic traveller of to-day is sped upon his course. Miss Frere bade them good-by with gay indifference. "Happily, I *know* I am not in love with any of *them*," she thought to herself.

As the boat swung out into the stream and pointed her nose down the river, Miss Frere gave a parting glance at the commercial front which New York City presented to her gaze, and with smiling lips formed the words: "Good-by, Bob." It was with some amusement that she reflected that she was now fairly embarked on the process of solving the momentous question of whether she was in love with Robert Cross or not. It did not prevent her going to dinner five hours later with a fine, healthy appetite and high spirits.

The next day, Sunday, was a rough one, and passengers with good sea-legs had to put them in use. The long, graceful vessel plunged through big mounds of leaden green water, which dashed rudely against her stanch sides. When Miss Frere went into the saloon to attend the service, she had some difficulty in making her way to a seat, and barely escaped taking one on a young man's lap, in attempting to sit on a vacant chair next his. She opened

her prayer-book and joined in the responses. The captain, seated at a table in the middle of the saloon, read the prayers and versicles with a rich, rolling intonation that would have done credit to a Dean of Westminster.

The young man who had so narrowly escaped being sat upon by Miss Frere showed a respectably respectful interest in what was going on. His eye occasionally turned to the page of the girl's Book of Common Prayer. Noticing this, she was moved to hold the book so that he could follow the text. He in turn made himself useful by finding the hymns and holding the hymn-book for her. She joined in the singing with a light soprano voice. By the time the service was over their several offices of charity in each other's behalf made it natural enough that they should exchange words. The young man walked with her to the stairs, which led down to Miss Frere's state-room, and assisted her in safely descending them.

"Is it too blowy to come out on deck?" he hazarded.

"No; I don't think so. I am a good sailor," replied Miss Frere.

"Then, if you will allow me, I will wait here until you get your wrap and help you to a good place to sit."

It was very blowy, and there was some difficulty in getting to a chair on deck, and in settling Miss Frere into it with her travelling rug tucked securely in about her feet. The young fellow admired the girl's ease and jollity under the whistling wind and heavily rolling sea. But when a huge wave struck the side and poured in a perfect shower from the awning in front of them, with a merry laugh she declared that they would have to get to some better protected place. They shifted their quarters to a spot where conversation was not so difficult an undertaking, and where the ocean did not encroach.

The man's voice was rather hard and unsympathetic, and Miss Frere found herself comparing it in her thoughts with Bob Cross's, which was cheerful and of agreeable *timbre*. There was a sense of flippancy in the new acquaintance, too; not so much in his manner as in his way of looking at things. And again Miss Frere found herself revert-

ing to the very opposite quality in the young man who had asked her to marry him. Robert Cross was almost too serious, if anything. He seemed to take life as if there were only one way of dealing with it, and that the one to which he so consistently held. And yet she felt that it would be wide of the mark to call this narrowness.

The young man who was her fellow-passenger on the Paris was pleasantly attentive. He was well-bred and full of small talk. But he did not show very strong interest in anything. In the course of conversation, one day when the weather was delightful, Miss Frere chanced to remark that she hoped to meet a woman in London who was quite successful in organizing and conducting kindergartens.

"I am interested in them because I have done something in that way myself," she said.

"Do you go in for doing good?" he asked, with very much the air with which he might have inquired whether she liked painting on china.

"Well, I am not averse to being a little helpful to my kind if I have an opportunity," she returned, with some causticity.

"I never could see much use in that sort of thing," he remarked, with a laugh. "It is a lot of bother, and you never get appreciated. I suppose kindergartens are an improvement on slumming. You don't get the bad smells and dirt and coarseness. It doesn't seem to me that it makes much difference, anyway. But there is no accounting for tastes. What is one man's food is another man's poison."

"You seem to think that people engage in charitable works for their amusement," Miss Frere retorted, looking at him with curiosity.

"Oh, they do it because they want an outlet, I suppose," he said, lightly. "Then I dare say it flatters a woman's desire to dictate, to be independent, when she can arrange matters for other people. It gives them an aim, you know." He laughed again, as if the whole thing didn't matter, anyhow.

"You don't feel the need of an aim?" said Miss Frere, suavely.

"Oh, I get bored often enough. But

I shouldn't find any satisfaction in penetrating into tenement-house regions, or helping young ones to learn their a-b-c's. There are plenty of things I like, and by changing from one to another a fellow can get along well enough. I am not tired of life yet."

"But how much use is your life to anybody but yourself?" inquired the young woman, bluntly.

"Not a bit, so far as I know," replied the other, with shameless honesty. "But why should it be? You don't live for other people, do you? I don't lie, or steal, or injure people, and I don't howl or complain when I am hurt or bored. Don't press me hard, for I am too lazy not to be truthful, and I am afraid our views don't agree. I don't object, of course, to anyone, man or woman, going in entirely, if he likes, for philanthropy. Only I don't feel any inclination to bother myself about other people. They've never done anything for me."

"You haven't the most exalted ideal of life and duty, have you?" murmured the girl.

"To tell the truth, I haven't any ideal," the young man replied. "I find myself in a certain position, with money enough to do what I like, and there are things enough to do that a man can kill time with. I hate to bother about things. If anything is going to be a lot of trouble, I let it go, as a rule, and try something else. What is the use of having money if you can't do what you want to. There! Do you see those flying-fish? Did you ever see any before?"

Miss Frere felt that he was not doing this to divert the conversation. It was simply because he thought she might like to see flying-fish. Which, indeed, she was very glad to do.

It was because he was always cheerful and good-natured and took an interest in small things that Miss Frere found this Mr. Welby interesting, though through all he was so negative. He fell short all around. He was good-natured, without being genial; attentive, without suggesting any personal interest; amused by common things, without any apparent sense that they were very petty indeed.

Certainly he was a marked contrast to Robert Cross. If Bob was anything, he was devoted to his aims. As she reflected and analyzed her feelings toward him, she found that the lack of a lighter side to him was perhaps one of the things which had made her doubtful whether he would suit her as a partner for life. Yet somehow the want of seriousness in this man on the Paris was making her feel more kindly toward the earnest fellow in America, though it was some time before she caught herself at this trick of hanging one beside the other. When she did detect it, she only felt that Mr. Welby was doing a good service quite unconsciously; and the thought of his doing good to his fellow-man was amusing enough, when he himself had so frankly disclaimed all desire for such benevolence.

She came to the conclusion, after a few days, that Mr. Welby used to talk with her, or walk the deck in her company, not so much through a desire to enjoy her society for itself, as to vary the diversions of the day. If he had got enough of poker in the smoke-room, or was weary of reading his novel by Paul Bourget, or, in fact, wanted a change from things which had ceased to be enjoyable simply because he had had them a certain time, why—he liked to come and see her. This was not flattering to Miss Frere, but she was not given to the blinding of self-conceit. When she compared this way of doing things with Bob Cross's, she was almost surprised to see how thoughtful in anticipating her needs he had been, and how little it had seemed to him to let some plan or desire of his own go when she suggested a different one.

"But then Bob is in love with me, and this man is only the most casual of chance acquaintances," she said to herself.

When they got to London Mr. Welby, after seeing that the porter got their things all right, asked if he might call during their stay in town. And Miss Frere said that they would be pleased to see him.

"The Métropole? or the Savoy?" he asked, with a smile.

"Neither," Miss Frere replied, with some energy. "Thomas's, Berkeley Square." She resented slightly the assumption made by this self-satisfied young man who had chambers in Bond Street, that it must be one or the other of these hotels.

He called after three or four days. It came out in his conversation that he had just made another call at the Earl of Something or other on the opposite side of the Square. "Came, because he happened to be in the neighborhood," Miss Frere commented inwardly; "and he is proud to let us know that he is on visiting terms with a Countess."

"Of course, you know London thoroughly, so you don't want to go to the Tower or Madame Tussaud's. How would you like to see Irving, Friday night, in 'Louis XI.'? I have never seen him in that, and they say it is one of his best rôles."

"How he always lets it crop out that he has his own enjoyment in view," the young woman again commented to herself. "Bob would have asked where we would like to go, and not have shown that he wanted to go somewhere and was willing to take us along." Mr. Cross's stock was rising.

Aloud, she said, with a little maliciousness: "I'm not sure that I wouldn't prefer going to Madame Tussaud's. I have seen Irving's 'Louis XI.,' and there is nothing but Irving in the play, and he is wallowing in superstitious fear nearly all the time. But you are *very* kind."

Mr. Welby smiled good-naturedly. "I'm not an Englishman, you know, and can see that you are chaffing. Of course, it's a bore to see the same thing twice, especially when you don't like it. But I shall be charmed to get tickets anywhere else."

Mrs. Dupont, however, thought she should like to see Irving, and so it was decided.

"What a nice fellow he is," said Mrs. Dupont, after he had left them.

"Oh, very nice," replied Miss Frere, indifferently. "To himself!" she added, mentally. "I'm almost sorry I didn't make him take me to Madame Tussaud's."

"And he seems to have plenty of money," said the elder woman, casually; "travelling about, with nothing to do but to amuse himself, and all that."

"Well, he is industrious enough in looking out for his amusement," her sister retorted. She reflected that Robert Cross hadn't very much money and worked pretty hard at his profession. Even in these days when shopkeepers go to Europe for a vacation, poor Bob had never been able to go.

"Why, Annette! Why shouldn't he amuse himself?" cried her sister. "That is what we are trying to do, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, it's different with women," replied Miss Frere. "But I confess I like to see a man want to do something, and not go through life with no more ambition than a bricklayer."

"This strikes me as a new symptom, my dear," said Mrs. Dupont, with a glance at her sister. "You must get Mr. Welby interested in Kindergartens."

"Don't be sarcastic, Louise. I shall never undertake such an impossible task. Though I am sure if the young man could take an interest even in children's improvement, it would enlarge his own horizon."

There was a bitterness to her in the thought of this well-bestowed young man getting so many things which Cross would enjoy, and which he seemed to care so little for. Robert Cross was not above betraying a feeling of pleasure in things. Miss Frere almost felt tempted to write to him. He was in that hot New York working, and she was idling here giving her society (which Bob would have prized) to a stereotyped man of the world, who was simply filling up his time with her.

Mrs. Dupont and she were going to the Isle of Wight for awhile, and then to Brussels. Mr. Welby said he was off for Boulogne-sur-mer. It was gay, and he liked a crowd of pleasure-seekers. "I enjoy watching them. There is fun in simply looking at the people you see in such a place."

"And you don't have to do a thing for them, either," was Annette Frere's unuttered foot-note.

It was the last stage of their trip for the two women when they arrived at

the Grand Hotel in Brussels some weeks later. Mrs. Dupont found her companion more cheerful than at any period of their travels. They were to leave here to take a French steamer from Havre back to New York.

They had been at the hotel four days, when, as they were seating themselves in the dining-room for the *table d'hôte*, Mrs. Dupont caught sight of Welby. She nodded pleasantly. Miss Frere also greeted him with much good-nature. So when he left the place at which he had seated himself and came up, they requested him to sit with them during dinner. He really seemed glad to see them, too. Miss Frere, who was nothing if not just, put this down to his account.

"I'm awfully glad to see you," he said, as he drew up his chair and unfolded his napkin. "I hoped I might. I only got here half an hour ago. I was afraid you might have altered your plans. I am always doing that."

"We start out with a plan and adhere to it religiously," said Miss Frere. "If you had got here a little later we should not have seen you, as to-morrow is our last day. We sail on La Bretagne the day after to-morrow."

"Must you go then?" said Welby, with regret in his voice. "I am going on the next steamer. Have you completely exhausted Brussels? Have you seen the Rubens in the Musée des Beaux Arts?"

"I regret to say that we have," said Miss Frere. "I hate Peter Paul Rubens, with his great, bulky naked creatures. Gross things! Don't tell me that he can paint flesh! I don't deny it. But he paints too much of it for one canvas to stagger under. I much preferred the old Flemish examples. There is a certain naïveté about them which I liked."

"I don't care a button for any of it," said Mr. Welby, with delightful frankness. "I'm afraid the best thing I ever got out of these big Continental galleries was exercise. But I supposed it was the proper thing to admire Rubens. Still, there must be other things you haven't seen. Do change the date of your sailing. I will be the most devoted cicerone to you if you will only wait over for the next steamer."

"He has just come, and thinks it would be nice to have somebody he knows to go about with," thought Miss Frere. "As unselfish as usual." Then she said aloud: "We have seen everything except General Boulanger's grave. If you would like to engage in such a pilgrimage we should be pleased to have you come. We will start at half-past ten."

"Thanks, I shall be charmed. Boulanger was a two-penny little hero. I don't think even the French had much of an opinion of him. They needed some figure-head and he was the best they could get. He was always before the footlights, playing to the gallery. The best thing about him was his regard for Madame Bonnemain, and he has given a cheap flavor to that."

"Why, how?" exclaimed Miss Frere. She was quite amazed by Welby's suddenly developing views.

"Wait until you see his grave and what is written on his tombstone," he replied, laughingly.

The next day was a brilliantly fair one, and Brussels showed its affinity with Paris by beaming gayly in the strong sun. They drove through the Bois de la Cambre, and from there to Ixelles.

"You see," said Welby, "Boulanger felt as if the game were about up, and he may have felt that he had handled the situation rather tamely for a Frenchman. Then living here was to have Paris constantly recalled. I was in the Café Métropole last night. It is a big place near the old Post-office, and the garçon told me that Boulanger used to come in there of an evening and drink a glass of wine. He used to ride his black horse here in this Bois. But there was not enough popular adoration for him, and when Madame Bonnemain went he probably felt the loss most keenly. She undoubtedly burned incense before the little man. So in a fit of disgust he tried the remedy of a bullet, and doubtless thought he might bequeath a new edition of Abelard and Héloïse to the French people by being buried at her side. It was a footlight exit."

"Well, the poor man is dead and we mustn't say unkind things about him,"

said Miss Frere. "Besides, you will make us feel so silly, going out to see the grave of a man who was only a peevish suicide instead of a heart-broken lover, which he may have been, even if he were no hero."

They arrived at the cemetery and found their way to the grave of Boulanger, which lies off at one side. Welby watched Miss Frere as she read the inscription. It was brief enough. After the name, time of death, and age of the deceased followed this quotation of the dead man's words: "*Ai-je pu vivre deux mois et demi sans toi?*"

"The exact arithmetic of that kills the sentiment," said Welby. "Doesn't it? It wasn't so flattering to the lady that he should have had to take just two months and a half to find out how much he loved her."

He was surprised to see a faint color steal into Miss Frere's face. It had suddenly occurred to her that she had been two months and a half away from Robert Cross, trying to discover whether she loved him enough to marry him.

"You are a little severe in your interpretation," she said, hastily. "I think it is rather mournful in him to have struggled through those weary months trying, perhaps, to reconcile himself with life, and then, when he found that the absence of the woman he loved made the world too lonely for endurance, to have come here and died at the grave of his lost love. Poor man, he must have loved her!"

"Well, I still think that the General uttered that as a sort of apology to her *à bientôt*," said Welby. "But I suppose a woman always finds out the condition of her heart, when love is concerned, more quickly than a man, and loves more strongly."

"Really!" said Miss Frere, with a touch of irony in her tone. "I had no idea you were such a psychological expert, Mr. Welby. Do you speak from experience?"

"Well, now, don't you think so?" inquired the young man, in answer to her opposition and not to her question. "Women surely are quicker than men to feel things."

"You seem to mean that as a compliment, so I shall say nothing to disturb

your view in the matter," the girl replied. "Come! Let us go. These dreadful bead-work wreaths are enough to keep one from lingering on the spot. We are all one on that point, I fancy."

She was rather silent on the way home, though Welby seemed to be laying himself out to be agreeable. His manner since they had met again in Brussels had been much nicer than before, and had furnished less occasion for Miss Frere to pass in her thoughts from him to a more worthy fellow who was awaiting in America for her return and——

When Miss Frere went to dinner that evening, a few minutes after Mrs. Dupont had preceded her there, she found Mr. Welby seated by her sister's side. Mrs. Dupont at once said, with a cheerful manner, "Annette, Mr. Welby is going over in La Bretagne. He heard of somebody giving up a state-room and he wired at once and got it."

"How jolly!" said Miss Frere. It was a conventional rather than a hearty approbation of Mr. Welby's sudden move. If Mr. Welby felt this, he did not show any disappointment. He was more chirpy than usual during the dinner, while Miss Frere, on the contrary, appeared a little absent-minded. Perhaps she was thinking of Mr. Welby's comments on the inscription they had read on Boulanger's tomb.

On the return voyage both she and the young man felt that there was a difference. Welby was with her a great deal more than he had been on the way over. Miss Frere asked him on one occasion if there was no poker in the smoke-room, and he replied that there was, but that he didn't care to play. On another occasion she said pleasantly: "Have you finished Bourget?" He hadn't, but didn't feel like reading. Miss Frere should have felt flattered by the fact that on this return trip she seemed to have won the young man from cards and a French novel; but the conquest did not seem to afford her much pleasure. She had made a point-blank request of Mrs. Dupont, after they had been a day or two out, that she would not leave her alone with Welby, if it could be helped. "I don't want

the burden of entertaining him thrown entirely on me, Louise. You have rather encouraged him, it seems to me, and so you ought to help entertain the man."

To which Mrs. Dupont had said, "Certainly, my dear, if you wish it," and had looked at her younger sister with an inquiring glance. "He seems to me more agreeable than on the trip over, and then you didn't find my assistance so necessary."

"It is because he is more agreeable that I find him less so," Miss Frere replied, with great coolness, vouchsafing no explanation of this paradox.

Annette Frere had at first merely felt that Welby was trying to get up a rather vigorous flirtation with her. And again, she let her mind glance restfully to the fact that Robert Cross was too serious by far, too sincere, ever to flirt. "I hate a man that flirts," she said to herself. She was pretty well convinced that Mr. Welby's value as an ally of Robert Cross was over. Her mind was at rest and her heart, too. The trip had been a great success. She was in the best of health, the highest spirits, and was beginning to revel in the sweet consciousness of being in love.

Was it, perhaps, her strong dislike for flirting which made her somewhat reserved with Welby? Yet he was too considerably attentive and well-bred to be treated snubbily. He persevered in his devotion, which seemed to increase as the voyage drew to its end.

And now, on a lovely day of midsummer, the boat was making its way up New York Bay. As they drew near the pier Mrs. Dupont and her sister stood at the rail watching the grimy river-front of the city. Mr. Welby joined them. Miss Frere was in excellent humor. Since the beginning of this last day she had shaken off all her coolness, and was as gay and friendly as possible. The fact that the opportunity for conversation and sitting side by side on deck was now over may have led to this relaxation. But Mr. Welby only felt the change without fancying such a cause for it. He showed his appreciation by his own greater gayety.

As the boat was making fast her

hawsers the young woman scanned the faces crowded together on the pier for the one she hoped to see. After a few moments a hand waving a hat attracted her attention, and there he was, his face bright with welcome.

"There is Robert," she cried, joyously, waving her handkerchief frantically in return. Welby quickly looked in the direction of her glance, but could not, in the crowd, distinguish the happy object of Miss Frere's interest.

"I suppose it is her brother," he thought. "It's rather pleasant to have someone here to meet you on getting back to old New York, isn't it?" he remarked, aloud.

"Yes, indeed," cried Miss Frere, "if it's the right person."

It was time to get off. Mr. Welby, when he said "Good-by," added, as he still held Miss Frere's hand: "You will let me call, I hope, and continue this very charming acquaintance."

"Oh, we shall be charmed to see you!" replied Miss Frere, quite heartily. "We go to Bar Harbor within a week or ten days, but you will find us at home almost any afternoon after five."

The greeting with Robert Cross was too hearty and unconstrained not to put that impatient waiter's hopes at the highest point. They had enough to do after the first few words of greeting in getting the Customs officer to look after their luggage, which function was expedited by the thoughtful and occult transfer of a bill from Mr. Cross to that bluff, honest person. Just as their boxes had been closed and they were ready to get into the carriage, Mr. Welby came up.

"Good-by again," he said, cheerfully. "I haven't had quite such good luck in getting through as you. One of my trunks was mislaid, or some such bothersome thing. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you again. *À bientôt.*"

"Adieu, Mr. Welby," said Miss Frere, her face and voice very joyous and full of girlish vivacity. "And oh, you were so good to me on the voyage that you must let me introduce you to my fiancé, Mr. Cross. Bob, Mr. Welby."

It was a double shot, and the young woman watched it score with a gay and slightly malicious interest. Cross grasped Welby's hand with great warmth, while a smile of the intensest good-nature lit up his face. Welby bowed rather stiffly, made some conventional remark, and then said, with a vigorous attempt at nonchalance, "Well, I must not detain you. Good-morning." He quickly slipped away down the pier, carrying himself very straight.

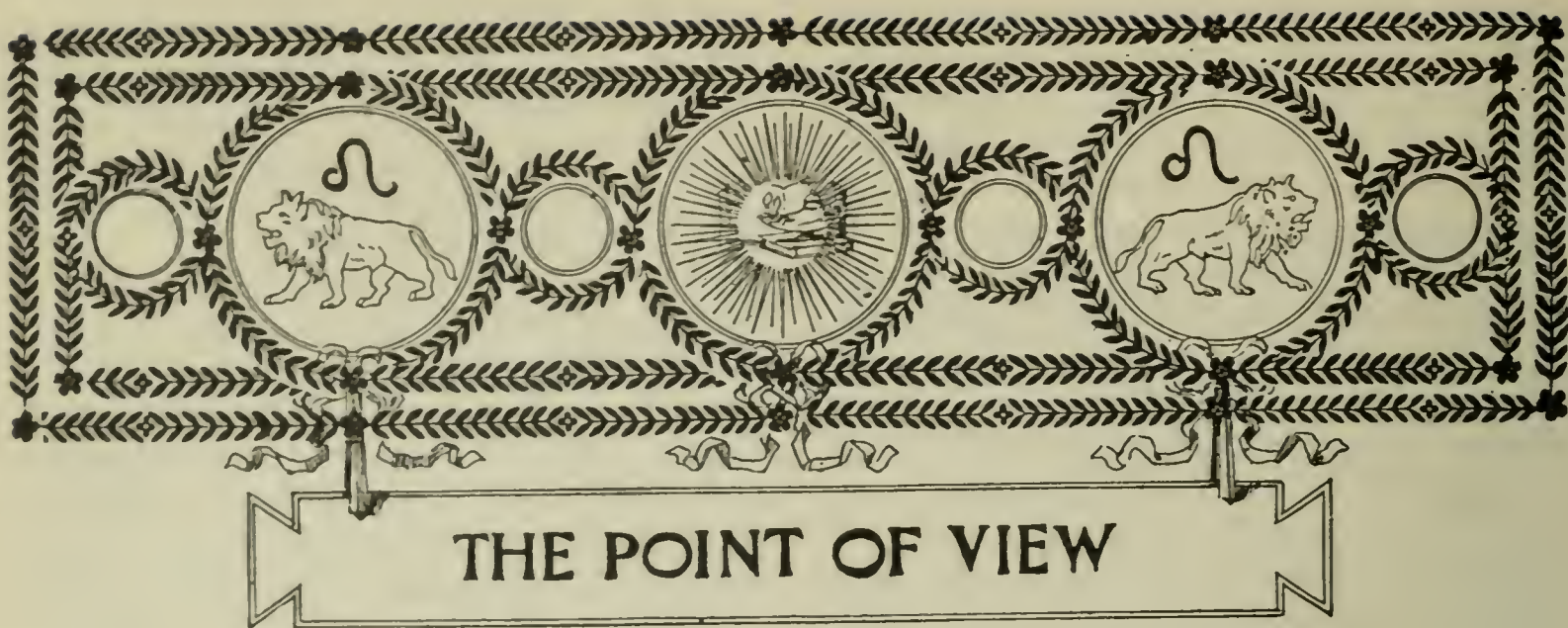
Bob turned his radiant face toward the girl, who with roguish mirth in her eyes and a smile on her lips met his impassioned gaze with a saucy boldness.

"Annette! Hurry up and get into the carriage, or I shall kiss you right here before all these people," he cried. "But who is Welby?"

"Welby is a nice, agreeable, selfish, dawdling, well-contented-with-himself young man, who reminded me of you so often while we were away, and whom I have been so grateful to in consequence that I have prevented him from making a proposal to me on the way back."

With the laugh in her voice and eyes the girl stepped lightly into the carriage, and Robert Cross followed with precipitate eagerness, banging the door to impetuously.

Mr. Welby never made his promised call; and for weeks after his return, when anathematizing himself as an ass, would add, as balm to his wounded vanity: "I'm deuced glad I didn't propose to her." And he never will know that Miss Frere saved him from this as a grateful return for his having been such an ally of Mr. Cross.



THE POINT OF VIEW

ACCEPTING an honorable position under the first Restoration, but declining others more distinguished, Chancellor Pasquier remarks at the close of the second volume of his "Memoirs:" "My sense of delicacy and my *amour-propre* enjoyed that kind of distinction which was born of the moderation of my desires." What a field for the intelligent exercise of one's faculties is suggested by this point of view! And to many of us, I imagine, its existence is quite unsuspected. A sufficiently long argument, no doubt, might be had over the comparative value as ethical agents of unrest and renunciation, ambition and content. Nothing is easier for some temperaments than, indolently and placidly, to arrive at the sincere conviction that most of the grapes the more active part of mankind is perpetually reaching after are sour. The Chinese—laborious and diligent enough surely in all things physical and material—are said philosophically to regard courage, often, as a nuisance. There is high authority for reprehending the burial of one's talent in a napkin. The ideal of Nirvana seems perversely unfruitful to the Occidental, as that of St. Francis does to the modern world. *Du sollst entbehren* is a remorseless mandate, against which the spirited soul revolts. Demosthenes far outshines the "pruner of his periods" in the esteem of never so practical posterity. And there is always the danger of mistaking for something particularly elevated and ennobling what really is the sensuality of supineness.

M. Pasquier, whose long life was an exceptionally active one, would be very far from contesting this view. Still less would he underestimate the advantages of the at-

titude of positive self-sacrifice and abnegation, without which, for nearly two thousand years at least, it has been a commonplace that it is impossible to "walk with inward glory crowned." The injunction to be *in* the world is as authoritative as that to be not *of* it, and the losing of one's life to the end of saving it definitely implies activity. There is certainly nothing mutually exclusive between unselfishness and energy, and to say that the secret of living is living for others is not to deny, but to affirm, in very relentless fashion, the necessity of effort and the value of ambition.

But, ethical and cognate considerations quite aside, there is in the French Chancellor's words the suggestion of an æsthetic ideal, the following of which must result in an especially refined quality of innocent and unrepensible pleasure. And that is surely something of which we stand in great need in America, at present. To please one's sense of delicacy by the moderation of one's desires is a very different thing from the lazy and listless abandonment of ambition. It appeals acutely to the critical sense. It affords the intimate enjoyment of laudable self-appreciation—plainly one of the rarest sensations in the world. Really to perceive that, whether the grapes are sour or sweet, they are out of one's reach; to desire only what is fit for one (and one is fit for nothing that is out of his reach); to recognize that it is profitless to cry for the moon, and reconcile one's self to admiring her at a distance; not to gnash one's teeth because one cannot be other than he is (drive a coach, or own a yacht, or write a novel, or admire Wagner, or be black, blond, or red-haired, for example), but cheerfully

to acquiesce in the limitations implied, affords a satisfaction that is very acute and special. The sensation has two great advantages: it enables one to savor, by the sense of accurate appreciation, what he cannot attain, and also self-respectfully to do without it. There is nothing abject about the moral of Dr. Holmes's "Reflections of a Proud Pedestrian." It also releases much of his effort and faculty for what is attainable. Discontented Americans returned from abroad, for instance, and yearning for European flesh-pots (as Lot's wife yearned for Sodom, or as Adam and Eve for Paradise, shall we say?) would do well to reflect upon the solace of this sensation of delicacy and distinction. It is within everyone's reach. But it must be pursued as an ideal, and not resorted to in relaxation for repose.

IN all the recent talk about woman-suffrage in the State of New York there has been scarcely any inquiry as to whether it would cost men anything to give women the right to vote. The whole discussion has turned upon the probable effect of the ballot upon woman, and has prevailed almost exclusively between those who have held that it would pay her to have a vote and those who have held that it would not. However men in general may have pondered in their secret hearts, they have had almost nothing to say as to whether it would pay them to let women vote. Representatives of some few special interests have had convictions about it, and have allowed them to come out. The liquor-dealers, for example, are generally understood to feel that woman-suffrage would be detrimental to their business interests; but they are alone among merchants, so far as I have noticed, in admitting that they could not afford to meet women at the polls. The milliners are not concerned as milliners; they do not fear that suffrage will affect the feminine taste in bonnets. The dry-goods men show no uneasiness. The manufacturers of infants' foods neither fear nor hope. Makers of bicycles are not especially hot for suffrage, nor are side-saddle manufacturers especially opposed to it. The average New York man does not seem to feel that anything unprecedented will happen whether woman-suffrage comes or not. It does not appear that

he apprehends that his vote will be worth any the less to him because he shares it with a woman, or that his liberties will be restricted, or that the woman will be any less a woman because she shares his vote. Outwardly at least he has posed as a spectator, interested indeed, but bland, courteous, and sympathetic even in his doubts. His behavior has been a credit to him. He has shown scarcely a sign of disposition to admit the existence or possibility of any antagonism between the interests of women and of men. He has not been over-ready to believe that it would be advantageous to women to vote, but his attitude has been that if it would be advantageous to them he will not stand in their way; and while he has not bound himself to accept their opinion as to the benefits of suffrage he has certainly shown an unaffected desire to know what their opinion is, and decided symptoms of a willingness to be guided by it.

Appearances are not absolutely to be trusted, but so far as they may guide one's judgment, man in New York really does not care very much, so far as he himself is concerned, whether woman votes or not. Certainly his attitude is admirable. It is intelligent and affectionate and respectful; and yet man never assumed an attitude that showed more conclusively his confidence in the authenticity of his commission as Lord of Creation. Even those exceptionally vehement suffragists who denounce him as the Tyrant, do not scare him. He is not dismayed at any possible hosts of skirted voters that those ladies may array against him. He knows that the ballot is but an instrument and the voters are but the keys, and he seems content that whoever can shall play what tune they may. The possibility of more keys does not worry him, though he has not yet conceded its advisability, for he knows that be they many or few, they will all yield their most effectual music to the hands that are best adapted to them. The tune, man thinks, will be about the same as heretofore, and there will be no sweeping shiftings of performers; but if more notes will give fuller or more harmonious music, for his part he seems ready to have them.

Such, and so confident, is his attitude! The only wonder is that it has not occurred

to any observant woman to satirize it in a gentle essay on "A Certain Condescension in Males."

FROM childhood onward, by whatsoever monitor crosses our path, we are bid remember that life is real and earnest. Yet, surely, whoever knows anything knows that. An instinct of it appears in those who know nothing. Infants and idiots—under some such instinct, possibly—put much earnest into their play. The beggars, the vagrants, the pensioners, of high and low degree, take life none too seriously, of course. But the instinctive and curt way in which society sets them apart shows that they must be an exceptional and comparatively small fraction. For most men the law of life is the quite simple one of work or starve, and most men learn it without any telling.

Even to the lighter-minded, or to the graver-minded in their lighter moments, the earnestness and reality of life are sufficiently clear. In their pursuit of pleasure they have no thought, apparently, of anything but that; and the pursuit of pleasure, however, is much less a blindness than a revulsion and revolt. The sense of the reality of life has grown too strenuous, too oppressive, and the man seeks a moment's remission and oblivion from it. When pleasure runs into dissipation the moment's oblivion has merely been too sweet and has started an irresistible desire to prolong it to a day, a month, a year, and, finally, to a lifetime. Prolonged it grows less and less of an oblivion, moreover; and probably no man has a more torturing, however futile, consciousness of the reality of life than the *roué*.

Too keen a sense of the reality of life is the direct cause of half its diseases, of half its disasters. For while, under it, one class of men, in high revolt, fling themselves into dissipation, another class decline into slavish submission. They allow themselves no moment of forgetfulness, real or factitious. All capacity for diversion has died in them. They still eat and sleep

—moderately—for nature requires that even of her machines; the steam-engine does no less. But of doing anything out of pure delight, they have quite lost the faculty. They are as if in some given moment they had said, and then had grimly adhered to it, "What is the use resisting? Nothing is possible in life but work."

If, instead of laying so much emphasis on a lesson that we can all be left to get by ourselves, our preceptors would only give us some effective guidance in confronting the reality of life lightly, they would render a genuine service. There is where we stand really in need of aid. In the sense of responsibility, which there is such zeal to inculcate, men were probably never before so strong as they are to-day. A larger number certainly, and probably a larger proportion of the whole than ever before, are exercising foresight and deliberate energy in meeting at least the material needs of themselves and their families. The degree of such foresight and deliberate energy is the sanctioned measure of our ascent from barbarism. Tried by it alone we show a splendid progress. We have mounted immeasurably—in business. But have we made a corresponding ascent in pleasure? The form of the barbarities changes a little, but are not our favorite diversions barbarities still? Of course we do not all, when we are going in for a bit of pleasure, get drunk or engage in any of the grosser immoralities; but we do all, or very nearly all, waste and squander. Of either our time, or our money, or our strength, or all three, we make for our avowed pleasure an expenditure that brings us nothing. We do this too not wholly unawares. We are more or less disturbed over it in our consciences, and excuse ourselves by saying, "But a man cannot be working all the time; he must have some relaxation;" as if the only possible alternative to work were folly. The very weakness of the justification shows our need of intelligent guidance not in gravity, but in gayety. We should have over us some strong, wise masters of the revels.



ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON.

CAROLUS DURAN'S "THE POET WITH THE MANDOLIN."

[Selections by Philip Gilbert Hamerton from Types of Contemporary Painting. See p. 232.]

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NEWPORT

By *W. C. Brownell*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. S. VANDERBILT ALLEN



I

A BENEFICENT fairy of æsthetic predilections could not have arranged a composition containing more efficient contrast and balance than Newport presents in its combination of old and new, of the quaint and the elegant, picturesqueness and culture. Nowhere else does fashion rest with such feathery lightness on such a solid pedestal. The mundane extravagance gains immensely by being related, seemingly at least and as to ocular setting, to a background of natural beauty and grave decorum. The background gains a little, too. The people that inhabit it, addicted as they are to observant criticism of "summer visitors," nevertheless receive an electric fillip from their contact with what is gay and joyous and no doubt fleeting.

In spite of their most conscientious efforts they are affected in a way that broadens their horizon in proportion as it sharpens their critical faculties. They "size up" the brilliant butterflies that but hover about the lovely town a few brief months in the year, and in rather remorseless fashion; but they are justifiably if secretly proud of their opportunities for doing so. What other city with any pretensions to be a watering-place has any such chance? The whole town is in consequence visibly braced up. The clerks in the shops along Thames Street betray the influence in their deportment. A higher standard of manners than would otherwise obtain is universally apparent. School-children, even, treat each other with noticeably more decorousness than elsewhere. The comedy of society is repeated, in fact, in infinite and often humorous trituration. But the result is pleasant. The hack-drivers are, socially considered, *poseurs*. They crack jokes with their fares if they divine responsiveness, but their self-respect is still more obvious than their companionability; the "old Newporter"

is not above showing the place to a party of negro visitors whom he drives down the Avenue with conspicuous good-humor, but it is his good-humor that is the most striking element of the spectacle. Even in such extreme instances one perceives the effect of the social ideal due to the "summer visitor."

On the other hand, an impartial chronicle must admit that the moral effect of a foreign body of wealth, leisure, and measurable frivolity in an environment of thrifty commonplace, such as indigenous Newport for the most part is, has its weak side. Brought up in more or less close contact with and at any rate constant sight of the attractive activities of so much irresponsible wealth, the strictly Newport people—who once constituted a very honorable and peculiarly self-respecting community—have suffered a sensible demoralization. Not "hatred" nor "uncharitableness" has been the

subtle influence, with the result that "Newport" has come to mean less to them and to others. The town is still—and may be in the future still more—an interesting place to speculate about as a New England town of excellent traditions and unequalled attractions, but unquestionably it has lost something of its once very positive character through contact with ideals and examples by no means its own. Among the shop-keepers—especially among those whom recent changes in "business methods" have rather relegated to the business background—and among the householders on the streets leading from Thames Street to what used to be called "the Hill," I am sure one would find an echo of such a judgment.

At first sight and to those who take but a perfunctory view of Newport this may seem of slight importance. But to my own mind that which makes Newport what it is, is the balance hitherto



In Front of the Casino.

result of this contact with superior forces, but certainly "envy" has had a

maintained between a self-respecting, organic, and permanent community and



The Casino Quadrangle—Morning.

the artificial, decorative, and more or less transitory element that makes it our chief watering-place. If the latter of these forces withdraws into exclusiveness, which to anyone who knows its composition may easily seem ridiculous, but which may nevertheless occur; or if the former declines into vulgarity and the loss of self-respect involved in the bravado of self-assertion, to which constant envy of what is quite beyond one's reach indubitably may lead, Newport as we know it now and have known it for years will certainly suffer a sea change. In other words, the future of Newport is, one must admit, considerably complicated by the peril of snobishness, and snobbishness of both varieties exemplified by the Anglo-Saxon race. The English snob, according to an acute observer, meanly admires what is above him, the American meanly despises what is beneath him. Newport

undoubtedly has its full share of both species, but it has also, I think, the unusual advantage of sincerely attaching both to it, with the consequent prospect of circumventing each of them.

The place is supposed to owe its growth and eminence to the summer residents. It really owes these to four persons—all of them indigenous. They would nowadays be called "the Big Four." Without their foresight and realization of its potentialities, the city would still be what it was before the war, when its summer life was almost altogether a desultory and caravansary affair. It owes them, indeed, more or less indirectly, the summer residents themselves. Without their labor of preparation and seduction, opening streets and drives, modelling estates out of barren tracts, artistically cutting up the landscape into attractive lots, stimulating civic improvements, mak-

ing known and visually exhibiting the immense attractiveness of the place to everyone who had taste and money, Newport would have been to-day far different in almost every trait that now makes it "Newport." They found their account in the process, of course. They were or became capitalists in the course of advancing the interests and widening the prospects of the town. And, naturally, they are now forgotten. I need mention but one of them; but anyone who knows Newport well, or at least anyone who has known it as I have for upwards of thirty years, will appreciate what I mean to intimate in querying what the city would now be had it not been for the intelligence and enlightened enthusiasm of the late Alfred Smith, a man of ideas and imagination which, applied to anything more tangible and determinate than the gradual evolution of the first watering-place in this country, would have given him a national reputation. One needs but a passing reflection upon the imagination

upon the real Eden of America wherein to erect its "barbarian castles" and display its varied and leisurely activities.

The summer residents do not all belong to the "smart set," it is needless to say. Indeed, I doubt if any watering-place in the world of anything like equal eminence has a summer population characterized by so much elegance and refinement. There was long ago a large nucleus of elegance and refinement in Newport, and it has since grown proportionately with the increase of those whom envy and emulation have gathered around it; but certainly for these latter the way was made easy and its advantages indicated by the enterprise, energy, and enthusiasm of the men I have alluded to. Somewhat mixed the summer population now undoubtedly is. It has grown so large as to have grades and classes of its own. And to judge from the newspapers, which scrupulously record its doings, it has possession of the town

from June to October. It has certainly worked a great change in the summer life of the place.

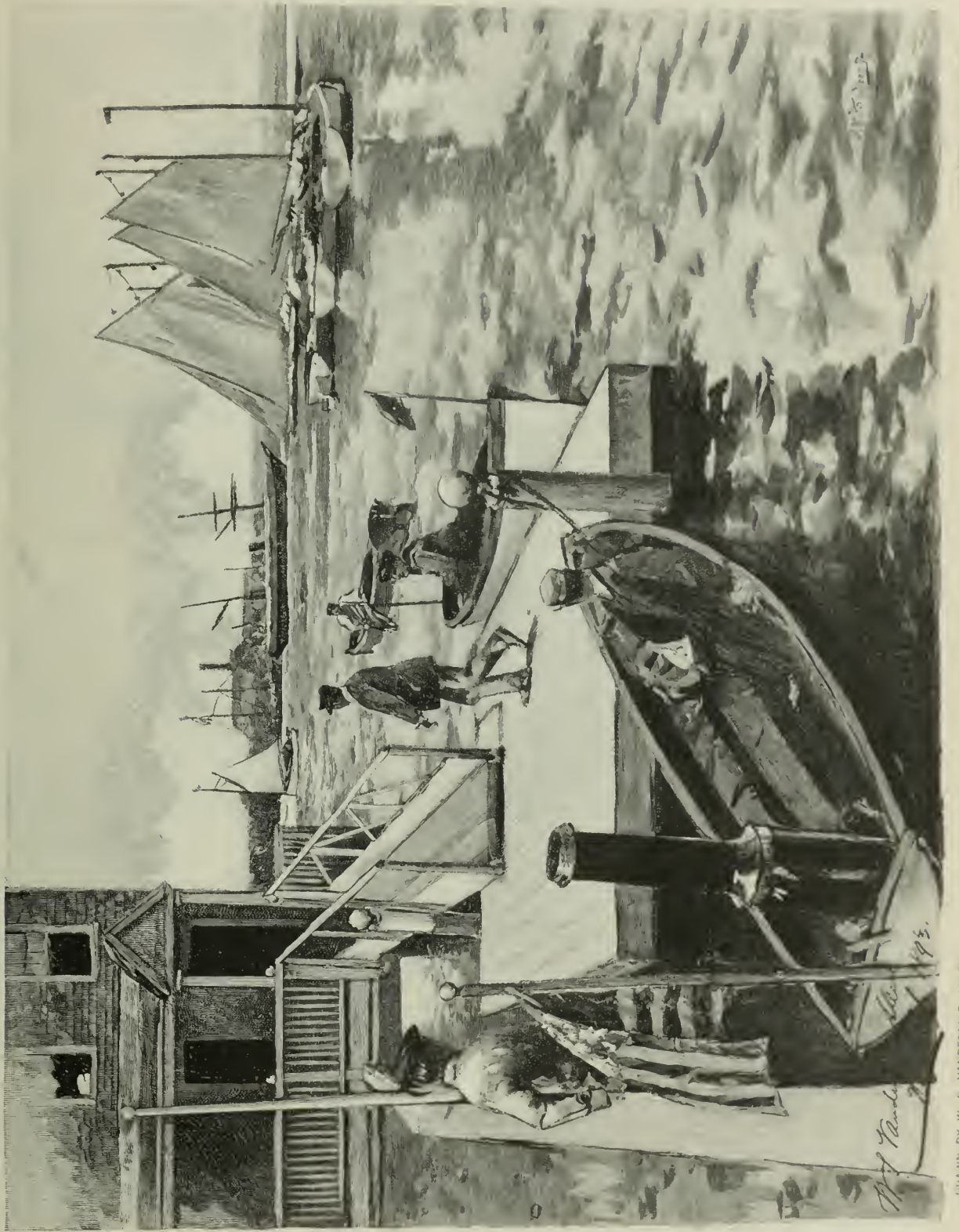
This was always artificial and exotic, and always delightfully so. But the rise and immensely increased number of great fortunes have worked changes in Newport as they have everywhere else. Less here, however, than elsewhere, I am inclined to think, and certainly less here than is generally supposed. It is a commonplace that the hotels have been supplanted by the cottages. The Ocean House survives somewhat as a landmark and a reminiscence, but in obvious isolation. You can no longer sit on its broad piazza and watch with interest the serried defile of equipages—almost all of



Exercising the Thoroughbreds.

and ideas of our American "smart set" to assure him whether or no it is likely that unassisted it would have hit

them readily to be identified. The Atlantic, the Fillmore, and the Bellevue are only memories, though to anyone



DRAWN BY W. B. VANDERBILT ALLEN.

Yacht Club and Landing-Stage.

ENGRAVED BY VAN NEE.

who knew them even in their decadence and when they no longer harbored Southern folk and Southern manners

I have even met—people who preferred a Jamestown barrack to a Newport cottage at the same price, maintaining that



An Old Revolutionary House.

with all the gayety and light-hearted camaraderie, characteristically Southern, they are charming memories still. Can it be that the hotel life of Narragansett Pier, for example, is a fair reproduction of its old-time Newport analogue? But this is a question of only speculative interest. As a matter of fact, hotel life has disappeared in Newport. What is curious, however, I think, is that so few people are alive to the fact that cottage life is just as feasible for persons of modest means. People go to Jamestown, on Conanicut Island, every summer and live in the hotels that have magically sprung up there at prices which would more than enable them to live in Newport cottages. Tastes differ proverbially, and I can fancy—for

the life was freer in Jamestown. I dare say it is; it is freer still at Asbury Park, N. J. Costume and manners may both be legitimately more *négligés* than would be quite seemly in a denser population and amid surroundings that suggest more decorum. But there are persons to whom a certain degree of decorum is in itself pleasant to witness and practice, and to these life in Newport during the season may be as simple as it is in a village. To such persons the only obstacle to enjoyment is the constant presence of an elaborate and expensive life which they cannot share. This has capacities for making the envious and the feeble-minded, people who have no pride of tradition or shrewdness of philosophy or instinctive



DRAWN BY W. S. VANDERBILT ALLEN.

Bellevue Avenue—Afternoon.

fastidiousness, extremely unhappy, no doubt. For others with small means the advantages of Newport are unequalled. The markets seem high-priced, especially to a New Yorker, but they are much more than counterbalanced by the low rents; and the conveniences obtainable at low rentals, due to the way in which cottage-building has been speculatively overdone, are unexampled. Bathing, rowing, sailing, driving, walking, picnicking are to be had in perfection, under a sky of infinite delicacy, in an atmosphere of unique softness, and in an environment of natural beauty and artistic distinction that exists nowhere else.

Then there is the passing show—the social spectacle. The social spectacle as well as the summer life has greatly changed of recent years. Opening the Ocean Drive from the end of the avenue

digiously disseminated the stately procession that used to pass decorously up and down the Avenue, turning at Bailey's Beach and at Kay Street where the houses ceased. Though the procession is much augmented nowadays it no longer produces the same effect as formerly and has, indeed, ceased to be a procession; the "establishments," as they used to be called, are strung along without cumulative effect. And owing to their greater number no one knows and can gossip about more than one in three of them. "Newport" seems less condensed in consequence. Its old lovers feel a certain lack. The procession's smartness, too (an epithet, by the way, we should not have thought of using twenty years ago), is now deeply infiltrated by plebeian elements—Stewart's, Hazard's, or other so-called "drags," with their



On the Cliffs.

to the fort made a great difference to it. Ten miles more of macadam pro-

mammoth loads of excursionists anxiously curious to see and fix in the



The Ball-room of the Casino.

memory the mansions they have read about in the Sunday papers, and also frequently recurrent vehicles of the ultra-shirt-sleeved *bourgeoisie* of the town itself, in whom the desire of parade has altogether outrun the capacity of creditably attaining it. These new elements "have a good time," in our American idiom, and certainly no place in our democratic country, not even Newport, can consistently elevate any ideal above that of providing people in general with a good time at any cost to the æsthetic or other sensibilities of "the remnant." Only, a *laudator temporis acti* in thinking of Newport may, perhaps, without feeling quite a snob, make the reflection that the present situation is the result of artificial rather than of natural selection.

This overlay of *nouvelles couches* is obvious elsewhere than in the driving procession, of course, with the result of social and political rather than æsthetic

cheer to the spectator. The accursed but convenient trolley system clangs and sizzles through erstwhile sedate Spring Street and out the wide expanse of elm-lined Broad Street, now characteristically become Broadway. The colored population has increased after its prolific racial fashion, and the anomaly of a barouche full of darky dandies and dusky belles conducted by an Irish, or even, as I have before mentioned, a native Newport driver is a frequent phenomenon. The appalling excursionist from Providence and Pawtucket, with his and her paper bags and odor of peanuts and ginger-pop, infests the squares, the cliffs, the beach, and awakens echoes with enjoyment. The Irish contingent has augmented proportionally with the African. The city government is largely in its hands, with perhaps the usual consequence of its own prosperity and a deterioration of public works in general. There are larger



Yachting.

crowds of expectorating loafers around the Post-office and the City Hall. The commercial traveller, with his samples and his manners, is more numerous. In fine, the city is no longer, to the eye as well as in fact, composed of a summer aristocracy and a resident *bourgeoisie*, its self-respecting admirers. It has moved with the rest of the world and with similar results. And with all its changes, which the dilettante or the lover of old Newport may deplore, it is perhaps more pre-eminently than ever the loveliest, the serenest, and most smiling, the most refined and decorous civic *ensemble* that the country possesses.

The quality of the summer life is its elegance, its defect is its artificiality. It is undoubtedly elegant, but its elegance is not quite a natural evolution. It is surrounded with ease, comfort, and distinction not merely material, but æsthetic. Its stage is carpeted with the loveliest of lawns and decorated with the greatest profusion of flowers anywhere to be seen. It is characterized by a great deal of high-breeding, of de-

corum triumphing over frivolity, of taste, reserve, and composure. A large element of it certainly is superior to the envious fleeing or the obsequious flattery of vulgarity. Its self-respect is perfectly obvious and real. But one would like to see this carried a little farther, to the point, I mean, of unconsciousness, of absolute free play. Self-respect is admirable, but respect for one's traditions is admirable, also. The Newport summer life has traditions, and it should not abandon them in the chameleon-like way characteristic of it, and appear imitative and artificial. It is only comparatively new, and yet by its rather systematic imitation of what is positively old—by its studied modelling of itself on English country life, with which it really has but the most superficial relations in the world—it creates the effect of a reflection and not of an original. In English country life the flowers make no such display, it is true, but the lawns are deeper and richer, the houses have infinitely older associations, and the entire environment is infinitely more established and sedate. Why abandon our own heritage of vi-

vacuity and high-spirited decorousness in favor of an exotic, and to us esoteric, ideal? Anglomania is, perhaps, not conspicuous in Newport, certainly not in comparison with the rest of the East; but in Newport it is less excusable than elsewhere, and its effects more regrettable accordingly; in Newport more than anywhere else with us imitation by the new thing of the old, failure to insist on one's own idiosyncrasies, and, as Arnold says of ritualistic practices, "vehement adoption of rites till yesterday unknown," seem to imply that we do not "know a good thing when we see it."

So great, however, is the unifying

their withdrawal from the beach, the summer people are certainly less in evidence than they were formerly. They make far less of a spectacle for profane contemplation and somewhat consciously and uneasily, perhaps, study exclusiveness, if not seclusion. They visit among themselves and have teas and dinners to themselves, quite as they do in their several winter social circles. It is perfectly clear that they do not have anything like the good time they or their fathers and mothers used to have; but that is their affair, and is only interesting as it affects and modifies "Newport." They still come out quite strong—as they are beginning to learn



An Afternoon Spin.

power of Newport that when its summer life appears in any concrete manifestation one feels that to inquire into it is eminently to inquire too curiously. It is true that with the extension of the drive, the decline of the hotel-life and

to say—at the Casino; though the Casino has never paid for itself and is a monument to the unwisdom of its originators' efforts to domesticate an essentially foreign institution. It embodies the transplanted fancies of the staid

burghers of Holland in conjunction with the predilections of the lawn-loving Englishman, and includes a restaurant more or less reminiscent of France. But it has been found to be unduly costly and adjudged to have "forced the note." Yet it has weekly concerts and dances which at all events the outer fringe of the society people do not hesitate to attend and participate in, and it witnesses one festival in the year to which they contribute their presence with the utmost cordiality—the annual lawn-tennis tournament. There are probably few prettier scenes than that of which this contest is the centre. Perfectly trimmed lawns swept by the freshest and daintiest morning dresses, young men in flannels, rosy with health and irresponsibility, fashion in its freest and least conscious manifestations, the mass of "best people" in their most attractive inadvertence, the rising seats around the courts clad in the most refreshing variety of clear-colored costumes pricked out with patches of brilliant parasols, the water-color note everywhere, as a painter would say, and the well-groomed young fellows in the centre of the composition obviously exhibiting both strength and skill—make a picture which for combined animation and refinement, both of actors and spectators, it would be difficult to match anywhere. Jean Béraud—or better still Raffaelli or Forain—would find it quite as well worth fixing as Longchamp, though the types, of course, are less various.

Newport owes, too, to the summer resident, not only a high standard of social life and a decorous employment of leisure, but also an æsthetic ideal of architecture and landscape gardening. Architecture has perhaps been as much travestied as illustrated. The feeblest whimsies abound. Reflections in frame of reverend stone *motifs* are not infrequent. The art of building is often caricatured in houses of which the only inspiration is plainly the desire to be conspicuous. And though some of the old houses, such as the Bareda mansion and Mr. Wetmore's palace, are their own excuse for being, there are not a few elaborate examples of exaggerated bad taste and worse grammar. On the

other hand, such a house as the late H. H. Richardson built for Mr. Sherman, or that of Mr. Marquand by Hunt, and others easily mentioned, form a notable leaven and rectify the effect produced by perhaps the predominant inapposite sportiveness. But there is no doubt at all of the immense service to the place rendered by the summer resident's landscape gardener, who has covered broad acres of it with lawns and boscajes, clumps of trees and bushes, heaps of flowery luxuriance walled in by privet and buckthorn, and has more than any other agency, except the climate and the natural lay of the land, exhibited the potentialities of elegance inherent in these latter. A good word should be said, in addition, for the way in which—often an awkward and somewhat absurd instrument in the hands of Providence—the summer resident has circumvented the purely utilitarian and ignoble activities that, left to themselves, would have done their disastrous utmost to vulgarize Newport, wholly and deplorably unconscious that the life of the goose that lays for them such golden eggs is really in peril.

II

THE old town may be called picturesque in distinction from the general pictorial effect that is noticeable. It is full of narrow streets and quaint turnings; little squares left undisturbed by the march of municipal improvements within their old-time staid and rectilinear demarcation; trapezoidal houses built originally, it is evident, in exemplification of the sound principle that expression of function is the one thing needful in architecture; gently inclining gambrels in themselves a composition. But even its streets and houses, its courts, *impasses*, and docks have as detail too much character and individual sap justly to be termed the mere material of a picturesque whole. They have none of the indeterminate and huddled look of the detail of Amalfi or Assisi. They make a harmony that is sensibly organic. They are individually quaint now and then, without, however, the sharp accent that we usually



Bass-fishing Stand

associate with quaintness, and they fit the landscape "like the paper on the wall." Some of the narrow gambrel-roofed houses have gables that gaze on the streets, on which they often look, like human faces. Cotton's Court, Wanton Avenue, and similar places, contracted as they evidently are in area, have an air of complication and variety that tempt and would reward the exploring sense. Curious juxtapositions of shop, dwelling, stable, warehouse, and what not form incomparable "nooks." The public buildings are interesting. The City Hall, admired by Allston, is a charming bit of classic, and the State House a colonial monument of much dignity and character. The jail, on Marlborough Street, is absolutely delightful and characteristically domestic; there is a legend of its one prisoner once complaining because there was no lock on her door. In all the world probably there is nothing like the Long Wharf, with its succession of boat-builders' shops, tenements, ignoble saloons, heaps of junk, sail-boat moorings and floats, terminating in the railway freight station and the steamboat wharf. It is hardly changed within my own recol-

lection. Deacon Groff's succession to James Hart, the boat-builder and letter, in whose airy shop a parliament of local sages meets now as it has for several decades, amid the shavings and spars, the oars and "tackle," to look out over the harbor and speculate on the political state of the nation and the social state of the town, is the chief variation I note, and that is not revolutionary. On the hottest day there is always a breeze here, and much to be learned besides.

Nor is there anything, I fancy, quite like Thames Street from end to end—the business street of the town—though its banks and butcher-shops, and book-stores and fish-markets, and hardware and dry-goods and haberdashery are punctuated and faintly diversified with dwellings now and then. They have been dwellings a long while, and count many generations of probably the same families. The subdued note of age, of "silence and slow time," is distinctly audible, and vibrates gently throughout the old town, with its gray and white and green blinds; but I must admit that of recent years there has been to some extent an intrusive discord of



DRAWN BY W. S. VANDERBILT ALLEN.

Scene on the Beach.

commercial modernity even here. The one-price clothing store, the bee-hives of humming retail industry, and the universal emporium are foreign bodies in the general environment and contribute a foreign color to the quaint old street—like an overflow of Fall River or Providence. But as yet they have not greatly detracted from the general character of the thoroughfare, which is still sufficient to afford one of the most piquant contrasts in the world, I think, when the drags and dog-carts, the broughams and phaetons of fashion weave their way along its narrow length at what it pleases everyone's humorous fancy to call the shopping hour. Thames Street, whatever its transformations, will indefinitely, I think, continue to perform its distinguished function of binding together summer and winter, transitory and permanent Newport with a notable welding force.

The Point, too, is a part of the old town, and is rather neglected, which it should not be. It is somewhat inaccessible, and anyone who lives there or inhabits the neighborhood for a summer has need, perhaps, of a horse and trap of some kind. But it has its advantages and qualities of its own. To begin with it is very far removed from the artificial summer life. One may live there as much in retreat as at Jamestown. Land is very cheap, and if I were tempted to "build" in Newport I am not at all sure that I should not select some site on the water's edge in this region. One could have his fill of still-water bathing, his cat-boat and row-boat, and a certain measure of seclusion wholly consonant with the most delightful out-of-doors activity and within easy reach of whatever is attractive in the town itself.

III

NEWPORT is longitudinally divided by three main streets which run north and south. Following mainly the harbor line and projecting thitherward its many slips is Thames Street, where is almost all the business of the town, extending from the cemetery, with its

characteristic contrast of old and new, the old slate carvings of winged cherubs' heads hard by, the joint product of La Farge and St. Gaudens, to the lower end of the harbor. A few rods up the hill Spring Street, with its prim houses and old Trinity and other churches, parallels it, running from just above the Parade or Mall where the State House is south to the ocean. And on the crest of the ridge are the nearly straight two miles and a half of Bellevue Avenue. At its north end is the romantic and trimly kept Jews' Cemetery, celebrated by Longfellow, where sleep amid flowers and cypresses Abraham and Judah Touro and other Hebrews, who amply repaid the early toleration and respect here extended to their race long before it received them elsewhere. Next come residences, boarding-houses, a little row of lesser commerce, the Newport Reading-room—the club euphemistically so-called—the Redwood Library, now a more hushed but less hospitable bookish retreat than many old Newporters remember it, and Touro Park, where the Old Stone Mill stands and a band plays on summer evenings. Then a stretch of shops till one gets to Bath Road, the broad street leading to the beach, the Casino, and the stiff, stark caravansary of the Ocean House just beyond.

Here begins the succession of cottages and châteaux of the summer resident, set wide apart in elegant lawns bordered with hedges and blazing with flowers, that extends for a couple of miles to the sea. And the slope that shelves gently eastward from the crest of the hill that the Avenue follows has also within the past few lustra (especially in the neighborhood of Ochre Point) been covered with elaborate mansions the average of whose pretensions exceeds perhaps that of those appertaining to the Avenue itself. This is the region—the rough parallelogram formed by the Avenue, the cliffs bordering the sea a half mile or so to the east, the southern shore, and an east and west line from about the Ocean House to a point a little south of the Beach—where chiefly reside the summer people whose activities the papers chronicle so copiously, and where, better perhaps than any-

where else, an American may see his "young [and old] barbarians all at play"—to recall Arnold's application of the line to Oxford. The northwestern part of the city has grown greatly also of recent years, and is covered with cottages of modest cost and considerable architectural character. Past the Beach is another district whose houses, some of them ample and elaborate, stand in notable isolation amid rural fields, then Paradise with its farm-houses, ponds, junipers, and gray rocks, the Second Beach, and finally Sachuest Point, which brings one to the Seaconnet River and the verge of Newport. All around here and north from the town proper, delightful drives lead out into the island itself. Six miles out is the Glen, an almost artificial arrangement of romantic nature, driving whither one may stop at Mrs. Durfee's for tea and waffles, and enjoy a truly English interior. Then there are Pebbly Beach, with its unexplained geological conformations, and romantically situated, cool, and cosy St. Mary's Chapel, and Vacluse and its deserted close, eloquent in reflections such as Mr. Swinburne has crystallized in his incomparable "A Forsaken Garden;" and no end of quaint cross-roads and long vistas beneath overhanging elms or between trim poplars—the whole greatly vivified and highly colored by the local inhabitant, with his sturdy and salient characteristics, lounging in front of country stores and post-offices, or jogging past in his open wagon, smiling the while, with good-natured cynicism at any exuberance you and your party may exhibit.

To go back to the town itself, is there anything in the world like the two miles and more of the Cliff Walk? Setting out from the Beach the sea is on one's left, its near shallows, "with green and yellow sea-weed strewn," and beyond its stretch of varying blues and purples, the long, graceful reach of Easton's Point, at the end of which a solitary cottage stands sentinel, and shimmering in the more distant haze the shore of Seaconnet and its neighboring rocky islets around which the breakers are flashing in foam. On the right of the path, which undulates along

its edges and rises and falls with its rolling unevenness, extends that succession of lawns which, more than any other feature perhaps, sets the pitch of Newport's elegance. In these smooth expanses of soft green glowing with unexampled profusion of aristocratic flowers, the art and nature of the place meet in effective fusion. So elegant is it all that one fails to note how high and rugged are the cliffs themselves, the highest on the Atlantic coast from Cape Ann to Yucatan. On a day of storm, with the waves driving in from the ocean and beating angrily against them, they are more impressive; but they are always picturesque and make a striking dividing line between the sea, wherein the forces of nature are always visibly at play, peaceful or turbulent, and the broad shelf of land which the hand of man has moulded and decorated with the most cultivated art. Curious, is it not, that certain proprietors of the villas to which these lawns appertain should have tried by every means to circumvent the undoubted riparian right of all the world to follow this unequalled path at its will, provided trespass be avoided? They are newcomers, one infers, to Newport at any rate, if not to *id omne genus*, for a prolonged submission to Newport influences could hardly fail to modify the Hyrcanian hearts and Bœotian brains to which in such circumstances as these monopoly could suggest itself.

Beyond the southern extremity of the Cliff Walk, and extending westward to Castle Hill (whence one may see the fringe of hotels and cottages that compose Narragansett Pier) and Fort Adams, stretches out the charming region known of old as Price's Neck—variegated with ponds and embayments, hill and dale, rock and marsh, and skirted and reticulated with the famous Ocean Drive and its tributaries. The Ocean Drive is the finest, I think, in the world; at least to my own taste its mingling of stimulus and suavity, its alternations of wildness and culture, its invigorating iodine-laden breezes, the sedative softness of its mists, the piquant aroma of its huckleberry bushes, the infinite variety of its "effects," combine to produce an im-

pression to which that left by the Cornice from Nice to Genoa is a shade saccharine and monotonous. This and the Paradise country are the regions that appeal most, perhaps, to the few landscape painters who have had the sense to appreciate that in Newport they had but to reproduce, whereas elsewhere the heavy burthen of origination is laid upon them. Mr. La Farge is a notable exception, by the way; and curiously, thus, it is the most imaginative of our painters who, almost alone, has illustrated the most pictorial landscape that we have. The Neck has been greatly changed within the last few years, and some fastidious spirits who are displeased with any intrusion of man into the realm of nature (I should greatly like to know if Mr. La Farge were among them in this instance), have esteemed it "destroyed." The change, at all events, is at the charge of the summer residents. To me, I confess, it is to be charged to their credit.

IV

ANOTHER effect of the evolution of the summer resident as an important and controlling class has been the transformation—I was about to say the destruction—of the Beach. The Beach is no longer what it used to be. The "bathing hour," with all its characteristic features, has departed. You may bathe at any hour when you can find a "house," but it is no longer fashionable to bathe at all. There are a few private houses sometimes occupied, and at Bailey's Beach others whose owners use them very constantly, but the bathing at the Beach as a feature of social summer life is over. The carriages do not come down and draw up on the sand to watch the bathers. The place is no longer a rendezvous both for bathers and spectators, as, say, the *plage* at Trouville is. "Society" has abandoned it, and in general, probably, confines itself to "tubbing." The philosophic lover of Newport must recognize the change as inevitable, no doubt, but the sentimentalist may be permitted to regret it. Perhaps it would have been asking too much of the summer people,

to preserve in this respect the simplicity and really democratic elegance which they evinced before they became consciously so much of a force as to be uneasily careful with regard to even chance companionship. And it must be confessed that of late years the Beach has been invaded by people with whom fastidiousness may excusably find it disagreeable to mingle. On Sundays it is given over to excursionists and servants, as was quite to have been expected, of course, with the increase of Newport's general popularity and its facilities of access by rail and water. But even on week-days it has "developed" immensely in a popular direction. "Pavilions" that recall Coney Island more than old Newport have arisen, and the aroma of chowder pervades them. The travelling photographer sets up his shanty. Wrapping-paper abounds, and "lunches" are surreptitiously munched. The sunshine and salt air minister to the greatest good of the greatest number. Of the "best people" in general, only those who find the bathing hygienic or positively pleasurable, enter the water, and only their immediate friends attend and observe them. Still I, for one, cannot help thinking that things might have been different but for the society fiat that bathing was to be considered unfashionable, and that the fiat itself rather unnecessarily preceded any real occasion for it. Certainly, were the natural advantages of the Beach appreciated as are those of the European watering places whose summer population is both popular and select, they would be utilized instead of neglected. They are, as a matter of fact, unequalled. There is but one natural disadvantage. The Beach fronts southward, and after a storm gets more than its due proportion of seaweed; and seaweed is a distinct discount upon the pleasure of bathing. Otherwise it is unrivalled. It is absolutely safe. It shelves in the gentlest gradation. The water is always warm. Even at high tide there is plenty of room for carriages. The dunes are high enough to afford protection from the wind when it happens to come from the north. It is a mile in extent and affords a driving prome-

nade at low tide of almost unique exhilaration. The "scene" is invariably animating. Indeed, it must not be supposed that in finding excuses for the "best people's" recent neglect, one really quite acquits them of stupidity in the matter—only in speaking of most of their characteristic manifestations, one is naturally more interested in explaining them than in speculating about their intelligence and tact. There are plenty of people who bathe daily in the season at the Beach, and have done so, they and their fathers and mothers, for more seasons than most of the now prominent summer residents can count, and who get along very well both without the old confraternity and with the new popular element, with whom visual association only is necessary, and that in general more interesting than disquieting. But, of course, the number of persons in any community whose breeding is sufficiently sound to give them a sense of security in such matters is comparatively limited, and however philosophic they are in this instance, I fancy they will welcome the formal social re-establishment of the Beach, even at the expense of the social differentiation by which this may be accompanied.

V

For rheumatic and respiratory maladies there are no doubt better climates than that of Newport, and there are others whose tonic properties are greater. But the Newport climate is balm to those manifold temperaments that are consciously or unconsciously threatened with any manner of nervous valetudinarianism. It is a poultice to the nerves, an anodyne to irritability, a sedative to excitement, and an assuagement of exhaustion. It not only performs the important function of keeping the skin moist, but it is balm to the tired mind. Arriving from New York in the early summer morning, the sensation of relaxed tension, of being swathed in soft salt dampness, of breathing the *primeur* of iodized air, is sybaritic. One proceeds to sleep like and long and often as a child. One may almost speak of quaffing deep draughts

of dreamless repose. And in ensuing days the blessedness of having fatigue assail only the physique and spare the faculties is unspeakable; one is tranquilly instead of feverishly alert.

There are "dog days," of course. From July 25th to September 1st exertion is profitless and energy misplaced. The fog that drifts in from the southeast and struggles with the sun vainly in the morning and victoriously in the late afternoon complicates abnormally any unusually high temperature. It does not last long and oftenest is condensed by the wind's shifting to northeast into cooling downpours that one enjoys from piazzas, the dripping trees and damp fragrance of everything having a distinctly tonic effect. Still it is in July and August that the lotos-eating which the soft climate and insular atmosphere make an almost universal habit in Newport most prevails. The *segreto per esser felice* is not really in "a smiling mistress and a cup of Falernian"—it is, to anyone who has ever eaten of this ambrosia, in the lotos of Newport. More than anywhere else there are days here "always afternoon," days on which one may even with a sense of elation that exceeds that of virtue forget what elsewhere is duty. The most prosaic submit to the spell of the place. Everyone is physically lazy without suffering mental stagnation. A larger proportion of Newport boys return to the place of their nativity, probably, than is true of any other even New England town—drawn back, after no doubt often futile vicissitudes in the exterior world, by the loadstone of its subtle attractiveness. No one once inoculated with its serene and searching charm ever thoroughly recovers his independence, I think. His energy may be sapped by it, but his spirit is soothed and for him the battle of life is won by avoiding profitless engagements and tempering one's ambitions.

But more potent even than the caressing climate in its effect on a delicately organized sensorium is the Newport landscape—its aristocratic lines, its elegant expanse, its confident high-bred air as it lies stretched out in the sunlight or yields itself to the soft en-

folding of sea mist. I remember a Newport lady writing from Athens itself to her little nephew at home, "Don't you think it is a piece of good fortune to live in the most beautiful place in the world?" and share her sentiment. Everything is pictorial; every series of objects is an *ensemble*; the vista in any direction exceeds the interest of the purely picturesque—the picturesque with its crudity, its fortuitousness, its animated and uneasy helter-skelter. Nature here is conscious—by comparison with much of our American landscape, infinitely developed. She is elegant and reserved as well as suave, and smiles at one with patrician softness and delicate sympathy, as who should say, "To enjoy me depends a good deal on yourself." At the crest of a yellow-green elevation, variegated with browns and shaded with cool grasses, the granite elbows itself gracefully out of the earth and warms itself in the moisture-tempered sunshine. A white cloud rests affectionately on it, as you look up from the hollow, truly Titianesque in its depth of fulness. The sky at the horizon is a light blue, like a child's sash. Streaks of vapor are spun across the zenith toward which the blue deepens into sapphire. The beach is white—white, however, over which every tint plays in opaline iridescence. Berkeley's rock stretches out purple, sage, and olive, toward the sea. The white sand dunes are crested with yellow sedge. Black rocks jut out on the sea horizon. The afternoon curtain of gray shadow gradually descends in front of the Purgatory ledge. Five or six dark dots of bathers (there is no "hour" for bathing at the Second Beach) move about in the ripple of the gently dissolving breakers. A wreath of children is running along the damp sand that fringes the ebb and flow, starting the sandpipers from tip-toeing into brief flight. Seaweed carts drawn by oxen and horses are hauling away their dripping loads at the other end of the two-mile crescent. The clouds are violet at the north horizon and white overhead, and long, graceful lines of shore frame the ever-changing blue-green of the ocean on two sides of the triangle of which the sky forms the third. Back

from the beach is "Paradise"—but indeed paradise is all around one.

Or take a July morning down at Bailey's Beach, at the end of the Avenue and the beginning of the Ocean Drive. The sun illumines every cranny of the rocks. Above them are slopes covered with bright-green, shiny huckleberry bushes, and beyond a little grove of artistically placed pine saplings. Over the hill is an elaborately picturesque house. Seaward the sand glistens and sparkles, wet from the spray, the water folding itself over it in narrow hems. The rocks are seamed and spongified and accented with gold-brown seaweed, and their own local color runs the gamut from brown with pinkish tints to cool gray, from fawn and mauve to pearl. Above are the constant Titianesque clouds, overflowing with opaline effulgence. A bloom of gray Timothy furze rests on the deeper green of the splotches of grass. The varied blue and green of the water whose wimples are winking in the sun ranges from cobalt to malachite. Spouting Rock is booming melodiously nearby. A couple of six-year-olds in fresh light blue cambric dresses are climbing an adjoining acclivity, showing in delicate contrast of values against the green and gray hillside. Around all and unifying everything the moist Newport air tones and centralizes into a true picture the various objects that it makes contribute to a harmonious color composition.

What is especially characteristic of the Newport landscape is the co-operation it demands in the beholder's appreciation. It appeals to one's alertness, rather than to a lazy receptivity. You miss its quality entirely if your own faculties are not in a state of real activity. This does not exclude composure or imply excitement. There is nothing keyed up, nothing especially exhilarating in the soft air and suave prospect stretching out in every direction wherever one may be. Only, still less is there any enervation, any relaxing somnolency inviting to the *far niente* state of the mind. One's soul is distinctly "invited," not soothed in any narcotic sense. The appeal of the place is to an intelligent rather than a purely sensuous appreciation. You know

why you like it, why it charms and wins you, why, indeed, it takes a never-to-be-disengaged hold on the very fibre of your affections, why you remember and regret it on Lake Geneva, in Venice, in Sorrento, why and how, in a word, it is beautiful.

VI

NEWPORT HARBOR is one of the best roadsteads in the world, being landlocked, easy of access, and having no bar. But its utilitarian advantages are slight in comparison with its æsthetic attractiveness. It is not merely one of the most, but, I think, from what I have heard and seen, the most beautiful of the world's harbors. Of course, such an opinion is largely a matter of taste, and a lover of Newport, so far from dissembling his partiality, is inclined to profess it. There are doubtless enchanting fjords in Norway, and reef-protected stretches of lovely purple water in the tropics; there are the Bay of Naples, whose beauties no amount of cockney admiration can render commonplace, and the blue reaches around the Piræus and Phalerum and Salamis. There are Constantinople and the Golden Horn, and so on. So far as my own experience goes, the water view from the Athenian Acropolis gives one the nearest approach to the sensation produced by Newport Harbor. Arriving at the Piræus from Naples, the Italian drop-curtain seems to have lifted and disclosed a scene of natural beauty, in whose presence one's memory of the Vesuvian Bay is that of an exotic and artificial aspect. When the sensitive traveller awakes after a night on the Sound boat, now moored to Long Wharf, and notes the gradual unfolding of the placid prospect before him, as the summer sun comes up over the gray roofs and green trees of the town, and reveals the beautiful Rhode Island Harbor and its refined landscape environment, he feels, to be sure, that his eyes, which closed the night before on the actual world, are opening on the delectable phenomena of fairyland itself. Yet, the sense of contrast once overcome, the impression of the scene is curiously like that of the

Athenian Harbor. There is the same commingled softness and freshness, the same brilliancy combined with suavity of color, the same gray-green envelope thinly overlaying the same stony geologic structure, the same absence of tropicality on the one hand and presence of exquisiteness on the other.

Newport Harbor, however, is too actively characteristic for even the least fanciful comparisons. As day advances it becomes a busy as well as a beautiful scene. The wharves that jut out into it, covered with piles of lumber and (piquantly) heaps of junk, do not attest great commercial agitation. But the Conanicut ferry-boat issues at regular intervals from her slip, the Fort Adams and Torpedo Station and Coaster's Harbor launches ply back and forth, the Wickford and Narragansett Pier boats, and an ever-increasing number of excursion steamers from Providence, Bristol, Fall River, Rocky Point, and Block Island churn their way among the yachts and trading-schooners at anchor, and the fleet of cat-boats gliding breezily hither and thither in all directions, but plainly without specific destination and following courses laid by the fancy of absolute leisure. The sense of life and activity is omnipresent. The air is salt and full of savor. Lobster-pot buoys bump against a passing keel and bob in its wake. Fishermen with short briar pipes and sou'westers lean lazily against the tillers of their boats coming in from "outside" laden with the day's catch. "Naphtha boats" spin along with incredible speed, puffing stertorously. Beyond Goat Island lies one—or two or five—of the White Squadron, spick-span in the sunlight. Up at Coaster's Harbor the boys are drilling on the slope to the music of a brassy band heard faintly across the stretch of water. The "wash" of the Richmond flutters aloft. A crack cutter shoots by leaning over like a skater, and skimming the smooth water like a sea-gull.

Sensations are of all kinds, and the connoisseur doubtless has his preferences. For myself I know no sensuous beatitude equal to that to be realized in the stern-sheets of a cat-boat in Newport Harbor of a bright August

afternoon. It is so exquisitely poised between anodyne and excitant. You must know how to "sail a boat," and though no great seamanship is implied in the competent management of a cat-boat, in which it is said only a lubber or an expert navigator ever comes to grief, there is enough of the unexpected to be considered to demand constant attention. A reasonably spirited horse requires less of his rider, when you remember the number of extraneousities to be looked out for in a populous harbor, to say nothing of wind and weather eccentricities. You may have a party or not, but with your hand on the tiller, even in the serenest sailing it is the boat and the environment that furnish the acutest pleasure, to anyone of philosophic years at least.

VII

IN winter the town is still unique. The wealth of leafage has disappeared and the multitude of trees is even more noticeable in its bareness than in its clothed estate. It counts less as a restful and mysterious mass and emphasizes itself by its starkness. Myriads of sere and gray branches glisten in the bright sunshine and cast a network of shadow over the sidewalks and houses. Dusky spaces and rich boscages have given place to the staccato tenuity of arboreal anatomy—sharp accents everywhere instead of the soft toning of the deep green summer luxuriance. The quaint houses look in consequence insubstantial, tiny, and isolated; the background in which they were set and into which they fitted so cosily is gone, and they stand out in somewhat insignificant silhouette. One divines, however, the interior comfort of contented hibernation. Spring, summer, and "the season" are coming, and even in frame structures and in icy weather such a prospect is sufficiently sustaining. The macadam is ridged and furrowed by the frost. An occasional stretch of brick pavement oozes trickling rills at noon-day. The long plank walks, interspersed with ash and clinker substitutes at recurrent intervals, echo crisply to an incredible distance the tread of

a brisk pedestrian of a Sunday returning from church. The air is absolutely still. Sounds carry miraculously. One may hear a dog bark or a wagon rumble as if by telephone from a spot beyond identification.

After Thanksgiving and toward Christmas a silver sheen succeeds the autumn bloom as this in its time had overlaid the summer warmth and soft suffusions of color. On a brisk December day which begins with ringing clearness and crispness it takes the sun an hour or two only to bring everything into a harmony, whose keynote, higher than at any other season here, is yet of a mellower brilliance than elsewhere in America at this time a similar temperature suffers. The lotos-eating season is over, plainly, yet there is the same agreeable absence of demand on any specific energies as in summer. The envelope of color—that delightful garment that Newport never puts off—is as evident to the senses as in mid-summer, though more silvery in quality, as I said. At noon there is positive warmth—a glow that one enjoys the more for feeling a little as if one had earned it, with other than the hot-house enervation born of whiffs of roses and orange trees and tempting one to forget the season instead of improve it that is characteristic of Cannes and San Raphael. The water is blue, beautifully blue, but of a hue more marked by crispness than suavity and full of character. There are no breakers, as earlier in the season, or as in and after foul weather, but the ceaseless folding over and self-hemming of the long, tranquil waves in regular recurrence is eloquent to the eye, as their faint but voluminous sound is to the ear, of the steady pulsations of the Atlantic, beside which the plashing ripple of the Mediterranean seems special and occasional.

Over the eastern hill and out at Paradise the turf is grown dry and brown with the frost, yet the sense perceives that Nature is only sleeping, and notes an absence of that mortuary aspect which she wears at this season in New England generally. The summer delicacy of color has grown, in steady autumnal gradation, diaphanous to the

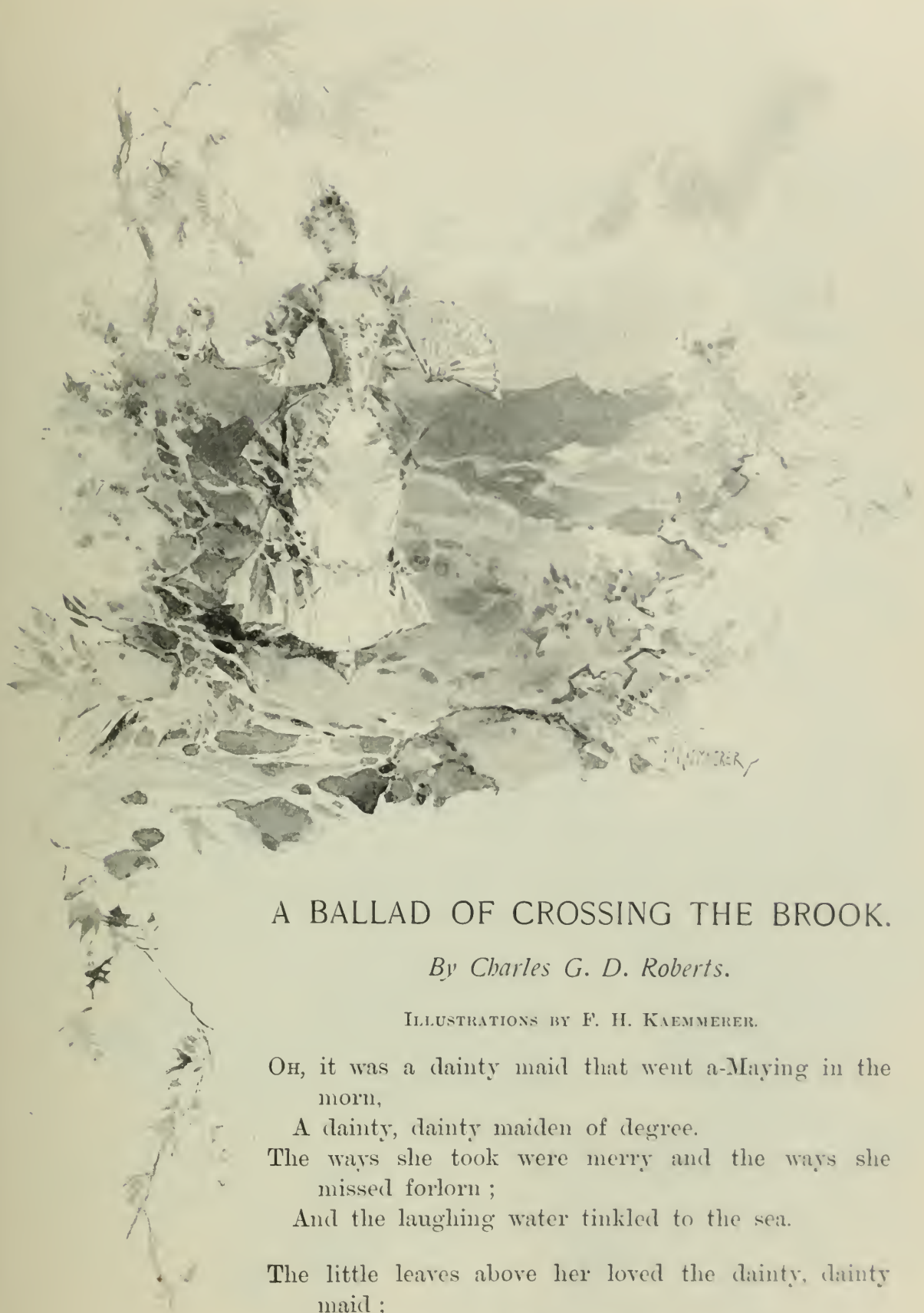
verge of dreariness, but has stopped there without overstepping the line. The slopes and fields and stretching marshes are not grayed into desolation, but harbor here and there, in little dells and hollows, or even more minutely under the lee of hummocks and tufts of herbage, warm hues and hints of green, color evidences of life reminiscent of summer luxuriance, and softening the austerity of the prospect with an undertone of deeper and richer hue. And in key with this background the wealth of Paradise cedars and junipers contribute their evergreen freshness and vitality, and attest the vigor of the deep-lying sap of Newport earth, the consciousness of whose presence prevents one from

“ —petting
About the frozen time.”

The sky, which always unites every detail under it into a pictorial composition in Newport, counts in winter more than ever in the fading competition of elements terrestrial. It is cloudless and of a soft cobalt hue during the early part of the day, if the sun be shining and if the curtain of gray mist and cold colorlessness that, of course, drops in winter with more frequency and less charm than in the summer season, be lifted. But noon once past, on these bright winter days, a soft glowing light creepingly suffuses the western sky, and is faintly reflected in the eastern firmament. The most delicate of yellow-greens imaginable quietly distributes itself as background, upon which purple cirrus clouds speedily spread themselves in long, feathery plumes. Then the zenith becomes sapphire, flushed at the fringe with salmon and pink wreaths of vapor. Filaments of mauve stretch themselves in haphazard fret-work across the heavens. The eastern half of the vault takes on a pervasive rose-leaf tint of pink.

Then, as the sun sinks and the temperature falls and twilight comes on, there is a sudden burst of deep-red, that fades out into infinitely long horizontal ribbons of orange; the zenith grows dull and declines in lead color; when finally the sun disappears beneath the rolling stretches of Conanicut, the clouds become more and more diaphanous and fade away into the everlasting ether, that now shows itself unfathomable and austere blue, with two or three stars just blinking themselves into the reach of human vision.

Walk down quaint and quaintly-called “Wanton Avenue”—an alley bordered with picturesque and preposterous frame buildings, one inhabited by an old Newport “character;” the next a storeroom; the next a boat-house—and look out over the incomparable harbor at such an hour as this—the hour of a winter sunset with the shades of night drawing themselves slowly together over the lovely scene. The water is steel-blue—a hard and chilling light reflected from its fretful wavelets. White cat-boats and sloops anchored near by bob briskly with the desultory rise and fall of the breeze-roughened water. There are faint red lights struggling with the coming obscurity and the dying daylight on Goat Island. Fort Adams is a dark and not unromantic mass of sombre lateral extension. The cold has blended all colors into a harmony of frigid witchery. Familiar objects—the City Wharf, with an unloading coal-schooner alongside; Alger’s and Groff’s rickety piers; the vast white mass of an Old Colony steamboat lying next the end of Long Wharf; the chimney of the torpedo station on Goat Island—take on a romantic aspect as the accidents of a purely artistic and immaterial *ensemble*. An hour or two later the boat leaves for New York. It is as hard to take it and leave this permanently enchanted spot, as if the season were midsummer.



A BALLAD OF CROSSING THE BROOK.

By Charles G. D. Roberts.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. H. KAEMMERER.

OH, it was a dainty maid that went a-Maying in the
morn,

A dainty, dainty maiden of degree.

The ways she took were merry and the ways she
missed forlorn ;

And the laughing water tinkled to the sea.

The little leaves above her loved the dainty, dainty
maid ;

The little winds they kissed her, every one ;

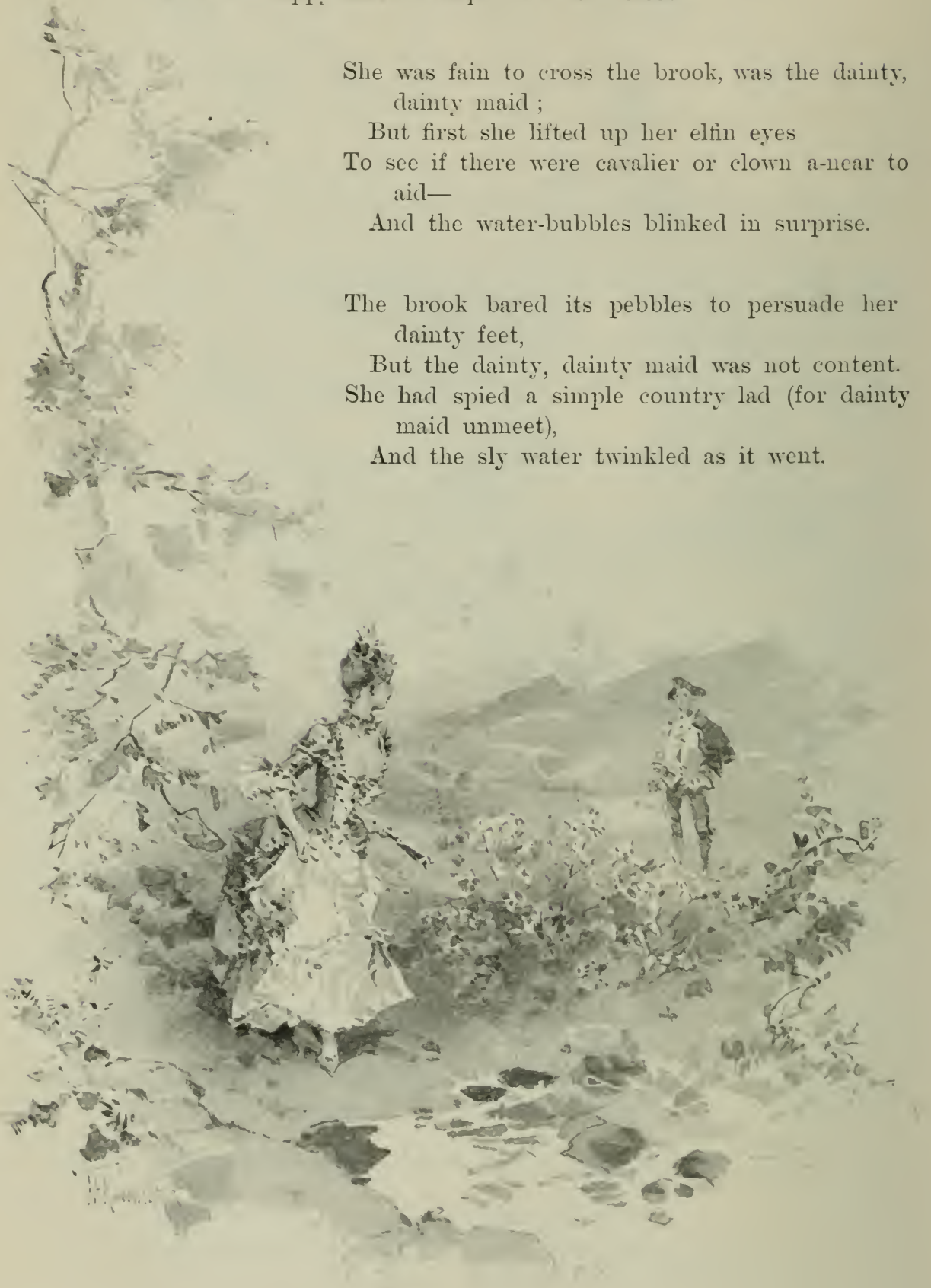
At the nearing of her little feet the flowers were not afraid ;

And the water lay a-whimpling in the sun.

Oh, the dainty, dainty maid to the borders of the brook
Lingered down as lightly as the breeze ;
And the shy water-spiders quit their scurrying to look ;
And the happy water whispered to the trees.

She was fain to cross the brook, was the dainty,
dainty maid ;
But first she lifted up her elfin eyes
To see if there were cavalier or clown a-near to
aid—
And the water-bubbles blinked in surprise.

The brook bared its pebbles to persuade her
dainty feet,
But the dainty, dainty maid was not content.
She had spied a simple country lad (for dainty
maid unmeet),
And the sly water twinkled as it went.



As the simple lad drew nigh, then this dainty, dainty maid
(O maidens, well you know how it was done!)
Stood a-gazing at her feet until he saw she was afraid
Of the water there a-whimpling in the sun.

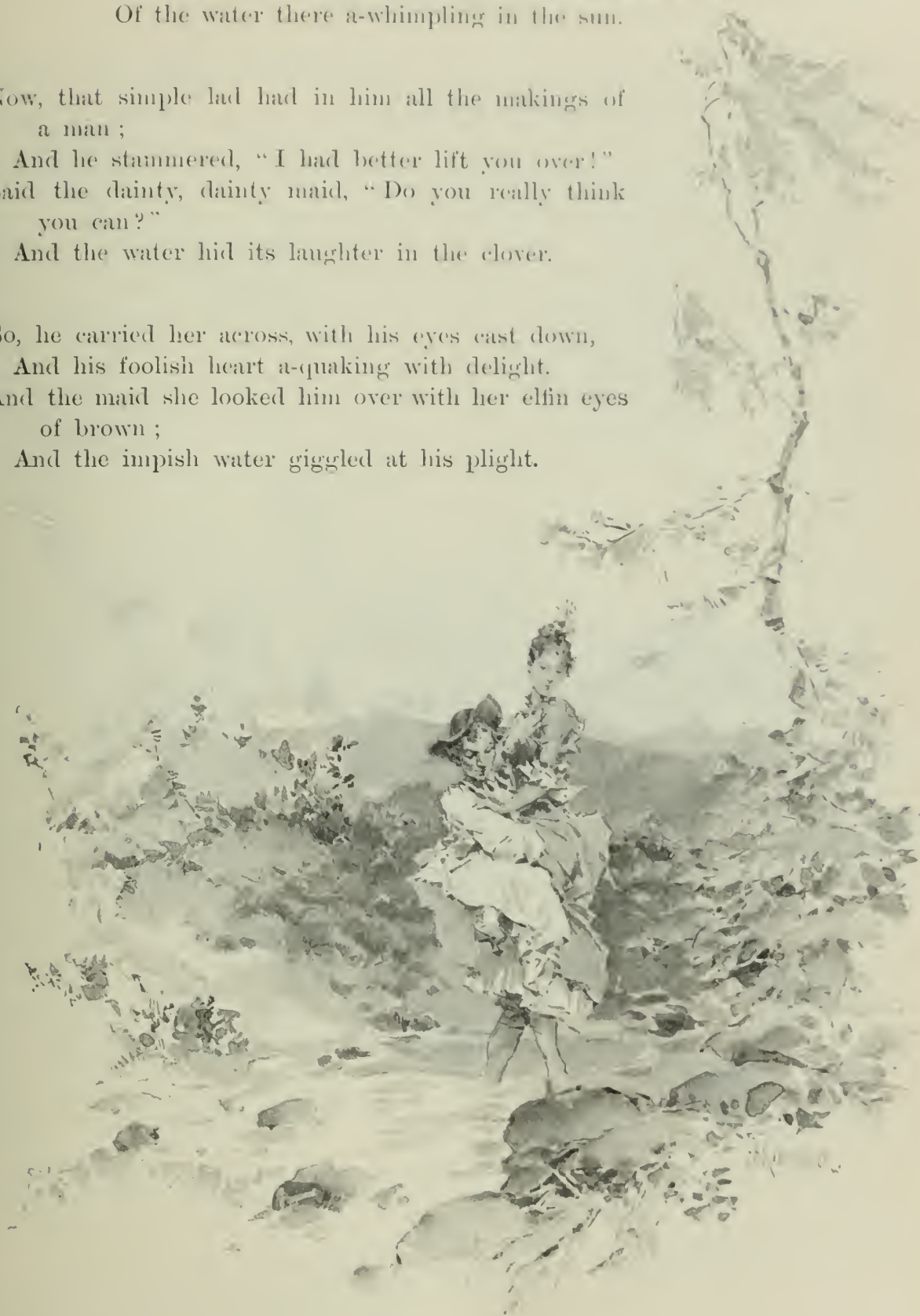
Now, that simple lad had in him all the makings of
a man ;

And he stammered, "I had better lift you over!"
Said the dainty, dainty maid, "Do you really think
you can?"

And the water hid its laughter in the clover.

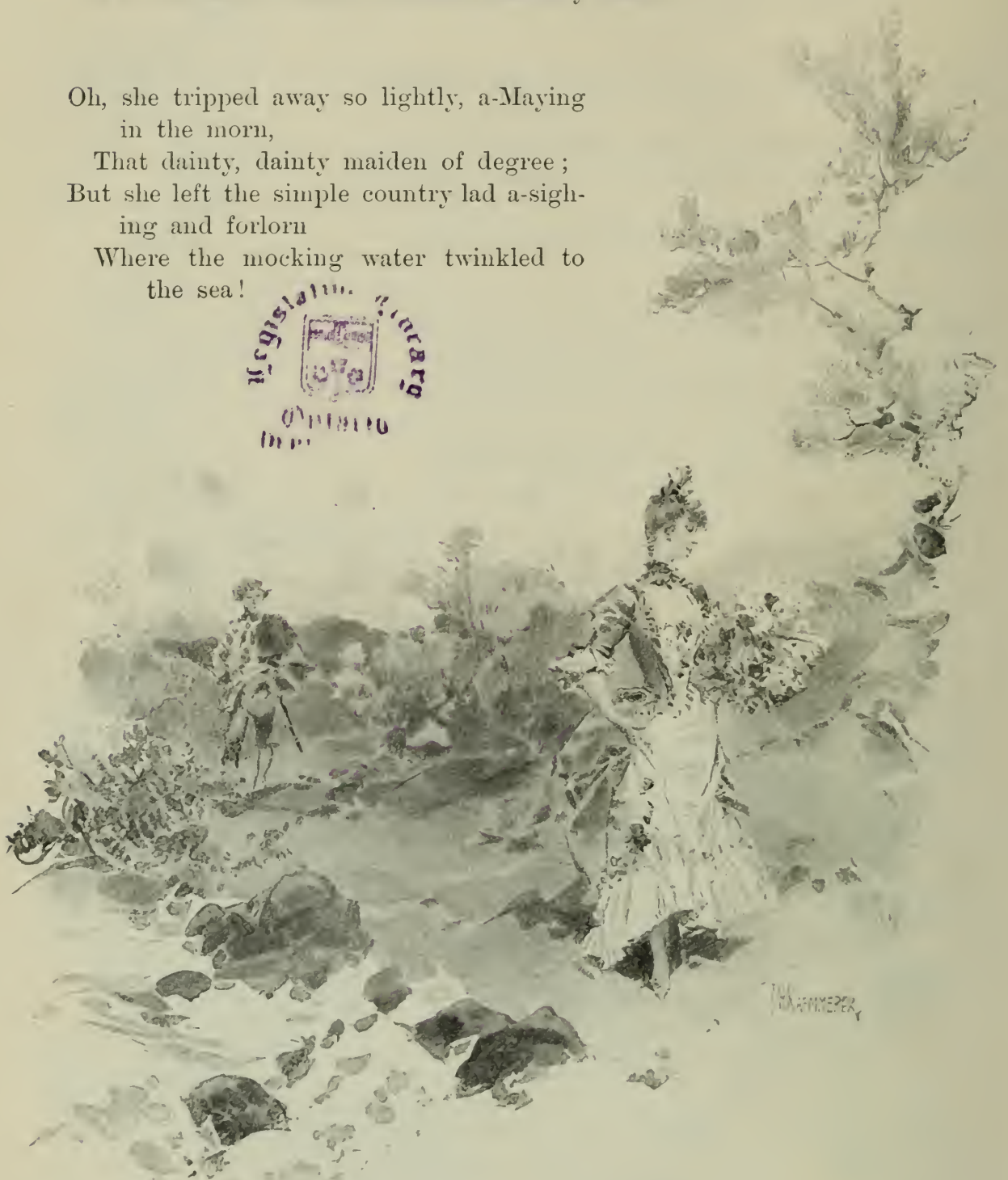
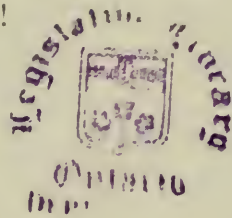
So, he carried her across, with his eyes cast down,
And his foolish heart a-quaking with delight.
And the maid she looked him over with her elfin eyes
of brown ;

And the impish water giggled at his plight.



He reached the other side; he set down the dainty maid;
 But he trembled so he couldn't speak a word.
 Then the dainty, dainty maid—"Thank you, sir! Good-day!" she said—
 And the water-bubbles chuckled as they heard.

Oh, she tripped away so lightly, a-Maying
 in the morn,
 That dainty, dainty maiden of degree;
 But she left the simple country lad a-sigh-
 ing and forlorn
 Where the mocking water twinkled to
 the sea!



FRENCH FOR A FORTNIGHT

By H. C. Bunner

"Oh, dear!" said the Reverend Mr. Pentagon. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

Then he tossed uneasily upon his neat white bed, and ground his broad shoulders into its snowy depths. He looked out of the window, and saw, through the pale green panes of flint glass a bough of darker green bob up and down, shaking off great drops of rain as the last gust of the summer rain-storm agitated it and gently subsided. Beyond, the gray sky, that had but now been weeping, was slowly growing blue; not smiling yet, but tearfully clearing up to tranquil brightness. To people not in an unpleasant frame of mind it might have suggested the face of a child coming out of a crying spell. To the Reverend Mr. Pentagon, who was in a very unpleasant frame of mind, it suggested nothing beyond the fact that he had to wait before he could walk out under the blue sky. He stared and tossed, and stared and tossed again, and once more he said, explosively:

"Oh, dear!"

If the Recording Angel sets down our words according to what they mean to our hearts rather than by their dictionary meaning, he credited the Reverend Mr. Pentagon's account with a right, good, healthy bit of profanity on the score of that last "Oh, dear!" And, indeed, if he had said some awful thing with "Damn" in it, he could not have meant anything worse. For the Reverend Mr. Pentagon was lying in bed and thinking of the days that had dropped out of his life during a long period of unconsciousness and delirium.

"Fifteen days," he said to himself. "Fifteen days! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

The Reverend Mr. Pentagon was a clergyman of culture and understanding, who, writing and preaching from a small provincial city in Massachusetts,

had made a name for himself all over the country, and indeed wherever the old Church of England points its spires toward the sky, or drops earthward the clangor of its square belfries. So great had grown his fame that when he gave up the charge he had held for fifteen years, being forced thereto by ill health, and, going into the Canada woods, was, in the course of one summer, recovered of fifteen years of dyspepsia, why, it so happened that this modest provincial parson found himself given to understand that if a certain series of sermons which he was invited to deliver in New York should please the congregation to whom they were addressed, he would in all probability be called to fill the pulpit of one of the great city's fashionable churches. It was a very old, a very rich, a very exclusive church. The old Rector was about to resign by reason of his age: not wholly to the regret of certain members of his congregation, who found that in the years of his stewardship the dear old gentleman had "slowly broadened down from precedent to precedent" until he was almost as broad and charitable as the New Testament itself. So, naturally, they wanted a man who, if he had to broaden down, would start from a higher plane of orthodoxy, and such a man they were sure they had found in the Reverend Mr. Pentagon.

So, too, Mr. Pentagon thought, and he came down from the Canada woods, and in a pretty little town among the rocks of the Maine coast set himself to write his series of sermons. There were to be six in the series, but I know the heads of only three of them. The first was "On the Reciprocal Duties of the Church and the Pastor." The second was "On the Duty of Church-going." The third was entitled, "On the Duty of a Strict Observance of the Sabbath."

It was while he was writing this sermon that the Reverend Mr. Penta-

gon chanced to ask himself whether it would not be well for the rector of a New York church to know something about New York. He had had enough acquaintance with Boston, which he considered a large city, to grasp the idea that large cities have ways of their own which they are not at all inclined to change at the pleasure of the casual stranger. Moreover, Mr. Pentagon was a man whose native habit of mind was liberal enough, and he happened to be free from the usual intolerant provincial hatred of big cities. And he made up his mind that he would go at once, all by himself, to see what New York was like. He had been in New York, of course, but only to stay for a few days at a boarding-house with a delegation of his own townspeople at the time of a great convention of the Church.

He knew that New York was almost intolerably hot in summer-time, and so he conceived for himself the notion of a resting-place in the suburbs, from whence he could make brief incursions into the body of the town, coming back at night to the green fields and fresh air. He consulted with his brother of the local church, a Portland man who had been in New York in 1874, who gave him just the address he wanted—a nice, quiet little place in Westchester County, on the Bronx River, where he could board most comfortably at next to nothing.

Clergymen are wonderfully like sheep in many things. The Reverend Mr. Pentagon packed a large old-fashioned travelling bag—*of course*—and set out for the nice place on the Bronx River. He found it readily enough, for there was only one other house within five miles. It had been an excellent house, but it was now getting along without doors or windows, in a sad and paintless old age. The family that had entertained his clerical friend so hospitably in the year 1874, had moved out in the year 1875, and the house had had no tenant since. This much he learned of the man of the other house, who was a fat and kindly French tavern-keeper, with the reddest of faces and the whitest of aprons, and an amount of politeness that made the Rev. Mr. Pentagon feel more awkward than he had felt since

he was a little boy at school and got up on the platform to speak his little piece just as the four awful school inspectors dropped in on a sudden visit of inspection. On that occasion, he remembered, his little bare legs felt as if they had ten joints in each one of them, and he certainly had fourteen fingers on each hand.

As awkward as a child and as lonely as a lost child, the Reverend Mr. Pentagon stood in front of the house of Monsieur Perot and stared blankly at the inn and at the landlord until an idea slowly crept into his mind. The inn looked very clean and neat. It was an odd little old-fashioned structure with green palings and trellises stuck about it in various places, and it overhung the margin of the placid Bronx and mirrored its whitewashed front in the calm stream. The landlord's face inspired confidence, so, too, did a smell of crisp clean cooking that came from the kitchen of Madame Perot. Why might not the Reverend Mr. Pentagon take lodgings at the inn of Monsieur Perot? There was no reason why he might not and in the end he did.

Very comfortable he found himself, and very friendly were the *famille Perot*; and a multitudinous family they were. Mr. Pentagon never succeeded in taking the census of them all, which need not be wondered at when it is said that the eleventh infant of Monsieur and Madame Perot was exactly of the same age as the third child of their first married daughter. And all of them, of every age and size, were polite by birth and inheritance, and took a cheerful view of life.

The first day of his arrival, which was a Saturday, Mr. Pentagon took out his unfinished sermon, meaning to set to work. Then he read it over and it struck him that really it was so very strong, especially the passage in denunciation of the Continental Sabbath, that he really ought to wait until he found himself in just the proper spirit to go on with it. He had a feeling of chastened pride in the thought that he had denounced that sinful Continental Sabbath very aptly indeed for a man who had never seen it. So that day he went for a walk and saw some of the pretty

places which are too near to New York for most New Yorkers to visit. The next day was Sunday, and he went into the City and worshipped at Trinity, and on his way home went out of his course to view the great church to which he expected to be called, and stood and looked at its closed doors ; and his heart beat hard.

On Monday he went to New York again, and again on Tuesday, and again on Wednesday, and again on Thursday. Hither and thither he wandered, bewildered at first, then fascinated. The cosmopolitan variety of the life amazed and interested him. He had a slight book-knowledge of several languages, and in his ramblings he heard them all and many that he could not recognize. On Friday he stumbled on the Polish quarter in Attorney Street and thereabouts, and then, strolling aimlessly on, got into Mulberry Bend and was suddenly seized with a nervous fright at the swarming vastness of that mighty ant-hill. He gazed about him at the countless foreign faces that streamed this way and that through the narrow pass ; he blinked at the marvellous street-stands with their wild confusion of reds and greens and whites ; he looked up at the thin strip of blue sky between the tops of the towering tenements ; and then his eye fell upon the huge form of the Irish policeman who sauntered grandly through all this bustle and turmoil of agile Italians, and he said to him :

“Do you think that any of these people would offer me violence if I were to proceed farther along this street?”

The policeman looked down at him kindly, but from an infinite height of scorn.

“An’ ME here?” he said.

Mr. Pentagon went on unmolested, and before he had reached the end of the street he had some glimmering realization of the fact that it was not only the big policeman who was keeping order for him, but the spirit of good-natured, happy, all-expectant industry that is the salvation of the poor whose feet are on the road that may lead to prosperity if they will but keep to it. But not then, not till long, long afterward, did Mr. Pentagon learn the

awful difference between the hopeful and the hopeless poor.

Friday found the Rev. Mr. Pentagon tired and footsore, with not one word added to the sermon “On the Duty of a Strict Observance of the Sabbath.” Then, having lain on his lounge all day Friday, of course he needed a little exercise on Saturday. He thought he would take a row. He had rowed at college, and once or twice on the broad river that ran by the town that had been his home for fifteen years.

But he had never rowed on the Bronx, and the Bronx is a river that requires a special education for its navigation. It winds, it twists, it turns, it doubles upon itself, it spreads out into a pond, it contracts to a mere thread of water ; in fact it is the most capricious and absurd little water-course on the face of the civilized globe.

And so it happened that Mr. Pentagon, coming around a turn with an unnecessarily powerful stroke, and with his head bent down, ran into a stone bridge, struck his forehead full on the spring of the arch, and went backward into his boat, unconscious of everything in this world, save a dim sense of grinding pain, and of alternate heat and chill.

After this came a long period when he had a certain fitful knowledge of things and people about him. He saw faces—the faces of the elder members of the Perot family, the red good-natured face of Monsieur Perot, the kindly withered face of his old wife, the sweet and pretty face of the married daughter ; now and then wondering faces of children looking in at the doorway, and at certain regular intervals a man’s face, grave and gentle, with searching eyes that were somehow connected in his mind with the word “Doctor.”

Then came the time when he awoke to know that he had been sick nigh unto death, and out of his head, and out of this world more or less, for a period of days. When he asked how many, the Doctor answered him evasively, and he fretted over the evasion with all the futile insistence of a convalescent. He could learn nothing from Madame Perot, who could have

made a professional cross-examiner change any given subject for any other one he did not want. But at last he caught Monsieur Perot and bullied him into an admission. Perot would not absolutely defy the Doctor's orders, but in the end, being in an agony of perspiration and trepidation, he told Mr. Pentagon that he might calculate the rest for himself; it was now fifteen days since the reverend gentleman had honored the house with his presence.

"Quinze jours," said the Reverend Mr. Pentagon to himself, "Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday"—and he went on counting on his fingers. "Why, to-day must be Sunday!"

Even as he spoke a church bell tinkled faintly in the distance. It tinkled long enough to remind the Reverend Mr. Pentagon that instead of scolding at the week that lay before him, it behooved him to thank the Lord for his deliverance, and he accordingly did so, without the aid of his Book of Common Prayer; for his injury had somewhat endangered his eyesight, and he was absolutely forbidden to read.

Mr. Pentagon was a strong, healthy, temperate man; and he made a most rapid recovery. To be more exact it was soon to be seen that his case would have no *sequelæ*, as the good grave Doctor loved to call the secondary consequences of an ailment. Instead of a week, he was kept but a day longer in bed, and two days in his room, and after that he was allowed to wander the whole day long under Monsieur Perot's cherry-trees, or to sun himself on the little veranda overlooking the stream. He could not read, which tried him a little, but his young friends of the innumerable tribe of Perot made life bearable, in fact, delightful for him. His French, what there was of it, was of what might be called the passive sort; and he understood perhaps one word in three of what the elder Perots said to him. But the children, as is often the case with Franco-American youngsters, spoke two languages with equal fluency and incorrectness, and moreover combined the two as they saw fit. Thus Mr. Pentagon

conversed with them in a sort of Pigeon-English, or lingua franca, after this fashion.

MR. PENTAGON. — Kee ay ploorong, Mahree?

MARIE ANGÉLIQUE EULALIE ROSE ÉTIENNE PEROT (*aged seven*).—Mais, m'sieu, c'est Toto qui pleure, parce qu'il a tveesté la tail à la chatte, et puis papa lui a fetchée des gifles."

That's what the beautiful language of France comes to on the banks of the winding Bronx.

Mr. Pentagon had never married, he had no near kin, and he was not in the habit of keeping up close correspondence with even the best of his many friends. But when he awoke on the third morning of his convalescence as an *externe*, he reflected that he must very soon find some way of notifying those who cared for him of his present condition and whereabouts. He thought he would ask the Doctor, who still came to see him once a day, if he would not write the requisite letters for him. The Doctor was a serious man, his face was almost sad in its thoughtfulness, and he was chary of speech to the verge of taciturnity; but there was an earnest kindness in his thoughtful eyes which made Mr. Pentagon feel sure that he would write the letters, and would write them well.

Much cheered by this conclusion he finished his dressing and was about to start down-stairs, when the door opened and he beheld Monsieur Perot, in gorgeous attire, with a large tri-colored bouquet in his buttonhole; Madame Perot in her very best dress with a marvellous and complicated white cap on her gray head, and the married daughter, with her husband, both costumed in the most advanced art of the Bowery. Behind them, like the incidental cherubs with which the Old Masters used to fill up the odd corners of their canvases, surged a selected group of small Perots, the girls all in white dresses with big sashes, and the boys all in white shirts with tri-colored neckties.

There was a flood, a deluge, an explosion of French, and after Mr. Penta-



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

Why might not the Reverend Mr. Pentagon take lodgings at the inn of Monsieur Perot?—Page 162

gon had struggled with it for some time, and had been helped out by the younger members of the delegation, he got it through his head that he was invited to join the Perot family at the Summer Festival of the French Society to which they belonged, this festival being a combined fête and pique-nique at Tomkinson's Summer-Garden Park, a paradise of unspeakable delights situated in the immediate neighborhood.

It would have been impossible for Mr. Pentagon to refuse, if he had wished to refuse, which he did not in the least.

"I ought to see about the letters," he reflected; "but then, this being Saturday, they could not go until Monday, and I need only miss a single mail. And really I must not lose this opportunity of seeing what a French Festival is like."

Three country stages of vast age and of unlimited capacity transported the Perot family through clouds of dust to Mr. Tompkinson's Garden, which was shut off from the rest of the world by a high yellow fence. Through a gateway decked with the fluttering flags of all nations and several defunct yacht-clubs, the party was whirled, in such a tumult of joyous shouting and shrieking as Mr. Pentagon had never in his life heard before. His head whirled with it, and it was with the sense of being in a dream that he found himself seated at a table under a tree, drinking a milky sweet stuff called orgeat, and by the aid of a spoon sharing his beverage with a warm and sticky little Perot, who had perched on his left knee. In front of them a company of eleven amateur soldiers, attired in uniforms that would have made Solomon in all his glory look like a Quaker, performed evolutions of a mysterious and rapid nature, looking extremely fierce all the while, and thumping the butts of their guns on the ground every now and then, with a snort of defiance. This done, they mopped their hot faces, accepted the congratulations of the Perot family with smiling satisfaction, took off their hats and bowed in the politest way, and went off somewhere else to do it again.

In every direction somebody was do-

ing something. The "Park" was a poor bare place, with dusty trees, and dry and faded grass, and the little booths that lined its yellow walls were old and weatherbeaten, and their sparse decorations of red, white, and blue bunting were pitifully faded with sun and rain. But the people made it gay—the swarms of happy holidaying folk, some of them in quaint, old-world costumes, some of them in brilliant uniforms of designs that would have looked equally strange on either side of the water—all of them wearing hot and smiling faces. Mr. Pentagon opened his eyes wide to take in the unaccustomed scene. The women's caps were wonderful to him; so were the waistcoats of the men. As to the various sports and games, he had never dreamed that there were so many ways of amusing one's self in the world. There were shooting-galleries, and merry-go-rounds, and "Aunt Sallies," and the tiniest little switch-back railway, which was labelled in letters as big as itself, "*Aux Montagnes Russes.*" And in every little open space of the extensive grounds there was a club or a society, or a league, or a group, or some other aggregation of from six to a dozen young men, practising some athletic sports with infinite perspiration and ardor. The fencers fenced, the strong men lifted their heavy weights, the military companies drilled, the athletes tumbled and twisted, and climbed, and ran, and turned hand-springs; and the sportsmen and sharp-shooters shot, and shot, and shot, till their popping fairly peppered the general hum and buzz as if the place were undergoing a miniature bombardment.

And when nature needed refreshment or stimulus, one bottle of thin blue wine sufficed for the needs of any six of the participants; some of them, more ascetic, indeed, preferred lemonade, and shunned the wine-cup.

Before long Mr. Pentagon found himself in the very thick of it. He was introduced to everybody, and everybody made him welcome. As an American, he was regarded as a prime authority upon "*le sport*," and he was called upon to act as umpire and referee in all manner of contests, most of



them wholly strange to him. His umpiring must have been fearful and wonderful; but as the wildest of his decisions gave perfect satisfaction to everybody concerned, he was none the wiser. Then he got so interested that he began to take a hand in some of the milder sports, and with his hat on the back of his head, and his clerical necktie twisted around under one ear, he showed what an able-bodied American clergyman can do when he puts his whole mind on the noble game of ringtoss. And when Madame Perot came to tell him it was time to go home, she found him hand in hand with a string of little Perots and their

A. Castaigne

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Mr. Pentagon opened his eyes wide to take in the unaccustomed scene — Page 166



He saw for the first time two huge signs.—Page 169.

playmates, capering clumsily but cheerfully to the tune of

“ Sur le pont d’Avignon,
Tout le monde y danse, danse,
Sur le pont d’Avignon,
Tout le monde y danse en rond.”

As he approached the gate, weary but happy, he met the Doctor, who bore in his face a look more bright and more kindly (if that could be) than Mr. Pentagon had ever seen there before. The Doctor shook Mr. Pentagon warmly by the hand.

“ My dear sir,” he said, “ I cannot tell you how pleased I am to see you here. I am afraid I should have expected to find you literally and figuratively on the other side of the fence. I have never yet been able to convince any one of your cloth of the necessity of allowing to the working people confined in great cities a chance for innocent and wholesome recreation on the one

day that they can call their own. The workman in this country, and especially in New York, works harder and has fewer holidays than any workman in civilization. What with the climate and his three meals of meat a day, he has a tremendous head of steam on, and the standard of work which he makes for himself is such as no European employer would dare set up for his operatives. To condemn such a man to absolute idleness and inactivity one day in seven; to take his beer from him on that one day; to shut him out of every place of innocent enjoyment in a city that is tropically hot in summer, and cold as Russia in winter, and that has only one narrow outlet to country walks, is cruel, my dear sir—positively cruel. And when *you* lend the sanction of your presence to Sunday amusements, so innocent and helpful as these, you are helping hundreds and thousands of stunted lives, and

doing more good than your own eyes can see. Look around you! Is there drunkenness here? Is there dissolute conduct or disorder? Why, my dear sir, these people are not only good citizens, but devout members of their own church—it is not yours or mine, but it is theirs. They have been to early mass, and finished their devotions before you and I were out of bed, and——”

The Doctor was growing eloquent, and seemed to be but just started in his discourse. Somehow the Reverend Mr. Pentagon, limp, terrified, white of face, and weak as to his knees, slipped away and out, through the big gate on whose portals he saw for the first time two huge signs on which he read but two words “FÊTE” and “DIMANCHE.”

The next day Mr. Pentagon went to New York, although he had neither supped nor slept the night before. He wanted to evade the Doctor's daily call, or at least to think things over with himself before he should meet that grave and thoughtful face. He was slowly and painfully walking down Fifth Avenue, his thoughts turned in upon himself, when he felt his hand grasped and warmly shaken. Lifting his eyes, he saw before him a face that gradually revealed itself to his memory as the face of the little vestryman, of the great church of his hopes, who had called upon him some months before to suggest the possibility of his coming to New York. The little man was beaming, and he flourished a newspaper.

“Good! good!” he said, shaking the clergyman's hand up and down, “you have done nobly, Mr. Pentagon! It was a daring thing, sir, very daring; but the very audacity of it has settled the business. The conservative element in our vestry is fairly frightened out of the field. Why, sir, Mr. McGlaisher, the leader of the Sabbatarian wing in our church, actually said that while he could not vote for you, he would not vote against you; and that he could not help respecting a man who had the courage of his convictions. You will be called, sir, you will be called; as sure as my name *ain't* McGlaisher.”

And he bustled away, leaving the daily paper in Mr. Pentagon's hands;

and Mr. Pentagon's weak and blinking eyes read:

NO BLUE LAWS FOR HIM!

THE REVEREND MR. PENTAGON ATTENDS A SUNDAY PICNIC.

AND DANCES WITH THE BABIES

WILL ST. PHYLACTERY'S CALL THEM NOW?

That evening the Reverend Mr. Pentagon made a confession to the Doctor—or rather two confessions: one of error, and one of conversion.

“But,” said he, “will you tell me how it was possible for me to make such an error? The man certainly said *fifteen days.*”

The Doctor's amused smile broadened.

“My dear sir,” he said, “we Anglo-Saxons think we belong to the most logical race on the face of the earth, and yet the accurate little Frenchman can give us points three times out of four. With him a week is a *week*—seven days—with us it sometimes is, and sometimes is not. When you speak of something that happened ‘a week ago this Monday,’ you really speak of a period of eight days, or a week and the present Monday. The logical Frenchman does not even think of that space of time as a week; he calls it ‘*huit jours,*’ in the same way. On the third Wednesday of your stay here, which happened, by the way, to be a saint's day in the Catholic Church, Monsieur Perot very rightly told you that you had been here fifteen days. But with your habit of counting ‘*exclusively,*’ as we call our stupid fashion, you counted the days *done* and not the day you were in. You would not have done it if you had been calculating the date of payment of a note; it was simply illogical habit that counted for you. But you see,” he concluded, with a little laugh, as he took up his hat, “you had been French for a fortnight.”

“Ah, yes, I see,” said the Reverend Mr. Pentagon.

And as he heard the Doctor close the front door behind him, he picked up his half-finished sermon “On the Duty of a Strict Observance of the Sabbath” and tore it into small pieces.

LOWELL'S LETTERS TO POE

Edited by George E. Woodberry



THE correspondence between Poe and Lowell is of considerable interest as an illustration of the character of the former, who was Lowell's senior by ten years, and it affords much biographical matter in details. The letters of Poe, with the exception of one which had passed out of Lowell's possession, were published in the biography of Poe which appeared some years ago in the "American Men of Letters" series. The letters of Lowell were among the papers which came into the hands of Dr. R. W. Griswold, as Poe's literary executor, and remained, after Griswold's death, in the possession of the gentleman who then took charge of his effects; they have recently come by inheritance, together with the other papers of Griswold, to the latter's son, Mr. William M. Griswold, of Cambridge, Mass., from whose copies they are now made public. While the interest of the Lowell side of the correspondence is considerably slighter than that written by Poe, the story of a notable literary connection is made complete by the aid of these documents, and the letters themselves are of equal value with others belonging to Lowell's early years. They require but little comment except what is furnished by Poe's replies. Lowell had undertaken to edit, in conjunction with Mr. Robert Carter, then living near him in Cambridge, the magazine called *The Pioneer*. The venture was unfortunate, and after the third issue the magazine was discontinued. Poe's first letter was written to offer contributions to it, and in each of its three numbers there was something from his pen. Lowell's first letter is in reply to Poe's application.

LOWELL TO POE

"BOSTON, Nov. 19, 1842.
No 4 Court St.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Your letter has given me great pleasure in two ways;—first, as it as-

ures me of the friendship and approbation of almost the only *fearless* American critic, and second (to be Irish) since it contains your acquiescence to a request which I had already many times mentally preferred to you. Had you not written you would soon have heard from me. I give you *carte blanche* for prose or verse as may best please you—with one exception—namely I do not wish an article like that of yours on [Rufus] Dawes, who, although I think with you that he is a bad *poet*, has yet I doubt not tender feelings as a man which I should be chary of wounding. I think that I shall be hardest pushed for good stories (imaginative ones) & if you are inspired to anything of the kind I should be glad to get it.

"I thank you for your kind consideration as to terms of payment, seeing that herein my ability does not come near my exuberant will. But I can offer you \$10. for every article at first with the understanding that, as soon as I am able I shall pay you more according to my opinion of your deserts. If the magazine fail, I shall consider myself personally responsible to all my contributors. Let me hear from you at your earliest convenience & believe me always your friend

"J. R. LOWELL,

"E. A. POE, ESQ.

"I am already (I mean my magazine) in the press—but anything sent '*right away*' will be in season for the first number, in which I should like to have you appear."

LOWELL TO POE

"BOSTON Decr 17. 1842.

"No. 4 Court St.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I ought to have written to you before, but I have had so much to distract me, & so much to make me sick of pen & ink I *could not*. Your story of '*The Telltale Heart*' will appear in my first number. Mr. [Henry Theodore] Tuckerman (perhaps your chapter on Auto-

graphs is to blame) would not print in the [Boston] Miscellany, & I was very glad to get it for myself. It may argue presumptuousness in me to dissent from his verdict. I should be glad to hear from you soon. You must send me another article, as my second number will soon go to press.

"Wishing you all happiness I remain your true friend—torn to pieces with little businesses—"

[Signature cut out.]

The Pioneer failed in March, 1843. The contract bound Lowell and Carter to furnish the publishers five thousand copies on the twentieth of each month under a penalty of five hundred dollars in case of failure and the publishers to take that number at a certain price. The March number was eight days late, and the publishers, in the face of what was probably seen to be an unfortunate speculation, claimed the forfeit, but offered to waive it if the contract should be altered so as to require them to take only so many copies as they could sell. The result was that the editors were obliged to stop printing from a lack of credit, and were left with a large indebtedness for manufacture as well as to contributors. It appears from Poe's letters that he was paid his small claim a year later.

LOWELL TO POE

"BOSTON March 24 1843.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I have neglected writing to you too long already, in the hope of being able to remit the money I owe you. When I shall have stated the facts, I think that you will excuse my want of punctuality. The magazine was started on my own responsibility, & I relied on the payments I should receive from my publishers to keep me even with my creditors until the Magazine should be firmly established. You may conceive my distress when the very first note given me by my publishers has been protested for nonpayment, & the magazine ruined. For I was unable to go on any farther, having already incurred a debt of \$1800. or more.

"I hope soon to make such arrange-

ments as will enable me to borrow this sum—pay all my debts & leave [me] free to go [to] work & apply my earnings to getting the load off my shoulders. The loss of my eyes at this juncture (for I am as yet unable to use them to any extent) adds to my distress. I shall remit to you before long—meanwhile do write me on receipt of this & tell me that you forgive me for what truly is more my misfortune than my fault—& that you still regard me as ever

"Your friend in all ways

"J. R. LOWELL.

"P. S. I hear you have become an Editor [of the never realized *Stylus*] Is it true? I hope so; if it were only to keep our criticism in a little better trim."

LOWELL TO POE

"BOSTON April 17, 1843.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Hawthorne writes me that he shall be able to send an article [for "The Stylus"] in the course of a week or two. His terms are \$5. a page, but probably, as your pages will "eat up" Copy with a less anacondalike appetite than the fine print magazines, your best plan would be to pay him so much by the article. His wife will make a drawing of his head or he will have a Daguerreotype taken, so that you can have a likeness of him.

"As to my own effigies. [Published with a sketch of his life in *Graham's*.] Page has painted a head of me which is called very fine, & which is now Exhibiting (I believe) at the National Academy in New York. This might be Daguerreotyped—or I might have one taken from my head as it is now—namely in a more civilized condition—the portrait by Page having *very* long hair, not to mention a beard and some symptoms of moustache, & looking altogether, perhaps, too antique to be palatable to the gentle public. But you shall use your own judgement about that.

"I write now in considerable confusion, being just on the eve of quitting the office which I occupy as "attorney & Counsellor at Law". I have given up that interesting profession, & mean to devote myself wholly to letters. I shall

live with my father at Cambridge in the house where I was born. I shall write again soon & send you a poem and some data for a biographical sketch. Take my best love in exchange for your ready sympathy & use me always as you may have occasion as your affectionate friend.

“J. R. L.”

“My address will be ‘Cambridge Mass’ in future. I do hope & trust that *your* magazine will succeed. Be very watchful of your publishers & agents. They must be driven as men drive swine,—take your eyes off them for an instant & they bolt between your legs & leave you in the mire.

“J. R. L.”

LOWELL TO POE

“CAMBRIDGE May 8, 1843.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“I have been delaying to write to you from day to day in the expectation that I should have received an article from Hawthorne to send with my letter. I am now domiciled in the country & have been doing nothing but ramble about, gardening, farming, tending an increasing flock of poultry & in short, being out of doors & in active exercise as much as possible in order to restore my eyes effectually.

“I have got the idea of Hawthorne’s article so fixed in my mind that I forgot that I did not send you a poem in my last. I have such a reluctance to go into the city that though I have been here nearly three weeks I have not even brought out my Mss. yet. But I mean to do it in a day or two & shall then send you something which I hope will be to your liking. You must forgive my dilatoriness, My dear friend, the natural strength of which is increased by the pressure of my debts—a source of constantly annoying thought which prevents my doing almost anything as yet.

“With regard to a sketch of my own life my friend [Robert] Carter thinks that he can give it better than I—and perhaps he will send you one. Meanwhile I give a few dates. I was born Feby 22 1819 in this house at Cambridge—entered Harvard College in 1834 & took

my degree as Bachelor of Arts in regular course in 1838—my master’s degree in 1841. While in college I was one of the editors elected to edit the periodical [Harvardiana] then published by the undergraduates, & also to deliver the Class poem—a yearly performance which requires a poet every year who is created as easily by the class vote as a baronet or peer of the realm is in England. I was in the Law School under Judge Story for two years & upwards took a degree of Bachelor of Laws by force of having my name on the books as a student—and published a volume of rather crude productions (in which there is more of everybody else than of myself) in Jany, 1841. On the Mother’s side I am of Scotch descent.

“I forgot to thank you for the biographical sketch of your own eventful life which you sent me. Your early poems display a maturity which astonished me & I recollect no individual (& I believe I have all the poetry that was ever written) whose early poems were anything like as good. Shelley is nearest, perhaps.

“I have greater hopes of your ‘Stylus’ than I had of my own magazine, for I think you understand editing vastly better than I shall for many years yet—and you have more of that quality—which is the Siamese twin brother of genius—industry—than I.

“I shall write again shortly meanwhile

“I am your affectionate & obliged
“friend J. R. L.”

LOWELL TO POE

[No date. Postmark, BOSTON, May 16.]

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“I send you this little poem with some fears that you will be disappointed therein. But it is on the whole the most likely to please of any that I could lay my hands on—my Mss. being trusted to fortune like the Sybils leaves, & perhaps, like her’s, rising in value to my mind as they decrease in number. You must tell me frankly how you like what I sent & what you should like better. Will you give me your address more particularly so that in case I have

a package to send you I can forward it by express?

"With all truth & love

"I remain your friend

"J. R. L."

The following letter is from Robert Carter, then Lowell's intimate associate, and belongs in this place :

CARTER TO POE

"CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

"June 19, 1843.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I send you with this letter a copy of the Boston Notion, April 29, containing an abridgement which I made of the sketch of your life and writings which appeared in the Phila. Sat. Museum. I was absent from the city when it was printed and did not see the proof; consequently it is full of atrocious errors. What has become of the Stylus? I trust that it has not been found prudent to relinquish the enterprise though I fear that such is the case. It would give the friends of pure and elevated literature in this region great pleasure to learn that it is only temporarily delayed.

"Mr. Lowell is in excellent health and his eyes have nearly recovered their usual strength. He has entirely abandoned his profession and is living at his father's house in the vicinity of this village. About a fortnight since he began to scribble vigorously and has within that period written about a thousand lines. You will see in the next Democratic Review, or at least in the August no., his longest and [piece of top cut off] blank verse and is entitled Prometheus. It contains nearly four hundred lines I think, and was written in seven or eight hours. At least, I left him one day at 11 A. M. and he had concluded to begin it immediately and when I saw him again at about 8½ P. M. the same day he read to me upwards of two hundred and fifty lines and he had written besides before he began some stanzas of a long poem in ottava rima which has occupied him chiefly for the last two weeks. Graham has also a poem from him and there will be one in the next New Mirror.

"Within a week I have read for the first time, Pym's Narrative. I lent it to a friend who lives in the house with me, and who is a lawyer, a graduate of Harvard, and a brother of Dr. O. W. Holmes, yet is so completely deceived by the minute accuracy of some of the details, the remarks about the statements of the press, the names of people at New Bedford &c. that, though an intelligent and shrewd man he will not be persuaded that it is a fictitious work, by any arguments drawn from the book itself, though [piece of top cut off] the latter part of the narrative. I dislike to tell him that I know it to be fictitious, for to test its truthfulness I gave it to him without remark and he has so committed himself by grave criticisms on its details that I dread to undeceive him. He has crossed the Atlantic twice and commented on an inaccuracy in the description of Pym's midnight voyage with his drunken friend. I have not the book in the house and knowing nothing of the sea, did not clearly comprehend the objection, but I think it was upon setting a 'jib' or some such thing upon a dismasted sloop—I know that the words 'jib'—'sloop' & 'only one mast' occurred in his remarks.

"To return to a safer subject—I am extremely desirous of knowing the name of your novel in two volumes alluded to in the 'Museum' [this alleged novel was never named by Poe] and if it be not a secret, or one that can be confided to a stranger would be obliged by its communication. And while I am in an inquisitive mood, let me beg of you to tell me whether the name of the author of Stanley is *Walter* or *Wm Landor* and whether he has recently or will soon publish anything. Also who is the author of 'Zoe' and the 'Aristocrat?'

"My address is still 'Boston, care of Rev. Dr. Lowell.'

"Truly & respectfully

"Your friend"

LOWELL TO POE

"ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE, March 6, 1844.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"When I received your last letter I was very busily employed upon a job

article on a subject in which I have no manner of interest. As I had nothing to say, it took me a great while to say it.

"I made an expedition to Boston to learn what I could about our lectures there, & found that the lectures for the season are now over. I mean the *Society* lectures. There are different gentlemen employed dilligently in lecturing upon 'physical sciences' & 'the lungs' &c &c. admission ninepence, children halfprice, but all the lectures of a more literary class are over. I spoke to the secretary of the Boston Lyceum about the probability of your success if you came experimentally, & he shook his head. It is not a matter in which I feel myself competent to judge—my bump of hope being quite too large. I asked him about engaging you for next year & he seemed very much pleased with the plan & said that the Society would be glad to do it. This course of lectures has (I think) the highest rank here.

"To speak for myself *I* should be delighted both to see & hear you. I like your subject too.

"The Boston people want a little independent criticism vastly. I know that we should not *agree* exactly, but we should at least sympathize. You occasionally state a critical proposition from which I *dissent*, but I am always satisfied. I care not a straw *what* a man says, if I see that *he* has *his* grounds for it, & knows thoroughly what he is talking about. You might cut me up as much as you pleased & I should read what you said with respect, & with a great deal more of satisfaction, than most of the praise I get, affords me. It is these halfpenny 'critics'—these men who appeal to our democratic sympathies by exhibiting as their only credentials the fact that they are 'practical printers' & what not, that are ruining our literature—men who never doubt that they have a full right to pronounce upon the music of Apollo's lute, because they can criticise fitly the filing of a handsaw, & who, making a point of blundering, will commend Hercules (if they commend at all) for his skill at Omphale's distaff.

"It will please you to hear that my volume will soon reach a third edition. The editions are of five hundred each,

but 'run over,' as printers say, a little so that I suppose about eleven hundred have been sold. I shall write to you again soon, giving you a sketch of my life. *Outwardly* it has been simple enough, but inwardly every man's life must be more or less of a curiosity. Goethe made a good distinction when he divided his own autobiography into poetry & fact.

"When will Graham give us your portrait? I hope you will have it done well when it is done, & quickly too. Writing to him a short time ago I congratulated him upon having engaged you as editor again. I recognized your hand in some of the editorial matter (critical) & missed it in the rest. But I thought it would do no harm to assume the fact, as it would at least give him a hint. He tells me I am mistaken & I am sorry for it. Why could not you write an article now and then for the North American Review? I know the editor a little, & should like to get you introduced there. I think he would be glad to get an article. On the modern French School of novels for example. How should you like it? The Review does not pay a great deal (\$2 a page, I believe) but the pages do not eat up copy very fast.

"I am sorry I did not know of your plan to lecture in Boston earlier. I might have done something about it. The Lyceum pays from fifty to a hundred dollars, as their purse is full or empty. I will put matters in train for next year, however

"Affectionately your friend.
[Signature cut out.]

"P. S. You must not make any autobiographical deductions from my handwriting, as my hand is numb with cold. Winter has come back upon us."

A letter, in which Lowell offered to write a sketch of Poe for *Graham's*, is here missing.

LOWELL TO POE

'ELMWOOD June 27. 1844.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I have been stealing a kind of vacation from the pen during the last month,

& I hope that my lying fallow for a time will increase my future crops, though I cannot bring myself to use the farmer's phrase & wish them to be 'heavier.' Now I ought by this time to have finished the article to accompany your head in Graham, but I have been unable to write anything. I have fits of this kind too often owing to a Constitutional indolence which was not counteracted by proper training in my childhood. You may be sure I am not one of those who follow a fashion which is hardly yet extinct, & call upon the good, easy world to accept my faults in proof of my genius. I can only mention it to ask forgiveness for my dilatoriness which springs from no want of interest but from sheer indolence—a fault—which your acquaintance with Life & Biography must have convinced you is one of the most incurable. However, I am resolved to set about it now in good earnest—& I have one or two preliminary requests to make. I wish you would (if you can) write me a letter giving me in some sort a spiritual autobiography of yourself. The newspaper [*The Saturday Museum* containing Hirst's life of Poe] you sent me will give me enough outward facts—but I want *your own estimate* of your life. Of course you need not write it as if for my use merely in the writing of this article—but as to a friend. I believe that the opinion a man has of himself (if he be accustomed to self analysis) is of more worth than that of all the rest of the world. If you have a copy of your first volume (of poems) will you send it to me by Harnden, directing it to be kept till called for & writing me a line by mail to warn me of its being on the way. I will return it to you by the same conveyance—as it must be valuable to you & as you have not probably more than one copy. I never saw it, nor can I get it. If you would send at the same time any other of your writings which I could not readily get you will oblige me very much & they shall be safely returned to you.

"I agree with you that the article on Griswold's book in the Foreign Quarterly Review was fair enough as far as the Conclusions the author came to

were concerned—though at the same time I think him as ignorant in political matters as a man can well be—in short ignorant to the full to be a Reviewer—But you are mistaken as to the authorship of it. It was not (I am quite sure) written by Dickens, but by a friend of his named Forster (or Foster)—the author of a book named 'Statesmen of the time of Cromwell.' Dickens may have given him hints. . . .

"I shall send you my sketch of course before it is printed, so that you can make any suggestions you like or suppress it altogether. I wish it to please you rather than the public.

"Affectionately your friend

"J. R. L."

LOWELL TO POE

"ELMWOOD Dec 12. 1844

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"You will forgive me for not writing sooner & for writing so little now, when I tell you that I have been for some time keeping a printing office agoing at the rate of from eight to twenty pages a day. I am printing a volume of prose (in conversation form) about poets and everything else, ["Conversations on Some of the Old Poets"] & not having prepared my copy, am obliged to write & print at once. You will like some parts of the book and dislike others.

"My object in writing this is to introduce you to my friend Charles F. Briggs, who is about to start a literary weekly paper [*The Broadway Journal*] in New York & desires your aid. He was here a month or two since, & I took the liberty of reading to him what I had written about you & to day I received a letter from him announcing his plan & asking your address. Not knowing it, & not having time to write him I thought that the shortest way would be to introduce you to him. He will pay & I thought from something you said in your last letter that pay would be useful to you. I also took the liberty of praising you to a Mr. Colton, who has written 'Tecumseh' . . . & whom I suspect, from some wry faces he made on first hearing your name, you have cut up. He is publish-

ing a magazine & I think I convinced him that it would be for his interest to engage you permanently. But I know nothing whatever of his ability to pay.

"I am not to be married till I have been delivered of my book; which will probably be before Christmas, & I shall spend the winter in Philadelphia. I shall only stop one night in New York on my way on. Returning I shall make a longer stay & shall of course see you. You will like Briggs & he will edit an excellent paper. Opposite, I write a note to him.

"Yr. affectionate friend

"J. R. LOWELL.

"P. S. You must excuse me if I have blundered in recommending you to Colton. I know nothing of your circumstances save what I gleaned from your last letter, &, of course, said nothing to him which I might not say as an entire stranger to you. It is never safe to let an editor (as editors go) know that an author *wants* his pay.

"I was in hopes that I should have been able to revise my sketch of you before it appeared. It was written under adverse circumstances & was incomplete. If you do not like this method of getting acquainted, send Briggs your address. *His* is No 1 Nassau St. I never wrote an introductory letter before & do not own a complete letter writer—so you must excuse any greenness about it."

The acquaintance which the foregoing letters illustrate was not destined to good fortune. There had been mutual good-will and respect, with kindly offices, on both sides. The connection of Poe with Briggs in the editorial conduct of *The Broadway Journal* was the occasion of an exchange of views and facts between Briggs and Lowell which left Poe's reputation very much impaired in Lowell's judgment. Poe's admiration for "the author of 'Rosaline,'" on the other hand, did not survive the lines in "The Fable for Critics," in which his own portrait was not inaptly drawn; after Briggs ceased to be his co-editor Poe attacked Lowell as a plagiarist, and the latter expressed his resentment at length in a passage to be found in his published 'Letters.' Lowell, too, had lately met Poe just recovering from a spree, and the impression then received was sufficient of itself to terminate their relations. A short time after, in October, 1845, occurred the public scandal of Poe's visit to Boston to read a poem before the Boston Lyceum, which confirmed him in his lifelong dislike of the Bostonians. Later, in an unpublished letter to Mr. F. W. Thomas, early in 1849, Poe denounced Lowell with some contempt, and made a public disclosure of his changed attitude by an unfavorable review of "The Fable for Critics," in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, in February of that year.

AN UNDISCOVERED MURDER

By T. R. Sullivan



HALF-WAY down the long Rue Nord du Sablon, in Bruges, the glory of Flanders, may be seen a decorated house-front, one among many for which the mediæval city is still famous. Its stone carvings, emblematic of the chase, are scarcely distinctive enough for more than a passing look; and as the ground-floor of the house, which never could have been

an imposing one, was long since made over into shops, the surfeited traveller, whose objective point is the Grande Place, may pass and repass without noticing the decorations at all. Were the central door, by some chance, to stand open, he might catch a glimpse of an overgrown garden at the end of the long, dull archway; but there are other gardens in Bruges, and that of the Hôtel de Flandre, a few doors off, is larger and finer than this; furthermore, its

paths are swept and garnished in the height of later Flemish fashion ; there, in all likelihood, he will choose to sit and listen to the chimes when his day in Bruges fades into twilight, leaving him to linger at ease over his coffee-cup, while the unpretentious house of the hawk and hound concerns him no more.

Half a century ago this house and its dependencies were occupied by the retired silk-merchant, Sébald Stevin, who had made a fortune in Amsterdam. Such achievements are not the work of a single day, and he had passed his fiftieth year before he found himself able to realize a long-cherished design of returning to his native place for a season of repose, longer or shorter, as fate should will it. He had, to some extent, the pride of race, and could claim collateral kinship with Simon Stevin, the great mathematician of two centuries back, whose statue stands to this day in the little square of Bruges which bears his name. But for the tired merchant that accident of birth was outweighed by his own youthful memories. He had turned away from them all in his morning hours, coming poor, unhonored among strangers, to plunge for his pearl into the tide of traffic. That prize was now secured by the fierce, long-sustained effort which had left its mark upon him. There were strange furrows in his cheeks ; his failing eyesight, at times, grew dim and clouded ; his breath was scantier than of old. The doctors shook their heads, and said he must have rest—the sooner the better, since he had no wife to care for him. And when he resolved to take it, there came with the resolve a longing for the bells and towers of his old home ; for the gray, grass-grown streets, the cool, silent courts into which trade's jarring discord never penetrated. One of these should be his shelter for the remainder of the term allotted him. The evening of his life was closing in ; there let it settle down.

So, after grave deliberation befitting an act of such solemnity, Sébald Stevin made his choice and established himself under this roof, which, though narrow, seemed ampler than his needs demanded. But if excess of space brought some access of care, it was care of a comfortable sort that did no harm. For the house

became his plaything, and its superfluous rooms proved additional sources of amusement. All were thrown open to the air and sunshine, and, according to the master's fondness for the gayest colors, were furnished with barbaric splendor. He would have no dark corners, and thought nothing of undoing his work to get a window here, another there ; then the library outgrew its limits, and an entire wall went down before it, to the despair of two devoted servants, Louis Vogel and Catherine his wife. They knew their master's worth, but shared none the less the opinion of the neighborhood, where his name had passed into a proverb ; so that any task of slow accomplishment was likened to Sébald Stevin's house which never would be finished.

The worthy householder smiled and said nothing when this gossip of the neighbors reached his ears. He kept upon good terms with them all, meeting them pleasantly at church and in the streets, gradually gaining respect not only in the neighborhood but throughout the town. He was good-nature itself, and long intercourse with mankind had taught him the art of not offending, even in moments of reserve. That these were far from infrequent came to be generally understood and accepted. The poor, and they were many, blessed him for his liberality, without comprehending its full extent. For, making no confidences, he had a large acquaintance, few friends ; of the few, two or three, who visited him occasionally, knew something of his home surroundings. Yet when they compared notes about them, each experience showed the same definite limitations. They had seen the garden and one or two handsome rooms opening from it ; had been permitted to handle certain curious folios, to admire an old triptych, undoubtedly by Memling. But all knowledge ceased abruptly at a mysterious door through which the host had once entered his library. No one could say where it led, what treasures lay beyond it ; the books and their shelves were so cleverly disposed that its very place in the wall became an uncertainty. There the door had been, however, and there it remained, an impassable barrier, vague, indeterminate as his

own reserve, between Sébald Stevin and the world.

He would have laughed away the first suggestion of mystery made to him on that score. For, in reality, the door only communicated with a private staircase leading to his chamber on the floor above. It was a mere matter of convenience and ingenious economy of wall-space—no more. As for hidden treasures, the chamber, though very bright and cheerful, was not especially luxurious, and, apart from a small ivory crucifix, contained none at all.

None at all—yet two, that Sébald Stevin would have defended with his life. But these were treasures of the heart and mind, without intrinsic value; a wistful girlish face, and a boy's, both drawn in chalk by the same hand, that, certainly, was not a master's. No dealer would have looked twice at the unsigned sketches which to their possessor were dearer than his priceless Memling. The first was the only existing portrait of the woman who was to have shared his fortunes, who had died suddenly on the eve of their marriage. Since the fearful day on which that news stunned him, many years had passed, bringing their own cares and disappointments, their own rewards and pleasures. At times the love affair of his youth had lost its hold upon him, growing blurred and indistinct, unsubstantial as a dream. More than once he had even thought of marriage; it was the only proper state; why should he deny himself its joys? Then one look at this dead woman's face had revived his fading recollection; every tone of her voice had come back, pleading her cause with him, flooding his eyes with tears. His heart, not his to give, lay buried with her in the grave. So, again and again, he dismissed the wanton thought; it was impossible. The love of his youth must remain the love of his lifetime.

The other drawing was a likeness of his only brother, Cyriac, of whom he had been devotedly fond. Indeed, this devotion had resembled that of a father toward a son; for the two were left, at an early age, alone in the world, and Sébald was ten years the elder. He had turned a very blind side toward this handsome scapegrace, who grew up wild, self-

willed, reckless, incapable of appreciating his brother's readiness for sacrifice, yet with a strong personal charm that made him more friends in a week than Sébald could win in the course of plodding years. And all was over long ago! The light laugh, the mischievous eyes would cause him no further trouble, would never gladden him again. Cyriac, at eighteen, had developed a longing for the sea, and had followed it to the world's end.

Making voyage after voyage, he had returned only to re-embark. Then, with the time that should have brought him, he did not come; and to Sébald, waiting and hoping against all reason, word came, instead, that the ship had foundered in a lonely southern ocean. There, then, the handsome sailor lay unburied, restless in his death as in his life, the sport of changing currents. Only that poor copy of his features, a faded letter or two, a few Eastern trinkets were left to show that he had ever lived. This lacquered box had been the product of one voyage, this broken carving of another; as Sébald laid the relics down he was overwhelmed by surging thoughts of trivial things—mere wrack upon the sea of memory—looks, gestures, and little incidents of his brother's life that he had long forgotten. He remembered how Cyriac, in his boyhood, had made game of him at some slight reproof; one might as well have tried to argue with the wind. How, grown into a man of many voyages, he had remained heedless, irresponsible, indifferent to danger; how he had shown a deep scar upon his wrist, and told frankly in what discreditable tavern-brawl he had come by it; how the other wrist, displayed with pride, had borne a hideous, indelible stain, pricked there by a foreign sailor he had once befriended. The face of some savage god it was, in glaring colors—a charm, he said, to ward off evil spirits and all future perils of land and sea. Wearing this unholy sign he could defy everything but the inevitable term of life; whatever mischance befell him, he should die quietly in his bed at a good old age. But Sébald, sighing as he recalled this, made the sign of the cross and said a prayer for Cyriac's lost soul.

One summer day, an hour before sunset, the good man sat alone in his garden, smoking his long pipe with the porcelain bowl, over which he nodded peacefully at intervals, the image of contentment and tranquillity. On a small table near by were decanters and glasses; a book lay there too, but for the moment he had forgotten it in the quiet day-dream that the time, and, above all, the place invited. The garden—a wonder in its small way—was thought by Joseph Maes, the well-to-do neighbor who overlooked a portion of it, to be the loveliest spot in Bruges. It had a quaintness all its own. In one corner, under an old hawthorn-tree, stood the aviary, full of canaries. Borders of red and yellow tiling hemmed in the flower-beds, which were now given up to roses; here and there among them glass globes, lined with quicksilver, glistened in the sunlight, or, catching the colors, gave back bewildering reflections. A fountain tinkled in the central patch of long grass. One wall was overgrown with vines, clambering toward the shadow of an old sun-dial which bore for legend: OMNES TIME PROPTER UNAM—FEAR ALL ON ACCOUNT OF ONE—the legend of an earlier day, not placed there by its present owner, whose pious hope was happily expressed by the motto on his pipe-bowl, under a miniature representation of his patron saint encircled by its gilded glory: DEUS LUX MEA—QUEM TIMEBO?—GOD IS MY LIGHT—WHOM SHALL I FEAR? Repeating this, as he often did, Sébald Stevin could smile at the dial's warning, and, without apprehension, note the decline of day.

Stirring a little he noted it now, while the hour of seven rang out from the tall belfry on the Grande Place. The chimes played their sweet tune, of which he never tired, and with a murmur of satisfaction he put down his pipe, took up the book he had brought into the garden, and, opening it at random, began to read. It was a volume of Montaigne, in whose wise frankness he delighted. He turned the leaf, laughing his approval. Yes, that was a clear statement of the truth, well considered. But as he read on he shook his head, frowned, sighed, and frowned again.

For he had fallen unexpectedly upon this passage which displeased him:

“Verily the name of Brother is a glorious name, and full of loving kindness, and therefore did he and I terme one another sworne brother: but this commixture, dividence and sharing of goods, this joyning wealth to wealth, and that the riches of one shall be the povertie of another, doth exceedingly distemper and distract all brotherly alliance, and lovely conjunction.”

The words formed an impediment which Sébald could not pass; he had never read them before, that he remembered, and they seemed to him unjust and cruel. How was it possible that the good Seigneur de Montaigne, so human in his sympathies, could register a thought like this? Had he no brothers, then? Yes, many. Ah, with but one, and that one lost, he would not so have wronged the name of Brother! And thus, reverting to his own case, Sébald closed the book, and thought how gladly he would have labored to prove the falseness of that bitter word. Alas, in this world at least, his power to prove it had been snatched away. The old sorrow might overwhelm him anew, the old affection reassert itself now and a thousand times to come. In vain; not proof alone, but even the smallest protestation of the truth was denied him. Who would understand his grief? Who would listen? Who believe?

Absorbed in this mournful reverie he had not noticed the sound of footsteps coming toward him through the garden. But he was roused now by a single word—his own name, gently spoken. He looked up, startled; his heart beat violently, his breath choked him, and, though he tried to speak, he only stared like a frightened child.

Before him in the path stood the figure of a man, half-clad in sailor fashion, with an open clasp-knife in his worn belt. Though the familiar features were sadly altered, Sébald knew them instantly. But this presence was a thing incredible.

“Sébald!” spoke the voice again; “it is I, alive, and in the flesh, what flesh is left to me. Look!”

Smiling, the man raised one thin arm, to shake back the sleeve and show a

mark tattooed upon the wrist. But Sébald did not wait for this assurance ; he saw only the face ; his book fell to the ground, and, springing up, he trampled it under foot as he embraced his brother with trembling arms.

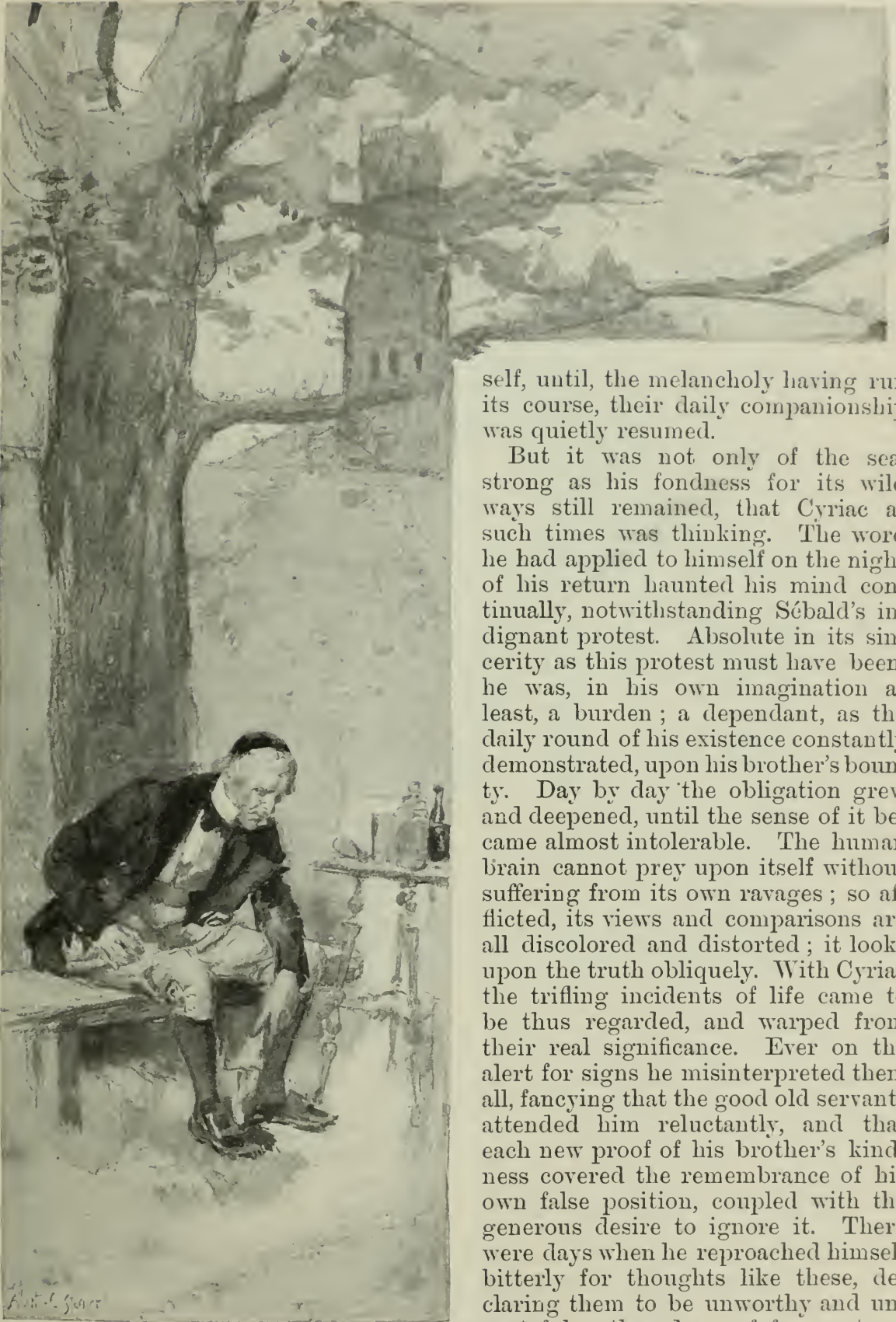
“Cyriac !” he cried. “Thank God !” Then his strength was gone, and he could say nothing, while Cyriac gently pushed him down into his chair, and filling a glass from one of the wine-flasks on the table, made him drink ; little by little, the color came back into the elder brother’s face, and he was once more master of himself and of the house, which was promptly given over to rejoicing. It was like the return of the prodigal. Cyriac had found a home, and Sébald a use for the vacant apartments so long untenanted.

Later that night the prodigal told his story. His ship, encountering a furious gale in the South Pacific, had been driven far out of her course, a hopeless wreck. The boats were speedily swamped, the captain and crew swept away ; but Cyriac, clinging to a cask, was flung upon the outer reef of a fertile island inhabited by a savage tribe. The natives, instead of torturing and devouring him, had hailed his coming as a miraculous event. The poor shipwrecked sailor was loaded with honors, treated with reverence, awe even—and all because of the symbol upon his wrist, which thus opportunely made good the mystical properties ascribed to it by the man who had placed it there. So, playing his part of demigod, Cyriac had lived among his rescuers a life of savagery, ever on the watch for the first opportunity of escape that should be offered him. But none came ; the island lay remote from the accustomed paths of traders, and no vessel passed within hailing distance of it. One day, at last, he saw a sail, a mere speck on the horizon, like a sea-gull’s wing. He followed it with straining eyes ; then, when the false hope had dwindled into nothing, he grew desperate, and determined to make an opportunity for himself—to fly from this death in life, at the risk of dying miserably, alone. He had contrived to secrete one of the rude boats, and slowly to stock it with food ; finally, at the favorable mo-

ment, to put off by night without discovery. At sunrise, he was beyond fear of pursuit, free, but helpless. Days of the same helplessness, of anguish, and, when his provisions were gone, of slow torture, had succeeded. He laid himself down to die, and woke from a death-like stupor in the cabin of a Dutch merchantman, surrounded by friendly faces. Then, losing consciousness again, he had undergone the fearful illness of which he still bore traces. When he came to himself the ship was nearing its port of destination—Amsterdam. Upon arrival he had walked the streets in a vain search for his brother’s name, forced, at last, into the question he feared to put, lest its answer should be that Sébald was no longer living. A word had set him right, and here he was, seated at Sébald’s table ; but wasted, weak, and old, the wreck of his former self, the very castaway of castaways, a worthless, useless burden.

“Never, never to me !” cried Sébald, when the tale had reached this sad conclusion. “Cyriac, my brother ! you shall not speak such words, you shall not think such thoughts. God has been kind to both of us. He has brought you back to be the joy of my old age. Here you shall grow strong and young again—here, here, on this hearthstone. For this house of mine is your house, and all that I have in it is yours.”

Thus Cyriac, whose streaming eyes attested his gratitude better than the broken words to which Sébald would not listen, took his place in the quiet household. As the months went on he regained some measure of his strength, but he did not completely fulfil his brother’s hope by growing young again. On the contrary, the deep lines of his face and its sharpened features made him seem to all who knew them both the older of the two. His former vivacity had disappeared forever ; that potent charm of earlier days was now replaced by strange, brooding fits ; and when one of these overcame him, he would retire to a certain window of his apartment that looked beyond the city along the canal leading through the lowlands to Ostend. There, lost in thought, he would sit alone for hours. Then Sébald, learning that this habit was not to



As he read on he shook his head, frowned, sighed, and frowned again.—Page 179.

be shaken off, would say, "He is thinking of the sea!" and leave him to him-

self, until, the melancholy having run its course, their daily companionship was quietly resumed.

But it was not only of the sea, strong as his fondness for its wild ways still remained, that Cyriac at such times was thinking. The word he had applied to himself on the night of his return haunted his mind continually, notwithstanding Sébald's indignant protest. Absolute in its sincerity as this protest must have been, he was, in his own imagination at least, a burden; a dependant, as the daily round of his existence constantly demonstrated, upon his brother's bounty. Day by day the obligation grew and deepened, until the sense of it became almost intolerable. The human brain cannot prey upon itself without suffering from its own ravages; so afflicted, its views and comparisons are all discolored and distorted; it looks upon the truth obliquely. With Cyriac the trifling incidents of life came to be thus regarded, and warped from their real significance. Ever on the alert for signs he misinterpreted them all, fancying that the good old servants attended him reluctantly, and that each new proof of his brother's kindness covered the remembrance of his own false position, coupled with the generous desire to ignore it. There were days when he reproached himself bitterly for thoughts like these, declaring them to be unworthy and ungrateful; other days, of frequent recurrence, when he actually longed to be back again in his South Sea island, endowed with divine attributes, if only to command savages. Here, at

best, he was a cipher and powerless ; he did not command, he served.

Ah, if by some spell his old strength could be restored, how gladly he would steal away in the night and contend with the world again ! Vain hope ! Power, fame, fortune had left him in the lurch ; his only contention must be with his own dark thoughts, while time dragged on, and he sat idle, waiting, waiting. Waiting for what ? For death only, since all his fierce joy in living was now annulled. But death, for aught he knew, might still be years away ; old age might come and find him chafing under this same restricted life ; he might survive his brother even. Yes, in the course of nature Sébald, so much the elder, would die first. And then ? Why, then, was he not sole heir to Sébald's wealth ? to a sum which he had no means of determining, but which must be a great one surely, very great ? Its possession would transform him from a subject into a master—a power in the land. Then—then—

A flush of pleasure leaped into his cheek, a gleam of youthful fire flashed from his eyes. The glow passed and left him chilled and shuddering. In one moment he had longed for his brother's death ; in the next he had told himself that the longing was a crime. But our evil thoughts are armed rebels that will not be crushed at a single blow ; they rise and rise again, each time with added strength, more and more terrible. Golden possibilities of the future intruded themselves persistently upon his deeper contemplation, and went with him into his brother's presence. They lurked in ambush, yet became his boon companions. Why should he strive to shut them out ? Death was an unalterable law ; to disregard it, to forget it altogether would not delay its execution by a single instant. This was his brother's hour of enjoyment. What harm lay in the admission that, after it, his own might come ? For him all the present was a lethargy, beyond which rose vaguely the transport of a dream. He had done himself an injustice in the first instance. A longing to pass from one state to the other by natural means in which he took no part could not be called a crime.

So, substituting the inevitable issue of his brother's life for that of his own, Cyriac passively awaited the hour of its coming. The secret wish grew stronger until it possessed him wholly, but was never suffered to betray itself by any outward sign. On the contrary, his need of concealing it became a kind of second nature which enabled him easily to wear a look of gratitude, to be attentive to all his brother's interests, assiduous in little cares. So he lived and watched and waited, until an unlooked-for event suddenly disturbed the show of peace by which even he himself was half deceived.

On a certain fine spring morning, Sébald, who was an early riser, came out into his garden to make the round of it alone. This first hour of the day, before the dew had dried, was always a refreshment to him, and now at every step he observed with joy the season's progress. The hawthorn had burst into full bloom ; the violets were at their sweetest ; and the great tulip-bed, which was Sébald's especial care, had advanced almost to perfection. He sprinkled it with water drawn from the fountain, and moving to and fro at his pleasant task, he began to hum an old air, unconsciously, at first, then with a smile at his own absurdity. The air, associated with his youthful follies, had not occurred to him before for many years. But, as he turned the corner of the bed nearest to the outer wall, the song stopped suddenly, and he stooped to examine something that lay there among the flowers. A glove, a woman's glove, fresh, unstained, without a drop of dew upon it ! How could this come here ? It must have fallen a moment ago from some window of his neighbor's house. He looked up, but saw no one, the windows all were closed. Strange, very strange ! He knelt down in the path, and smoothed the glove out thoughtfully. It was very small, very delicately made ; he could not help laughing at the contrast between it and his own coarse hand. Then he started up ; for, while he looked and laughed and perplexed himself with this discovery, the merry owner of the glove had flashed in from the street through the shadow of the arch and on into the garden.



He stooped to examine something that lay there.—Page 182.

She was no longer in her first youth, but of fair complexion, still beautiful. Her rosy cheeks showed by their heightened color a consciousness of his admiration; yet her blue eyes sparkled mischievously as she stood still on the farther side of the tulip-bed, holding out her hand.

“Yes, it was I who dropped it,” she explained in a voice that was very clear and musical; “from the window of Neighbor Maes. I am a guest in his house. A thousand pardons to Monsieur Stevin, if it is to Monsieur Stevin that I have the honor of speaking.”

“Yes,” he said, recovering his self-

possession and assuming with it an air of formal courtesy which amused and pleased her. “But the honor is mine. It is a fortunate accident that permits me to welcome here the guest of Neighbor Maes.”

He had made the turn of the path to join her with his eyes still fixed upon her face. As the glove passed from his hand to hers, she avoided the look, and it was with a deeper color that she answered:

“The tulips are so beautiful—I longed to look at them more closely. It was very stupid—very careless——”

“Ah, you are fond of tulips! Allow



DRAWN BY ALBERT E. STERNER.

"Pray consider it your own, to walk in when you please."—Page 185.

me to introduce mine to you. The *Admiral Lieskens*, the *Semper Augustus*! This is the distinguished guest of Neighbor Maes."

"Madame Juliana de Berghe, at your service!" she said, playfully making a reverence to the glowing flowers. "Such fine names they have!"

"They are only names now that were once as rare as jewels—so rare that I could not have owned them. To-day, all here may be had for a song; all, that is, save one."

"The pale one, I am sure, that stands alone. It is lovelier than all the rest."

"Quite right. In its day a single bulb like this would have brought me thirty thousand francs. The day is gone now, yet still it has its value. This is the famous Brewery Tulip, once the pride of Lille."

"The Brewery Tulip!" she repeated, laughing. "That is very strange and very comical!"

"You laugh at the name. Is it possible, then, that you are akin to Jan de Berghe, the brewer of Ghent, whom I knew once at Amsterdam? He died a dozen years ago."

"Ten years, when winter comes," she said, gravely. "Monsieur Stevin, I am the widow of Jan de Berghe."

"A good man, God rest his soul!"

"Amen!" she cried. "If there is a heaven in that blue sky above us, he is there. And so you knew my husband?" she continued, as they followed the path slowly. "How oddly things fall out! I am not sorry that I strayed into your garden."

"Pray consider it your own, to walk in when you please. These violets spring up of themselves here in this corner. Will you have them?" He bent down as he spoke; then, rising, flushed with the small exertion, he placed the flowers in her hand. She transferred them to her dress, and inhaled their fragrance gratefully.

"You are very kind, Monsieur. A moment ago I did not know you, and now it seems to me that we are old friends. What a surprise for Madame Maes!"

They had moved on to the archway, under a window that admitted light to the principal staircase of the house. As

she turned to take leave, Cyriac, passing down the stairs within, drew back in astonishment and watched them, unobserved.

"So soon?" asked her host, regretfully.

"Yes. It is time—since Madame Maes——" she stopped in alarm; for, at the moment of bowing low to touch her hand with his lips, he started back, as if in pain. Immediately, he reassured her, smiling and still holding the hand in his, but contenting himself now with a gentle pressure.

"It is nothing," he said, lightly. "A twinge that sometimes troubles me—no more. You will come again?"

"Perhaps," she answered, as she turned away. Then she hesitated, with downcast eyes, stretching absently the fingers of her glove. "But I have deceived you, and must make you my confession. I threw this down, I did not drop it."

"Then it is mine!" he cried, merrily, with a dash for the glove. But she was too quick for him, and, darting out along the arch, she left behind her only an echo of rippling laughter. He laughed, too, at this caprice of conscience which made the remembrance of her doubly charming. And bringing from the house a porcelain vase, he proceeded to transplant his rarest tulip, and then to send it after her with the request that she would accept this trifling gift from him. Over the breakfast-table he gave Cyriac a detailed account of his adventure, neglecting, however, to mention the unimportant fact that it had been brought about through her design. While they talked, came her acknowledgment, in a few gracefully worded lines, expressing the wish of her hostess, Madame Maes, that Monsieur Stevin could see for himself how the pride of Lille adorned her house and already flourished in her humble window-pane. Sébald tossed his brother the note in proof of the stranger's ready wit and captivating ways. What could Cyriac do but acquiesce discreetly? And when the relations between the houses, once established, grew, upon one pretext or another, daily more intimate, how could he withhold a smiling approval of them?

But though the younger brother accepted his new part of confidant, and played it to perfection; though he listened sympathetically, and admired with all the warmth that the most exacting enthusiast could have demanded, the sudden entrance upon the scene of Madame Juliana de Berghe had not been at all to his liking. In proportion to the importance she assumed there, the one hope that sustained him languished. His whole future was at stake. He lived for succession to wealth and power, the means of happiness, and that happiness was now endangered. For this designing woman was an arch-coquette, well versed in all the arts of conquest; she could blow hot and cold in a breath, she knew when to be timid, when indifferent; and she had set her cap for Sébald; she would lead him on, never letting him discover it, seeming, at last, to yield against her will. But she would win him; he would marry her. And, to Cyriac, Sébald's marriage meant desperation.

This new fear, once admitted, preyed upon Cyriac, clinging to him like a shadow, intruding upon his dreams. Each morning he woke prepared to find it a reality; for opportunities multiplied as the two households were thrown more and more together, and he fancied that the subtle influence at work against him hourly gained ground. But the day appointed for Madame de Berghe's departure drew near, and still the announcement he dreaded did not come. Clearly, Sébald had not spoken. What if the fear were, after all, unfounded? if the signs, misconstrued, had been those of admiration only, not of love? For a happy hour Cyriac cherished this illusion. He remembered the love of early life to which Sébald had remained obstinately faithful, and he believed that this had once more asserted itself to prevail again. Then, in passing the door of his brother's chamber, he discovered that the portrait so long enshrined there had been removed. The import of that sign he could not doubt. The old love was dead and cancelled, put out of the way. How long would it be before the portrait of the brewer's widow hung in this empty place?

That night a hideous dream tormented him. According to it, Sébald, professing irresolution at this solemn moment, sought his guidance; then, resenting his remonstrance made in good faith, turned upon him angrily and announced the marriage. Bitter words followed, leading to an open quarrel, threats and blows; until, in blind fury Cyriac struck at his brother with a weapon—what it was, or how he came by it, he could not tell; yet he saw Sébald lying before him, bleeding, dead, and he rejoiced fiercely at the sight. The marriage now would never be. He had cut the Gordian knot, the inheritance, at last, was his. But a confused murmur of many voices filled the air; it came nearer, grew louder and more distinct, with one word—"Murderer!" resounding in his ears. He gave a cry, and woke in the sunlight. It was all no more than a dream, one, however, so vivid, so real, that even now, when he was wide awake, the horror of it oppressed him strangely. Tears gushed from his eyes. "I murdered him in my heart!" he sobbed, remorsefully; and, turning, saw his sailor's clasp-knife in its usual place upon the table beside his bed. That was the mysterious weapon he had drawn. He seemed to recognize it instantly, as if its use had been an actual occurrence, and he scanned the blade from point to handle, half persuaded that he should find a blood-stain there. Then, finding nothing, he laughed at his own folly, and took up his burden of the day. At the first meeting with his brother all the horror of the dream returned. "I have murdered him in my heart," he thought, and shuddered. But he put the thought away, and when it came again, he only said: "Well, what of that? Where is the man, who at some moment of his life, has not committed in his heart as great a sin?"

The tulips were all gone, and the roses were almost ready to unfold. But now when Monsieur Stevin brushed away the dew in his morning walk no word of welcome greeted him from the casement of the neighbor's house, no light step tripped toward him through the arch and made an ineffectual effort to keep pace with his. For the distinguished

guest of Neighbor Maes, after many coquettish false starts, had at last returned to her home in Ghent—most reluctantly, as Cyriac suspected. A suggestion of disappointment on her part confirmed him in his belief that Sébald's final attitude toward her had been merely one of friendship. No letters passed between them that he could discover. Sébald had resumed his uneventful train of life, but with a difference so marked that the most careless observer must have noted it. He had lost his buoyancy, and was strangely silent. His thoughts were often miles away; that they had wandered to the gay companion now become all in all to him Cyriac's keen wit speedily determined. Why, then, had he not spoken? Could it be that he understood a malady in his loneliness, but not its cause? If so, he might wake at any moment to that discovery. And he, himself, would wake some morning to find that the effect had followed up the cause, and that Sébald had posted away to Ghent, where the fatal word and its fatal answer would ruin all.

A morning came, indeed, when, upon descending, he was met by the news that Sébald had left the house at an early hour, with no syllable of explanation beyond the simple statement that the night would bring him back. Through all the long, bright day Cyriac's thought accomplished the successive stages of his brother's journey. Now Sébald entered the gate of Ghent, now was at her side. What a smile of triumph in her face! This was her hour of victory. He could hear their vows exchanged, each whispered plan of the future that excluded him. O miserable day! Indifferent to all its beauties, he watched the lengthening shadows, the signs that Sébald must already be returning. The bells rang out at sunset, stars twinkled in the sky, the summer moon climbed up among them. Within the house the lamps were lighted, all was made ready for the night. And with war in his heart, but a treacherous smile upon his lips, Cyriac waited for the familiar step, ready to speak words of peace and gentleness that should give a lying echo to Sébald's joy.

Never was the step so light. He had

travelled far, but he returned in the best of spirits, bearing no trace of the day's fatigue. As they dined and drank together, Sébald persistently sustained this note of unwonted exhilaration. Its meaning Cyriac readily conjectured; and he asked no questions, sure that only too soon the appeal for sympathy would be made. But the evening wore on without an indication of it, without even a distant allusion to the eventful journey or its motive. This prolonged suspense irritated Cyriac beyond measure; his brother's merriment grated upon him; he feared to betray the lack of heartiness in his own, and he broke it off all at once with an abrupt good-night, fully persuaded that now the tardy confidence must come. But no; Sébald only replied with a cheery wish for his repose. So it seemed that the open secret was to be kept a little longer, even from him—no doubt, by her command. Cyriac lost control of himself at this; he went to his bed, and flung himself down there in a jealous rage.

As the door closed behind him, all the light of Sébald's mirth went out. Leaning forward upon the table, he covered his face with his hands. Then, overcome by the unutterable grief he had so well disguised, he sobbed heavily, while the tears trickled through his fingers. He loved Cyriac devotedly; and, assuming that the love was repaid in equal measure, he had never once suspected the fearful involutions of that poor, distorted mind. He was as far from the truth as Cyriac had been in his interpretation of the long day's absence and the enforced joyousness of the return. For Sébald, that day, had not set his face toward Ghent. The widow of Jan de Berghe had captivated him, undoubtedly; it was even possible that, until the very moment of her leave-taking, she had hoped to marry him, upon grounds that seemed reasonable enough. But, in spite of this, he had never breathed one word of love to her. For reasons of which neither she nor Cyriac ever dreamed, which were known only to himself, he had resisted that temptation. His slowly failing strength had induced in him a fear that he was a man upon whom the hand of death had fallen, whose days on earth were already num-

bered. Certain alarming symptoms, that recurred at shorter and shorter intervals, had changed the fear into a conviction. What right had one so warned to lay plans for the future, above all, to think of marriage? Yet if the warnings were purely imaginary? In the last days of Madame de Berghe's visit Sébald Stevin reached a state of hopeless indecision, alternately distrusting and reassuring himself, hesitating to seek the advice that, at a breath, might give the problem its worst solution. When she was gone, the melancholy, ascribed by Cyriac solely to the pangs of love, had thus its direct physical cause which, at last, incited him to action. Hearing, by chance, that a famous French physician had arrived in Ostend, Sébald resolved to consult him privately, to learn the truth from this high authority, and bear it with fortitude even if it should prove his death-warrant. Upon this errand he had stolen away at day-break, keeping his plan and even his destination a profound secret, from the best of motives, that of sparing Cyriac unnecessary pain. There, at Ostend, he read his fate in the doctor's face, even before the first cautious word was spoken. Then, very calmly, he told the man to do away with caution: he had come for the exact truth upon which affairs of importance were depending. The answer he thus extorted was an appalling one. His days, in truth, were numbered. Such and such drugs were prescribed to defer a little, a very little, the fatal issue; but the case was incurable; death would come suddenly, and it might come at any moment. With this crushing weight upon his heart, Sébald turned toward home. For him the day was overcast, the brilliant sunset was cold and colorless, the moon never rose, the stars never shone. But Cyriac—Cyriac who loved him so, need not be told of this. He would keep the evil tidings safe in his own breast; they would travel fast enough without his help, they should have no help from him. His one heroic thought was to deceive Cyriac, and in this he surpassed his expectation. The two had looked into each other's eyes; each had played the other false, and neither had perceived it. How often in this mysterious world of ours others

have done the same! In vain we clasp hands, in vain embrace the friend, the wife, the brother. No soul may read the secret of another soul even for a single hour. Philosophy argues, science struggles; while the old order holds its course, eternally inexorable. Man lives his life alone.

So, left to himself, Sébald let fall the mask, and was himself indeed. When his sorrow had exhausted its violence, he went, in his turn, to bed, but not to sleep. The doctor's word haunted him. "At any moment—at any moment," he repeated. This very night, it might be. Well, in that case, his affairs were in good order, all as he desired to leave them—all, that is, with one or two trifling exceptions which half an hour's work would set right. Why not employ his mind with this now, instead of tossing here restlessly, uselessly? The impulse was a good one, and, obeying it, he arose, lighted a candle, found his keys and descended with them by the private staircase to his library. Here, unlocking a strong-box, he took from it the old portrait that had formerly hung in his chamber. This was of value to no one but himself; he would not expose it to curious comment or even vulgar gaze. With a sigh he broke the tarnished frame; then burned the drawing in his candle-flame, and after it, one by one, a bundle of faded letters. Next, he unfolded his will, to review its terms with satisfaction. The document was short, leaving small legacies to friends and servants—to his beloved brother, Cyriac, the rest. All was as it should be. The residuary legatee would never want for creature comforts. Stay, there was a newer friend, a dear one, still to be remembered. How should he insure himself a place in the memory of Madame de Berghe? He must give her something of importance, associated with him, that would convey more to her than its money-value. His glance fell upon his Memling triptych, faintly shining through the gloom, the jewel of his house; it should be hers. And he began forthwith a letter to Cyriac, expressing this last desire. Tears blinded him as he closed the page with an affectionate farewell. But he brushed them away, filled his pipe and lighted



When his sorrow had exhausted its violence.—Page 188.

it. He was tired, very tired, he would smoke a little, go to bed once more—this time to sleep. He eyed the device upon his pipe-bowl, repeating, with a sad smile, the familiar words : GOD IS MY LIGHT—WHOM SHALL I FEAR? “There are other worlds before me,” he continued, gently, “The hand of death is God’s hand ; let Him lead me where He will.”

While Sébald smoked thus at his writing-table, leaving the blurred letter still unfolded, a great calmness came upon him. He nodded first, then dropped into a doze, from which he was aroused by a slight sound—the closing of a door in the room above. But that was his own chamber. Who could be stirring there at this hour of the night? Were there thieves in the house? He listened until a step, very stealthily made, assured him that he had not mistaken. Then, with great precaution, he climbed the short staircase, and on its upper landing paused in mute bewilderment. There was no lamp in the chamber ; but the moon cast over it a pallid light through which he looked with strained, incredulous eyes upon his brother, stealing toward the curtained bed. As he looked, his heart stopped beating. For Cyriac, brushing back the curtain, raised his hand to strike. It held a drawn knife ; and Sébald, never dreaming that this murderous attempt

was all unconscious, the working of a dream, gave a wild cry that woke the sleeper, who turned and caught the look of horror in his brother’s face—for one short moment. In the next, Sébald staggered and fell—backward, headlong. He was gone, vanishing among the shadows, as the dream had vanished. What fearful silence! No stir, no moan of pain! Had Cyriac dreamed this, too? Alas, no! he was awake. This was his own scarred wrist, his own hand that clutched the knife. It slipped from his grasp as, chilled to the bone, he sank down where he stood, and knew no more.

How long he remained there, Cyriac could not tell ; but it was still dark when, coming to himself, he crept to the staircase. At its foot lay his brother, just as he had fallen on the floor below. A lighted candle flared low in the socket beside a sheet of paper on which his name was written. He looked at it with eyes that did not see ; he only saw the white face, rigid, motionless—fixed in that last look from which he shrank in terror. He would not have touched it for the world. “Sébald, so good, so generous, is dead—and I have killed him!” he groaned, as he stole back into the chamber, trying to collect his thoughts, to decide what his next act should be. He must wake the servants, of course. A few moments more, and they were

roused by a half-truth, easily, unsuspectingly accepted. He had been startled by a noise, and, going to their master's room, had found it empty. They came, aghast, bending over the body with blanched faces. "Was there life in it?" "None—none!" They composed the features, they lifted Sébald tenderly. Then, as tenderly, they led Cyriac from the place in a waking trance, bearing hidden under his disordered garments the unstained knife with which the deed was done.

The long years of his after-life were years of unquenchable remorse, of cease-

less effort at expiation. He gave his riches to the Church, and, burying himself in a monastery of La Trappe, grew old in grim austerity and silence. There death found him, when his hour came. At the last moment he woke from a restless sleep, still haunted by his evil spirit. "I have murdered him in my heart!" he cried, in agony. Then, at last, laying his earthly burden down, he passed forever from the world. And his comrade of the silent order, watching at his bedside, made the sign of the cross, as Sébald had made it often in the earlier time, and breathed a prayer for Cyriac's departed soul.

THE PEOPLE THAT WE SERVE

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN TYPES

By Octave Thanet

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST



THE peculiarity about the people that we serve, most inviting to the critic of American life, is that they appear to serve us—at least the kindlier-natured and better-bred of our rulers make such courteous pretence. The

others brandish the rod in plain sight, and even seem to covet the swish of it in their ears. To the latter order of minds, I am sure, belonged the young woman whose talk I overheard, one afternoon last August, in the court of the French Building. I could not see the speaker nor her interlocutor, being on the other side of the great fluted pillar.

She was in mid current before I came, and the first words to challenge my attention, were, "Well, I ain't going back till Wednesday, that's one sure thing! If she does expect me."

"But, won't she be mad?" The second voice essayed the question with

a degree of timidity; and the first voice was loud in answer.

"If she don't like it she can lump it! I don't care. I guess she won't git another cook like me, very soon. I ain't sure anyway I won't stay in Chicago; I can git five dollars a week."

"Is that so? Do you know?"

"I know what Stella Mix gits and she ain't a bit better cook than me! Is she?"

Such lurid possibilities lurked in the rising inflection that I could not help feeling I should have answered just as the other woman did answer; and with precisely the same disordered haste. "No, indeed; you're a splendid cook! She says so herself. She—she speaks real kind of you, Minnie."

"She had better!" said Minnie.

No doubt at the expense of an inward quaking, the milder girl continued: "But I *guess* I will go back, Saturday, 'cause she'll be home Sunday, and if there was no one—I guess I'd better go!"

"Don't you do anything of the kind," Minnie urged. Her voice dropped; there was a talk of a certain "Jim"



Minnie.

and the streets of Cairo and a camel ride. I am sure that I caught a sigh, but it was followed by, "No; honest, I can't stay; I wouldn't enjoy it to stay when I'd promised and all. And—and you better come too, Minnie!"

Minnie's indignant answer I could not hear, being at this moment joined by a party of friends. And while they were talking, the two emerged from the shadow of the pillar and walked away.

They were like "ships that pass in the night," for they passed and I saw them no more; nor is it likely that I shall ever know who "She" was, further than to be reasonably certain that it was not "She who must be obeyed!"

They sauntered along, too deep in argument to heed my curiosity. Minnie I picked out instantly. She had the mien of one born to conflict and

command! Assertion bristled in the towering ribbons of her hat; it rustled in the swing of her smart, ready-made frock; it was painted in every line of her pretty, sharp, self-satisfied face; it pricked out at her very elbows—lean and active elbows with which she hewed her path through the crowd, and painfully hurt an innocent stout lady, before my eyes.

The companion was of a more stalwart build but a gentler spirit. Far from smiting with her elbows, she was elbowed herself into Minnie's wake, and turned on the injured stout lady so sincere and troubled a smile (crying involuntarily, "Oh, I hope you ain't hurt, ma'am!") that Minnie's victim forgave her, on the spot.

"I suppose you were bumped against me," said she, affably.

The two girls represent to me two

classes of the modern American servant. Minnie's friend, I feel assured, is the treasure that all housekeepers seek. I know a maid like her. She came into the family that she has



blessed for years; tall, comely, strong, clad in the Swedish costume, neat as a new pin; but not equal to more than a dozen English sentences, and so painfully embarrassed by her new duties as waitress that she could not hold the dishes. Whenever she broke a dish, she broke a second, because the agony that the disaster gave her made her hands tremble and her feet stumble all the more!

But even at the first, it was noticed that she was extraordinarily quick to observe and that she took an interest in her work. She made her first long step into the family esteem when she quietly added the cream-jug to the sauce-boat accompanying a certain pudding, remarking with a pleased smile; "Miss Mary, sie like cream with apple pudding." Directly, she had filed away the tastes of the family, as she filed away in her mind the places of the

dishes and the silver. She became an ideal waitress. She even mastered the values of the wine cellar. She did not require the sarcastic warning affixed to certain shelves, "For Ladies Only!" Not she, she had an idolatrous regard for the rare old vintages that were the family's pride, and a calm, deep contempt for her sex's taste in liquors.

Once she was overheard answering another maid who had inquired which champagne she should serve. "If it's for gentlemans take up the Pumry," says Hedwig; "but if it's for ladies, ain't dere no Great Western left? Dat's the champann ladies like. Wrap a napkin round the bottle and ladies say, 'Oh, ain't it lovely!' But mans, especially old mans, got to have Pum'ry or White Seal or Widdah Clickko or Perry Jewy!"

Add to these gifts the Norse fidelity and the kindest heart in the world and who can wonder that a happy man is furnishing a pretty little home on the one hand, and a disconsolate family mourning like Rachel, on the other, going about the shops, vainly seeking to express their grief by costly wedding gifts.

"The constant service of the antique world" is repeated in unexpected forms, to-day. I know more than one Adam, whose affection and fidelity are not to be measured by money, who is bound to us (as we to such as he) by a tie stronger than interest can weld. Fidelity of this sort in its tacit acceptance of its own indissolubility, is like the love of near kindred—a feeling which it also resembles in its freedom of criticism! One such Adam is very well known in the town where I live. He is an elderly Irishman of a dignified presence. Most people call him Mr. Adam. The grandchildren of the family which he has ruled for more than thirty years, address him by this respectful title. He dispenses the patronage of the stable and the garden with imperious





A kind of guerilla warfare.

solicitude for the family purse. He intimates, sometimes, that there is enough wastefulness going on in the kitchen without adding any in the yard.

One can guess the relations between the czar of the yard and the oligarchy of the kitchen to be something strained. Generally a kind of guerilla warfare is waging between the two great powers of the household body politic. At present, Adam excepts the cook (who knows enough to treat a man of his age with "respect") from his sarcasms. He confided his opinion of the maids to the grocer, being enough in liquor, at the time to insure candor. "Emma," said Adam solemnly, sawing the air with one hand in his most impressive manner, "Emma is a perfect lady, and

Hattie ain't so bad's you'd think—but Martha is a *baggage!*"

Adam invariably acts for the best good of the family—as he sees it. If the family see it otherwise than he and ask him to manage the garden or the stable in an injudicious way Adam respects them far too much to dispute with them, but he respects himself far too much to do as they foolishly desire; therefore he calmly does what he thinks right and explains it later.

Yet he could be trusted with the lives or the fortunes of his family; he is as honest as he is obstinate; and more than once when there has been sickness in the house, has Adam, unknown to the anxious watchers, stolen back to his stable at night, and, through

all the chill hours dozed in the carriage on the chance that there might be need of him, and then at dawn gone out to his work, saying nothing of his vigils.



The Transient Landlady.

Therefore a good health to Adam and may his days be long in the land!

But Minnie! Minnie is different. Minnie had not an atom of sentiment about her employer. She went on the principle of getting all that she could for as little as she could give. There were a number of Minnie at the Fair. She flocked to Chicago; her bangs were shaking over one's shoulder at every cheap restaurant in Jackson Park. She made eyes at the men and watched the hungry waiting-women with a supercilious contempt that it required at least a quarter to move toward the kitchen. A stranger to our customs and people would have supposed that Minnie was on the road to ruin. Not a bit of it; Minnie knew perfectly well how to take care of herself; her audacious coquetries were simply part of the good time she had come to Chicago to secure; and the favored young men usually knew that as well as she.

Minnie, of course, regarded all the guests as natural enemies to be given as little food, as cold, and with as much delay as possible. In her hostility she was ably assisted by her superior officers, the transient landladies of Jack-

son Park. Chicago had to bear the reproach of these locusts; but the great majority of them came from afar. Like locusts they settled down on the land and having ravaged it, took their flight back to the unknown. Or they may be more aptly compared to spiders, since they only could rob in their own haunts.

I remember one spider's web into which I strayed, seeking the comforts of a hotel near the Fair for a little less than seven dollars a day; and the shock the rooms gave me. For the outside of the web was very fair. The house was of brick with an ineffectual suggestion of Richardson in the architecture, and many potted plants on the porch; and in the basement was a restaurant where the tables looked to be spread with clean linen. It seemed a tidy, home-like little inn; but when a Minnie with a soiled cap askew on a dull, yellow mass of tousled hair, opened the door to us, with Minnie's own scowl, the pith went out of my courage. Had I been alone I should have fled. But a kind brother was with me; I could not explain to a man the foregleams of the feminine instinct; he would have reasoned them away and convinced me that I had lost a delightful lodging because I am not a sensible man. We entered. The instant the landlady's shape loomed before us, I saw his eye waver; but it was too late.



She was a muscular, untidy woman, whose head, for good reasons known to herself, was tied up in a veil. Her apron showed that she did not shirk the household tasks; that morning they must have had to do with stoves, or grates. I asked her whether she could accommodate a party of five. She said she had some beautiful rooms, and she should be glad to make us very comfortable. What she aimed to do was to have a home-like place.

With a firm, loud step she led the way across the hall, and flung open a door. In two shabby rooms of very moderate size, were four beds and three trunks. The furniture was so lost under bed-linen, towels, and clothing that it could not be judged, except a large, yellow wardrobe on three legs, that toppled in one corner. We stood blankly staring for a moment; then, "Where are the other rooms?" said I.

"There ain't no others," said she; "folks coming to the Fair expects to double up a good deal; there's four ladies in this room, and a lady and gentleman and little boy in that. The bed's jest a trundle, goes under the other, and one of the beds in the big room is a folding-bed——"

"I don't think we could get along with less than a room apiece," I said. "Good-morn——"

"Well, I guess if you're willing to pay for them, you can have a room apiece, though most of my folks is more social. This big room I could let you have for four dollars a day—that's what I get regular for it, and three for the smaller ones."

I could feel the agitation of my brother rippling through my back hair in little electric waves; but I was now disposed to pursue the adventure and see how much she would ask.

"We shall want a bath-room," said I.

"Oh, there's a bath-room in the house," said she, with an indulgent smile; she felt that we were in the meshes.

"I mean we shall want a bath-room for ourselves——"

"Jest you five folks? Well"—with the air of one determined to conquer unreasonable requirements with unanimity—"you can have my bath-

room. Fact is, the folks in my house don't bathe."

We could bear no more. I told her



A Provincial Politician.

that I would tell my friends, and if we decided to take the rooms we would let her know, and we retreated, my brother servilely agreeing to her florid praises of the location, the restaurant, and the "real nice people that came to the house, the nicest people in the land."

Strange as it may appear, I imagine that she told no lies about her boarders. I saw them occasionally, and they looked to be well-bred and honest. None of them looked cheerful; but having been in the house, I could not expect a sunny temper. I said "none;" I err, there was one, whose good nature irradiated the whole street, every morning, when he sallied out to have his boots blacked. The polishing of shoes (whether black or russet) took place in a chair on the sidewalk; and in conse-



DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

A Gathering of the Powers.

quence of the public spot, there was more or less of an audience. Laughter often rolled out of this little crowd of spectators when the good-natured man was in the chair. He was a clean-looking man, who wore a fresh white shirt each day, and had a bald head as shining as his shirt bosom. His bright eyes, his elastic step, and a kind of foppish and jaunty twist to his mustache gave one an impression at first glance that he was a pleasant fellow; and his talk (which to be sure I only obtained in fragments on my way to the Fair, past the boot-blackening) was shrewd and humorous as his eye. Analyzing it and the amusement that it gave me, in large measure I decided that the drollery did not run in independent parallels with the sense; but rather ramified from it, as twigs spring and branch from a parent stem. He had a gift for expressing the conclusions of the average experience in a picturesque way, with no waste of words in getting his ideas out of his head. And his keenness at detecting what he called "a fake" was equalled by his amiable resignation. The tinge of cynicism in this latter quality would not be altogether satisfactory to a Puritan conscience, which might have been further shocked by his jovial irreverence. He talked in a leisurely, mellow, Western voice, a queer contrast to his brisk manner and the indefinable atmosphere of energy that radiated from his presence. The negro that acted as his bootblack called him "Boss." I have no more solid foundation than the title for the superstructure of fancy which I reared for my good-natured man. I image him another of the people that we serve. He is a provincial politician. He runs the machine in his city, possibly in his State. He lives in a Western town with a large German population

(he told two or three funny German jokes), so he does not need to belong to the church, nor to go away from home to take a glass of beer; but he is obliged to be a man of his word, to be honest in money matters, and to display the domestic virtues that Americans esteem. He is also obliged to love the public schools.

In his private morals, he is an affectionate husband, who was never much happier in his life than when he bought his wife her first pair of diamond ear-rings; and the most indulgent of fathers. It was worth a good deal to hear him describe the Children's Building; he

had stayed there half an hour watching the youngsters frolic ("as nice looking lot of young ones as you ever saw in your life!"), and he had actively assisted a forlorn couple who had lost their priceless check, to identify their baby. "If the baby belongs to this lady, she will hold out her arms to her when she comes in," said he, to the nurse. "Just point out your baby, madam. There! Isn't much doubt of that recognition, I guess!" He had settled the affair in five minutes; and they were out of the building, the grateful father proffering cigars, and the grateful mother begging him to visit them.

He is, like most successful politicians, possessed of a good many other virtues—pluck, fortitude, and the patience that can do more moving of mountains than faith. As a successful politician he must remember his friends, and cannot forget his enemies.



Yet as soon as the enemy gets sufficient power, he often forgives and serves him ; and if the enemy sink quite to powerlessness, he may offer a like chance to him under his own banners. As for his faults, are we not all of us writhing under them ? Is the question with him ever, "Will a law hurt the country ?" instead of "If we pass this law, will it hurt the party ?" But he is quite capable of sacrificing his own interests, at least temporarily, for his party. And he will most cheerfully sacrifice other people's interests, root and branch.

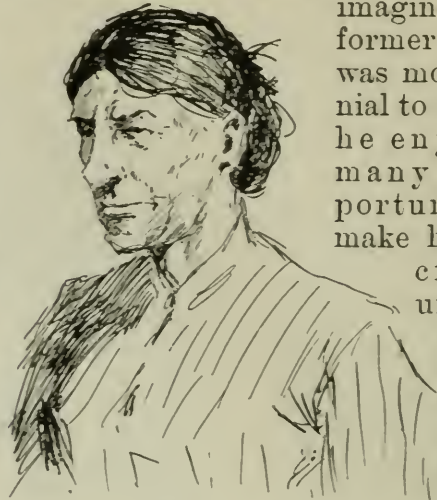
He is a manager, an organizer, and the skilfullest and most persuasive of traders. By and by he will go up higher to organize, manage, and trade in a great convention. May he be merciful unto us.

There was another professional politician in my own hotel at the same time, a very elegant personage, who came from a great city, and would probably hold my provincial friend in scorn.

But I question, though so much more brilliant, whether he will be able to outwit the man from the provinces, when it comes to the convention. There were two rural senators, also, at the hotel. They were peaceful, inoffensive old gentlemen, in dusty black, who told a few good new stories and many good old ones, and consulted frequently in the hotel-office with cordial young men who carried note-books and wrote with the pencil between two fingers. They were very learned in cigars ; but I observed that the gentleman from New York, to whom they were excessively benignant, held the cigars that they gave him sometimes, in an access of good fellowship, a long time unlighted ; while his own cigars were smoked immediately by the lawgivers, amid dignified inhalations of delight.

One day, looking forth from the elevator, I saw the three engaged in conversation with a head waiter and a porter of the hotel. The porter had

once been a porter on a Pullman sleeping-car. He was a surly fellow ; and I



imagine that his former position was more congenial to him, since he enjoyed so many more opportunities to make his fellow-

creatures uncomfortable. I daresay he took even more than the ordinary

negro's zest in closing all the ventilators of a stifling and stewing car, and cramming the heater with coals, as soon as the passengers were helpless in their berths. He always rattled the coals in order that the smothering passengers might hear and know how much worse the heat was going to be. For this reason he chose the stops of the train for his time. Perhaps it was he that I overheard during a long pause at some station on the railway, going south, sending scuttlefuls of coals on a furious fire. The spiteful crackle pierced through the dull throbbing of the engine, panting like an overdriven horse, and awakened some one else ; for a man's voice groaned, "Oh, Lord ! listen to the coon. Ain't it enough to kill you dead ?"

But, now, an unwonted suavity sat on the ex-despot's brow. He respected the presence. A Minnie who carefully swept the dust on our chamber floors under the beds, joined the group, wearing an indulgent smile. And when the hotel clerk left his desk to stand on his heels and rock and laugh at one of the senators' stories, I felt that here was indeed a gathering of the powers. Never again do I expect to see in one group so many of the people that we serve.

THE MISSING EVIDENCE IN "THE PEOPLE VS. DANGER-KING"

By William Henry Shelton



IN the spring of 1891, after having spent the month of February in a run through southern Italy with my photographic outfit, I had returned to Rome with ten days at my disposal before my train left for Naples, where I had taken my return passage for New York. I had arrived in the night, and after sleeping until a rather late hour in the morning, had breakfasted in my room, so that it must have been something after ten o'clock when, camera in hand, I descended to the lobby of the hotel. After glancing at the register I seated myself before an open window and looked out on the modern Roman Concourse, with the comfortable indifference of an experienced traveller, whose itinerary is irrevocably fixed to his entire satisfaction. If I felt any personal anxiety it was in no degree disquieting, and related only to the artistic quality of the exposures I had made, and to the possibilities of the developments with which I proposed to electrify my fellow-amateurs of the Club on my return.

I was lazily considering where I should go for the day, in search of picturesque effects of light and shade nestling in environments suited to my taste, with entire indifference to, nay, even with a sort of professional contempt for, the historic monuments of the Eternal City, preferring a sleepy donkey in transparent half-lights, to the architectural glories of St. Peter's, when I realized that a figure had crossed the marble pavement and was standing at my side.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger, in a pleasant voice; "you are Dr. Lattimer, of the Amateur Photographers' Society of New York. I am Philip Coe, of St. Louis. I saw your Japanese work last winter at the club's exhibition, and I am very glad to meet you."

Whereupon Mr. Philip Coe and I shook hands, exchanged cards, and sat down to an animated discussion of developers and solutions and improved lenses, as if we had been known to each other for years instead of for minutes. My new-found enthusiast was rather a handsome man, of rising thirty, a decided blond, of an easy and affable manner, unimpeachable costume, and having a clear gray eye which betokens that order of quick intelligence which forms conclusions intuitively and acts promptly—in short, a man who, to use an Americanism, rarely "gets left" in his combinations.

I am a particular admirer of that sort of man. I pride myself on keeping my faculties well in hand, such as they are, and acting in an emergency without any unnecessary delay. This similarity of temperament, then, together with similarity of pursuits, in our vacation time, commended Mr. Philip Coe, of St. Louis, to my esteem and approval, and his pleasant, unobtrusive ways lent themselves to the daily improvement of our agreeable relations during that week which we spent together in Rome. His collection of work was a very creditable one, and in the professional excursions we took together I was greatly impressed with the cleverness he evinced in seizing the happy instant in a moving composition, and the entire absence of that unfortunate hesitancy which too often renders the most experienced amateur a thought too late in his exposure. My companion was always perfectly cool, with plenty of nerve and no perceptible nerves, and I admired him for that distinguishing peculiarity.

He confided to me that he had been interested in photography but little more than a year. Having concluded a remarkably successful operation in stocks, he had retired from active business, and come abroad for the undisturbed enjoyment of his new fad, in which he was

ambitious to distinguish himself; and when he returned to America, he should rely on my friendly offices to make him a member of the New York Society.

I had arranged to return to Naples to take my steamer, and to go down leisurely by rail the day before she sailed.

Philip Coe had set no definite time for his return to America, but would be off in a few days for a flying visit to Algeria, and then it was his purpose to push up into Polish Russia for part of the summer. At all events, with his admirable photographic outfit and his professional enthusiasm, I expected great things of his summer's work, which he would bring home before the winter meetings of the Society. He was altogether such a cool customer, so full of resource and tact and cleverness, that I had no fear for him on the burning sands of Africa or among the petty civil officers of the Czar, and I only ventured to advise him to avoid the neighborhood of military works as he would shun the plague.

On the evening before we separated, as we were lingering together over a last bottle of Asti Spumanti in the Trattoria Fiorelli, which had come to be a favorite resort in our wanderings about Rome, my companion said: "By the way, Doctor, one never knows what those Muscovite officials may do in the way of seizing on a man's valuables. I have a paper in my pocket which I would be obliged to you if you would take charge of until I see you in New York." He searched the paper out from among others in his pocket-book and passed it over to me. La padrona brought an envelope in which I sealed up the paper, and Philip Coe wrote his name and the date across the end of the package, and soon after we turned out of No. 4 Via Colonnetti and made our way in the moonlight across the Corso and through the quaint streets leading to our hotel.

On the following day but one, I boarded the Utopia at Naples *en route* for New York. The prospective passage was not wildly entrancing, with only seventeen cabin passengers on board and more than eight hundred emigrants in the steerage.

We had fair weather and an unevent-

ful passage until the afternoon of Tuesday, March 17th, when the ship began to labor heavily against head-winds and high seas. Despite the rain which was driving in our teeth, I kept the deck until the great mass of Gibraltar loomed vaguely through the thick atmosphere off our starboard bow, and then, learning that the captain had decided to stand into the harbor and lie by until morning, I retired to my cabin. It was now growing dark, but the lights were burning in the gangways and all was quiet below decks. I hoped the sky would clear by morning, so that I could try my camera on the famous fortress as well as on some of the English iron-clads at anchor in the harbor.

The bullseyes were closed, and the spume and spray were so thick outside that nothing could be seen beyond the streaming glass, and although the ship trembled from stem to stern as she labored against wind and current, I had such implicit confidence in the skill of her officers and crew that I stretched myself on my berth with something of the comfortable feeling of a man before a glowing fire listening to the rain beating on the roof and to the wind howling in the chimney. My eye fell on the particular leather bag in which I had packed my precious, undeveloped negatives, standing on the floor over against the side of the ship, and lulled by the music of the storm, my imagination was revelling in the gradual development of the latent images imprisoned on the surfaces of those magical dry plates. The atmosphere of my state-room was more than comfortably warm, and I had removed my shoes and outer clothing the more perfectly to yield myself to the luxury of my surroundings. The laboring of the ship was indicated by such regularity of beating against head-seas, and such a soothing monotony of shivering throes that, when a thud broke the uniformity of sound followed by an entire change of motion and scurrying of feet on the deck above, I sprang out of my berth thoroughly alarmed, opened my door, and stepped into the gangway. I had caught up a heavy storm ulster, and turning this about me as I ascended to the deck, regardless of my stockinged feet, I

looked out into the pelting rain. The blanched face of one of the officers as he hurried past me into the spume, which rendered objects at a few paces invisible, confirmed my worst fears, and going quickly to the side of the ship, which was for the moment ominously steady, I looked over the rail. By instinct or by accident, I had arrived directly over the point of contact where the invisible monster had pierced the side of the *Utopia*, and indistinct as my vision was, I could see a vast dark cavity in the hull into which the whole broadside of the sea was pouring like a maelstrom. It may have been three minutes after the first shock of the collision, and while I moved forward by an instinct of repulsion from the inflowing torrent, when I thought I felt a perceptible settling of the ship. In the direction of what I believed to be the shore, a wet light made a soft yellowish spot in the blanket of spray. I remember with awful distinctness the sounds that greeted my ears, in which the throb of the engines had no part, and the thoughts that flashed through my brain while my eyes were fixed on the warmth of that vague light. A babel of terrified voices rose from between decks, dulled in volume by the wind and rain. There was a sharp rattle like the passing of wheels, for which I can suggest no explanation, and suddenly I seemed to see the clear gray eyes of Philip Coe fixed on mine.

There was another movement of the deck under my feet, I swung myself to the starboard rail by the foremast shrouds, and plunged outward into the sea.

I remember the cold, strangling shock as my body struck the water, the prickling sensation in my nose, the utter blackness instead of the usual cool green color of the sea as I looked about me with wide-open eyes, while for an instant I stood upright, poised in its depth, and then the buoyant sensation of rising to the surface, which I hastened by a familiar movement of the hands. As my head popped above the water a blinding sheet of spray struck me in the face like a whip-lash. Remembering that the ship had been steaming against a head-wind, blowing from nearly due east, I laid my

course to the right across that of the wind, and turning my face away from the blowing spray, I swam with an easy stroke in what I believed to be the direction of the shore. It was a scudding rather than a high sea, and with the back of my head laid over against the gusts of salt spume, I could breathe easily and had perfect confidence in my ability to sustain myself for a half-hour, if I could hold out so long against the chilling influence of the March sea. I was so little disturbed in mind, that I distinctly remember the grotesque thought coming to me for the first time, that the day was the famous anniversary of St. Patrick. I thought I heard the splash of someone swimming behind me, but it was now so dark that I could scarcely see my length into the scud and gloom. I called twice, but got no answer. I had either been mistaken or the other unfortunate had yielded to the waves, and gone down to a watery grave at the bottom of that treacherous sea. The thought was anything but reassuring, and as I already began to feel the benumbing effect of the cold, I inflated my lungs to their utmost and kicked my feet together to keep up circulation.

Suddenly a strong light shot over the water from my right, defining a broad bar across the mist, and by the time I had turned to swim in that direction, a still brighter light shot out from the very course I had abandoned. I knew that these were search-lights from the English iron-clads at anchor in the roadstead. The friendly bars of light shifted about and increased in number, and desperate as my situation was, brought to mind the bars of electric light lying out from the tower of Madison Square Garden on election night. Under their combined influence the surface of the sea took on a ghostly illumination, enabling me to look about me for some distance, although I could discern nothing in the direction whence the lights came. Just then I again heard the puffing of the swimmer behind me. I looked over my shoulder. A horribly black head protruded above the water, set with two gleaming eyes which suggested some sea-monster rather than a fellow-man. In another moment I recognized it as the head of a dog, and when

presently it came alongside as if craving human help, or at least human companionship, I found myself in the company of a huge Newfoundland. His great brown eyes were full of appealing light, and turned on me as if he would have licked my face. I threw my arm over his neck, and called him "old chap," and I am sure we both felt better after that exchange of civilities. Stupid fellow that he was, he seemed to think that a little of my weight thrown across his shaggy shoulders insured his safety, and I felt that while I accepted his help for the time being, an opportunity would soon come when my good offices would be a sufficient return therefor. It was no longer a question of swimming only, but of endurance against the benumbing sea. I felt that I was growing weak. I knew my companion would endure the cold longer than I could. A strong current was drifting us along under the brightest bar of light. I thought I saw something of the hull and spars of a great ship close in front of us. I cried aloud for help. I hooked my arm more tightly about the neck of the dog. I thought I saw a movement close upon us and then I lost consciousness, overcome by the cold and exertion. I felt no sense of giving up or yielding to despair, but rather that I was falling into the arms of some mysterious power to which I shifted all responsibility, so that, when I returned to consciousness, I was not in the least surprised to find myself snugly tucked away in a bunk of H. M. S. Camperdown. My first inquiry was for the fate of my swimming mate, who spoke for himself, projecting his great paws on the bed and making various dumb signs of joy at my awakening. The delightful sense of warmth enveloping body and brain seemed to represent the sum of all earthly bliss, and I straightway fell off into a deep sleep which lasted for twelve hours, so that, when I awoke again it was late in the day following the disaster, and the small proportion of the rescued to the number of souls on board the ill-fated ship, was already cared for.

A rather nondescript suit of clothing lay across the foot of my bunk, consisting in part of a pair of sailor's blue trousers, a steamer cap, and a coat and

vest of pepper-and-salt mixture, each garment in its own humorous way contributing to the totality of a rather ludicrous misfit. As I made my way to the gun-deck, accompanied by the stately Newfoundland, and into the presence of her Majesty's officers, chagrin at my personal appearance nearly overcame that more becoming sense of gratitude due to my deliverers.

I had little time or inclination to think of my losses until after I had been ashore on the following morning, and telegraphed in a roundabout way to New York for funds. First of all, and most deplorable, there were my precious negatives stowed away in the leather bag, only so many pieces of worthless glass. A clear actinic light, such as I delighted to operate in, bathed the straggling town lying under the great honeycombed rock, and sparkled on the now placid harbor where the vessels of the Channel fleet rode at anchor; but, alas! my camera was at the bottom of the sea. The main spars of the *Utopia* were just showing above the wreck, about which there was a congregation of boats, and divers were busily searching for bodies.

As I looked, later in the day, from the bridge of the *Camperdown* across the water to this scene of submarine industry, the thought of the scrap of paper committed to my care by Philip Coe, came for the first time to my mind, and I remembered that I had placed the envelope in the leather bag with the negatives. I would at least make an effort to rescue this property of my friend, and I turned away in search of the officer of the deck. I had no money to employ a diver for this service, but just here several of her Majesty's young officers came to my aid, and not caring myself to pay a personal visit to the ghastly scenes about the wreck, the very obliging officers despatched a messenger, to whom I furnished in writing the number of my state-room, together with the location and a description of the bag containing the negatives, which was successfully recovered.

The action of the salt-water on the envelope had been such that directly it was exposed to the sun it opened of itself, the triangular lap curling up slow-

ly as if it had been some species of shell-fish, and to hasten the process of drying I took out the inclosure and spread it on the deck. It was simply a receipt for a package left at the office of the Astor House in New York, to be delivered to the bearer whose name was written across the sealed opening of the package aforesaid. This was the gist of the statement contained in a somewhat more elaborate printed form.

I remained on board the *Camperdown* just long enough to complete the process of drying, reseal the envelope, indorsed by Philip Coe, pitch my precious negatives into the sea, and all hope of triumph at the club along with them, kick the sodden bag under a gun carriage, and confer on my dog the high-sounding and warlike name of *Camperdown*, in return for the hospitality of her Majesty's gallant officers. The bestowal of the name was a parting impulse of gratitude which was all the return I could make for my generous entertainment and my ill-fitting clothes, and directly thereafter, *Camperdown* and my more insignificant self were piped over the side of her Majesty's ironclad and rowed in great state to the steamer provided by the Anchor line to convey the survivors of the wreck to Liverpool, where we should meet the *Furnessia* bound for New York.

II

At Liverpool I found funds awaiting me in response to my telegram from Gibraltar, and as I had four days on my hands before the departure of the *Furnessia*, having secured my cabin I concluded to run up to London and refit. After purchasing my railway ticket I telegraphed Philip Coe of my arrival in Liverpool, and informed him that the paper he had committed to my care was still in my custody.

Every newspaper account of the loss of the *Utopia* had mentioned my name and that of the Newfoundland dog as the sole survivors among the cabin passengers of that ill-fated ship, and *Camperdown* and I were the acknowledged heroes of that newspaper week. I was satisfied that my friend was aware of

my existence, and I only wished to apprise him of the safety of his bit of property.

As soon as I had inscribed my name on the register of my hotel at London the clerk handed me a telegram, and as I smoothed it out on the office counter, he remarked, with surprising loquacity for one of his kind, "That's a rawther long wire, Doctor."

The telegram *was* rather long, for a man without any luggage, and not overwell dressed at that, but it was from Coe, who was profuse in his congratulations on my safety and, with his characteristic modesty, not a word was said about the paper he had committed to my care for safe-keeping.

I have neglected to state that before leaving Liverpool I had placed *Camperdown* in the care of the steward on board the *Furnessia*, making every provision for his security and comfort. We had become such great friends, on short acquaintance, that I am free to confess that, on my part, the parting was a serious one, and as I looked into his great wondering eyes as the steward held him back by his chain, I felt that I was leaving behind a creature almost human in his affection, for whom I felt something nearer to love than I at present attached to any other man, woman, or dog in the world.

As I seated myself in my compartment of the London and Liverpool train, absolutely empty-handed, without so much as an umbrella or an extra coat, I felt the momentary shock of the man who has forgotten something; and then the absurdity of my situation, in its humorous aspect, forced itself upon me. My elaborate photographic outfit, and every change of clothing I had possessed were at the bottom of the sea, and there I sat (I stood to one side for the moment regarding my real self as an amusing outside entity of the third person), a man who would be known at sight for an American going up to London in a first-class carriage, as it were, sucking his thumbs. I felt an uncomfortable desire to clutch something, and so it came about that I wandered out to the platform and fastened to a novel to bear me company.

On my return I observed that an el-

derly gentleman and a young girl, evidently his daughter, had taken the opposite seat in the compartment. My first feeling was vexation at my stupidity in not having engaged the whole place for myself, as I am rather particular about my dress, and to be under the scrutiny of a handsome young woman, herself faultlessly clad, was not a situation to my liking.

Then, too, the book I had purchased proved to be a dull one, and industriously as I persisted in reading it, I was unable to exclude from my ears the conversation of my travelling companions.

They were Americans, and it soon became evident that we should be fellow-passengers on the *Furnessia*. The girl was really beautiful without appearing to be conscious of it, but her devotion to her father, who seemed to be ailing, had about it a charm so far beyond personal comeliness that I found myself reading page after page of my book on which my companions figured as characters against a printed background of absolute vacuity. There was apparently, too, a great deal more about London tailors and bootmakers in that obliging book than the author had put there, and I secretly hoped that I should not be identified with the very correctly attired young gentleman, whom I saw in imagination on the deck of the *Furnessia*, and whom I was vaguely planning to array in sober, well-fitting garments such as would meet the approval of the well-bred female person who sat opposite me.

I was getting on surprisingly fast, and if honest Camperdown had been aware of the state of my mind, he would have been consumed with jealousy. I listened to the low, musical voice whose caressing tones clung about the girl's silent, elderly companion, and filled the carriage with the soothing melody of a song of home. As for my book, the tamer it got the harder I read it. The story (between the lines) skipped over seas, from continent to continent at the will of the musical voice. It treated of the city of Charleston and of a school-girl's remembrances of the great earthquake, and as the voice flowed on, the vague figures of the friends of the voice

glided behind the vaguer print of the book in an entertaining panorama. I turned the page to plunge into the heart of Paris, and then travelled up into Switzerland and slid gently down to Rome (where there was just a paragraph in parenthesis about Philip Coe), and then we drifted out to sea with only one woman on the great liner, and then dropped down at the old New York Hotel just as the train rumbled into the gloom of the London station, where the yellow lamps were blinking outside in the mist.

The door of the compartment was thrown open and I found myself standing on the flagging of the station gazing after the forms of my two companions, with whom I had not exchanged a word, now rapidly fading into the fog. I must have cut a highly eccentric figure, in my semi-nautical togs, with the entertaining book open in my hand and perfectly oblivious to the bustle about me.

"Any luggage, sir?" cried cabby.

"Yes, there's a camera and a paper."

"Whereabouts, sir?"

"At the bottom of the Mediterranean—state-room 59."

"See here, my man," I interrupted myself, "are you talking to me? There's no baggage—luggage. Drive me to a hotel."

"Which one, your honor?"

"Anyone," said I, and carefully putting the interesting book into my pocket, I sprang into the cab with a new consciousness that there was something the matter with me. And then I put out my head and designated my hotel, and so it came about that I was landed at the proper place to meet Philip Coe's telegram.

Four days, just then, was a weary time in the wilderness of London, but I pulled myself together and fought a gallant fight against large plaids and polka-dot neckerchiefs, and in the fulness of time I was trundled on board the *Furnessia*, with just enough boxes to render me respectable in the estimation of the steward, and into the company of Camperdown, who didn't seem to notice that I had changed a hair.

Early in the morning of this day of departure, after making a rather extrav-

agant investment in cut roses, I had bought the florist's whole stock of potted violets, and ordered the entire purchase to be packed in boxes and delivered in my cabin on board. I was in a delightfully reckless frame of mind; had totally forgotten the lost negatives, and on the way to the docks in a cab, found myself chuckling in such an ecstasy of delight, as to put my driver in serious jeopardy of arrest for unpardonable carelessness in transporting a dangerous lunatic.

During all the bustle of departure I peered about among the crowds for a sight of my companions of the railway compartment. Somehow I had an abiding faith that the two figures, which I had seen to dissolve into the London fog, had materialized again and were somewhere stowed away on board the big liner. But it was the possibility of being mistaken in this hopeful prognosis that, for the first few days at sea, made life a nervous unsatisfactory burden, which was never so tolerable to bear as during those hours, when stretched on my berth in the seclusion of my cabin, I lent myself to the luxury of recalling the charms of that incomparable young woman from Charleston.

She was tall; of ample proportions; the picture of health; just the superb figure to house a wholesome mind; a thought blond, with abundant brown hair; large eyes as sympathetic as Camperdown's and strong, regular white teeth; large, well-shapen hands; a neatly fitting costume of twilled cloth, which must have been gray; a felt hat surmounted by a bird's wing which I remembered was lavender; three long-stemmed English roses in the corsage, one of which was half concealed by the lappel of her jacket; and the other figure, of the old man, was strangely out of focus and imperfectly developed.

Arrived this far, my mind invariably went back to the large expressive eyes; I heard again the musical, well-modulated voice and, in desperation, watered my flowers and turned out to walk the deck and stroll with an air of assumed unconcern into every accessible nook and cranny of the ship in search of the beautiful original.

During the first two days of the

voyage the sea was choppy with a cold, drizzling rain which made the decks slippery and uninviting even to the most determined pedestrians. On the third the sun came out in all his glory, drawing a thin mist of steam from the wet cordage and the canvas coverings of the boats on the davits, and from their cabins such of the passengers as had no imperative call to remain longer in seclusion. Camperdown and I went joyfully forth to greet the sun and take our morning exercise with the rest. Our association in public led to occasional remarks along the rail, that convinced me that our newspaper notoriety of the past week was not yet forgotten. We affected not to notice this trifling distinction from which we had no means of escape, except by retiring from view altogether, and having made our way well aft I took my stand in a sheltered niche behind the boats, looking out to sea and revolving in my mind the advisability of sending Camperdown below. Without particularly noticing it, I was aware that my shaggy companion had made a new acquaintance (the ladies were very much given to petting him), and then I heard two words—only two—"Good Camperdown," in the unmistakable accents of the musical voice of the compartment of the London and Liverpool train. I turned about so suddenly and so awkwardly to confront my former fellow-passengers, that a becoming shade of confusion flitted across the handsome face which contained the large eyes and white teeth of my dreams, and then passing instantly to a state of the most perfect self-possession, she said:

"I beg your pardon, I was surprised to see the gentleman who sat opposite us going up to London on Saturday," and then, as if to explain her greeting to Camperdown, "everybody on the ship has heard of your late adventure, and Camperdown is a great hero."

The easy frankness of her manner added a new charm to her personality, and the length of her speech gave me time to recover from the tumult of agreeable sensations with which her sudden appearance, like a sunburst out of that London fog, had fairly dazzled me. "I remember you very well," I

said, bowing at the same time to the old gentleman done up in rugs, and feeling an indefinable sense that I was a monster of deception in saying so little when I felt so much.

"Won't you join us, Doctor Lattimer," said a feeble voice out of the bundle of rugs, adding something about my interesting experience, and something more about the warmth of the sun and the shelter from the wind, and at the same time introducing himself and his daughter, all of which, under the calm gaze of the young woman's eyes, was very much mixed with the throb of the engines and the beating of my heart. I sat down, however, with what I believed to be a highly triumphant victory of mind over matter, ordered Camperdown to compose himself, acknowledged my identity with the sailor-man in the railway compartment, and got back into the salt scud and the awful uncertainty of Gibraltar harbor, as what wouldn't I have done for the entertainment of the object of my secret infatuation.

It turned out to be a red letter morning. I succeeded in getting our whole party into the highest of spirits, including Mr. Dangerking, who laughed quietly in his wraps, and otherwise left the field to his lovely daughter. He was altogether such a dear old gentleman that I counted myself fortunate to be allowed to carry down his wraps, and incidentally mentioning that my friends had been unusually lavish in their floral contributions, in one burst of gratitude I sent him my whole stock of cut roses.

I was in for it! I knew I was in for it. If the Utopia had not gone to the bottom, I should have returned to a blighted and aimless life. I am thirty, and I was perfectly aware that I was behaving like a boy of seventeen, and the worst of it all was I exulted in my folly.

I rejoined that young woman in the afternoon, on deck, a bunch of blush roses — my roses — peeping from the breast of her ulster, and we struggled against the wind as against a common enemy; and I thought of the arm I had thrown over Camperdown in a similar extremity, and noted the resemblance of Miss Dangerking's eyes to Camperdown's when I first met him in that scudding sea.

Miss Dangerking was something of a hero worshipper, and she usually insisted upon Camperdown being one of the party, "for chaperon, you know," and I felt that I had advanced many degrees in her approval by virtue of my peculiar experience. She consulted me in regard to her father's health with a confidence which was altogether charming, and at the request of that gentleman I was installed at his private table, and on the very first occasion when we sat down together, a mysterious vase of fresh violets ornamented the centre of the board. Now violets, being the most perishable of flowers, their presence on this occasion in dewy freshness, four days out from Liverpool, was just a little short of a miracle, and the wonderment they excited was the first-fruit of my foresight on embarking. I advised Miss Dangerking to wear them as freely as if fresh violets grew on the cross-trees, trusting me to replace these with fresher ones in the morning.

My patient, if I may call him such, slept regularly in the afternoon, and when the weather was favorable Miss Dangerking and I, attended by Camperdown, spent that part of the day on deck. I was never so happy as when my companion was recounting with girlish frankness some event in her life, and I was permitted to lie back in my chair and gaze, a respectful listener, into those unfathomable eyes and note the changes of expression flitting across her mobile face. That there was some trouble casting its baleful shadow there, other than the trouble caused by her father's illness, I felt by instinct, but the only acknowledged secret between us was the mystery of the fresh violets.

It was the last evening we were to spend on board, and something of the balm of the first week in April had come out to us on the west wind; and we made our way aft and arranged our chairs where we could look back along the white track of the steamer as it lay a furrow of foam over the gentle swells.

Our perfectly frank and natural association on the voyage now closing had ripened into a richer fruit, which I trembled at the thought of plucking, lest by some unlucky wind its fragrance should be scattered forever. The future

is always full of doubt. Our mood—mine at least—was retrospective, and so it fell out, that we sat for a long time in silence looking back on the trail of the ship, the spark of my cigar just showing in the gloom. Miss Dangerking’s chair was a trifle in advance so that her figure was relieved against that part of the sky where the moon was rising.

A deeper breath, which may or may not have been a sigh, a relaxing of lines, and the mass of Miss Dangerking’s head turned in my direction. I knew that the invisible eyes rested full on mine. For a moment I was silent under the sweet influence of that gaze, only indicated, on her part, by the action of her head.

“Our passage is drawing to an end.”
(I.)

“Yes.” (She.)

At the sound of our voices, Camperdown made his appearance out of the gloom where he had been sleeping, and, but for my restraint, would have licked the hand which lay so quietly on the arm of Miss Dangerking’s chair.

As I have remarked before, I am not given to hesitation when the time for action comes. I extended my hand and laid it firmly on that other hand so white in the moonlight, with perfect confidence in my ability to speak. For the first time in my life the words left me. I felt a tremor in the long fingers under mine. I choked and stammered, and only managed to say, “Miss Dangerking, you know——”

I was not frightened in the sense of being terrified, but this time I had essayed a plunge without being prepared for it. If that other plunge over the side of the Utopia had been half as terrible, I should have gone down never to rise again.

“Miss—Miss Dangerking——”

The under hand had ceased to tremble, and the tone of my voice was beginning to assert itself.

“Please don’t, Dr. Lattimer, we are so happy as we are.”

Did ever man obey such an injunction at such a time? A half-hour afterward I was sitting alone in the same place, as a consequence of my reckless disobedience, smoking violently, and gazing out to sea in a vain endeavor to

determine whether I was partly happy or utterly miserable. Some things had happened which put my head in a whirl to remember, but Miss Dangerking had insisted that everything was impossible, and it was when I begged to speak to her father that, with strange agitation, she had entreated me to come to her, at their hotel on the following evening, for an explanation.

III

I ARRIVED promptly at the hour appointed, and was shown into the presence of Miss Dangerking. She gave me her hand unreservedly, motioned me to a seat opposite her, and with a perceptibly heightened color mantling her handsome face, proceeded directly to the subject of the interview.

“You know my feelings toward you, Dr. Lattimer,” she said, with the most engaging candor. For a moment her eyes fell as if in deep thought, and then she continued: “The causes which have led to my father’s broken condition you are ignorant of. It is on that subject I feel it my duty to enlighten you.

“My father is resting under grave charges of the misappropriation of the funds of an estate committed to his care as a banker. He has twice stood trial—twice been convicted, and he is returning now to surrender himself for trial in the court of last resort—with the ablest counsel in the State to defend him—but with no new evidence, although the attorneys have sought for it diligently. The trust consisted of a very large sum in Government bonds and railway shares, and three days before the final accounting was called for, the securities were safe in my father’s private vault. There was no trace of a robbery; no one connected with the bank disappeared; there was no clerk to whom the slightest taint of suspicion could attach. With my father’s nice sense of honorable dealing he would never consent to the engagement you have proposed. It is because I wished to spare him the pain of such a decision that I determined to make this explanation myself.”

The extreme youth of the speaker, the

cool business statement she had made of the salient points in a case at law, with none of the protestations or bewailings which most girls would have bestowed upon such a narrative, invested her with a womanly dignity that would have won my admiration if I had never seen her before. The uncomplaining devotion with which, on a long foreign journey, Miss Dangerking had reversed the order of nature, becoming the protector of her natural protector, had already captivated my imagination, and as I have admitted before, I was past the stage of reason.

"I do not believe a word of those charges against your father," I said, springing to my feet.

Miss Dangerking rose and extended her hand, her beautiful eyes swimming with gratitude.

"Come and see us every day if you will, but never speak of our relations, and never mention in my father's presence the subject of this interview."

A cold April rain was pelting the windows when I took my departure. Countless lances of light were stabbing the stones of the street. A dreary chorus of fog-horns sounded from the rivers. The windows of the carriage streamed with the rain, reminding me of the bulls-eyes of the Utopia before that vessel grounded on the iron ram of the Anson.

Of the fearful consequences of a final conviction, Miss Dangerking had said not a word. I was enjoined from pressing my suit. I determined to devote all my energies to the discovery of the missing evidence, which was another indication that my love had dethroned my reason; I knew it and exulted in it. If trained lawyers had failed to find the missing link, what would a medical expert be likely to accomplish? I did not choose to accept the logical deduction of my own hypothesis. I was determined to butt my stupid, infatuated head against the stone wall of the law. Accordingly I placed myself in communication with the counsel for the defence in the case of the *People vs. Dangerking*, and in due time was in possession of the numbers and issues of the Government bonds and a complete description of the railroad securities.

Miss Dangerking accepted my atten-

tion to her father's health and my devotion to herself with a perfect understanding of the spirit in which they were offered, and, on my part, I was entirely loyal to the injunction she had placed upon the expression of my wishes in a certain direction. She resumed her former frank, cheerful manner, as if no gulf of impending disaster yawned under her feet. It was impossible to regard her as a girl. The only girlish trait she showed was an extravagant fondness for Camperdown, and the two certainly made a stately and distinguished appearance together on the streets, and would never have been separated at all if the railway officials had shared my views of the dog's rights in the matter of a first-class ticket by the Charleston limited.

A fortnight later, I had accomplished absolutely nothing in diagnosing the case of the *People vs. Dangerking*. The missing securities showed no symptoms of responding to my method of treatment. I had not even evolved a plausible diagnosis to begin on. Offensive as the act was to my professional instincts, in sheer desperation, I inserted a description of the missing property through an advertising agency, in an extended list of newspapers, both in the United States and Canada, offering a liberal reward for information. I craved the advice and assistance of a cool head, such as reposed on the shoulders of Philip Coe. I had an impulse to send for him. Even if I had possessed his address I had no right to demand such a sacrifice of a casual acquaintance, and no reason to believe that such a request would be complied with. It was plainly a whim too wild for my excited imagination to entertain seriously, and I put it out of my thoughts.

What could I do to ward off the fatal result in the approaching trial of my amiable and innocent patient, and the crushing blow of an adverse verdict to the woman I loved? Besides torturing me by day, the subject was robbing me of sleep by night. I could go to Charleston and consult with the defendant's counsel. It would be a relief to know from day to day just what was being done in the case. It was June now, and Miss Dangerking and her

father were absent from the already hot city. I could devote myself all the more assiduously to my investigation if only a clue could be found to work on.

On the afternoon of the day before my intended departure for Charleston I was sitting in my office, more cast down than ever, having but just returned from a long and fruitless consultation with the chief of police. In fact I was nearer to the point where a man yields to cowardly despair than I had ever before had occasion to be. Even Camperdown gave over his amiable attempts to arouse me and stalked away to his private quarters in the back office. The windows were open onto the quiet cross street. The China silk curtains hung limp and motionless in the still hot air, and outside the insects droned and buzzed in the muggy heat despite the absence of their friend the sun, whose rays were quenched in a thin, sticky mist of impalpable fog.

A solitary cab rattled over the pavement, its unwelcome clatter magnified fourfold in the drowsy stillness. It pulled up with a lurch unpleasantly suggestive of a fever patient tossing in some gilded apartment, and the arrested horse continued to stamp his inconsiderate feet on the hot stones.

The door which stood ajar swung inward. A breezy figure projected itself against the light.

“How’s the amateur photographer? Not mourning over those water-logged negatives? Hey, Doctor?”

“Mourning over nothing, my dear Coe,” I cried, “except the heat.”

“Heat! Come now—don’t say heat to a man fresh from Algeria. Air feels rather frosty this morning. Sun just stopped short of melting my plates in that African bake-shop. I hung around the engine on the steamer and suffered with the cold like a February gosling. I’ve found a climate just suited to my blood.”

“You didn’t go to Russia?”

“No. Sudden attack of home-sickness.”

“Glad of it. You’re the very man I wanted to see. You’ve cleared the atmosphere like a gust of wind already. Come in this morning? So—I want to consult you in an emergency.”

“Well, why not, Doctor, you own me for the present. Hello! Is that the dog from Gibraltar? Devilish fine dog—What’s—his—name—Camperdown? Do you know, I’ve had a prejudice against dogs from a child. And that splendid brute knows it. How do you account for it?”

Sure enough Camperdown growled and showed his teeth, a thing that I had never seen him do before, and for which I promptly ordered him out of our presence.

Philip Coe sat down and insisted on having the particulars of my shipwreck, only interrupting me with an occasional question or an ejaculation of satisfaction over my perseverance and final rescue. “And your last will and testament, by the way,” I said, going over to the safe and extracting the envelope la padrona had given us in the Trattoria Fiorelli, “here you are.”

“Oh! I’m glad you mentioned it,” said Philip Coe, placing it in his breast pocket. “It’s enough for the present that you got your own precious skin out of the brine.”

“You must dine with me to-night,” I said, “and we will talk over the matter to which I referred—something that is disturbing me very much at present, sorry to say—(I saw that he was moving to go)—meet me here at seven, then.”

The horse that had never ceased to stamp at the flies, now rattled away over the pavement.

The color of the world had changed since the advent of my resourceful friend, and I congratulated myself on his timely arrival. I was not content to enjoy the fact alone, and, seizing a pen, lover-like, I wrote a brief note to Miss Dangerking, predicting hopeful results from the opportune arrival of Philip Coe. I took Camperdown out for a walk, revolving in my mind how I should present the all-absorbing case to my shrewd friend, remembering that his judgment was not influenced by any sympathy for my patient, and having a fear that he would pronounce a sharp and incisive opinion that the defendant was guilty as charged.

It was half-past five when Philip Coe left my office. It still wanted a half-hour of the time set for dinner when he

returned. He tossed a package onto the table, wrapped in a strong, gray paper, showing two red seals. He was evidently in some new hurry. The instant he laid his package down I noticed that his name was written diagonally across the wrapper between the seals. I recognized it as the package from the Astor House.

"Business is business, my dear Doctor," he explained, as soon as he had recovered his breath, and wiping his wrists with his handkerchief as he spoke,—"awfully sorry, but I have to leave for St. Louis by an early train. Haven't time to cut off my coupons. I was getting short of money, and that is the real reason of my return. Expected to have plenty of time to shear my flock and realize on the wool to-morrow."

"But, my dear fellow, you forget that I positively can't spare you—I want to use you—I need your advice."

"Give it to you at dinner, but go I must—telegram imperative."

"When can you come back?"

"I will be in New York again in a week at the farthest," said Philip Coe, "and then we'll develop my negatives together," laying his hand on my shoulder and brightening at the joyful prospect.

"If you need any money, say so," said I.

"Money," cried he, tapping the package which lay on the table. "I'm loaded with money. You shall turn in and help me cut coupons after dinner. It's because I shall want a considerable sum on Saturday that I propose to pick these birds to-night and ask you to deposit the proceeds to your own account and mail me a check. That's not much to ask of a friend," he rattled on, severing the cord and breaking the seals of the package.

I naturally felt an extraordinary interest in the contents of a parcel the receipt for which had accompanied me through so many adventures, but I only looked on in respectful silence.

Philip Coe was bent over at his work under the glare of the drop-light. I stood above and behind him, a little withdrawn from the heat of the gas.

"There," said he, laying out a thousand dollar Government 4 of 1907, "it

will be short work and merry. I haven't seen the smiling faces of these fellows in over a year."

It was a mercy that my face was removed from the scrutiny of Philip Coe. It must have blanched with a tell-tale pallor for an instant, for my blood seemed to stand still and the room swam before my astonished eyes as I noted the issue and number of the bond.

He continued to look through the package hurriedly, turning out paper after paper as if to satisfy himself that the contents had not been disturbed in his absence, and in the brilliant light I too read the name of the very railway securities which were missing in the case of the *People vs. Dangerking*, and began to realize the cool villainy of the man, who had so skilfully played with my confidence.

My maid servant appeared at the door.

"Dinner is served, my dear boy," I cried. "Put that lumber in the safe until we have eaten something."

With the most perfect confidence in his victim he replaced the papers, closed the wrapper loosely over the package and laid his booty carefully on the steel shelf I designated (the door of the safe had stood open since I had taken out the envelope containing his receipt), and I closed the combination.

At the soft click of that oily lock as the massive bolts slid smoothly into place over the missing evidence in the case of the *People vs. Dangerking*, my spirits rose and my brain was as clear and cool as a chess-player's who sees mate in the next move.

"I don't know how you feel, old fellow," said I, clapping Philip Coe heartily on the shoulder, "but I am as hungry as a hound," and I led the way briskly to the dining-room.

"I'm still in possession of my sea appetite," said he, as he seated himself opposite to me and shook out his napkin.

The table was a round one reduced to its smallest dimensions, so that we could easily have shaken hands across it if we had been so disposed.

Although my mind was acting in a twofold capacity it in nowise interfered with the relish and vivacity with which we addressed ourselves to the dinner.

Hospitality under the circumstances rose to the dignity of a fine art—as fine as the edge of a lancet.

“Do you remember the last time we drank Asti Spumanti together?” I cried, as I loosened the napkin-muffled cork.

“Well, rather,” said Philip Coe, settling back in his chair with a comfortable reminiscent laugh. “I can see the green light between those vine-frescoed walls and smell the fruity casks piled upon the earthen floor.”

“And I,” said I, “inhale the atmosphere of la padrona at this moment, as she brought us the envelope for your document,” and I smiled meaningly over at the man who had so cunningly made use of me to transport and protect a compromising paper which he feared to carry on his own person.

“By the way,” said I, “—a—Mary” (she was removing the remains of the fish) “is William in the house?” and then to Coe, “We shall want some cigars presently, and I am going to send my boy out for something that will give you a genuine surprise, old smoker that you are.”

As I said this I produced a blank prescription pad and wrote as follows :

“I am dining at this moment with a man whom you want. Post two officers opposite my door at once.”

“J. Q. LATTIMER, M.D.

“—— Gramercy Park.”

“Do you like them strong?” I asked, looking up at my guest.

“Not too strong,” he replied, “anything that suits you will suit me.”

I wondered if it would. I felt a wave of shame at having indulged in such cruel badinage. I tore off the paper from the pad, doubled it carefully, wrote on the outside :

*“Inspector ——
Mulberry Street,”*

took a banknote from my pocket, laid it over the address, and handed it to Mary with instructions to give it to William.

“That potted pigeon isn’t half bad, is it?” said I; “let me fill your glass. Take your time, enjoy yourself to the

utmost. After we get on to the dessert I want to consult you about my affair. You haven’t told me anything yet about your luck in Algeria.”

Philip Coe was in such a charming humor that he launched directly into his African experiences, which were sufficiently entertaining and so delightfully told that I felt a conviction that he might have been equally successful as an author, without being a plagiarist either.

I had abundant time to consider what I should say when my turn came, for we were still on the subject of Algeria when the coffee was served.

Fortunately I had an unopened box of cigars in the butler’s pantry and as we were now left alone I fetched the box myself and opened it on the table.

Since I had proposed to take counsel of Philip Coe, such a revolution had taken place in my feelings toward the man who sat opposite to me, that I had no longer the faintest need of his advice. I had offered my hospitality to a personal friend in whom I had the utmost confidence; in a moment he had been transformed into a cunning, designing, treacherous enemy. Whether he was principal or confederate in the robbery, the evidence of which he had so strangely laid before me, I had no means of knowing. I was not yet ready to accuse him of a crime. It was not a pleasant or a courteous proceeding when the culprit was at the same time the honored guest at my table. I shrank from seeming to be rude. If I opened my heart to him frankly, as I had at first intended to do, relating the story of my love and then reciting in order the difficulties which prevented my engagement to Miss Dangerking, the innocent story, itself, would be the accuser. I therefore decided to place myself behind the story and watch its effects on Philip Coe, who at the moment was complacently inhaling the fragrance of his cigar as innocent of what was passing in my mind as the roses which exhaled their delicate perfume over the space that lay between us.

I confessed that the story I was about to relate was a story of love, and then I entered into the minutest details of that journey up to London, expatiating on the beauty of the fair unknown, and not

forgetting to describe my grotesque dress and my bewildered condition in the foggy station.

I could see that my guest was deeply interested. He rallied me on my infatuation. He laughed at my humorous points with that joyous abandon with which a man laughs after dinner. As I told him of my love for this girl, taking him into my confidence to a greater degree than I have taken the reader, he grew quite sympathetic.

"Devilish fine girl," he cried "and she's fond of you too, Doctor. Don't you give her up——"

"I never give up anything I get my hands on," said I. "Coe, that's a peculiarity of mine."

"Fine scene that in the moonlight," said he, filling his glass. "And she gave you no reason for her refusal?"

"Oh, yes, she did," said I. "Her father was charged with a crime—embezzling the funds of a trust or something of that sort. She told me herself like a martyr, rather than subject him to pain.

"Did she, though?" said Philip Coe, starting forward into an attitude of enthusiastic admiration. "Lattimer, that girl is a thoroughbred. I'm half in love with her myself. She is an American through and through. And then raising his tiny glass in his fingers, "Let us drink the health of Miss——"

"Dangerking," I suggested, "from Charleston."

His eyes flashed on mine. His cold face changed color for an instant, but his hand holding the brimming glass was without a sign of tremor. "Marry her, my dear fellow," he said. "She is worthy of you. Her health——"

"Wait a moment," I said; "the suspicion that attaches to her father can only be removed by the discovery of the securities he is charged with having taken. Those securities, Philip Coe," I said, rising and pointing my finger at my guest. "Those securities——"

"Are locked in your strong box. Pray be seated, Dr. Lattimer. Any heat on your part is most unbecoming at this time. As your guest, I would save you from marring your hospitality with the slightest rudeness. We evidently understand each other. Let us

adjourn to your office and talk this matter over calmly."

Philip Coe led the way and I followed in silence, thankful that he had saved me from any further elaboration of my charges. Arrived in my office, he faced about and addressed me as follows:

"You have won some distinction, Dr. Lattimer, in the practice of your profession; a condition I carefully avoid in the practice of mine. We both regard advertising as highly unprofessional. We will waive the fact that I have been dining at your table. Without further waste of words, Dr. Lattimer, I shall trouble you to return me the package I handed you before dinner. I am prepared to enforce my demand."

We were both standing; the table with its shaded lamp between us, and as Philip Coe made his demand he thrust his hand behind him with a motion which I perfectly understood.

The next instant a gleaming revolver was pointed at my head. I mildly suggested that the secret of the combination which held the package he wanted was known to me alone. "What would be the advantage to you of adding murder," I said, "to the already long list of your crimes?"

A malignant gleam of hatred shot from his evil eyes. I remembered the cool precision with which he levelled his camera and the admirable prudence that governed the drop of his shutter. He was not the man to waste a plate or a bullet.

The curtain rustled in the faint evening breeze, making the only sound in the lighted room since I had ceased to speak.

"Close that window, Dr. Lattimer," was the only reply he made to my remonstrance. I turned to the window. The two officers I had summoned were leaning against a lamp-post on the opposite side of the street. The light fell full on them. They were looking directly across. No unusual sound or movement could escape their observation.

"Before I close this window," said I, "let me call your attention to those two figures over the way," and I drew the curtains aside sufficiently to give him an uninterrupted view. "They are awaiting a sign or a motion from me."

He made no reply, but the hand holding the weapon was lowered. I no longer feared him.

“Sit down, Philip Coe,” said I. “Instead of sending for cigars an hour ago, I sent for those gentlemen. It is not necessary for them to observe us further at present.”

I drew the curtains together.

“You are a remarkable man, Dr. Lattimer. You buy out florists, and summon police officers with equal foresight. Would you mind throwing this dangerous weapon in your waste-paper basket?”

I did precisely as he requested me.

“I know when I am beaten,” he said, seating himself at the table. He bit off the end of a cigar, lighted it, and passed it under his nose as if to assure himself of its quality. I couldn’t help admiring his cool self-possession. Critical as the situation was, my remarkable guest showed no signs of fear, no agitation, no excitement. He was perfectly calm and collected. With his faculty for quick mental combinations, he recognized the jaws of the trap which held him. He was evidently a philosopher of the school of fatalists.

“I am rather fond of my liberty,” said Philip Coe, pushing about some bits of paper on the table with his long flexible fingers. “You have taken possession of the fruits of my last speculation! My arrival, unfortunate as it has been to myself, clears your friends, and opens the way to your uttermost happiness. What do you propose to offer me in return for this?”

The hint at my happiness was an overwhelming appeal. On the threshold of the joyful future made possible by the happenings of this eventful night I shrank from being the cause of further sufferings to the principal agent in the new turn of affairs.

“Clear up the mystery connected with this robbery,” I said, perfectly aware that I was compounding a felony, “and you shall depart as freely as you came. As to your friends over the way, I will tell them it was all a mistake.”

His explanation covered everything, even to the odd circumstance of leaving the valuable package for so long a time in the keeping of the authorities of the hotel. An officer of the law had been hot on his trail for another offence, and to elude pursuit he had dodged on board an outgoing steamer, carrying with him the receipt which I had been at so much pains to bring back for him.

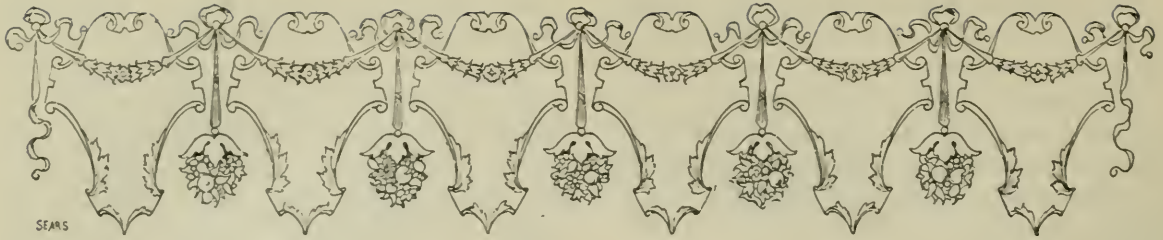
After this statement had been written out by his own hand, I called in the waitress who had served us at dinner to witness the signature. The name attached to the document was Philip Coe, the same which had appeared in the paper I had dried out on the deck of the *Camperdown*, and which was written across the opening of the broken package in my safe.

One afternoon in the autumn, Miss Dangerking and I, with *Camperdown* in close attendance, were pacing slowly to and fro on the shady side of Lafayette Place over against the sombre front of the Astor Library, and along that colonnade of Corinthian columns of a departed glory, which she called a gallery, getting inexpressible comfort out of the fusted old street, and our undisturbed possession of it, and daring at last to look frankly into the clarified future. Our marriage was set for that day week.

“You have never cleared up the mystery of those wonderfully fresh violets,” said Miss Dangerking, with an earnestness I was no longer capable of trifling with.

“I sent a conservatory on board in pots at Liverpool. I thought you might like them.”

“I did like them,” she said, after we had walked on to a little distance, raising her sympathetic eyes from the broken flagging through which a distorted root was struggling to force its way into the light. “I was thinking of a later evidence of your thoughtfulness. I am glad that our perfect happiness is not clouded by the sense of having consigned to prison the burglar who was instrumental in bringing it about.”



AWAITING JUDGMENT

By W. Graily Hewitt

IN a little, low room of a farm-house, looking out toward the North Devon cliffs, half a mile away, lay a young city clerk, dying.

The room was poor, but light and clean, except for the discoloration of the winter's rain on the outer wall; it had no carpet, and all the furniture it contained was the green-painted iron bedstead, whereon the man lay, a rickety washstand, a Windsor chair, and an old milking-stool. The blue-gray walls were bare; there was no ornament in the room but a pot of wild flowers beside the worn bit of looking-glass on the mantel-board, and an arrangement of pink and green paper shavings in the fenderless fireplace needlessly asserting the summer-time; for through the window, widely opened outward, came the sunny warm air and honeysuckle scent of June. And all was so still and peaceful that the man could hear the sheep browsing in the meadow just below, until a yellow-hammer came and sat on the clothes-line near, to inform the farm that he wanted a little bit of bread, but no cheese, twice a minute; and a single wasp, tired of walking up the window-pane, set to work ferociously to bore it, though he had but to turn round to sail away free into the open.

The man was propped against a tiny pillow set up endways, and was smiling down at his shrunken hand, which lay on the patchwork quilt palm upward. He was languidly moving the tips of his fingers, and the gray kitten the farmer's little daughter had brought up with her to keep him company was making small pounces from behind a

ridge of the bedclothes to pat them with its pink-toed paws.

The slack slant of the arm, the loose-falling empty folds of the nightshirt about it, and the wasted figure propped there, told of utter weakness and weariness; no need to look at the hand or up to the face, which seemed all eyes and cheek-bone. But the kitten found the hand fun enough, and the little girl laughed as she looked at the great smiling eyes, not noticing how wild the sharpened circle of the sockets made them, nor wondering why the mouth was always drooping open now.

They had had a busy afternoon.

For after the young doctor's visit late that morning the man had called for his desk, and the little girl had helped him to sort the papers there. They were few, but it had been a great effort just to see that they were all in order—the letter written to his cousin, the Birmingham bootmaker, to be posted as soon as necessary; the life-insurance policy for £300, taken out two years ago, when he had had his salary raised at the solicitor's office in King William Street and was beginning to see his way; the will, which the little girl herself had written out at his dictation in a gawky round hand a week ago, whereunder she was to take the sum of £21, to be placed in the post-office savings' bank for her; a certain Miss Angela Jones was to receive the amount of the policy moneys, and the Birmingham bootmaker the rest of the little wisp of personalty, as executor and residuary legatee. A packet of the letters which had come for him every Saturday during his ten weeks' stay had

been read through, once more, one by one, and put back with a kiss, to be burnt by said executor; the money in the purse had been counted and voted sufficient. That was all. Then the little girl had brought the Greek Testament, the brown and red Cambridge Classics edition, in which Miss Angela Jones's love was inscribed to him, and had gone to fetch her kitten, that they might have a game till teatime.

She sat on the stool, with the book open on her knees, wondering how a man who could read these queer-looking words could be content to play with her kitten—a rosy-checked, dark-eyed child, with clean, brown hands, and the air of one to be relied upon in the years to come. She had taken quite a maternal interest in the illness that allowed her to be so valuable, and had learnt to love the man for liking to have her with him. She knew he was very ill, but, childlike, she was perhaps rather glad of it so long as it enabled her to be of service.

Presently a whistle sounded from below, and she caught up her kitten and vanished, returning again with a cup of warm milk and another of beef-tea for alternative. She put them on the stool, and the basin on the bed, so that the man might combat the effects as comfortably as might be; and then left him with a gay promise of another visit before her bedtime.

The man was going to die very soon—of starvation. City life, desk toil under unhealthy conditions, disregard for his physical welfare in the endeavor to make the most of every spare moment, to gain knowledge and power, and above all to earn a wife, had overthrown him; his body had vainly endeavored to maintain itself under the stress, and after protesting for some years had at last taken to simply rejecting without further effort.

A terrible attack of liver pain had sent him into the country, with his firm's best wishes and a small gift to help spin out the money saved for other, brighter, purposes, till he could return strong again. That was early in April. For a week he had managed to walk about a little, had seen the cliffs and made friends of the farmer

and his little girl; and then, in confidence of power already returned, had strained it too early. Another attack had thereupon sent him to the green-painted bedstead in the little room, to lie there weakening two months, and now to die.

The doctor could do nothing but come and see him; which he did willingly twice a week, though the farm was five miles away from all other claims upon him. He thought the man must be lonely and came as a friend, suggesting often that some relative should be asked to come and stay. The man thought over this; but he had few relatives or friends, and they were hard at work. Besides, what was to be gained by having them come to see him die? Through that pass he must fare alone. Why make it more lonely by presences which could only assert their own futility? He was glad it was summer-time, and he had his letter once a week.

Oh, that Saturday letter, signed Angela Jones! It came on Saturday regularly, but it was not opened till Sunday, in the meantime standing on the mantel-board beside the pot of flowers and the worn glass. For when he had been ordered away they had agreed that she should send him a letter to cheer him every Sunday morning. The Post-office, however, was not acquainted with this arrangement, and, as it was not in the habit of delivering letters on Sunday in that out-of-the-way part, they had been compelled to vary their original plan. So the letter was sent on the Friday evening, received on the Saturday morning, and opened on the Sunday. But this difficulty pleased the man, for by it a new delight was added, that of looking at the envelope all Saturday, as it stood on the mantel-board, and speculating over its contents. Yet as the evening closed in he found it hard to keep his promise not to open it before Sunday, and often he wondered "what if I should die to-night?" But when Sunday morning came, and he arose and opened his letter, reading it to the sound of happy waking birds, he was more than pleased; for no post could have been looked for at four in the morning, and

the holy light of dawn was altogether the fittest to read it by.

Those letters, and the looking forward to them, enabled him to drag on from week to week. Of course they were love-letters—a little bit of news, about weekly drudgery mostly (for Angela Jones was a type-writer), mingled with a great deal of anxiety as to his condition, and any quantity of expressions of affection. Expressions of affection; but he read affection, and thought little of the expression. And it was well for him that he did so; for not even the intensest efforts of a young lady of Angela Jones's attainments could have hidden from a critical eye the fact that absence had made a difference. His was not the least critical; when he read of love and sympathy he believed what he read.

Now Angela Jones was doing her very best. She was a conscientious girl, and she could not help the difference. She had no power over love to command him hers forever and at all distances. She had loved the man truly. She would probably have continued to love him truly if he had not been obliged to leave her. And when her love faded she set to work to hide the fact, hoping that when he came back again it would all be as before. Meanwhile it was her duty, as it was her wish, to remain loyal to him in spite of a change of feeling she could not prevent.

But then his letters, the feeble fan to a dying fire, grew shorter and shorter; and at last came one written in a child's hand, and only signed by him. He excused himself in it, all too obviously, by saying that the child liked being useful to him, and had besought his permission to write for him by way of practice; Angela was not to take this as a sign of real weakness. Angela did, however, and saw that her lover was like to die, and to die deceived. And that tortured the poor girl, for she was honest in her self-consciousness. But she pretended to take the excuse, and praised the child's handwriting to him. She was almost pleased to find she could, by trying hard, resent having letters written by deputy sent to her. That meant that her love was not quite

dead. But the flicker went out in the flood of tears that came on considering its exact measure gauged thus. And though she grew to hate herself for her inconstancy and dishonest dealing toward a dying man, self-hatred was inadequate for the rekindling. Still the Saturday letter came week by week, and the expressions of affection were there, and he read them as uncritically as ever.

He hesitated for some time to tell her of his true state. She would realize it gradually, and better so. He had nearly offered to release her from her promise once, but that seemed needless anticipation. If his lingering on was to be indefinite, he would have done so; but it would have been merely unkind to offer a release so unnecessary. It would have seemed as if he was anxious to be rid of a debt he could not live to pay, almost as if he distrusted her devotion and power to love him to the last. And besides, he wanted to die loved this way. That was his one selfishness.

She had offered to come and be with him. But that, knowing how important to her was the keeping of her position, knowing, too, how changed he was, and fearing perhaps that there would be something for her to overcome in approaching him now, he had refused with the tenderest thanks. He wished to die with the memory of the love as it had been, to spare her and himself the agony of sorrow and pity such a meeting would bring into it.

To-day the friendly young doctor had acceded to his quiet, self-possessed inquiry, and had told him for certain what this great weakness and continual sleepiness meant in the way of distance, that a week, or it might be two, was all that was left. And now that he had set his affairs in order he was ready. The child's prattle for that space, and another letter, was all he really wanted.

Conscience did not trouble him for the neglect of his health. His was a simple nature. And it had seemed to him that a man of his class must either do as he had done with himself, make every effort for success and take the consequences his constitution might append, or else live on through years

of blankness, waiting for luck to bring him what he might gain for himself at a risk. He had risked and lost. But, risking, he might have won. He had thought it manly to risk, trusting strength sufficient would be granted, if it were good for him.

When the child came up again after tea she found the two cups untouched, and scolded him. But he told her she was not quite old enough to understand how useless the struggle was, nor why he had refused to torment his body for the few days left, and asked her to come and write for him again. He had made up his mind to tell Miss Jones the fact.

So the little girl wrote a good-by to Miss Jones, which only took up the first side of the sheet, even in that big hand. He did not choose to enter into any explanations of the motives which had kept him from speaking plainly; his brain seemed too tired to attempt that properly. Besides, he knew that she knew in spite of his little deceit, that she had respected it, and reading through it had tactfully pretended she was as ignorant as his use of it had shown he wished her to be. Nor did he tax the child's patience with the writing of long assurances. He simply said that he should love his Angela forever, and wished her good-by for the present and all happiness in this world. He did not even tell her about the insurance moneys. Then he sent the child to wait for the mail-cart on the road, and lay back to sleep and wait for the next day but one, Saturday.

The Friday between was a day of torture to Miss Angela Jones. She tortured

herself all morning with doubt as to what she ought to do. It seemed equally horrible to her, in her self-consciousness and wish to be honest, to tell him the truth or to let him die in his delusion.



A day of torture to Miss Angela Jones.

But by twelve o'clock she had decided that it was not right to let him die so, and that right was the only thing she ought to consider at such a pass. Then she tortured herself the whole of her dinner-hour, which she gave to him, in writing a confession in the dark office in Chancery Lane. She had to write against time, and the kindest words

she could find seemed horribly heartless. But she put them into an envelope and was about to write "open at once" thereon when she paused. If she did not write that he would not open till Sunday. To gain a day was something, and a thought struck her; so with a gulp at her cowardice she ran out and posted the letter before she

conscience had directed. Her work that day was all miserable correction, and she crept home early under plea of illness, to sob half the wretched night away, till the poor, distracted brain gave in to sleep.

On the Saturday morning the letter was set up on the mantel-board, and the man's eyes smiled to see it. But



On the Saturday morning the letter was set up on the mantel-board.

could reconsider the matter. And the afternoon she spent in torture over what she had done, vainly trying to comfort herself with the defence that she had written as, with the best thought she could bring to bear, her

the smile was so feeble that the little girl scolded him prettily for not being properly pleased. He was too weak to attempt expostulation. And all the sunny day through he seemed to sleep. She came from time to time to look at



She brought him a candle and lit it, for the daylight was fading.

him, once with a bunch of honeysuckle, which she scattered over the bed, again with the horrible two cups and a little coaxing prayer, which he never even noticed, and yet again with the kitten at teatime to try to rouse him. But as it was all of no avail she sat beside him with the kitten on her lap and turned over the pages of the Greek Testament, pretending that she was taking great care of him and was profitably employed the while.

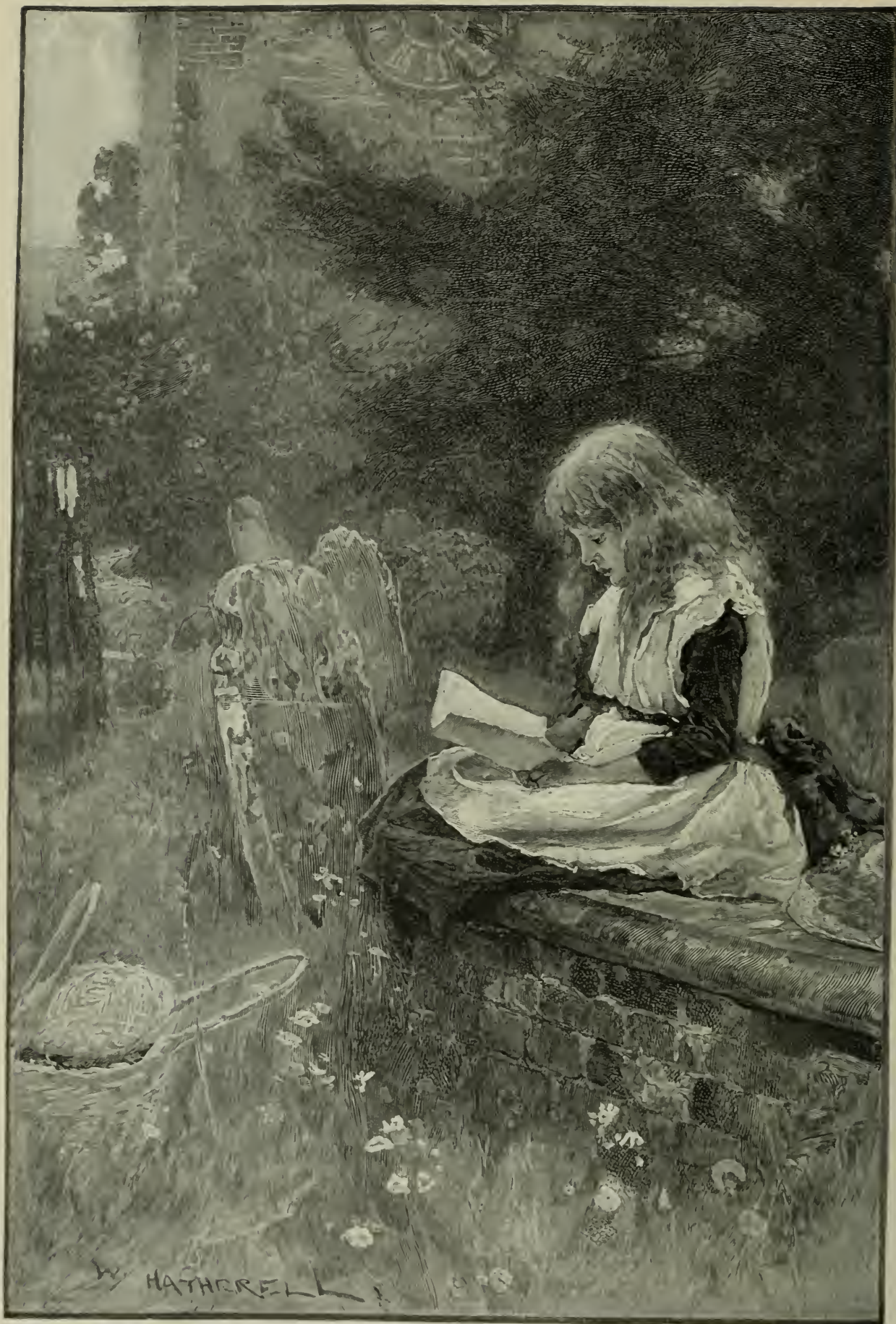
Later the farmer creaked up in his nailed boots and looked at the man and said "hush," leant against the open doorway for awhile, chewing a straw, then nodded a smile at his little daughter and creaked away down again.

About nine the man roused himself, and his hand on the bed pointed to the letter. She tiptoed to fetch it and gave it to him, then at his whispered request brought him a candle and lit it, for the daylight was fading. She set it on the stool and wound up his watch (a thing he had allowed her to do as reward of

service) and placed it beside the candle, so that he could see it easily. He watched her with half-closed eyes; and when she paused to consider whether she had done all that was necessary for his comfort that night he motioned her to come on to the bed, and kissed her, mumbling something which she never heard, the voice was so low and indistinct. She replaced the letter in his fumbling fingers, so that he might have no difficulty in finding it in the morning; and at that he sank back and seemed at once deep in slumber. She tripped about fussily for a minute or two, setting the towel straight and drawing the window closer to; then took a long, wondering stare at him and went away.

But she came again early next morning. The candle was still burning. She blew it out. The watch was ticking on, and the man was in exactly the same attitude in which she had left him, the letter unopened.

She thought it unusual for him not



DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL

She sat for a time wondering.—Page 221.

ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

to be awake Sunday morning, so she put her small, warm hand on his to rouse him; and suddenly ran away, screaming to her father.

The candle had burnt in vain to light the Sunday in for him, the watch had ticked in vain to tell him when it came, and Miss Angela Jones's self-torture had been quite unnecessary.

The little girl missed her occupation dreadfully, and cuddled her kitten many days, comfortless. And when the grave had been filled in close beside the tall, square tower, that looked down upon the summer blue of Bideford Bay, she took it out with her there,

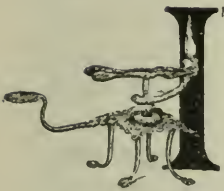
and sat for a time wondering why the Birmingham bootmaker, when he came, had thanked her and kissed her so often; and why he had, after opening and reading that letter, put it into another envelope, sealed it up and placed it on the man's breast as he lay in the coffin, "to show or not, as he chose, at the Judgment-day;" and how the dolls that twenty guineas would buy would look if she could see them all at once.

Then she smudged the kitten's reluctant pink nose along one of the cracks of the reset sods, and trotted the half-mile back to the farm again, softly crying.

THE END OF BOOKS

By Octave Uzanne

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. ROBIDA

T was in London, about two years ago, that the question of "the end of books" and their transformation into something quite different was agitated in a group of book-lovers, artists, men of science and of learning, on a memorable evening, never to be forgotten by anyone then present.

We had met that evening, which happened to be one of the scientific Fridays of the Royal Society, at a lecture given by Sir William Thomson, the eminent English physicist, professor in the University of Glasgow, universally known for the part he took in the laying of the first transatlantic cable.

On this Friday evening Sir William had announced to his brilliant audience of *savants* and men of the world that the end of the terrestrial globe and of the human race was mathematically certain to occur in precisely ten million years.

Taking his stand on the theory of Helmholtz, that the sun is a vast sphere in process of cooling, and, by the law of gravity, of shrinking in proportion as it cools, and having estimated the energy of the solar heat as four hundred and

seventy-six million horse-power to the superficial square foot of its photosphere, Sir William had demonstrated that the radius of the photosphere grows about one-hundredth part shorter every two thousand years, and that it is therefore quite possible to fix the precise hour when its warmth will be insufficient to maintain life on our planet.

The great philosopher had surprised us no less by his treatment of the antiquity of the earth, which he showed to be a question of pure mechanics. In the face of geologists and naturalists he gave it a past history of not more than a score of millions of years, and showed that life had awakened upon earth in the very hour of the sun's birth—whatever may have been the origin of this fecundating star, whether the bursting of a pre-existing world or the concentration of nebulae formerly diffused.

We had left the Royal Institute deeply moved by the great problems which the learned Glasgow professor had taken such pains to resolve scientifically for the benefit of his audience. With minds in pain, almost crushed by the immensity of the figures with which he had been juggling, we were silently walking home, a group of eight different person-

alities — philologists, historians, journalists, statisticians, and merely interested men of the world—walking two and two, like creatures half awake, down Albemarle Street and Piccadilly.

Edward Lembroke dragged us all into the Junior Athenæum to supper; and the champagne had no sooner limbered our half-numbed brains than it was who should speak first about Sir William Thomson's lecture and the future destiny of humanity—questions interesting above all others and usually as varied as the minds of those who discuss them.

James Whittemore discoursed at length upon the intellectual and moral predominance which by the end of the next century the younger continents would have over the older ones. He gave us to understand that the Old World would little by little give up its claim to omnipotence, and America would lead the van in the march of progress. Oceanica, born only yesterday, would develop superbly, throwing off the mask of its ambitions and taking a prominent place in the universal concert of the nations. Africa, he added, that continent ever explored and ever mysterious, where at a moment's warning countries of thousands of square miles are discovered—Africa so painfully won to civilization, does not seem called to play an eminent part, notwithstanding her immense reservoir of men. She will be the granary of other continents; upon her soil various invading peoples will by turns play dramas of small importance; hordes of men will meet and clash and fight and die there in greedy desire to possess this still virgin soil, but civilization and progress will gain a footing only after thousands of years, when the prosperity of the United States, having reached its zenith, will be drawing toward its decline, and when new and fateful evolutions shall have assigned a new habitat to the new products of human genius.

Julius Pollock, gentle vegetarian and learned naturalist, usually a silent boon companion, amused himself by imagining the effect upon human customs of the success of certain interesting chemical experiments transforming the conditions of our social life. Nutriment will then be accurately portioned out

in the form of powders, sirups, pellets, and biscuits, everything reduced to the smallest possible bulk. No more bakers, butchers, or wine-merchants then; no more restaurants or grocers; only a few druggists, and everyone thenceforth free, happy, all wants provided for at the cost of a few cents; hunger blotted out from the roll of human woes. Especially the world would cease to be the unclean slaughter-house of peaceful creatures, a grewsome larder set forth for the gratification of gluttony, and would become a fair garden, sacred to hygiene and the pleasure of the eye. Life would be respected both in beasts and in plants, and over the entrance to this Paradise Regained, become a colossal museum of the creatures of God, might be written, "Look, but do not touch the exhibits."

"That is all Utopia," cried John Pool, the humorist. "The animals, my dear Pollock, will not follow your chemical programme, but will continue to devour one another according to the mysterious laws of creation. The fly will always be the vulture of the microbe, the most harmless bird the eagle of the fly; the wolf will keep on presenting himself with legs of lamb, and the peaceful sheep will continue, as in the past, to be 'the tiger of the grass.' Let us follow the general law, and while awaiting our turn to be devoured, let us devour."

Arthur Blackcross, painter and critic of mystical, esoteric, and symbolic art, a most refined spirit and founder of the already celebrated School of the *ÆSTHETES OF TO-MORROW*, was urged to tell us in his turn what he thought painting would come to a century and more from now. I think the few lines which follow accurately sum up his little discourse:

"Is what we call modern art really an art?" he cried. "Do not the artists without vocation, who practise it fairly well, with a show of talent, sufficiently prove it to be a trade, in which soul is as much lacking as sight? Can we give the name of works of art to five-sixths of the pictures and statues which litter up our annual exhibitions? Can we indeed find many painters or sculptors who are truly original creators?"

“We see nothing but copies of all sorts; copies of Old Masters accommodated to modern taste, adaptations ever false of epochs forever gone by, trite copies of nature as seen with a photographer’s eye, insipid patchwork imitations of frightful war subjects such as have made Meissonier famous; nothing new, nothing that takes us out of our own humanity, nothing that transports us elsewhere. And yet it is the duty of art, whether by music or poetry or painting, at any cost to carry us beyond ourselves, that for an instant at least we may hover in that sphere of the unreal where we may take the idealistic aërography cure.

“I verily believe,” Blackcross went on, “that the hour is at hand when the whole universe will find itself saturated with pictures, dull landscapes, mythological figures, historic episodes, still life, and all other works soever; the very negroes will have no more of them. In that divine moment, that avenging instant, painting will die of inanition; governments will perhaps at last perceive their dense folly in not having systematically discouraged the arts as the only practical way of protecting and exalting them. In a few countries, resolved upon a general reform, the ideas of the iconoclasts will prevail; museums will be burned down, that they may no longer influence budding genius; the commonplace in all its forms will be tabooed; that is to say, the reproduction of any tangible thing, of anything that we see, of anything that illustrations, photography, or the theatre can sufficiently well express; and art, at last given back to itself, will be raised aloft into the upper regions of revery, seeking there its appropriate figures and symbols.

“Art will then be a closed aristocracy; its production will be rare, mystic, devout, loftily personal. It will perhaps command at most ten or twelve apostles in each generation, with something like a hundred ardent disciples to admire and encourage them.

“Beyond the realm of this abstract art photography in colors, photogravure, illustrated books, will suffice for the gratification of the masses; but exhibitions being interdicted, landscape painters being ruined by photopainting, his-

torical subjects being for the future represented by suggestive models which at the pleasure of the operator shall express pain, surprise, dejection, terror, or death, all photopainting, in short, having become simply a question of a vast diversity of mechanical processes, a branch of commerce, there will be no painters in the twenty-first century, but instead of them a few holy men, true fakirs of the ideal and the beautiful, who amidst the silence and incomprehension of the masses will produce masterpieces at last worthy of the name.”

Slowly and with minute detail Arthur Blackcross worked out his vision of the future, not without success, for our recent visit to the Royal Academy had been hardly more cheering than those paid to our two great national bazaars of painting in Paris, at the Champ de Mars and the Champs Elysées.

For a little while we discussed the general ideas of our symbolical friend, and it was the founder of the School of the Æsthetes of To-morrow himself who changed the course of conversation by an abrupt appeal to me for my literary views and opinions.

“Come, my worthy Bibliophile, it is your turn to speak. Tell us how it will be with letters, with literature and books a hundred years hence! Since we are remodelling the society of the future to suit ourselves, this evening, each of us throwing a ray of light into the darkness of the centuries to come, I pray you illuminate certain horizons with a beam from *your* revolving light.”

Cries of “Yes, yes!” cordial and pressing entreaties followed; and as we were all kindred spirits, and it was pleasant to hear one another think, the atmosphere of this club corner being sympathetic and agreeable, I made no demur, but improvised my discourse as follows:

“What is my view of the destiny of books, my dear friends? The question is interesting, and fires me all the more because in good faith I never put it to myself before this hour.

“If by books you are to be understood as referring to our innumerable collections of paper, printed, sewed, and bound in a cover announcing the title of the work, I own to you frankly that

I do not believe (and the progress of electricity and modern mechanism forbids me to believe) that Gutenberg's invention can do otherwise than sooner or later fall into desuetude as a means of current interpretation of our mental products.

"Printing, which Rivarol so judiciously called the artillery of thought, and of which Luther said that it is the last and best gift by which God advances the things of the Gospel — printing, which has changed the destiny of Europe, and which, especially during the last two centuries, has governed opinion through the book, the pamphlet, and the newspaper — printing, which since 1436 has reigned despotically over the mind of man, is, in my opinion, threatened with death by the various devices for registering sound which have lately been invented, and which little by little will go on to perfection.

"Notwithstanding the enormous progress which has gradually been made in the printing-press, in spite of the already existing composing-machines, easy to run, and furnishing new characters freshly moulded in movable matrices, it still appears to me that the art in which Fust and Scheffer, Estienne and Vasossa, Aldus Manutius and Nicholas Jenson successively excelled, has attained its acme of perfection, and that our grandchildren will no longer trust their works to this somewhat antiquated process, now become very easy to replace by phonography, which is yet in its initial stage, and of which we have much to hope."

There was an uproar of interruption and inquiry among my hearers; astonished "oh's!" ironical "ah's!" doubtful "eh! eh's!" and mingled with a deepening murmur of denial such phrases as "But that's impossible!" "What do you mean by that?" I had some difficulty in restoring silence enough to permit me to resume my remarks and explain myself more at length.

"Let me tell you that the ideas which I am about to open to you are the less affirmative that they are not ripened by reflection. I serve them up to you just as they come to me, with an appearance of paradox. However,

there is nothing like a paradox for containing truth; the wildest paradoxes of the philosophers of the eighteenth century are to-day already partly realized.

"I take my stand, therefore, upon this incontestable fact, that the man of leisure becomes daily more reluctant to undergo fatigue, that he eagerly seeks for what he calls the comfortable, that is to say for every means of sparing himself the play and the waste of the organs. You will surely agree with me that reading, as we practise it to-day, soon brings on great weariness; for not only does it require of the brain a sustained attention which consumes a large proportion of the cerebral phosphates, but it also forces our bodies into various fatiguing attitudes. If we are reading one of our great newspapers it constrains us to acquire a certain dexterity in the art of turning and folding the sheets; if we hold the paper wide open it is not long before the muscles of tension are overtaxed, and finally, if we address ourselves to the book, the necessity of cutting the leaves and turning them one after another, ends by producing an enervated condition very distressing in the long run.

"The art of being moved by the wit, the gaiety, and the thought of others must soon demand greater facilities. I believe, then, in the success of everything which will favor and encourage the indolence and selfishness of men; the elevator has done away with the toilsome climbing of stairs; phonography will probably be the destruction of printing. Our eyes are made to see and reflect the beauties of nature, and not to wear themselves out in the reading of texts; they have been too long abused, and I like to fancy that some one will soon discover the need there is that they should be relieved by laying a greater burden upon our ears. This will be to establish an equitable compensation in our general physical economy."

"Very well, very well," cried my attentive companions, "but the practical side of this? How do you suppose that we shall succeed in making phonographs at once portable enough, light enough, and sufficiently resisting to

register long romances which, at present, contain four or five hundred pages, without getting out of order; upon what cylinders of hardened wax will you stereotype the articles and news items of journalism; finally, with the aid of what sort of piles will you generate the electric motors of your future phonograph? All this is to be explained, and it does not appear to us easy to make it practical."

"Nevertheless it will all be done," I replied. "There will be registering cylinders as light as celluloid penholders, capable of containing five or six hundred words and working upon very tenuous axles, and occupying not more than five square inches; all the vibrations of the voice will be reproduced in them; we shall attain to perfection in this apparatus as surely as we have obtained precision in the smallest and most ornamental watches.

"As to the electricity, that will often be found in the individual himself. Each will work his pocket apparatus by a fluent current ingeniously set in action; the whole system may be kept in a simple opera-glass case, and suspended by a strap from the shoulder.

"As for the book, or let us rather say, for by that time books 'will have lived,' as for the novel, or the storyograph, the author will become his own publisher. To avoid imitations and counterfeits he will be obliged, first of all, to go to the Patent-Office, there to deposit his voice, and register its lowest and highest notes, giving all the counter-hearings necessary for the recognition of any imitation of his deposit. The Government will realize great profits by these patents.

"Having thus made himself right with the law, the author will talk his work, fixing it upon registering cylinders. He will himself put these patented cylinders on sale; they will be delivered in cases for the consumption of hearers.

"Men of letters will not be called Writers in the time soon to be, but rather, Narrators. Little by little the taste for style and for pompously decorated phrases will die away, but the art of utterance will take on un-



The Author Depositing his Voice at the Patent-Office, to Prevent Counterfeiting.

heard-of importance. Certain Narrators will be sought out for their fine address, their contagious sympathy, their thrilling warmth, and the perfect accuracy, the fine punctuation of their voice.

"The ladies will no longer say in speaking of a successful author, 'What a charming writer!' All shuddering with emotion, they will sigh, 'Ah, how this "Teller's" voice thrills you, charms you, moves you! What adorable low tones, what heart-rending accents of love! When you hear his voice you are fairly exhausted with emotion. There is no ravisher of the ear like him!'"

My friend James Whittemore interrupted me. "And what will become of the libraries, dear friend, and of the books?"

"Libraries will be transformed into phonophotecks, or rather, phonostereoteks; they will contain the works of human genius on properly labelled cylinders, methodically arranged in little cases, rows upon rows, on shelves. The favorite editions will be the auto-phonographs of artists most in vogue; for example, every one will be asking for Coquelin's 'Molière,' Irving's



The Author Making Cylinders of his Own Works.

'Shakespeare,' Salvini's 'Dante,' Eleonora Duse's 'Dumas fils,' Sara Bernhardt's 'Hugo,' Mounet Sully's 'Balzac;' while Goethe, Milton, Byron, Dickens, Emerson, Tennyson, Musset, and others will have been 'vibrated upon cylinders by favorite Tellers.'

"The bibliophiles, who will have become phonographiles, will still surround themselves with rare works; they will send out their cylinders to be bound in morocco cases, adorned with fine gildings and symbolic figures, as in former days. The titles will be imprinted on the circumference of the

of a master of the drama, of poetry, or of music, giving impromptu and unpublished variants of celebrated works.

"The Narrators, blithe authors that they will be, will relate the current events of current life, will make a study of rendering the sounds that accompany—sometimes with ironical effect, like an orchestration of Nature—the exchange of commonplace conversation, the joyful exclamations of assembled crowds, the dialects of strange people. The evocations of the Marseillais or the Auvergnats will amuse the French as the jargon of the Irishman and the Westerner will excite the laughter of Americans of the East.

"Authors who are not sensitive to vocal harmonies, or who lack the flexibility of voice necessary to a fine utterance, will avail themselves of the services of hired actors or singers to warehouse their work in the accommodating cylinder. We have to-day our secretaries and copyists; there will then be 'phonists' and 'clamists' to interpret utterances dictated by the creator of literature.

"Hearers will not regret the time when they were readers; with eyes unwearyed, with countenances refreshed, their air of careless freedom will witness to the benefits of the contemplative life. Stretched upon sofas or cradled in rocking-chairs, they will enjoy in



The Binding of the Future.
(Tubes de luxe.)

case, and the most exquisite cases will contain cylinders specially copyrighted, editions of a single copy, in the voice

silence the marvellous adventures which the flexible tube will conduct to ears dilated with interest.

"At home, walking, sightseeing, these fortunate hearers will experience the ineffable delight of reconciling hygiene with instruction; of nourishing their minds while exercising their muscles; for there will be pocket phono-operagraphs, for use during excursions among Alpine mountains or in the cañons of the Colorado."

"Your dream is most aristocratic," interposed Julius Pollock, the humanitarian; "the future will be more democratic. I should like to see the people more favored."

"They will be, my gentle poet," I replied, gayly, going on to develop my vision of the future; "nothing will be lacking for them on this head; they may intoxicate themselves on literature as on pure water, and as cheaply, too, for there will then be fountains of literature in the streets as there are now hydrants.

"At every open place in the city little buildings will be erected, with hearing tubes corresponding to certain works



A Voice from Scotland.

easily worked by the mere pressure of a button. On the other side, a sort of automatic book-dealer, set in motion by a nickel in the slot, will for this trifling sum give the works of Dickens, Dumas père, or Longfellow, on long rolls all prepared for home consumption.

"I go even farther: the author who desires personally to bring his work to the public knowledge after the fashion of the *trouvères* of the Middle Ages, carrying them about from house to house, may draw a modest but always remunerative profit by renting to all the inmates of the same apartment-house a sort of portable organ, which may be slung over the shoulder, composed of an infinite number of small tubes connected with his auditory shop, by means of which his works may be wafted through the open windows to the ears of such lodgers as



Manufacturing Books.

hung all around for the benefit of the studious passer-by. They will be

may desire amusement in a moment of leisure, or cheer in an hour of solitude.

"People of small means will not be ruined, you must admit, by a tax of four or five cents for an hour's 'hearing,' and the fees of the wandering author will be relatively important by the multiplicity of hearings furnished to each house in the same quarter.

"Is this all? By no means. The phonography of the future will be at the service of our grandchildren on all the occasions of life. Every restaurant-table will be provided with its phonographic collection; the public carriages, the waiting-rooms, the state-rooms of steamers, the halls and chambers of hotels will contain phonographotecks for the use of travellers. The railways will replace the parlor car by a sort of Pullman Circulating Library, which will cause travellers to forget the weariness of the way while leaving their eyes free to admire the landscapes through which they are passing.

"I shall not undertake to enter into the technical details of the methods of operating these new interpreters of human thought, these multipliers of human speech; but rest assured



Phonographic Literature for the Promenade.

that books will be forsaken by all the dwellers upon this globe, and printing will absolutely pass out of use except for the service it may still be able to render to commerce and private relations; and even there the writing-machine, by that time fully developed, will probably suffice for all needs.

"'And the daily paper,' you will ask me, 'the great press of England and America, what will you do with that?'

"Have no fear; it will follow the general law, for public curiosity will go on forever increasing, and men will soon be dissatisfied with printed interviews more or less correctly reported. They will insist upon hearing the *interviewee*, upon listening to the discourse of the fashionable orator, hearing the actual song, the very voice of the diva whose first appearance was made over-night. What but the phonographic journal can give them all this? The voices of the whole world will be gathered up in the celluloid rolls which the post will bring morning by morning to the subscribing hearers. Valets and ladies'-maids will soon learn how to put them in place, the axle of the cylinder upon the two



The Automatic Library.

supports of the motor, and will carry them to master or mistress at the hour of awakening. Lying soft and warm upon their pillow they may hear it all, as if in a dream—foreign telegrams, financial news, humorous articles, the news of the day.

“Journalism will naturally be transformed; the highest situations will be reserved for robust young men with strong, resonant voices, trained rather in the art of enunciation than in the search for words or the turn of phrases; literary mandarinism will disappear, literators will gain only an infinitely small number of hearers, for the important point will be to be quickly informed in a few words without comment.

“In all newspaper offices there will be Speaking Halls where the editors will record in a clear voice the news received by telephonic despatch; these will be immediately registered by an ingenious apparatus arranged in the acoustic receiver; the cylinders thus obtained will be stereotyped in great numbers and posted in small boxes before three o'clock in the morning, except where by agreement with the telephone company the hearing of the newspaper is arranged for by private lines to subscribers' houses, as is already the case with theatrophones.”

William Blackcross, the amiable critic and aesthete, who up to this point had kindly listened without interrupting my flights of fancy, now deemed it the proper moment for asking a few questions.

“Permit me to inquire,” he said, “how you will make good the want of illustrations? Man is always an overgrown baby, and he will always ask for pictures and take pleasure in the representation of things which he imagines or has heard of from others.”

“Your objection does not embarrass me,” I replied; “illustrations will be abundant and realistic enough to satisfy the most exacting. You perhaps forget the great discovery of To-morrow, that which is soon to amaze us all; I mean the Kinetograph of Thomas Edison, of which I was so happy as to see the first trial at Orange Park, New Jersey, during a recent visit to the great electrician.

“The kinetograph will be the illustrator of daily life; not only shall we see it operating in its case, but by a system of lenses and reflectors all the figures in action which it will present in photochromo may be projected upon large



The Author Exploiting his Own Works.

white screens in our own homes. Scenes described in works of fiction and romances of adventure will be imitated by appropriately dressed figurants and immediately recorded. We shall also have, by way of supplement to the daily phonographic journal, a series of illustrations of the day, slices of active life, so to speak, fresh cut from the actual. We shall see the new pieces and the actors at the theatre, as easily as we may already hear them, in our own homes; we shall have the portrait, and, better still, the very play of countenance, of famous men, criminals, beautiful women. It will not be art, it is



The Romance of the Future.
(With Kinetoscopic Illustrations.)

true, but at least it will be life, natural under all its make-up, clear, precise, and sometimes even cruel.

"It is evident," I said, in closing this too vague sketch of the intellectual life of To-morrow, "that in all this there

will be sombre features now unforeseen. Just as oculists have multiplied since the invention of journalism, so with the phonography yet to be, the aurists will begin to abound. They will find a way to note all the sensibilities of the ear, and to discover names of more new auricular maladies than will really exist; but no progress has ever been made without changing the place of some of our ills.

"Be all this as it may, I think that if books have a destiny, that destiny is on the eve of being accomplished; the printed book is about to disappear. After us the last of books, gentlemen!"

This after-supper prophecy had some little success even among the most sceptical of my indulgent listeners; and John Pool had the general approval when he cried, in the moment of our parting:

"Either the books must go, or they must swallow us up. I calculate that, take the whole world over, from eighty to one hundred thousand books appear every year; at an average of a thousand copies, this makes more than a hundred



Reading on the Limited.



Editorial Rooms of the Phonographic Journal of the Future.
(Dictating News Cylinders.)

millions of books, the majority of which contain only the wildest extravagances or the most chimerical follies, and propagate only prejudice and error. Our social condition forces us to hear many stupid things every day. A few

more or less do not amount to very great suffering in the end; but what happiness not to be obliged to read them, and to be able at last to close our eyes upon the annihilation of printed things!"



Impending Maladies of the Ear.



Carolus Duran.

THE POET WITH THE MANDOLIN*

PAINTED BY CAROLUS DURAN

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton

I HAVE given the title of this picture in the English most nearly approaching to the original that I could find, but it is always unsatisfactory to a French scholar to translate *à* by *with*. There are delicacies in language that are indescribable in another tongue. I cannot explain, in English, why I dislike *with* as a substitute for *à*, but to my feeling it is awkward and inadequate. The

* See Frontispiece.

proper French translation for *with* is not *à* but *avec*, yet everyone who knows French feels instinctively that *avec*, in a title of this kind would convey a different idea. Perhaps it would separate the poet more from the instrument he is holding. However this may be, the French title is perfectly elegant, euphonious, and, in itself, musical like the instrument in the picture. It is *Le Poète à la Mandoline*.

The picture was first exhibited in 1894 at the well-known club in the Rue Boissy d'Anglais, where a few works of art are to be seen some weeks before the opening of the Salons for which they are intended.

It is, of course, a study from a living original, and in that sense a portrait, but as the title suggests an ideal conception, so the true subject of the picture is a poetical *rêverie* aided by the two accompaniments of a little music and a cigarette. "The Poet" himself appears to be a young man of a sensitive temperament and a physical constitution which, without being unhealthy, is still delicate rather than robust.

To my feeling this picture has a singular magnetic attraction, comparable to that of a few thoughtful portraits by the old masters, such as the melancholy young man in the Louvre which used to be attributed to Francia. And if ever this canvas should arrive in the national collection, where it would be by no means out of place, the visitors in future ages will be drawn to it by feelings of sympathy and curiosity. They will wonder who this poet of the long-past nineteenth century could be, with his expression at once of mental lucidity and dreamy idealism, and they will regret that they cannot discover the stanzas that he rhymed and measured with the help of his tinkling mandolin.

The painter must have been in perfect sympathy with his subject, for his own nature is in reality both poetical and musical. I do not know that he makes rhymes, but it is easy to see that he has the poetical nature, though he happens to be a fashionable portrait-painter. The poet's instinct expresses itself very strongly in his landscapes, which are more numerous than is generally known, as in former years, when he exhibited in the Champs Élysées, the rule was to admit only two pictures by each exhibitor; and these were inevitably portraits, which represented the more lucrative side of the painter's productiveness. Of late years the new Society in the Champ de Mars allows each exhibitor to group a number of pictures together, so there is a place for the landscapes also, and they may occa-

sionally be seen in the minor Salons. I shall have more to say of them presently, and only mention them in this place for their evidence of strong poetic feeling. As for the musical side of the artist's nature, it finds expression in practice on the organ and harmonium, and also in occasional outbursts of singing when an air recurs to the memory and the painter has not time to go to one of the musical instruments in his studio. Even the cigarette in which the poet is indulging is the habitual solace of the painter. In one respect, however, M. Carolus Duran differs notably from the dreamer with the mandolin, as his own physical constitution is most robust. He is a practised horseman, has a high reputation, even in Paris, as a fencer, and swims well enough to have saved two lives.*

The published biographies of M. Carolus Duran are for the most part inaccurate. The following facts were given me by the artist himself. He was born at Lille, July 4, 1838, which he has since learned to associate with the declaration of American independence. His parents and relations were of the middle class, and all of them without the slightest tendency toward the fine arts. There is an art academy at Lille, and in this school, under a professor named Souchon, the future painter learned the first elements of his art. In his opinion, however, the knowledge he acquired at Lille was of very little account, although he writes himself in exhibition catalogues as a pupil of Souchon. Carolus Duran came to Paris in the year 1855, and applied himself to the study of painting entirely in his own way, not entering either the *École des Beaux-Arts* or any of the ateliers then in vogue, but accumulating knowledge and experience as he could, by working from nature and by studying the great masters. He quitted Paris for Rome in the year 1862, and spent four years in Italy, returning to Paris January 1, 1866. This absence included a stay of eight months with the

* Some people of the class usually a little jealous of diversity in reputations have said that the lady saved, in one of these cases, was young and beautiful. As a matter of fact she was an old woman beginning to drown in the bay of Arcachon. This happened in 1880. In 1884 the same swimmer rescued a friend of his, a painter, who, without him, would have been drowned at Sorrento.

Franciscans in their convent of Subiaco. On his return from Rome he did not stay very long in Paris, but left in the same year for Spain, where he spent twelve months, chiefly in studying Velasquez. In 1867 he settled for good in Paris, reserving, however, the most complete liberty for travelling, which he enjoys exceedingly. In this way he has revisited Spain and Italy, and extended his travels to Belgium, Holland, England, and Germany—that is, generally to the countries where the finest pictures are to be seen.

This outline at once conveys the impression of an active and energetic life, and this impression would be much deepened if it were possible for us to see a complete collection of the artist's works. Few contemporary painters have been more productive, and it would be hard to mention one whose art keeps more steadily up to its own standard of excellence. This is recognized in the artist's rank as Commander of the Legion of Honor.

M. Carolus Duran is known chiefly as a portrait-painter, and as he has enjoyed great popularity he has followed the career of a fashionable portrait-painter, a life in which, from the point of view of unsuccessful artists and their friends in the press, there is something derogatory, if not, indeed, absolutely unholy. At the same time the style of painting adopted by this artist is a style that does not by any means conceal his sense of his own power. His work shows a brilliance in execution and a richness of coloring which are quite contrary to the preference for dull colors and the affectedly simple handling adopted by certain artists of the new school. On this point I have heard M. Carolus Duran himself express an opinion. He said that, as it is easier to speak in a monotonous whisper than in the full force of powerful elocution, so it is easier to paint in an abstract manner, with low coloring, than to employ successfully a palette more nearly approximating to the brilliance of nature. As for his own practice, he can paint soberly enough when the subject requires it, and at other times, when costume and effect authorize richness and splendor, he

gives such an astonishing *éclat* to his pictures that they are dangerous to all their neighbors. As examples of sobriety (far removed from dulness) I may mention the full-length portrait of a lady taking off her glove and wearing a black dress. This is now in the Luxembourg. Another quiet but engaging picture is the portrait of an English lady, wearing a black hat and a black dress, and seated in a very simple arm-chair. This was exhibited in 1885. The portrait of M. René Billotte (1891) is in evening dress, which leaves no room for anything but a study of black and white. Others, like the Baron O. (1891), are in the grays and browns of ordinary morning costume. It is, of course, chiefly in the splendor of feminine attire that a portrait-painter finds opportunities for displaying color and texture, and here M. Carolus Duran makes the most of the occasion. However, the artist he holds in highest esteem is Velasquez, one of the gravest of all portrait-painters.

The element of character in Carolus Duran's portraits will, in many instances, be their principal attraction for posterity. His "Gounod," exhibited in 1891, will be valued as long as Gounod's music lasts. Other pictures, of people unknown to fame, have the attraction of something unfathomable in their nature—a mystery that attracts the artist, and which he makes us also feel. He has very much of the observant instinct of the novelist, and thinks about the minds of his models. "What an enigmatic face it is!" he said of a young girl. "Does she not look like a Sphinx waiting for her *Œdipus*?" Another girl-portrait, that of the artist's daughter, exhibited in 1888, does not suggest any danger, but hints at liveliness and humor which, for the present, are subdued by the necessities of the pose.

Carolus Duran has painted several religious pictures, as, for example, "The Entombment" (1883), and a very recent picture representing the cataclysm at the close of the Crucifixion, which differs from most pictures of the same event in placing the crucified figure at one side of the composition, the real subject being the lurid landscape and the rush of the appalled spectators.

This may be repeated sometime on a larger scale, as it needs size for its full impressiveness as well as for the study of individual character in the multitude of faces.

I have said that Carolus Duran has been a diligent student of the great masters. As such, he would be naturally led to make experiments in what may be called the Pagan department of the art of painting, a department in which there is less sublimity than in the Christian, and less intellectual interest than in portraiture, but which excels them both as a school for the study of corporeal beauty and grace. Perhaps the most important of the artist's works in this kind is his large picture of Bacchus and his following (1889). The god is seated on a chariot drawn by brown-skinned, muscular men, and accompanied by a joyous crowd of revellers on foot, of both sexes, scantily clothed and careless of everything but pleasure. The beauty of this picture was considerably enhanced by a charming landscape background taken evidently from the shores of the Mediterranean. Other pictures essentially of the same class, though of single figures, are the "Danaë" (1891), and the "Andromeda" (1887).

M. Carolus Duran has the landscape instinct to a degree that is very rare among figure-painters. I knew from his landscapes that he must have an intense delight in nature, and was not surprised to hear from his own lips that the temptation to paint studies out-of-doors was so strong as to be almost irresistible. He said that he felt this temptation most strongly, perhaps, when attracted by the transient beauties of the sky. There is a very fine sunset sky by him in the Luxembourg, and another, of a rich, red afterglow in the south of France (near Fréjus), will have been exhibited when this article is in print. He is passionately fond of the Mediterranean coast, and paints it, not only under solemn effects, but in the full brightness of its own glorious sunshine. A good proof of the genuineness of Duran's land-

scape instinct is that he does not feel it to be a necessity to introduce figures, though, as we have seen, this cannot be from any inability to paint them.

Like all brilliant men, Carolus Duran has his detractors. They say he is vain, and only a popular artist, not a great one, and that he likes to come first in everything. A story is told of Puvis de Chavannes, who is also, notwithstanding advancing years, a remarkable example of activity. It is said that Puvis, being with other artists at the bottom of the staircase in the Champ de Mars, ran up two steps at a time to see how the preparations for a banquet were getting on, when Carolus Duran eagerly followed him, taking three steps instead of two, and arriving first at the top. The tale may be mythical, but it has a meaning. In any case its currency shows the general estimate of the painter's bodily activity and his eager ambition. As for the distinction between popularity and greatness, it is one very difficult to determine during an artist's lifetime. It must be remembered, too, that there is a strong business element in the life of a professional portrait-painter, who has frequently to make the most of a poor subject which affords neither intellectual nor artistic interest. Some men are superficial at times and profound at others; Matthew Arnold was one of these. In a rich nature like that of Carolus Duran, full of energy and animation, and occupied with a very worldly profession, there may be a good deal, both in life and work, that is merely on the surface; but there may also be depths of sentiment and powers of imagination of which the public takes little account. In the case of this famous painter everything he does is a proof of consummate manual skill and artistic accomplishment, but if I wanted to produce evidence of profounder qualities, I should point to a few lonely and solemn landscapes, and to three or four faces not easily forgotten, such as that of the girl who looks like the Sphinx waiting for *Œdipus*, or "*Le Poète à la Mandoline*."

JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER

By George W. Cable

XLVIII

ST. VALENTINE'S: MORNING



NE morning, more than six weeks after New Year's eve, Garnet's carriage wheels dripped water and mud as his good horses dragged them slowly into the borders of Suez. The soft, moist winds of February were ruffling the turbid waters of Turkey Creek and the swollen flood of the Swanee. A hint of new green brightened every road-side, willows were full of yellow light, and a pink and purple flush answered from woods to fence-row, from fence-row to woods, across and across the three counties.

"This pike's hardly a pike at all since the railroad's started," said the Major, more to himself than to Barbara and Johanna; for these were the two rear occupants of the carriage.

"Barb, I got a letter from Fair last night. You did too, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"He'll be here next week. He says he can't stop with us this time."

Barbara was silent, and felt, without seeing, the shy, care-taking glance of her maid. Garnet spoke again, in the guarded tone she knew so well.

"I reckon you understand he's only coming to see if he'll take stock in this land company we're getting up, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does he know you're going to spend these two weeks at Halliday's before you all go North?"

"I think he does."

The questioner turned enough to make a show of frowning solicitude. "What's the matter with you this morning? sad at the thought of leaving home, or"—he tried to smile—"does it hurt your throat to talk?"

"No, sir, there's nothing the matter"—the speaker smiled meditatively—"we only don't hit on a subject of interest to both."

The father faced to front again and urged the horses with austere impatience. He even raised the whip, but let it droop. Then he turned sharply and drew his daughter's glance. "Is Fair going to stay with John March?"

They sat gaze to gaze while their common blood surged up to his brows and more gradually suffused her face. Without the stir of an eyelash she let her lips part enough to murmur, "Yes."

Before her word was finished Garnet's retort was bursting from him, "Thanks to you, you intermeddling——" He was cut short by the lurch of the carriage into a hole. It flounced him into the seat from which he had half started and faced him to the horses. With a smothered imprecation he rose and laid on the whip. They plunged, the carriage sprang from the hole and ploughed the mire, and Garnet sat down and drove into the town's main avenue, bespattered with mud from head to waist.

Near the gate of the Academy grounds stood Parson Tombs talking to a youth in Rosemont uniform. The student passed on, and the pastor, with an elated face, waved a hand airily to Garnet. Garnet stopped and the Parson came close.

"Brother Tombs, howdy?"

"Why, howdy-do, Brother Garnet?—Miss Barb!—Johanna." He pointed covertly at the departing youth and murmured to Garnet, "He'll make ow fo'teenth convert since New Year's. And still there is room!" His manner changed—"Well, brother, I've been a-hearin' about Johnnie March's an' yo'-all's lan' boom, but"—the good man giggled—"I never see a case o' measles break out finer than the lan' business is broke out on you!—And you don't seem to mind it no mo'n—Look here! air you a miracle o' grace, aw what air you?"

"Why, nothing, Brother Tombs, nothing! Nothing but an old soldier who's learned that serenity's always best."

The Parson turned to Barbara and cast a doting smile sidewise upon the old soldier. But Garnet set his face against flattery and changed the subject.

"Brother Tombs, speaking of John March, you know how risky it is for anybody—unless it's you—to say anything to him. Oh, I dare say he's changed, but when he hasn't been converted two months nor a member of the church three weeks, we mustn't expect him to have the virtues of an old Christian."

"He's changed mo'n I'm at libbety to tell you, Brother Garnet. He's renounced dancing."

"Yes?—Indeed! He's quit dancing. But still he carries two revolvers."

"Why, Brother John Wesley, I—that's so. I've spoke to John about that, but—the fact is——"

Garnet smiled. "His life is in constant danger—that's my very point. The bad weather has protected him thus far, but if it should last five years without a break, still you know perfectly well that as soon as it fairs off——"

"Uv co'se! Enos's kinfolks 'll be layin' faw him behind some bush aw sett'n' fire to his house; an' so what shall he do, Brother John Wesley, if we say he——"

"Oh, let him shoot a yahoo or two if he must, but I think you ought to tell him he's committing a criminal folly in asking that young Yankee, Mr. Fair, to stop with him at Widewood when he comes here next week!"

"Why, Brother Garnet! Why, supposin' that young stranger should get shot!"

"Yes, or if he should no more than see March shot or shot at! Think what an impression he'd carry back North with him! It's an outrage on our whole people, sir, and God knows!—I speak reverently, my dear brother—we've suffered enough of that sort of slander! I'd tell him, myself, but—this must be between us, of course——"

"Why, of co'se, Brother Garnet," murmured the Pastor and bent one ear.

"It's a pure piece of selfish business

rivalry on John's part toward me. He's asked Fair to his house simply to keep him away from Rosemont."

"Why, Brother Garnet! Rosemont's right where he'd ought to go to!"

"In John's own interest!" said Garnet.

"In John's—you're right, my brother! I'm surprised he don't see it so!"

"O—I'm not. He's a terribly over-rated chap, Brother Tombs. Fact is—I say it in the sincerest friendship for him—John's got no real talents and not much good sense—though one or two of his most meddlesome friends have still less." The Major began to gather up the reins. The Parson stepped back.

"Well, I'll try to see him, Brother Garnet. I met him yeste'day—Look here! I reckon that young man's not goin' to stop with him after all. He told me yeste'day he was going to put a friend into Swanee Hotel because Sisteh March felt too feeble, aw fearful, aw somethin', an' he felt bound to stand his expenses."

"And so he"—the Major paused pleasantly. "How much did you lend him?"

"Aw! Brother Garnet, I didn't mean you to know that! He's had to put shuttels on his sitt'n'-room windows, too, you know, to quiet Sisteh March's ve'y natu'l fears. I only promised to lend him a small amount if he should need it."

"O he'll need it," said the Major, and included Barbara in his broad smile. She smiled too, though much more quietly. "Still," he added gravely, "I hope you'll let him have it, and if he doesn't return it to you I will; I loved his father. John should have come to me, Brother Tombs, as he's always done. I'm saying this to you privately, you know. I'll consider the loan practically made to me, for we simply can't let Mr. Fair go to Widewood, even if John puts shutters on all his windows."

Again the speaker lifted the reins and the Parson drew back with a bow to Barbara, when Johanna spoke and the whole group stared after two townward-bound horsemen.

"Those are mountain people, right now," said the Parson.

"Yes," replied Garnet, "but they're

no kin to Enos." He moved on to Halloway's gate.

It was the fourteenth of the month. The Major stayed in town for the evening mail and drove home after dark, alone, but complacent, almost jovial. He had got three valentines.

XLIX

ST. VALENTINE'S : EVENING

AT Widewood that same hour there was deep silence. Since the first of the year the only hands left on the place were a decrepit old negro and wife, whom even he pronounced "wuthless," quartered beyond the stable-yard's farther fence. For some days this "lady" had been Widewood's only cook, owing to the fact that Mrs. March's servant, having a few nights before seen a man prowling about the place, had left in such a panic as almost to forget her wages, and quite omitting to leave behind her several articles of the Widewood washing.

Within the house John March sat reading newspapers. His healthy legs were crossed toward the flickering hearth, and his strong shoulders touched the centre-table lamp. The new batten shutters excluded the beautiful outer night. His mother, to whom the mail had brought nothing, was sitting in deep shadow, her limp form and her regular supply of disapproving questions alike exhausted. Her slender elbow slipped now and then from the arm of her rocking-chair, and unconscious gleams of incredulity and shades of grief still alternated across her face with every wrinkling effort of her brows to hold up her eyelids.

John was not so absorbed as he seemed. He felt both the silence and the closed shutters drearily, and was not especially cheered by the following irrelevant query in the paragraph before him :

"Who—having restored the sight of his jailor's blind daughter and converted her father from idolatry—was on this day beheaded?"

Yet here was a chance to be pleasant at the expense of a man quite too dead to mind.

"Mother," he began, so abruptly that Mrs. March started with a violent shudder, "this is February fourteenth. Did any ancient person of your acquaintance lose his head to-day?" He turned a facetious glance that changed in an instant to surprise. His mother had straightened up with bitter indignation, but she softened to an agony of reproach as she cried :

"John!"

"Why, mother, what?"

"Ah! John! John!" She gazed at him tearfully. "Is this what you've joined the church for? To cloak such —"

"My dear mother!" cried the son, starting half from his chair. She flinched as if he had thrown an andiron, but brought her eyes quickly back when he began to add, "I've got nothing to cloak but my own fool miseries. I was simply trying to joke away the dismal! Why, mother"—he smiled persuasively—"if you only knew what a hard job it is." But the ludicrousness of her misconstruction took him off his guard, and in spite of his grimmest endeavor to prevent it, his smile increased and he stopped to keep from laughing.

Mrs. March rose, eloquent with unspoken resentment, and started from the room. At the door she cast back the blush of a martyr's forgiveness, and the next instant was in her son's big right arm. His words were broken with laughter.

"My dear, pretty little mother!" She struggled alarmedly, but he held her fast. "Why, I know the day is nothing to you, dear, less than nothing!" His voice grew tender and his eyes kind. "I know perfectly well that I am your own and only valentine. Ain't I? Because you're mine now, you know, since I've turned over this new leaf."

The mother averted her face. "O my son, I'm so unused to loving words, they only frighten me."

But John spoke on with deepening emotion. "Yes, mother, I'm going to try to be your valentine, and yours only, as I've never been or thought of being in all my life before. I'm going to try my very best! You'll help me, won't you, little valentine mother?"

She lifted a glance of mournful deri-

sion. "Valentine me no valentines. You but increase my heart-loneliness. Ah! my self-deluded boy, your fickle pledges only mean, to my sad experience, that you have made your own will everything and my wish nothing. Valentine me no valentines, let me go."

The young man turned abruptly and strode back to his newspapers. But he was too full of bitterness to read. He heard his mother's soft progress up-stairs and her slow step in the unlighted room overhead. It ceased. She must have sat down in the dark. A few moments passed. Then it sounded again, but so strange and hurried that he started up, and as he did so the cry came, frantic with alarm, from the upper hall and then from the head of the stairs:

"John! John!"

He was already bounding up the staircase. Mrs. March stood on the landing, pale and trembling. "A man!" she cried, "with a gun! I saw him down in the moonlight under my window! I saw him! he's got a gun!"

She was deaf and blind to her son's beseechings to be quiet. He caught her hands in his; they were icy. He led her by gentle force down-stairs and back to her sitting-room seat.

"Why, that's all right, mother; that's what you made me put the shutters on down here for. If you'd just come and told me quietly, why, I might a' got him from your window. Did you see him?"

"I don't know," she moaned. "He had a gun. I saw one end of it."

"Are you sure it was a gun? Which end did you see, the butt or the muzzle?"

Mrs. March only gasped. She was too refined a woman to mention either end of a gun by name. "I saw—the—front end."

"He didn't aim it at you, or at anything, did he?"

"No—yes—he aimed it—sidewise."

"Sideways! Now, mother, there I draw the line! No man shall come around here aiming his gun sideways: endangering the throngs of casual bystanders!"

"Ah! John, is this the time to make your captive and beleaguered mother the victim of ribald jests?"

"My dear mother, no! it's a time to go to bed. If that fellow's still nosing 'round here with his gun aimed sideways he's protection enough! But seriously, mother, whatever you mean by being embargoed and blockaded——"

"I did not say embargoed and blockaded!"

"Why, my dear mother, those were your very words!"

"They were not! They were not my words! And yet, alas! how truly——" She turned and wept.

"O Lord! mother——"

"My son, you've broken the second commandment!"

"It was already broke! O for heaven's sake, mother, don't cave in in this hysterical way!"

The weeper whisked round with a face of wild beseeching. "O, my son, call me anything but that! Call me weak and credulous, too easily led and misled! Call me too poetical and confiding! I know I'm more lonely than I dare tell my own son! But I'm not—Oho! I'm not hysterical!" she sobbed.

So it continued for an hour. Then the lamp gave out and they went to bed.

The next morning John drove his mother to Suez for a visit of several days among her relatives, and rode on into Blackland to see if he could find "a girl" for Widewood. He spent three days and two nights at these tasks, stopping while in Blackland with—whom would you suppose? Proudfit, for all the world! He took an emphatic liking to the not too brainy colonel, and a new disrelish to his almost too sparkling wife.

As, at sunset of the third day, he again drew near Suez and checked his muddy horse's gallop at Swanee River Bridge, his heart leaped into his throat. He hurriedly raised his hat, but not to the transcendent beauties of the charming scene, unless these were Fannie Halliday and Barbara Garnet.

L

A LITTLE VOYAGE OF DISCOVERIES

FOR two girls out on a quiet stroll, their arms about each other and their words murmurous, not any border of

Suez was quite so alluring as the woods and waters seen from the parapet of this fine old stone bridge.

The main road from Blackland crossed here. As it reached the Suez side it made a strong angle under the town's leafy bluffs and their two or three clambering by-streets, and ran down the rocky margin of the stream to the new railway station and the old steamboat landing half a mile below. The bridge was entirely of rugged gray limestone, and spanned the river's channel and willow-covered sand-bars in seven high, rude arches. One Christmas dawn during the war a retreating enemy, making ready to blow up the structure, were a moment too slow, and except for the scars of a few timely shells dropped into their rearguard, it had come through those times unscathed. For, just below it, passable except in high water, and preferable to it most of the year, was a broad gravelly ford. Beyond the bridge, on the farther side of the town, the road curved out of view between woods on the right and meadows on the left. A short way up the river the waters came dimpling, green and blue in August, but yellow and swirling now, around the long, bare foot of a wooded island, that lay forever asleep in midstream, overrun and built upon by the winged Liliputians of the shores and fields.

The way down to this spot from the Halliday cottage was a grassy street overarched with low-branching evergreen oaks, and so terraced that the trees at times robbed the view of even a middle distance. It was by this way that Fannie and Barbara had reached the bridge. A single incident of their walk we mention, though with diffidence for the slightness of its value. Starting from Fannie's gate with arms entwined, the two friends had soon been obliged to part, and with gathered skirts to pick dainty zigzags where, now and then, the way was wet. The spirit of spring was in the lightness of their draperies' texture and dyes, and only a woman's eye would have noticed that Barbara was in mourning. Their broken talk was mainly on a plan for the celebration, on the twenty-second, not of any great and exceptionally truthful patriot's birthday—Captains Champion and Shot-

well were seeing to that—but of Parson Tombs's and his wife's golden wedding.

"No," said Fannie, "another committee has charge of the decorations."

"Who's on it?" asked Barbara, following behind.

Fannie did not need to mention Miss Mary Salter's name; she only faced about, turned her toes in, clasped her hands downward, and gazed rapturously into heaven.

Barbara halted, arched one eyebrow, and from the other side of her face beamed upon Fannie the younger pastor's well-known smile of devouring benevolence. The next moment, red with confusion, they were greeting that smile's author and owner. But it broke out on his own face, and they recovered their ease.

"Yes," he admitted, "it is a fine day. I was going to see Miss Mary, who is——"

"Sick?" asked Fannie, with a pretence of consternation.

"O no, not sick, but you know, Miss Barbara, she and I are——"

"Yes," said Barbara, with her most steadfast eye and dreamiest smile, "I didn't know till——" she cleared her throat at short intervals—"till Fannie told me, just this—hmm!—afternoon. I'm ever so glad." Her voice was as tender as her throat.

"Why, what's Miss Fannie gone and told you?" He beamed as though joy would break forth either in a halo from the back of his head or in a war-whoop from the front.

"O! only that you and Miss Mary are—hmm!—engaged——"

"Barb!—O excuse me! I thought you had finished."

"Engaged," resumed Barbara, "hmm—as a special committee——"

"Why, yass, we are, on decorations. That's why I'm going to see her now."

"Is that so?" said Fannie, with innocent surprise.

"Yass, for, you know, we're—ahem!"—he knit his fingers, balanced on his toes, and gave his most unilateral and altruistic smile—"we're just us two, with no one to assist or advise us." Fannie looked at Barbara and Barbara coughed.

"Now, Barb! I'm sorry I didn't get those troches for you! Now here you are——"

The minister urgently offered his, which were dark in color and threatening in odor. Barbara took one, put it into her mouth and gazed on Fannie, who asked, suppressing a tremor of voice—

"Is it nice?"

But by the time she spoke Barbara was saying a hasty good-by to the happy giver, and presently the two girls were farther down the bluff and alone. Fannie was in tears of laughter and Barbara was putting the troche carefully under a wayside stone, and, in negro talk, bidding it stay there, where she wouldn't have to divide it with anybody, till she could come back alone and get it. This done, the two twined arms again and tripped away, singing softly in time to their feet and in the voices of the Committee on Decorations—

"Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Make this earth an Eden," etc.

When John March saw them they were standing abreast the bridge's parapet, the evening air stirring their garments, watching the stern-wheeler, Launcelot Halliday, back out from the landing below into the fretting current for a trip down stream. John had always approved this companionship; it had tended to sustain his old illusion that Fannie's extra years need not count between her and him. But the pleasure of seeing them together now was but a flash and was gone, for something else than extra years was counting, which had never counted before. He had turned over a new leaf, as he said. On it he had subscribed with docile alacrity to every ancient grotesqueness in Parson Tombs's science of God, sin, and pardon; and then had stamped Fannie's picture there, fondly expecting to retain it by the very simple trick of garlanding it round with the irrefragable proposition that love is the fulfilling of the law! But not many days had the leaf been turned when a new and better conscience awoke one morning to find shining there, still wet from God's own pen, the corollary that only a whole

sphere of love can fulfil the law's broad circumference.

As Fannie and Barbara made their bow and moved to pass on he hurriedly raised his hat and his good horse dropped into a swift, supple walk. The bridle hand started as if to draw in, but almost at the same instant the animal sprang again into a gait which showed the spur had touched her, and was quickly out of hearing.

"Barb," murmured Fannie, "I know what you're thinking. You're thinking he's improving."

"Yes, only——"

"Only you think he'd have stopped if he'd had seen us sooner. Why can't you think maybe he wouldn't? But you're not to blame; you simply have a young girl's natural contempt for a boy's love. Well, a boy's love is silly; but when you see the constant kind, like John's, as sure as you live there are not many things entitled to higher respect. O Barb! I've never felt quite so honored by any other love that man ever offered me. He'll get over it, completely. I believe it's dying now, though it's dying hard. But the next time he loves, the girl who treats his love lightly—Let's go down in these woods and look for hepaticas. John can't bring them to me any more and Jeff-Jack never did. He sends candy. There's homage in a wild flower, Barb; but candy, oh—I don't know—it makes me ashamed."

"Why don't you tell him so?"

Fannie leaned close and whispered, "I'm afraid."

"Why, he gave me wild flowers, once."

"When? Who?" The black eyes flashed. "When did he ever give you flowers?"

"When I was five years old." They turned down a short descent into the woods.

Fannie smiled pensively. "Barb, did you notice that John——"

"Has been trading again! His love's not very constant as to horses."

"But what a pretty mare he's got! Barb, 'pon my word, when John March is well mounted, I do think, physically, he's——" The speaker hearkened and looked back. From the low place where they stood her eyes were on a level

with the road. "It's him again; let's hide."

March came loping down from the bridge, slackened pace, and swept with his frowning glance the meadows on the left. Then he moved along the edge of the wood searching its sunset lights and glooms, and presently turned down into them, bending under the low boughs. And then he halted, burning with sudden resentment before the smiling, black-eyed girl who leaned against the tree, which had all at once refused to conceal her.

Neither spoke. Fannie's eyes were mocking and yet kinder, and the resentment in John's turned to a purer mortification. A footstep rustled behind him and Barbara said:

"We're looking for wild flowers. Do you think we're too early?"

"No, I could have picked some this afternoon if I'd felt like it, but it's a sort o' belief with me that nobody ought to pick wild flowers for himself—ha-ha-ha!—O eh, Miss Garnet, I reckon I owe you an apology for charging down on you this way, but I just happened to think, after I passed you, that you could tell me where to find your father. He's president *pro tem.* of our land company, you know, and I want to consult him with Mr. Gamble—you know Mr. Gamble, don't you?—president of the railroad? O! of course you do! Well, he's our vice-president."

"Why, no, Mr. March, I don't know where you'll find pop—a right now. I might possibly know when I get back to the house. If it's important I could send you word."

"O no! O no! Not at all! I'll find him easily enough. I hope you'll both pardon me, Miss Fannie, but it seems as if I learn some things pow'ful slow. I ought to know by this time when two's a company and three's a crowd——"

Before he had finished, the two listeners had seen the remoter significance of his words, and it was to mask this that Barbara drawled—

"Why, Mr. March, that's not nice of you!"

But the young man's confusion was sufficient apology, and both girls beamed kindly on him as he presently took his leave under the delusion that his face hid his inward mortification.

LI

A PAIR OF SMUGGLERS

A SHORT way farther within the wood they began to find flowers.

"Well—yes," said Fannie, musingly. "And pop consented to be treasurer *pro tem.*, but that was purely to help John. You know he fairly loves John. They all think it'll be so much easier to get Northern capital if they can show they're fully organized and all interests interested, you know." She stooped to pick a blossom. Barbara was bending in another direction. Two doves alighted on the ground near by and began to feed, and, except for size, the four would have seemed to an onlooker to have been very much of a kind.

Presently Fannie spoke again. "But I think pop's more and more distrustful of the thing every day. Barb, I reckon I'll tell you something."

Barbara crouched motionless. "Tell on."

"O—well, I asked pop yesterday what he thought of this Widewood scheme anyhow, and he said, 'There's money in it for some men.' 'Well, then, why can't you be one of them,' I asked him, and said he, 'It's not the kind of money I want, Fan.'"

"O pshaw, Fannie, men are always saying that about one another."

"Yes," murmured Fannie.

"Fan," said Barbara, tenderly, "don't stop talking that way; you know I'm nearly as proud of your father as you are, don't you?"

"Yes, sweetheart."

"Well, then, go on, dear."

"I asked him if John was one," resumed Fannie, "and, said he, 'No, I shouldn't be a bit surprised to see John lose everything he and his mother have got.'"

Barbara flinched and was still again. "Has he told him that?"

"No, he says John's a very hard fellow to tell anything to. And, you know, Barb, that's so. I used to could tell him things, but I mustn't even try now."

"Why, Fan, you don't reckon Mr. Ravenel would care, do you?"

"Barb, I'll never know how much he

cares about anything till it's too late. You can't try things on Jeff-Jack."

"I wish," softly said Barbara, "you wouldn't smile so much like him."

"Don't say anything against him, Barb, now or ever! I'm his and he's mine, and I wouldn't for both worlds have it any other way." But this time the speaker's smile was her own and very sweet. The two returned to the road.

"I asked pop," said Fannie, "where Jeff-Jack stands in this affair. He laughed and said, 'Jeff-Jack doesn't take stands, Fan, he lays low.'"

"Somebody ought to tell him."

"Who? Oh, John!—yes, I only wish to gracious some one would! But men don't do that sort of thing for one another. If a man takes such a risk as that for another you may know he loves him; and if a woman takes it you may know she doesn't."

"Fan," said Barbara, as they locked arms, "would it do for me to tell him?"

"No, my dear; in the first place you wouldn't get the chance. You can't begin to try to tell him till you've clean circumgyrated yourself away down into his confidence. It's a job, Barb, and a bigger one than you can possibly want. Now, if we only knew some girl of real sense who was foolish enough to be self-sacrificingly in love with him—but where are we going to find the combination?"

"And even if we could, you say no woman in love with a man would do it."

"There are exceptions, sweet Simplicity. What we want is an exception! Law, Barb, what a fine game a girl of the true stuff could play in such a case. Not having his love yet, but wanting it worse than life, and yet taking the biggest chance of losing it for the chance of saving him from the wreck of his career. O see!" They stopped on the bridge again to watch the sun's last beams gilding the waters, and Barbara asked,

"Do you believe the right kind of a girl would do that?"

"Why, if she could do it without getting found out, yes! Why, Law! I'd have done it for Jeff-Jack. You see, she might save him and win him,

too; or she might win him even if she tried and failed to save him."

"But she might," said Barbara, gazing up the river, "she might even save him and still lose."

"Yes, for a man thinks he's doing well if he so much as forgives a deliverer—in petticoats. Yet still, Barb, wouldn't a real woman sooner lose by saving him, than sit still and let him lose for fear she might lose by trying to save him?"

"I don't know; you can't imagine mom-a doing such a thing, can you?"

"What! Cousin Rose? Why, of all women she was just the sort to have done it. Barb, you'd do it." Fannie expected her friend to look at her with an expression of complimented surprise. But the surprise was her own when Barbara gave a faint start and bent lower over the parapet. The difference was very slight. As slight as the smile of fond suspicion that came into Fannie's face.

"Fannie"—still looking down into the gliding water—"how does your father think Mr. March is going to lose so much; is he afraid he'll be swindled?"

"I believe he is, Barb."

"And do you think"—the words came very softly and significantly—"that that makes it any special matter of mine that he should be warned?"

"Yes, sweetheart, I do."

"Then"—the speaker looked up with distressed resolve—"I must do what I can. Will you help me, or let me help you, rather?"

"Yes, either way, as far as I can." They moved on for a moment. Then Barbara stopped abruptly, looking much amused. "There's one risk you didn't count!"

"What's that?"

"Why, if he should mistake my motive, and——"

"What? suspect you of being——"

"A girl of the true stuff!"

"O but, Sweet, you're so evidently not!"

As they laughed Fannie generously prepared herself to keep her guess to herself, and imply, still more broadly, that all she imputed to her friend was the determination secretly to circumvent a father's evil designs.

Barbara roused from a reverie. "I know who'll help us, Fan—Mr. Fair." She withstood her companion's roguish look with one of caressing gravity until her companion spoke, when she broke into a smile as tranquil as a mother's.

"Barb, Barb, you deep-dyed villain!"

The only reply of the defendant—they were once more in the shady lane—was to give her accuser a touch of challenge, and the two sprang up a short acclivity to where a longer vista opened narrowly before them. But here, as if rifles had been aimed at them, they shrank instantly downward. For in the dim sylvan light walked slowly before them two others, their heads hidden by the evergreen branches, but their feet perfectly authenticated and as instantly identified. One pair were twos, one were elevens, and both belonged to the Committee on Decorations. An arm that by nature pertained unto the elevens was about the waist that pertained unto the twos, and at the moment of discovery, as well as could be judged by certain sinuosities of lines below, there was a distance between the two pairs of lips less than any assignable quantity.

LII

LEVITICUS

THE two maidens were still laughing as they re-entered their gate.

"They can stand it, if we can," said Fannie. "We're merry, but they're happy." She threw an arm sturdily around her companion's waist and sought to complete the pantomime, but checked herself at the sight of a buggy drawing near.

It was old, misshapen, and caked with wet and dry mud, as also in all respects was the mule which drew it. In the vehicle sat three persons. Two were negro women. One of them—of advanced years—was in a full bloom of crisp calico and a flaring bonnet which must have long passed its teens. The other was young and very black. She wore a tawdry hat that only helped to betray her general slovenliness. From between them a negro man was rising and dismounting. A wide-brimmed,

crackled beaver rested on his fluffy gray locks, and there was the gentleness of a ripe old age in his face.

The spring sap seemed to have started in the elder woman's veins. She tittered as she scrambled to rise, and when the old man offered to help her, she eyed him with mock scorn and waved him off.

"G'way fum me, 'Viticus Wisdom—gallivantin' round here like we was young niggers!—Lawd! my time is come; I cayn't git up; my bones done tuk dis-yeh shape to sta-ay!"

"Come, come!" said the husband, in an undertone of amiable chiding; and the buggy gave a jerk of thankful relief as its principal burden left it for the sidewalk, diffusing the sweet smell of the ironing-table.

While the younger woman was making her mincing descent, Fannie and Barbara came toward them in the walk.

"Miss Halliday," said Leviticus, lifting his beaver and bowing across the gate, "in response to yo' invite we—O bless the Lawd my soul! is that my little—Miss Barb, is that you?"

Before he could say more Virginia threw both hands high. "Faw de Lawd's sake!" She thrust her husband aside. "G'way, niggah! lemme th'oo dis-yeh gate 'fo' I go ove' it!" She snatched Barbara to her bosom. "Lawd, honey! Lawd, honey! Ef anybody 'spec' you' ole Aunt Fudjinny to stan' off an' axe her baby howdy, dey betteh go to de crazy house! Lawd! Lawd! dis de fus' chance I had to hug my own baby since I been a po' ole free niggah!" She held the laughing girl off by the shoulders.

"Honey, ef it's my las' ac', I"—she snatched her close again, kissed one cheek twice and the other thrice, and held her off once more to fix upon her a tearful, ravishing gaze. "Lawd, honey, Johanna done tole me how you growin' to favo' my sweet Miss Rose, an' I see it at de fun'l when I can't much mo'n speak to you, an' cry so I cayn't hardly see you; but Lawd! my sweet baby, dough you cayn't neveh supersede her in good looks, you jess as quiet an' beautiful as de sweet-potatoh floweh!"

"You haven't spoken to Miss Fannie yet, Aunt Virginia; have you?"

"Lawd, no! Howdy, Miss Fannie?" She gave her hand and courtesied.

"Howdy, Uncle Leviticus?" said Barbara.

The old man lifted his hat again, bowed very low, and looked very happy. "I'm tol'able well, Miss Barb, thank the Lawd, an' hope an' trus' an' pray you're of the same complexion." Still including Barbara in his audience, he went on with an address to Fannie already begun.

"You know, Miss Fannie, yo' letteh say fo' Aunt Fudjinny an' me to come the twentieth, yes, ma'am, we understand, but, you know, Mr. Mahch, he come down an' superscribe faw this young—ah——"

"Girl," suggested Barbara, with pretty condescension; but Fannie covertly trod on her toe and said, "lady," with a twinkle at the dowdy damsel.

"P'ecisely!" responded Leviticus to both speakers at once. "An' Mr. Mahch, he was bereft o' any way to fetch her to he's maw less'n he taken her up behine o' his saddle, an' so it seem' like the Lawd's call faw us to come right along an' bring her hencefah, an' then, if she an' his maw fin' theyse'ves agreeable, then Mr. Mahch—which his buggy happen to be here in Suez—'llow to give her his transpotes the balance o' the way, to-morrow, in hit."

"And you and Aunt Virginia will stay through the golden wedding as our chief butler and chief baker, as I wrote you; will you?"

"Well, er, eh"—the old man scratched his head—"thass the question, Miss Fannie. Thass what I been a-revolv'in', an' I sees two views faw revolution. On one side there is the fitteness o' we two faw this work."

"It's glaring," mused Fannie.

"Flagrant," as gravely suggested Barbara.

"P'ecisely! Faw, as you say in yo' letteh, we two was chief butler an' chief baker to they weddin' jess fifty years ago, bein' at that time hi-ud out to 'Squi' Usher—the ole 'Squieh, you know—by Miss Rose' motheh, which, you know, Miss Tomb' she was a Usher, daughteh to the old 'Squi' Usher, same as she is still sisteh to the present 'Squieh,

who was son to the ole 'Squieh, his father an' hern. The ole 'Squieh, he married a Jasper, an' thass how come the Tombses is remotely alloyed to the Mahches on the late Jedge's side, an' to you, Miss Barb, on Miss Rose's Montgomery side, an' in these times, when cooks is sca'ce an' butlehs is yit mo' so, it seem to me—it seem to me, Miss Fannie, like yo' letteh was a sawt o'—sawt o'——"

"Macedonian cry," said Fannie.

"Hark from the Tombses," murmured Barbara.

"And so you'll both come!" said Fannie.

"Why, as I say, Miss Fannie, thass the question, fo' there's the care o' my flock, you know."

"De laymbs," put in Virginia, "de laymbs is bleeds to be fed, you know, Miss Fannie, ev'm if dey is black--khe!"

"Yass, ma'am," resumed Leviticus; "an' if we speak o' mere yearthly toys, Fudjina's pigs an' chickens has dey claims."

"Well, whoever's taking care of them now can keep on till the twenty-second, Uncle Leviticus; and as for your church, you can run down there Sunday and come right back, can't you? Why can't you?"

"Uncle Leviticus," said Barbara, "we expect, of course, to pay you both, you know."

"Why, of course!" said Fannie, "you understood that, didn't you?"

"Yass'm, os co'se," interposed Virginia, quickly, while Leviticus drawled,

"O the question' o' pay is secondary!—But we'll have to accede, Fudjina, they can't do without us."

"I think, Fannie," said Barbara, looking very business-like, "we'd better have them name their price and agree to it at once, and so be sure——"

"Lawd, honey!" cried Virginia, "we ain't goin' to ax no prices to you-all! sufficiend unto the price is de laboh theyof, an' we leaves that to yo' generos'ty. Yass, thass right where we proud an' joyful to leave it—to yo' generos'ty."

"Well, now, remember, the Tombses mustn't know a breath about this. You'll find Johanna in the kitchen.

She'll have to give you her room and sleep on the floor in Miss Barb's; she'll be glad of the excuse——"

"Tha-ank you, Miss Fannie," replied Virginia, with amiable complacency, "but we 'llowin' to soj'u'n with friends in town."

"O, indeed! Well"—Arrangements for a later conference were made. "Good-evening. I'm glad you're bringing such a nice-looking girl to Mrs. March. What is her—what is your name?"

"Da-aphne."

"What!"

"Yass'm. Mr. Mahch say whiles I wuck faw he's maw he like me to be na-ame Jane, but my fo'-true name's Da-aphne, yass'm."

"Barb," said Fannie, "I've just thought of something we must attend to in the house at once!"

LIII

DELILAH

DAPHNE JANE was one of Leggettstown's few social successes. She was neither comely nor guileless, but she was tremendously smart. Her pious parents had sent her for two or three terms to the "Preparatory Department" of Suez University, where she had learned to read, write, and add—she had been born with a proficiency in subtraction. But she had proved flirtatious, and her father and mother had spent their later school outlays on her younger brothers and sisters. Daphne Jane had since then found sufficient and glad employ trying to pomatum the frizzles out of her hair, and lounging whole hours on her window-sill to show the result to her rivals and monopolize and cheer the passing toiler with the clatter of her perky wit and the perfumes of bergamot and cinnamon.

Cornelius Leggett had easily discovered this dark planet, but her parents were honestly, however crudely, trying to make their children better than their betters expected them to be, and they forbade him the house and her the lonely stroll.

The daughter, from the first moment,

professed to look with loathing upon the much-married and probably equally widowed Cornelius, but her mother did not trust her chaste shudderings. When John March came looking for a domestic, she eagerly arranged to put her out to service in a house where, Leviticus assured her, Cornelius dared not bring his foot. John March, however, was not taken into this confidence. The maid's quick wit was her strong card, and even Leviticus did not think it just to her to inform a master or mistress that it was the only strong card she held.

So, thanks to Leviticus, the only man in Leggettstown who would stop at no pains to "suckumvent wickedness in high places," here she was, half-way to Widewood, and thus far safe against any unguessed machinations of the enemy or herself. In Suez, too, all went well. Before Mrs. March, Jane seemed made of angelic "yass'ms," and agreed, with a strange, sweet readiness, to go to Widewood and assume her duties in her mistress's absence, which would be for a few days only.

"And you'll go"—"yass'm"—"with my son"—"yass'm"—"in the buggy"—"yass'm"—"and begin work"—"yass'm"—"just as though"—"yass'm"—"I were there"—"yass'm." Mrs. March added, half to herself, half to her son, "I find Suez"—"yass'm"—"more lonely than"—"yass'm"—"our forest home." "Yass'm"—said the black maiden.

John was delighted with such undaunted and unselfish alacrity. He was only sorry not to take her home at once, but really this business with Garnet and Gamble was paramount. It kept him late, and the next morning was well grown when he sought his mother to say that he could now take Jane to Widewood.

"My son, you cannot. It's too late."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, my dear John."

"Where's the girl?"

"On the way to her field of labor."

"How is she getting there?"

"In our buggy."

"You haven't let her drive out alone?"

"My son, why should you charge me with both cruelty and folly?"

"Who took her out?"

"One, my dear boy, who I little thought would ever be more attentive to the widow's needs than her own son; Cornelius Leggett." Mrs. March never smiled her triumphs. Her lips only writhed under a pleasant pain.

"Well, I'll be——"

"Oh!"

"Why, what, mother? I was only going to say I'll be more than pleased if he doesn't steal the horse and buggy. I'll bet five dollars——"

"Oh!"

"O, I only mean I don't doubt he's half ruined 'em by now, and all to save a paltry hour."

"My son, it was not mine to squander. Ah! John, the hours are not ours."

"Why, what are they? O! I see. Well, I wish whoever they belong to would come take 'em away!"

Cornelius was at that moment rejoicing that this one was peculiarly his. As he drove along the quiet Widewood road he was remarking to his charge:

"I arrove fum Pussy on the six o'clock train. One o' the fus news I git win' of is that you in town. Well! y'ought to see me!"

But his hearer refused to be flattered. "Wha'd you do—run jump in de riveh?"

"Jump in—I reckon not! I flew. Y'ought to see me fly to'a'ds you, sweet lady!"

The maiden laughed. "Law! Mr. Leggett, what a shoo-fly that mus' 'a' been! Was de conducto' ayfteh you?"

Mr. Leggett smiled undaunted. "My mos' num'ous thanks to yo' serenity, but I enjoys fum my frien' President Gamble the propriety of a free pa-ass ove' his road."

"Oh! does you indeed! *Is dat so!* Why, you makes me proud o' myse'ff. You hole a free pa-ass on de ra-ailroad, an' yit you countercend to fly to me!" The manner changed to one of sweet curiosity. "Does you fly jess with yo' two feet, aw does you comp'ise the assistance o' yo' ears?"

"Why, eh—why, I declah 'pon my soul, you—you es peart es popcawn! You trebbles me to respond to you with sufficient talk-up-titude."

"Does I? Laws-a-me! I ax yo'

pahdon, Mr. Leggett. But I uz bawn sassy. I ought to be jess ashame' o' myse'ff, talkin' dat familius to a gen'leman o' yo' powehs an' 'quaintances! Why, you evm knows Mr. Mahch, don't you?"

"Who, me? Me know Johnnie Mahch? Why, my dea'—escuse my smile o' disda-ain—why, Johnnie Mahch—why—why, I ra-aise' Johnnie!"

"Why, dee Lawdy! Does you call him Johnnie to his face?"

"Well, eh—not offm—ve'y seldom. 'Caze ef I do that, you know, then, here, fus' thing, he be a-callin' me C'nelius."

"I think C'nelius soun' sweet'n—" The speaker clapped a hand to her mouth. "Escuse me! O, Mr. Leggett, *kin* you escuse me?"

"Escuse you?"—his sidelong glance was ravishing—"yo' beauty mo'n escuses you."

The maiden dropped her lashes and drew her feet out of her protector's way. "An' you an' Mr. Mahch is frien's! How nice dat is!"

"Yass, it nice faw him. An' it usef'ul faw me. We in cahoots in disyeh lan' boom. O, yass, me an' him an' Gyarnit an' Gamble, all togetheh like fo' brethers. I plays the fife, Johnnie beats the drum, Gyarnit wear the big hat an' ferrish the stick, an' Gamble, he tote the ice-watch!" The two laughed so heartily as to swing against each other.

"Escuse me!" said Mr. Leggett, with great fondness of tone.

"You ve'y escusable," coyly replied the damsel. "Mr. Leggett, in what similitude does you means you plays de fife?"

"Why, in the s'militude o' legislation, you know. But Law'! Johnnie wouldn't neveh had the sense to 'range it that-a way if it hadn't been faw my dea' ole-time frien' an' felleh sodjer, Gyarnit."

"Is dat so! Well, well! Ma-ajo' Gyarnit! You used to cook faw him in camp, di'n' you? How much good sense he got, tubbe sho'!" A mixture of roguishness spoiled the pretence of wonder.

"Good sense! Law'! 'twan't good sense in Gyarnit nuther. It was jess my pow' ove' him! my stra-ange, masmaric poweh! You know, the arrange-

ments is jess this! Gyarnit got th'ee hund'ed sheers, I got fawty; yit I the poweh behime the th'one. Johnnie, he on'y sec'ta'y an' 'ithout a salary as yit, though him an' his maw got—oh! I dunno—but enough so he kin sell it faw all his daddy could 'a' sole the whole track faw—that is, perwidin' he kin fine a buyeh. Champion, Shotwell, the Graveses—all that crowd, they jess on'y the flies 'roun' the jug; bymeby they fine theyse'ves onto the flypapeh." The pair laughed again, and—

"Oh! excuse me!"

"My accident, seh. Mr. Leggett, hoccum you got all dat poweh?"

"Ah!" said the smiling gallant, "you wants to know the secret o' my poweh, do you? Well, that interjuce the ezactly question I'm jess a-honin' to ass you. You ass me the secret o' my poweh. Don't you know thass the ve'y thing what Delijah ass Sa-ampson?"

"Yass, seh. I knows. Dass in de Bible, ain't it?"

"It is. It in the sacred scripters, which I hope that, like myseff, fum a chile thou hass known them, ain't you? Yass, well, thass right. I loves to see a young lady pious. I'm pious, myseff. Ef I wan't a legislater *I'd* be a preacher. Now, you ass me the same riddle what Delijah ass Sampson. An' you know how he anseh her? He ass a riddle to her. An' likewise this my sweet riddle to you: Is I the Sampson o' yo' hope an' dream an' will you be my Deli—Aw! now, don't whisk away like that an' gag yo'seff wih yo' handkerchief! It's a lawful widowed, dearess."

The maiden quenched her mirth and put on great dignity. "Mr. Leggett, will you pleas to take yo' ahm fum roun' my wais'?" She glanced back with much whiteness of eyes. "Teck it off, seh; I ain't a-answe'ed you yit."

The arm fell away, but his whispering lips came close. "Ain't I yo' Sa-ampson, dearess o' the dear? Ain't you the Delijah o' my haht? Anseh me, my julepina, an' O, I'll reply you the secret o' my poweh aw any othek question in the wide, wide worl'!"

"Mr. Leggett, ef you crowds me any wuss on dis-yeh buggy seat I—I'll give you—I'll give you a unfavo'able anseh! Mr. Leggett"—she sniggered—"you

don't gimme no chaynce to think o' no objections evm ef I had any! Will you please to keep yo' foot where yo' foot belong, seh? Mr. Leggett—"

"What is it, my dark adelphiana—my sweet spirit o' nightshade?"

"Mr. Leggett"—the eyes sparkled with banter—"I'll tell you ef you'll fus' a-answeh *me* a riddle; will you? 'Caze ef you don't I won't tell you. Will you?"

"Lawd! I'll try! On'y ass it quick befo' my haht bus' wide opm. Ass it quick!"

"Well, you know, I cayn't ass it so scan'lous quick, else I run de dangeh o' gettin' it wrong. Now, dis is it: When is—hol' on, lemme see—yass, dass it, When is two—aw! pshaw! you ma-ake me laugh so I can't ax it at all! When is two ra-ace hawses less'n one?"

"Aw, sheh! I kin ans' that in five minutes! I kin ans' it in one minute! I kin ans' it now! Two hosses is—"

"Hol' on! I said ra-ace hawses! Two ra-ace hawses, I said, seh!"

"Well, dass all right, race hosses! Two race hosses less'n one when they reti-ud into the onlibus business."

"No, seh! no, seh!" The maiden cackled till the forest answered back. "No, seh! two ra-ace hawses less'n one when each one on'y jess abreas' o' the othek!"

—"Breas' o'—aw pshaw!" cried Leggett, "you tuck the words right out'n my mouth! I seed the ans' to it fum the fus: I make a wrong espunction the fus time on'y jess faw a joke! Now, you ans' my question, dearess."

But the dearest had become grave and stately. "Mr. Leggett, befo' I comes to dat finality I owes it to myseff an' likewise to my pa'ents to git yo' respotence to, anyhow, one question, an' ef you de man o' poweh you say you is, y' ought to be highly fitt'n to give the corec' reply."

"Espoun' you question, miss! Espoun' yo' question!"

"Well, seh, de question is dis: Why is de—? No, dat ain't it. Lemme see. O yass, whass de diffence 'twix de busy blacksmiff an' de loss calf? Ans' me dat, seh! Folks say C'nelius Leggett a pow'ful smaht ma-an! How I gwine to know he a smaht ma-an ef he cayn't evm ans' a riddle-diddle-dee?"

"I kin ans' it! I's ans'ed bushels an' bar'ls o' riddles! Now that riddle is extremely simple an' dis is de inte'p'etation thereof! The difference between a busy blacksmiff an' a loss ca-alf — thass what you said, ain't it? — Yass, well, it's because — O thass too easy! I dislikes to occupy my facilities wid sich a trifle! It's jess simply because they both git so hawngry they cross-eyed! Thass why they alike!"

"No, seh! no, seh! miss it ag'in! O fie, fo' sha-ame! a man o' sich mind-powehs like you! Din't you neveh know de blacksmiff fill de air full o' bellows whilce de loss calf—aw shucks! you done made me fo'git it! Now, jess hesh up, you smaht yalleh niggeh! try-in' to meek out like you done guess it! Dis is it; de blacksmiff he fill de ca-alf full o' bellows, whilce——"

They both broke into happy laughter and he toyed innocently with one of her pinchbeck ear-rings.

"O! my sweet familiarity! you knows I knows it! But yo' sof' eyes is shot me th'oo to that estent that I don't know what I does know! I jess sets here in the emba'ssment o' my complacency a-won'de'n what you takes me faw!"

"How does you know I's tuck you at all yit; is I said so, Mr. Sa-ampson? Don't you tetch me, seh! right here in full sight o' de house! You's too late, seh! too late! Come roun' here, C'nelius Leggett, an' he'p me out'n dis-yeh buggy, else I dis'p'int you yit wid my a-answeh.—No, seh! you please to take jess de tips o' my fingehs. Now, gimme my bundle o' duds!"—the voice rose and fell in coquettish undulations — "now git back into de buggy—yass, seh; dass right. Tha-ank you ve'y much, seh. Good-by. Come ag'in."

"Miss Daphne, y' ain't ans' my interrogutive yit."

"Yass, I is. Dass my answeh—come ag'in."

"Is dat all de respondence my Delijah got faw her Sampson?"

"Mr. Leggett, I ain't yo' Delijah! Thass fix! I ain't read the scripters in relations to dat young lady faw nuthin! Whetheh you my Sa-ampson remain"—the smile and tone grew bewitching—"faw me to know an faw you to fine out."

"Shell I come soon?" murmured Mr. Leggett, for the old field hand and his wife were in sight; and the girl answered in full voice, but winsomely:

"As to dat, seh, I leaves you to de freedom o' yo' own compulsions."

He moved slowly away, half teased, half elated. At the last moment he cast a final look backward, and Daphne Jane, lagging behind the old couple, tossed him a kiss.

Quite satisfied to be idle, but not to be alone, the maiden so early contrived with her Leggettstown vivacity to offend the old field hands, that the night found her with only herself and her cogitations for company.

However, the house was still new to her, if not in its pantry, at least in its bureaus and wardrobes, and when she had spent the first evening hour counterfeiting the softly whimpered quavers of a little screech-owl that snivelled its woes from a tree in the back-yard, the happy thought came to her innocent young mind to try on the best she could find of her mistress's gowns and millinery. By hook and by crook, combined with a blithe assiduity, she managed to open doors and drawers, and if mimicry is the heaven of aspiring laziness, the maid presently stood unchallenged on the highest plateau of a sluggard's bliss. She minced before the mirror, she sank into chairs, she sighed and whined, took the attitudes given or implied by the other Daphne's portrait down-stairs, and said weary things in a faint, high key.

And then—whether the contagion was in the clothing she had put on, or whether her make-up and her acting were so good as to deceive Calliope herself—inspiration came; the lonely reveler was moved to write. Poetry? No! "Miss it ag'in!" She began a letter intended to inform "Mr. S. Cunnelius Leggett," that while alike by her parents and by Mrs. March she was forbidden to see "genlmun frens," an unannounced evening visitor's risks of being shot by Mr. March first, and the question of his kinship to the late Enos settled afterward, were probably—in the popular mind—exaggerated. The same pastime enlivened the next evening and the next.

She even went farther and ventured into verse. Always as she wrote she endeavored to impersonate in numerous subtleties of carriage the sweet songstress whose gowns she had contrived—albeit whose shoes she still failed—to

get into. And so, with a conscience void of offence, she was preparing herself to find out, what so many of us already know, that playing even with the muse's fire is playing with fire all the same.

(To be continued.)



SHE AND JOURNALISM

By Harrison Robertson

I



REMINGTON was both managing editor and night editor of the *Tripod*, a morning paper in a certain inland city of about one hundred thousand inhabitants, although he might have shifted most of the duties of night editor upon Alvin Gale. Maddock, the editor-in-chief, had told Remington, on the occasion of the last "shake-up," that he might have a night editor, but as Maddock had designated Alvin Gale for the place, and as, in Remington's estimation, Gale was not "a newspaper man," and never would be, Remington had declined the proposition. Remington was too proud of the *Tripod*, and too jealous of his own reputation to trust to Alvin Gale work of such responsibility as that of night editor, especially as, from its nature, it could not have the personal supervision of the managing editor, unless performed by that individual himself.

Remington had just got rid of a man who wanted to write a series of European letters to the *Tripod*—the third person with a similar want whom he had disposed of that week, although it was only Tuesday afternoon—when a quick knock sounded on the partially open door of his office, and, glancing up, he saw on the threshold a slender, merry-eyed girl, a delicate flush on her fresh, young face, a smile half parting her red lips, and a bulky bundle of manuscripts in her hand.

"I am looking for Mr. Remington," she said, the smile brightening, the words charged with a dubious laughter as if at herself and her mission; while her air was one of singular frankness and self-confidence, modified by a restrained but perceptibly tremulous excitement. She made the impression of regarding her presence and purpose as in some sense an enjoyable joke, but a "serio-comic" joke, withal, which she was carrying through with a bravado of earnestness that might not be far removed from the tragic.

"I am Mr. Remington." And as the managing editor of the *Tripod* spoke, the youth, the manner, and the manuscripts of his visitor affected him for the moment to a forgetfulness of conventionality and to a responsive impulse of light and genial laughter.

"I wanted to get work on the *Tripod*," she said; "but—you are laughing at me already!" in a tone which seemed to indicate that while she protested she did not blame him. Meanwhile her smile, though not less bright, was perhaps momentarily more doubtful.

"No, I am not laughing at you," he answered; "I am laughing with you. Besides," offering her a seat, "you are so different from the others."

"The others?"

"Yes—the other ladies who come up and wish to write for the *Tripod*."

"Oh!" a little apprehensively, "I suppose there are a great many such applicants?"

"Yes; a great many."

"But then I do not wish merely to

send in contributions : I should like to get a regular place on the—staff.”

Remington laughed slightly again, and she laughed also, and in such a way that he felt that she did not hold him guilty of rudeness, of which he was consciously altogether free. “What work can you do best?” he inquired.

“I don’t know. Are there different kinds of work on a newspaper?”

“Oh! So you have never worked on a newspaper?”

“No, indeed. Only, my graduating essay was published in one.”

“In a daily?” Remington asked, for lack of something better to say, being determined this time not to laugh.

“No, sir. In a weekly, at Columbia, Tennessee, which was our home then.”

“And you thought that was newspaper work?” gently.

Her smiling face was tinted a pinker shade as she replied: “I thought that newspaper work was just writing.”

Remington’s laugh was heartier than ever. “Essays?”

“Essays and—anything; just what you happened to think of or run across.”

“And you believe you would like such work?”

“Oh! yes; I am sure I should. I have read over and over everything I ever had printed. And I think it would be lovely to get paid for it—to make a living that way.”

“You wish to take up newspaper work as a vocation then?”

“Yes. I—want to do something, and I think I should like that better than anything else.”

Remington no longer laughed, as, with a kindness that was akin to pity, he explained to her something of the making of the modern newspaper: its various departments; the methods by which they are conducted; the routine and discipline which the beginner must undergo, the perseverance he must maintain, the zeal with which he must prosecute tasks of dispiriting and even repellent drudgery before he can secure anything like a sure foothold in the office of a big daily newspaper. “That, at the bottom, is the only entrance to real active journalism for the inexperienced, except in the cases of persons of

special attainments which have a value of their own in supplying the constantly widening demands of the newspaper press.”

As Remington spoke her face became even more serious than his, and as he finished she was gazing at him with an expression which seemed to indicate that she had just entered a new world in which she had hardly yet got her bearings, and that if there was anything definite in her first impressions it was a sudden realization of helplessness.

“Then,” she said, after a little, in a voice whose subdued change touched Remington, “I presume—I don’t see that there is much chance for me.”

“Such a beginning is hardest, as you can readily see, upon women,” he answered, “although there is, of course, some newspaper work which women are not expected to do. That in itself is a disadvantage to them, for the best journalist is the ‘all-around’ journalist—one who can fill every place on the paper, and fill it well.”

“But some women succeed, do they not?”

“Very few, if any, as all-around journalists; while those who do succeed, on a narrower plane, frequently do so only through personal sacrifices which, if you will pardon me, you would not care to make.”

“If I had to go to places where—where I could not go alone, perhaps old Aunt Dilsey could go with me.”

Remington resisted the temptation to smile. “There are, of course, classes of newspaper work which women do especially well, and for which they are peculiarly adapted; but usually a woman must make a place for such work by its excellence and individuality. Newspapers can and do get on very well without it.”

For a moment it seemed as if tears would dim the brightness of her eyes as she looked at him in silence. But they did not. If there were tears they were only in the laughter with which she broke the silence, adding, “I am sure I have no such unusual talent, and it was very kind of you to explain it all to me so clearly. I am sorry to have taken up so much of your time,” rising to go.

"Wait a moment, please." And again he did not join in her laughter. He felt too much her disappointment to even feign levity. "I have not told you these things to discourage you, but only to give you a truer insight into the life which you are proposing to enter. If you still think you would like it, perhaps we can arrange so as to give you a chance to make a trial."

Her face lit up so gratefully at this that Remington felt guilty of receiving a gratitude to which he was not entitled, knowing how little "a trial" might mean, and how unsatisfactorily it would probably result. "Oh! will you, indeed, Mr. Remington?" she cried, quickly. "I will do the very best I can, and I do hope I shall succeed!"

"So do I," he assured her in a tone whose sincerity admitted of no doubt, although his use of the word "hope" would not have fulfilled the purist's requirement of an element of expectancy. "But you must not attach too much importance to the trial itself. We are willing to give almost any one, if he is young and at all promising, a trial on the *Tripod*, but we pay little or nothing until he demonstrates he is worth something."

"That is certainly fair. And when may I begin, Mr. Remington? Right away?"

"As soon as you wish. I will call our city editor and let him have a talk with you. We usually put beginners in the city department," stepping to a speaking-tube. "By the way, did you mention your name?"

She laughed and blushed. "Did I not? And I brought a letter of introduction to you, too!"

She began looking through her bundle of manuscripts, one package of which she dropped to the floor, and, as Remington restored it to her, she explained, with an amusing air of indifference and self-commiseration warranted in the light of her newly acquired knowledge of journalism: "I was ignorant enough to bring these to show you what I could do. They are stories, and have been rejected by the leading magazines."

"Leave them with me, any way," Remington said, as he took them from

her. "I should like to read them. Perhaps something may come of them." And as he placed them in his desk he was conscious that he had not only voluntarily violated his rule regarding such productions offered him as "samples" of what their writers could do in journalism, but that he fervently wished he might discover in the stories evidence of genuine talent.

The letter she handed him was from Maddock, the editor-in-chief and principal owner of the *Tripod*, who had sailed a few days before for a three months' trip abroad.

"My dear Mr. Remington," it ran, "this will be presented to you by Miss Lorrie Petrie, the daughter of Colonel Lorrimer Petrie, a most estimable gentleman, formerly of Tennessee, but who has recently removed to our city. Miss Petrie wishes to take up newspaper work, and I have promised her that you will give her an opportunity to make a beginning. Put her on the pay-roll, at \$10 a week, until my return, by which time you can doubtless estimate the value of her services and let me know whether we can find a permanent place for her. I intended to speak to you about this before leaving, but forgot it in the confusion of departure."

Remington smiled as he read it. "Why, this is an order for me to give you a place, at least for three months, Miss Petrie; and yet a few minutes ago you were on the point of leaving without presenting it, and without the place."

"I was so agitated at first," she smiled, somewhat uncertainly in return, "and then so discouraged that I forgot all about the letter. Besides, Mr. Maddock said he always left such matters entirely with you."

"He always does when the applicants are people he wishes to get rid of. The exception in your case is, you see, wholly in your favor. To be frank with you, Mr. Maddock puts you on the paper, Miss Petrie, but—it is better that you should understand the situation—if you should not prove adapted to the work it will be my unfortunate duty to put you off the paper. Mr. Maddock has reached that period in his career when he may sip only the sweets of journalism."

Remington, though feeling that he should be thus plain with her, almost regretted that he had spoken, for her joyous face grew graver and paler, and there was a slight unsteadiness in her voice as she answered: "I understand, Mr. Remington, and I shall not blame you if I fail."

"But you must not fail," he said, heartily; "and I am sure I want to do everything in my power to give you the hang of things and make a brilliant success of you," grasping her hand with a grip of such vigor that he accused himself of brutality for the next five minutes.

II

ONE day, about six weeks later, when Remington reached the office of the *Tripod*, he found upon his desk this note from Tunstall, the city editor:

"My Dear Rem: I was about to give you to-night my final conclusions as to Miss Lorrie's availability in my department when I was flanked and put to flight by that delegation of silk-hat and sack-coat statesmen that blew in on you from the Eleventh Ward. As I shall be off on that New Orleans trip before you get down to-morrow, or rather to-day, I 'take this method' of communicating to you the aforesaid conclusions.

"There is not much to communicate, however, but that little is definite enough, and in line with the intimations I have made to you from time to time. The long and short of it is, Rem, I can't do anything with her. Miss Lorrie Petrie as a reporter, or a reporter *in posse*, is a charming failure. She is quick, bright, versatile, observant; she can put her impressions on paper in better English than most of my boys. But there is no such thing as reducing her to order, and she can't look at things from a news point of view. She is minus that sixth sense without which all the other senses are worse than useless in the local room of a newspaper. But I can't say I am sorry she will never make a reporter; for it would be a pity to spoil so fine a girl to make even the best of reporters.

"But she is worth her salary as a civilizing influence in my quarters, and

I shall be sorry to see her go. Mingo was always an unabatable nuisance as a janitor until she came, but since then, if cleanliness is next to godliness, the old sinner must have become about ready for translation. The dust of ages has disappeared, to return no more. And there has been as great a transformation in Mingo himself as there has been in the domain of which he has charge. Miss Lorrie has given him a suit of Colonel Petrie's, whose dignity of cut and reminiscential fineness of texture the old darky is evidently trying to live up to with a full sense of the obligations of the station to which destiny has suddenly elevated him.

"Most of us, in fact, seem to have taken on, like Mingo, a few new responsibilities, which, though at some cost to our selfishness, we are glad to bear. Pre-eminently conspicuous of her many works of reform among us, hardly excepting Mingo himself, is Rus* Mussey. You certainly have noticed the transfiguration of Rus during the last few weeks. He not only wears cuffs now, but he has discarded, we think forever, those notorious black-and-tan trousers which made him 'the cynosure of all eyes,' and to which the office-roaches seemed never able to accustom themselves. His picture gallery, consisting of illustrious heavy, middle, and light weights, 'stars of the diamond,' lights or 'tights' of the stage, and kings and queens of the turf, has gradually disappeared, until now little of it is left except the chromo of *Nancy Hanks*, which, since it attracted the interest of Miss Lorrie, he has had framed in gorgeous gilt."

Remington was not surprised at the unfavorable character of Tunstall's report. Remington's interest in Miss Lorrie had kept him informed, in a general way, of her progress, or lack of progress, and this final adverse verdict only hastened his plan of taking her from the city department and assigning her to work under his direct supervision.

He made the change at once, giving her a desk in his own office, much to

* Abridged from "Rustler," the familiar sobriquet which the boys in the office applied to Mr. Cadwallader Mussey, the base-ball and turf-reporter, and expert authority on athletics, dog-, cock-, and prize-fights.

the dissatisfaction of Mr. Mussey, and instructing her in her new duties with a zealous solicitude which did not escape the vigilant eyes of the same gentleman.

Remington had from the first desired to be able to conscientiously recommend her permanent employment on the return of Maddock, and his desire had strengthened when he learned that her object in seeking such employment had not been the gratification of a girlish whim, but the practical assistance of her father by eking out with her earnings his meagre income. Colonel Lorrimer Petrie, whose full name his daughter bore, and for whom her devotion seemed at once reverential and tenderly maternal, had long been known to Remington, by repute, as an old man whose patient persistence for more than twenty years in endeavoring to secure from the National Government compensation for property appropriated by it during the Civil War, had given him an identity in all newspaper offices which pretended to print with any approach to comprehensiveness Congressional proceedings. Once or twice the old gentleman—for "gentleman" was the one designation which everybody in the building, even to the usually cynical elevator-boy, recognized as belonging to him, no less than his shabby Prince Albert and scrupulously worn gloves belonged to him—had appeared at the *Tripod* office to accompany his daughter home when she had been detained till nightfall. Then Congress had assembled and he had gone off to Washington, and when next Miss Lorrie had been in need of an escort, Remington observed that old Mingo, though his duties for the day were over, had returned in his suit of the Colonel's clothes, cheerfully willing to take the Colonel's place, notwithstanding the rheumatism which "inginerlly kep' him indo's o' nights."

The following day Remington had told Miss Lorrie that she need not bother about Mingo again; that some one would always be provided from the office to accompany her home after dark; and when she had protested against that as unnecessary trouble, he had silenced her objections by as-

suring her that such was the rule of the *Tripod* as to ladies on its staff. At least, if it had not been the rule in the past, he inwardly promised himself, it should be in the future.

And Remington saw to it that the some one always provided from the office to act as Miss Lorrie's escort, was Remington himself—a new function of the managing and night editor of the *Tripod*, which did not escape the notice of other members of the force, and certainly not of Mr. Mussey.

It was thus that Remington saw something of her home life. There were in the household, besides herself and her father, Miss Dinsmore, who was an elderly lady, and her brother, Hal Dinsmore, a boy of about seventeen. The Dinsmores were relatives of the Colonel's, of which fact Miss Dinsmore appeared to be highly appreciative. They lived in a remote part of the city, in a cottage whose furnishings had evidently survived a once more pretentious station. Through the reporters Remington knew something of Hal Dinsmore as a wild young fellow, who was more of a burden than a help to his relatives, and after Remington formed the acquaintance of Miss Dinsmore he heard considerably more of the family history through an occasional chat with that garrulous lady, who, next to Colonel Petrie's family-tree, was given to talking most of Colonel Petrie's daughter—when that young woman herself was not in hearing. It was from Miss Dinsmore that Remington learned more than he had seen of the beautiful relations of father and daughter—of the sweet-tempered old man's lack of worldly practicality, and of the protecting comradeship and the plucky efforts of the light-hearted young girl to relieve him as much as she could of his responsibilities as head of the house; how happy she had been when she had secured a place on the *Tripod*; how proud of her the Colonel was, how confident of her success, and with what cheerfulness he had left for Washington the last time, feeling that as his brave and brilliant daughter had now won her way, he need worry less about home affairs, while he pushed his interests at the Capital.

All this weighed on Remington greatly. The three months of his chief's vacation were drawing to a close, and it would soon be necessary for him to render the verdict which would mean so much to this noble girl. If he did his duty, he knew what that verdict must be. There was no mistaking the fact that the Colonel's "brave and brilliant" daughter was not adapted to newspaper work, and Remington knew that he could not tell Maddock she was worth even the small salary she was drawing. If the information he had gained from Miss Dinsmore had not thrown a new light on Miss Lorrie's motives in the matter, her failure would not have troubled him so much; for he had little sympathy for the shallow disappointments of those who venture into vocations for which they are unsuited. Besides, he was beginning to understand that his interest in Miss Lorrie was not, and never had been, merely professional.

The thought that it would soon be his duty to decide adversely the fate of this young journalistic aspirant, in whom his concern, personally, was so peculiar, disturbed him so much that he plunged into that almost-forgotten bundle of Miss Lorrie's manuscripts with a vague hope that through them he might find some avenue of escape.

The result was that he asked her if she would object to his publishing some of her stories in the Sunday edition of the *Tripod*, and if she would permit him an editor's license to revise them in such particulars as he might see fit.

That permission being readily granted, he set to work with such zest that after three or four hours—hours which he found in the early morning—he had almost rewritten one of the stories.

He published it in the *Tripod* the following Sunday, retaining its original title and Miss Lorrie's pseudonym, congratulating himself that notwithstanding the necessity of denying her a permanent place on the *Tripod*, he had found a method by which he could put her in the way of earning more than her little salary, thus preventing the disappointment of those cherished plans of which he had heard through the loquacious Miss Dinsmore.

His delusion, however, was not to last long. When Miss Lorrie came to the office Monday there was in her greeting of Remington a hint of gravity and shyness new to her usual airy and easy manner. Remington, entirely unsuspecting as to the cause of this change, handed her a check, remarking that it was in payment for her story, which, he added, was just the kind of story the *Tripod* wanted.

But Miss Lorrie would not take it. "No! no! Mr. Remington," she said, hastily. "I am very, very grateful to you, but I cannot accept payment for the story."

"Why," exclaimed Remington, with perhaps an effort to appear more astonished than he really was, "I think it a very good story, and worth the money."

"So do I," with a flash of her old smile; "but it is your story, Mr. Remington—not mine."

And she turned to her desk with a dignity which was such a decisive dismissal of the matter, and which was so gentle and womanly withal, that Remington was silenced into the torturing conviction that he had blunderingly offered a coarse affront to the sweetest girl in the world.

III

ONE evening Remington, having been notified by the foreman of the composing-rooms of an unexpected pressure of advertisements, handed Miss Lorrie the proof-slips of the routine proceedings of Congress, suggesting that she try her hand at "boiling down" the report to three hundred words. Five minutes later, glancing at her from his own work, he noted that the pencil in her hand was poised above the paper, while she was gazing blankly at the proofs before her. Then, after a little while, he saw the hand which held the pencil drop limply to the desk, and with the other hand she quickly touched a handkerchief to her eyes, looking up immediately afterward in furtive apprehension that her agitation might have been observed, only to discover that Remington was bending intently over his desk, apparently oblivious of her existence.

But a few minutes later Remington stalked with a handful of proofs into the city editor's room, and, with a sternness which was by no means habitual, directed Tunstall to cut to a "stick" the Bar resolutions on the death of old Starkweather and the address of the Grand Grandiose Grandee on the assembling of the Grand Central Conclave of the Celestial Cavaliers of the Crimson Crook. Returning, he said, with an effort at lightness:

"You need not trouble about that, Miss Lorrie. I find we shall have enough space without cutting Washington." She looked up a little dubiously, but he took the proofs from her desk. "There will be nothing more for you to-night, and if you are ready I shall be glad to take you home. I—want to meet that ten o'clock A. & V. train at the Fifteenth Street station, anyway."

Miss Lorrie insisted, weakly, that she was not afraid to go home on the street-cars, but Remington assured her that it would not take him two squares out of his way, and would not listen to her going alone.

As she turned to put her desk in order and close it, he hung on one of his files the proofs which he had given her, rapidly running his eyes down them as he did so. On the first sheet he almost instantly detected the cause of her emotion, in a paragraph of the Congressional report showing that the House bill for the relief of Colonel Lorrimer Petrie had, through a turn of "parliamentary proceedings," suddenly gone to the foot of the calendar; which meant that there would be no further chance for it during that session.

He put Miss Lorrie's wrap around her with unwonted care, feeling that he would like to devote his future to putting things around her. Then he threw on his overcoat and they left the building. The cottage in which she lived was in the outskirts of the city, fully half an hour's ride in the street-cars. As Miss Lorrie opened the door a bright fire was visible in the little "sitting-room" which adjoined the narrow hall. Remington, lingering in the entrance, abruptly cut short the story he was telling, and smiling at her, said:

"How cold it is to-night, and what a cosey-looking fire that is!"

She laughed. "Won't you come in and warm yourself? I was afraid you did not have time."

"Indeed, I will! That ten o'clock train would break a record if it got here at ten."

He did not sit down. "I fear it would be so comfortable it would be hard for you to get rid of me," he told her.

Standing at one end of the mantel, he looked down on Miss Lorrie at the other, as she lifted what he thought the daintiest of boots to the fender. "I wanted you particularly to come in this evening, Mr. Remington." She spoke hurriedly, and a flush stole into her cheeks too suddenly to have been caused by the fire. "I wished to—ask you about myself—if you did not believe me unable to do the work you gave me to-night?"

Remington's manner changed instantly, and he answered, with an impetuous earnestness: "I took it away from you because I saw it distressed you. I pretended not to notice it at the time, but I did notice it, and I learned from the proof-sheets the cause. It is an outrage—an atrocious outrage!"

"I was afraid you thought me a failure," she replied, uncertainly. "You know you have never told me how I was getting on. I—fancied I was removed from Mr. Tunstall's department because I did not give satisfaction, and I have never known whether you believed I could succeed."

"Miss Lorrie!"—Remington strode over to her quickly, almost fiercely, and seized her hand—"give it up! Don't wear yourself out in a life like that! Leave it all, and be my wife!"

There was no flush on her cheeks now. She was pale, and apparently calm, while her voice, though very low, was firm. "You are very good, Mr. Remington," she answered, "but you must not speak of this again."

Remington stepped backward, stupidly. "You surely do not mean that," he protested, in a dazed way.

"You must never doubt my meaning," she replied, quietly.

He bowed his head in silent acquies-

cence. Then he said "Good-night," and turned to leave. At the door he stopped, wheeled suddenly, and with something of his former fierceness took a step toward her again. "You must not—promise me you will not let this change your relations at the office! I shall expect you to-morrow, as usual!"

"I hope to be at my place as heretofore, Mr. Remington."

Then he left. If he had returned an hour later he would have instantly disobeyed the orders she had given him, for he would have found her sobbing on the floor, her face buried between her arms, which she had flung upon a chair.

IV

REMINGTON did not realize until the next day how tremendously in earnest he had been in exacting of her the promise to go on with her work as if nothing had happened. When she failed to appear at her customary hour he began to show signs of restlessness, and he finally abandoned the attempt which he had been spasmodically making to read the morning papers. After several hours of doubt and dread he received a note from her—just a line to say that it was inconvenient for her to leave home that day, but that she hoped to be at her post the next. On reading this the relaxation of Remington's tension was so great that he collapsed into a chair. He was so relieved that he had not cost Miss Lorrie her place that, in the reaction, he almost forgot his own misery. He even smiled sympathetically when Rus Mussey, his hands in his pockets, came whistling into the room, surveyed wistfully Miss Lorrie's desk, and whistled himself lugubriously out again.

She returned next day, and for nearly a week things went on as before, she perhaps being somewhat more subdued in Remington's presence, and he trying, as best he knew how, to act as if nothing unusual had ever occurred between them. But this could not continue indefinitely. He only wished for her sake it could. He had the comfort of knowing that he had not driven her away from the *Tripod*, but how was he

to avoid driving her away when Maddock came back? That would be, according to a letter which Remington had just received, in about three weeks.

It was a little before two o'clock at night, and Remington sat in his office, his hands clasped behind his head, pondering the problem whose pressure upon him was intensified by the notification of Maddock's return, now so near. Remington could not, consistently with his duty, recommend the employment of Miss Lorrie. Of that he was satisfied. If he told Maddock the truth as to her journalistic qualifications, he knew the result would be her prompt dismissal; for Maddock was a man who did not let sentiment of any kind interfere with his business. A "trial" was all that he ever conceded, on the score of friendship, to any applicant for employment on his newspaper. And yet Remington could not bear to think of taking any step which would mean the loss to Miss Lorrie of her place. What was he to do?

It was a wild night. A damp snow had fallen to the depth of nearly half a foot, turning finally into sharp sleet. The wind had now risen to a fierce gale, and a blizzard was sweeping down from the northwest, driving furious blasts of ice-needles against the windows of the *Tripod* building and causing the boys in the office to turn up their coat-collars and to "skirmish" around for fuel for building fires, to supplement the ordinarily sufficient steam.

Rus Mussey and two or three of the other reporters who had completed their assignments and were on the point of leaving for the night, had gathered in the hall, their overcoats buttoned closely, and were discussing with animation the latest robbery which was then puzzling the police and the press. On the preceding Saturday afternoon young Charlie Jarrett, a trusted clerk of a big factory, had gone to a bank, as was his weekly custom, and had drawn about \$4,000 which to pay the wages of the factory's employés. Less than an hour after leaving the bank he had rushed to a police-station and reported that on reaching an alley which intersected the street leading to the factory, two men

had rushed forth, seized him, dragged him into the alley, clapped a handkerchief to his mouth, and when he recovered consciousness the money and the men had disappeared. Jarrett's good reputation, the confidence imposed in him by his employers, his soiled and somewhat torn clothes, the deserted and disreputable part of the city in which the robbery was alleged to have been committed, and a handkerchief smelling of chloroform found by the police in the alley, constituted the evidence which was relied on to substantiate Jarrett's story.

The case excited unusual interest on account of the prominence of Jarrett's family, and the completeness with which the mystery had baffled both the detectives and the reporters. The papers had been full of it. Tunstall, whose force had more than once solved such crimes where the police had failed, had assigned his shrewdest men to it, and he had just been in to tell Remington that so far nothing beyond speculation could be based upon their efforts. Rus Mussey and the boys in the hall were arguing the case from every point of view; some advancing one theory, and some another; some expressing belief in Jarrett's story, and some scoffing at it as the invention of a thief. Rus Mussey stuck to this opinion, and was expounding it with fervor, when his exposition was abruptly broken off at sight of a queer-looking figure which staggered from the elevator and rushed across the hall into Remington's office. "Cæsar's ghost! wasn't that Miss Lorrie?" and Rus, followed by the others, hurried after her.

Remington sprang to his feet in astonishment. The hour was so late, her face was so white, her eyes so wild, her clothing so disordered, that her sudden appearance, as if a part of the storm itself, startled him even more than it had startled Rus Mussey. With an exclamation of bewilderment he hastened to meet her as she ran forward. "Mr. Remington!" she said, breathlessly, and reeling, seemed about to fall from exhaustion, when Remington caught her and placed her upon the one sofa which the *Tripod* boasted.

"Run across the street at once and

get some brandy!" Remington ordered Mussey and his companions; and immediately there was a clattering of racing feet down the hall and the stairs.

Remington grabbed his hat, and began fanning Miss Lorrie vigorously. Keeping that up for a minute without effect, he sprang to the water-cooler. But there was no water, and in this desperate dilemma by which he was so suddenly confronted he considered for a moment the utility, as a substitute for water, of the patented liquid compound suspended in a tin pail and designed as a fire-extinguisher.

Then raising one of the windows he took a handful of snow from the ledge, but as he was about to dash it into her face, observing that her wind-loosened hair was powdered with sleet, he hesitated, uncertain whether warmth rather than snow would not be the better restorative.

He did not reach a definite decision of that question, for just then there was a flutter of Miss Lorrie's eyelids, and as Rus Mussey panted into the room with a decanter of brandy, she opened her eyes and gazed inquiringly at Remington, who tried to force some of the brandy between her lips. Then one of the reporters, who had taken more time than Rus, ran in with a glass of something topaz-colored and steaming, and upon Remington's direction Miss Lorrie swallowed a sip or two. "It is nothing," she protested, feebly. "I was only tired," raising herself resolutely on her elbow.

"Yes, we can see that," Remington answered; "but, my dear Miss Petrie, what in the world brought you here on such a night and at such an hour?"

She had been looking steadily at Remington, and had not appeared to notice that anyone else was in the office. At this her eyes fell and she pressed her hand for a moment over them. "I—oh, Mr. Remington, I have found out all about the horrible Jarrett robbery!"

The reporter who had brought the topaz glass clapped it on the mantel and slipped from the room, while Rus Mussey, who for a second seemed to have been stricken speechless, broke the silence with "Cæsar's ghost!" and

waving his decanter wildly in the air, shot through the door and down the hall into the local room, where he announced, jubilantly, and audibly even to Remington :

"Boys, Miss Lorrie has done us all! She has got the Jarrett robbery!"

Whereupon Remington heard, what he had never before heard in the *Tripod* building—a rousing cheer. And the voice of Tunstall, the punctilious disciplinarian, rang out among the rest.

Remington, as he closed his door, felt like joining in that cheer; for if what Miss Lorrie had said was true, not only were all his perplexities concerning her journalistic future solved, but she had won both distinction and promotion in the office of the *Tripod*.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, eagerly, as he returned to her, "that you have come all the way from your home alone, and through this storm?"

"Yes," she replied, faintly but quickly; "there was no one to come with me."

"But there are no cars running at this time of night. You did not walk?"

"I—ran," shuddering as if with still lingering terror.

Remington looked at her with dancing eyes. From a newspaper point of view he was very proud of her just now. "Surely," he said, after an interval of silent admiration, "you cannot be mistaken about the robbery?"

"No, no; there is no mistake!"

"Then," he exclaimed, grasping her hand, "I congratulate you with all my heart; for you have certainly made a great 'scoop' and also a reputation which will be invaluable to you in your work."

"Oh, no, no, no!" she cried, hastily, in apparent alarm. "You do not understand. I did not come to put it in the paper!"

"Not to put it in the paper?" amazed.

"I came to keep it out of the paper!"

Remington sat down, drawing his handkerchief across his face as if he were suffering from an enervating heat. "Indeed, I do *not* understand," he gasped, gazing at her vacantly. Here was a girl who had done what the most

vigilant reporters and the most experienced detectives in the city had been unable to do, and who by this one exploit had routed all doubts as to her newspaper possibilities and assured herself the success for which she was striving, and yet who, despite her natural timidity, had hurried, at two o'clock in the morning, through a lonely part of the city and through a terrific blizzard, not to get the story into her paper, but to have it suppressed!

After all, it was like Lorrie Petrie, he thought; and he could hardly keep from smiling.

Her explanation was in few and rapid words. Young Hal Dinsmore had been the accomplice of Charlie Jarrett in the "robbery." Hal had concealed the money in his room, and finally had taken to his bed, ill from fear and remorse. He had confessed his guilt to her that night, "and I," she added, "could not bear to have the money in the house an hour longer. I did not know what else to do with it, so I brought it to you at once. And, oh, Mr. Remington, won't you keep it out of the papers, and won't you return the money and do what you can to prevent them from being too hard on Hal?"

There were tears in her eyes now, as she extended to Remington a little hand-bag, which she had not released even in her unconsciousness.

"Don't worry another moment about it," he said, reassuringly, as he took the bag. "It shall not get into the papers, and there won't be any trouble about Hal. I know the president of the company, and he will be glad enough to recover his money, without spending any of it, or any of his time, in prosecuting the boy. Well, Tunstall," opening the door to the knock of the city editor, "it was only a false alarm. There is nothing for the *Tripod* in Miss Lorrie's story. Miss Lorrie's 'nose for news' is a little erratic as yet," forcing a laugh.

A few minutes later Remington, having wrapped Miss Lorrie in Rus Mussey's gorgeous fur-trimmed overcoat—the only one in local newspaperdom—put her in a cab and took her swiftly home.

V

As Remington had predicted, the employers of Jarrett were satisfied with the restoration of their money, and the discharge of Jarrett, leaving Miss Lorrie's wild young kinsman to go unpunished by the law.

That matter adjusted, Remington's mind recurred to the predicament in which the return of Maddock would place him with reference to Miss Lorrie.

This problem was finally solved, and solved so simply, two or three mornings after the incidents of the storm, that he wondered he had not thought of the solution long before. He was sitting, pondering the puzzle, after the last "form" had gone to the stereotypers, when Alvin Gale came in and engaged in desultory chat about *Tripod* affairs.

"By the way, Remington," said Gale, "Miss Lorrie showed the right stuff the other night, even if she was 'off' in her facts, didn't she? I tell you, there's a girl who has a career before her!"

"Do you think so, Gale?" Remington asked, quickly.

"If she hasn't I don't know the ring of the true metal. I've read her 'copy' and I've watched her all along. Tunstall didn't seem to be able to take her measure, but you know the laws of the Medes and Persians were what old Carlyle would call fictile in comparison with Tunstall's hardly less antiquated laws and by-laws of journalism. I tell you, I'd rather tie to Miss Lorrie than to any of the younger boys on the paper."

"Do you really mean that, Gale?"

There was an earnestness in Remington's question which Gale noted without understanding; and this was soon followed by such evidences of preoccupation and lack of interest in Gale's subsequent gossip that it was not long before he withdrew.

Remington immediately wrote the following message, his pressure on the paper being so hard that he snapped the point of the pencil in writing it:

"I resign. Leave city at once. Whom shall I place in charge?"

He sent this by cable to Maddock,

who was in London. During the hours which passed before the reply came Remington was not in the least uneasy as to its nature. He knew Maddock's partiality for Gale, whom Maddock had always assigned to the managing editor's work when Remington took his vacations, and it was generally assumed in the office that if Remington should die or leave the paper Gale would be his successor. Remington was not surprised, therefore, at Maddock's answer, which came the next afternoon:

"Are you crazy? If in earnest, Gale succeeds you."

Gale did succeed him that night; and the next day Remington, whose whole professional life had been spent on the *Tripod*, who felt that paper a part of himself, and who put his desk in order and gathered up his belongings with a heaviness of heart he had never known before, was on his way to New York, bent on a European holiday which he had promised himself for years, and consoling himself with the reflection that if he had given up a place which had been his highest pride, the *Tripod* had gained a managing editor who would retain, without violating his sense of duty, the services of Miss Lorrie Petrie.

VI

It was more than two years before Remington returned to America, he having extended his trip to a leisurely lounge around the world. For three or four months after his departure Tunstall had kept him posted concerning matters in the *Tripod* office; then Tunstall, dissatisfied with the new managing editor, had left the paper and the city, and Remington's only information bearing on his former associates had been gained from the occasional newspapers which had fallen in his way. It was thus he had learned that Congress had finally allowed the claim of Colonel Petrie, an act of justice which had been so long delayed that it was soon followed by the old gentleman's death. At Honolulu, on his way back to America, he read an announcement of the death of his old chief, Maddock;

and shortly afterward, being in the city at the time of the deposition of Liliuokalani, he sent an account thereof to the *Tripod*, receiving by the next steamer a telegram from the Tripod Publishing Company asking him to take charge of the paper as editor-in-chief.

Three weeks later he walked into the counting-room of the *Tripod*. The young man behind the counter recognized him and showed him back into the private office, requesting him to be seated and assuring him that he would "telephone" his arrival at once. Remington spent the next fifteen minutes looking over the *Tripod* and noting in how many particulars it had retrograded. Then the door opened and closed, and a voice whose memory had clung to him over lands and seas sounded his name.

Miss Lorrie, blushing and smiling as when she had first entered his office in search of employment, stood before him, and he was not sure whether she was on the point of advancing to him or turning and running away.

The next instant he had dashed the *Tripod* to the floor, had sprung to her side and had clasped her in his arms.

* * * * *

A little later—just how long and after just what manner of *tête-à-tête* it is not in order to inquire—Miss Lorrie observed, with an arch toss of her head and a coquettish upward glance:

"And now, don't you think it is about time that a young man who—who receives a young lady as you have just done, should ask her to marry him?"

"Perhaps," Remington replied with mock gravity; "but suppose the young

lady once ordered him never to speak of that to her?"

"Oh! that was when she thought he spoke of it because—because he was only sorry for her."

"And now he may speak of it because—because she is sorry for him," Remington smiled, drawing her to him again.

* * * * *

After another interval, which can perhaps best be represented by such celestial symbols as stars, she asked, with something suggestive of trepidation:

"Are you going to accept the *Tripod's* offer?"

"I am waiting now for the responsible representative of the *Tripod*," he answered. "Who is it, anyway?"

She looked up at him, smiling with her old-time bravado and timidity. "Me—I mean I," she replied, tapping her shoulder lightly and nervously.

"What, you?" Remington laughed incredulously. "Why, what prank is this you are playing now?"

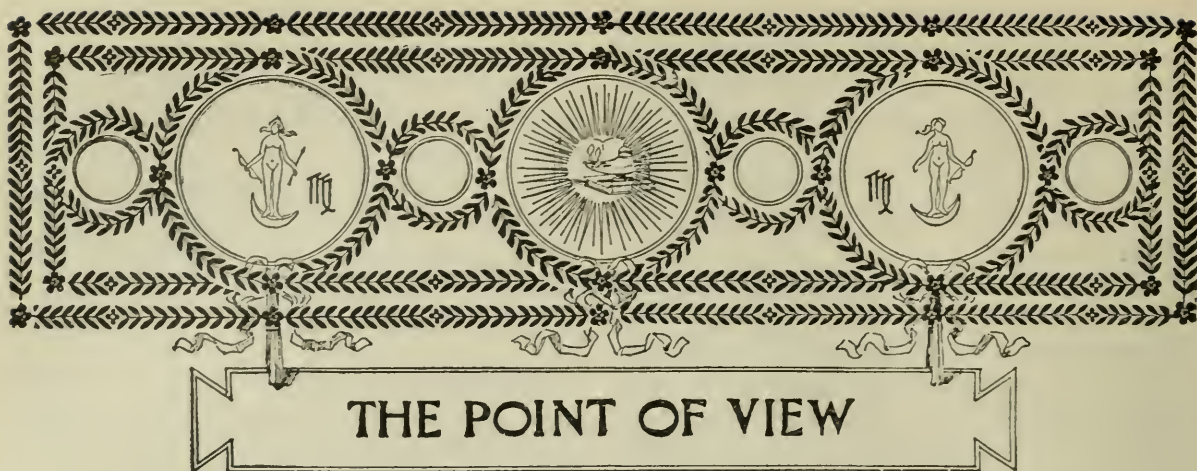
She hung her head as if detected in some guilt. "Mr. Maddock died, and his controlling interest in the paper was for sale. I had poor papa's money to invest and—I bought Mr. Maddock's stock."

"Why, whatever induced you to put it in a newspaper?"

"Perhaps one thing was," braving his eyes again with her smile, "the belief that I had had something to do with sending the managing editor away and wished to bring him back."

* * * * *

"So you see, sir, I was determined to get into journalism, if not in one way, then in another."



A WRITER in a contemporary American magazine who compares English and American home life says that the most striking difference is that the chief end of an English home is the comfort of the man, but the chief end of an American home is the comfort of the woman. That accords with American tradition about the manners and customs of the English, and probably it is as nearly true as epigrammatical statements are wont to be. Still, one may wonder whether it would not be almost as illuminating to suggest that the chief end of English homes is the comfort of the proprietors, while the ruling consideration in American homes is the propitiation of servants. Unless current information upon the subject is misleading, both master and mistress in an English home can buy much more domestic comfort than the same expenditure could gain for them in America; and that mainly for the trite reason that English servants are better trained, more easily procured, and cheaper than in America. The French Government lately proposed to raise an annual revenue of twenty-five million francs by a tax on domestic servants, to be paid by their employers. The tax is reported to be extremely unpopular among the servants, who say that they will have to pay it in the end; and the assertion that there are forty thousand of them out of employment in Paris indicates such a condition of the domestic labor market as seems to give a substantial basis to their fears. Americans would smile at the idea of being taxed for their servants. A bounty on each one would better suit the sentiments of the average American housekeeper. Not that life in the homes of well-

to-do Americans is such a savage experience, or that servants are not indispensable in such homes, or that the housekeeper blames them for what neither she nor they can help at present, or that she undervalues their work; but merely because they are hard to get, hard to manage, and hard to keep, and expensive, and she wishes she did not have to have them. The Englishman's idea of domestic comfort may be an establishment with a dozen servants, but the average American woman's ideal is very few servants and good, and no more of an establishment than they are willing to take care of for her.

The English way of having comfort with servants is to have plenty of them, assign them definite tasks and not more than they can do well, feed them cheaply, and pay them low wages. The American way is to have fewer, feed them more expensively, pay them much higher wages, and expect a greater and less definite amount of service. The Englishman is satisfied with his method, provided he can gather income enough to carry it out. But the American is not satisfied, and a tolerably ample provision of funds does not cure his dissatisfaction. He does not think he gets his money's worth of comfort, and it is quite possible that he is right.

There will be a cure presently for this predicament, but it will not come on any considerable scale through a closer approximation of his domestic methods to those of the English. It will have to be a cure that will be quite as popular with the servants as with the masters. The grandchildren of this generation will get more domestic comfort for less money than their grandparents did, and one reason why will

be that they will have a much more accurate notion of what they want and what they are entitled to. Standards of living will be much more definite in America two generations hence. Servants' rights, duties, privileges, and wages will all be better defined. Housekeepers will know much more exactly and without need of personal experience what scale of living their incomes can support. Rents will be lower, and there will be a better notion than now as to what household luxuries and conveniences are really luxuries and conveniences, and what are mere showy impediments to domestic comfort. With a great and growing body of intelligent people anxious to work and an increasing number anxious to have certain work done for them, the adjustment of the supply of labor to the demand is bound to be perfected. And yet it will be an American adjustment, with somewhat less servility in it than in the English method, and characterized, as all other American labor is, by the superior efficiency of the persons employed.

PEOPLE who value themselves on living rigorously by common-sense, and people who value themselves on living superior to it, are alike apt to regard it as little more than a sort of brute instinct. Yet even in the things that engage attention most commonly, the sense is brought out, if not actually begotten, only by a long course of education. Thus, before it can compass so obvious a bit of wisdom as that one must be at the station in time if one would not miss the train, a term longer than the term of a college must be spent in fruitful study. As the study is done with none of the familiar pains of study, and in the full ardor and joy of infancy—by explorations and experiments undertaken, apparently, in the idlest of play; by questions that to the tired and confounded mother who is asked to answer them seem nothing but a wantonness—we hardly realize that it still is study, and that the fruits of it still are education. But no less is the fact; and, in a way, no man is uneducated. Our phrase, "a plain, common-sense man" carries only by convention its disparaging implication. What it rightly means is a man whose experience and observation, as far as they have gone, have educated him, have brought him wisdom.

But there is a point beyond which common-sense of the ordinary kind will not suffice. In the learned sciences, for example, the learned professions, and the nicer arts, the ordinary eye, the ordinary ear, the ordinary intelligence cannot come at even the ordinary meaning; and here there must be a special training. The result of such training, however, is but another grade or degree of common-sense. A series of special instincts, as it were, is developed; but it is developed in the whole class of persons on whom the training takes effect. Individual differences do not come into account, for they are as wide in one class as in another. In every grade of society, among non-professional men as among professional men, there are people whose common-sense is strong, and people whose common-sense is weak.

In adding to the common-sense of men in general the common-sense of a particular class, a man adds, however, greatly to his capability in the world, and at the same time achieves a task to which a majority of men have shown themselves unequal. Therefore the world is prompt to yield particular recognitions and rewards to the specialists. Whenever, in the common-sense of their class, they prove a perfect strength and mastery, we do them the honor to pronounce them men of talent; and we are not unlikely to flatter them, nor are they unlikely to flatter themselves, with the idea that, being men of talent, they are men apart—men different not simply in training, but in very nature, from those who, lacking special acquirements, have "only common-sense."

Infalible proof of the secure abidance of even men of talent within the bounds of common-sense is apt to be supplied the moment they have to do with the only men whose sense is truly uncommon, namely, men of genius. In a genius of the highest order we have a man who knows almost without learning; who almost sees without eyes, hears without ears, smells without nostrils. None of his fellows is a guide or a rule to him. He is, we say, created, not made. Strangely enough, the men most obdurate against coming into sympathy with him, into nice understanding of him, are those who are prone to impute to themselves somewhat of his quality—the men of

talent. The poet, artist, or statesman cutting off into new ways, disdainful of convention and tradition, and lighted by a higher, farther star than the ordinary eye can see:—who is first to bid him halt, cry warnings in his ear, and fling hard words at his back? The critic—a man of talent, an expert, the very embodiment of common-sense. And after the poet, artist, or statesman has had the crown of immortality on his brow for half a century, the men of common-sense will still be disputing whether anything so out of the usual order can “properly be called” poet, artist, or statesman. “The power, oh, yes, there is no denying that,” they will by this time be conceding; but they will still be asking anxiously whether, put to such strange uses as it was, it may be put under any of their approved good labels.

It seems always to be a question of more or less perplexity to the novelist, how far he shall allow the talk in his novels to go. To the reader, in the main, the matter is quite simple: he likes abundant talk, and if there is too much of plain narrative he does not disdain to skip. But it is very certain, though he may not know it, that he owes his superior relish of the talk to a measure of reserve in the author in supplying it. A novel all talk would be as cloying as a dinner all tarts: very few readers like to read plays. Therefore, the novelists all consent that they must needs exercise a reserve; but concerning the degree and nature of the reserve, they differ widely.

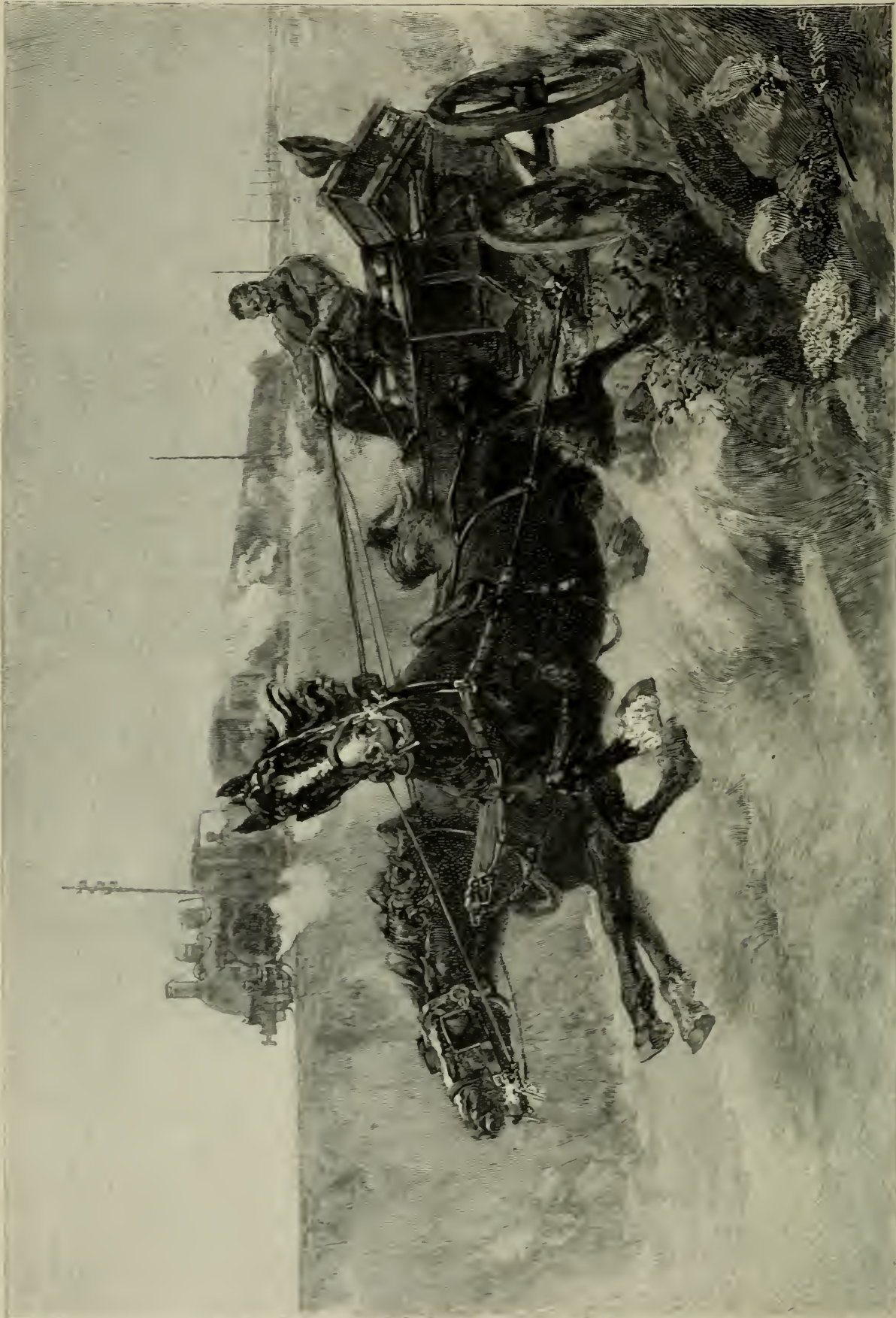
At one extreme of opinion and practice is Flaubert, who, ascetic in everything pertaining to his art, professed nothing less than a “hatred” for dialogue in novels, and put such rigor into the duty of keeping it *characteristic*, that no room was left for slipping in the smallest speech designed merely to help forward the story. At the other extreme is Charles Reade, who cautioned himself, “When in a novel you find yourself about to say anything, pull up and ask, ‘Can’t I make one of my *dramatis personæ* say it?’ If you *can*, *always do*.”

Probably no novelist has repressed his

people absolutely and infallibly to the degree urged by Flaubert. In any novel will be found speeches that in themselves disclose nothing of the nature or mood of the speaker, and are but a convenient shift for trailing the tale along. On the other hand, Charles Reade himself could not have had unflinching confidence in his precept; for of one of his novels, he expresses a fear that it contains too much conversation. This no novel could do, if to make whatever of the story could be made into conversation were a true principle: unless, indeed, the novel contained matter unnecessary to the full development and relation of the story; which, in his own case, seems not to have been the ground of Charles Reade’s fear.

The common course, while lying between the two extremes, is not exactly a middle one. As the novel in its progress, responsive to life itself, has lost more and more the early fervor and force of incident, the novelist has been driven, out of sheer poverty, to depend more and more on talk. This necessity inclines him, at the present moment, perhaps rather more to Charles Reade’s position than to Flaubert’s. The most scrupulous forbearer from romancing is under more or less urgency to be dramatic, to have his people do something. And when people in real life do nothing but talk, the illusion is easy that talk is in itself dramatic.

Urging the novelist further in the same direction is that quickening of the conscience which all artists have experienced lately with reference to truth and reality. So much talk that is entirely characteristic is still not defining. Instead of taking the speaker out of the crowd, it puts him in it. Under the ardor of a pursuit of reality, some novelists have allowed their people to be blunt and copious in talk of this sort. Thus novels have seemed to be growing of late, not only more talkative, but talkative in a much smaller way: so that one wonders whether the shameless reader for mere pleasure will not be driven to reverse his wonted order and, skipping the dialogue, read only the direct narrative.



ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

ULPIANO CHECA'S "AN UNLUCKY MEETING."

[Selections by Philip Gilbert Hamerton from Types of Contemporary Painting. See p. 312.]

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No. 3

TRUMPETS IN LOHENGRIN

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

HARK! 'Tis the golden trumpets of the dawn
Sounding the day!
 Music, O Music fain!
 From rosy reaches drawn,
 And fall of silver rain,
Along the call how swift the sunrise streams!
 Sound, sound again,
 O magical refrain!
Peal on peal winding through the dewy air,
Peal on peal answering far off and fair,
Peal on peal bursting in victorious blare!
 Sound, sound again,
 With your delicious pain,
 O wild sweet haunting strain,
Till the sky swell with hint of heavenly gleams
And the heart break with gladness loosed from dreams!

What buoyant spirit breathes the breath of morn
And earth's delight,
 Trumpets, O trumpets blest!
 Great voices, born
 Of consecrated gest,
Across the ramparts ring and faint and fail!
 O echoes, pressed
 On some ethereal quest,
Touch all the joyance to a tearful dew,
With melancholy gathering o'er the blue—
Infinite hope, infinite sorrow, too!
 And, heard, or guessed,
 Sweet, sweet, O sweet and best,
 Fall'n from some skyey crest,
O horns of heaven, give your hero hail,
Blown to him from the Kingdom of the Grail!

BAR HARBOR



By F. Marion Crawford

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. S. REINHART

THE first impression made by Bar Harbor at the height of its season upon the mind of one fresh from a more staid and crystallized civilization is that it is passing through a period of transition, in which there is some of the awkwardness which we associate with rapid growth, and something also of the youthful freshness which gives that very awkwardness a charm. The name of Mount Desert suggests, perhaps, a grim and forbidding cliff, frowning upon the pale waves of a melancholy ocean. Instead, the traveller who crosses the bay in the level light of an August afternoon looks upon the soft, rolling outline of wooded hills, on the

highest of which a little hotel breaks the sky-line, upon a shore along which villas and cottages stretch on either side of a toy wooden village, which looks as though it were to be put away in a box at night, and upon the surrounding sea, an almost land-locked inlet, in which other islands, like satellites of Mount Desert, are scattered here and there. As the little steamer draws up to her moorings the groups of people waiting on the pier stand out distinctly, and the usual types detach themselves one by one. The clusters of hotel-runners and express-men are lounging listlessly until they shall be roused to clamorous activity by the landing of

the first passenger ; in knots and pairs, those serenely idle people of all ages, who, in all places and seasons, seem to find an ever-new amusement in watching the arrival of trains or boats, are as deeply interested as usual ; the inevitable big and solemn dog, of nondescript breed and eclectic affections, is stalking about with an air of responsibility. And yet the little crowd is not quite like other gatherings on other piers. Girls in smart cotton frocks are sitting in shining little village carts, with grooms at their horses' sleek heads, wedged in between empty buckboards that look like paralyzed centipedes, the drivers of which wear clothes ranging from the livery of the large stables to the weather-bleached coat of the "native" from Cherryfield or Ellsworth, who has brought over his horse to take his share of the "rusticator's" ready money during the short season. There are no hotel omnibuses, no covered traps of any kind, as becomes a holiday place where winter and rough weather are enemies not meant to be reckoned with ; everybody seems either to know everyone else, or not to care if he does not, and there is an air of cheerful informality about the whole scene which immediately makes one feel welcome and at home. In order not to be behind every self-respecting town throughout the Western world Bar Harbor has a Main Street, which plunges violently down a steep place toward the pier, and which is beautified for a short distance by a mushroom growth of tents and shanties, the summer home of the almond-eyed laundryman, the itinerant photographer with a specialty of tintypes, and the seller of weary-looking fruit, of sandwiches that have seen better days, and temperance drinks of gorgeous hues. Plymouth Rock also vaunts its "pants," and young ladies are recommended to grow up with Castoria. Then come the more necessary shops—the tinsmith's, at whose door a large bull-terrier benevolently grins all day ; the tailor's, where one may study the fashions of New York filtered through Bangor ; the china shop, where bright-colored lamp-shades spread themselves like great butterflies in the window, and the establishment of Mr.

Bee, the locally famous and indispensable provider of summer literature, and of appropriate alleviations for the same, in the shape of caramels, cigarettes, and chewing-gum. Directly opposite stands a huge hotel, apparently closed or almost deserted, but evidently built in the years when the gnawing tooth of the national jig-saw grievously tormented all manner of wood-work, a melancholy relic of an earlier time when, as "Rodick's," it was almost another name for Bar Harbor itself. No lover of Bar Harbor has been found bold enough to say that Main Street is pretty ; and yet, between ten and twelve o'clock on a summer's morning, it has a character, if not a beauty, of its own. Alongside of the "board walk," which takes the place of a pavement, the buckboards are drawn up, waiting to be hired ; in some of them, often drawn by four horses, are parties of people, consisting usually of more women than men, as is becoming in New England, already starting upon one of the longer expeditions, and only stopping to collect a stray member or to lay in a stock of fruit and sugar-plums. Farmers' carts, with closed hoods like Shaker sunbonnets, are on their rounds from one cottage to another, meandering through the crowd, and driven with exasperating calmness by people who sit far back in their little tunnels, and cannot possibly see on either side of them to get out of anyone else's way. Then there are all sorts of light private traps, usually driven by women or girls bound on household errands or visits, and psychologically unbalanced between their desire to speak to the friends who meet them on foot, and their anxiety lest they should be forced to recognize the particular acquaintance on whom they are just going to call. Along the board walk there is a row of little shops, some of them scarcely larger than booths, the proprietors of which perch like birds of passage, pluming themselves in the sunshine of the brief season, and taking flight again before the autumn gales. In one window a lot of Turkish finery looks curiously exotic, especially the little slippers, gay with tassels and embroidery, turning up their pointed toes as if scorning the



On the Corniche Road.

stouter footgear which tramps along outside. Another shop is bright with the crude colors of Spanish scarfs and pottery; in another, Japanese wares manage to keep their faint smell of the East in spite of the salt northern air, and farther on you may wonder at the misplaced ingenuity of Florida shell jewelry, and be fascinated by the rakish leer of the varnished alligator.

By one of the contrasts which make Bar Harbor peculiarly attractive, next door to these cosmopolitan shops there still thrives one of the indigenous general stores, where salt fish are sold, and household furniture and crockery, and the candy peculiar to New England stores and New York peanut stands, which keeps through all vicissitudes a vague odor of sawdust, and where you

may also buy, as was once advertised by the ingenuous dealer, "baby carriages, butter, and paint."

Should you wish to give a message to a friend without the trouble of writing a note, the chances are more than even that you will find him or her any morning on the board-walk, or in the neighborhood of the post-office, for as there is no delivery at Bar Harbor, and as the mails are often delayed, there is ample opportunity to search for an acquaintance in the waiting crowd. Here also congregate the grooms in undress livery, with leather mail-bags slung under one arm, who have ridden in from the outlying cottages, and who walk their horses up and down, or exchange stable notes with their acquaintances; sailors from private yachts, usually big, fair Scandi-

navians; mail orderlies from any men-of-war which may happen to be in port; boys and girls who do not find the waiting long, and all that mysterious tribe of people who look as if they could not possibly receive a dozen letters a year, and yet who are always assiduously looking out for them. As usual, the post-office is a loadstone for all the dogs in the village, and as there are many strangers among them, of all breeds and ages and tempers, walking round and round one another with stiff legs and bristling backs, unregenerate man is kept in tremulous expectation of a dog-fight as free as any in Stamboul. But somehow the fight rarely comes off, though the resident canine population has become fearfully and wonderfully mixed, through the outsiders who have loved and ridden away. One nondescript, especially, is not soon forgotten, a nightmare cross of a creature in which the curly locks and feathery tail of the spaniel are violently modified by the characteristic pointed breastbone and bandy legs of a dachs-hund.

Wandering through the streets of the little village one is struck again and again by the sharp contrast between what may be called the natural life of the place and the artificial conditions which fashion has imposed upon it. In some of the streets almost every house is evidently meant to be rented, the owners usually retiring to restricted quarters at the back, where they stow themselves away and hang themselves up on pegs until they may come into their own again. Here and there a native cottage has been bought and altered by a summer resident, and over the whole there is the peculiarly smug expression of a quarter which is accustomed to put its best foot foremost for a few months of the year. But in the back lanes and side-streets there are

still the conditions of the small New England community, in which land is poor and work is slack during the long winter, so that although there is no abject poverty in the sense in which it is known to cities, there is also little time or inclination for the mere prettinesses of life. An element of the picturesque is supplied by an Indian camp, which used for years to be pitched in a marshy field known as Squaw Hollow; but with the advent of a Village Improvement Society certain new-fangled and disturbing ideas as to sanitary conditions obtained a hearing, and the Indians were banished to a back road out of the way of



Canoeing.

sensitive eyes and noses. They claim to be of the Passamaquoddy tribe, speak their own language, and follow the peaceful trades of basket-weaving, moccasin-making, and the building of

ured balls of fat in all shades of yellow and brown—roll about in close friendship with queer little dogs, in which the absence of breed produces a family likeness. It is curious to see in the



The Landing-Stage.

birch-bark canoes. Their little dwellings—some of them tents, some of them shanties covered with tar-paper and strips of bark—are scattered about, and in the shadow of one of them sits a lady of enormous girth, who calls herself their queen, and who wears, perhaps as a badge of sovereignty, a huge fur cap even in the hottest weather. She is not less industrious than other “regular royal” queens, for she sells baskets, and tells fortunes even more flattering than the fabled tale of Hope. Some of the young men are fine, swarthy, taciturn creatures, who look as though they knew how to put a knife to other uses than whittling the frame of a canoe; but one does not feel tempted to rush upon Fate for the sake of any of the dumpy and greasy-looking damsels who will soon become like their even dumpier and greasier mothers. The whole encampment is pungent with the acrid smoke of green wood, and many children—round, good-nat-

characteristic work of these people the survival of the instinctive taste of semi-savage races, and the total lack of it in everything else. The designs cut on the bark of their canoes, the cunningly blended colors in their basket-work, are thoroughly good in their way; but contact with a higher civilization seems to have affected them as it has the Japanese, turning their attention chiefly to making napkin-rings and collar-boxes, and to a hideous delight in tawdry finery, which is fondly, though distantly, modelled on current American fashions.

Bar Harbor drinks the cup of summer standing. In mid-April the snow may lie six feet deep, and before the end of October long icicles are often hanging on the north side of the rocks, while even in August the northern lights shoot up their quivering, spectral spears from the horizon to the zenith. Some fierce days of heat there are in July, but on the whole the tem-



DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

Climbing Newport Mountain.

perature is decidedly arctic, especially to one accustomed to a less rigorous climate. In New York we are used to having the kindly fruits of the earth brought to us long before their natural season, and it sounds strangely to be told at Bar Harbor that the first garden strawberries may be looked for about the fourth of July, and that June lilies will bloom early in August; but such trifles only give one a feeling of chasing the summer, as climate-fanciers follow the spring, and are certainly not to be reckoned as grievances. The people who have a certain very slight right to complain are the artists, who, having heard of the beauties of Mount Desert, come prepared to carry away at least a reminder of them on canvas or paper. They find that they have fallen upon a spot almost entirely deficient in what painters term "atmosphere," and of which the characteristic effects almost defy reproduction. In what is known as a "real Bar Harbor day" the air is so thin and clear that there seem to be no distant effects, and objects lose their relative values. The sea is of a darker blue than the sky, and the rocks

are very red or very gray, and the birches are of a brighter green than the firs, which stand out against the sky with edges as sharp as those of the tightly curled trees on wooden stands in the toy Swiss farm-yards dear to our youth. But that is all. Even the clouds seem to abjure mystery and take definite outlines; the water is spangled with shining points where the light breeze ruffles it, and one can see every patch on the sail of the old fishing-schooner making her leisurely way to her anchorage. Any attempt at a faithful rendering of such dry brilliancy is apt to have a fatal likeness to a chromo-lithograph, and the artist usually ends by leaving his paint-box at home, and giving himself up to enjoyment of the keen air that tingles through his veins like wine.

The truthful chronicler is forced to admit that the climate of Bar Harbor has two drawbacks—high wind and fog, one usually following the other. Out of a clear sky, without a cloud, while the sun grins away derisively overhead, a southwest gale will often blow a whole day, filling the village streets with stinging dust and the whirling disks of vagrant hats, and making the little fleet of catboats and launches in the harbor duck and strain at their moorings; turning venturesome girls who try to walk into struggling pillars of strangely twisted drapery, and even in the heart of the warm woods tearing at the crowded trees so that they sigh and creak as they rub their weary old limbs against one another. The second day is gray and cloudy, on the third it rains, but still the wind blows, a nervous wind that makes one long to pick a quarrel with one's best friend. And then the wind drops as suddenly as it rose, and



“Landed.”



A Yachting Party.

the next day all discomfort, past and to come, is forgotten for awhile in sheer delight of beauty. For the air is still, and the sun shines gently on a dull green sea over which little shivers run now and then, and far in the offing there is the gray line of a fog-bank. Slowly it comes in with the southeast wind, stealing along the surface of the water, now closing softly round an island, then rising from it like a wreath of smoke, here piled into a fleecy mass, there turned to silver and scattered by a sunbeam, but coming on and on, and creeping up and up, until the trees on the Porcupines have their feet in the

clouds like Wagnerian heroes; and presently they also are hidden, and the whole harbor is swathed in a soft cloud, from the depths of which come now and then the muffled, anxious whistles of the little steamers which ply about the bay—the Silver Star, from Winter Harbor; the Cimbria, from Bangor; and louder and deeper, the hoarse note of the Sappho as she feels her way across with passengers from the ferry. When the oldest inhabitant is asked how long a fog may last he will shake his head, shift his quid, and decline to commit himself. There is a legend of a young man who came in on a yacht some years

ago, duly prepared to enjoy himself and admire the scenery. His skipper groped his way to an anchorage in a mist so dense that he could not see fifty feet ahead or astern; the luckless young man went about for nine mortal days, swathed in a soft, smothering blanket; on the tenth day he sailed away, still in a thick fog, and swearing mighty oaths. Even when the fog lies over the bay the air may be quite clear inland, and after a drive among the hills it is a curious sensation to come back to the shore. In the wooded uplands all is sunny and cheerful, but when the village is reached a cold breath is stealing through it as though the door of an ice-house had been left open, and on turning down a side-street a gray wall of mist blots out trees and shore alike.

To anyone not familiar with it, cat-boat sailing in a thick fog does not suggest itself as an amusement. It has a strong attraction of its own, however, for the breeze is usually steady, and the entire obliteration of the familiar landmarks gives an element of uncertainty and adventure. The course must be steered by the compass, and it is necessary to have accurate notes of the local bearings. If the harbor is at all crowded the little boat feels her way out slowly, close-hauled, as carefully as though she were alive; but once in the freer water the sheet is started, and she slips forward into infinite mystery. Every sense is strained to take the place of sight, which is baffled and almost useless in the thickly pressing veil that now and then grows thinner for a moment, only to close in again more densely. The sharp lapping of the water against the sides of the boat, the wash of the rising tide upon some island, the shrill scream of a gull overhead, the whistle of a launch astern in the harbor—all these make to themselves echoes, and by and by the far-off beat of a side-wheel steamer throbs with a great palpitation in the stillness. Boats which ply for profit or sail for pleasure are apt to make noise enough in a fog; but the fishermen give themselves less trouble, and slipping along, ghost-like, one may be suddenly aware of a larger and darker phantom ahead,

to which it is wise to give a respectfully wide berth, without insisting too much upon the privileges of the starboard tack and the possible right of way, when the water is over-cold for much swimming. There does not seem to be any particular reason for ever turning back, when one is not bound for any visible point, and you may dream your dream out before you come about and run free for the harbor again. The fog is, if anything, thicker than when you started, and it is no easy matter to find your berth; but the boat seems to "kinder smell her way," as an old sailor once remarked in a like case, and at last she bumps gently against her mooring-buoy.

The most beautiful effects of fog at Bar Harbor are to be seen from Newport Hill, which is about a thousand feet high, and is a mile or two out of the village. At first the path leads upward among thick woods, through which the sunlight falls in yellow patches, and where the squirrels chatter angrily from the spruce boughs. This part of the way is very pretty, though it is apt to be warm, and in early summer the black flies make succulent meals on the nape of the pilgrim's neck. A little farther on, the path leads out over broad open stretches of granite rock, scratched and furrowed by a primeval glacier, with scrubby tufts of mountain laurel growing in the stony hollows, and blueberry bushes holding on for dear life everywhere. Oddly enough, it is the easiest thing in the world to lose the path, although it has been considerably marked with a line of small cairns, which, however, are set at varying distances apart, often as far as a couple of hundred feet each from the next, and are built up of fragments of the rock itself, so that they are hard to distinguish in a failing light. To miss the path means wandering aimlessly over the slippery rock-slopes, or striking down the hill-side through the almost impenetrable underbrush, with the further penalty, especially if one happen to have a companion of the other sex, of being unmercifully jeered at; for to have lost one's way on Newport Mountain is as well-worn an excuse at Bar Harbor as



Anemone Cave.

it is, in town, to say that one's cab did not come. Once fairly at the top, and having conscientiously looked at the view all round, there is no lack of sheltered corners for smoke and contemplation. On the one hand the open sea stretches out, a sheet of gray steel, with great patches of speckled froth and foam here and there, near the shore, like white leopard skins, flung off by the grim puritan rocks that will have none of such heathenish adorning. On the

other hand the mainland stretches its cruel, jagged line beyond Schoodic, and the lighthouse on Egg Rock stands up straight as a sentinel to guard the bay. Two or three big men-of-war lying in the harbor might be taken for neat models of themselves, and the little craft moving about them are like water-beetles or flitting white moths. But the sea has changed suddenly, and it shivers all over as though the cold water could feel yet colder, and all at once the fog-

bank that has been lying so innocently outside begins to unfold itself and steal forward over the surface. There does not seem to be much air above, and the trees on the Porcupines are still free. But on the right all is very different. Through the deep gorge or cleft between Newport and Dry Mountain, into which the sun has been beating all day, the chilly fog-wind now draws hard, and the fleecy cloud pours after it. Nothing, perhaps, could be less like the stern side of Dry Mountain than the gracious sweep of Mount Ida, and yet, as one looks, the lines of Tennyson's "Ænone" rise to the memory:

"The swimming vapor slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to
pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn."

But you will do well not to loiter too long yourself, for gray cairns are ill to find in a gray mist, and you had better gain the woods by the time the top of Newport is swathed in cloud as though it were a real grown-up mountain.

Mount Desert is lucky in its proper names of places, having been discovered

as a summer resort late enough to escape the semi-classical namings of "Baths" and "Mirrors" and "Bowers," which have sentimentalized the rocks and pools of the White Mountains. A few French words still linger as a reminder of the time when Louis XIV. gave the original grant to the Sieur de la Motte Cadillac; but most of them, like Hull's Cove and Town Hill, have an honest colonial American ring, while about Pretty Marsh Harbor there is a certain echo of romance, and "Junk o' Pork" and "Rum Key," two little islands, or rather rocks, in the bay, have a very nautical, and even piratical, suggestiveness. At the first glance the island, on a map, reminds one somewhat of the dejected lamb which hangs by his middle in the order of the Golden Fleece. The deep indentation is Somes's Sound, running far inland, with Somesville at its head, a quiet New England village, with a white meeting-house, and many other houses, most of them also white, and standing among gnarled apple-trees, in a gentle, dozing tranquillity from which the place is roused when parties drive over from Bar Harbor to eat broiled



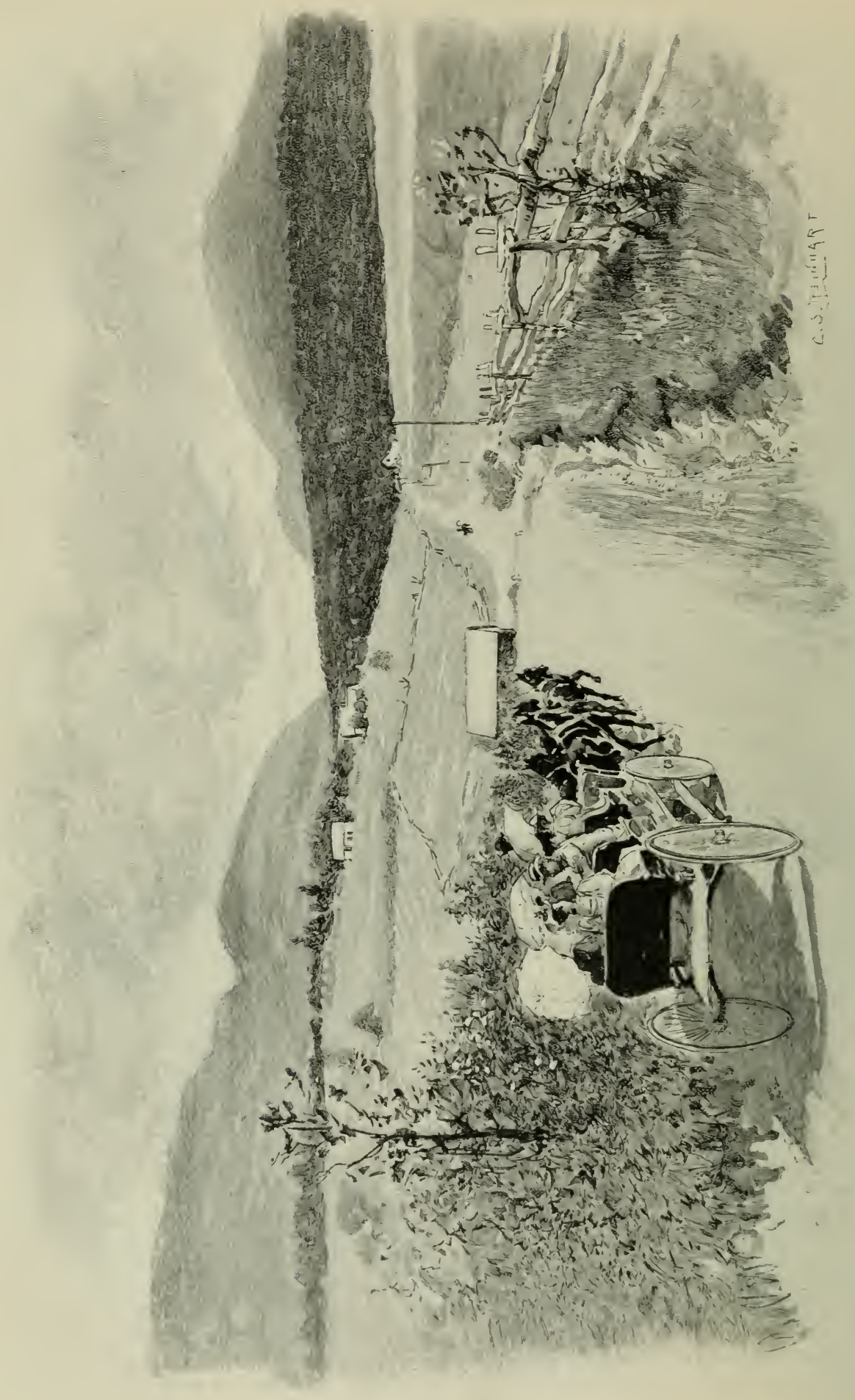
Cottage Life — a Luncheon Party.



Eagle Lake.

chickens and "pop-overs" at the local hotel, and to drive back by moonlight—expeditions which are considered to have sufficient local color to entitle them to notice, without omission of the pop-overs, in Baedeker's recent "Guide to the United States." In the neighborhood of Somesville the characteristics of the native population are much more noticeable than at Bar Harbor, only

eight miles away, where a watering-place has been grafted on a fishing village. At some time or other in his life almost every islander seems to have followed the sea; the man who drives your buckboard may have been more than once to China, and it is extremely likely that the farmer who brings you your green peas has been tossed for many a week of hours in a crazy dory off the



C. S. REINHART

DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

A Buckboard Party.

ENGRAVED BY WITTE.

deadly Banks, which cost us every year so many lives. In nearly every home there is some keepsake from far away lands, some tribute from arctic or tropic seas, and when at last an old captain makes up his mind to stay ashore it is certain that there will be something about his house to show his former calling—a pair of huge whale-ribs on either side of the front door, flowers growing in shells that have held the murmur of the Indian Ocean, and, instead of a cock or banner, a model of some sort of boat perched on the barn for a weather-vane. That a sailor-man is a handy man is true the world over, but the Maine man seems to have an especial knack with wood, from the lumber-camp to the cabinetmaker's bench, and many a carpenter working by the day will turn out a well-finished sideboard or an odd piece of artistic furniture from the roughest sort of pencil sketch. They are good smiths, too, and the best of their wrought-iron recalls the breadth and freedom of the early German and Italian work.

Society at Bar Harbor does not now differ in any particularly salient manner from good society anywhere else, except that it is rather more cosmopolitan. When the guests at a small dinner or luncheon may have come from New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, and Chicago, it is impossible that the conversation should fall into that jargon of a clique which often makes the talk of the most centralized society, like that of Paris or London, seem narrow and provincial to the unfortunate outsider. One amusing survival of the simpler early days is the habit of going out in the evening in uncovered traps. There are a few private broughams, but if you are dining out, and happen to reach the house as a lady drives up, the chances are that you will help her to alight from an open buckboard, her smart French frock shrouded in a long cloak, and her head more or less muffled and protected. One or two of the livery-stables have hacks which must have been very old when they were brought from Bangor, and which now hold together almost by a miracle. A year or two ago one of them could never be sent out without two men on the box, not indeed for the

sake of lending the turn-out any fictitious splendor, but because one of them had to "mind the door," which was broken, and could neither be shut nor opened by any one inside. If two or three entertainments take place on the same night there is telephoning loud and long for these antediluvian vehicles, as the only other alternative is to take a sort of carry-all with leather side-curtains which have a treacherous way of blowing open and dropping small water-spouts down the back of one's neck.

It would be out of place for a mere visitor to launch into predictions regarding the social future of Bar Harbor. But one thing at least seems certain—it can never be in any sense a rival to Newport. The conditions which make the summer life of the latter more brilliant than that of any other watering-place in the world, mark it also as the playground of a great commercial metropolis, and a large proportion of its pleasure-seekers would not dare to be eighteen hours distant from New York, as they must be at Bar Harbor, until our means of getting about shall be singularly improved.

Then there are not the opportunities for display of riches and for social competition which already exist at Newport. The villas and cottages are scattered and isolated; there is no convenient central point of general meeting, and the roads are too hilly for any but light American carriages. Some victorias manage to trundle about, but the horses which draw them, or hold back their weight, look far from comfortable, and although occasional coaches have made a brief appearance they have not been a success, as on most of the thickly wooded roads their passengers are in danger of the fate of Absalom. There is an Ocean Drive which is fine in parts, and another road runs above the upper bay, seeming in some places to overhang the water, and affording a charming view of the Gouldsboro' hills on the mainland; but on the whole there are few roads. There is no turf on which to ride, and the pleasure of keeping horses, except as a convenient means of getting from one place to another, is limited. But there is always the sea, and to that one comes back with a love that is ever

new. Men who know what they are talking about say that Frenchman's Bay is apt to be dangerous for small craft, on account of the sudden squalls which come over the hills and drop on the water like the slap of a tiger's paw, and it would certainly be hard to find a place in which there can be at the same time such an amiable diversity of winds. It is not at all uncommon to see two schooners within a couple of miles of each other, both running close-hauled or both before the wind, but on the same tack and in opposite directions. Another experience, familiar but always trying, consists in starting with a light but steady southeast breeze which feels as if it would hold through the morning, but which drops out suddenly and completely within half an hour, leaving one bobbing and broiling in a flat calm, until, without warning, it begins to blow hard from some point of the west. Sometimes there is a good sailing breeze at night when the moon is near the full, and to be on the water then is an enchantment. The glistening wake has here and there a shining point of phosphorescence; the familiar lines of the islands are softened with a silver haze; and the whole scene has a certain poetic quality which the positive beauty of daylight cannot lend to it. One is reminded of a woman of the world whom one has known as always sure of herself and almost hard, until in a moment of weariness, of weakness, or of sadness, of fatigue or despondency, the gentler nature glimmers under the mask.

Entirely apart from the question of exercise nothing perhaps affords such lasting amusement at Bar Harbor as rowing, for it rarely blows so hard that one cannot get out, and one is independent of calms and master of one's own time. All along the shore the granite rocks come down to the edge of the water, which in many places lies deep under sheer cliffs. The tide rises and falls about a dozen feet, and one may do duller things on a hot morning than pull slowly, very slowly, along in the shade at half-tide, watching the starfish that hold on to the face of the rock with their red hands, and the brown weed rising and falling as the water swings slowly back and forth. If

the tide is not too high one may explore the moderately thrilling recesses of the caves which abound on some of the islands, and if the hour is not too late one may have agreeable converse with some old gentleman who has been visiting his lobster-pots, and who has probably sailed every known sea in his time. Of late years several of our ships of war have been at Bar Harbor every summer, and more than once a whole squadron; and the yachts of the New York and Eastern Clubs put in either separately or in little parties. While they are in port the harbor is gay with bunting and laughter and music, and as one sits on the deck of a yacht in the evening the lights of the village, as they go straggling up the hill and along the shore, have a very foreign look, and the cardboard masses of its wooden hotels loom up as if they were really substantial habitations.

After being a few days at Bar Harbor one begins to feel some curiosity about the phases through which it must have passed. There are now a number of cottages, most of them simple, with here and there a few that are more elaborate, and about a dozen hotels, three or four of which seem to be always full and prosperous, while some others find it at least worth their while to keep open; but there are still others which have frankly given up the game, and are permanently closed and for sale, though no one seems anxious to buy them. Yet they must have been needed when they were built in the by-gone days, which were not long ago, and after exhausting a friend or two with questions one learns that Bar Harbor already has a past which does not seem likely to repeat itself. It was discovered nearly thirty years ago by a few artists and students roaming, like Dr. Syntax, in search of the picturesque, and most of them, if they survive, can be moved to rage like the heathen, even at the present day, by reminding them that they could then have bought land for a song by the acre where it now sells by the foot. A few comfort themselves with the reflection that they were only rich in youth and strength in those days, and had no money wherewith to buy land anywhere. Year by year the

fame of Bar Harbor spreads far and wide, and as one hotel became too crowded another sprang up beside it, until about twelve years ago the place was in the full height of popularity. The few private houses were extremely simple, and nearly everybody lived either in the hotels or in little wooden cottages with no kitchens. The cottagers had to go to one of the hotels for their food, and were known as "mealers" if they were near enough to walk, and "hauled mealers" if they had to be collected with a cart. The little houses were very uncomfortable, and the things to eat at the hotels very bad. Biscuits and preserves formed an appreciable part of the visitor's luggage, and the member of a table who could and would make good salad-dressing became a person of importance, for fresh lobsters and stringy chickens could be bought cheap, and a judicious regular subsidy to the hotel cook was an excellent investment. If one was asked to dine at a private house it was thought better taste not to boast of it beforehand, nor to talk of it overmuch afterward, and the host on his part always expected to provide enough food to satisfy a crew of famished sailors. For several seasons men rarely wore evening dress, and such unusual occasions required previous consultation and discussion, lest one man should seem to be more formal or ostentatious than the rest. This was among the quieter "cottage colony," but at the large hotels, of which Rodick's was the most popular, there was little question of sumptuary laws, and at the occasional "hops" young fellows in flannels and knickerbockers were the partners of pretty girls gay in the fresh finery which a woman seems able always to carry in the most restricted luggage.

The principal characteristic of the place was an air of youth—it did not seem as if any one could ever be more than twenty-five years old. Parties of half a dozen girls were often under the nominal care of one chaperon, generally chosen because she was good-natured and not too strict, but as a matter of fact the young people protected themselves and one another. Large picnic parties frequently went off for the day in buckboards, and there is a

lonely sheet of water among the hills, called Eagle Lake, which used to be a favorite goal for afternoon expeditions. There were canoes and row-boats to be had, and in the evening supper was obtainable, and better than in the Bar Harbor hotels, at a little tavern where the prohibition laws of the State were defied. The usual result followed, and very bad things to drink were sold at very high prices, after paying which the party came home, making the wood-roads ring with laughter and singing. That is all changed now. The tavern is burnt down, a great wooden box in the lake marks the sluice which takes the village water-supply, people only cross it on the way to Jordan's Pond, and on moonlight nights it hears but the occasional splash of a fish, or now and then the wild laughter of the loon. Although parties were popular enough, the pairs who happened to have a temporary affinity were generally in each other's company all day long, wandering over the hills, rowing or paddling on the bay, or sitting on the rocks and islands, each pair out of ear-shot of the next. On any one of the "Poreupines" there were always sure to be two or three row-boats or canoes drawn up on the little beach; and, as many of their navigators were not used to so high a tide-rise, the skiffs frequently floated off, and it was part of the boatmen's regular business to pick them up and rescue the helpless couples to whom they belonged. In the evenings when there was moonlight the sight on the bay was really charming. The meal called tea at the hotels tempted no one to linger over it, and as soon as it was over the board-walk was alive with boys and girls hurrying down to the landing-stages, the young man in light flannels, sunburnt and strong, with his companion's bright shawl flung over one shoulder, while the maiden pattered along beside him, her white frock drawn up over a gay striped petticoat, after the fashion of those days, and often her own special paddle in her hand, perhaps with her initials carved carefully thereon and filled in with sealing-wax, rubbed smooth. Then there was a scramble at the floats, and a few minutes later the harbor was

covered with boats and canoes, while those who were crowded out consoled themselves by sitting on the rocks along the shore. Slowly each little craft drew away from its neighbor on the quiet water, the young man pulling lazily or wielding the paddle silently with sweeping strokes of his bare brown arm—the girl sitting luxuriously in the stern-sheets, or on a deer-skin in the bottom of the canoe. The sun went down toward Hull's Cove; and as the red glow faded on the upper bay and the moon rose behind Schoodic, twilight merging into moonlight, the rippling note of a girl's laughter or the twang of a banjo ran softly over the water, a white speck showed where a boat was beached on the shingle of an island, while another floated like a black bar into the silver wake of the moon. Late in the evening the boats came in, one by one, and for those who could afford it there were little supper-parties at Sproul's restaurant, while others contented themselves with mild orgies of biscuits, jam, and the sticky but sustaining caramel. The famous "fish-pond" at Rodick's was a large hall in which the young people used to assemble after breakfast and the early dinner, and in which the girls were supposed to angle for their escorts. It must have been a curious sight. Some of the prettiest girls in all the country were gathered together there, and the soft vowels of the South mingled with the decided consonants of the Westerner. As a school of manners the fish-pond had its drawbacks for young men. They were always rather in the minority, and a good-looking college boy was as much run after as a marriageable British peer, with no ulterior designs, however, on the part of his pursuers, but only the frank determination to

"have a good time." People who belonged to the elders even then, and bore the mark of the frump, still tell how startling it was to see a youth sitting on the broad counter of the office and swinging his legs, with his polo cap on the back of his head, while two of the prettiest girls in the world stood and talked to him, in smiling unconsciousness of his rudeness. Of course such conditions were only possible in a society which still had traditions of a time not very remote, when boys and girls had tramped to and from the village meeting-house and singing-school together, and on the whole it does not seem that any particular harm came of it at all. A few imprudent early marriages, a large number of short-lived betrothals, kisses many, and here and there a heartache would sum up the record of a summer at Bar Harbor in the old days. The young men got over their heartaches and married girls whom they would have thought slow at Mount Desert; the beauty of the board walk married a quiet man who had not been there, and advised her mother not to let her younger sister go, and after a while the newspaper correspondent began to accumulate the stock of stories about summer girls and engagement rings, on which he has been drawing ever since. The quiet people who liked the climate got tired of living on fried fish and lemon pie, and built themselves houses in chosen spots, with kitchens, and each of them is convinced, and ready to maintain, that he occupies the most thoroughly desirable spot on the island. Fortunately, so far as that is concerned, the wanderer is not called upon to decide where owners disagree, and with happy impartiality he may put away his visit, with all its associations, in the safe cupboard of his pleasant memories.



LITTLE DARBY

By Thomas Nelson Page

I



THE county had been settled as a "frontier" in early colonial days, and when it ceased to be frontier, settlement had taken a jump beyond it, and in a certain sense over it, to the richer lands of the Piedmont. When later on steam came, the railway simply cut across it at its narrowest part, and then skirted along just inside its border on the bank of the little river which bounded it on the north, as if it intentionally left it to one side. Thus modern progress did not greatly interfere with it either for good or bad, and its development was entirely natural.

It was divided into "neighborhoods," a name in itself implying something both of its age and origin, for the population was old, and the customs of life and speech were old likewise.

This chronicle, however, is not of the "neighborhoods," for they were known, or may be known by anyone who will take the trouble to plunge boldly in and throw himself on the hospitality of any of the dwellers in them. It is rather of the unknown tract, which lay vague and undefined in between the several neighborhoods of the upper end. The history of the former is known both in peace and in war, in the pleasant homesteads which lie on the hills above the little rivers which make down through the county to join the great river below, and in the long list of those who fell in battle, and whose names are recorded on the slabs set up by their comrades on the walls of the old court-house. The history of the latter, however, is unrecorded. The lands were in the main very poor and grown up in pine, or else, where the head-waters of a little stream made down in a number of "branches," were swampy and malarial. Possibly it was this poverty of the soil or unwhole-

someness of their location which, more than anything else, kept the people of this district somewhat distinct from others around them, however poor they might be. They dwelt in their little cabins among their pines, or down on the edges of the swampy district, distinct both from the gentlemen of their old plantations and from the sturdy farmer-folk who owned the small places. What title they had to their lands, or how they traced it back, or where they had come from, no one knew. They had been there from time immemorial, as long, or longer if anything, than the owners of the plantations about them; and insignificant as they were, they were not the kind to attempt to question, even had anyone been inclined to do so, which no one was. They had the names of the old English gentry, many of them, and were a clean-limbed, blond, blue-eyed people.

When they were growing to middle age their life told on them and made them weather-beaten, and in the main hard-visaged; but when they were young there were often among them straight, supple, young fellows with clear-cut features, and lithe, willowy-looking girls, with blue, or brown, or hazel eyes, and a mien which one might expect to find in a hall rather than in a cabin. Some of them cultivated, with a single little bull or mule, little places, hardly more than "patches," around their houses or down on the branches, where the thin land was better than elsewhere; and others lived by hunting, trapping, fishing, doing odd jobs for the farmers about, and Heaven knew how—a poor enough living anyway.

Darby Stanley and Cove Mills (short for Coverley) were the leaders of the rival factions of the district. They lived as their fathers had lived before them, on opposite sides of the little creek, the branches of which crept

through the alder and gum thickets between them, and contributed to make the district almost as impenetrable to the uninitiated as a mountain fastness. The long log-cabin of the Cove Millses, where room had been added to room, in a straight line, until it looked like the side of a log fort, peeped from its pines across at the clearing where the hardly more pretentious home of Darby Stanley was set back amid a little orchard of ragged peach-trees, and half hidden under a great wisteria vine. But though the two places lay within rifle-shot of each other, they were almost as completely divided as if the big river below had rolled between them. Since the great fight between old Darby and Cove Mills over Henry Clay, there had rarely been an election in which some members of the two families had not had a "clinch." They had to be thrown together sometimes "at meeting," and their children now and then met down on the river fishing, or at "the Washing Hole," as the deep place in the little stream below, where the branches ran together, was called; but they held themselves as much aloof from each other as their higher neighbors, the Hampdens and the Douwills, did on their plantations, where the double line fences ran side by side for a mile, because they would not have a joint partition fence between them. The children, of course, would "run together," as any other young animals would have done; nor did the parents take steps to prevent them, sure that they would, as they grew up, take their own sides as naturally as they themselves had done in their day. Meantime "children were children," and they need not be worried with things like grown-up folk.

When Aaron Hall died and left his little farm and all his small belongings to educate free the children of his poor neighbors, the farmers about availed themselves of his benefaction, and all the children for six miles around used to attend the little school which was started in the large, hewn-log school-house on the roadside known as "Hall's Free School." Few people knew the plain, homely, hard-working man, or wholly understood him. Some thought

him stingy, some weak-minded, some only queer, and at first his benefaction was hardly comprehended; but in time quite a little oasis began about the little fountain, which the poor farmer's bequest had opened under the big oaks by the wayside, and gradually its borders extended, until finally it penetrated as far as the district, and Cove Mills's children appeared one morning at the door of the little school-house, and with sheepish faces and timid voices, informed the teacher that their father had sent them to school. At first there was some debate over at Darby Stanley's place whether they should show their contempt for the new departure of the Millses, by standing out against them, or should follow their example. It was hard for a Stanley to have to follow a Mills in anything, so they stood out for a year. As it seemed, however, that the Millses were getting something to which the Stanleys were as much entitled as they, one morning Little Darby Stanley walked in at the door, and without taking his hat off announced that he had come to go to school. He was about fifteen at the time, but he must have been nearly six feet (his sobriquet being wholly due to the fact that Big Darby was older, not taller), and though he was spare, there was something about his face as he stood in the open door, or his eye as it rested defiantly on the teacher's face, which prevented more than a general buzz of surprise.

"Take off your hat," said the teacher, and he took it off slowly. "I suppose you can read?" was the first question.

"No." A snicker ran around the room, and Little Darby's brow clouded.

As he not only could not read, but could not even spell, and in fact did not know his letters, he was put into the alphabet class, the class of the smallest children in the school.

Little Darby walked over to the corner indicated with his head up, his hands in his pockets, and a roll in his gait full of defiance, and took his seat on the end of the bench and looked straight before him. He could hear the titter around him, and a lowering look came into his blue eyes. He glanced sideways down the bench. It happened

that the next seat to his was that of Vashti Mills, who was at that time just nine. She was not laughing, but was looking at Darby earnestly, and as he caught her eye she nodded to him "Good-mornin'." It was the first greeting the boy had received, and though he returned it sullenly it warmed him, and the cloud passed from his brow and presently he looked at her again. She handed him a book. He took it and looked at it as if it were something that might explode.

He was not an apt scholar; perhaps he had begun too late; perhaps there was some other cause; but though he could swim better, climb better, and run faster than any boy in the school, or, for that matter, in the county, and knew the habits of every bird that flitted through the woods and of every animal that lived in the district, he was not good at his books. His mind was on other things. When he had spent a week over the alphabet, he did not know a letter as such, but only by the places on the page they were on, and gave up when "big A" was shown him on another page, only asking how in the dickens "big A" got over there. He pulled off his coat silently whenever ordered and took his whippings like a lamb, without a murmur and almost without flinching, but every boy in the school learned that it was dangerous to laugh at him; and though he could not learn to read fluently or to train his fingers to guide a pen, he could climb the tallest pine in the district to get a young crow for Vashti, and could fashion all sorts of curious whistles, snares, and other contrivances with his long fingers.

He did not court popularity, was rather cold and unapproachable, and Vashti Mills was about the only other scholar with whom he seemed to be on warm terms. Many a time when the tall boy stood up before the thin teacher, helpless and dumb over some question which almost anyone in the school could answer, the little girl, twisting her fingers in an ecstasy of anxiety, whispered to him the answer in the face of almost certain detection and of absolutely certain punishment. In return, he worshipped the ground she walked on, and whichever side Vashti was on,

Darby was sure to be on it too. He climbed the tallest trees to get her nuts; waded into the miriest swamps to find her more brilliant nosegays of flowers than the other girls had; spent hours to gather rarer birds' eggs than they had, and was everywhere and always her silent worshipper and faithful champion. They soon learned that the way to secure his help in anything was to get Vashti Mills to ask it, and the little girl quickly discovered her power and used it as remorselessly over her tall slave as any other despot ever did. They were to be seen any day trailing along the plantation paths which the school children took from the district, the others in a clump, and the tall boy and little calico-clad girl, who seemed in summer mainly sun-bonnet and bare legs, either following or going before the others at some distance.

The death of Darby—of Old Darby, as he had begun to be called—cut off Little Darby from his "schoolin'," in the middle of his third year, and before he had learned more than to read a little and to write in a scrawly fashion; for he had been rather irregular in his attendance at all times. He now stopped altogether, giving the teacher as his reason, with characteristic brevity, "Got to work."

Perhaps no one at the school mourned the long-legged boy's departure except his little friend Vashti, now a well-grown girl of twelve, very straight and slim, and with big dark eyes. She gave him when he went away the little Testament she had gotten as a prize, and which was one of her most cherished possessions. Other boys found the first honor as climber, runner, rock-flinger, wrestler, swimmer, and fighter open once more to them, and were free from the silent and somewhat contemptuous gaze of him who, however they looked down on him, was a sort of silent power among them. Vashti alone felt a void and found by its sudden absence how great a force was the steady backing of one who could always be counted on to take one's side without question. She had to bear the gibes of the school as "Miss Darby," and though her two brothers were ready enough to fight for her if boys pushed her too hardly, they could do nothing

against girls, and the girls were her worst tormentors.

The name was fastened on her, and it clung to her until, as time went on, she came to almost hate the poor innocent cause of it.

Meantime Darby, beginning to fill out and take on the shoulders and form of a man, began to fill also the place of the man in his little home. This among other things meant opposition, if not hostility, to everything on Cove Mills's side. When Old Darby died the Millses all went to the funeral, of course; but that did not prevent their having the same feelings toward Little Darby afterward, and the breach continued.

At first he used to go over occasionally to see Vashti and carry her little presents, as he had done at school; but he soon found that it was not the same thing. He was always received coolly, and shortly he was given to understand that he was not wanted there, and in time Vashti herself showed that she was not the same she had been to him before. Thus the young fellow was thrown back on himself, and the hostility between the two cabins was as great as ever.

He spent much of his time in the woods, for the Stanley place was small at best, only a score or so of acres, and mostly covered with pines, and Little Darby was but a poor hand at working with a hoe—their only farm implement. He was, however, an unerring shot, with an eye like a hawk to find a squirrel flat on top of the grayest limb of the tallest hickory in the woods, or a hare in her bed among the brownest broomsedge in the county, and he knew the habits of fish and bird and animal as if he had created them; and though he could not, or would not, handle a hoe, he was the best hand at an axe "in the stump" in the district, and Mrs. Stanley was kept in game if not in meal.

The Millses dilated on his worthlessness, and Vashti, grown to be a slender slip of a girl with very bright eyes and a little nose, was loudest against him in public; though rumor said she had fallen afoul of her youngest brother and boxed his jaws for seconding something she had said of him.

The Millses enmity was well understood, and there were not wanting those to take Darby's side. He had grown to be the likeliest young man in the district, tall and straight as a sapling, and though Vashti flaunted her hate of him and turned up her little nose at his name more than it was already turned up, there were many other girls in the pines who looked at him languishingly from under their long sun-bonnets, and thought he was worth both the Mills boys and Vashti to boot. And when at a fish-fry the two Mills boys attacked him and he whipped them both together, some said it served them right, while others declared they did just what they ought to have done, and intimated that Darby was less anxious to meet their father than he was them, who were nothing more than boys to him. These asked, in proof of their view, why he had declined to fight when Old Cove had abused him so to his face. This was met by the fact that he "could not have been so mighty afeared," for he had jumped in and saved Chris. Mills's life ten minutes afterward, when he got beyond his depth in the pond and had already sunk twice. But then, to be sure, it had to be admitted that he was the best swimmer on the ground, and that any man there would have gone in to save his worst enemy if he had been drowning. This must have been the view that Vashti Mills took of the case, for one day, not long afterward, having met Darby at the cross-roads store, when she was looking at some pink calico, and where he had come to get some duck-shot and waterproof caps, she turned on him publicly, and with flashing eyes and mantling cheeks gave him to understand that if she were a man he "would not have had to fight two boys," and he would not have come off so well either. If anything, this attack brought Darby friends, for he not only had whipped the Mills boys fairly, and had fought only when they had pressed him, but had, as has been said, declined to fight old man Mills under gross provocation; and besides, though they were younger than he, the Mills boys were seventeen and eighteen, and not such babies either; if they insisted on

fighting they had to take what they got and not send their sister to talk and abuse a man about it afterward. And the weight of opinion was that "that Vashti Mills was gettin' too airified and set up anyways."

All this reached Mrs. Stanley, and was no doubt sweet to her ears. She related it in her drawling voice to Darby as he sat in the door one evening, but it did not seem to have much effect on him; he never stirred or showed by word or sign that he even heard her, and finally, without speaking, he rose and lounged away into the woods. The old woman gazed after him silently until he disappeared, and then gave a look across to where the Millses cabin peeped from among its pines, which was full of hate.

The fish-fry at which Darby Stanley had first fought the Mills boys and then pulled one of them out of the river, had been given by one of the county candidates for election as delegate to a convention which was to be held at the capital, and possibly the division of sentiment in the district between the Millses and Little Darby was as much due to political as to personal feeling; for the sides were growing more and more tightly drawn, and the Millses, as usual, were on one side and Little Darby on the other; and both sides had strong adherents. The question was on one side, Secession, with probable war; and on the other, the Union as it was, with peace. The Millses were for the candidate who advocated the latter, and Little Darby was for him who wanted secession. Both candidates were men of position and popularity, the one a young man and the other older, and both were neighbors.

The older man was elected, and shortly the question became imminent, and all the talk about the Cross-roads was of war. As time had worn on, Little Darby, always silent, had become more and more so, and seemed to be growing morose. He spent more and more of his time in the woods or about the Cross-roads, the only store and post-office near the district where the little tides of the quiet life around used to meet. At length Mrs. Stanley consid-

ered it so serious that she took it upon herself to go over and talk to her neighbor, Mrs. Douwill, as she always did on matters too intricate and grave for the experience of the district. She found Mrs. Douwill, as always, sympathetic and kind, and though she took back with her not much enlightenment as to the cause of her son's trouble or its cure, she went home in a measure comforted with the assurance of the sympathy of one stronger than she. She had found out that her neighbor, powerful and rich as she seemed to her to be, had her own troubles and sorrows; she heard from her of the danger of war breaking out at any time, and her husband would enlist among the first.

Little Darby did not say much when his mother told of her visit; but his usually downcast eyes had a new light in them, and he began to visit the Cross-roads oftener.

At last one day the news that came to the Cross-roads was that there was to be war. It had been in the air for some time, but now it was undoubted. It came in the presence of Mr. Douwill himself, who had come home the night before and was commissioned by the Governor to raise a company. There were a number of people there—quite a crowd for the little Cross-roads—for the stir had been growing day by day, and excitement and anxiety were on the increase. The papers had been full of secession, firing on flags, raising troops, and everything; but that was far off. When Mr. Douwill appeared in person it came nearer, though still few, if any, quite took it in that it could be actual and immediate. Among those at the Cross-roads that day were the Millses, father and sons, who looked a little critically at the speaker as one who had always been on the other side. Little Darby was also there, silent as usual, but with a light burning in his blue eyes. That evening when Little Darby reached home, which he did somewhat earlier than usual, he announced to his mother that he had enlisted as a soldier. The old woman was standing before her big fireplace when he told her, and she leaned against it quite still for a moment;

then she sat down, stumbling a little on the rough hearth as she made her way to her little, broken chair. Darby got up and found her a better one, which she took without a word.

Whatever entered into her soul in the little cabin that night, when Mrs. Stanley went among her neighbors she was a soldier's mother. She even went over to Cove Mills's on some pretext connected with Darby's going. Vashti was not at home, but Mrs. Mills was, and she felt a sudden loss, as if somehow the Millses had fallen below the Stanleys. She talked of it for several days; dwelt on Mrs. Stanley's sudden pride—she could not make out entirely what it was. Vashti's black eyes flashed.

The next day Darby went to the Cross-roads to drill; there was, besides the recruits, who were of every class, quite a little crowd there to look at the drill. Among them were two women of the poorest class, one old and faded, rather than gray, the other hardly better dressed, though a slim figure, straight and trim, gave her a certain distinction, even had not a few ribbons and a little ornament or two on her pink calico, with a certain air, showed that she was accustomed to being admired.

The two women found themselves together once during the day, and their eyes met. It was just as the line of soldiers passed. Those of the elder lighted with a sudden spark of mingled triumph and hate, those of the younger flashed back for a moment and then fell beneath the elder's gaze. There was much enthusiasm about the war, and among others both of the Mills boys enlisted before the day was ended, their sister going in with them to the room where their names were entered on the roll, and coming out with flashing eyes and mantling cheeks. She left the place earlier than most of the crowd, but not until after the drill was over and some of the young soldiers had gone home. The Mills boys' enlistment was set down in the district to Vashti, and some said it was because she was jealous of Little Darby being at the end of the company with a new gun and such a fine uniform, for her hatred of Little Darby was well known; anyhow, their example was followed,

and in a short time nearly all the young men in the district had enlisted.

At last one night a summons came for the company to assemble at the Cross-roads next day with arms and equipment. Orders had come for them to report at once at the capital of the State for drill, before being sent into the field to repel a force, which report said was already on the way to invade the State. There was the greatest excitement and enthusiasm. This was war! And everyone was ready to meet it. The day was given to taking an inventory of arms and equipment, and then there was a drill, and then the company was dismissed for the night, as many of them had families of whom they had not taken leave, and as they had not come that day prepared to leave, and were ordered to join the commander next day, prepared to march.

Little Darby escorted his mother home, taciturn as ever. At first there was quite a company; but as they went their several ways to their homes, at last Little Darby and his mother were left alone in the piney path, and made the last part of their way alone. Now and then the old woman's eyes were on him, and often his eyes were on her, but they did not speak; they just walked on in silence till they reached home.

It was but a poor little house, even when the wisteria vine covered it, wall and roof, and the bees hummed among its clusters of violet blossoms; but now the wisteria bush was only a tangle of twisted wires hung upon it, and the little, weather-stained house looked bare and poor enough. As the young fellow stood in the door looking out, with the evening light upon him, his tall, straight figure filled it as if it had been a frame. He stood perfectly motionless for some minutes, gazing across the gum thickets before him.

The sun had set only about a half-hour and the twilight was still lingering on the under edges of the clouds in the west and made a sort of glow in the little yard before him, as it did in front of the cabin on the other hill. His eye first swept the well-known horizon, taking in the thickets below him and the heavy pines on either side

where it was already dusk, and then rested on the little cabin opposite. Whether he saw it or not, one could hardly have told, for his face wore a reminiscent look. He was evidently thinking of the past. Figures moved backward and forward over there, came out and went in, without his look changing. Even Vashti, faintly distinguishable in her gay dress, came out and passed down the hill alone, without his expression changing. It was, perhaps, fifteen minutes later that he seemed to awake, and after a look over his shoulder stepped from the door into the yard. His mother was cooking, and he strolled down the path across the little clearing and entered the pines. Insensibly his pace quickened—he strode along the dusky path with as firm a step as if it were broad daylight. A quarter of a mile below the path crossed the little stream and joined the path from Cove Mills's place, which he used to take when he went to school. He crossed at the old log and turned down the path, and crossed the little clearing there. The next moment he stood face to face with Vashti Mills. Whether he was surprised or not no one could have told, for he said not a word, and his face was in the shadow, though Vashti's was toward the clearing and the light from the sky was on it. Her hat was in her hand. He stood still, but did not stand aside to let her pass, until she made an imperious little gesture and stepped as if she would have passed around him. Then he stood aside, but she did not appear in a hurry to avail herself of the freedom offered, she simply looked at him. He took off his cap, sheepishly enough, and said, "Good-evenin'."

"Good-evenin'," she said, and then, as the pause became embarrassing, she said, "Hear you're agoin' away to-morrer?"

"Yes—to-morrer mornin'."

"When you're a-comin' back?" she asked, after a pause in which she had been twisting the pink string of her hat.

"Don' know—may be never." Had he been looking at her he might have seen the change which his words brought to her face; she lifted her eyes to his

face for the first time since the half-defiant glance she had given him when they met, and they had a strange light in them, but at the moment he was looking at a bow on her dress which had been pulled loose. He put out his hand and touched it and said:

"You're a-losin' yer bow," and as she found a pin and fastened it again, added, "An' I don' know as anybody keers."

An overpowering impulse changed her and forced her to say: "I don't know as anybody does either; I know as I don't."

The look on his face smote her, and the spark died out of her eyes as he said: "No, I knowed you didn'! I don't know as anybody does exceptin' my old woman. Maybe she will a little. I jist wanted to tell you that I wouldn't a' fit them boys if they hadn't a' pushed me so hard, and I wan't afeared to fight your old man, I jist wouldn't—that's all."

What answer she might have made to this was prevented by him, for he suddenly held out his hand with something in it, saying, "Here."

She instinctively reached out to take whatever it was, and he placed in her hand a little book which she recognized as the little Testament which she had won as a prize at school and had given him when they went to school together. It was the only book she had ever possessed as her very own.

"I brought this thinking as how maybe you might 'a' wanted"—me to keep it, he was going to say; but he checked himself and said, "might 'a' wanted it back."

Before she could recover from the surprise of finding the book in her hand her own, he was gone. The words only came to her clearly as his retreating footsteps grew fainter and his tall figure faded in the darkening light. She made a hasty step or two after him, then checked herself and listened intently to see if he were not returning, and then, as only the katydids answered, threw herself flat on the ground and grovelled in the darkness.

There were few houses in the district or in the county where lights did not burn all that night. The gleam of the

fire in Mrs. Stanley's little house could be seen all night from the door of the Millses cabin, as the candle by which Mrs. Mills complained while she and Vashti sewed, could be faintly seen from Little Darby's house. The two Mills boys slept stretched out on the one bed in the little centre-room.

While the women sewed and talked fitfully by the single tallow candle, old Cove dozed in a chair with his long legs stretched out toward the fire and the two shining barrels of his sons' muskets resting across his knees, where they had slipped from his hands when he had finished rubbing them.

The younger woman did most of the sewing. Her fingers were finer and suppler than her mother's, and she scarcely spoke except to answer the latter's querulous questions. Presently a rooster crowed somewhere in the distance, and almost immediately another crowed in answer closer at hand.

"Thar's the second rooster-crow, it's gittin' erlong toward the mornin'," said the elder woman.

The young girl made no answer, but a moment later rose and laying aside the thing she was sewing, walked to the low door and stepped out into the night. When she returned and picked up her sewing again, her mother said :

"I declar, Vashti, you drinks mo' water than anybody I ever see."

To which she made no answer.

"Air they a-stirrin' over at Mis's Stanley's?" asked the mother.

"They ain't a-been to bed," said the girl, quietly; and then, as if a sudden thought had struck her, she hitched her chair nearer the door which she had left open, and sat facing it as she sewed on the brown thing she held a small bow which she took from her dress.

"I declar, I don't see what old Mis's Stanley is actually a-gwine to do," broke out Mrs. Mills, suddenly; and when Vashti did not feel called on to try to enlighten her, she added, "Do you?"

"Same as other folks, I s'pose," said the girl.

"Other folks has somebody—somebody to take keer on 'em. I've got your pappy now; but she ain't got nobody but Little Darby—and when he's gone what will she do?"

For answer Vashti only hitched her chair a little nearer the door and sewed on almost in darkness. "Not that he was much account to her, nor to anybody else, except for goin' aroun' a-fightin' and a-fussin'."

"He was account to her," flamed up the girl, suddenly; "he was account to her, to her and to everybody else. He was the fust soldier that 'listed, and he's account to everybody."

The old woman had raised her head in astonishment at her daughter's first outbreak, and was evidently about to reply sharply; but the girl's flushed face and flashing eyes awed and silenced her.

"Well, well, I ain't sayin' nothin' against him," she said, presently.

"Yes, you is—you're always sayin' somethin' against him—and so is everybody else—and they ain't fitten to tie his shoes. Why don't they say it to his face, there ain't one of 'em as dares it, and he's the best soldier in the comp'ny, an' I'm jest as proud of it as if he was my own."

The old woman was evidently bound to defend herself. She said :

"It don't lay in your mouth to take up for him, Vashti Mills; for you're the one as has gone up and down and abused him scandalous."

"Yes, and I know I did," said the girl, springing up excitedly and tossing her arms and tearing at her ribbons. "An' I told him to his face, too, and that's the only good thing about it. I knowed it was a lie when I told him, and he knowed it was a lie too, and he knowed I knowed it was a lie—what's more—and I'm glad he did—fo' God I'm glad he did. He could 'a' whipped the whole company an' he jest wouldn't—an' that's God's truth—God's fatal truth."

The next instant she was on her knees hunting for something on the floor, in an agony of tears; and as her father, aroused by the noise, rose and asked a question, she sprang up and rushed out of the door.

The sound of an axe was already coming through the darkness across the gum thickets from Mrs. Stanley's, telling that preparation was being made for Darby's last breakfast. It might have told more, however, by its long

continuance ; for it meant that Little Darby was cutting his mother a supply of wood to last till his return. Inside, the old woman, thin and faded, was rubbing his musket.

The sun was just rising above the pines, filling the little bottom between the cabins with a sort of rosy light and making the bushes and weeds sparkle with dew-strung gossamer webs, when Little Darby, with his musket in his hand, stepped for the last time out of the low door. He had been the first soldier in the district to enlist, he must be on time. He paused just long enough to give one swift glance around the little clearing, and then set out along the path at his old swinging pace. At the edge of the pines he turned and glanced back. His mother was standing in the door, but whether she was looking at him he could not tell. He waved his hand to her, but she did not wave back, her eyes were failing somewhat. The next instant he disappeared in the pines.

He had crossed the little stream on the old log and passed the point where he had met Vashti the evening before, when he thought he heard something fall from a tree a little ahead of him. It could not have been a squirrel, for it did not move after it fell. His old hunter's instinct caused him to look keenly down the path as he turned the clump of bushes which stopped his view ; but he saw no squirrel or other moving thing. The only thing he saw was a little brown something with a curious spot on it lying in the path some little way ahead. As he came nearer it he saw that it was a small parcel not as big as a man's fist. Someone had evidently dropped it the evening before. He picked it up and examined it as he strode along. It was a little case or wallet made of some brown stuff, such as women carry needles and thread in, and it was tied up with a bit of red, white, and blue string—the Confederate colors—on the end of which was sewed a small bow of pink ribbon. He untied it. It was what it looked to be, a roughly made little needle-case, such as women use, tolerably well stocked with sewing materials, and it had something hard and almost square in a separate

pocket. Darby opened this, and his gun almost slipped from his hand. Inside was the Testament he had given back to Vashti the evening before. He stopped stock-still, and gazed at it in amazement, turning it over in his hand. He recognized the bow of pink ribbon as one like that which she had had on her dress the evening before. She must have dropped it. Then it came to him that she must have given it to one of her brothers, and a pang shot through his heart. But how did it get where he found it? He was too keen a woodsman not to know that no footstep had gone before his on that path that morning. It was a mystery too deep for him, and after puzzling over it a while he tied the parcel up again as nearly like what it had been before as he could, and determined to give it to one of the Mills boys when he reached the Crossroads. He unbuttoned his jacket and put it into the little inner pocket, and then rebuttoning it carefully, stepped out again more briskly than before.

It was perhaps an hour later that the Mills boys set out for the Crossroads. Their father and mother went with them ; but Vashti did not go. She had "been out to look for the cow," and got in only just before they left, still clad in her yesterday's finery ; but it was wet and bedraggled with the soaking dew. When they were gone she sat down in the door, limp and dejected.

More than once during the morning the girl rose and started down the path as if she would follow them and see the company set out on its march, but each time she came back and sat down in the door, remaining there for a good while as if in thought.

Once she went over almost to Mrs. Stanley's, then turned back and sat down again. So the morning passed, and the first thing she knew, her father and mother had returned. The company had started. They were to march to the bridge that night. She heard them talking over the appearance that they had made ; the speech of the captain ; the cheers that went up as they marched off—the enthusiasm of the crowd. Her father was in much excitement. Suddenly she seized her

sun-bonnet and slipped out of the house and across the clearing, and the next instant she was flying down the path through the pines. She knew the road they had taken, and a path that would strike it several miles lower down. She ran like a deer, up hill and down, availing herself of every short cut, until, about an hour after she started, she came out on the road. Fortunately for her the delays incident to getting any body of new troops on the march had detained the company, and a moment's inspection of the road showed her that they had not yet passed. Clambering up a bank she concealed herself and lay down. In a few moments she heard the noise they made in the distance, and she was still panting from her haste when they came along, the soldiers marching in order, as if still on parade, and a considerable company of friends attending them. Not a man, however, dreamed that, flat on her face in the bushes, lay a girl peering down at them with her breath held, but with a heart which beat so loud to her own ears that she felt they must hear it. Least of all did Darby Stanley, marching erect and tall in front, for all the sore heart in his bosom, know that her eyes were on him as long as she could see him.

When Vashti brought up the cow that night it was later than usual. It perhaps was fortunate for her that the change made by the absence of the boys prevented any questioning. After all the excitement her mother was in a fit of despondency. Her father sat in the door looking straight before him, as silent as the pine on which his vacant gaze was fixed. Even when the little cooking they had was through with and his supper was offered him, he never spoke. He sat in silence and then took his seat again. Even Mrs. Mills's complaining about the cow straying so far brought no word from him any more than from Vashti. He sat silent as before, his long legs stretched out toward the fire. The glow of the embers fell on the rough, thin face and lit it up, bringing out the features and making them suddenly clear-cut and strong. It might have been only the fire, but there seemed the glow of something more, and the

eyes burned back under the shaggy brows. The two women likewise were silent, the elder now and then casting a glance at her husband. She offered him his pipe, but he said nothing, and silence fell as before.

Presently she could stand it no longer. "I declar, Vashti," she said, "I believe your pappy takes it most harder than I does."

The girl made some answer about the boys. It was hardly intended for him to hear, but he rose suddenly, and, walking to the door, took down from the two dogwood forks his old, long, single-barrelled gun, and turning to his wife said, "Git me my coat, old woman; by Gawd, I'm a-gwine." The two women were both on their feet in a second. Their faces were white and their hands were clinched under the sudden stress; their breath came fast. The older woman was the first to speak.

"What in the worl' ken you do, Cove Mills, ole an' puny as you is, an' got the rheumatiz all the time, too?"

"I ken pint a gun," said the old man, doggedly, "an' I'm a-gwine."

"An' what in the worl' is a-goin' to become of us, an' that cow got to runnin' away so; I'm afeared all the time she'll git in the mash?" Her tone was querulous, but it was not positive, and when her husband said again, "I'm a-gwine," she said no more, and all the time she was getting together the few things which Cove would take.

As for Vashti, she seemed suddenly revived; she moved about with a new step—swift, supple, silent—her head up, a new light in her face, and her eyes, as they turned now and then on her father, filled with a new fire. She did not talk much. "I'll a-teck care o' us all," she said once; and once again, when her mother gave something like a moan, she supported her with a word about "the only ones as gives three from one family." It was a word in season, for the mother caught the spirit, and a moment later declared, with a new tone in her voice, that that was better than Mrs. Stanley, and still they were better off than she, for they still had two left to help each other, while she had not a soul.

"I'll teck care o' us all," repeated the girl once more.

It was only a few things that Cove Mills took with him that morning, when he set out in the darkness to overtake the company before they should break camp—hardly his old game-bag half full; for the equipment of the boys had stripped the little cabin of everything that could be of use. He might only have seemed to be going hunting, as he slung down the path with his old, long-barrelled gun in his hand and his game-bag over his shoulder, and disappeared in the darkness from the eyes of the two women standing in the cabin door.

The next morning Mrs. Mills paid Mrs. Stanley the first visit she had paid on that side the branch since the day, three years before, when Cove and the boys had the row with Little Darby. It might have seemed accidental, but Mrs. Stanley was the first person in the district to know that all the Mills men were gone to the army. She went over again, from time to time, for it was not a period to keep up open hostilities, and she was younger than Mrs. Stanley and better off; but Vashti never went, and Mrs. Stanley never asked after her or came.

(To be concluded in October.)

TRANSITION

By Melville Upton

. . . The suicide, who was a stationary engineer, had arranged all his affairs with unusual care, and even gone to the extent of oiling his engine and shaking down the ashes in his furnace preparatory to his day's work. . . . When they found him he was dead, with one foot back on the rung of the ladder, as though, after taking his fatal plunge, he had changed his mind and struggled to get back to life again.—*Daily Paper*.

WHAT is it that the dying find at parting
In that dread moment when the earth swings clear,
A plummet's lead beneath them?

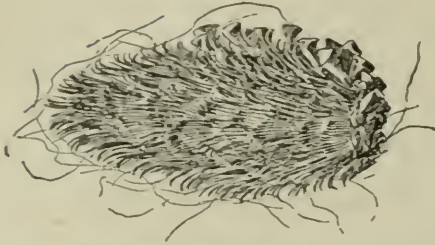
. . . This one, whom the shroud sets stiffly over,
Was sure of every step, arranged each small detail,
Told where they'd find his little hoard of treasure,
Parcelled off his small belongings all,
Fresh-oiled his engine, saw to every glint of brass work,
Shook down the ashes in his furnace grate,—
Did all as tho' this day were not his last.
. . . Then, leaned this ladder here against the boiler,
Swung this rope from the steam-pipe above . . .
And took his reasoned plunge into the deep unknown!
. . . Still, once off, it seems he faltered, somewhere,
His reason all at fault in that Great Presence there,
Struggled to recover what seemed so slight at parting . . .
Got one foot back upon the ladder's rung again . . .
There died—thus, as they found him—
Reaching back to life with that look there in his eyes!

. . . What was it that he found there in the silence,
When earth's great shadow swung away
Beyond all plummet's depth beneath him? . . .
Was it searing light or weight of heavy darkness
Struck those unseeing eyes with that despair?

TARAHUMARI LIFE AND CUSTOMS

By Carl Lumholtz

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



Tarahumari Comb made from a Pine Cone.

THE Tarahumaris, the inhabitants of the Sierra Madre, whose home was described in a former article, came, according to their own traditions, from the north and the east (the same countries as the Apaches, as they say), and were placed in these mountains, the middle of the world, by their god. They descended originally from heaven, with corn and potatoes in their ears. Their god was with them at the beginning, but the devil molested him, and to such purpose that he had to retreat. Once, when their god was intoxicated, the devil robbed him of his wife. "I cannot remain here any longer," said he, "because the devil took my wife; but I will leave two crosses in the world." He placed one cross where the sun sets and one where it rises. The cross in the east their god uses when he comes down to visit the Tarahumaris; that in the west is for the Tarahumari when he dies and goes to heaven. Between these two crosses lives the Tarahumari tribe. The Indians would like to go to the crosses and dance before them, one of their forms of worship, but they are prevented from doing so by large bodies of water, and they therefore have small crosses standing outside their own houses before which they hold their nightly dances. They also sacrifice before these crosses, and here is where their god comes to eat. The Tarahumari invariably provides a smooth place near his house or cave upon which he

erects his cross and where he holds his dances.

The older Spanish chroniclers mention the Tarahumaris. According to Mr. F. A. Bandelier the first Jesuit census, taken in 1678, gives the number of Christian Tarahumaris at 8,300. Early in the seventeenth century Padre Ribas, quoting from a letter written to him by another priest who visited the Tarahumaris in 1608, described them as a race living partly in caves and dressed in garments made of the fibre of the agave, which the women were expert in weaving. They were docile and readily accepted Christian teachings.

The Tarahumari of to-day is of a medium size and a dark-brown color. The people of the barrancas (valleys) are smaller than on the highlands. If anything they are lighter in color, but I have often noted light yellowish faces on the highlands. The Tarahumaris are more muscular than most of our North American Indians. Their cheek-bones are prominent and their expression is heavy. The woman is smaller than the man, but generally just as strong, and when angered by jealousy is often able to beat her man. They are rapid walkers, gliding smoothly along with quick steps, with the body slightly bent forward and without any swaying to and fro.

Both men and women wear long, flowing, straight black hair, which in rare cases is wavy. It is held together with a woollen head-band made for the purpose, or with a narrow pleated band of palm-leaf. Their hands and feet are small. Where they live in contact with the Mexicans they wear a red bandanna. Very often the men, for convenience, gather their hair at the neck, leaving off the band. Their teeth are exceptionally fine, and the canine teeth are not readily distinguished from the incisors. Beards are very rare, and if one appear, the Indian pulls it out

*. See "Among the Tarahumaris," by Carl Lumholtz, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for July, 1894.

with great care. Their devil is always represented with a beard, and they call the Mexicans the "bearded ones." My offer of some tobacco was once refused by a man because he feared that it would cause a beard to grow on his face—because I was a bearded man. A medicine-man once astonished me by having his hair cut short. When I asked him why he had done so, he said it was not good because it was old; his head would get new and good thoughts with new hair. When the hair is cut off for this reason, the head is covered with a piece of cotton-cloth to keep the man's thoughts from escaping. When they cut hair from the head because it is too long, they place it under a stone or hang it from the branch of a tree.

Many of the women have surprisingly well-shaped and small bones, while the men are powerfully built. Though they are well nourished, it is rare to find a fat man. The women are more inclined toward corpulency. They are abstemious when at home, eating only twice a day. But when serving the Mexicans, they gorge themselves to illness. They generally get up at night, however, to eat and play on their home-made violins, of which music they are very fond. During half the year, when provisions are scarce, in the dry season, many of them are nearly starving and are reduced to skeletons. Nevertheless they show even then a remarkable endurance. An Indian has been known to carry a letter from Guazapares to Chihuahua and back again in five days, the distance being nearly eight hundred miles. In some parts where the Tarahumaris serve the Mexicans, they are used to run in the wild horses, driving them into the corral; it may take them two or three days to do it, sleeping at night and living on a little pinole. They bring in the horses thoroughly exhausted, while they themselves are still fresh. They will outrun any horse if you give them time enough. They will pursue deer in the snow, or with dogs, in the rain, for days and days, until at last the animal is cornered and shot with arrows, or falls an easy prey from sheer exhaustion, its hoofs dropping off.

Their senses are keen, but in this

respect they are not much superior to well-endowed civilized men. They certainly do not feel pain in the same degree that we do. I have taken samples of hair from the heads of more than fifty Indians, and not one seemed to mind in the slightest having thirty or forty hairs pulled out at a time. Once I pulled six hairs at a time from the head of a sleeping child, six years old, without causing the least disturbance. I asked for more, and when twenty-three hairs were pulled out at once the child scratched its head, but slept on.

The Tarahumaris are very fond of heat, and may often be seen lying on their backs or stomachs in the sun. Heat never seems to trouble them. I have seen young babies sleeping with uncovered heads on the backs of their mothers, exposed to the fierce heat of the summer sun.

In the pine regions, where they live longer than in the barrancas, it is not infrequent to meet men and women who are at least one hundred years old. Long life is what they pray for. Old people are many; their hair is gray, but they are seldom bald. There is a peculiar, but very slight and indescribable, odor characteristic of the Tarahumari; he himself does not recognize it; but he says that the Mexican smells like a pig, and the American like coffee—both offensive odors to him.

The men hunt, make arrows and bows, rattles and rasping-sticks, used in their so-called musical performances, and till the fields. The women, besides attending to the preparation and cooking of the food, manufacture clumsy pottery, often colored red with ochre, and they show considerable skill in weaving with a primitive loom made of four sticks laid on the ground; they weave all their clothing, blankets, girdles, following six or eight typical designs, their colors being black, white, yellow, and blue. The yellow dye is made from a lichen which they call "wool of the stone," and their blue is a species of indigo.

In contrast with most other savage races, these Indians are not fond of ornament. The women wear hanging ear ornaments of mother-of-pearl, and

necklaces of grass seed. Tattooing is unknown. The men may chalk ornamental designs on their faces and legs at the foot-races, but few of them wear necklaces. A singular fact is that mirrors have no attraction, either for the men or women; they do not want to look at themselves.

The attraction of these people is their wonderful health, which may be looked upon as a matter of course in this delightful air, saturated with the aroma of pines and the intoxicating scent of countless medicinal herbs and roots. They are subject, however, to pleurisy (*dolor de costado*), which generally proves fatal. During my travels I met with fifteen hunchbacks and five cases of harelip. Small-pox decimates them, and it is seldom that the disease may not be found in some of the valleys. They are, however, so prolific that there is rather an increase in their numbers than the contrary. There are more women than men. The Tarahumari woman is a good mother, and takes great care of her children, of whom she generally has from six to eight, or even more, and she nurses them until they are three years old. A boy or girl is never punished, although often scolded. If a boy misbehaves, the father may reproach him at a feast or before one of his friends, and the friend may also talk to the culprit. The children are very independent, and if angry, the boy may strike his father or mother. The daughter never goes so far, but if scolded will weep and say that she is unjustly treated.

When the woman in pregnancy feels that her hour of travail has come, she ties a girdle very tight around her waist, goes away some distance and, under a tree or in a cave, bears her child alone. She remains a day or two in this place, and food is brought to her, or she returns after half a day's absence and resumes her daily duties of grinding corn on the stone, etc. The husband makes no inquiry about the baby. When three days are over the mother bathes herself, but the child is not washed until one year old. While she is bathing, she leaves the little one naked in the sun, in order that he may recognize his newly born son, and the

baby is left thus, in spite of its wails, for about an hour. Then the medicine-man comes to "cure it," so that it may become strong and healthy, and live a long life. For this ceremony a big fire of corn-cobs, or of the branches of the mountain cedar, is made near the cross, and the baby is carried over the smoke three times toward each cardinal point, and also three times backward. The motion is first toward the east, then toward the west, then south, then north. The smoke of the corn-cobs assures him of success in agriculture. With a firebrand the medicine-man makes three crosses on the child's forehead if it is a boy, and four if a girl.

As a rule, the Tarahumari is not a thief, but if he thinks himself quite unobserved and the temptation is very great, there are few who will not steal. He never cheats, and is a pleasant fellow to deal with so far as honesty goes. He is averse, however, to selling anything, and considers it a favor; in fact, when you succeed in making a bargain with an Indian, the mere fact establishes a species of brotherhood between you and facilitates later transactions. Time for consideration is thought absolutely necessary by the Indian. To buy a sheep requires at least two hours. In all bargains he always consults his wife, and even his children, and if any of them, even the youngest, objects, nothing can be done. To conclude a bargain about an ox may require three days. The almighty dollar has no power with most of them. The Indian has no need of money, or of aught that money can buy for him, and he is swayed more by persuasion than by silver. He is rich when he has three or four cattle, with some sheep and goats. The Cræsus of the Tarahumaris raises from three hundred to four hundred fanagas (bushels) of corn every year. The largest flock of cattle belonging to one man does not exceed thirty or forty head. Silver Mexican dollars from outsiders are accepted in exchange for corn and other products, but among themselves a system of barter prevails. In most cases cotton-cloth is preferred to dollars.

The Tarahumari is heavy and phlegmatic. His face is devoid of expres-

sion, and it seems at first hopeless to the traveller to get any information out of him. He is timid and tries to run away at the sight of strangers. In most places, particularly in the barrancas, he will take to his heels, leaving his house or cave and its contents behind him, at the approach of a stranger. It is hopeless to follow, because the country is extremely rough, and they hide so effectually. When I travel, I therefore always send an Indian to prepare the Tarahumaris for my arrival. The women and children are bashful in the extreme, which may be due to the sharp criticism and gossip common among them.

Their chief trait is distrustfulness, but it may be overcome, although they seldom become trustworthy friends. They have no depth of character. Gratitude is fairly developed. The Indian, however, is not truthful, and is apt to prove false.

They are cowards when few in numbers, but if there are many, they know no fear. They are the only Indians who have held their own against the Apaches. They are a peaceful and patient people, and will do no harm except by way of reprisal, being revengeful and never forgetting or forgiving an injury. Injuries may be paid for and adjusted, but are never forgotten. When imposed upon, they have been known to arm themselves against the whites, and two or three times several hundred of them have threatened a massacre unless justice was done.

The Tarahumari has no word for love. "His heart wants him (or her) very much," is their expression. The husband and wife when alone kiss each other. Mothers and fathers kiss the little ones on their mouth or stomach, as do also the brothers and sisters. Although phlegmatic, the Tarahumaris are affectionate, but it is seldom that they show affection in public, unless when drunk. They are apt to be jealous, and are sometimes inclined to coquetry; I have seen the Tarahumari girls endeavor to attract attention by biting their wrists, at the same time throwing coquettish glances toward the object of their attentions.

All these Indians are married, and it is a very rare thing to find an Indian,

man or woman, who is not married. Although woman among the Tarahumaris is considered of less importance than man, even her prayers having a smaller value than those of a man, and her place at all religious ceremonies being behind the man, she occupies a comparatively high place in the family life. As I have already said, she is consulted in every bargain and her advice is heeded. The Tarahumari girl does the courting. When she wants a particular young fellow, she takes occasion at the first feast to dance so as to attract his attention, but as she is supposed to be bashful, she dances with her back turned to him. When her mind is made up, she tells her mother, who goes to consult the father and mother of the young man, praising her girl as an expert weaver and housekeeper. The boy's parents refer the matter to him, and if he is pleased he visits the girl's house. Actual proposal consists in the girl throwing small pebbles at him; if he does not return these the match is off, but if he throws them back they are betrothed.

The father of the bride then prepares *teswaino* (beer) and food, and sends out invitations. The bridal couple are seated inside the house with the parents, making the form of a cross. The father of the girl announces that he has made the beer in order to celebrate a marriage between the young people, and he makes a speech to the couple, advising them to be peaceful, virtuous, and industrious. The father of the bride then gives *teswaino* to his son-in-law, and the father of the groom to the girl. While this is going on, the young couple are covered with a blanket, and in some cases their hands are tied together with a girdle. Then everybody gets drunk. The brothers of marriageable girls take great interest in finding husbands for their sisters, praising them for their good qualities. Among the Christian Tarahumaris the padre marries them; but the ceremony, owing to the long distances, is often delayed for several years after the couple have been living together.

The Tarahumari is a polite personage for a savage, and has a word, "*requo*," equivalent to our "please," which he

uses frequently. When two men meet, their greeting is always "quero" (good-day), but without hand-shaking, unless they have learned the practice from the Mexicans. They are a ceremonious people. When the Tarahumaris came to visit me, they always, according to their custom, had to be coaxed to come nearer and sit down. The conversation would end with the visitor saying, "Permit me to go and warm myself," to which it is the right thing to say, "All right, go and warm yourself;" or he may say, "I am going to continue my walk," and the only thing to answer is, "Continue your walk."

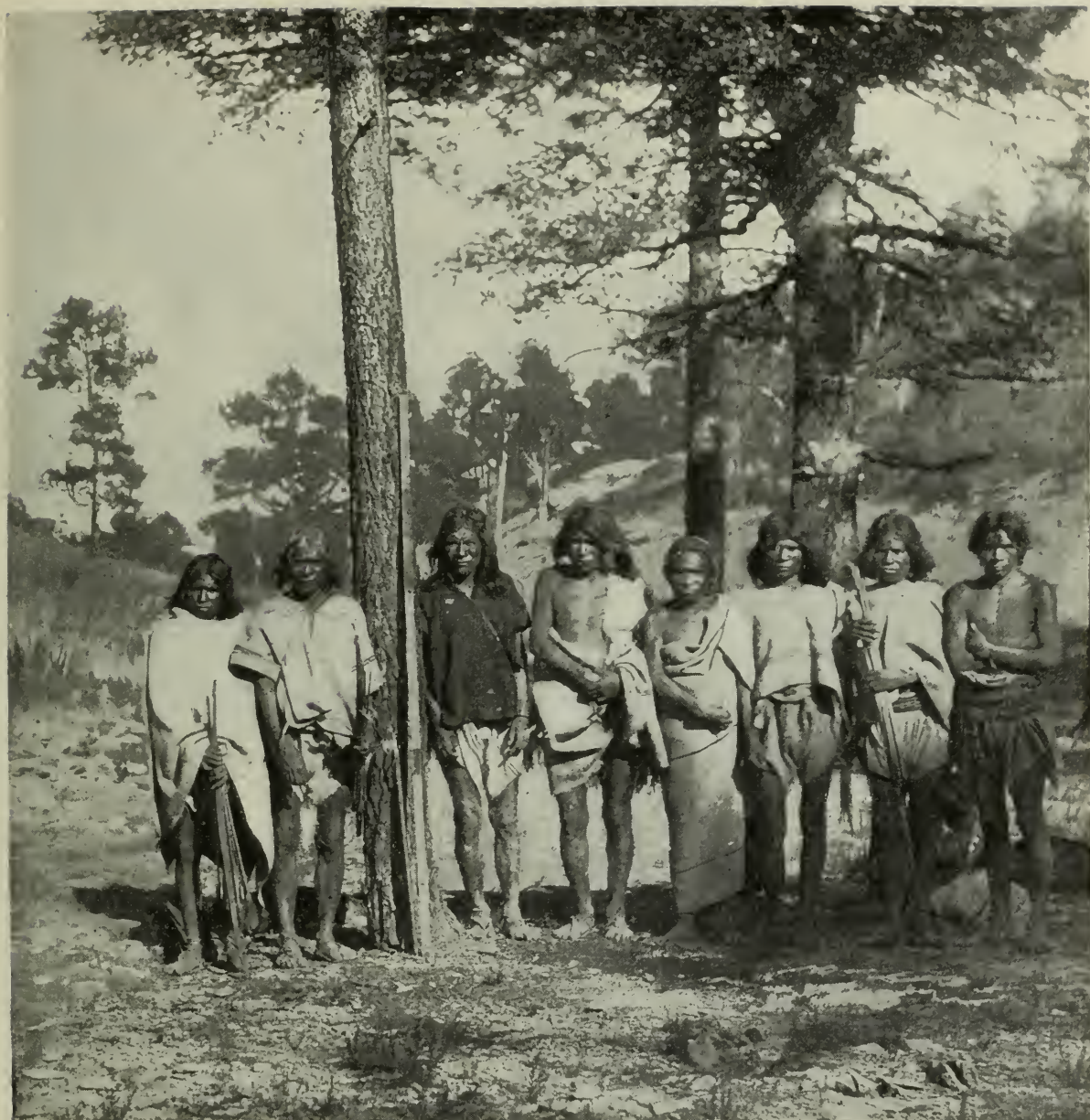
Although they will give food to a stranger if properly approached, they are not particularly hospitable, and there is no room in a Tarahumari house for a guest. If one Tarahumari visit another, he never thinks of entering the house, but takes a seat on the ground forty or fifty yards away. Nothing so angers a Tarahumari as the appearance in his house of a man unannounced. He might even kill the intruder. Only the dogs, he says, enter a house uninvited. It is not even polite to look at another man's house. So, if you want to get on well with an Indian, it is necessary to sit for at least a quarter of an hour near his hut, gazing into vacancy. Should the host be absent, the native visitor may sit near by for hours, and finally go away. He will not enter the house or cave unless formally invited. The host, even though he may recognize his visitor, allows some time to pass, gossiping with his wife as to the probable purport of the visit; then shaking out the blanket upon which he has been sitting, he will throw it around him and go out to take a seat alongside of the new-comer. As in civilized communities the conversation always begins with the weather and the prospect of rain. At last the host may say: "It is getting late; you cannot go on to-night. Where are you going to sleep? There is a good cave up there." He indicates a cave, or a place under a stone or tree, and tells his guest where wood for a fire may be found. He also brings food. But never, unless the weather is really tempestuous, does he invite a visitor to sleep in his house.

Before starting out from the outpost of civilization into the Indian country the traveller will find it absolutely necessary to obtain the services of a competent interpreter, known as a *lenguarasso*. I know of but three or four really good ones in the whole country. It is of small use to speak the Tarahumari language imperfectly, as the Indian respects only those who speak his difficult language thoroughly well. Oratory holds a high place among their arts.

The *lenguaraz* undertakes to interpret what the visitor has to say to the Indians and to translate the replies. Thus the stranger is much at the mercy of his *lenguaraz*; if the fellow is a rascal, he will prejudice the Indians against him, will make him pay double prices for everything, and will put imaginary and incorrect interpretations upon all that he may see of the customs and ceremonies of the tribes.

There are many stories illustrating the ease with which the Indians are duped by the Mexicans. I know, for instance, that a Mexican once bought from an Indian a sheep on credit, and after killing it paid for it with the head, hide, and entrails; and the Indian was perfectly satisfied. Another Mexican did better still. He paid for his sheep with these same delicacies, and "spoke so well" that the Indian was content to remain in his debt as the final result of the transaction. The richest Indian in the whole Sierra was induced to sell eleven oxen to a Mexican who had devoted a week of his persuasive powers to consummating the trade. At last it was agreed that he should pay two cows for each ox; as he had no cows with him he took the oxen, leaving his horse and saddle as security. The Indian is still waiting. When I expressed my surprise to the Indian at the ease with which he had been thus cheated, the reply was that the Mexican "spoke so well." There are so few Mexicans who speak the language well that the Indian, in his pleasure, loses all caution.

The Indian is but a child in the hands of the more wily Mexican. Sometimes, but not often, by plying him with *mezcal*, the brandy made from the *maguey*, the Mexican does anything



Heathen of the Highland near Barranca de Tuaripa.

he wants with the Indian, although it may take days of talk. But if imposed upon, the Indian never forgets; and a good *lenguaraz* for my purposes is one with whom the Indian has no scores to settle. With such a companion the traveller finds his path cleared. This is a hard man to find. If the *lenguaraz* has made friends with the Indians, he and everyone whom he brings with him will be courteously received. The *lenguaraz* upon whom I depend is a man who enters almost as one of the tribe into the Tarahumari ceremonies. He dances with them and mourns with them. A good one will weep with the weepers and rejoice with the joyful.

Living and trading all their lives with the Indians, the *lenguaraz* is apt to acquire some of the Indian characteristics, as, for instance, an aversion to describing much that the traveller wishes to learn concerning the Indians; he is also apt to lack patience. Even the best of them have assured me that the practice of talking with the Indians makes them stupid and tires them out. The Indian, like most savages, is uncommunicative.

To some extent the *lenguaraz* plays a political rôle among the Tarahumaris, always influencing them against selling their lands, for he depends upon their prosperity. He is a parasite who



Making Larvæ from the Madrona Ready for the Pot.

lives without work, and who, when in need, starts out with a few axes, hoes, rolls of cotton, or strings of beads, for which he obtains the Indians' modest product of corn and wheat.

In September, 1892, as I was camped on the edge of the barranca Sinforossa, near Guachochic, some Indians told me that in a few days there would be a foot-race among the Gentiles on the high land beyond the barranca. I immediately decided to go, as it was harvest-time, and I was likely to come across several feasts celebrated at that time of plenty. But I needed a good *lenguaraz*, and rather despaired of getting one, when I heard of a man named Nabor, who was recommended to me by a Mexican friend of mine. This Nabor, who proved to be the most honest *lenguaraz* I have met with, and who has therefore been of much service to me, was a tall, lank, healthy-looking fellow, fifty years old, very poor, and with a large family of sons and daughters, some of them full grown. He lived at one day's journey from

Guachochic. All his life he had been intimate with the Indians, talking their language better than he does Spanish, and really liking the Tarahumaris better than his fellow-Mexicans. He is a great hunter, but a poor shot, and brings home but little, and lives chiefly upon the Indians.

Nabor is a picture of good-nature. Among the Indians he passes as a wit and is a general favorite. He never takes anything without asking for it; but he is not ashamed to ask.

This man I have employed upon several occasions, giving him one dollar a day and his food—the regular salary for a good man in that country. His work is not manual; manual work is not in his nature. His duties are to smooth the way with skilful words, to make bargains, to explain to the Indians the purposes of my visit, and to obtain all possible information from them, which may mean many days' hard work, trying his patience with apparently futile questions.

The *lenguaraz* must first remove

the Indian's feeling of distrust. He must be accurate in asking and answering questions, and particularly never lose patience in making the endless *détours* necessary to get at the Indian's real opinion; it should also be remembered that the Indian thinks differently from us, and that a direct question may be misunderstood, or only partially answered. Questioning Indians is somewhat like questioning children. It requires a special tact and knowledge.

We started out in the afternoon, our party consisting of a Mexican who was to do our cooking because he was a family man, and was supposed to be a master of the culinary art, and an Indian to look after the three mules. We carried no tent, and our baggage comprised only a few things for presents and barter, as cotton-cloth and beads. As a rule mules cannot be taken upon such a journey, but ours were exceptionally good animals, and were lightly loaded. It is a great comfort to have a riding mule, even if but for carrying your overcoat, rifle, and other necessities, and for an occasional mount when the country allows it.

We soon reached the warm bottom of the barranca, following the zigzag descent of an old road, and camped under some bushes along the river, just as night came on. Travelling at night is an absolute impossibility here, owing to the thorny thickets that tear the flesh of men and beasts. There was no grass for the mules, who had to do the best they could with leaves. The next morning at sunrise we crossed the river, and were many hours in gaining the high land on the other side of the barranca, where we found some Indians living in straw huts and let our animals loose for a feed. Nabor was despatched to explain to the Indians my importance, and that we wanted to see the foot-races. For a few beads he brought back a lot of green corn, which we roasted on the cinders, eat-

ing it with chinaca, a species of juicy thistle growing abundantly in this valley, and which is eaten raw. Thus we made a refreshing dinner. This thistle is one of the most important edible herbs of the Tarahumaris, and even its ashes are relished.

None of the Indians could give definite information as to the races, so we started off higher up the valley, and slept where darkness came upon us. In the forenoon of the next day, following the ridge of the mountain, we came to an insignificant mesa, where the races were going on. The plateau



A Tarahumari Woman.

was a narrow one, on a ridge sparingly wooded with oak and pines, the race-course being a narrow strip on the top of the ridge. We were eight thousand feet high, and commanded a superb view of the country on all sides; Baborigami, in the land of the Tepehuanes, could be seen. The race proved to be only a small affair, some ninety persons—men, women, and children—



Making the Wagers.

from different parts of the country, being present. One race—the old men's—was finished, and preparations were going on for the most important event of the meeting, the race of the young men. We camped by a big stone, and put some goat's meat that we had brought with us in our pot to cook over the fire. We could see that our supply of fresh meat made a favorable impression upon the Indians. I joined their groups and found them making their wagers upon the race, the betting, as in civilized communities, exciting more interest than the sport itself.

These people were poor, but they wagered their bows and arrows, girdles, blankets, clothes, head-bands, balls of wool, cotton-cloth, beads, and sticks of ari. The ari is the secretion of a plant-louse (aphis) which is eaten by the Indians. It is gathered from the branches down in the barrancas in July and August, and rolled by hand into thick brown sticks, and thus preserved

for the winter. It is considered a great delicacy, only a small piece being used at a time, with chili and nopal, as a sauce for their corn porridge. It is very expensive. Its taste is acid sweet, not particularly pleasant, but very refreshing, and it is said to be efficacious in allaying fever. Mexicans buy it from the Indians.

One manager, or chochiame, from each side is appointed stake-holder. They tie the stakes, of whatever nature, together—so much ari against so many arrows, so many blankets against so many balls of yarn, etc., and hold them until the race is over. At big races where the wagers may amount to small mountains of such articles, and may include cattle and goats, the position of manager requires a man of decision and memory, as he carries all the bets in his head and makes no written record. The value of such wagers may exceed \$1,000.

At such races as these two districts, or pueblos, always run against each

other. Sometimes there are many runners on each side, and the two parties show in their apparel some distinguishing mark; for instance, one side wears red head-bands, while the other wears white ones. I have seen from four to twenty runners taking part on each side. Each party has a small ball, about two inches in diameter, carved with a knife from the root of an oak-tree, which they have to toss ahead of them as they run. The runner who happens to be ahead is the one whose duty it is to toss the ball with his toes, and at each toss it may be thrown a hundred yards or more in advance. They are not allowed to touch the balls with their hands, but their friends who follow them may point out to the runner where the ball is lying. If the ball lodges in an awkward place, as between two rocks, or in the water, the runners or their friends may pick it up and place it back on the race-course. The circuits over which the race is held are circular when the country allows, but generally the course is backward and forward along the top of the ridge, the group of spectators and bettors being at the starting-point, which is always at the middle of the race-track.

Each party chooses a manager to represent the runners and to arrange the day and place of the race. These managers also decide the number of circuits to be made, and get runners of equal ability, if they can, for each side, the object being to get the best runners possible.

In important races the runners may prepare for a fortnight, but as a rule they do not practise much before the race, for running comes to them as naturally as swimming to ducks. Their training chiefly consists in abstinence from native beer for two or three days before the event. On the day of the race the runners

are fed with pinole only, they have tepid water to drink, and their legs are well bathed in warm water and rubbed by the managers. The medicine-man also rubs them with a smooth stone to make them strong.

A race is never won by natural means. The losers always say that they were influenced by some herb and became sleepy on the race-course, so that they had to lose. The help of the medicine-man is needed in preparing the runner for the race. He assists the manager to wash the feet of the runners with warm water and different herbs, and he strengthens their nerves by making



A Young Tarahumari Man.

passes over them. He also guards them against sorcery. Before they run he performs a ceremony to "cure" them.



The Belle of the Sierra.

The food and the remedies he uses are put under the cross with many kinds of charms, different kinds of woods, and herbs from the barrancas. Some of the herbs are supposed to be very powerful, and they are, therefore, securely tied up in small pieces of buckskin or cotton-cloth. If not so tied up, they might break away. The water which the runners drink is also placed near the cross, upon each side of which is put a candle, and the whole outfit is on a blanket. At the ceremony the runners stand, holding the balls in their hand. The doctor, or medicine-man, standing near the cross, burns incense (copal) over them. He also sings about the tail of

the gray fox, one of their legendary animals, and other songs. After this he makes a speech, warning them against eating pinole or drinking water in other people's houses for fear of poison; all that they eat and drink must come from their parents or relatives. They are not allowed to eat anything sweet, nor eggs, potatoes, cheese, or fat. Three times they drink from the water near the cross, and three times from the herbs. The eldest and swiftest runner then leads in walking around the cross as many times as there are to be circuits in the race, and the rest follow him. All the things near the cross then remain untouched until morning. The runners sleep near by to keep watch, and they also secure some old men to watch against sorcery, for old men are supposed to discover the approach of sorcerers even when they sleep. After the ceremonies are over the doctor takes each runner aside and subjects him to a rigid examination.

More than a hundred kinds of remedies are brought to the contest, some to strengthen the runners and secure success, and others to weaken their rivals. The most efficient thing against the rivals is the blood of the turtle and bat mixed together, dried and ground, and rolled into a big cigar with a small amount of tobacco added to it. Its

smoke makes the rivals stupid. The dried head of a crow or eagle, hikori, a small cactus worshipped by the Tarahumaris, and other herbs and innumerable things are carried around by all who take part in the racing. Some of the women carry small, thin stones to protect them against sorcerers. During the race the runners have their heads ornamented with the feathers of the chaparral-cock, and in some parts with the feathers of a peacock, of which bird the Indians are very fond, because it is supposed to be light-footed, and also because it is from another country. Many of them also have their legs ornamented with chalk, and wear belts to

which a great number of deer-hoofs, beads, or reeds are attached, so as to make a great deal of noise. These belts help them to victory, because they become, as they fancy, as light as the deer itself, and the noise keeps them from falling asleep.

In the afternoon before the race the managers and the runners meet together, the latter bringing the balls with them, to receive an omen as to which party is going to win. Water is put into a big earthen tray and the two balls

are started simultaneously from one end of the tray to the other. The party whose ball reaches the other end first will be the winner, and they repeat this as many times as there are to be circuits. Three or four hours before sunset the chief calls the runners together and makes a speech, warning them against any kind of cheating. Just as in horse-racing, rascally tricks are more or less common, especially if the Indians have become half-civilized. It may happen that some one will bribe the runners



Home of the Belle of the Sierra.

(After a photograph.)



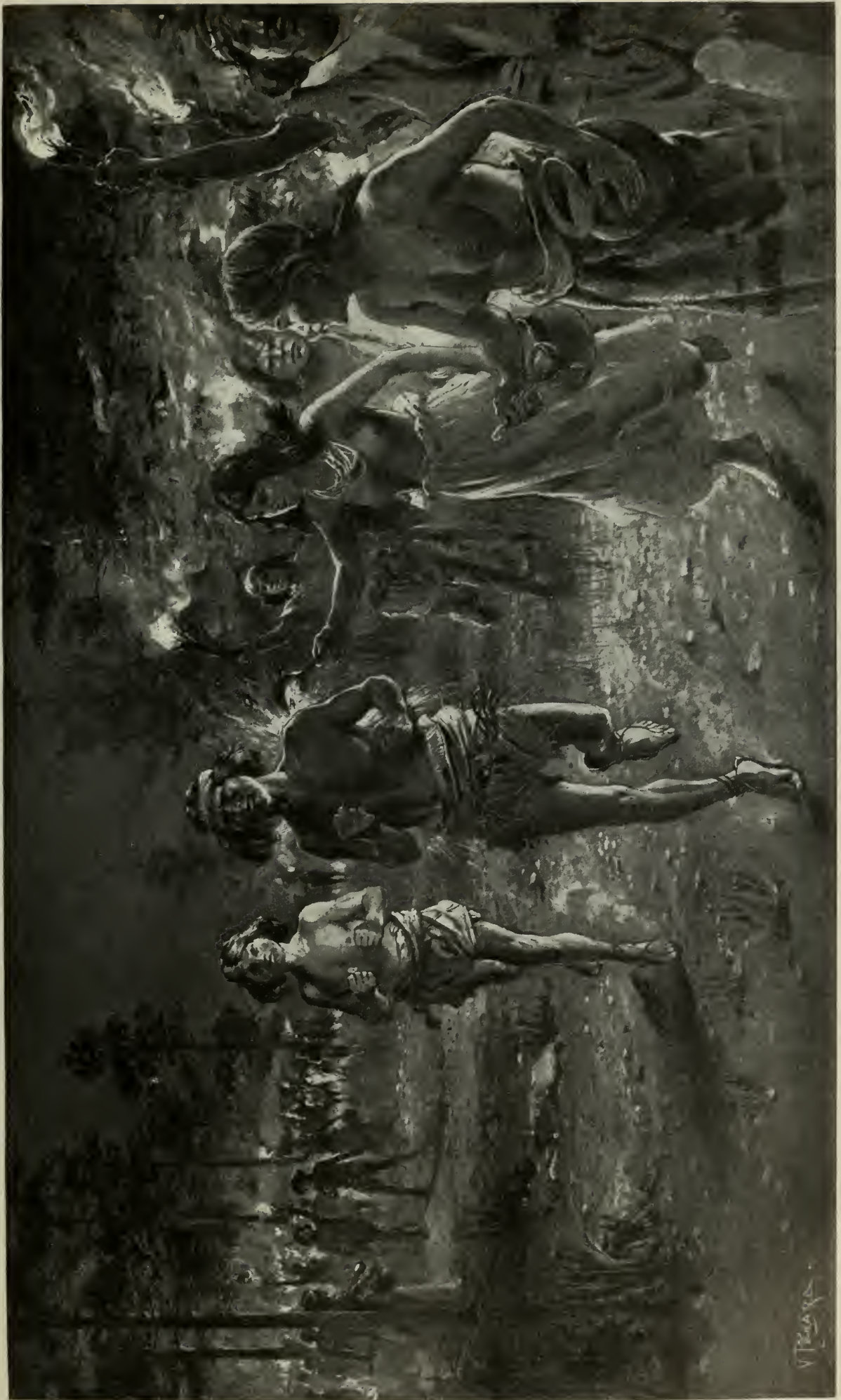
The Women's Race—with Fork and Ball.

with a cow not to run fast ; afterward he may also cheat the runner. A Mexican friend of mine has several times heard : " This man does not know what shame is ; he promised us a cow, and now having lost the race for his sake, he will not pay us." It is not uncommon for an important runner to simulate illness. " Our rivals," he may say, " have bewitched us." The whole thing then comes to nothing, and the wagers are divided between the parties, who return to their home to await the next race.

There is no prize given to the runners themselves, and they gain nothing by it unless in helping their friends to win wagers. A good runner is also greatly admired by the women, which may be of some account to him. It is also the custom for a man who has been very lucky with his wagers to give a small part of his winnings to the successful runner, who, however, is allowed to take neither beads nor money, but only light-

weight things made from wool or cotton ; but his father can receive gifts for him and buy something for his son's benefit. On the day of the race stones are laid on the ground in a row, one stone for each circuit to be run, and as the race progresses count is kept by taking away one stone for each circuit finished by the runners. It is from this practice that the tribe derives its name, Tarahumari—from *tara* (count), and *humari* (run), people who run according to count.

Trees are marked with crosses, so as to show the circuit to be run. Three to six watchmen are placed along the circuit to see that no cheating is done during the race. Each party helps the side in which it is interested, so that their runners may win the race. The women, as the runners pass them, stand ready with dippers of warm water, or pinole, which they offer them to drink, and for which they stop for a few seconds. The wife of the runner may



Young Men Racing.

DRAWN BY V. PERARD.



After the Race.

throw a jar of tepid water over him as he passes, in order to refresh him, and all incite the runners to greater speed by cries and gesticulations. Drunken people must not be present, because they make the runners heavy. For the same reason pregnant women are forbidden to enter the race-course. A runner must not even touch the blanket of such a woman. As the time passes the excitement becomes more and more intense. Most of the men and women follow the race, shouting to the runners all the time to spur them on, and pointing out to them where the ball is; and if night comes on before the contest has been decided, the men light torches made from the oily pine-wood to show the runners the road, making the scene one of extreme picturesqueness, as like demons these torch-bearers hurry through the forest.

The chief race began late, as is generally the case, about three o'clock. When all was ready the two managers threw the balls in the direction in which the men were to go, the runners dropped their blankets and sped away, although not from a line, as with us. They were naked, except for a breech-cloth, and wore sandals on their feet. The race was made in 2 hours and 21 seconds, and the distance covered was 21 miles, according to my calculation. I estimated that the runners covered a distance of 290 feet in 19 seconds on the first circuit, and in later circuits in about 24 seconds. A circuit may measure from three to twelve miles in length. They may agree upon from five to twenty circuits. The first three circuits are run at the highest speed, but the speed is never great, although constant. At a race rehearsal I have

seen them making four miles in half an hour. Filipe, who is now dead, could run from mid-day to sunrise. He was from Marrarachic, and was the greatest runner known in the northeastern part of Tarahumari. Good runners make forty miles in from six to eight hours.

Women hold their own races, one valley against another, and the same scenes of betting and excitement are to be observed, although on a smaller scale. The women do not toss the balls with their toes, but use a species of long wooden fork, with two or three prongs, with which they propel the ball forward. It must not be touched with the hand. At other times the women use a curved stick, with which they throw before them a ring of twisted fibre, which thus replaces the ball. Neither must this be touched with the hand, although I have seen them cheat when they fancied themselves unobserved, picking it up and running with it in order to save time. This is a very ancient game, as similar rings have been excavated from the cliff-dwellings.

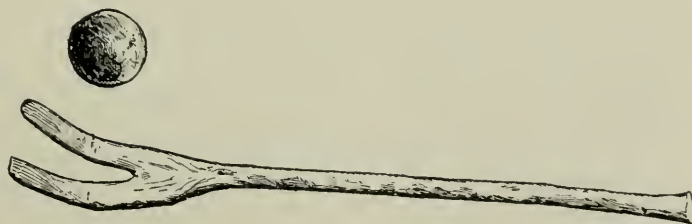
The women get even more excited than the men, and it is a strange sight to see these stalwart Amazons racing heavily along, but with astonishing perseverance. They wear nothing but a skirt, which, when creeks or water-holes come in their way, they gather up, *à la Diane*, and make short work of the crossing.

Foot-racing, which goes on nearly the year round, particularly in the winter-time, when they have plenty to eat, is not the only sport of which the Tarahumari is fond. He has many games. Knuckle-bones are used as dice. In a game called taquari, a ball is knocked along the ground by one party of players toward a goal, while the opposite party strives to beat it back to the opposite goal. Shooting-matches with bows and arrows are common. Quatro resembles our game of quoits. Quinze, their greatest gambling game, is played with four sticks inscribed with different values, which are thrown against a stone, and count more or less according to the manner in which they happen to fall. They may devote days to this game and lose at it everything but their wives. They draw the line there.

The race over, I took some photographs of the runners, just before sunset. The wagers were distributed and the people dispersed to sleep. We followed their example, and early the next day most of the Indians had disappeared.



Stick and Ring used by the Women at their Foot-races.



Fork and Wooden Ball used by the Women at their Foot-races.



Ulpiano Checa.

AN UNLUCKY MEETING *

PAINTED BY ULPIANO CHECA

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton

M. CHECA is passionately fond of painting galloping horses, which he represents with extraordinary energy. The following short biography will lead the reader up to the crisis in the artist's life, which suddenly developed this power in him and his peculiar interest in this class of subject.

He was born at Colmenar de Oreja, in the province of Madrid, on April 3, 1860. Colmenar de Oreja is a village situated at a distance of forty kilometres

to the northeast of Madrid. It had belonged formerly to the region of La Mancha, and was then in the province of Toledo. It is a country of vineyards and stone-quarries. The quarries have supplied the stones for the principal edifices in Madrid. Colmenar must have been formerly a great place for bees, as the name, in its Spanish signification, refers to beehives. Oreja is a corruption from the name of the Emperor Aurelian.

The names of M. Checa's father and

* See Frontispiece.

mother (that of the mother was Saiz) are both of Moorish origin; so he is probably descended from those ingenious Moorish artificers to whom the Spaniards owed much of their advancement in the industrial and ornamental arts. From such arts to what we call the fine arts the transition has always been natural and easy.

At Colmenar nearly two thousand work-people are occupied in making amphoræ in terra-cotta for the storage of wine, each of them big enough, speaking generally, to hold five thousand litres. In the time of Philip II. the village of Colmenar was enriched with several extensive religious buildings—a fact which was of great importance in the artistic development of young Checa, as it was in the churches of Colmenar that he received his first impressions from pictures. His interest in these paintings even led him to be a chorister-boy, so that he might get nearer to the works of art that interested him during the service. Meanwhile, like all children born with a taste for art (and like many who are born without it), the boy amused himself by sketching everything that came in his way. There must have been some extraordinary talent in these sketches, as they were passed from hand to hand, and some of them even found their way to the capital and made a little beginning of reputation. So one day there came a gentleman, named Jose Ballesster, to Colmenar, who found out young Checa, and told him that he ought to study seriously and be an artist. The only objection made to this project by Checa's father was his own poverty, which made it impossible for him to bear the expenses of the long preparation required for an artistic career. To this the stranger answered (the story reads like a romance) that he himself kept a restaurant in Madrid, and that he offered young Checa free board and lodging during his student years. Was ever such a restaurateur before or since, and will there ever be such a restaurateur again? This wonderful visit took place in the month of March, 1875, and decided all Checa's future. He immediately became an Academy student, and after four years of hard study an-

other most extraordinary thing happened to him. He was then nineteen years old, and the minister who had the fine arts under his direction, at that time, Señor Fomento, appointed Checa assistant Professor of Perspective in the Royal Academy of Madrid, an appointment made knowingly against the rule that no one could be a professor under the age of twenty-two. From that time until the year 1884 he went on with his own studies in the school, besides professing perspective, and accepted engagements with several artists as an assistant. In this way he worked with Dominguez at the Church of St. Francis the Great, in Madrid, and also with Ferrant and Faberner y Gonzalvo.

The next remarkable event in Checa's life was his winning the Spanish *Prix de Rome* in 1884. Not only did he win this prize, but all the votes of the judges were unanimously in his favor.

Several of the famous cities of Spain were already known to him. He had been strongly impressed by Granada, Cordova, Toledo, and other picturesque and grandly situated towns, but he was far more delighted by Rome and other Italian cities. During the years of his life in Italy he took the liveliest interest in that country and visited the whole of it, staying in every town that had any artistic interest. I may say, in passing, that I never met with an artist, except Sir Frederick Leighton, whose interest in things had kept so fresh and lively. Both of them, too, are linguists, but with this difference that Leighton is accurate as well as fluent in his use of foreign languages while Checa has a rough and ready way of dealing with them which catches their spirit wonderfully, as by a kind of inspiration, but puts anything like scholarship quite hopelessly beyond his reach. As for other studies, Checa told me that during his residence in Italy he acquired a taste for historical reading and he has an archaeological instinct which, being combined in his case with a most forcible realizing imagination, gives him a vivid vision of the past and makes a Roman chariot-race, for example, as real to him as if he had actually witnessed it.

It is the custom for students who are maintained at the expense of their several states, in Rome, to send proofs of their diligence called in French "les envois de Rome." Checa's first sending was "Numa Pompilius and the Nymph Egeria," of which there is nothing further to be said, but the second and third had important consequences. The second was a copy of Mantegna's magnificent fresco of the Death of St. Cristoval at Padua, and this copy directed the attention of the authorities to the condition of the original, which was beginning to show signs of deterioration by damp, so they had it removed from the walls for its better preservation. The third work sent by Checa to Madrid was the cartoon of his picture "The Invasion of the Barbarians." The picture itself was finished in the course of the same year, and exhibited at Madrid in 1887, when it won a first-class medal. Before being sent to Spain, this important work was shown in the Spanish Academy in Rome, where it was seen by all the artists, the members of the diplomatic body, and other notabilities. The picture became famous in three days; King Humbert heard of it, and on the fourth day came to the Spanish Academy unannounced. Regretting that he could not have the picture itself, he asked for a photograph.

This picture was of great size and an audacious enterprise to undertake, as Checa had never before painted horses, and the barbarians were mounted on fiery steeds rushing at full gallop along a Roman street. The idea of it came to the painter by a flash of sudden inspiration. He was driving in the Corso with a friend when, as he saw the horses trotting rapidly past, he thought of other horses that must have been in ancient times in the same place. This led his mind to the barbarians and their wild cavalry riding into Rome. He saw the future picture as in a vision, asked permission to stop the carriage, left his astonished friend with scarcely a good-by and not a word of explanation, and then ran to his studio, where he at once sketched the composition almost as it was afterward painted on a canvas measuring about twenty-three feet by eighteen. Considering that the painter

had never attempted horses in a picture before (he may have painted studies of them), the audacity of this attempt is scarcely less astonishing than its success. Of course he made studies as the picture was going forward. To facilitate these the Italian War Minister gave orders that cavalry soldiers should be placed at the disposal of the artist, who accordingly gave them much galloping to do, not entirely, he thinks, to their satisfaction, and he does not suppose that they appreciated the fine arts any the better for these exercises. The picture was exhibited at Madrid in 1887 and gained there a first-class medal. In the following year it appeared in the Vienna Exhibition and won a second-class medal there. The interest which the artist himself had taken in this picture, and the corresponding interest that it had excited in Rome, Madrid, and Vienna, led to further studies of horses in action, and the small picture we reproduce is a descendant of that important ancestor.

It is well known amongst artists that a big picture is a costly thing to the painter in various ways. It is a child that causes various little bills to be sent to its father. The immediate consequence of "The Invasion of the Barbarians" was a temporary financial difficulty that induced its young author to part with all his studies, a sale he has since regretted, as it included many projects that might have been developed into pictures afterward.

M. Checa was a jurymen for the Spanish section at the Paris Universal Exhibition in 1889, and in the same year he made preparations for the great picture of "A Roman Chariot Race," which was exhibited in the following year at the Salon, and gained a Parisian reputation, as well as a medal, for its author. It is certainly a most remarkable picture for the energy of its action. The chariots are at the turning point. One, with four black horses, is upset and the horses all down in a fine struggling group, with the driver in the midst of it, entangled in his many reins. Directly on this scene of confusion rushes a chariot with four white horses suddenly checked and brought upon their haunches, while another with four blacks comes

sweeping in an outer curve, avoiding the wreck and ruin, and so destined to win the day. The spectators, with Roman heartlessness, are amused by the sight of perils in which they take no share. The whole scene is realized with astonishing vividness, as if the artist had seen it with his own eyes.

Since 1890 Checa has exhibited "Attila Leading his Hordes," "The Redskins," and "The Naumachia," besides several less important works. "Attila" and "The Redskins" are so full of galloping horses that the strength of human action in these pictures may be less appreciated, but the truth is that here, as in the "Chariot Race," men and horses are treated exactly in the same way, that is, as animals full of fiery life, in a moment of supreme excitement. The "Naumachia" is remarkable for the entire absence of horses and, for that reason, gives a more favorable opportunity for judging of the artist's power in the representation of men. Objections to this picture, which is now (May, 1894) exhibited in the Champ de Mars, have been raised on the ground that the artist has made too much of the subject, but this is due to simple ignorance.

We know that the naval combats, got up for the amusement of the Roman public, were, in fact, contests of considerable importance, though the bloodshed in them only reddened the waters of a pond.

This painter of action, though still young, has received honors in Spain, being a Knight of the Royal Order of Charles III. A street in his native place already bears his name.

The picture here reproduced by the artist's permission was exhibited at the Champ de Mars in the present year.

I have tried to translate its original title, which is "Une Mauvaise Rencontre," into something like equivalent English; but in fact the situation is hardly what we call a meeting: it is an overtaking, as the train and carriage are both going in the same direction. A meeting is still more dangerous, as the frightened horse turns around quite suddenly before he bolts, and may easily upset the carriage in doing so, or sometimes he backs, in spite of whip and voice, a process still more dangerous with a four-wheeled than a two-wheeled vehicle. The situation depicted by M. Checa is that of horses bolting in consequence of a noise behind them, a noise that they do not understand. The position is, of course, perilous for the driver, but not by any means hopeless, as, if the horses can be kept on the road till the noisy train is past, they will slacken their speed shortly and become tractable again. Meanwhile, as we see in the picture, the driver is not easy in his mind; but in this case he is to be congratulated on not having ladies and children with him. The most trying of all situations is to have unruly horses and a lady by your side who is overcome with terror, and, in her eagerness to be doing something, seizes hold of the reins. In justice to the sex in general, and more particularly to conciliate the ladies who may read this, I hasten to add that such cases are exceptional, and that one's usual anxiety in dangerous driving is for the safety of the ladies themselves. As for children, they make one still more anxious, particularly when they begin to scream and want to jump out, and have to be held by somebody.





ELECTRICIAN-IN-CHARGE

By Herbert Laws Webb

I

HARLEY ATWOOD'S daily life was distinctly monotonous, and as he sat all alone in the veranda of the little club, smoking an after-dinner cigarette and gazing dreamily at the lights of the *Almirante O'Halloran*, he was in a very discontented frame of mind. He had left London some six months before on a telegraph ship bound for the west coast of South America, to lay cables there. Harley had expected to stay on the ship and visit interesting places. Instead of that he had been dumped down in a mud village, bounded, as the geographies say, on the west by the Pacific Ocean, and on the north, east, and south by a dreary desert that stretched a long day's ride in every direction. It was true that there was a ray of sunlight to temper the winter of his discontent. He was in sole charge of his post. At first there had been another man over him, but he had gone up in the big ship, and Harley was intrusted with the supervision of the two cables that parted north and south from the mud village. For the first few days of his solitary reign he felt quite proud of his responsible position, being only twenty, and signed himself, in his letters home, "electrician-in-charge," with a mighty flourish.

Every morning he mounted a pacing South American horse, climbed up a steep path at the back of the mud village, racked across the stony desert for three stony miles, and slipped and staggered down a rocky precipitous slope

to a sandy bight in the shore of the outer bay. There he tethered the india-rubber-footed animal to a bamboo pole and spent an hour in the galvanized iron stove, twelve feet square, that contained the ends of the cables and some shiny brass instruments. He fingered the shiny brass instruments lovingly for an hour or so, scanning meanwhile the quaverings of a streak of light reflected on a card-board scale, and writing down rows of figures. He had a little chat by means of the wiggly streak of light with one companion in the capital of the country that owned the mud village, and with another in the neighboring republic. Finally, with the aid of a big book of logarithms, he worked out his tests to five places of decimals and entered everything up with scrupulous care and detail in portentous record books. Then he locked up the galvanized iron stove and pattered back across the stony desert to the dirty little hotel in the mud village.

The mud village only boasted of a couple of thousand inhabitants, mostly half-breeds. There was absolutely no society. The country had lately been at war with a neighboring republic and had been vanquished. The conquerors had sent the *Almirante O'Halloran*, an insignificant sloop of war, with a company of infantry, to occupy the place, and the few well-to-do families had shut up shop and retired across the desert to some interior town which the invaders had yet been too lazy to march upon. There were two or three English merchants who had lived so long in the country that they had acquired

many of its ways and habits, and Harley inwardly styled them "translated natives." With one of these, a certain Mr. Porter, he had got to be on fairly friendly terms. Porter had extended to Harley various small favors, and a week or so before this story opens Harley had been induced to do him a very important one, which must be told of here in order that the events that followed may be properly understood.

Harley was sitting in his room one afternoon when Flamingo, the bare-footed boy waiter, announced a visitor. (The boy's real name was Domingo, but Harley said that Flamingo suited him better on account of his yellow feet and beak-like nose.) The visitor was Mr. Porter. After very little desultory conversation—for debatable topics were exceedingly scarce in the mud village, and of material for small talk there was absolutely none, not even the weather, which was unvaryingly fine—the object of the visit came out. Porter wanted Harley to send a telegram for him to a man at the capital, where the southern cable terminated. It was a very short message and would save him much trouble and expense, as it would prevent his correspondent from making an unnecessary voyage up the coast. At first Harley flatly refused, explaining that the company's rules expressly prohibited the transmission of messages. Porter, however, pleaded long and earnestly and so worked on Harley's feelings that he finally consented to send the message, in spite of rules and regulations.

The next day Harley tapped off the message to his companion at the capital. It was addressed to one Miguel Borrillas, and said simply, *No venga para esta*—do not come here—Porter. The streak of light wiggled back a protest and Harley tapped out many arguments in favor of the delivery of the message, for, having agreed to send it, he was anxious that it should go through all right. At last the streak wiggled that the message would be delivered, but a full entry would be made in the records. So Harley tapped out, "O. K., good-by," wrote out an elaborate account of the transaction in his own books, and trotted back to the

hotel, much satisfied, after all, at having been able to oblige his friend Mr. Porter and to save him such a lot of trouble and expense. The day after, the streak of light wiggled out that the message had been handed to Don Miguel Borrillas, who had been found at the address given, a house, said the quivering streak, in a dingy back street. Don Miguel, after reading the despatch, had simply ejaculated "*Boino*," and had disappeared without further remark or word of thanks. "Rather a queer sort of old duffer to act like that after all my trouble in finding him," spelled out the streak; "but, as he said '*Boino*,' I suppose it's all right."

"Yes, might have said *muchas gracias*," tapped out Harley; "but it shows he understood O. K. Thanks awfully for your trouble. Good-by o. m."

That evening he had met Mr. Porter at the little club and told him that the message had been delivered all right, and his friend had said "*Boino*." Harley thought that Porter was more elated and excited than the matter warranted, but put down the exuberance he showed at getting the news to the excitable temperament acquired from much contact with the natives.

II

As Harley sat watching the twinkling lights of the Almirante O'Halloran he was not thinking of Porter and his message. He was just idly wondering if it were really possible that the streams of cabs and omnibuses and people could still be hurrying through the streets of London while he was languishing in a desolate mud village on the ragged edge of a desert, three thousand leagues beyond the four-mile radius. His unphilosophical meditations were interrupted by the arrival of Don Francisco Palivetti, a native merchant of Italian descent, born in the place, educated in the United States, and versed in all the ins and outs of South American life and intrigue. Life in South America means intrigue of every sort, and Palivetti, with his smooth, dark, Italian face, his gleaming black eyes, and his incisive manner, had the air of a past master of

the art. He drew up a chair close to Harley's.

"I'm afraid you're going to get into trouble, Mr. Atwood, and a friendly warning may be useful," he began.

"Get into trouble?" said Harley. "I think even trouble would be a welcome break in this monotonous life. But what do you mean? What have I done?"

"Well, it seems that that message you sent the other day has prevented Captain Pacheco, of the *Almirante* there," waving his cigarette in the direction of the sloop, "from laying hands on a scamp for whom he had set a neat little trap. Why Porter should have wanted to warn Blazquez is more than I can understand, as the man deserves shooting if ever a villain did."

"I don't know what you're talking about. What message? and who is Blazquez? and what about Porter warning him?" Harley knew that Porter and Palivetti were not on the best of terms, and he rather suspected that the other was trying to "draw" him. Still, he began to feel a trifle uncomfortable.

"I will tell you. Manuel Blazquez—I believe, when in hiding, he generally calls himself Miguel Borrillas, or something like that—is one of the worst characters on the coast, a schemer of schemes, and a criminal into the bargain. Our friends of the sloop out there have good reasons for being extremely anxious to get hold of him. Where he is now, he is pretty safe. But it had been artfully planned that he was to come up here, and so tempting and innocent was the bait held out, so safe did the journey appear to him, that all his preparations were made and he was on the point of starting when he suddenly changed his plans and decided to remain where he was and is. Imagine the rage and mortification of *el capitan* Pacheco when the steamer from the South comes in without his man! He is convinced that a warning must have gone from here by the cable."

"Oh, is he?" said Harley, after a few moments' thought, chiefly dedicated to inwardly calling himself bad names for having been so obliging. "Well, what does he propose to do about it?"

"That's just the part that interests you. Porter has gone up into the in-

terior; but it is quite clear to us—that is, to Captain Pacheco—that he must have given you a message to send to Blazquez, and the Captain is vowing all sorts of vengeance."

"It seems to me that you are taking a great deal for granted," said Harley. He guessed by Palivetti's little slip that his interest in the matter sprang from some other motive than that of giving him any friendly warning. He was pretty certain that the other was trying to draw him out. So he tried to keep on his guard and fence him off. "You don't appear to understand that the cable is not open for traffic and no messages are sent over it except on our own business."

"But I suppose there is nothing to prevent your sending one for a friend?"

"Nothing but the company's rules to the contrary." Harley was determined to "bluff."

"But why need the company know anything about it?"

"Well, you see everything has to be noted in the records."

"But you might send a message and not enter it, and nobody would be the wiser."

"You forget the man at the other end."

"What about him?"

"He might not be interested in delivering a message, and to free himself from responsibility would write up the transaction in his books, and I should have to do the same in mine."

"Oh, I see. Then you could not send a despatch, even for a friend, without recording it on your books, unless your companion agreed to make no entry?"

"No," said Harley, off his guard; "and of course he would not do that."

"H'm. Then this message from Porter to Blazquez is written down in your books," said Palivetti, dryly.

Harley broke into a perspiration as he saw that he had given more information than he had intended.

"I have not sent any message to Blazquez," he blurted out, floundering still deeper in his confusion.

"Well, Borrillas, then. It is all the same."

"If you think Porter has given me a

message to send, why don't you ask him?"

"He is too far away just now. Besides, I am not asking you if you have sent it, because there is very little doubt about it. Captain Pacheco is quite convinced of it. Just what his plans are I don't know. I am afraid you have got yourself into a rather awkward scrape, Mr. Atwood, and I should advise you to go straight to the Captain, make a clean breast of it, and offer to do what you can to help him in the matter. You think over it, and let me know to-morrow. I must be going now, as I have to pay a visit."

Harley's feelings when Palivetti left him were of a mixed character. He thought he should like to wring the Italian's neck for pumping him, and for his confoundedly cool, patronizing airs. He was not quite sure how much he had said or how much what he had said might imply. One thing he felt most acutely, and that was that he had been an everlasting chump, as he put it, in allowing himself to be talked over by Porter. There was no good in harping on that, however. The message had been sent and delivered and the mischief was done. Supposing he disregarded Palivetti's advice, which presumably was an intimation from the Captain, what could the Captain do? For that matter what could he *not* do? The mud village was under martial law, and the Captain was virtually king of the place. He might arrest him, and his companions at the other ends of the cables would think they were broken, and report to the ship. Or he might steam off to the outer bay and drag up the cables. He could scarcely force him to send messages, or at any rate to send them correctly, and he certainly couldn't force the man at the other end to deliver them. But he would probably be a dangerous man to play the fool with, and there *might* be some torpedo officer on board who knew something about telegraphy. It was most perplexing.

III

THAT night Harley played billiards worse than usual. When he turned in he tried to think of some way out of

his difficulties, but he dropped off into dreams that were a strange confusion of swarthy conspirators reading telegrams, naval officers brandishing billiard cues, and electrical instruments dancing on their brass screws. The next day, failing to obtain any comfort from a perusal of the log-book in which the message was entered—for there were other entries above and below—he decided to consult the British Consul. When he got to the consulate he thought things were indeed going badly, for the clerk said that his chief had left that morning for his country-house, a day's journey in the interior.

"Any idea when he'll be back?" asked Harley.

"Well, you see," said the clerk, confidentially, "it depends. He had news that a British man-of-war would be calling in here in a day or two. He can't bear naval officers, or, in fact, society of any kind, so he has gone to the *hacienda* and will probably stay there until he has word that the ship has gone away."

"That's cheerful," said Harley, as he went out. Still, he thought, the presence of a British man-of-war would prevent Captain Pacheco from going to any extreme, if he really were as keenly concerned about that unlucky message as Palivetti had made out.

Harley's doubts about the Captain's attitude were set at rest the next morning. As he was lingering over his *desayuno*—the early morning coffee and roll—his evil genius appeared before him holding a letter in his hand.

"Good-morning, Mr. Atwood," began the Italian; "I am sorry to learn that you have not taken my advice. Captain Pacheco's patience is exhausted, and he has asked me to deliver this letter to you and to translate it if necessary."

Harley took the letter mechanically and opened it with deliberation. He studied it intently for a few minutes, but his knowledge of Spanish was limited, and he made out only a word here and there, just sufficient to gather that serious steps were threatened.

"I think I get the drift of it," he said, at last; "but perhaps you had better translate it. Why didn't he send it by one of his own men?"

"He did send one of the officers with it to me with the request that I should make it clear to you. The letter says, briefly, that as it appears you have sent a telegram to one Miguel Blazquez, *alias* Manuel Borrillas, you are requested to step on board the *Almirante O'Halloran* and clear up the matter. In default of your not doing so within forty-eight hours the Comandante will take possession of the cable-hut and will take such other measures as he thinks proper. He concludes with the assurance that he is your attentive and faithful servant, kisses your hand, and signs himself with full name and title."

"Kisses my hand, does he—after all that? Well, I like his cheek! I know what I should like to do to him!"

"Oh, that's merely a form," explained Palivetti. "We of the Latin races have various polite little expressions that you English might adopt with advantage."

"In this case it seems a kind of reversal of the 'kissing the rod,'" said Harley, with a dismal attempt at flippancy. "Well, I suppose there is nothing more to be said, Mr. Palivetti."

"I assure you that the Comandante is quite in earnest, and it will be much better for you to go to him at once and try to repair the mischief."

Harley was bent on putting on a bold front before Palivetti, who he now felt sure was co-operating with the Comandante.

"Oh, as to that, you have no proof that any such message was sent. Even the captain of a man-of-war can't act without proof. Captain Pacheco will find that a British subject has rights that even he is bound to respect." As Harley delivered this he strove to put on the true *civis Romanus sum* air of the arrogant Briton, but his heart was sinking, and the words did not have the proper defiant ring.

"You will find, I am afraid, that the Comandante has justification that will cause him to disregard even the majesty of a British subject," rejoined Palivetti, with provoking coolness. "Besides, his power here is unlimited, and the abstract influence of the Union Jack will scarcely trouble him. Above all, you are clearly in the wrong, as you have not only infringed the rules of

your own company, but have also meddled in a delicate international question that involves the relations of two countries at present at peace with each other. It is no light matter."

Palivetti's tone was so decidedly unfriendly, his incisive remarks put Harley in such a very bad light, that the latter was justly annoyed. Jumping up from his chair, he put an end to the conversation.

"Well, I have forty-eight hours to answer Captain Pacheco's letter and I will think it over. Good-day, Mr. Palivetti." With this, determined at least to have the last shot, he made straight for the door of the hotel, where his horse was waiting.

IV

As Harley rode down to the hut the burden of his thoughts was expressed in a single sentence which he muttered aloud several times: "This is a devil of a fix." The horse's hoofs, as they ground into the stony soil, seemed to pick up the refrain and jogged out: "Devil of a fix, devil of a fix," all across the plain, until he wished the animal had only three legs, to break the rhythm. He turned things over and over in his mind, but it was a case of "breakers ahead" with a vengeance, and he could see no way out of it.

When the official business of the day was despatched the streak of light wiggled out a piece of intelligence which, for the moment, drove all thoughts of the Comandante's peremptory demands out of Harley's head. It was nothing less than the news of the bombardment of Alexandria by the British fleet. Harley, with a boy's thirst for gore, was all excitement, and wanted all the details. They were few enough, as the Pacific coast had recently had enough of bombardments on its own account and felt small interest in news, at several dollars a word, of one in a far-away place like Egypt. The two discussed the exciting event until the other suddenly broke off and said, "g. b. o. m., got catch train." It was only when he had put out the light and locked up the hut that Harley remembered he had said

nothing about the unlucky message to Miguel Borrillas.

Furious with himself for his forgetfulness he jumped on his horse, and, with the unjustness of human nature in a bad temper, vented his feelings on the poor beast by galloping him over the hard ground all the way back to the edge of the plain. He reined in as he reached the path leading down to the mud village and looked out over the bay, just opened to view. He almost fell from the saddle as he saw a trim little corvette swinging to her anchor, flying from her peak the beautiful white ensign. If anyone could get him out of his scrape, he thought, instantly, it was the captain of that most welcome craft.

Harley bolted his breakfast with what Flamingo thought was most unseemly haste, as the poor boy scarcely had time to change the plates before they were emptied. Then he dressed himself in his best and set out on his mission to interview the captain of the new arrival.

After an hour or so of patient waiting at the consulate, where the Captain was expected, Harley was about to start for the little landing-stage when the silence of the quiet street without was broken by voices using a familiar accent, then there resounded in the hallway a hearty laugh, and a moment later two Englishmen walked into the office. One was a stout, burly man, gray-whiskered and ruddy complexioned, with the unmistakable gait of a sailor and an air of authority that caused Harley to at once put him down as the Captain of the gunboat. The other was a tall, distinguished looking man, with white hair and mustache and clear-cut features brightened by a pair of blue eyes that were dancing still in appreciation of some little joke the two had just exchanged. This one puzzled Harley, who retired discreetly to the background to allow the clerk to receive the visitors.

In a few minutes the mystery was solved. There were inquiries for the Consul, and the clerk explained that he had been imperatively summoned to the country a few days before on account of serious illness in the family. Harley

smiled as he remembered the clerk's more confiding story to him. Then it came out that the stout man was Captain Carter, commander of H. M. S. Gadfly, as Harley had surmised, and the tall one none other than Sir Henry Leighton, the British minister to the republic. Sir Henry, it appeared, had been under the weather with fever and had come north for a cruise on the Gadfly to pick up his strength. Harley could have hugged him, and the Captain, too, as the clerk made the introduction; he felt that with such reinforcements, if he could but enlist their sympathy, he would yet be a match for the wily Palivetti and the blustering Comandante.

Pretty soon, Harley, the Captain, and the minister were discussing the bombardment, which he sprang on them at once to melt the ice. In the course of an hour the three were on the best of terms, and when the Captain and his companion rose to go Harley was invited to dine on board that night, an invitation which he gratefully, even eagerly, accepted.

He felt, as a little later he arrayed himself for the occasion, more as if he were going to attend his own trial than a dinner-party, and he was so engrossed with his perplexing doubts and fears as he walked down to the landing-stage that he failed to notice the amazement his evening clothes caused to the chattering natives in the narrow alleys that did duty for streets in the mud village. He was aroused from his self-absorption by a little incident to which it gave rise. In bringing the long whale-boat, which was sent for him, alongside the accommodation ladder of the Gadfly he managed to scrape her nose against the ship's side. The man in the bow tittered audibly and the cox said "hush" sternly. Harley rather prided himself on his skill in steering a boat, and his vexation at having made an exhibition of himself before professionals drove away his nervousness and abstraction.

"It's all right. Merely wanted to let 'em know I was coming," he said lightly, as he stepped up the ladder. He ceremoniously greeted the officer of the deck, who received him without

a twinkle of the eye, although he had plainly heard the bump and scrape with which Harley had announced himself.

V

THE dinner in the Captain's cabin passed off pleasantly enough. Three of the ward-room officers had been invited to "trim the boat," and Harley soon felt at home with the whole party. The talk was principally about the famous bombardment and about the ships, the men, and the guns concerned. After a time it drifted round to a discussion on the various countries along the coast, in most of which Sir Henry Leighton had lived for longer or shorter periods. At a moment when the talk was between the other four, Sir Henry turned to Harley and said:

"By the way, Mr. Atwood, there was some little affair on shore you wanted to consult us about; was there not?"

"Yes," said Harley, nervously, "but—er—I don't want a debate before a full house. If I could have a few minutes with you and Captain Carter——"

"Oh, I see. Just a committee on foreign relations. All right, that can be managed very easily. The Captain is an anti-tobacconist, and very soon the others will go out on deck to smoke; then we three can plot in peace." Sir Henry spoke jocularly, but Harley thought with an inward sinking that there was more plotting than he probably reckoned with. However, before the coffee was served, his anxiety had departed. The dinner had been far better than any he had tasted for months, and his spirits rose with the progress of the meal. The sight of British uniforms and the sound of British voices round him cheered his senses and gave him confidence. His insular contempt for "natives" revived, and he half hoped that Captain Carter would invite the commander of the *Almirante O'Halloran* to proceed to sea and settle things in approved naval style!

When the ward-room officers departed Harley was invited to tell his story, which he did without omitting a single detail. In fact, for the benefit of his own case, he even added consid-

erable embellishment to his account of the blandishments that Porter had brought to bear to induce him to send the message. He wrote out the message to exhibit its entire freedom from any suspicious aspect, and finally he handed round the letter from the *Comandante*.

The Captain was the first to speak.

"Why, confound the impudent beggar! Wants to take possession of British property and interfere with British commerce, does he? I'll teach him to bully an unprotected boy. If he attempts to do anything of the sort I'll blow his confounded dirty little tub out of the water!"

The Captain was a bit of a fire-eater, and doubtless would have welcomed any decent pretext for taking his ship into action. Harley was rather startled by this outburst, so nearly coinciding with his fancies of a little while before, and began to wonder if that would be the best course after all. But Sir Henry said, quietly:

"I am afraid that would scarcely do, Captain. Things out here are rather unsettled just now, and the people at home would hardly appreciate the flare-up that would follow any such—er—dispute. Besides, you would not be helping our young friend here. As I understand him, he will get into a pretty pickle with his company if the affair comes out."

"Pickle is no name for it. Regular stew I should be in. Then, you see, if any disturbance comes out of the thing down here, it will probably lead to difficulties between us and the other company, an American one, that is to operate the cables. In fact it would be an awful mess all round—probably cost our company a lot of money, and spoil my chances for good."

"I see. All the elements for a very pretty international dispute of a decidedly novel character," said Sir Henry, cheerfully; "and the prospect of any amount of work for me. I must try to prevent that, at any rate."

"You see, if the *Comandante* were to take it into his head to hook up the cables and interrupt them, there'd be the deuce to pay," said Harley, putting the worst face on things.

"He won't do that while I'm here," remarked the Captain, emphatically.

"But, my dear Carter, we can't stay here forever, and the Almirante can. No, you must let me bring my art to bear on this. I think I see a way out of it, and it will be best by all odds to settle the thing quietly, if possible. I know of this Manuel Blazquez, and he fully deserves hanging or whatever fate Captain Pacheco had in store for him; so there really is justification for the Comandante's attitude. We must try to get round him by peaceable means. Whereabouts is this cable-hut of yours, Mr. Atwood?"

"Round in the outer bay, about three miles from the town."

"What sort of a place is it?"

"A little galvanized iron hut, about as big as this cabin, only square."

"How is the beach down there; stony, like this part?"

"Oh, no. Beautiful, hard sand. We always pick out a sandy spot for landing cables." Harley did not quite see the drift of Sir Henry's inquiries; they appeared to him to lead nowhere.

"That's good," said Sir Henry. "Any furniture in the hut?"

"Well, there are the testing and signalling instruments and a writing-table, a chair or two, and a stretcher-bed." Harley began to think the questions trivial and vexatious.

"Quite a cottage by the sea. Do you live there?"

"No, but I did for a week or so at first, when I had to keep watch day and night while the cable was being laid. There were two of us, then, and we took turns at watching the instruments and sleeping. I would live there now, as it's much cleaner than the hotel, but there is a lack of neighbors that makes it rather lonely in the evenings."

"Capital!" exclaimed Sir Henry. "Now, if you will excuse us for a few minutes, I will just have a little talk with Captain Carter." He drew the Captain to a sofa at the end of the cabin, and the two engaged in a whispered conference which lasted several minutes.

Harley held an old illustrated paper in front of him, upside down, and wondered what the dickens Sir Henry was

driving at in wanting to know so much about the hut. At one time he heard a smothered burst of laughter from the sofa and, looking over the edge of the paper, saw that both the Captain and the diplomatist were highly amused. He felt more than the usual anxiety of the outsider to be let into the joke. Occasionally, as the whispering grew less guarded, he caught references to "the admiral," "old friend of mine," and "two or three days," and some Spanish words that he fancied sounded familiar to him as the name of a man-of-war on the coast.

Finally, much to Harley's relief, the conference broke up. Sir Henry's blue eyes were twinkling, and the Captain's ruddy countenance was creased by a broad smile. Sir Henry resumed:

"Captain Carter and I have evolved a little plan that I think will smooth away your difficulties, Mr. Atwood. You will forgive me if I do not take you into our confidence for the present, but you will probably do your part more effectively if you really remain ignorant of our project than if you only pretended to be so. I do not promise success for a certainty, as we depend on someone else for the last situation in the play. But I think everything will go off all right, and you may rely on us to do our best." Sir Henry's tone was so reassuring that Harley forgot his ill-temper, and said, eagerly:

"I place myself fully in your hands, sir, and I am immensely grateful to you for taking so much interest in my unlucky scrape. What am I to do?"

"Well, nothing for the present. You say you generally go to the cable-hut in the morning. I will stroll round there to-morrow by way of the beach, and may look you up. Meanwhile, I should send no reply to the Comandante and hold no communication with the Italian gentleman. Now let's go out on deck and have a smoke."

VI

THE next morning Harley went down to the hut at his usual hour. He had given up trying to puzzle out what Sir Henry's plan might be, and had re-

signed himself to await developments. He was busy at his daily observations when the green curtain hanging over the door of the hut to keep out the light was drawn aside, and Sir Henry's welcome figure appeared in the doorway. He was armed with a butterfly net.

"Good-morning, Mr. Atwood. You look like a magician in this dark place and handling those queer instruments. What's it all for?"

Harley explained the uses of the various testing instruments, and later showed off the antics of the wiggly streak of light by which he read off his messages from the other stations. Then he put out the lamp and drew back the curtains of the door and window, letting the daylight into the hut.

"All very interesting," said the diplomatist. "I'm very glad to have an opportunity of seeing something of these cables of yours that have ruined our trade. On this occasion, however, I think the tables are turned, and diplomacy has to come to the rescue of the cables. Eh, Mr. Atwood?"

"That's true, Sir Henry, and I must congratulate myself on having secured the support of such an able and distinguished representative of the art."

Sir Henry burst into a hearty fit of laughter. "Oh, come, young man, you stick to your own calling and leave the soft soap to me. These seem to be fairly comfortable quarters," he added, looking round the hut. "Good deal more space and air than in a cabin on board ship, and I must say the sea rippling on the clean sand down there looks most inviting."

"Yes, it's delightful," said Harley; "I often take a dip here."

They went outside the hut and strolled up and down the beach. The diplomatist gave Harley some instructions, wrote a few words in pencil in his note-book, and took from him the duplicate key of the hut. They chatted for a long time, and then Harley locked up the hut and rode off with quite a cheerful air, while Sir Henry sauntered along the beach looking for butterflies, which were about as plentiful in those parts as in Cheapside.

The rest of that day Harley kept close

to his room. He seemed to be in excellent spirits, and even gave vent to occasional suppressed chuckles during breakfast and dinner, much to the edification of Flamingo. Early the following morning he copied out very carefully, from the scribbled leaf of his note-book, the letter to the Commander of the *Almirante O'Halloran*, which Sir Henry had drafted for him. It was very polite and ceremonious, and expressed in the most delicate way that Harley did not desire to intrude on Captain Pacheco's valuable time, as he was in the unfortunate position of being quite unable to impart any information regarding the supposed telegraphic message to which Captain Pacheco's highly esteemed letter of the twenty-second instant referred. The missive was rounded up with the proper allowance of the letters of the alphabet that the high-flown courtesy of written communication among the Latin races demands, and was despatched by a special messenger. A little later Harley started for the cable-hut.

VII

WHEN he got within view of the beach the first thing that caught his eye was a small Union Jack flying gayly from the bamboo pole, which had been lashed to one of the corners of the hut. He narrowly escaped breaking his neck as, in his eagerness to reach the hut, he clattered down the rocky path with loose rein. Arrived there he found door and window wide open, and Sir Henry, in his flannels and blazer, reclining comfortably in a deck-chair, smoking a pipe, and holding a yellow-backed novel. On the table were the silver-topped implements of Sir Henry's dressing-bag, a small Russian coffee-pot and an empty cup. Hanging out of the window was Sir Henry's bathing-suit. The bed was neatly covered up with a rug, and various articles of clothing were laid on it in orderly array. The place had quite a comfortable, home-like air.

"Good - morning, Atwood. Sorry you've come just too late for a cup of coffee. I've had a most delightful bath.

Really, I think this is the most charming seaside resort I ever was in. It has its little inconveniences, perhaps, and it's rather a nuisance to be without a man, but anything's good for a change. The quiet of this place is most seductive. I feel as if I could spend a whole month here."

Harley gazed at him in open admiration.

"How did you manage to get out here without attracting attention?" he asked.

"Very simple. Some of the officers went to visit the Almirante after dinner. I put on a uniform coat and cap, and steered the boat. After leaving them on board we pulled back some distance toward our own ship and then turned down the bay, and the men rowed out here for all they were worth, landed me and my traps, fixed up the flagpole, and got back, I suppose, without arousing any suspicion. I made myself comfy here, as you see, turned in early, slept like a top (that stretcher-bed is a capital contrivance for warm nights), got up with the sand-piper—there are no larks here, I believe, except ours, about to begin—had my dip and my coffee, and now I feel fit to receive any visitors that may come this way. And, by Jove," he added, as he rose and looked out of the window, "here they are, sharp on time."

Harley looked round and saw a man-of-war's boat bearing down on the hut. Her flag proclaimed that she came from the Almirante O'Halloran. Besides her crew she carried a corporal and file of marines and an officer with several stars on his cuff. As the boat approached the beach, Harley, in obedience to Sir Henry's suggestion, tethered his horse to a big stone and went inside the hut. The boat grounded, and in a few moments the marines were drawn up on the sand and stood at attention, while the officer, with drawn sword, walked up to the hut. He was scowling savagely. Something had evidently upset his temper, possibly the sight of the flag fluttering over the hut.

Sir Henry stood up in the doorway and saluted the Lieutenant with a graceful wave of his cap. He opened the conversation in fluent Spanish.

"*Buenos dias, señor teniente*, you come visiting early."

"My visit is an official one, sir, and I have a mission to perform." He stopped a yard or two from the door.

"But there must be some mistake," said Sir Henry, gravely; "I am not here to do any official business."

"I don't understand," returned the other; "are you an officer of the cable company?"

"No," answered Sir Henry in his suavest manner; "I have the honor to represent in this country Her Most Gracious Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain. My name is doubtless familiar to you." He held out a visiting-card, which the Lieutenant took gingerly, and regarded as if it were some exceptionally interesting curiosity. "This is my residence for the time being, and I shall be charmed if you will consider it yours also. But as it is, technically speaking, English soil, you must excuse me if I ask you to put up your sword." This was delivered with truly Castilian politeness.

The Lieutenant stood in blank amazement; he looked from the smiling diplomatist to the card he held between finger and thumb, and from the card to the Union Jack standing out gayly in the morning breeze. At last, with an effort, he recovered his speech.

"This is an unexpected honor, *Seer Letton*. I come with specific orders from my commander, and it would appear that I cannot execute them. I must return and inform him of the distinguished visitors that the cable company entertains. I regret that I cannot at this moment accept your amiable invitation." With this the Lieutenant clanked his sword into its sheath, gave a formal salute, turned on his heel, and stalked down the beach. He gave a curt order to his bewildered men, who were out of earshot from the hut, and in another minute the party had embarked and were rowing back to the harbor.

VIII

WHEN they were fairly off the diplomatist threw himself back in the chair, and for five minutes everything in the

hut vibrated. Harley smiled sympathetically, but was too nervous for more. He did not see that he was out of the wood yet.

"Glorious! Wouldn't have missed it for a K. C. B.," said Sir Henry, weakly, when he managed to get back his articulation. "That fellow's face would be a fortune to a comedian. Oh! If you had only had a camera trained on him while he stood there," and he went off again.

"Well, I am glad you enjoy it so thoroughly," said Harley, when he could be heard. "It is certainly mate so far, but I don't quite see where checkmate is going to come from."

"Ah! we need an extra man for that. He ought to be here pretty soon, too." Sir Henry rose as he spoke and looked out of the window. "No, no sign of him yet."

An hour or more passed while the two discussed the Lieutenant's discomfiture and the probable effect on the Comandante when he reported the reception he had met with. Suddenly Harley, who from his position commanded a view seaward, uttered an exclamation. Sir Henry looked out and saw an ironclad rounding the point of the outer bay.

"There's the missing man," he said, quietly; "and very soon I think your mind will be quite at rest. That's the *Negra Escalera*, the flagship that will relieve Captain Pacheco of his command here. The Admiral is an old friend of mine. I have left a note for him with Carter, as I knew he was due to-day or to-morrow. We shall probably have a visit from him in an hour or two, and then you will be able to enjoy the pleasures of checkmate. Or rather, I shall, as I think I have been playing this little game—aided by luck. Great luck," he added, reflectively; "for, without the Admiral, it might have ended badly after all. But I look to him to pull us through now."

The two watched the grim, gray battleship until she disappeared round the second point into the harbor. Then they whiled away the time with a traveller's chess-set that the minister produced from his dressing-bag. Harley struggled manfully, but he lost every

time. He was startled from an absorbing study of a difficult situation in the fifth game by a shrill, piping whistle that sounded just outside the hut. Jumping for the window he saw a steam pinnace stopped about thirty or forty yards from the shore. A small boat was alongside, just ready to shove off as the last of three naval officers stepped into it.

"There's the Admiral and Carter, and that other, I suppose, is the ferocious Comandante Pacheco," said Sir Henry. He walked down to the water's edge to meet the visitors, while Harley looked on from the window of the hut. Sir Henry greeted the Admiral warmly, and was introduced to the Comandante, who did not look at all ferocious, but was quite smiling and affable. The four stood chatting and laughing a few minutes on the beach, and then walked up to the hut. Captain Carter got in first.

"Well, young man, it's all right. The Admiral brings word that the outlaw was neatly nabbed down South there. Your message was delivered to one of the spies watching the beggar's house. Better tell your friend to be more careful whom he delivers messages to, eh? But I tell you it's deuced lucky I happened to bring Sir Henry along with me up here. He saved you. Captain Pacheco was going to string you up to the yard-arm, bombard this box of tricks, and drag both your cables out into the middle of the Pacific. You can thank your diplomatic representative for averting all that. And now the Admiral comes along like a fairy godmother to make everything lovely at the finish."

"It is a beautiful settlement of an international episode," put in Sir Henry. "And only think what a splendid despatch I could send to the Foreign Office. The people at Downing Street would want to send me to Constantinople next, to settle the Eastern question. But they shall hear nothing of it, Mr. Atwood," he added, considerately.

The Admiral insisted on taking the whole party back to the flagship to breakfast. The breakfast lasted about four hours and a half, and Harley wondered the next morning if he had really

embraced the Admiral and Captain Pacheco, or if he had only dreamed it. He was quite certain of having drunk the latter's health eleven times, but after that he had lost count.

A few days later Harley met Palivetti in the club. "The 'abstract influence of the Union Jack' came out pretty well after all, didn't it, Mr. Palivetti?" Har-

ley was not able to translate the other's reply, and, even if he had been, it could not be printed.

The companies interested in those cables never heard anything of Harley's scrape and its lucky ending. If this account should come to their attention they will recognize that the information is entirely unofficial, and, as such, not to be credited.



WALDWEBEN

Aubade

I LIVE aforest, and hard by
 A little croft there is where I
 Was wont to lie by trees that hung
 Green covert over nests up high
 In leafy spaces swinging :
 Thence, far the forest aisles among,
 The words of little birds were flung,
 And back, in echoes ringing.
 Now it befell, while I did lie,
 My thoughts from cloudland bringing,
 A little russet bird had sprung
 Out from the shade, while the wood rung
 In echo to his singing ;
 Yet till then had he never sung.
 I knew him well ; and he was young
 And yet unapt at singing.
 But now he sang so wondrously
 That all the rest made no reply,
 And, lying rapt in wonder, I
 Did watch him as he flew on high,
 His song still downward ringing ;
 And fainter, farther ever flung,
 The sweetness of his silver tongue
 Came floating to me, bringing
 Songs strange, and of my soul unsung ;
 Songs falling like the rain among
 The flowers from it springing ;
 Until he vanished in the sky—
 He vanished, and I trow, did die.
 But singing . . . singing

THE PEOPLE OF THE CITIES

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN TYPES

By Octave Thanet

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALBERT E. STERNER



ONE day last August I saw a picture at the gates of Jackson Park that is like to vex my memory for a long while. A young man and a young woman, husband and wife, were stepping into their phaeton.

The dainty little vehicle sparkled with a kind of beamy splendor, all white and silver. The groom at the horses' bits, restraining their impatience while they tossed their heads and their chains jingled, was in white and silver also. The young man wore the picturesque and comfortable summer bravery of a fashionable young man, including a dazzling straw hat with a wide brim and a blue ribbon. The young woman's sweet face dimpled and smiled under a foreign masterpiece of lace and flowers. An adorably simple gown of a shining fabric—whether silk or linen or lace it was not for the mind of man, not in the haberdashery line, to decide—seemed to have been built upon her pretty figure, for there was no apparent way for her to get into it. She carried a glittering parasol wherein were blended all the hues in her hat and gown. As she settled herself on the cushions she said something at which the young man laughed, and they were whirled away.

All the while on the curbstone stood a little child, close to another child, holding its smaller hand tightly in hers. A ragged old shawl did duty both for covering and head-gear. Her feet were bare, her face was thin and dirty, but she was smiling in the purest delight. She did not envy the lovely lady in the lovely carriage, she only admired her; and bending over the mite beside her she pointed out the spectacle. She was not a pretty child; but her wide, blue eyes and her freckles were illumined by that radiant gaze. How easy to soothe one's uneasy sympathies with a careless

gift and a careless kind word; not so easy to do anything that will count for the child herself, or for the real solving of the baffling and disheartening problem that her presence suggests.

I know the young people. They and the child live in the same great city, a fact that led me insensibly into a number of idle musings of no especial value to the social student, since they were of a sort common to most thinking Americans.

The great cities represent our failures and our achievements. For once I had a view of the two extremes of the working of civilization. The young people in the carriage were born to whatever of happiness love and money could procure for them. Archie, the young man, is a good fellow in every detail of the phrase. He has abundant sense, a sweet temper, an honest, unpliant Anglo-Saxon will, and a simple conception of his duties in life. He is not likely to be tangled up in a mesh of enthusiasms; and he will never expect to reform the whole structure of society off-hand; he will be content to do his best to help those nearest to him, and to put his shoulder to his own wheels. There will be enough for him to do, for his father has a great army of working-men. To meet the young fellow at a dinner-party you would see nothing but a rather unusual modesty to distinguish him from a hundred other young fellows with an English accent and an admirable tailor. He shambles into the room quite as they do, and fills the interstices of conversation with a faint smile and inarticulate ejaculations in the most approved manner. He has not a great deal to say. He neither tells stories nor makes epigrams. But you might notice that he takes very little wine with his dinner, and that after dinner he has gone to the side of an elderly woman who was his mother's friend, or to the shy girl to whom this is a first dinner-party, or to the hostess's

kinswoman from the country, who is tormented by secret qualms about her best black silk gown, fondly deemed for years to be a garment fit for any state. You might be amused at his serious and reticent attention to them all, but you would notice that it somehow puts them all at their ease. Did you watch him further, standing on the edge of a financial and political conversation among the elder men, you would hear them address him occasionally, and his modest answers might explain to you the light in his father's eye whenever it falls on him.

Neither Archie nor his wife are likely to figure gloriously in the fashion columns of the newspapers. They are very fond of their home and their baby. They are not at all fond of society. Being conscientious youngsters, they will attend a certain number of grand functions and repay them in kind; nevertheless they have a far better time with a few old friends and the baby brought in after dinner. Archie has not much to say about the baby; he beams and blushes in silence while Mrs. Archie, half-humorously, half-shyly, and altogether charmingly, exhibits the idol.

"If there were many such rich people," a shrewd and candid labor agitator said, referring to a man of Archie's stamp, "we shouldn't be needed!"

A man like Archie is another citizen of the same town; but he is of a more inquisitive moral turn. Whether his eager sympathy will work as much advantage to its objects as Archie's unhesitating, unrelenting sense of duty, I should not like to decide; it is safe to say that both temperaments are needed in the world. Young Sidney is hardly so rich as Archie will be, though he has a pretty reason for dreading the income-tax. He is of a more plastic, receptive, fervid nature. Most of his acquaintances do not suspect his deep interest in social reforms, or, to be accurate, social experiments—since which of us dare label rashly the feelers which legislators and philanthropists, and economical inventors are adventuring in every direction? A brilliant Frenchwoman who met him described to me her surprise at dis-

covering that the charming young man of fashion, whose wit she had admired in half a dozen drawing-rooms, used to spend his Sundays regularly at Hull House, studying the needs and habits of the poor. "He spoke of his 'friends' there so simply," said she, "and with such interest, such affection. It was really almost apostolic!"

But if an enthusiast, Sidney keeps his eyes about him and his head cool. He is reported to have said once, "The longer a fellow works among the poorest poor, the weaker his faith gets in any short cut to the millennium by legislation or anything else. They will have to be saved just exactly as the rest of us are, one at a time!"

Sidney was often at the Fair, and generally with a new face at his elbow. A thin, sharp-featured, un-American face it was most times, gazing at everything with the soul in its flashing eyes. The chances are that it belonged to one of the races that take to revolution and carnage as naturally as a tiger takes to a meat diet. One young fellow with him looked to be of his own age. He would have been a handsome boy could he have done something (I am not quite sure what) to the outline of his nose. He had superb dark eyes and a vivid, un-American smile. In talking he made swift gestures, his face kindling and changing. One could see that he had abandoned himself utterly to the moment. He was in the Liberal Arts Building when I saw him, bending over the wonderful bronzes of the Russian exhibit, and as he spoke he would wave his long brown hand (which held a red silk handkerchief a little ragged at the edges), clenching the lean fingers and striking out with the fist. There was a hint of savagery in that clenched hand with the red silk dripping out of it. He did not look prosperous, poor fellow, nor even what the doctors call well nourished. I fear he worked too hard and lived too intensely, and did not eat enough meat. He was shabby, but it was a jaunty and picturesque shabbiness, worn with a wild sort of grace impossible to an Anglo-Saxon. He was clean, too—which was rather surprising, as men of his type generally love soap as little as the police. But

I read in the tidy, threadbare coat, and the shining face, his affection to Sidney. Sidney is saving one at a time, and the handsome young anarchist is being saved. I picture to myself the squalid Old-World poverty out of which he sprang; I seem to listen to the fairy tales of a new world where there are fabulous wages and no prying officials, and fortunes are accumulated in the twinkling of an eye; I can see the ardent young fellow fired by the coarse inventions of the steerage and immigration agents; it is easy to imagine the impossible paradise of the poor that he expects, for which he starves and freezes himself—and it is easy, alas! to imagine his cruel disappointment when he reaches us. He has fallen an easy prey to the first ferocious dreamer that he has met, who can rave against the social order in his own tongue. To-day, probably (unless Sidney has interfered to hold his hand), he is pinching himself for the benefit of crazy secret plotters. He wouldn't in the least mind killing a hundred innocent women and children to advance the good cause of universal upheaval; yet he may be the very man that Sidney was describing the other day, and after his ten hours of hard work may have sat up all night with a sick child and waited on a bed-ridden old woman. In his strength and his weakness, his pathetic virtues, and the strain of brutal barbarism that runs through his nature, he is the fit representative of a class in every great city. Well for us if there were more Sidneys to guide him, for it is a class easier to guide than to restrain.

I wonder what my young anarchist would think of a third rich young man of my knowledge (not my acquaintance) whom I saw this same day at the Fair. Blank van Blank lives in a great city on the seaboard, and he belongs to the class at which the social critics roar without ceasing. He is the possessor of a large share of that mysterious and fiercely berated kind of wealth termed "the unearned increment." His father left him a fortune, and the fortune has swollen without further aid from him than keeping his money safe—which, nevertheless, is no mean proof of a

good business mind. Blank van Blank's apparent object in life is to amuse himself. At one time his name and his wife's were in all the columns devoted to the parade of wealth. Mrs. Van Blank's toilets are still described with reverential incorrectness; but it is Mr. Van Blank's yacht, and Mr. Van Blank's horses, that receive the greater attention. Mrs. Van Blank hates the sea, so she is never on his yacht; she is bored by the country, so she lends her graceful presence (being thin and not strikingly pretty, Mrs. Van Blank is usually described as "graceful;" were she stout she would be "stately") for a very brief period to the estate in the interior which he poetically terms his "farm;" then she betakes herself to gayer scenes. She is much admired, is Mrs. Van Blank; she is witty after a fashion, generous with her money and her kind speeches, capable of extravagant though fleeting attachments to things as well as to people; in fine, possessed of all the hysterical virtues and many of the faults. Her children adore her. She never refuses them anything, from a new toy to a chance to catch cold by throwing off irritating wraps when they are too warm. Their aunt, Van Blank's unmarried sister, has nursed them all through diphtheria or small-pox, or some such unpleasant and contagious disease, and loves them devotedly; but she makes them obey her and be quiet in company, and they are not fascinated by her. Mamma, with her exquisite and bewildering toilets, her indulgence, and her frequent absences, is adorable.

Perhaps she is not so adorable to Van Blank. When I saw him at the Fair he was seated at a table in Old Vienna. For a wonder, he was quite alone. It may have been my fancy that, as he sat before the sloppy boards, idly knocking his cigar-ash against the thick rim of his beer-glass, he looked profoundly melancholy. He is not a handsome fellow like Archie, nor interesting and attractive like Sidney; he is short, rather stout in figure; and his dark, unsmiling face wears a suspicious scowl. So many times has poor Van Blank been deceived that he has put out his suspicions as a porcupine its quills. Yet

he is, at bottom, a simple-minded, easily influenced fellow, and the most loyal friend and follower in the world. A man who is so thorough a sportsman as Van Blank must needs have some fine qualities; and the people who know him best like him most. He drinks more than is good for him, and, what is even more deadly, he eats what he should not, and very much, too much of it; and at thirty he is old and tired. Had he been born on a farm, or with the need to become a sailor, or soldier, or mechanic, or indeed any kind of worker who must use his muscles as well as his brains, Van Blank might have been a very worthy man; it was his misfortune that the city captured his youth!

Reflecting on the protean influence of the city, how it debases one soul and exalts another, I encountered my plutocrat. I really do not know that he is a plutocrat, I know nothing about him except that I met him a number of times in the New York Building, and once I heard him give some orders to a Columbian guard. He had the tone of command. I feign him, to myself, to belong to the type of business man in a great city, that prods the innermost recesses of Mr. Howells's soul. He is a man who has built a vast fortune up from nothing, by sheer force of intellect and industry and pluck; and he intends to run his business with his own brains and to keep the profits.

He is a beetle-browed, chin-bearded, smooth-lipped man, whose iron-gray hair has worn away at the temples, revealing a magnificent dome. He has a pleasant eye, and there are lines of humor about his firm mouth. I have fixed his residence in New York City. I think he is a patron of art, and has daughters who admire Monet. He himself hankers after the English school, and likes stories in his pictures; and I fancy that the elegant young woman who was laughing and shaking her little finger imperiously at him, while he stood wistfully gazing at Hovenden's country lad leaving home, was restraining his desire to buy that picture. Twice, after that, I saw him standing, his hands clasped behind his back, studying the same homey scene and the mother's face.

He encourages literature and religion,

not that he is interested in either personally, but he thinks them useful agents in moving the world, and wishes them well. He reads the newspapers diligently and a few articles in the magazines. When he was a boy in a country town he read Abbott's "Napoleon" and Macaulay's "History of England." So persistent are the impressions of youth that he, a singularly shrewd and hard-headed critic of human nature, believes the First Napoleon one of the noblest as well as greatest of men; and unconsciously whittles his views of English politics into the Macaulay Whig pattern of a former day.

But his personal American politics are more elastic; they have well-considered practical reasons for existence; and they side with the party that in his opinion will make the country most prosperous. Five years ago he was a moderate protectionist, to-day he is a very moderate free-trader. He is not above other means than those of moral suasion to advance his views; yet it would be one of those grave mistakes that theorists in ethics are always making with regard to men of the world, forced continually to weigh the greater against the lesser evil, and travelling tortuous paths on the border line of right and wrong, to infer that he has no robust principles of his own. The standard of honor and honesty of American men of business is far higher than the critic not acquainted with business men and business methods can easily imagine. My imaginary business man is a crafty and relentless competitor; but he keeps his word faithfully, and does not enter into agreements which his subordinates will be expected to break.

Because he resembles a man who is the most determined enemy of organized labor—I believe that is the phrase that the organizers prefer—I figure him as regarding his men simply as units, not as men. He will get the most work for the cheapest wages that the unions will allow. It is an unremitting, although not always open, warfare that goes on between the two powers; and I fear to both the men are but pawns in the game. But he is a splendid fighter if he is like the man whom he resembles; and I can see him throw-

ing a "personal" letter to his secretary with a grim smile.

"That," says he, "isn't from a friend, you needn't bother to hand me those things; read them and send them to the police if you think they need attention. How many s's are there in assassination, by the way?"

Yet it would be another mistake to suppose that our business prince is without kindly feelings, even without his tinge of romantic sentiment. The American business man generally has a bridle-path of sentiment running under the shade, through his nature. One of the keenest, apparently driest, business men that I ever knew risked hundreds of thousands of dollars to save a friend, nor would he listen to a word of reproach of the man when he lost it all. Another stayed last summer in town through weather that was like a death-warrant to him, simply to help some of his friends threatened by the panic.

So, when I see my imaginary business potentate's features light up as he advances to greet an elderly woman, plain both in face and garb, and I hear his genial greeting, "Well, and how are all the good people in the good old town?" I suspect that he was born in a village and keeps a warm corner in his heart for his old home. Many a kind deed has he done, too, for the young men who have tempted fate in a great city, because they were born in that same "good old town."

But the city has kept him and will keep him to the end of his days, let him fancy as he will that he means to buy the old farm and build an old colonial modern mansion and pass the evening of his days among the hills and the fields that his boyhood loved.

Different and less tender than the countryman's love for his unencumbered fields, but no less tenacious, is the citizen's drawing to his familiar streets. And it is interesting to notice how soon the whirlpool fascination of a vast town acts on its recent population. I hardly recognized the gentleman who used to be the "nicest young man" in a certain Iowa village, when he dawned upon my admiration in the Polish section of the Art Building, in fine clothes made especially for him, praising the ghest-

liest "impressions" of the room to two charming girls.

Who could imagine that only a brief ten years before, as chief clerk of the chief village store, he had won the hearts of the matrons by his politeness and the hearts of the maids by his gayety. Then, he waited on customers in his shirt-sleeves, and his Sunday suit was ordered from Chicago, and he was saving half the year to get the ten or fifteen dollars that he paid for it! His wedding-gift to each bride in the village was two neatly fringed towels of the best huckaback in the store. Thus his popularity was never endangered by envy or any bad feelings among the recipients. And in every list of bridal generosity, among the "solid silver" butter-knives, the spoons and forks that modestly shrank from naming their metal (because, perhaps, it was mixed), the "tidies" from Cousin Tilly and Aunt Martha, a "hat, a hen, and ten chickens from Uncle Bartholomew," "honey in a glass dish from the bride's mother," and the other friendly and useful offerings, always appeared "two towels from Mr. Dick Vernon."

Mr. Dick Vernon left his village ten years ago, to "travel" for a dry-goods house in a larger town; from this employment he finally went to New York. He is floor-walker in an immense dry-goods shop; and it is wafted to his proud kindred at home that his success with the country trade is astonishing. They say that the transformation in him is only external, and that he is the same kind and gay fellow. But he has become infatuated with the town. He tells every old friend that he should come to New York, it is the only place in the world for a business man or anybody else. "You're simply not in it, anywhere else," declares he.

And in this assertion I recognize the true Gotham ring. The inhabitants of other large towns have their artless pride, notably the dwellers in Boston; but they have not so far lost themselves in the contemplation of their own beauties that they expect the cold world to understand how superior they really are. The New Yorker, however, is both grieved and surprised does anyone venture to question whether life may



DRAWN BY A. E. STERNER.

They have a far better time with a few old friends and the baby brought in after dinner.—Page 329.



As he spoke he would wave his long brown hand.—Page 329.

not be worth living outside of New York.

It is not only the people with money that are attached to the cities; what charitable worker has not experienced the difficulties involved in tempting the poor into the country?

“Oh, ma'am, it's so lonesome here, and there's so many cows to chase you!” wailed one wretched woman who had been taken out of a squalid tenement and placed in a clean, comfortable room, with a prospect of good wages, in a little village. She sickened for her crowded street, and the hand-organs and monkeys, and the motley procession surging past her window; sickened as miserably as the Swiss for his mountains. There was an Agreeable Man, a working-man,

who passed so much of his time in the Liberal Arts Building that I came to know his face. He used to hold arguments with a man in clerical dress on the subject of the unions, and he spoke with so much moderation, such a broad charity, and withal so shrewd a humor, that, far as I am from his household of faith, I could not sympathize with his opponent's discomfiture. Rather, I thought, “Were all labor organizers like you employers would do well to treat with the unions!” This Agreeable Man once spoke about the attachment of the poor to the great cities. “I have felt it myself,” said he; “I moved into the country and come in on a train every day; but it was for the children's sake, just that. There isn't a day, especially in

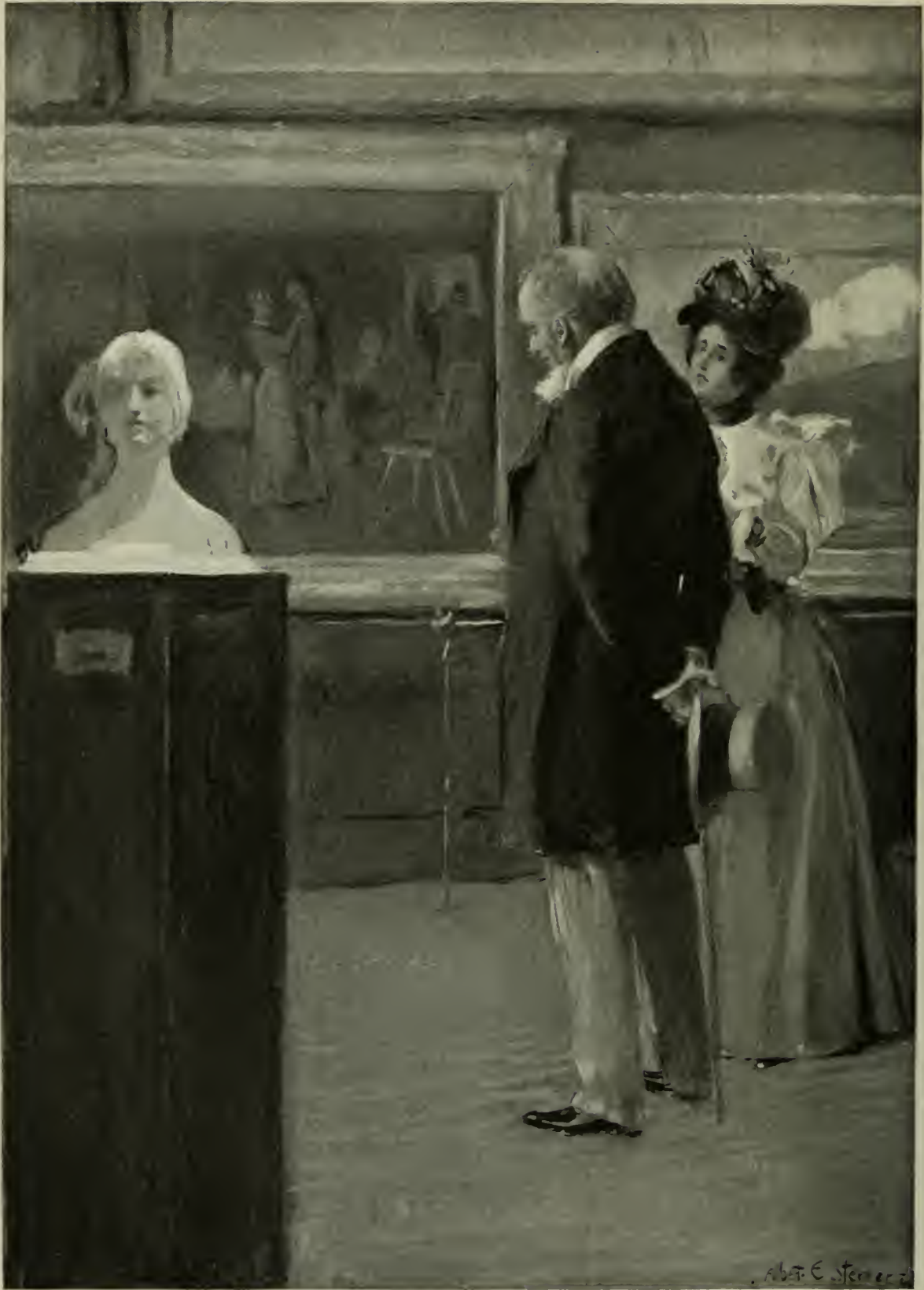
the evening, that I don't miss the streets. That's what I tell my wife. I don't want the children to grow up with that passion for the city in their blood. I'm raising some vegetables at great expense, so as to get them in the way of loving things that grow. But I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks myself. You see there is excitement all the time in the street, and something to see and to hear. Besides, if a fellow is not big himself, he likes to belong to something big. See?"

Watching this Agreeable Man recalled to my mind a working-woman of much his own opinion, who had been born in a great city, had struggled up from childhood in a tenement-house, somehow at odd hours had educated herself, and was, when I met her, earning an income that many a gentlewoman would envy. The good that this one calm, strong, cheerful spirit has done among the working-people, it would be hard to describe. She, also, is heart and soul devoted to the labor unions. Many times I looked for her erect, strong figure among the crowds, and never did I hear a musical, mellow laugh that I did not turn my head, half expecting to meet the shining of her brown eyes and the flash of her white teeth. There was a family resemblance between her and the Agreeable Man, a spiritual kinship, both of them having in their personalities something serene and bright and strong. The restfulness of power softened their every motion; and a sunny temperament informed the very quality of their voices. Yet they had been born, and had lived all their days,

in the breathless, unpeaceful city. I thought of the words of a man who had gone from a Western country town to an Eastern city. He was a large employer of labor.

"One thing I don't like about the East," said he, "is the expression on the faces of the working-people; they look hard and fierce. They seem to grudge giving you a decent greeting. You have an unpleasant feeling that they are your secret foes. I miss that open, kindly, manly look there was on our Western working-men's faces. There is an entirely different feeling here between the employers and the working-people from what there is there; and the difference is all for the worse!"





DRAWN BY A. E. STERNER.

Wistfully gazing at Hovenden's country lad leaving home.—Page 331.

These two working-people had not a trace of such expression, yet I fancied that I could perceive where the ferment

The extra-skilful workman can make his own terms, that's very true; but how about the other fellows who work just as



Won the hearts of the maids by his gayety.—Page 332.

of the city had affected them; it was in their views of social remedies. In the provinces they might both have risen to be employers themselves (and very good employers they would have been!); in the city the spectacle of the immeasurable misery about them moved them to an almost savage compassion for their own class, which made it seem like disloyalty for them to go over to the other.

“Oh, I know very well I could have done better for myself to leave the union,” said the Agreeable Man; “but do you think I’ll go back on the boys?”

hard but don’t know how so well? how are we going to help them unless we stick together?” To appreciate how much pathetic unselfishness, how much courage, and how much clearness of vision along one narrow road there is in the unions, one need only to hear such working-men as the Agreeable Man and my friend, who was a working-girl, explain their side of the question.

But they are not extremists. They do not belong to the new order of working-men’s friends who have no local patriotism, who would have a man prefer his class to his country. They are

not socialists, their place is among the large majority of working-people who are merely keeping the Socialist agitators on trial for a while, to find out what they can do besides promising the earth. They are not convinced, they are simply allured by the specious offers which the theorists make. These hard-working, hard-reading men are weighing them in the balance, and presently the bidders for their favor will be asked to deliver the goods.

That may be an ugly day of liquidation for some well-meaning reformers,

a day fraught with peril of more kinds than one for us all; but, as I listened to my working-man, my confidence in the tremendous, if sluggish, common-sense of the American working-people grew strong and sanguine. If such men as he shall rule the unions, organized labor will conciliate rather than overawe capital; if the wilder element obtains control, such men as he will crush the labor organizations like an egg-shell.

And I went out on the swarming avenue, glad that I am an American.

A THIRD SHELF OF OLD BOOKS *

By Mrs. Fields

IN John Milton's "Speech to the Parliament of England" upon the "Liberty of Unlicensed Printing," he says: "Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potencie of life in them to be as active as that soule was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a viol the purest efficacie and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. . . . Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but hee who destroys a good book, kills reason it selfe: . . . slays an immortality rather than a life."

The "Areopagitica," with its inequalities of diction and its immortalities of thought and expression, has been made to live again for modern readers by means of the introduction written for it by Lowell a few years ago, at the instance of the Grolier Club of New York. It stands upon the shelf, a very pretty and a very precious small volume with



Horton, Milton's Early Home.

Lowell's inscription and alterations of his own text. As an example of Lowell's English style, and of the manner in which he has, within the small compass of an introduction, served to keep the "well of English undefiled," it is of inestimable and incomparable value to the modern world of letters. His criticism of Milton's character, as expressed in his style, is a distinct contribution to the history of the man: he has strengthened the arch of Milton's fame, and brought us closer to his personality. We feel a fresh kinship to the writer who, in times not wholly unlike our own, felt the public problems to be a weight of personal responsibility.

* See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for March, 1888, and April, 1889.

“As a master of harmony and of easily maintained elevation, in English blank verse,” writes Lowell, “Milton has no rival. He was” (*versed*, he first wrote) “skilled in many tongues and many literatures; he had weighed the value of words, whether for sound or sense, or where the two may be of mutual help. He, surely, if any, was what he calls ‘a mint-master of language.’ He must have known, if any ever knew, that even in the *sermo pedestris* there are yet great differences in gait, that prose is governed by laws of modulation as exact, if not so exacting, as those of verse, and that it may conjure with words as pre-vaillingly. The music is secreted in it, yet often more potent in suggestion than that of any verse which is not of utmost mastery. We hearken after it as to a choir in the side-chapel of some cathedral, heard faintly and fitfully

across the long desert of the nave, now pursuing and overtaking the cadences, only to have them grow doubtful again and elude the ear before it has ceased to throb with them. . . . Milton is not so truly a writer of great prose as a great man writing in prose, and it is really Milton we seek there more than anything else.” Therefore because we seek Milton we value the early editions of his works which are upon the shelf of old books. Dryden is said to have remarked, when the first edition of “Paradise Lost” met his eye: “The man cuts us all out, and the ancients too.” It is not unlikely that the quaint remark of Mr. S. Simmons, the printer, to his “Courteous Reader,” upon the first page on this first edition, had in view Dryden and other celebrated writers and critics of that century. It may well have “stumbled” Dryden, who never freed himself from the shackles of rhyme to read the stately blank verse of



Bust of Milton, about 1654.

(From a photograph of the only mould of the original cast from life, preserved in Trinity College Library, Cambridge, England. By kind permission of the Master and Fellows of Trinity.)

Milton for the first time. Milton lived largely “in a world of disesteem,” and had grown somewhat hardy perhaps in the cold winds which brought him no fruit of approval from the harvests of the world. He wrote his prose with a stinging pen, and when music from upper airs came to him for transmission in verse he took no counsel from the nether sphere as to form or doctrine. His first appearance in letters was in the second folio of Shakespeare, where three anonymous tributes to Shakespeare’s genius prefaced the plays. Milton and Ben Jonson wrote two of them. A small volume came somewhat later, in 1645, containing his early poems, and the second edition of this book, printed in 1673, lies before me. It belonged to Thomas Gray when a school-boy, his name being written ONLY nine times by himself upon the title-page.

There have been innumerable editions of the “Paradise Lost” printed in every

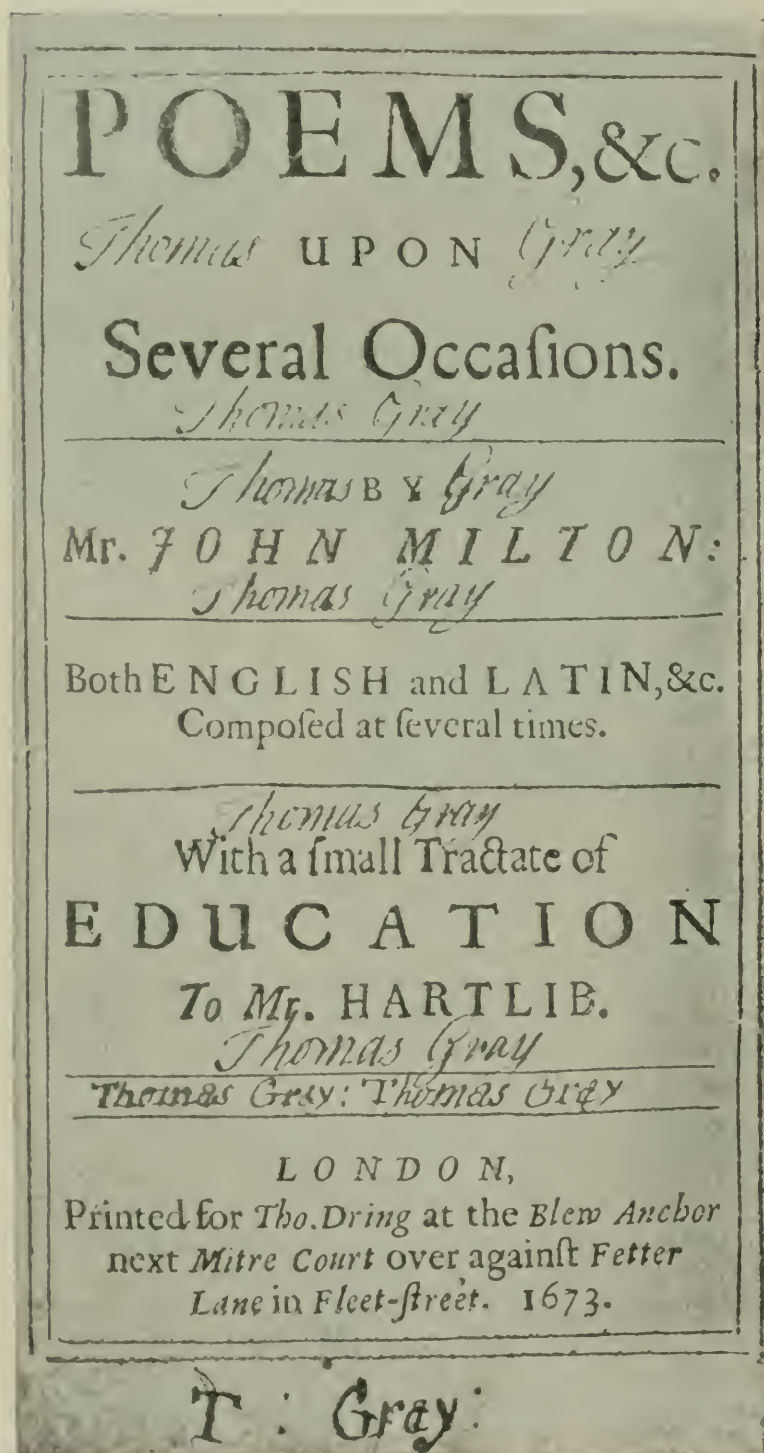
variety of luxury. In opening one large folio of some magnificence in book-making, printed in Glasgow in the year 1770, I find an apology for a new edition. Apparently the university and the university press had set their hearts upon doing a fine piece of work, and under the editorship of Dr. Newton they printed, bound, and sold, chiefly among themselves, the larger part of the edition. To the names of the Glasgow men are added those of a number of the

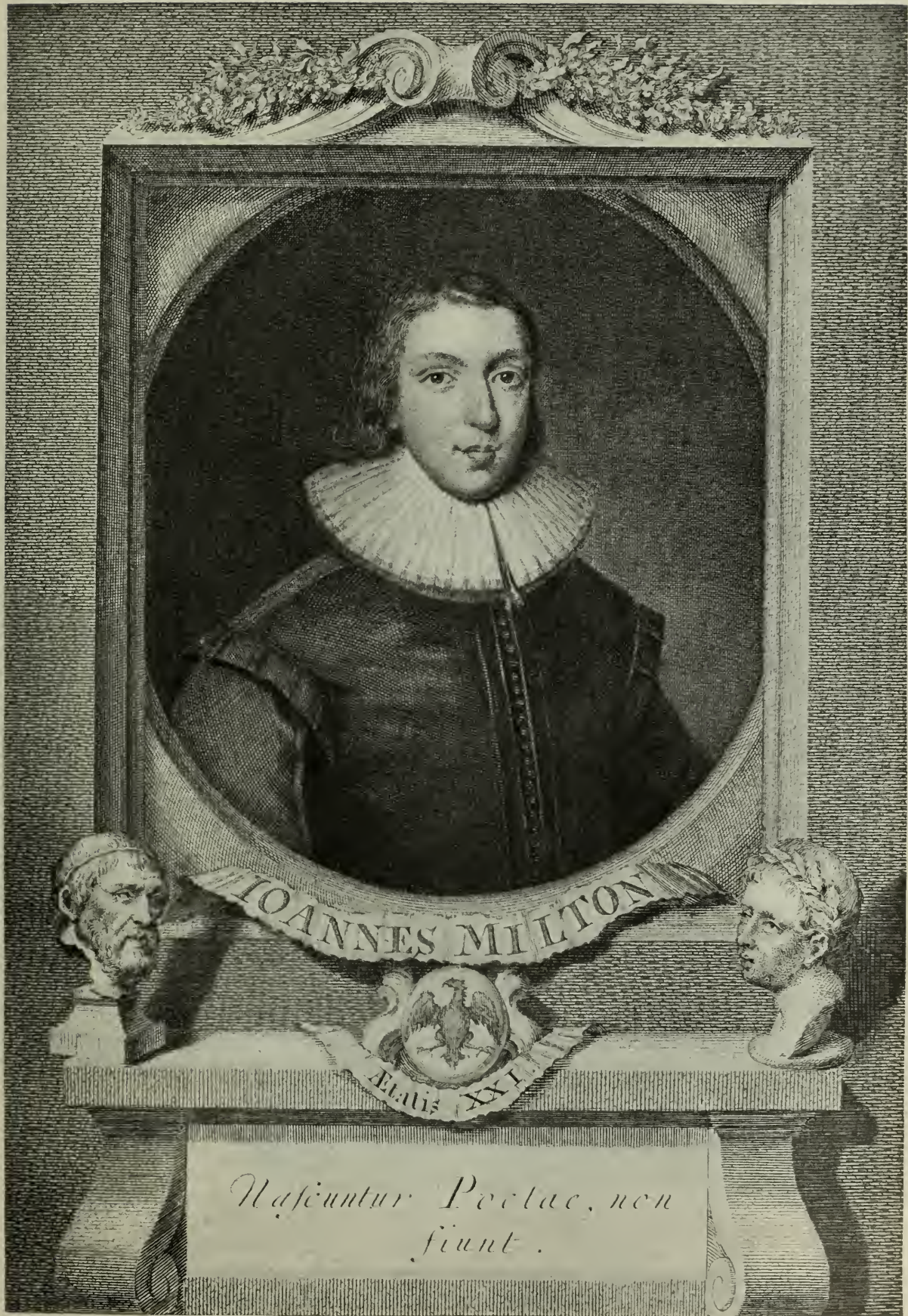
most considerable personages of Scotland before the era of Sir Walter Scott. The list represents fairly well the great world of the North at that period, and the titles and well-known names add a conspicuous and interesting feature to this edition.

There is still another old book, marked "very rare," a relic of the days of Milton; it is a copy of his "History of Britain to the Norman Conquest." The volume is labelled "first edition;"

yet loath as a possessor of jewels must be to find that a diamond has been replaced by a stone of less pure water, I find myself unable to believe that this old book is a first edition at all! The date of its publication is 1677. Milton died in 1674, and this "History of Britain" was surely published in his lifetime. In the "Biography" we are told that it appeared first in 1670, seven years before the date of the book in my hand; also that the first edition contained a portrait by Faithorne. It is impossible now to say by whom the portrait was made in this, evidently, second edition. The painter's name is not upon the engraving, which is pasted in upon a fly-leaf. Doubtless some enthusiastic owner took it for granted that this was a "first edition," and therefore affixed a printed label with the announcement on the outside of the book below the title.

A very interesting edition of Milton's Poetical Works is the one in seven volumes, owned by Leigh Hunt, with his notes. On the whole, for the reader and lover of poetry this is one of the most delightful books possible. Leigh Hunt remembers what





A. Verelue Sculp. 1751.

Keats and others have said by way of criticism, and in the right places their words are jotted on the margins. There is one more literary relic of Milton, an old folio of his prose works, printed in 1697; nothing could be more quaint, more clumsy, more interesting! Whether his speeches and pamphlets were brought together previously, or whether this is a first edition of them collectively, I cannot say.

We must be free or die, who speak the
tongue
That Shakspeare spoke; the faith and mor-
als hold
Which Milton held—

There is, however, an older book standing beneath this shelf than any which has ever stood upon it: it is one that fills me with a kind of awe as I look at it, yet which impels me to hold it with affection and to read its pages as

I read no other "prophane" volume. This book is a copy of North's "Plutarch," printed in 1603—a book which Shakespeare knew and which he might have held. The strong leather cover has been patched, but perhaps not wholly remade. The book-worms have found their way through it, but the pages remain clear as the day they were printed.

The name of a former owner, who lived at Branfield Hall, Suffolk, is slowly fading off the title-page, but the stately title itself is unchanged, and the name of "James Amiot, Abbot of Bellozane, Bishop of Auxerre, one of the King's privie Councill and great Amner* of France," who translated these lives of the noble Grecians and Romans, out of Greek into French, appears in

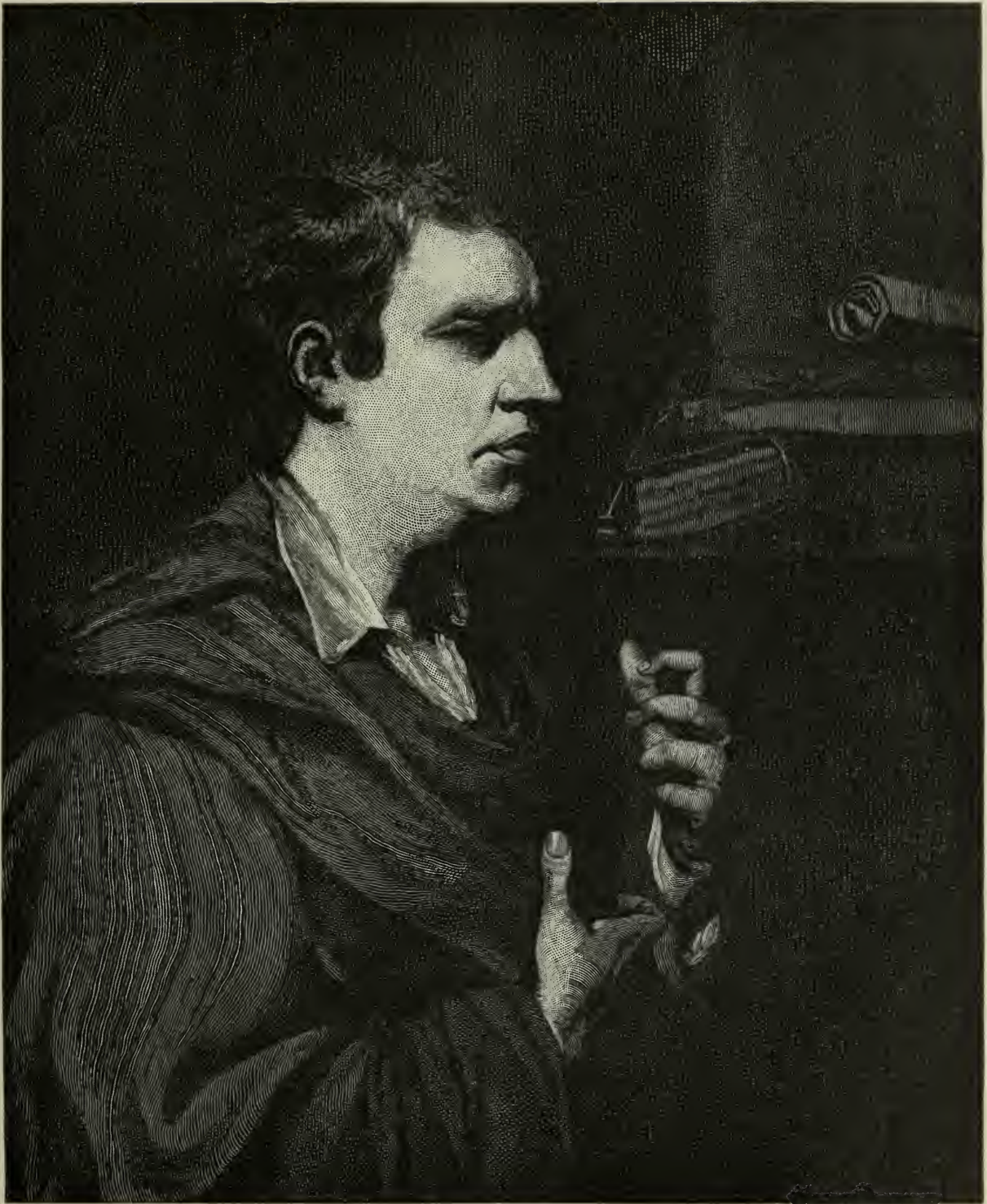
all its majesty, leading in the name of the great English translator from

*The Amner (presumably Almoner) was the highest ecclesiastical dignitary of France, to whom was given the superintendence of hospitals.



Ludlow Castle the scene of Milton's "Comus."

The titles and prefaces and heading are all evidently as Milton intended them to be, and we are invited into his very presence as we turn these old pages. We feel with Wordsworth:



Dr. Samuel Johnson.

(Engraved by Watson from portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, painted for the Duke of Sutherland in 1770.)

French into English — Sir Thomas North, Knight. It is a most majestic old book, and one to be touched with reverence. It shows no disdain to the lover of pleasure. Amiot says to his readers: "The reading of books which bring but a vain and unprofitable pleasure to the reader, is justly disliked of wise and grave men. Againe,

the reading of such as do but only bring profit, and make the reader in love therewith, and do not ease the paine of reading by some pleasantnesse in the same; do seeme somewhat harsh to divers delicate wits. . . . But such books as yield pleasure and profit . . . have all that a man can desire. . . ." Both the great Bishop

and the English Knight fell in love with that book, and spared no labor to bring it to a worthy presentment; and to this day the readers of North's translation will feel themselves rewarded.

But we must confess it is not the general interest of the book alone which attracts us to this volume: it is the fact that Shakespeare is said to have fed his brain upon this story of Julius Cæsar and to have drawn his play therefrom.

We find concerning Cæsar that "he was often subject to headach, and otherwhile to the falling sicknesse (the which tooke him the first time as it is reported in Corduba, a city of Spaine)."

In the play of "Julius Cæsar," *Cassius* says of him:

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake.

Sir

Your book, I suppose, is in a way of an early progress as such business ever has. It is sold in that crowd keeps pace with expectation.

The scheme of your book I cannot say that I fully comprehend. I would not have you ask less than an hundred guineas, for it seems a large volume.

Go to Mr Davis in Rupert Street, show him this letter, and show him the book if he desires to see it. He will tell you what price you may name, and to what bookseller you should apply.

If you succeed in selling your book, you may do better than by dedicating it to me. You may perhaps obtain permission to dedicate it to the Bishop of London

or to Dr. Johnson, and make way to your work to more
advantage than I can procure you.

Please to tell Mrs. Williams that I grow better
and that I wish to know how she goes on. You, Sir,
may write for her to

Sir,

Your most humble servant

Jam. Johnson

Oct. 24. 1782

Fac-simile of Letter written by Dr. Johnson.

And again *Casca* says :

He fell down in the market-place, and
foamed at the mouth and was speechless.

Brutus. 'Tis very like; he hath the fall-
ing sickness.

We know well that this malady of
Cæsar was a matter of history, but the
likeness of expression is, at the least,
remarkable.

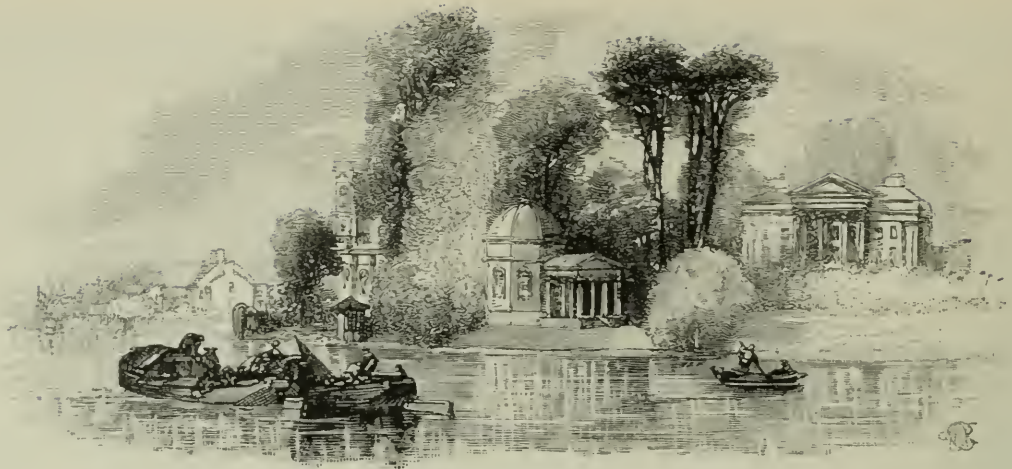
In the old volume we find the story
of the defeat of the Nervii, and that the
Roman Senate decreed a sacrifice and
solemn processions for fifteen days,
having never made the like ordinance
before for any victory; therefore, when
Mark Antony, in the play, speaks to
the people over the dead body of Cæ-
sar and shows them his mantle, he tells

them it was the one he wore on a sum-
mer's evening:

That day he overcame the Nervii.

Also the tale is told of the feast of Lu-
percalia, where Cæsar sat in a chair of
gold and "Antonius was one of them
that ranne this holy course; he came
to Cæsar and presented him a diadeame
wreathed about with laurel. . . .
But when Cæsar refused the diadeame,
then all the people together made an
ouerie of joy."

The picturesque does not fail. We
can see the kindling eye of a great poet
passing from line to line and gathering
up the story which was to be made
permanent in the beauty of his imagi-
nation. The soothsayer is here; the



Garrick's Villa.

“spirits running up and down in the night,” and “solitaire birds to be seen at noone daies sitting in the great market-place.”

Further, we find in the old book that Cæsar, doing sacrifice unto the gods, found that one of the beasts which was sacrificed had no heart; and “that it was a strange thing in nature how a beast could live without a heart.”

Shakespeare wrote :

Enter a SERVANT.

Cæsar. What say the augurers ?
Servant. They would not have you to stir
 forth to-day,
 Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
 They could not find a heart within the beast.

And then the death of Cæsar, with every detail, and the ghost that came to Brutus, all are here.



“The Lady's Last Stake,” by Hogarth.

Said to be a portrait of Miss Hester Lynch (Mrs. Thrale).

Dear Sir,
The wits as Clare calls
us) assemble at my Bell (20 Russell
St. Co-Gen) this evening at 7 1/2 before 7.
Cold meat at 9. Puns at — a little after.
Mr Cary wants to see you, to scold
you. I hope you will not fail.

Yours &c &c &c

Thursday

R Lamb

I am sorry the London
Magazine is going to be given up.

Fac-simile of a Letter from Charles Lamb.

The more carefully we read and compare the texts the more surely we discover that from these pages (possibly, wonder of wonders, from this page) the poet we name William Shakespeare drew the body of his immortal play of "Julius Cæsar."

We close the great covers reverently and put the silent witness back under the lighter shelf.

In Mr. Andrew Lang's pleasant book called "The Library," he speaks of the difficulty in these decadent days of picking up literary treasures, a thing so frequently done by those who knew, forty, thirty, and even twenty years ago. Nevertheless, we would whisper, let not those who possess the knowledge, and the opportunity of following the quest, lose all hope. Good things



Tnackeray when about Thirty Years O.d.

may be found even in these degenerate days! But thirty years ago what might not be discovered by searching in London or Paris, and sometimes almost without the excitement of the hunt!

For instance, upon this shelf stands a beautiful copy of "Rasselas"—not a first edition, but one of the fine Ballantyne reprints of 1805—illustrated by Smirke, with engravings by Raimbach; quite good enough to make the eyes of the book-hunter sparkle.

Imagine the joy of the enthusiastic buyer, having left the shop, the book paid for and safely tucked under his arm, to find, as he turned into a quiet street to take a look at his new purchase, to find, I say, hidden between the leaves, a letter in the well-known handwriting of Dr. Johnson himself.

It was almost too much to believe, and the question immediately arose in the young publisher's mind, "to whom does this letter belong?" At one moment the fortunate possessor would shut up the book and start for home, in the next he rapidly retraced his steps, and at last did not pause until he had again reached the door of the small shop where his purchase had been made. By this time he had resolved what to do; he would first discover if the seller of the book knew of the existence of this treasure, and then they could decide together upon the right step to take. The bookseller was astonished at the sight of the letter, and confessed at once that he could make no claim upon it, as he was ignorant of its existence until that moment. However, the matter was soon settled to the satisfaction of both parties; they decided upon the price such a letter should bring, and one-half of the value was paid to the bookseller, who had unconsciously allowed such a prize to slip through his fingers. In "My Friend's Library" the letter appears in print for the first time, but a fac-simile is given on pp. 344-45.

It is addressed to the Rev. Mr. Compton, who was a Benedictine monk living in Paris when Dr. Johnson first went there, in 1775. The monks entertained him in the most friendly way, giving him one of their own cells for his headquarters. James Compton questioned Dr. Johnson upon the Protestant faith,

and asked if he might come to see him in Bolt Court. "In the summer of 1782 he paid the Doctor a visit and informed him of his desire to be admitted into the Church of England. Johnson managed the matter satisfactorily for him, and he was received into Communion. . . . Through Johnson's kindness he was nominated chaplain at the French Chapel of St. James. . . . Thus by the friendly hand of the hard-working lexicographer, Mr. Compton was led from poverty up to a secure competency, and a place among the influential dignitaries of London society." Recalling some of the fine humanities of the men of that period, Thackeray speaks out in a burst of eloquence: "O you, fine gentlemen! You Marches and Selwyns and Chesterfields, how small you look by the side of these great men!" And again, after quoting "the verses—the sacred verses" on the death of Levett, which it goes hardly with me not to copy again here, he continues: "I hold old Johnson (and shall we not pardon James Boswell some errors for embalming him for us?) to be the great supporter of the British Monarchy and Church during the last age. . . . What a humanity the old man had! He was a kindly partaker of all honest pleasures. . . . When he used to frequent Garrick's theatre, and had 'the liberty of the scenes,' he says, 'All the actresses knew me, and dropped me a curtsey as they passed to the stage.' That would make a pretty picture; it is a pretty picture in my mind, of youth, folly, gayety, tenderly surveyed by wisdom's merciful pure eyes."

Standing near the above-mentioned copy of "Rasselas" is a "First Edition" of "Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides," a book which brings one as near to shaking hands with the author as anything now in existence. It wears a coat of brown leather, lined with the marbled paper of that period, and the title-page reads "A Tour to the Western Islands of Scotland, 1775." The matter has that rare quality in an old book of travel of preserving its interest to this day. The wild scenery of the north of Scotland has seldom been more vividly portrayed. Sir Walter Scott has thrown

his enchanting light upon it, and we have seen much in company with the "Princess of Thule," but the truthful and often bald narratives of the experiences of Johnson and Boswell on the "Tour" are not outworn.

The American reprint of the work, issued in 1810, stands by the side of the original edition with a coat made to match! Inside the cover of the first edition is written in pencil, "With suppressed passages, see Davies's 'Journey Round the Library of a Bibliomaniac.'" This volume belonged to a certain Davies whose initials are indistinct, but presumably to Thomas Davies the bookseller, to whom there are a good many references in the "Life and Letters of Johnson."*

In the American edition of the "Tour" there is also a pencil inscription referring to a beautiful verse of which Johnson was a sincere admirer—often was this quatrain quoted by the lovers of true poetry who lingered a century later around the London breakfast-table of Samuel Rogers. Mr. Fields wrote it on this fly-leaf, with a reference to the page upon which it is introduced. Boswell narrates the occasion as follows:

"We came to Nairn to breakfast; though a county town, and a royal burgh, it is a miserable place. Over the room where we sat, a girl was spinning wool with a great wheel, and singing an Erse song: 'I'll warrant you (said Dr. Johnson) one of the songs of Ossian.' He then repeated these lines:

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound;
All at her work the village maiden sings;
Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things.

"'I thought I had heard these lines,'

"'I fancy not, sir,' Johnson replied; 'they are in a detached poem, the name of which I do not remember, written by one Giffard, a parson.'"

This verse is not a single instance of

* Boswell says: "Mr. Thomas Davies, the actor, who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russell Street, Covent Garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him. . . . At last, on Monday, May 16th, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back parlor, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop. . . . I never pass by it (Boswell adds in a note) without feeling reverence."

the manner in which a perfect line or quatrain, as in this case, will sometimes avoid the sweeping waters of oblivion. Long after the generations of men who first heard it, and the generations of poets who loved it, have passed on, the living verse still lingers to sweeten the toil of life.

The latest editor of Johnson's letters, Dr. Birkbeck Hill, who is not easily foiled in any research, determined to hunt up the author of the stanza. He discovers him to have been the Rev. Richard Gifford, not Giffard, who wrote a poem called "Contemplation," two years after Gray's "Elegy," and perhaps suggested by it, in which the verse in question occurs. Mr. Gifford "mentioned with much satisfaction that Johnson quoted the poem in his Dictionary," but it is quoted with changes which make it the beautiful thing we know. Gifford wrote:

Verse softens toil, however rude the sound;
She feels no biting pang the while she sings,
Nor as she turns the giddy wheel around
Revolves the sad vicissitude of things.

Dr. Johnson has, with a few touches, shown us what a poet can do to help the verse-writer. The second line, which is his own:

All at her work the village maiden sings,

is a drama moving to music, the centre and life of the verse.

I have elsewhere referred to an edition of Boswell's Johnson, owned by Leigh Hunt; but in this connection I may speak of it more fully in relation to Dr. Johnson and his editors. Croker, against whose work Dr. Birkbeck Hill empties the vials of his just wrath, has, nevertheless, by means of the skill of John Murray, the publisher, made a very pretty edition in ten comfortable little volumes, containing illustrations and dignities commensurate with the name on the title-page: "The Right Honorable John Wilson Croker, M.P."

Mr. Fields has pasted upon the fly-leaf of the first volume the following description, from the *Ladies' Magazine*, London, 1784, December 20th, of Dr. Johnson's funeral.

"This day," the paragraph reads, "the remains of the much-lamented Dr.

Samuel Johnson were interred in Westminster Abbey. The procession, consisting of a hearse and six with the corpse, and ten mourning coaches and four, set out from Bolt Court, Fleet Street, a few minutes after twelve o'clock, being followed by several gentlemen's carriages, most of the company in which were in mourning. At one o'clock the corpse arrived at the Abbey, where it was met by Dr. Taylor (who read the funeral service) and several prebendaries, and conducted to the Poets' Corner, and laid close to the remains of David Garrick, Esq. The principal mourners on this solemn occasion were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Edmund Burke, Sir John Hawkins, Mr. Coleman, and the deceased's faithful black servant. There were present besides, Dr. Priestly, Dr. Horsley, General Paoli, and other distinguished persons. A great concourse of people were assembled, who behaved with a degree of decency suitable to the solemn occasion."

The brevity and dignity of this account contrasts with the "scare-heads" and flaming lines and portraits sometimes given in notices of the "great occasions" of to-day; nevertheless there is a nearness to facts and persons which enables us to review the whole scene.

In this edition also there is an engraving, from a portrait by Bartolozzi, of Dr. Johnson, inserted in the fly-leaf, which differs from Reynolds's portraits by giving a look of kindly inquiry to the face. There is less intellectual assertion and a gentle look of human interest which must have been native to it in certain moods, because it belonged to his character.

The notes from Thomas Holcroft also, to which a former reference has been made, cover several finely written pages in Leigh Hunt's hand; their bearing is chiefly upon the character of Boswell, from whose snobbishness Holcroft had evidently suffered. Miss Mitford* gives the sketch of the life and history of Holcroft, who was a man of great talent; but being the son of a shoemaker he suffered more keenly from Boswell's

meanness than others who have written of him from more favorable points of view. Sastres, an Italian, is also quoted as disliking Boswell, and Hunt remarks that "the omission of Boswell's name in Johnson's will is remarkable, and, I cannot but think, very damaging." All the extracts from Holcroft are worthy to be read as a part of the history of the time, and of individuals who have made that time memorable.

Leigh Hunt's notes usually have something which makes them interesting; they do not possess always the highest value by any means, but there is either a personal or a literary flavor about them which will doubtless give most of them a place in the editions of the future. For instance, where Johnson is speaking of his first London lodgings and says, "It used to cost the rest a shilling for their dinner, for they drank wine; but I had a cut of meat for sixpence, and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter a penny; so that I was quite as well served, nay, better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing." "Lord Byron," says Leigh Hunt in a note, "in repeating this story, of which he was fond, used to dwell upon these particular words, 'a cut of meat,' with great and pleasant gusto." This scrap gives us a glimpse of the every-day Byron, and reminds us of another exclamation of his quoted by one of his biographers, that he hated to see women eat.

There would be a much greater pleasure in turning over the old pages of what is now a very rare book, "Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson by Mrs. Piozzi," if our faith in that lady had not been very rudely shaken of late by certain newly found letters. But it smacks of the daily life of the great man, and must always be precious to us, remembering the days and hours he passed in affectionate intercourse under the roof of Mrs. Thrale. We must take the bitter with the sweet when we accept such benefactions as were conferred upon the world by herself and James Boswell; and if we are sometimes inclined to feel that we wish to hear nothing further from either of these personages, let us reflect for one instant what the world of letters would suffer if their work were withdrawn. Let us recall what John-

* Miss Mitford's paper upon Thomas Holcroft may be found in her "Recollections of a Literary Life." She speaks of his memoirs, begun by himself and concluded by Hazlitt, as being a very curious history, both for the vicissitudes of the life and the indomitable character of the man.

son himself said, quoted by Mrs. Piozzi in this same book: "The cup of life is surely bitter enough without squeezing in the hateful rind of resentment."

He was indebted to Mrs. Thrale for a delightful house of refuge, and if in later years she was less kind to him than the angels, he was not ungrateful nor willing to think ill of her. There are one or two extant portraits of her, but in the picture by Hogarth called "The Lady's Last Stake," her features are said by some adventurous believers in the legend to be more truly portrayed than anywhere else [p. 346]. Miss Lynch was about eighteen years old when she sat to Hogarth for the figure in this picture. It was engraved, at Lord Macaulay's suggestion, in 1861, for Hayward's edition of the "Autobiography of Mrs. Piozzi."

Johnson used to say that "the size of a man's understanding might always be justly measured by his mirth." His own love of wit and humor found scope and appreciation in his friendship with Garrick. The life of the great actor by Arthur Murphy, printed in Red Lion Passage in 1801, is likely to be rather a rare book now. It contains a copy of the fine portrait of Garrick by Reynolds, engraved by Schiavonetti, and is in itself most pleasant reading.* Here we find Dr. Johnson and Garrick going to London together, the former with a tragedy in his pocket; here we find descriptions of the great actresses of the period, of Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Woffington, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Abington, Mrs. Clive, and the rest of that delightful galaxy; all of them only too glad to share the stage and the applause with Garrick. And here also we find Johnson writing a Prologue for his friend "in a stile, if we except Pope's to the tragedy of 'Cato,' superior to everything of the kind in the English language."

Garrick at length brought out Dr. Johnson's tragedy of "Irene," but although it held the stage nine nights

* The Athenæum of May, 1894, says, in commenting upon a new and excellent "Life of Garrick," just published, that "Tom Davies's volumes are interesting and perfectly unaffected; Murphy's a turgid performance, amusing from its florid bursts, but valueless from its emptiness of facts and details."

Valueless it may be to the lovers of research, but full of the flavor of contemporaneous writing.—A. F.

"the united powers of Garrick, Barry, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Pritchard could not raise it into vogue."

"The celebrated Dr. Smollett," too, appears upon the stage of life presented in these pages, with a farce in his hand which seems to have made no great effect. Altogether, Arthur Murphy produced a friendly book, and he was evidently quite worthy of the strong liking which Dr. Johnson had for him.†

One good thing among others which should have been in his pages he has failed to record. There is an epigram made by one of the wits of the period, which was often upon Mr. Fields's lips when the actors of that day were discussed; it refers to the rivalry between Garrick and Barry at the time when "the town" was divided upon the subject of their merits. The author of the verses is not known, but they read as follows:

The town has found out diff'rent ways
To praise the diff'rent Lears;
To Barry they give loud huzzas!
To Garrick only tears.‡

A king! ay, every inch a king,
Such Barry doth appear;
But Garrick's quite another thing,
He's every inch King Lear!"

The verses and Johnson's favorite stanza, quoted above, both carry us to the breakfast-table of the poet Rogers, where these good things were to be heard, having been stored away in his capacious memory. Rogers was very friendly to the young American publisher from the first moment of their acquaintance, and it was at one of these famous breakfasts that he called his old attendant Edmund to his side, and

† It was Arthur Murphy who first introduced Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, and doubtless the sentiment of gratitude also mingled with his liking for the young man.

‡ A slight difference will be seen in the reading of this first stanza, as found in the old renderings and in the verse as it stands in "Yesterdays with Authors." In the latter version, which was repeated from a memory of Rogers's recitation, we find it set down as follows:

The town have chosen different ways
To praise their different Lears:
To Barry they give loud applause—
To Garrick only tears.

Surely there is better grammar as well as a flavor of the antique in the old stanza which is delightful and superior to this. The second stanza I have been unable to find in the older records of that time, although it may be in the "Life of Garrick" by Tom Davies, which I have not at hand.

bade him bring a copy of his poems to present to Mr. Fields.

When the man returned he handed Rogers the small edition; he was again despatched to find one of the beautiful copies in two volumes which were already famous for their exquisite illustrations and book-making. This edition will long be a model for its perfect binding and printing, apart from the uncommon excellence of the reproductions of original designs, made for Rogers chiefly by Stothard and Turner. The pictures from which the engravings were made by Goodall, Finden, and others already adorned the walls of his house. The external beauty of these volumes almost makes one forget to speak of their contents; but any true lover of letters will rejoice in the scholarly character of the verses, and will find the notes most interesting reading.

The word "scholarly" easily leads us to Gray, whose work was especially venerated by the owner of this library. During Mr. Fields's first visit to England, Stoke Pogis, where Gray lies buried, was one of the places he chose to visit, and where we find him in the twilight copying the inscription from the monument. Later in life he came into possession of two books which belonged to Gray, both of them containing interesting autographs and notes.

His sincere admiration of the poet led him to gather everything which fell in his way belonging to his work or to his life. Among these relics is an autograph fragment, consisting of many pages of a chronological history which Gray was preparing at the time of his death. The clear, neat writing is to be envied; there is no mistaking the letters, nor are they cramped or formal. There is also an old quarto volume containing "The Poems of Mr. Gray, to which are prefixed Memoirs of his Life and Writings, by W. Mason, M.A., 1775." As Gray lived to 1771, this is probably the first edition of his life and works given to the world. Prefixed to the poems stand these words of Quintilian: "Multum et veræ gloriæ, quamvis uno libro, meruit."

It would be a weariness to the reader were the various editions and readings of Gray scattered through other shelves

to be enumerated—some quaint, others magnificent "specimens of book-making," others simply a "last edition." But they bear witness to the love of at least one reader in spite of the devouring waves of a whole century of time.

Mr. Fields mentions, in "My Friend's Library," the volume of "The Rape of the Lock," which belonged to Charles Lamb. The missing pages torn from the little book (for which it appears Lamb paid sixpence) are restored in his own beautiful handwriting. It seems to bring us somewhat nearer to Lamb to find that thirteen years after his death, when Mr. Fields was calling upon Moxon, the publisher—who married, it will be remembered, Emma Isola, the adopted child of Charles and Mary Lamb—Moxon showed his American friend the remnant of "Elia's" library, and gave him at the same time this precious book from the collection.* A new and beautiful edition of Lamb's works, edited by Thomas Noon Talfourd, had then been published only a few years (1840). It was evidently one of Mr. Fields's most valued books. He also managed to find a copy of "Mrs. Leicester's School," by Mary Lamb, to which, Talfourd says, "Lamb contributed three of the tales. The best, however, are his sister's, as he delighted to insist: and no tales more happily adapted to nurture all sweet and childlike feelings in children were ever written." "The Poetry for Children," also another joint publication, is safely kept among the rest, and Lamb's "Ulysses." These are all pretty little books, and early editions, though probably not the first. One of the autograph letters of Lamb, laid among these memorials, has an amusing anecdote connected with its transfer to our shelf. Barry Cornwall (Mr. Procter) was talking of Lamb one

* Mr. Fields says: "Perhaps the most interesting to me of all the private libraries I have ever seen in England, was the small collection of Charles and Mary Lamb, which Edward Moxon, the publisher, unlocked for me when I was first in England, before the books were dispersed, as they never ought to have been. Then and there I lovingly handled his Kit Marlowe, his Drummond of Hawthornden, his Drayton, his Cowley, and his Burton! I remember how Moxon's whole family stood around that 'Life of the Duke of Newcastle by his Duchess,' and told stories of Lamb's enthusiasm over the book, a volume about which he has written: 'No casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable to honour and keep safe such a jewel.'"

day with Mr. Fields, speaking of his own tender love for him and looking over his letters. "I will give you this one!" he said. "Cram it into your pocket, for I hear my wife coming down-stairs, and perhaps she won't let you carry it off."

Mrs. Procter was for the larger part of a century one of the most brilliant women in London society. Dickens said of her that, no matter how brilliant the men were who surrounded her—and they were all that London had of the best—she always gave the last and wittiest rejoinder. Her social powers of endurance were wonderful. The last time I had the pleasure of seeing her she had long passed her eightieth birthday. She had "assisted" in the morning at a marriage in the family of Lord Houghton; she had lunched in company; she was holding a reception at her own house, and, in speaking with a young lady who was taking leave, I heard her say: "But I shall see you this evening!" "No," said the young lady; "I am rather tired after our day, and I shall not go out again." "Nonsense, my child," answered the old soldier. "Why, I am going to dine out first, and go to the reception afterward. What is the matter with you young people?"

When she passed away, a few years ago, the world lost almost the last person acquainted nearly and socially with the brilliant group of poets who made the first quarter of the century an epoch in English literature. The *London Academy* said of her: "By her mother's marriage with Basil Montagu she was brought, when quite a child, into contact with Lamb and Coleridge, Keats and Leigh Hunt, and other men of note, who frequented the house of the editor of *Bacon*, and she speedily learned to hold her own among the wits, her masterful and clear intellect early asserting itself. By her own marriage with Barry Cornwall, whose 'Mirandola,' had three years before stirred the town, with Macready in the title part, and Charles Kemble as *Guido*, she cemented her connection with the world of letters, and became the close friend of a younger generation—of Thackeray and Dickens, the Laureate and Mr.

Browning. She survived to be looked up to with respect and curiosity by a third generation, to whom the friends of her youth were English classics—*quietis ascripti ordinibus Deorum*. Not that Mrs. Procter was at all a mere repository of reminiscences. She took a keen interest in the topics of the day, and her talk was admirable, both for what she said and the way in which she said it. She held strong opinions of her own on most subjects, and about most people, and often her expression of them was more emphatic than cautious, and this earned her a reputation for bitterness she did not deserve, for she was essentially kind-hearted."

Mrs. Procter had at one time written down a number of recollections of the eminent men she had known; but she was so shocked by the posthumous publication of Carlyle's "Reminiscences" that she is believed to have destroyed her diaries as well as the letters in her possession. Thackeray's letters to her, which were numerous and interesting, were thus irrevocably lost among the rest.

Lowell, who saw Mrs. Procter frequently, was, of course, justly esteemed by her as one of the most delightful of all her shining company. "Something might be written about her," he said, when the news of her death came to America; "but unless Mr. Henry James can do it for us, we now seem to lack the mental camera which will throw on paper the portrait of this distinguished woman as she moved through a long half-century of London society."

In one of Mrs. Procter's letters to Mr. Fields, after her husband's death, she says: "You knew and loved my dear one! He never blew his own trumpet, and the foolish world requires you to say, 'Fall down, adore me: I am the cleverest man living.'" There is a true story of Sidney Smith and Macaulay. The latter had been on a visit to the great wit, and, on seeing him off in the stage-coach, he said: "Farewell, Macaulay; let no man persuade you that you are not the greatest man in the world. . . . The fault of the memoirs is that there are no letters of my husband's. Forster had destroyed his, and the Brownings also. . . . And

his letters to me were too tender to be printed in my lifetime.

"Your old friend,
"ANNA B. PROCTER."

QUEEN ANNE'S MANSION,
S. W. LONDON.

We have left Charles and Mary Lamb, while we hold the letter of the former

cart, on which it lay a huge mass of colossal height: when he added, with one of his sudden, droll, penetrating glances, 'The eye has just gone past our window.'

In one of his letters he says: "Your books are as the gushing of streams in a desert. By the way, you have sent no autobiographies. Your letter seems to imply you had. Nor do I want any.

*You will do your best for me - and
I shall be content - only there must
be no delay - for it is possible that
a copy might get to the United States
I hope all is well with you &
Yours..*

*Yrs very sincerely
Anne B. Procter*

*You will be surprised to hear
that I am Eighty!*

in our hands, in order to speak of the donors; but we cannot willingly leave them yet altogether. Near by are the letters and books and manuscripts of Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, who knew Lamb, and through whom we have, as it were, been in touch with him. Mrs. Cowden Clarke says of Lamb: "It seems as if it were yesterday that I noted his eager way, when he was at Margate, of telling me about an extraordinarily large whale that had been captured there; of its having created lively interest in the place; of its having been conveyed away in a strong

Cowden, they are of the books which I give away." A copy of the final "Memorials of Lamb," given to Mr. Fields by Moxon, begins to look like one of the books of which Lamb was fond. He used to hug a rare folio all the nearer to his heart for its worn edges and shabby binding.

Talfourd speaks in this book of the *London Magazine* as being the exciting cause of the "Essays of Elia." Even in those days it appears a great stimulus was given to the world of literature by the creation of a magazine; and we cannot fail to look with inter-

est upon the tall ragged volumes of *The Tattler*, *The London Journal* and other survivors of those times.

The London Magazine itself, however, presents a noble front, perfect in its line and brave in leather binding, with gilt letters. "Never," says Talfourd, "was a periodical work commenced with happier auspices. . . . There was Lamb, at his indiscreetest, best; Barry Cornwall, . . . streaking the darkest passion with beauty; John Hamilton Reynolds . . . and Hazlitt, who was giving some of his best work to the world for the first time through this medium." The name of John Hamilton Reynolds is sailing safely down to posterity upon the wing of Keats. The following exquisite verses are among the poems which are connected with his name. These lines are too little known. Buxton Forman says: "Keats seems to have been really writing in a kind of spiritual parallelism with the thrush's song, . . .

To thee the spring will be a harvest time ;
O thou whose only book has been the light
Of supreme darkness which thou feddest on
Night after night when Phœbus was away,
To thee the spring shall be a triple morn.
O fret not after knowledge : I have none.
And yet my song comes native with the
warmth.
O fret not after knowledge ; I have none.
And yet the evening listens. He who sad-
dens
At thought of idleness cannot be idle.
And he's awake who thinks himself asleep

In the year 1796 a small book was printed with the title "Original Letters, etc., of Sir John Falstaff." The copy before me bears the inscription "See Charles Lamb's reference to this little book." Following this lead, we find in Talfourd's life that it was written by "Jem White," of whose humor Lamb once said, "There never was the like! We never shall see such days as those in which Jem flourished."

"All that now remains of Jem," Talfourd continues, "is the celebration of

Cleaver Hole New York . 30 September .

Mr Fields Sir. I shall be ready to commence in Boston on Monday the 3 December. As you speak as to read this and believe me to be

with the greatest respect

Si

Your most obliged humble Serv

Wm Shakerley.

J. I. Fields Esq.

following in a sense the bird's methods of repetition." Therefore he entitles them, "What the Thrush said; Lines from a Letter to John Hamilton Reynolds:"

O thou whose face hath felt the winter's
wind,
Whose eye hath seen the snow-clouds hung
in mist,
And the black elm tops 'mong the freezing
stars,

the supper which he gave to the young chimney sweepers, in the *Elia* of his friend, and a thin duodecimo volume which he published in 1796, under the title of 'The Letters of John Falstaff,' with a dedication (printed in black letter) to Master Samuel Irelaunde, which those who knew Lamb at the time believed to be his." "White's Letters," said Lamb, in writing to a friend about this time, "are near publication. His

frontispiece is a good conceit, Sir John learning to dance to please Madame Page, in dress of doublet, etc., from the upper half, and modern pantaloons, with shoes of the eighteenth century, from the lower half, and the whole work is full of goodly quips and rare fancies, 'all deftly masked like poor antiquity.'

It is said that Lamb never found one of these little books in a stall, or thrown aside among a pile of unsalable writings, that he did not buy it. He could always get it for sixpence a copy. In this way he kept all his friends provided. In writing to Manning, to whom he had evidently sent a copy, he says: "I hope by this time you are prepared to say the 'Falstaff Letters' are a bundle of the sharpest, queerest, profoundest, humorous, of any these juice-drained latter times have spawned." It is rather a curious fact, also, that there was an American reprint of these "Letters" in 1813, nearly eighteen years after their issue, because we cannot help whispering, in spite of Charles Lamb's enthusiasm for his friend's work, that they seem to good judges at this period to be quite unreadable. Southey, Moxon, Talfourd, and Ainger all seem to agree that Lamb had a hand in the editorship, and surely the preface is full of his wit. It is a precious little book, because Lamb loved it, and Mr. Fields wrote inside, "Oh, be careful of it!"

As I turn to review the books once more, I seem to see one kindly face—large, full of humor, full of human sympathies, which makes me forget the shelves and consider "first editions" as childishness. The face belongs to Thackeray, and I can recall his goodness to one who, although married already, was hardly more than "a slip of a girl," and very much afraid of him. Afraid, let me say, rather of the idea of him, the great author and famous lecturer who was making his crowded audiences laugh or cry at his simple word every evening; the great man of the moment whom everybody was "running after," yet of whom they said that he liked his friends so much better than all their noise about himself that he was always trying to escape from it—and here he was!—coming to see—whom? Well, it



appears it did not so much matter, for he was bent on kindnesses, and he took it all in at a glance, and sat down by the window and drew me to him and told me about his "little girls" at home. How he walked down the wrong side of Piccadilly one day, and so lost what money he had out of his pocket—money which belonged properly to these same dear girls of his; therefore it came about that he made up his mind, though it was hard enough, to come away from them and get something to take back to them in place of what he had lost, and how they were the dearest girls in the world, and when I came to England I should find them more like two old friends, and should have somebody, I am sure he thought, "to play with," though under the circumstances he could not use just those words!

And then, soon after, he went away, leaving a great trail of sunshine and kindness behind him, which has never faded.

The next time I saw him among the

books was with a company of gentlemen who had been asked to meet him. I remember he was told that Rufus Choate was among the invited guests, but he had not yet made his appearance. A note from Mr. Choate came in

given I trust). He was coming down a long flight of steps into the street after one of the lectures. We were in front, and we were with Washington Irving (ah! what a joy that was, and what a gladness still to recall him!).



Tell Tale

By Cruikshank.

after the little group was assembled, and it was a great amusement to them all, the effort to decipher the almost undecipherable handwriting. The gist of the matter was at length reached—he could not come. And Thackeray, who had never heard—but only heard of—his eloquence, was greatly disappointed.

The joy of hearing the immortal lectures then began! How “everybody” went! How the matter and the manner were upon every tongue! There are two drawings on the shelf of him, made by a young artist of the time, caricatures which, in spite of their absurdity, recall his delightful manner and looks, as he stood before his audiences, to the life. I remember one other interview with Thackeray during his visit to America, in New York (and it is a digression to speak of it here, to be for-

Thackeray startled the little group by overtaking us and striking Irving briskly on the shoulder (they were evidently very much at home together); then, turning to us, “And here’s the very little woman I was telling you of to-day!” at which sally, since he evidently had not been telling anything very serious, we all laughed, and then he began to relate the experiences of the evening. It was only a touch, a glance, a nothing as one may say, but that warmth and sunlight of his nature always seemed to waken a new flower of existence into being, where it shone even for an instant.

Here are the first editions of some of his books: “The Rose and the Ring,” “Dr. Birch and His Young Friends,” “Rebecca and Rowena,” and a review of Cruikshank’s work made in-

to a pretty little volume with original illustrations; but how we almost forget to speak of them when we are thinking of the dear writer himself.* I sometimes wonder if the "Unwritten Memoirs" will not some day recall one of the *Punch* dinners in Onslow Square, where I was allowed to sit upstairs "with the ladies," his own "dear girls" (I do not recall any strangers), and how some of the good things were brought to us for dinner on a small table in the hall, if I remember well, where Thackeray came now and then in the course of the evening to have a little jollity and see that the ball was rolling merrily up stairs as well as down. The good things

* Thackeray's charm was never more delightfully exercised than in this paper upon Cruikshank. He says in it, "He is the friend of the young especially. Have we not all read the story-books that his wonderful pencil has illustrated? Did we not forego tarts, in order to buy his 'Breaking-Up' or his 'Fashionable Monstrosities' of the year eighteen hundred and something? . . . But though in our eyes Mr. Cruikshank reached his *apogée* some eighteen years since, it must not be imagined that such was really the case. Eighteen sets of children have since then learned to love and admire him, and may many more of their successors be brought up in the same delightful faith. . . . The reader will examine the work called 'My Sketch-Book' with not a little amusement, and may gather from it, as we fancy, a good deal of information regarding the character of the individual man, George Cruikshank. . . . Our artist loves to joke at a soldier. . . . Tall life-guardsmen and fierce grenadiers figure in many of his designs, and almost always in a ridiculous way."

which came with him were so much better than any of the good things which were brought for dinner, that I forget everything, what was said or what was done, or what we ate, save that kind, loving, beneficent presence, which will always remain in our hearts when the things of this world have passed away.

It need not be told here that Thackeray loved the great world and the strange, noble, and even ignoble creatures it contains; he loved delightful women always, and "liked to see them straight," as he says somewhere; and would have said to his favorites, as Dr. Johnson said to Mrs. Thrale, "Be brisk, and be splendid, and be publick;" but he loved above all his fireside corner and his "little girls," and the friends they drew about them. Not the least characteristic incident of his life is his flight home from America, leaving his engagements to lecture and everything else to take care of themselves, because he saw Christmas approaching and stockings which might be otherwise unfilled. He bravely said he was homesick; and with no excuse to anyone he stepped on board a Boston steamer, and vanished thus from the centre of his admirers.

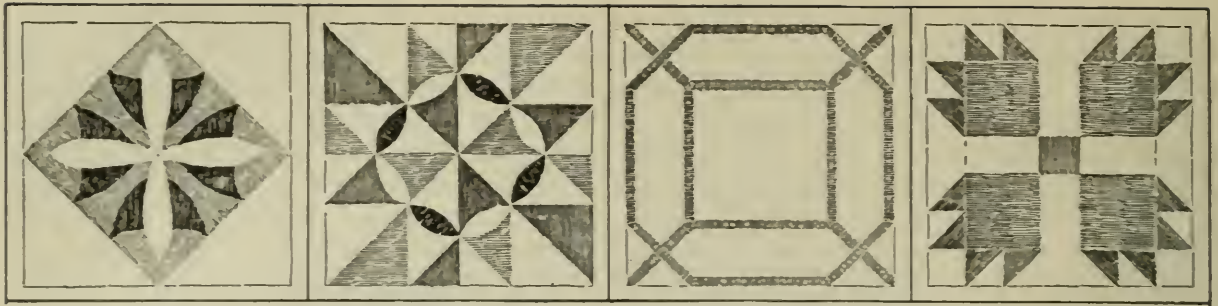
THE WORLD KNOWN

By Inigo R de R. Deane

THIS world that was so vast to dream antique,
 With golden realms hard by the break of day,
 With virgin seas and wondrous folk that lay
 Beyond all snows and storms, to what a spanned
 And common thing 'tis shrunk! who now shall seek
 For Happy Isles along that vulgar way
 Which was the ocean-sea? or who shall say
 Things yet unlearned of any maiden land?

We know, now, know it all, and small the good
 To you or me the tedious knowledge brings;

But, oh! if one might stand where Jason stood,
 And dream like him of regions strange and fair
 Beyond the wild, white sea-bird's baths, or where
 The utmost albatross dips lonely wings!



Biloxi Pattern.

Biloxi.

Link and Chain.

Bear's Paw.

THE TAPESTRY OF THE NEW WORLD

By Fanny D. Bergen



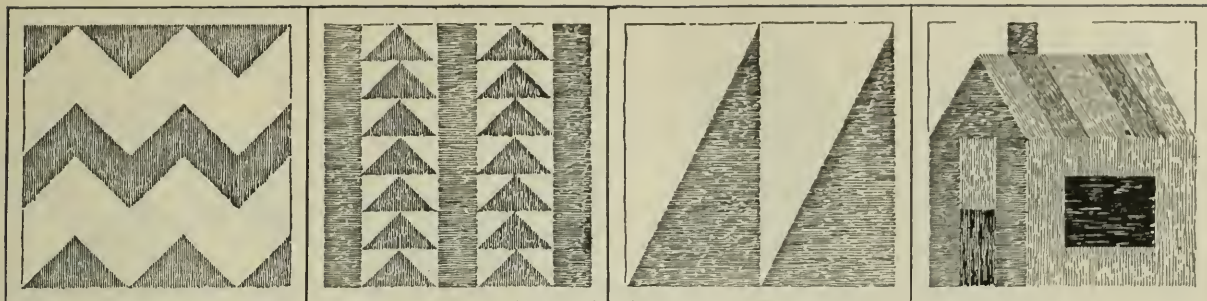
ONE of my earliest and pleasantest recollections is of sitting beside my invalid grandmother's bed, and examining the various designs of the cotton-cloth of which were made the blocks of its patchwork bed-quilt, and listening to stories about the women and children whose gowns were there represented. Or sometimes it was my delight to sit up in bed before rising in the morning, tracing with my finger certain favorite calico patterns on my bed-covering, while, after waking my aunt from her morning nap, I asked questions that drew forth story after story of characters that, by her oft-repeating, had become most familiar to me. Where is the child who does not love to hear father, mother, or other older friends tell about "when I was young?" Now, I fancy there are few objects which, by association of ideas, are more fertile in recalling bygone times and people than an old home-made quilt.

It was not only the friends and neighbors suggested by the scraps of their clothing, with whom I became familiar in these bed-quilt talks, but I also incidentally heard much of the romantic Lake George country, where the quilts which I have in mind had been made. I learned of trees, shrubs, and flowers not found in our part of the West. The white birch, whose bark the country children stripped off and used for paper, seemed to me an

enchanted tree. Hearing of another kind of birch—the black I now know it to have been—that afforded a spicy, edible bark, and of the scarlet-fruited checkerberry that decked the woodland pastures, favorite haunts of the school-children, I envied the latter their paths to school and their noon-time rambles. To this day, I cannot contentedly pass a black birch-tree without securing a twig, remembering my childish desire to know its oft-described flavor, which my imagination had made wonderful as ambrosia. Then the beautiful lakes, the distant mountains, the forests still peopled with deer; and perhaps most like a fairy-tale of all, was the vivid description of a still-hunt. No old tale of a German forest has left with me a more weirdly beautiful impression than this account, heard when I was but a few years old, of the bevy of hunters all clad in white, to be invisible against a background of snow, armed with their long flint-lock rifles, setting forth on their expedition after deer and moose.

One of these patchwork quilts, made of as many colors as Joseph's coat, is an album of family and neighborhood history in which are preserved in cipher, to be translated only by the maker or one who by tradition has inherited them, the tales, character-sketches, and so on, clinging about the homely collection of odd patches.

Besides gossip about people and places, one finds recorded in an old quilt much of interest regarding fabrics and their prices. Have you never been



Fence Row.

Goose Chase.

Saw Teeth.

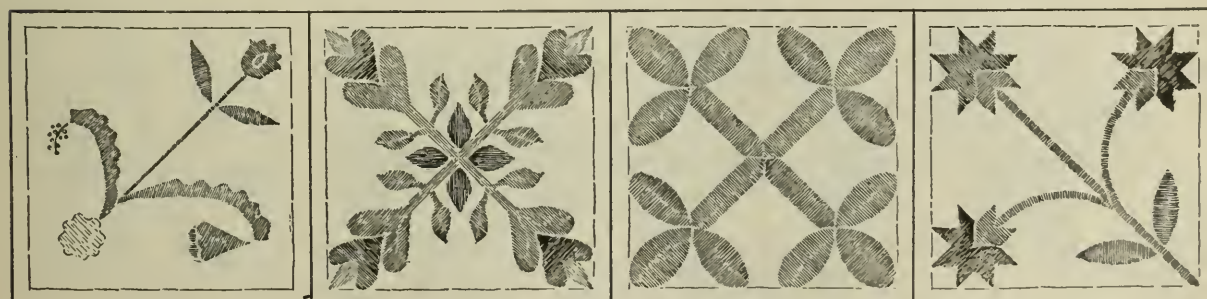
Log Cabin.

entertained by some "old-time" lady, as the Southerners say, while she points out the incomparable difference between the texture of the old-fashioned chintz or French calico of fifty to a hundred years ago, and the cheap American prints of to-day, that can be bought for from five to twelve cents per yard? I have beside me a holder, cut out of a fragment of a quilt made of two dresses that when partly worn had been used, the one for the top, the other for the lining. One is of cotton goods made to look as if twilled, the background of mixed white and browns that give a neutral tint, from which stand out small geometrical figures of pale grass-green and a clear red, undimmed by all these years. The other side is of fine French calico, printed in similar colors that are still fresh, in one of the graceful patterns of interwoven vines, leaves, and flowers, so conventionalized as to bear little resemblance to any plant of land or water, but which remind one of the borders of pieces of tapestry. This calico was bought almost sixty years ago in Boston, and cost sixty-two and a half cents a yard. I also recall a woollen comforter, whose lining was of home-made white flannel, and the upper side of the less worn parts of a fine plum-colored

cloak of camlet cloth, and another of a fadeless dark blue. The permanence, both of fabrics and colors, would compare well with that of antique, oriental rugs. It used to be not uncommon to manufacture both quilts and comforters out of partly worn garments, when stuffs were more durable than at present, and were so cared for that years of wear might be had from them when put to some second service, after the original dress or cloak had quite gone out of fashion, or else the wearer had become tired of it.

The silk and velvet patchwork bed-coverings, often elaborately decorated with embroidery or painting, that have been the fashion for a dozen years or more, are by no means the only survivals of this art, once general in American households. In not a few villages or country towns within a short distance of Boston, many common calico or woollen quilts are yet made every year. In the more rustic parts of New England, as well as in similar places in the Middle and Western States, such quilts are still more common.

The Pennsylvania German women have long been famous quilt-makers. In a thinly peopled part of one of the earliest settled counties of northern Ohio are some farmers of "Pennsylvan-

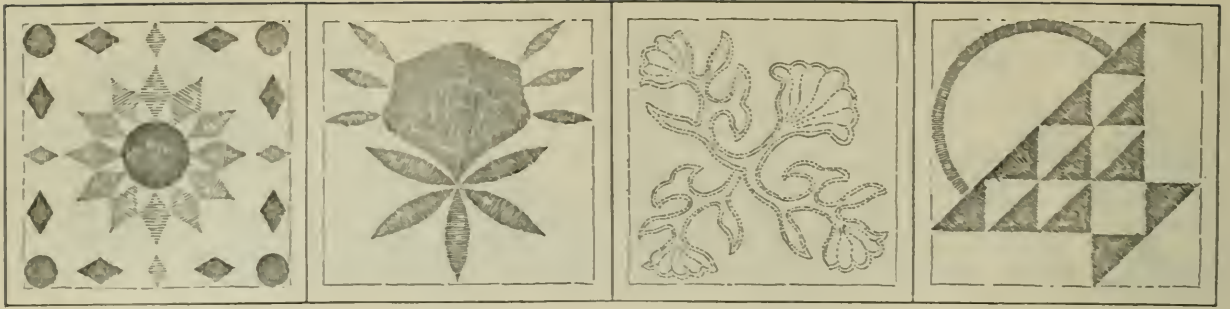


Tulip.

Tulip.

Poplar Leaf.

Double Peony.



Sunflower.

Tea Leaf.

Quilting Design.

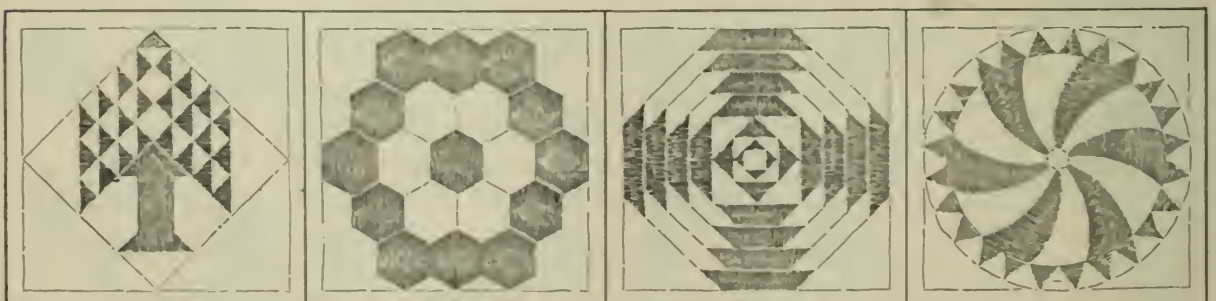
Basket.

ia Dutch" extraction, sometimes a generation or two removed. It was once my fortune to spend a few days in a roomy two-and-a-half-story frame-house on a mill-farm in this neighborhood. The traditional cleanliness of the best North German housekeepers kept the numerous large, but unhome-like, rooms as fresh and neat as a new barn. From the shining, small-paned windows and the much-swept rag-carpets and speckless whitewashed walls, to the sand-scoured porches and doorsteps, all was clean from constant scrubbing and dusting. I slept in the big spare-chamber, a long room with several windows, a bare floor, and a bed built so high with straw and feather-beds, that to mount it I was almost compelled to climb from a chair. In one corner of this barren chamber stood a large stool, on which, piled one on top of another, was a stack of bed-quilts that reached half-way to the high ceiling. They were the work of the last unmarried member of the family, who was not more renowned for her quilting than for her skill in knitting and crocheting.

But it is to the more remote districts of the Southern States, that one must go to find this domestic industry carried on most zealously. A folk-lore correspondent from North Carolina

writes thus: "The quilt-making is in general confined to the farmers' wives and daughters. Their winter's work is piecing and quilting the quilts. In fact, the young ladies do not consider themselves marriageable until they have made and are the owners of a goodly number of home-made quilts. The latter part of the winter is the time for the finishing up of quilts, and is quite a gala season. They often make quiltings, *i.e.*, a number of ladies who can handle needle and thimble dexterously, are invited to spend the day and quilt. A great dinner is prepared; by night the gentlemen gather to help eat supper, and to take the quilt out of the frames, and have a general good time." It is not strange that, with their love of gay colors, the negroes of the South often take kindly to this sort of handiwork. It has also, to some extent, been taken up by some of the least nomadic of our American Indians. Rev. J. Owen Dorsey, of the Bureau of Ethnology, has kindly sent me three designs which were drawn for him by a Biloxi Indian from quilts pieced by his Indian wife.

In consonance with the simple, sometimes even rough, surroundings of a pioneer life, the women of the English colonies in America and in provincial regions, in their primitive art of patch-

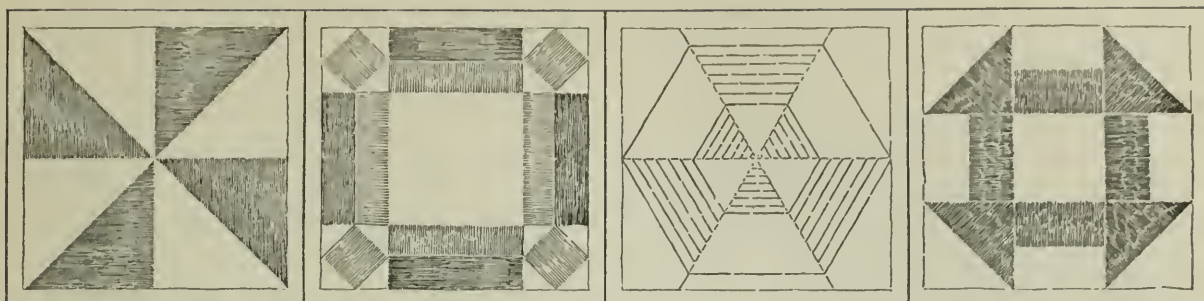


Tree of Paradise.

Job's Troubles.

Church Steps.

Rising Sun.



Fan Mill.

Johnnie Around the Corner.

Spider-web.

Screw Plate.

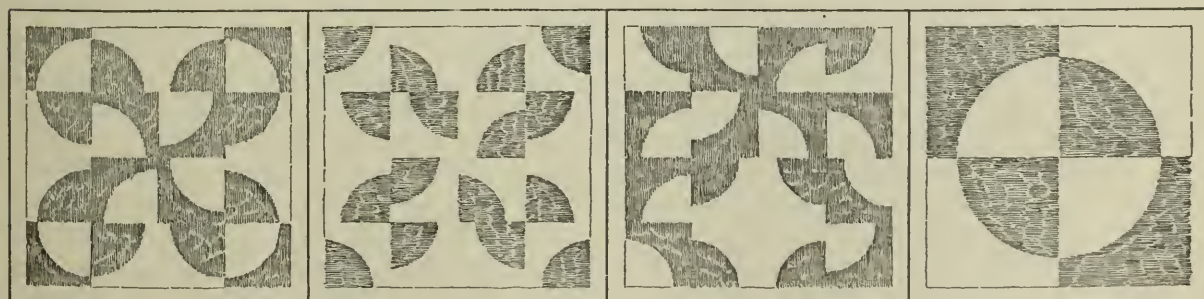
work suggest, even to this day, their environment by fashioning out of cloth such patterns as the "log-cabin," "link and chain," "bear's paw," "duck's-foot-in - the - mud," "fence - row," "goose-chase," "state-house-steps," or "Washington's march." To be sure, in these patchwork designs we have, instead of portraits and pictures, but the rudest symbolism.

The tulip, in all parts of the United States a very favorite appliqué design for quilts, is perchance a survival of the tulip mania, that for a time seized the Dutch burghers of the New Netherlands. Other floral designs, the sun-flower, double peony, rose of Sharon, basket of flowers, etc., hint at flower-borders lovingly tended by the over-taxed hands of a busy housewife, who still made time to put this bit of color into a very practical, prosaic life.

To me these home-made quilts are chiefly interesting because of the glimpses they give of the makers and their lives. Minstrels and troubadours, and the glamour of distance, have combined to surround the high-born lady of the age of chivalry with a halo of poetry and romance; but, after all, was the semi-conventual existence of the Lady Margaret, or Eleanor, or Rosamond of lay or ballad, as she em-

broidered away her years shut in by thick castle walls, really as free and rounded out as the lives of women in American pioneer days or in country life to-day? Is not the lot of the back-woodsman's wife or daughter in her log-house, with her marigold and larkspur border in front, and it may be a cluster of tall sunflowers in the back corner of the garden, with a life of hard work, homely fare, and the simplest joys and sorrows, a far more enviable one than that of the noblewomen of the mediæval castles? Less sweet and wholesome too, by far, was the career which lay before those same noblewomen, than that which offered itself to our stately colonial matrons, or that which awaits those who now toil at our latter-day tapestry, whether they are women in quiet village homes or in roomy farm-houses, east or west, on valley farms among the mountains of Tennessee or North Carolina, or in Southern mansions, shut away from the neighborhood of busy towns by long stretches of cypress-swamp or pine-barrens.

The tale of Penelope's patient loyalty to her long-tarrying lord, as she puts off the clamoring suitors by her vow never to re-marry until the web still in her loom be finished, might be matched in our unromantic New World by the



Fool's Puzzle.

Around the World.

Chinese Puzzle.

Robbing Peter to Pay Paul.

true story of many an old patchwork quilt, could the poor bits of printed cotton speak out and recall the story of some Melinda, Ruth, or Mary Ann, whose deft fingers sewed together the flimsy mosaic. Many a love-dream has been sewed into one of these crude attempts at art. Have you not seen a matron gently smooth an old quilt, as with lowered voice she tells you, "This is one I quilted the winter before I was married." You may be sure that any chance scrap of chintz, gingham, or calico once gay, now, it may be, faded by time, wear, and frequent washings, may bring to her mind as many tender memories as are recalled to another by the dried rose, the sprig of forget-me-not, or the true lover's knot put away with tender care in some private drawer.

Then, how far back into memory land may not one be carried by the "four-patch" or "nine-patch" quilt, made by childish fingers just learning to guide the needle? Anyone who thus took her first lesson in sewing, as she sat on a low stool beside mother or grandmother and performed the daily stint, either of stitching or over-and-over sewing, in putting into blocks the squares cut by older hands, can never see this work of earlier years without recalling many pictures of that time. Or if in childhood some pair of busy little hands were forever folded to rest, every bit of cloth which they once held, and every stitch which they once set with conscientious painstaking, will thereafter be more precious to someone than any piece of Gobelin tapestry.

Several years ago a brother of George Fuller, the artist, picked up from a pile of rags in a junk-shop in Greenfield, Mass., an old linen spread, elaborately embroidered in colored crewels, in the old-fashioned stitch very like that used in modern Kensington work. At the upper end, in cross-stitch, we read "Betsey Clark, her work," and that is all we know of her who patiently wrought the flower-pot from which straggle the long, nondescript vines and flowers which spread over the bed-cover. I have a little hypothetical romance for myself about this forsaken piece of embroidery, that was by a mere chance

rescued from its ignominious destiny. The lady who owns it has another theory very different from my own. You, reader, may construct one for yourself, but we shall never know what loneliness, poverty, or desolation is back of the fact that such an elaborate piece of needlework should have come into a miscellaneous mass of paper-rags.

I have often slept under a wild-lily quilt, an unusually fine example of cotton appliqué, that was done more than forty years ago by an Ohio district school-teacher. Some of the squares were made as she sat with the family where she chanced to stay, in the odd hours before and after breakfast, or supper; for this was before "boarding around" had gone out of fashion, and the country school-mistress was a guest as well as boarder during her week or more at each of the various homes, and it would have been utterly contrary to usage for her to seclude herself in her own chamber. I dare say others of the blocks had their graceful patterns daintily cross-stitched on to the white background during the summer noon-time, as the teacher kept guard in some hot little frame school-house, while the boys and girls, whom she so zealously and wisely taught, rambled off to shady green woods, whence they came back laden with long pieces of wild grapevine selected for skipping-ropes, and with leafy branches, flowers, mosses, and lichens with which they decked the poor barren school-room. Object-lessons were not talked of then, but these trophies voluntarily brought in by her pupils served this born teacher as texts on which she based many an informal talk that kept both teacher and pupil near to sweet out-of-door things.

I recall another quilt in appliqué work of about the same age as the wild-lily, and made in the same locality. Its pattern is called the "tea-leaf"—I cannot imagine why. The leaves of the bunch at the base of the large red and yellow patch are of green calico, with markings of black and yellow. Both these prints are of the quality that used to be known as oil calicoes, of remarkably fast colors. The border of this quilt is made of a row of very conventional flower-baskets. Here the



The Quilt of the Inn.—Page 366.

leaves and stems are cut out of the green calico, the flowers from the red, and the basket itself from a brilliant orange oil-boiled calico figured in black. The quilting on this bed-cover is wonderfully fine and intricate. The white squares, alternating with the appliqué blocks, are each quilted in a floral design, and the groundwork of the whole quilt is done in fine diamond and shell-work patterns. The dainty,

even stitches of this close quilting were done by a farmer's wife, amidst such busy days as would stagger most American women of a generation later.

I have rumors of a wonderful bed-quilt made of the silk wedding-gowns of Esther Powell, a granddaughter of the earliest French Huguenot settled in America. When General Washington visited Newport, this quilt was sent over from Narragansett to grace his

bed. It was not wholly finished until 1795, when a woman was hired to quilt it in a wonderfully elaborate pattern. It took her six months to do it, and she was given her board and *twenty cents a week* in payment. I have been told of a quilt after the familiar cube pattern, in red, white, and blue, that was made by a colored woman who had been a Virginia slave. I wonder if the owner of the poor brown hands was conscious of a sadly pathetic irony as she thus combined the colors of freedom and liberty into a bed-cover for a slave.

Perhaps the quaintest, though by no means the most beautiful, bed-cover that I ever saw is a very queer woollen counterpane, which I call the Quilt of the Inn. Its centre is made of blocks of appliqué work of the most varied designs, and its border of rough patchwork cut from red and green flannel, the latter apparently hand-woven. Between the patchwork border and the appliqué work squares is a broad stripe of black alpaca decorated with a vine made by sewing on, in a wavy line, a narrow red woollen braid. This most artificial vine is laden with large appliqué flowers, doubtless not copied from nature. The central squares are either of black broadcloth or of coarse

buff flannel. The latter may once have been white, but become yellowed with age. This most grotesque bit of art needle-work is supposed to be more than one hundred years old, and to have been made by a long-ago occupant of an old tavern near Rye Beach, N. H. The inn itself and various members of the family are pictured. Many favorite animals are shown hereon in silhouette, and mine hostess herself sits in a most sentimental attitude, watching the gambols of what seems to be her pet goat, though I would not stake my head on the species of this quadruped. On another square, at a glance one may recognize General Washington, and one block is composed of a *genre* scene apparently representing the sale of a colt, a transaction which would seem, from the manner in which he holds his linen money-bag, to have been satisfactory to the seller. The black cloth figures that form the silhouette designs have the dress and features outlined in coarse stitching of white thread. The black velvet cat stares at one from white porcelain-button eyes. The needle-woman of the old inn must have had great taste for natural history subjects, since besides the multifarious floral designs and the familiar animals of the home and farm-yard, she has fashioned out of her crude appliqué work numerous birds of various kinds. There are blue birds with yellow wings and yellow birds with blue wings, green birds with bright-red wings and eyes! there are black birds with red wings and red birds with blue wings, and other interesting ornithological vagaries. To be sure, there is an utter lack of perspective, and the pigeons (?) sitting on the ridge-pole, whose heads considerably overtop the great square chimney, are somewhat out of proportion. What a giant pie such birds would have made for some hungry wayfarer seeking entertainment at the roadside tavern!

It was only after the closet-bed of Anglo-Saxon times, or the high-panelled *Himmelbett* had given way to other forms more open to view





Large Block from the Quilt of the Inn.

from without, that attention was paid to the appearance of bed-spread or coverlet. In the middle of the fifteenth century woven coverlets seem to have come into use in the Netherlands, while they were introduced into Scandinavian countries about half a century later. In England the growth of taste in adorning the bed-coverings seems to have been more rapid, for Neckam speaks of ornamental quilts in the latter part of the twelfth century, and a coverlet found in the palace of the Duke of Lancaster, during the popular uprising of 1381, was worth a thousand marks.

Two centuries later, among articles

for a bed for Queen Elizabeth, was a "counterpoint of orange-colored satin quilted with cut-work of cloths of gold and silver, of satins of every imaginable tint, and embroidered with Venice gold, silver spangles, and colored silks fringed to correspond, and lined with orange sarcenet.* Such splendors were at least equalled in Sweden by a bed-covering of Gustavus Vasa, which was stiff with gold and silver threads.†

The coverlets, some of them of very simple patterns, and others of quite or-

* Quoted by Henry B. Wheatley: *The Bedroom; Antiquary*, vol. x., p. 190, November, 1884, p. 190.

† Dr. Troels Lund: *Das Tagliche Leben in Skandinavien, während des Sechzehnten Jahrhunderts*, pp. 167, 168.

nate designs, made in the Netherlands as early as the middle of the fifteenth century, would seem probably to be the ancestors of the coverlets, generally with a coarse white cotton warp, though sometimes made with a woollen one, and a woof of colored woollen yarn, that were woven in Canada and in various parts of the United States up to thirty or forty years ago, and that we find are still made on hand-loom in a few localities in the Southern States. Most of these American coverlets were woven in plaids or broken plaids. But more elaborate patterns, not composed of geometrical figures, were also used in their weaving. I am the possessor of a blue and white coverlet of decidedly ornate design. It is one of many made in northern Ohio, by one Samuel Meily, who has left his autograph neatly woven into the bottom corners of each bed-spread. By hearsay I have learned that old Samuel was a Pennsylvania German, and he must have been something of an artist in his way, for there is a smack of German art in the border of my coverlet, which is composed of prim little flower-pots and ridiculous dwarf pear-trees, bearing blossoms at the top as large as the fruit that grows so unnaturally near the ground. I recall a red and green and white cover from the same man's hands, having a border of comical little roosters, and another called the "Log-cabin," from its border of tiny houses.

As to the date at which our modern patchwork and appliqué quilt began to be made, it is impossible to do more than guess that the early examples of European quilts are but remains of earlier specimens, which may well have been imitations of oriental originals. We shall have to rest satisfied with such statements as that of one of the curators of the South Kensington Museum, that all experts differ as to origins. At the present time patchwork of silk, woollen, and cotton is more or less made by Parsee, Hindoo, and Mohammedan women in India. In Europe the art is familiar to Italian, German, and Scandinavian women, as well as to the women of Great Britain and Ireland. In the Azores the peasants make cotton patchwork bags that they carry about the streets as we do baskets or shopping-bags, and some-

times these are used by workmen to carry their lunch.

Out of between two and three hundred quilt patterns which I have collected, the great majority are made up of permutations of a few rectilinear plane figures such as the triangle, the rhombus, the square, and the rectangle. The floral designs are usually crudely symbolic rather than pictures of the flowers whose names they bear. The same pattern occurs in various parts of the country under the most diverse names. This is especially true of the mathematical combinations. Now and then there is an evident reason for the names given to those multitudinous designs, but oftener they are apparently purely arbitrary.

A very quaint quilt block, partly pieced and partly done in appliqué, that came from the eastern shore of Maryland, is there known as the tulip, but the same pattern in southern Indiana is called the double peony. The hexagon or honeycomb pattern in various parts of the United States is called "Job's trouble," or "a Job's trouble." There is a tradition that the idea of this hexagonal pattern was derived from the shape of the pillars of the Giant's Causeway. From Baltimore comes the superstition that a "Job's trouble" quilt brings bad luck. It is said to be unlucky to keep such a quilt, even if left unfinished. I know of the following instance: A lady jestingly told this superstition to a relative who was at work on such a quilt, saying, "So you had better not keep it, but give it to me." The gift was made and the receiver kept the ill-omened patchwork until she had lost by death three young children, when she burned it. On the other hand, I hear of a pattern that, in Washington, D. C., is said to be of good omen. I have not its name, but from its description think it probably the peculiar form of the "rising sun," that consists of one gigantic star, whose centre is the centre of the quilt, the open spaces between the star points being filled in with patchwork.


A pattern known in Puritanic New England as "the church steps," in tropical Louisiana becomes the "pineapple." One of the most complicated of the geometrical designs that I have en-

countered, is made by cutting a number of small squares out of white cotton cloth and an equal number out of colored cloth. A quadrant of a circle is then cut from one corner of each of these squares. By various combinations of these quadrants with the remains of the squares, a number of patterns have been evolved, somewhat resembling one another, but bearing very different names. One of these combinations in Louisiana is called "the world's wonder," another in North Carolina is "the fool's puzzle." From quaint old Provincetown, Mass., comes still another under the name of "around the world." A different variant in western Massachusetts is called "Chinese puzzle." But in a little village in eastern Massachusetts I find the best name of all for this somewhat bewildering quilt pattern, viz., "Peter pay Paul." In Louisiana also the simplest form of this pattern is called "robbing Peter to pay Paul." If you look for a moment at this design and notice how the bit cut from one square exactly fills the vacancy left in another, you will at once see the applicability of this name. "Sugar bowl" and "fly" are two northern Ohio names for a block made up of eight alternate dark and light triangles radiating, as it were, from a common centre; while it appears in Maryland as "crow-foot," and in Pennsylvania as "fan-mill," a name in which one catches a glimmer of rationality. United, several of these little blocks constitute "Katy's ramble" in the eastern part of New York. The "old maid's whim" of one locality, in another is called "bachelor's puzzle." A very simple mathematical design, which in Louisiana bears the pretty but wholly arbitrary name of "rosebud," in Illinois is called "bear's paw." Quilt-makers in Massachusetts call the same pattern "duck's foot," while slightly modified in eastern New York it is called "the duck's foot in the mud." To a by no means unique pattern from northern Ohio, made up of squares, rectangles, and triangles, is attached the jingling name of "Johnny around the corner." Elsewhere it is known simply as "the wheel." A very popular pattern in all parts of the country, frequently known,

and with reason, as "screw-plate," is so rich in names that I cannot refrain from giving the whole varied list. "Dove in the window," "hole in the barn - floor," "puss in the corner," "shoo-fly," "Lincoln platform," and "love-knot," are all names for this same design. And in southern Indiana it was very popular after the war as "Sherman's march."

Only very extended and careful research would make it possible to give even the briefest summary comparison of the decorative designs of primitive races of men, but in a general way it may be said that in the art-work of such peoples, whether of the earliest periods of which we have any knowledge or of tribes now living, large use is made of simple geometrical figures, such as circles, rectangles, diamonds, and so on; and without doubt many of the patterns formed by the combination of a few simple geometrically shaped pieces of cloth would lead us into strangely interesting by-ways, if we could trace out all their relationships and antecedents. I have studied many of which space does not permit the mention here, but perhaps no one design which we might find on a patchwork quilt has such a wonderful history and extended associations as one composed of twelve small right isosceles triangles of one color, and the same number of another color, that is sent to me from northern Ohio under the name of "catch-me-if-you-can," and which is known in western Massachusetts as the "windmill" pattern. Modifications of this quilt pattern under other names are to be met with elsewhere. The design is a very good representation of the sacred cross of India. The following account of the origin of this symbol is quoted from Edkins's "Chinese Buddhism:—"

"Buddha, before his death, committed the secret of his mysteries to his disciple, Maha Kashiapa. He was a Brahman, born in the kingdom Magadha, in central India. To him was intrusted the deposit of esoteric doctrine, called *cheng-fa-yen-tsang*, 'the pure secret of the eye of right doctrine.' The symbol of this esoteric principle, communicated orally without

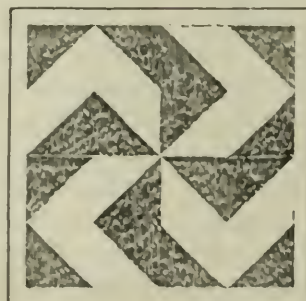
books, is  *man* or *wan*. This, in Chinese, means, '10,000,' and implies the possession of 10,000 perfections. It is usually placed on the heart of Buddha in images and pictures of that divinity. It is sometimes called *sin-yin*, 'heart's seal.' It contains within it the whole mind of Buddha. In Sanscrit it is called *svastika*. It was the monogram of Vishnu and Shiva, the battle-axe of Thor in Scandinavian inscriptions, an ornament on the crowns of Bonpa deities in Thibet, and a favorite symbol with the Peruvians."

I hear a rumor that this far-spread emblem has been traced to ancient Troy. It is the mystic sign of the wise and humorous elephant-headed god Ganésa or Ganésh, whom the Hindus are wont to invoke at the beginning of enterprises, and whose image is frequently placed as tutelary deity on their doorways. The *svastika* stands on the first page of Hindu ledgers and day-books, and was a common stamp on East Indian coins. A saddle in the Chinese department at the Boston Art Museum bears a *svastika* in gold on the front of its pommel. Looking on a saucer, I find that it forms the connecting openwork in the panels of the light fence that skirts a part of the grounds about the palace home of the Chinese maiden, who is the heroine of the old legend that we can never forget, while a bit of dear old blue and white willow-ware pottery exists, bearing the pictured story of the two devoted lovers who lived and died together, and whose souls, as two doves, still hover over the island where rest their ashes. Various modified, it is interlaced in the arabesque border of the plates of the same table service. Here I find it forming the basis of the pattern that borders a Persian rug, and a narrower

stripe, used to separate the larger and more conspicuous designs of the same rug, is composed of a continuous row of diminutive brown crosses set on one of the ineffable blues of the Orient. It is unnecessary to cite further from the innumerable oriental instances where this religious symbol is used either as a stamp or in decorative art, but the thing interesting to ethnologists is its existence in the occidental world. The Spaniards found it in Yucatan when they first came there. A design essentially like the Buddhist cross is engraved on shell gorgets of the mound-builders, found in Tennessee. Among other relics of this ancient American people that were dug up during excavations recently made near the Scioto River, in Ross County, Ohio, under Dr. Putnam's direction, were several hammered copper plates, each bearing the *svastika*. Strangely enough, this sacred cross of India occurs as a mystic symbol of the wind powers on war charts of the Kansa and Osage tribes.*

If some learned traveller from the Orient chanced to stop overnight in an out-of-the-way corner of the United States, where patchwork quilts still sometimes take the place of woven counterpanes, and upon awakening in the morning should find his bed-cover besprinkled at regular intervals with this mystic sign of the religion of his own land, surely, if he recalled Hans Christian Andersen's dramatic tale of "The Tin Soldier," and of his final reappearance in the very room from which he had been so lucklessly borne away, he too would exclaim, "Nein, wie sonderbar kann es doch in der Welt zugehen!" "Nay, how wonderfully things can come to pass in the world!"

* J. Owen Dorsey: Kansa Mourning and War Customs, *American Naturalist*, July, 1885.



Svastika or Wheel.

JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER

By George W. Cable

LIV

MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS



AT sunrise of the twenty-second Barbara started from her pillow, roused by the jarring thunder of a cannon. As it pealed a second time Fannie drew her down.

"It's only Charlie Champion in the square firing a salute. Go to sleep again."

As they stepped out after breakfast for a breath of garden air, they saw John March a short way off, trying to lift the latch of Parson Tombs's low front gate. He tried thrice and again, but each time he bent down the beautiful creature he rode would rear until it seemed as if she must certainly fall backward upon her rider. The pastor had come out on his gallery, where he stood, all smiles, waiting for John to win in the pretty strife. Which the rider presently did and glanced over to the Halliday garden, more than ready to lift his hat. But Fannie and Barbara were busy tip-toeing for peach-blossoms.

"Good morning, Brother March; won't you 'light? I declare I don't know which you manage best, yo' horse aw your temper!" The parson laughed heartily to indicate that, however doubtful the compliment, his intentions were kind.

"Good-morning, sir," said John in the gateway, as his pastor came bare-headed toward him; and after a word or two more of greeting—"Mr. Tombs, there's to be a meeting of stockholders in the parlor of the hotel at ten o'clock. My friend, Mr. Fair, got here yesterday evening, and we want him to see that we mean business and hope he does."

"I see," said Parson Tombs, with a momentous air. "And I'll come. I may be a little late in gett'n' there, faw I've got to hitch up aft' a while and take

Mother Tombs to spend the day, both of us, with our daughters, Mrs. Hamlet and Lazarus Graves. I don't reckon anybody else has noticed it but them, but, John, my son, Mother Tombs an' I will be married jess fifty years to-night! However, that's neither here nor there; I'll come. If I'm half aw three-quarters of an hour late, why, I reckon that's no mo'n than the rest of 'em will be, is it?"

John smiled ruefully and said he feared it wasn't. As his mare leaped from the sidewalk to the roadway he noted the younger pastor going by on the other side, evidently on a reconnoissance. For the committee on decorations was to come with evergreens to begin to deck the Tombs parsonage the moment the aged pair should get out of sight of it.

Three persons were prompt to the moment at the meeting of stockholders, Garnet, Gamble, and Jonas Crickwater, the new clerk of Swanee Hotel and a subscriber for one share—face value one hundred dollars, cash payment ten. A moment later a fourth man entered, stoop-shouldered, freckled, and with a peering smile.

"Howdy, Leggett?" said Garnet, affably; but when the tawny statesman moved as though he might offer to shake hands, the Major added with increased cordiality, "take a seat," and waved him to a chair against the wall; then, turning his back, he resumed conversation with the railroad president. Presently John March arrived, with a dignity in his gait and an energy in his eye that secretly amused the president of the road. John looked at his watch with an apologetic smile.

"I supposed you had gone some place to get Mr. Fair," said Garnet.

"He's in Jeff-Jack's office; they're coming over together." John busied himself with his papers to veil his immense satisfaction. Looking up from them he saw Leggett. "Oh!" he ex-

claimed, stepped forward, and, with a constrained bow, for the first time in his life gave him his hand. The mulatto bowed low and smiled eruptively, too tickled to speak.

At the end of half an hour the gathering numbered nine, and everybody was in conversation with somebody. Mr. Crickwater, after three gay, but futile, attempts to tell Gamble that they were from the same State in the North, leaned against a wall, with anguish in his every furtive glance, hopelessly button-holed by Leggett.

"Ah!" cried Garnet, as Jeff-Jack and Fair entered together. The Major laughed out for joy. In a moment it was—"Mr. Fair, this man, and Mr. Fair, that one—you remember President Gamble, of course?—and Captain Champion? Mr. Fair, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Hersey. Mr. Weed I think you met the last time you were here. No! this is Mr. Weed; that's our colored representative, Mr. Leggett. He'd like to shake hands with you, too, sir."

"Mr. Fair," said Cornelius, "seh, to you; yass, I likes to git my sheer o' whateveh's a-goin'."

He was about to say much more, but Garnet purposely drowned his voice. "Gentlemen, we'll proceed to business. Mr. Crickwater, will you act as door-keeper?" Mr. Crickwater assumed that office.

Secretary March, having occasion to mention the number of subscribed shares represented by those present as six hundred and eleven, Garnet explained that besides his own subscription he represented one of fifteen shares and another of ten, for two ladies, and Champion unintentionally uttered a lurid monosyllable as Shotwell stuck him under the leg with a pin. They were the shares, Garnet added, that General Halliday had failed to take.

Business went on. When, by and by, Mr. Crickwater admitted Parson Tombs, the pastor found the company listening to the Honorable Cornelius Leggett as he expounded the reasons for, and the purposes of, the various provisions of An Act to Authorize the Counties of Blackland, Clearwater, and Sandstone to subscribe to the capital stock

of the Three-Counties Land and Improvement Company, Limited, and to declare said counties to be bodies politic and corporate for the purposes therein mentioned.

"You see, gentlemen," interposed Garnet, "we make Mr. Leggett one of the principal advocates of this bill in order to secure the support of those, both in the Legislature and at the polls, who are likely to vote as he votes on the question of the three counties subscribing to this other thousand shares, the half of our capital stock reserved for the purpose."

Mr. Weed asked how many shares offered to voluntary subscribers on the ten-dollar instalment plan had been taken, and Garnet replied, "All. Those, together with the shares assigned me in exchange for the mortgages I hold on Widewood and propose to surrender, the forty for which Mr. Leggett pays five hundred dollars, and the two hundred retained by Mr. March and his mother, make six hundred and forty, leaving three hundred and sixty to be placed with capitalists willing to pay their face value. We have to-day an increased confidence that these reinforcements"—he smiled—"are not far off. When this is done we shall have raised the three-eighths of the face value of the one thousand private shares, as required, before the three counties subscription to the other thousand shares can become effective. I have to state, gentlemen, that General Halliday has been compelled by the weight of other burdens to resign the treasurer-ship, but on the other hand I have the pleasure to announce that Captain Charles Champion has consented to act as treasurer, and *also*, that Colonel Ravenel expresses his willingness to serve as one of the two trustees for the three counties on the—(applause)—on the very reasonable condition that he be allowed to name the other trustee. I believe there's no other formal business before the meeting, but before we adjourn I think a few brief remarks from one or two gentlemen who have not yet spoken will be worth far more than the time they occupy. I'll call on our vice-president, Mr. Gamble." (Applause.)

Gamble said his father used to tell him a man of words and not of deeds was like a garden full of weeds. Here he was silent so long that Champion whispered to Shotwell, "He's stuck!"

But at length he resumed, that he attributed his own success in life to his always having believed in deeds!

"Indeed!" whispered Shotwell in so audible an echo that half the group smiled.

Gamble replied that his statement might surprise some that had been asleep for the last twenty years, but he guessed there wasn't any such person in this crowd. (Laughter.) However, he proposed to say in a few words, which should be as much like deeds as he could make 'em, what he was willing to do. He paused so long again that Champion winked at John and was afraid to look at Shotwell.

He remembered, the speaker finally began again, another good saying—couldn't seem to be sure whether it was from Shakespeare or the Bible—that "a fool and his money are soon parted." Now, he was far from intending that for anyone present—

"No-o," slowly interrupted Hersey, turning from a large spittoon, "we ain't any of us got any money to part with."

"Well, I haven't mistook any of you for fools, neither. But I think that proverb, or whatever you call it, is as much's to say just like this, that if a man ain't a fool, 'tain't easy to part him from his money!" (Applause.)

"How about a fool and his land?" asked John, with a genial countenance.

"O *you're* all right," eagerly replied Gamble, and smiled inquiringly as the company roared with laughter. "Why, gentlemen, our able and efficient secretary is all right! Land ain't always money, and the fool is the man who won't let his land go when he's got too much of it. (Applause.) But that's not what I was driving at. What I was driving at was this: that if we want to get any man or men to put big money into this thing out o' their own pockets, we've got to make 'em officers of the company an' give 'em control of it. Of course, our secretary is in to stay; that's part of his pay for the land he gives; but except as to him, gentlemen, there'll

have to be a new slate. How's that, Mr. President?"

"Certainly, we're all *protem* except Mr. March—and Colonel Ravenel."

"Yes, Colonel Ravenel, of course; but the man he selects for the other trustee must be someone satisfactory to the men on the new slate, eh, Colonel?"

Ravenel smiled, nodded, and as Gamble still looked at him, said, "All right."

"Now, gentlemen, if any of you don't agree to these things, now is the time to say it." A long pause. "If we are all agreed, then all I've got to add, Mr. President, is just this: you say there're three hundred and sixty shares for sale at their face value; I'll take two hundred when anybody else will take the balance." (Applause.)

As Gamble sank down Garnet glanced over to Fair, who was sitting next to Jeff-Jack; but Fair began to read some of the company's printed matter and the whole gathering saw Ravenel give Garnet a faint shake of the head.

"Ravenel!" suggested Champion, but Jeff-Jack quietly replied, "Father Tombs," and five or six others repeated the call. The pastor rose.

"I'm most afraid, my dea' friends an' brethren, I oughtn't to try to speak to this crowd. I'm a man of words and not of deeds, an' yet I'm 'fraid I shan't even say the right thing. I belong to the past. I've been thinkin' of the past every minute I've been a-sitt'n' here. Yo' faces ah all turned to the future an' ah lighted"—he lifted his arm and waggled his hand—"by the beams of a risin' sun reflected from the structu'es o' yo' golden dreams. As I look back down the long an' shining stair-steps o' the years I count seventy-two of 'em in the clear sight o' memory's eye besides fo' or five that lie shrouded in the silve'y mist of earliest childhood." The pastor ceased and his hearers were very still.

"I don't tell my age to brag of it, but if I remind you-all that I've baptized mo' Suez babies than there are now Suez men an' women alive, an' have seen jest about eve'y cawnehstone laid in this town that's eveh been laid here, I

needn't say my heart's in yo' fawtunes whether faw this world aw the next.

"An' I don't doubt you goin' to be prosp'e'd. What I'm bound to tell you I've my private fears of, an' yet what I'm hopin' and trustin' an' prayin' the Lord will deliveh you fum—ev'n as a caw-p'ate company—is the debasin' sin o' money greed. *Gentlemen*, an' dea' friends an' breth'en, may Gawd save you fum that as he saved the two Ezra Jaspers, the foundeh o' Suez an' his cousin the grantee of Widewood, fom the folly o' lan' greed. For I tell you they may not 'a' managed either tract as well as some otheh men think they might 'a' done it, but they were saved the folly whereof I speak. They's been talk an' laugh here this mawnin' about John March a-partin' with so much o' his lan'. Well, if that makes him a fool, he's a fool by my advice! Faw when he come to me with his plans all in the bud, so to speak, I said to him there an' then, an' he'll remembeh: Johnnie, s'I, I've set on the knees of both Ezra Jaspers, an' I'm tellin' you what I know of the one that was yo' fathel's grand-fathel, as you say you know it of yo' own sainted fathel: that if the time had eveh come in his life when paht'n' with Widewood tract would of seemed any ways likely to turn it into sco'es an' hund'eds o' p'osp'ous an' pious homes he would 'a' givm ninety-nine hund'edths away faw nothin' rather than not see that change; yes, an' had mo' joy oveh the one-hund'edth left to him than oveh the ninety an' nine to 'a' kep' 'em as the lan's of one owneh an' of one home!

"Gentlemen, I'm free to allow, as I heah the explanations o' all the gue-ards an' counteh gue-ards o' this beautiful scheme—schools faw the well-to-do an' the ill-to-do, imperatively provided as fast as toil is provided faw the the toiler and investments faw the investor—I have cause to rejoice an' be glad. An' yet! It oughtn't to seem strange to you-all if an' ole man, a man o' the quiet ole ploughin' an' plantin', fodder-pullin', song-singin', cotton-pickin', Christmas-keepin' days, the days o' wide room an' easy goin', should feel right smaht o' solicitude an' tripidation when he sees the red an' threatenin' dawn of

anotheh time, a time o' mines an' mills an' fact'ries an' swarmin' artisans an' operatives an' all the concomitants o' crowded an' complicated conditions, an' that he should fall to prayin' aloud in the very highways an' hotels, like some po' benighted believer in printed prayehs an' litanies, the petition: Fum all Ole Worl' sins an' New Worl' fanaticisms, fum all new-comers, whetheh immigrants aw capitalists, with delete'ious politics at va'iance fum ow own, which, heavm knows, ah delete'ious enough, an' mos' of all fum the greed o' money, good Lawd deliv' us!

"An' I have faith that he will. Up-hel' by that faith, I've taken fifteen shares myself. But O, if faith could right here an' now be changed into sight, then would this day be as golden in my hopes faw Suez an' her three counties as it already is faw my private self in memory o' past joys."

The speaker was sinking into his chair when Garnet asked with a smile that everyone but the pastor understood, "Why, how's that, Brother Tombs; is this day something more than usual to you?"

"Brother Garnet, if I've hinted that it is, it's mo' than I started out to do, but I'm tempted, seein' so many friends in one bunch so, to jest ask yo'-all's congratulations on"—the eyes glistened with moisture—"the golden anniversary o' my weddin' day."

The walls rang with applause, men crowded laughingly around the Parson to shake his hand, and in ten minutes the room was silent and the company gone, "every man to his tent," as the happy Parson said, each one as ready for his noontide meal as it was for him.

LV

THE CHIEF BUTLER, THE CHIEF BAKER,
AND THE JAMBOREE

THE social event of that midday was not the large family dinner where Mother Tombs sat between Hamlet and Lazarus, and Father Tombs between their wives; where Sister March was in the prettiest good humor conceivable and the puns were of the sort that need

to be italicized, and the anecdotes were family heirlooms, and the mirth was as spontaneous as the wit was scarce, and not one bad conscience was hidden beneath it all. The true social event of that hour was the repast given by John March to Mr. Fair in Hotel Swanee, at which General Halliday, Captain Champion, and Dr. Coffin were on John's left, Ravenel sat at the foot of the board, and at John's right were Fair, in the place of honor, then Garnet, and then Shotwell in the seat appointed for Gamble, who had suddenly found he couldn't possibly stay.

Here were no mothers' quotations of their children's accidental wit, nor husbands' and wives' betrayals of silly sweetnesses of long gone courtships and honeymoons. Passing from encomiums upon Parson Tombs's powers to the subject of eloquence in general, the allusions were mainly to Edmund Burke, John C. Calhoun, Sargent S. Prentiss, and Lorenzo Dow. The examples of epigram were drawn from the times of Addison, those of poetic wisdom from Pope, of witty jest from Douglas Jerrold and Sidney Smith, of satire from Randolph of Roanoke. John March told, very successfully, how a certain great poet of the eighteenth century retorted impromptu upon a certain great lord in a double-rhymed and triple-punned repartee. Champion and Shotwell, in happy alternation, recited two or three incredible nonsense speeches attributed to early local celebrities, and Garnet and Halliday gave the unpublished inside histories of three or four hitherto inexplicable facts, or seeming facts, in the personal or political relations of Marshall, Jackson, Webster, and Clay. Burns and Byron were there in spirit, and John could have recited one of his mother's poems if anyone had asked for it.

As for Ravenel and Fair, they had their parts and performed them harmoniously with the rest, so that John could see that he himself and everyone else were genuinely interesting to those two and that they were growingly interesting to each other. Both possessed the art of provoking the others to talk; they furnished the seed of conversation and were its gardeners, while the rest of

the company bore its fruits and flowers. Ravenel seemed always to keep others talking for his diversion, Fair for his information.

John pointed this out to Miss Garnet that evening, at the Parson's golden wedding, and simultaneously made, in the secret of his own thought, another note, as to her, to wit: that she listened to him with a perfectly beautiful eagerness.

"It's because I talked about Fair," he said to himself as he left her—"Aha! there they go off together, now."

The scene of this movement was that large house and grounds, the "Usher home place," just beyond the ruined bridge where Cornelius had once seen ghosts. There was a very good way of approach to it by another lane around the head of the ravine, and a pretty sight it was to come out on the veranda, as John did, and see the double line of parti-colored transparencies meandering through the dark grove to the gate and the lane beyond. Shotwell met him.

"Hello, March, looking for Fair? He's just passed through that inside door with Miss Garnet."

"I know it—I'm not looking for anyone—in particular."

Out here on the veranda it was too cool for ladies; John heard only male voices and saw only the red ends of cigars; so, although he was not—of course he wasn't—looking for anyone—in particular—he went back into the crowded house and buzzing rooms.

"Hunt'n' faw yo' maw, John?" asked Deacon Sexton as he leaned familiarly on his old friend Mattox; "she's——"

"Why, I'm not hunting for anybody," laughed March, "do I look like I was?"

He turned away toward a group that stood and sat about Parson Tombs.

"I never suspicioned a thing," the elated pastor was saying for the third or fourth time. "I never suspicioned the first thing till Mothel Tombs and I got into ow gate comin' home fum the Graveses! All of a sudden there we ware under a perfec' demonstration o' pine an' ceda' boughs an' wreaths an' arborvitæ fastoons! Evm then I never suspicioned but what that was all until Miss Fannie an' Miss Barb come in an'

begin' banterin' not only Motheh Tombs but *me*, if you'll believe it, to lie down an' rest a while befo' we came roun' here to suppeh! Still I 'llowed to myself, s'I, it's jest a few ole frien's they've gotten togetheh. But when I see the grove all lightened up with those Chineeh lanterns, I laughed, an' s'I to motheh, s'I, 'I don't know what it is, but whatev' it is, it's the biggest thing of it's kind we've eveh treed in the fifty years that's brought us to this golden hour!' An' with that po' motheh, she just had to let go all ho-holts; heh—heh cup run oveh."

The old man contrived to laugh and added, "You wouldn't think so now, to see heh sett'n' ove' there smilin' like a basket o' chips, an' that little ba-ag o' gold dollahs asleep in heh lap, would you? But that smile ain't change the least iota these fifty years. What a sweet an' happy thought it was o' John March, tellin' the girls to put the amount in fifty pieces, one fo' each year. But he's always been that original. Worthy son of a worthy motheh! Why, here he is! Howdy, John. I'm so proud to see Sisteh March here to-night; she told me at dinneh that she 'llowed to go back to Widewood this evenin'."

"I see in the papeh she 'llowed to go this mawnin'," said Clay Mattox.

John showed apologetic amusement. "That's my fault, I reckon; I understood mother to say she couldn't stay this evening."

A finger was laid on his shoulder. It was Shotwell again. "John, Miss Fannie Halliday wants Jeff-Jack. Do you know where he is?"

"No! where's Miss Fannie?"

Shotwell lifted his hand again, with a soothing smile. "Don't remove yo' shirt; Ellen is sa-afe, fo' that thaynk Heavm, an' hopes ah faw the Douglas givm."

March flung himself away, but Shotwell turned him again by a supplicating call and manly, repentant air. "Law, John, don't mind my pla-ay, old man; I'm just about as sick as you ah. Here! I'll tell you where she is, an' then I'll tell you what le's do! You go hunt Jeff-Jack an' I'll sta-ay with heh till you fetch him!"

"That would be nice," cheerfully sneered John.

In the next room he came upon Fannie standing in a group of Rosemont and Montrose youths and damsels. They promptly drew away. She exchanged only one or two remarks with him before she said,

"John, I want to ask a favor of you, may I?"

"You can ask any favor in the world of me, Miss Fannie, except one."

"Why, what's that?" risked Fannie.

"The one you've just sent Shotwell to do." He smiled with playful gallantry, yet felt at once that he had said too much.

Fannie put on a gayety intended for their furtive observers, as she murmured, "Don't look so! a dozen people are watching you with their ears in their eyes." Then, in a fuller voice—"I want you to get Parson Tombs away from that crowd in yonder. He's excited and overtaxing his strength."

"Then may I come back and spend a few minutes—no more—with you—alone? This is the last chance I'll ever have, Miss Fannie—I—I simply must!"

"John, if you simply must, why, then, you simply—mustn't. You'll have the whole room trying to guess what you're saying."

"They've no right to guess!"

"We've no right to set them guessing, John." She saw the truth strike and felt that unlucky impulse of compassion which so often makes a woman's mercy so unmercifully ill-timed. "Oh!" she called, as he was leaving.

He came back with a foolish hope in his face. She spoke softly.

"Everybody says there's a new John March. Tell me it's so; won't you?"

"I"—his countenance fell—"I thought there was, but—I—I don't know." He went on his errand. Champion met him and fixed him with a broad grin.

"I know what's the matter with you, March."

"O pooh! you think so, eh? Well, you never made a greater mistake! I'm simply tired. I'm fairly aching with fatigue, and I suppose my face shows it."

"Yes. Well, that's all I meant. Anybody can see by your face you're in a perfect agony of fatigue. You

don't conceal it as well as Shotwell does."

"Shotwell!" laughed John. "He's got about as much agony to conceal as a wash-bench with a broken leg. O, I'll conceal mine if anybody'll tell me how."

Champion closed his lips but laughed audibly, in his stomach. "Well, then, get that face off of you. You look like a boy that'd lost all his money at a snake-show."

When Fair came up to Barbara, she was almost as glad to see him as John supposed, and brought her every wit and grace to bear for his retention, with a promptness that satisfied even her father, viewing them from a distance.

"Miss Garnet, I heard a man, just now, call this very pleasant affair a jamboree. What constitutes a jamboree?"

"Why, Mr. Fair," said Barbara, in her most captivating drawl, "that's slang!"

"Yes, I didn't doubt. It's interesting. Don't you find it has a very piquant tang?"

"I never tried it on my own tongue."

"Try it now, then. I hope you're not guilty of never using slang, are you?"

"O no, sir, but I never use it where I can't wear a shawl over my head. Still, I say a great many things that are much worse than slang."

"Miss Garnet, you say things that are as good as the best slang I ever heard."

"Ah!—that's encouraging. Did you ever hear the Misses Kinsington's rule: Never let your slang show a lack of wit or poverty of words! They say it's a sure cure for the slang habit. But if you really need to know, Mr. Fair, what constitutes a jamboree, I can go and ask Uncle Leviticus for you; that is, if you'll take me to him. He's my butler to-night, and he's one of the old slave house-servants that you said you'd like to talk with."

"But I want to talk with you, just now; definitions can wait."

"O you shall; there's every facility for talking there, and it's not so crowded."

The consumption of refreshments had been early and swift, and they found the room appropriated to it almost

empty. Two or three snug nooks in it were occupied by one couple each. Leviticus was majestically superintending the coming and going of three or four maid-servants. Just as he gathered himself up to define a jamboree, Virginia happened in and stood with a coffee-cup half wiped, eyeing him with quizzical approbation.

"A jamboree? You want to know what constitutes a jamboree? Well—What you want, Fudjina?"

"Go on, seh, go on. Don't let me amba'as you. I wants jess on'y my civil rights. Go on, seh." She set her arms akimbo.

"A jamboree!" repeated Leviticus, giving himself a yet more benevolent dignity. "Well, you know, Miss Barb, to ev'ything they is a season, an' a time to ev'y puppose. A weddin' is a weddin', a infare is a infare, a Chris'mus dinneh is a Chris'mus dinneh. But now, when you come to a jamboree—a jam—Fudjina"—he smiled an affectionate persuasion—"we ain't been app'inted the chiefs o' this evenin's transactions to stan' idlin' round, is we?"

"Go on, seh, go on."

"Well, you know, Mr. Fair, when we Southe'nehs speak of a jamboree, a jamboree is any getherin' wherein the object o' the getherin' is the puppose fo' which they come togetheh, an' the joy and the jumble ah equal if not superiah to each otheh."

Virginia brought up a grunt from very far down, which might have been either admiration or amusement. "Umph! dat is a jamboree, faw a fac'! I wond' ef he git dat fum de books aw ef he pick it out'n his own lahnin'?"

"Miss Garnet," said Fair, "there are wheels within wheels. I am having a jamboree of my own."

LVI

BUSINESS

"THIS," replied Barbara, "has been a bright day for our whole town." And then, more pensively, "They say you could have made it brighter."

Whereat the young man lowered his voice. "Miss Garnet, I had hoped I could."

"And I had hoped you would."

"Miss Garnet," he said, "honestly, I'm glad I did not know it at the meeting. It was hard enough to disappoint Mr. March; but to know that I was failing to meet a hope of yours would have drawn me into a—a mistake."

Presently he added:

"Your hope implied a certain belief in me. Have I diminished that?"

"Why-y, no-o, Mr. Fair, you've rather aug-men-ted it."

He brightened almost playfully. "Miss Garnet, you give me more pleasure than I can quietly confess."

"Why, I didn't intend to do that."

"To be trusted by you is a glad honor."

"Well, I do trust you, Mr. Fair. I'm trusting you now—to trust me—that I really want to talk—man-talk. As a rule," continued Barbara, putting away her playfulness, "when a young lady wants to talk pure business she'd better talk with her father, don't you think so?"

"As a rule, yes. And, as a rule, I make no doubt, that's what you would do."

Barbara's reply was meditative. "One reason why I want to talk about this business at all this evening is also a strong reason why I don't talk about it to pop-a."

"I see; he's almost as fascinated with it as Mr. March is."

"It means so very much to the college, Mr. Fair, and you know he's always been over eyes and ears in love with it; it's his life." She paused and then serenely seized the strategic point at which she had hours before decided to begin this momentous invasion. "Mr. Fair," she drawled, "why do you reckon Mr. Ravenel has consented to act as commissioner?"

Fair laughed. "You mean is it trust or distrust?"

"Yes, sir; which do you reckon it is?"

He laughed again. "I'm not good at reckoning."

"You can guess," she said archly.

"Yes, we can both do that. Miss Garnet, I don't believe your *father* is actuated by distrust; he believes in the scheme. You, I take it, do not, and

you are solicitous for him. Do I not guess rightly?"

"I don't think I'm any more solicitous than a daughter should be. Pop-a has only me, you know. Didn't you believe in Mr. March's plan at one time, sir?"

"I believed thoroughly, as I do still, in Mr. March. I also had, and still have, some belief in his plan; but"—confidentially—"I have no belief in——"

"Certain persons," said Barbara so slowly and absently that Fair smiled again as he said yes. They sat in silence for some time. Then Barbara said, meditatively, "If even Mr. March could only be made to see that certain persons ought not to have part in his enterprise—but you can't tell him that's your conviction. I didn't see it so until now. It would seem like pique."

"Or a counter scheme," said Fair. "Would you wish him told?"

"You admit I have a right to a daughter's solicitude?"

"Surely!" Fair pondered a moment. "Miss Garnet, if the opportunity offers, I am more than willing you should say to Mr. March——"

"I rarely meet him, but still——"

"That I expressed to you my conviction that unless he gets rid of——"

"Certain——" said Barbara.

"Persons," said Fair, "his scheme will end in loss to his friends and in ruin to him."

"And would that be"—Barbara rose dreamily—"a real service to pop-a?"

Fair gave his arm. "I think it the best you can render; only, your father——" He began to smile, but she lifted a glance as utterly without fear as without hardihood and said:

"I understand. He must never know it's been done."

"That's more than I meant," he said, as Fannie Halliday came up. The two girls went for their wraps.

"March?" said Ravenel, as he and Fair waited to escort them home. "O, no, he left some time ago with his mother."

On the way to the Halliday cottage Fair said to Barbara:

"I'm glad of the talk we've had."

"You can afford to be so, Mr. Fair. It showed your generosity against the background of my selfishness."

"Selfishness? Surely it isn't selfish to show a daughter's care and affection for a father."

By her hand in his arm he felt her shrink at the last word. "I love my father, yes. But you're making mistakes about me that I mustn't allow and can't correct. Let's talk about Miss Fannie; she's our pet theme in Suez, you know, and she'll only be Miss Fannie about two weeks longer. You ought to stay to see her married, Mr. Fair."

"And you are to be bridesmaid! I wish I might, but I go to-morrow. I should be glad if my father and mother could reach here in time for the wedding on their way home from New Orleans, but when they get this far your bridal party will have been two days married and gone."

Barbara mused a moment and then said: "You know, this plan for me to give a year to study in the North has been as much mine as pop-a's; but pop-a's responsible for putting me into your father's and mother's care on the journey. It took me as much by surprise as it must have taken them. I've been in a state of alarm ever since."

"Really, that's wrong! You're going to be a source of great pleasure to them. And you'll like them, too, very much. They are interesting in many ways and good in all, and as travellers they are perfect."

"You give me new courage, Mr. Fair. But"—she spoke more playfully—"I'm afraid of New England yet. There's a sort of motherly quality in our climate that I can't expect to find there. Won't the snow be still on the ground?"

"Very likely; the higher mountain tops, at least, will be quite covered."

"Well, I'm glad that doesn't mean what I once thought it did. I thought the snow in New England covered the mountain tops the same way the waters covered them in the Deluge."

Fair looked down into his companion's face under the leafy moonlight and halted in a quick glow of inspiration. "When first you see New England, Miss Garnet, nature will have been lying for four months in white sacramental silence. But presently you will detect a growing change——"

"A stealing out of captivity?"

"Yes!—each step a little quicker than the one behind it. One day a fall of sleet turns into a cold, windy rain. In the next myriads of swelling buds flush the mountain sides. You have seen a robin—you have heard a bluebird sing. Then come days when the sun is warm, the mountain streams foam down, the rivers break their icy bonds, a south wind blows, and the forests blossom overhead and underfoot. The airs may grow chill for a moment and all things seem to hesitate; but soon some day, or even some night, the doubt vanishes, and as it goes the orchards burst into glory, the whole land is one wide garden, and everything between earth and sky one great ritual of fragrance and song."

Barbara listened with the delight all girls have for flowers of speech plucked for themselves.

"You know," she responded, as they moved on again, "it doesn't come easy for us Southerners to think of your country that way, but we notice that nearly all the landscapes in our books are made in barren New England, and we have a private cu-ri-os-i-ty to know how you-all invent them."

"If New England does not charm you, Miss Garnet"—Fair hurried his words as they drew near Ravenel and Fannie waiting at the cottage gate—"my disappointment will last me all my life."

"Why, so it would me," said Barbara, "but I do not expect it. Well, Fannie, Mr. Fair has at last been decoyed into praising his native land. Think of——" She hushed.

A strong footstep approached, and John March came out of the gloom of the trees, saluting buoyantly. Ravenel reached sidewise for his hand and detained him.

"I took my mother away early," said March. "She can't bear a crowd long. I was feeling so fatigued myself I thought a brisk walk might help me. You still think you must go to-morrow, Mr. Fair? I go North, myself, in about a week."

The two girls expressed surprise.

"For the land company?" quickly prompted Fannie.

"Yes, principally. I'll take my mother's poems along and give them to some good publisher. O no-o, it's not ex-

actly a sudden decision ; it's taken me all day to make it. My mother—O—no, she seems almost resigned to my going, but it's hard to tell about my mother, Miss Garnet ; she has a wonderful control of her feelings."

LVII

DARKNESS AND DOUBT

THE paragraph in the *Courier* which purported to tell the movements of Mrs. March silently left its readers to guess those of her son. Two men whose abiding-places lay in different directions away from Suez had no sooner made their two guesses than they proceeded to act upon them without knowledge of, or reference to, the other.

About an hour after dark on the night of the golden wedding both these men were riding, one northward, the other southward, toward each other on the Widewood road. Widewood house was between them. Both moved with a wary slowness and looked and listened intently, constantly, and in every direction.

When one had ridden within a hundred yards or so of the Widewood house and the other was not much farther away, the rider coming up from the southward stopped, heard the tread of the horse approaching in front, and in hasty trepidation turned his own animal a few steps aside in the forest. He would have made them more but for the tell-tale crackle of dead branches strewed underfoot by the March winds. He sat for a long time very quiet, peering and hearkening. But the other had heard, or at least thought he had heard, the crackle of dead branches, and was taking the same precautions.

The advantage, however, was with the rider from the south, who knew, while the other only feared, there was something ahead it were better to see than be seen by. About the same time the one concluded his ears might have deceived him, the other had divined exactly what had happened. Thereupon the shrewder man tied his horse and stole noiselessly to a point from whose dense shade he could see a short piece of the road and the house standing out in the moonlight.

The only two front windows in it that had shades were in Mrs. March's bed-chamber. This room was brightly lighted and the shades drawn down. The rest of the house was quite dark. The man hiding so near these signs noted them, but drew no hasty conclusions. He hoped to consider them later, but his first need was to know who, or, at least, where, the person was whom he had heard upon the road.

Though already well hidden, he crouched behind a log, and upon the piece of road and every shadowy cover of possible approach threw forward an alert scrutiny supported by the whole force of his shrewdest conjectures. The sounds and silences that belong to the night in field and forest were far and near. Across the moon a mottled cloud floated with the slowness of a sleeping fish, a second, third, and fourth as slowly followed, the shadow of a dead tree crawled over a white stone and left it in the light ; but the enigma remained an enigma still. It might be that the object of conjecture had fled in the belief that the conjecturer was none other than Widewood's master. But, in that same belief, who could say he might not be lying in ambush within close gunshot of the horse to which the conjecturer dared not now return. In those hills a man would sometimes lie whole days in ambush for a neighbor, and one need not be a coward to shudder at the chance of being assassinated by mistake. To wait on was safest, but it was very tedious. Yet soon enough, and near and sudden enough, seemed the appearance of the man waited for, when at length, without a warning sound, he issued from the bushy shadow of a fence into the bright dooryard. In his person he was not formidable. He was of less than medium stature, lightly built, and apparently neither sinewy nor agile. But in his grasp was something long and slender, much concealed by his own shadow, but showing now a glint of bright metal and now its dark cylindrical end ; something that held the eye of the one who watched him from out the shadow. Neither the features nor yet the complexion of the one he watched were discernible, but the eyes were evidently on a third window of the lighted

room, not at its front, but on a side invisible to the watcher. This person rose from his log and moved as speedily as he could in silence and shadow until he came round in sight of this window and behind the other figure. Then he saw what had so tardily emboldened this figure to come forward out of hiding. This window also had a shade, the shade was lowered, and on it the unseen lamp perfectly outlined the form of a third person. Without a mutter or the slightest gesture of passion, the man under the window raised the thing in his grasp as high as his shoulder, lowered it again and glanced around. He seemed to tremble. The man at his back did not move; his gaze, too, was now fastened, with liveliest manifestations of interest, on the window-shade and the moving image that darkened it.

As the foremost of the two men began for the third time that mysterious movement which he had twice left unfinished, the one behind, now clearly discerning his intention, stole one step forward and then a second, as if to spring upon him before he could complete the action. But he was not quick enough. The black and glistening thing rose once more to the level of its owner's shoulder and the next instant on the still night air quivered the plaintive wail of—a flute.

At mortal risks both conjectured and un conjectured, it was an instrument of music, not of murder, which Mr. Dinwiddie Pettigrew was aiming sidewise.

LVIII

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

YET the pulse of the man behind him, who did not recognize him, began to quicken with anger. Almost at the flute's first note the image on the window-shade started and hearkened. A moment later it expanded to grotesque proportions, the room swiftly grew dark, and in another minute the window of a smaller one behind it shone dimly as with the flame of a lamp turned low. The flutist fluted on. From the melody it appeared that the musician had at some date not indicated, and under

some unaccountable influence, dreamt that he dwelt in marble halls with vasals and serfs at his side. The man at his back had come as near as the darkness would cover him, but there had stopped.

Presently the music ceased, but another sound, sweeter than all music, kissed, as it were, the serenader's ear. It was the wary lifting of a window-sash. He ran forward into the narrow shade of the house itself and lost to the restraints of reason, carried away on transports of love, without hope of any reply, whispered,

"Daphne?"

And a tender whisper came back—"Wait a minute."

"You'll come down?" he whisperously asked; but the window closed on his words, the dim light vanished, and all was still.

He was watching, on his left, the batten shutters of the sitting-room when a small, unnoticed door near the dark, rear corner of the house clicked and then faintly creaked. Mr. Pettigrew became one tremolo of ecstasy. He glided to the spot, not imagining even then that he was to be granted more than a moment's interview through an inch or two of opening, when what was his joy to see the door swiftly spread wide inward by a dim figure that extended her arms in gracious invitation.

"O love!" was all his passion could murmur as they clasped in the blessed dark, while she, not waiting to hear word or voice, rubbed half the rice powder and rouge from her lips and cheeks to his and cried,

"O you sweet, speckle, yalleh niggeh liah, you tol' me you on'y play de fife in de similitude o' ligitlation!"

As Dinwiddle silently but violently recoiled Daphne-Jane half stifled a scream, sprang through a stair door, shot the bolt on the far side and rushed upstairs. At the same instant he heard behind him a key slipped from its lock. He glanced back in affright, and trembling on legs too limp to lift, dimly saw the outer door swing to. As the darkness changed to blackness he heard the key re-enter its lock and turn on the outside. The pirate was a prisoner.

Daphne-Jane, locking everything as

she fled, whirled into her mistress's room and out of her mistress's clothes. Though quaking with apprehension so that she could scarcely button her own things on again, she was filled with the joy of adventure and a revel of vanity and mirth. The moment she could complete her change of dress and whisk her borrowed fineries back into their places she stole to a window over the door by which she had let the serenader in, softly opened it, and was alarmed afresh to hear two voices.

The words of the one in the room were quite indistinguishable, but those from the other on the outside, though uttered in a half whisper, were clear enough to be plainly heard.

"No, seh, I ain't dead-sho' who you is, but I has ezamine yo' hoss an' whilce I wouldn't swear you ah Mr. Pettigrew, thass the premonition I espec' to express to my frien' Mr. March, lessn you tell me now, an' tell me true, who you ah.

"Yass, seh, I thought so. Yass, seh. No, seh, I know they ain't a minute to lose, but still I think the time ain't quite so powerful pressin' to me like what it is to you; I thought jess now I hheard buggy-wheels, but mebbe I didn't.

"Yass, seh, I *does* think I has cause, if not to be mad, leas'wise to be ve'y much pa-ained. You fus' kiss the young lady I destine faw my sultana, an' now you offeh me a bri-ibe! Well, thass how I unde'stood it, seh.

"Seh? No, seh! that wouldn't be high tone'! But I tell you what I will do, seh. I'll let you out an' take yo' place an' make the young lady think her on'y mistake was a-thinkin' she was mistakened.

"Seh? Yass, I'm jess that se'f-saerificin'. I'm gen'ous as the whistlin' win'. An' I'll neveh whisp' a breath o' all this sha-ameful procedu'e evm to my dear frien' March, ef so be that—an' so long as—yo' gratichude—seh?

"O'nothin'. I wus jess a-listenin' ef that soun' was buggy wheels, but I know that don't make no diff'ence to you, yo' courage is so vas'. I'm the bravess o' the brave, myseff, an' yit jess to think o' takin' yo' place fills me as full o' cole shivehs as a pup und' a pump.

"Seh? O I say, I'll neveh whisp' it so long as yo' gratichude continue to

evince itseff fresh an' lively at the rate of evm on'y a few dollahs per month as a sawt o' friendship's offerin'.

"Seh? I cayn't he'p it, seh; thass the ve'y bes' I can do, no otheh co'se would be hon'able."

The listening maid heard the door unlock and open and beheld liberty bartered for captivity with love for boot, and Mr. Pettigrew speed like a phantom across the moonlight and vanish in the woods. Before she could leave the window a sound of galloping hoofs told at last the coming of John March. Cornelius had barely time to scamper out into the night when the master of Widewood came trotting around the corner of the house and thence off to the stable.

LVIX

AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE

RAVENEL and Fannie were married in church on an afternoon. The bridesmaids were Barbara and a very pretty cousin of Fannie's from Pulaski City, who would have been prettier yet had she not been revel-worn. The crowded company was dotted with notables. Garnet and Gamble took excellent care of the governor. But the bride's father was the finest figure of all.

"Old Halliday looks grand!" said Gamble.

"I'm glad he does," kindly responded Garnet; "it would be a pity for him to be disappointed in himself on such an occasion."

Parson Tombs kissed the bride, who, in a certain wildness of grateful surprise, gave him his kiss back again with a hug; when Ravenel's sister, from Flatrock, said:

"Well, Colonel Ravenel, aren't you going to kiss me?" he gracefully did so, as if pleased to be reminded of something he might have forgotten. And then he kissed the aged widow with whom he had lived so long. Her cottage, said rumor, was not to be sold, after all, to make room for the new brick stores. No, the Salters' house had been bought for that purpose—it was ready to tumble down, anyhow—and on Miss Mary's marriage, soon to be, Miss Martha

and her mother would take the Halliday cottage, the General keeping a room or two, but getting his meals at the hotel.

"It's a way of living I've always liked!" he said, tossing his gray curls.

The bridal pair, everybody understood, were to leave Suez on the Launcelot Halliday, and turn northward by rail in the morning on an unfamiliar route.

John March chose not to see the wedding. He remained in Pulaski City, where, for three days, he had been very busy in the lobbies of the Capitol, and was hoping to take the train for the North that evening. Between what he called "the trifling of one sort of fools and the dickering of another," he was delayed to the last moment; but then he flung himself into a shabby hack, paid double fare for a pretence of double speed, and at the ticket window had to be called back to get his pocketbook. The lighted train was moving out into the night as a porter jerked him and his valise on to the rear platform.

He stood there a moment alone silently watching the lamps of the town sink away and vanish. His thought was all of Fannie. She was Fannie Ravenel now. Fate had laughed at all his idle hopes and their object was married and gone. He calculated that the pair must be about this time rising from supper on the boat.

"Happy bridegroom!—and happy bride!"

As the dark landscape perpetually spun away from him, he began with an inexperienced traveller's self-consciousness to think of the strangeness of his own situation; but very soon Fannie's image came before him again in a feverish mingling of gratitude and resentment. Had she not made his fate? But for her he might yet be teaching school in the hills of Sandstone. No doubt he would have outgrown such work; but when? how soon? how tardily? how fatally late? She had lured and fooled him; but she had lured and fooled him into a largeness of purpose, a wideness of life, which, without her, might never have come to him.

"I cannot be with her, I must not go near her; but I am here!" he exclaimed, catching a certain elation from his un-

accustomed speed. "The prospect may be desert, but it's wide; it's wide!"

She had been good for him, he mused, not to him. She had been wiser than she meant; certainly she had not been kind. She was not cold-hearted. Indisputably she had a certain affection for him. His welfare was dear to her. Neither was she false-hearted; and yet she had cold-heartedly amused herself with him. She was light-minded. There! The truth was out! He had thrust it off a hundred times, but it fastened now upon his conviction. Just what he meant by it was not so clear; but there it was, half comforting him, half excusing her; she was light-minded! Well, she was Fannie Ravenel now. "Happy Fannie Ravenel!" He said it with a tempered bitterness and went in.

It was the sleeping-car he was on. Two steps brought him to the open entrance of its smoking-room—they were enough. With drooping eyelids its sole occupant was vacantly smiling at the failure of his little finger to push the ash from a cold cigar.

"Jeff-Ja'!" exclaimed March, "O my Lord!"

The bridegroom looked up with a smart exaggeration of his usual cynicism and said, "J—(h-h)—Johnnie, this 's 'nun'spec'—'spected pleasure!"

"I thought you was aboard the——" faltered John, and stood dumb, gnawing his lip and burning with a conflict of fierce emotions.

"John, o' frien', take chair." The speaker waved a hand in tipsy graciousness. "What make you think I was a board—I look like one? Wha'—(h-h)—kind o' board—sideboard? S' down, John, make 'seff 't home. Happpm have car all t' ourselves. Mr. March, this 's ufforshnate, ain't it? Don't y' sink so? One o' my p'culiar 'tacks. Come on 'tirely since leavin' Suez. Have—(h-h)—seat. My dear frien', I know what you're thinkin' 'bout. You're won'rin' where bride is an' feel del'cacy 'bout askin'. She's in state-room oth' end the car, locked in. She's not 'zactly locked in, but I'm 'zactly locked out. Mrs. Ravenel is—(h-h)—annoyed at this, Mr. March; ve'y mush annoyed."

He put on a frown. "John, 'll you do me a—(h-h)—favor?"

"I'm afraid I can't, Ravenel. I'm a good notion to get off at the next station."

"Tha's jus' what I's goin' t' ash you t' do. I'll stan' 'spence, John. You sha'n't lose anything."

"O no, if I get off I'll stand the expense myself. You've lost enough already, Jeff-Jack."

"No, sir; I'll stan' 'spence. I can be gen'rous you are. Or 'f you'll stay 'n' take care Mrs. Ravenel I'll—(h-h)—get off m'seff!"

John shook his head and with a sickened smile took up his bag and returned to the rear platform.

The train had stopped and was off again, when the porter came looking everywhere, the rear platform included.

"Whah dat gemman what get on at P'laski City?"

Ravenel waved his cigar.

"He's out in back garden pickin' flowers! Porter—you—f—ond o' flowers? 'f you want to go an' pick some I'll—(h-h)—take care car for you. Porter!—here!—I—(h-h) don't want to be misleading. Mr. March's simply stepped out s—see 'f he can find a f—four-leaf clover."

LX

HOME-SICKNESS ALLEVIATED

ON the second morning after the wedding and next trip of this train, the sleeping-car was nearly half filled with passengers by the time it was a night's run from Pulaski City. To let the porter put their two sections in order, a party of three, the last except one to come out of the berths, had to look around twice for a good place in which to sit together. They were regarded with interest.

"High-steppers," remarked a very large-eared commercial traveller to another.

"The girl's beautiful," replied the other, remembering that he was freshly shaved and was not bad-looking himself.

"Yes," said the first, "but the other two are better than that; they're comfortable. They're done raising children and ain't had any bad luck with 'em, and they've got lots of tin. If that ain't earthly bliss I'll bet you!"

"They're gett'n' lots of entertainment out of that daughter, seems like."

"Reason why, she's not their daughter."

"How d'you know she's not?"

"I mustn't tell—breach o' confidence. Guess."

"O I guess you're guessing. George! she's—what makes you think she's not their daughter?"

"O nothin', only I'm a man of discernment, and besides, I just now heard 'em call her Miss Garnet."

Their attention was diverted by the porter saying at the only section still curtained, "Breakfus' at next stop, seh. No, seh, it's yo' on'y chaynce till dinneh, seh. Seh? No, seh, not till one o'clock dis afternoon, seh."

"Is that gentleman sick?" asked the younger commercial man, wishing Miss Garnet to know what a high-bred voice and tender heart he had.

"Who? numb' elevm? Humph! he ain't too sick to be cross. Say he ain't sleep none fo' two nights. But he's gitt'n' up now."

The solicitous traveller secured a seat at table opposite Miss Garnet and put more majestic gentility into his breakfasting than he had ever done before. Once he pushed the sugar most courteously to the lady she was with, and once, with polished deference, he was asking the gentleman if he could reach the butter when a tardy comer was shown in and given the chair next him. As this person, a young man as stalwart as he was handsome, was about to sit down, he started with surprise and exclaimed to Miss Garnet,

"Why! You've begun—— Why, are we on the same train?"

And without any definable alteration she grew visibly prettier as she replied smilingly,

"You must be Number Eleven, are you not?"

Coming out of the place the young lady's commercial admirer heard her introduce Number Eleven to "Mr. and Mrs. Fair," and Mr. Fair, looking highly pleased, say,

"I don't think I ever should have recognized you!"

Something kept the train, and as he was joined by his large-eared friend—

who had breakfasted at the sandwich counter—he said,

“See that young fellow talking to Mr. Fair? That’s the famous John Marsh, owner of the Widewood lands. He’s one of the richest young men in Dixie. Whenever he wants cash all he’s got to do is to go out and cut a few more telegraph-poles—O laugh if you feel like it, but I heard Miss Garnet tell her friends so just now without a smile, and I’d bet my head on anything that girl says.” The firm believer re-lighted his cigar, adding digressively, “I’ve just discovered she’s a sister-in-law”—puff, puff—“of my old friend, General Halliday”—puff, puff—“president of Rosemont College. Well, away we go.”

The train swept on, the smoking-room filled. The drummer with the large ears let his companion introduce “Mr. Marsh” to him, and was presently so pleased with the easy, open, and thoroughly informed way in which this wealthy young man discussed cigars and horses that he put aside his own reserve, told a risky story, and manfully complimented the cleanness of the one with which Mr. March followed suit.

A travelling man’s life, he further said, was a rough one and got a fellow into bad ways. There wasn’t a blank bit of real good excuse for it, but it was so.

No, there wasn’t! responded his fellow-craftsman. For his part he liked to go to church once in a while and wasn’t ashamed to say so. His mother was a good Baptist. Some men objected to the renting of pews, but, in church or out of it, he didn’t see why a rich man shouldn’t have what he was willing to pay for, as well as a poor man. Whereupon a smoker, hitherto silent, said, with an oratorical gesture,

“Lift up your heads, O ye gates, the rich and the poor meet together, yet the Lord is the maker of them all!”

March left them deep in theology. He found Mr. and Mrs. Fair half hid in newspapers, and Miss Garnet with a volume of poems.

“How beautiful the country is,” she said as she made room for him at her side. “I can neither write my diary nor read my book.”

“Do you notice,” replied he, “that the spring here is away behind ours?”

“Yes, sir. By night, I suppose, we’ll be where it’s hardly spring at all yet.”

“We’ll be out of Dixie,” said John, looking very far away.

“Now, Mr. March,” responded Barbara, with a smile of sweetest resentment, “you’re ag-grav-a-ting my nostalgia!”

To the younger commercial traveller her accents sounded like the wavelets on a beach.

“Why, I declare, Miss Garnet, I don’t want to do that. If you’ll help me cure mine I’ll do all you’ll let me do to cure yours.”

Barbara’s reply was meditative. “I think mine must be worse than yours, for I don’t—wa-an’t it—cu-ured.”

“Well, I didn’t mean cured, either; I only meant solaced.”

“But, Mr. March, I—why, my homesickness is for all Dixie. I always knew I loved it, but I never knew how much till now.”

“Miss Garnet!” softly exclaimed John with such a serious brightness of pure fellowship that Barbara dropped her gaze to her book.

“Isn’t it right?” she asked, playfully.

“Right? If it isn’t then I’m wrong from centre to circumference!”

“Why, I’m glad it’s so com-pre-hen-sive-ly cor-rect.” The commercial traveller hid his smile. “It’s about all I learned at Montrose,” she continued. “But, Mr. March, what is it in the South we Southerners love so? Mr. Fair asked me this morning and when I couldn’t explain he laughed. Of course I didn’t con-fess my hu-mil-i-a-tion; I in-ti-ma-ted that it was simply something a Northern-er can’t un-der stand. Wasn’t that right?”

“Certainly! They *can’t* understand it! They seem to think the South we love is a certain region and everything and everybody within its borders.”

“I have a mighty dim idea where its Northern border is sit-u-a-ted.”

“Why, so we all have! Our South isn’t a matter of boundaries, or skies, or landscapes. Don’t you and I find it all here, now, simply because we’ve both

got the true feeling—the one heart-beat for it?”

Barbara's only answer was a stronger heart-beat.

“It's not,” resumed March, “a South of climate, like a Yankee's Florida. It's a certain ungeographical South-within-the-South—as portable and intangible as—as——”

“As our souls in our bodies,” interposed Barbara.

“You've said it exactly! It's a sort o' something—social, civil, political, economic——”

“Romantic?”

“Yes, romantic! Something that makes——”

“No land like Dixie in all the wide world over!”

“Good!” cried John. “Good! O, my mother's expressed that beautifully in a lyric of hers where she says that though every endearing charm should fade away like a fairy gift, our love would still entwine itself around the dear ruin—verdantly— But I oughtn't to try to quote it without knowing it better. Doesn't her style remind you of some of the British poets? Aha! I knew you'd say so! Your father's noticed it. He says she ought to study Moore!”

Barbara looked startled, colored, and then was impassive again, all in an instant and so prettily, that John gave her his heartiest admiration even while chafed with new doubts of Garnet's genuineness.

The commercial man went back to the smoking-room to mention casually that Mrs. March was a poetess.

“There's mighty little,” John began, but the din of a passing freight train compelled him to repeat much louder— “There's mighty little poetry that can beat Tom Moore's!”

Barbara showed herself so mystified and embarrassed that March was sure she had not heard him correctly. He reiterated his words, and she understood and smiled broadly, but would not express her opinion. She merely explained, apologetically, that she had thought he had said there was mighty little pastry could beat his mother's.

John laughed so heartily that Mrs. Fair looked back at Barbara with gay

approval, and life seemed to him for the moment to have less battle-smoke and more sunshine; but by and by when he thought Barbara's attention was entirely on the landscape, she saw him unconsciously shake his head and heave a sigh.

LXI

CONCERNING FIRST LOVE

WHEN the train stopped at a station they talked of the book in her hand, and by the time it started on they were reading poems from the volume to each other. The roar of the wheels did not drown her low, searching tones; by bending close John could hear quite comfortably. Between readings they discussed those truths of the heart on which the poems touched. Later, though they still read aloud, they often looked on the page together.

In the middle of one poem they turned the book face downward to consider a question. Did Miss Garnet believe— Mr. March offered to admit that among the small elect who are really capable of a divine passion there may be some with whom a second love is a genuine and beautiful possibility—yet it passed his comprehension—he had never seen two dawns in one day—but! did Miss Garnet believe such a second love could ever have the depth and fervor of the first?

Yes, she replied with slow care, she did—in a man's case at least. To every deep soul she did believe it was appointed to love once—yes—with a greater joy and pain than ever before or after, but she hardly thought this was first love. It was almost sure to be first love in a woman, for a woman, she said, can't afford to let herself love until she knows she is loved, and, so, her first love—when it really is love, and not a mere consent to be loved——

“Which is frequently all it is,” said John.

“Yes. But when it is a re-al love—it's fearfully sure and strong *because* it has to be slow. I believe when such a love as that leaves a woman's heart, it is likely to leave it hope-less-ly strand-ed.”

"And you think it's different with a man?"

"Why, I hope it's sometimes different with a woman; but I believe, Mr. March, that with a man the chances are better. A man who simply must love, and love with his whole soul——"

"Then you believe there are such?"

"Yes, there must be, or God wouldn't create some of the women he makes."

"True!" said John, very gallantly.

"But don't you think, Mr. March, a man of that sort is apt to love prematurely and very faultily? His best fruit doesn't fall first. Haven't you observed that a man's first love is just what a woman finds hardest to take in earnest?"

"Yes, I have observed that. And still—are you too cynical to believe that there are men to whom first love is everything and second love impossible?"

"No," said Barbara, with true resentment. "I'm not too cynical. But——" she looked her prettiest—"still I don't believe it."

John turned on her a hard glance which instantly softened. It is a singular fact that the length and droop of a girl's eyelashes have a great weight in an argument.

"And yet," she resumed, but waited for John to wave away the train-boy with his books.

"And yet what?" asked March, ever so kindly.

"And yet, that first love is everything, is what every woman would like every man to believe, until he learns better." Her steadfast gaze and slow smile made John laugh. He was about to give a railing answer when the brakeman announced twenty minutes for dinner at the next stop.

"What! It can't——" he looked at his watch. "Why, would you have imagined?"

O yes; her only surprise—a mild one—was that he didn't know it.

At table she sat three seats away, with her Northern friends between; and when they were again roaring over streams, and through hills and valleys, and the commercial travellers were discussing aerial navigation, and March cut short his after-dinner smoke and

came back to resume his conversation, he found Miss Garnet talking to the Fairs, and not to be moved by the fact—which he felt it the merest courtesy to state—that the best views were on the other side of the car.

Thereupon he went to the car's far end and wrote a short letter to his mother, who had exacted the pledge of one a day, which she did not promise to answer.

In this he had some delay. A woman with a disabled mouth, cautiously wiping crumbs off it with a paper napkin, asked him the time of day. She explained that she had loaned her watch—gold—patent lever—to her husband, who was a printer. She said the chain of the watch was made of her mother's hair. She also stated that her husband was an atheist, and had a mole on his back shaped exactly like the sole of a shoe, and that she had been called by telegraph to the care of an aunt taken down with measles and whose husband was a steamboat pilot, and an excellent self-taught banjoist; that she, herself, had in childhood been subject to membranous croup which had been cured with pulsatilla, which the doctor had been told to prescribe, by his grandmother, in a dream; also that her father, deceased, was a man of the highest refinement, who had invented a stump-extractor; that her sisters were passionately fond of her; that she never spoke to strangers when travelling, but, somehow, he, March, did not seem like a stranger at all; and that she had brought her dinner with her in a paste-board shirt-box rather than trust railroad cooking, being a dyspeptic. She submitted the empty box in evidence, got him to step to the platform, and throw it away, and on his return informed him that it was dyspepsia had disabled her mouth, and not overwork, as she and her sisters had once supposed.

Still March did finish his letter. Then he went and smoked another cigar. And then he came again and found the travelling men playing whist, Mr. and Mrs. Fair dozing, and Miss Garnet looking out of a window on the other side in a section at the far end of the car, the only one not otherwise occupied.

"I'm in your seat," she said.

"O don't refuse to share it with me, you take away all its value."

She gradually remarked that she was not the sort of person to wilfully damage the value of a seat in a railroad car, and they shared it.

For a time they talked at random. He got out a map and time-table and while he held one side and she the other he showed where and why they had had

to lie five hours at a junction the night before. But when these were folded again there came a silent interval, and then John sank lower in his place, dropped his tone, and asked,

"Do you remember what we were speaking of before dinner?"

Barbara dreamily said yes and they began where they had left off.

Three hours later, on the contrary, they left off where they had begun.

(To be continued.)

THE FOLLY OF MOCKING AT THE MOON

By Gaston Fay



ON the eastern portion of the south coast of Long Island there resided, some years since, an old sailor-man, "Bill" Waters by name, who for more than fifty years had followed the sea, now in ships of war and then in whalers or merchant-vessels, his last cruise being on the Kearsarge when that ship fought the Alabama. He was one of the crew of the after pivot-gun, which wrought such havoc to the last-named vessel.

Uncle Bill lived in a little cabin on the beach, where, in summer, through the sale of cakes, fruits, and nuts, he added measurably to his annual revenue. He was one of those quaint, old sailor-men of former days, the total disappearance of whom, now near at hand, will sever the last link which contributed so potently to the interest and humor of the seas.

Uncle Bill was a firm and consistent believer in signs and tokens. An ingrained pessimist, any manifestation in nature above or below the normal drew from him predictions which, if taken seriously, would have undermined and saturated with gloom the most hopeful spirit. To the moon he owed an unquestioning, abject, and loyal allegiance. If one in a hundred of the prognostications which he made, founded upon the movements and phases of our satellite, had been verified, it would have

stamped it as the most malignant and terrifying of phenomena.

This blind adulation of Uncle Bill was a source of considerable amusement to summer visitors. Now and again some one of the clergy would take the thing seriously, and would reason with Uncle Bill upon his "heathenish worship of an innocent sphere of inert matter." Uncle Bill never vouchsafed but the one reply:

"I ne'er know'd no good a-comin' from a-cussin' and a mockin' o' the moon."

The writer, who has had some experience with old-fashioned sailor-men, and who was cognizant of their innocent credulity, particularly in connection with the presumed potency of the moon, was a frequent visitor at Uncle Bill's cabin, who, when the day's work was done, being a widower and living alone, was disposed to talk freely concerning the incidents of his seafaring life. On one occasion, the conversation turning upon the fight between the Kearsarge and Alabama, Uncle Bill remarked:

"I nev'r know'd no good a-comin' from a-cussin' and a-mockin' o' the moon. Most fo'ks, princ'p'ly land-lubb'rs and sich, thinks as how the guns of the Kearsarge dun the biz'ness for the Alabamy. So it wor, partic'l'r Bill Smith, the Capt'in of the aft'r pivot-gun, me and Joe bein' in the

crew; but Bill ne'er wud a dun it so handy, but bein' fur the cussin' wot a off'c'r abo'rd the Alabamy give the moon, it a-skeerin' of the men, they bein' sail'r-men and allus a-tre'tin' on her prop'r.

"It wor e'rly in August, 1863, me and Joe Smith bein' shipm't's on the w'alin' bark Jane Mari'r, of New Bedford, Capt'in Buzzid, we bein' nigh onto three year aroun' the ice in S'uth'rn waters a-killin' w'ales, and nev'r hearin' nuthin' from home.

"We wor hom'rd boun', bein' in about lat'tude 30° South, we a-bowlin' along eight knots, w'en we sight'd a ste'mer a-he'din' fur us. Afore long she hove to off our bow, she a-firin' of a gun. Capt'in Buzzid, a-thinkin' it wor some gen'l'm'ly sail'r-man a-salutin' on 'im, dips his flag. Wich bein' dun the ste'mer let go ag'in, a shell a-scre'm-in' across our bow. Capt'in Buzzid, a-takin' this fur a hint to he've to, hove the bark up mi'ty short.

"Afore long we see a boat a-puttin' off from the ste'mer full of men, a black-whiskey'd (whiskered) off'c'r a-sit'in' in the starn. W'en she comes 'long-side on us, the off'c'r a-yellin' fur a rope, and one bein' hove 'im, he h'ists hissels' abo'rd, foll'r'd by his crew, Capt'in Buzzid a-meetin' on 'im w'en he land'd on the deck.

"'Wot's the trubble?'" sez the Capt'in.

"'Nuthin,' sez the off'c'r, 'exceptin' yo're a prize to the Confidrit Stat's ste'mer Alabamy, Capt'in Sims.'

"'Wot's that fur?'"

"'Ain't yer heerd the news?'"

"'No,' sez the Capt'in, 'I ain't heerd nuthin', bein' nigh onto three year a-chasin' w'ales, without gittin' no word nor writin' from home.'

"'Why!' sez the off'c'r, 'the S'uth-ern Stat's is succeed'd from the Union, and is a-fightin' of the Yankees, and a-lickin' on 'em like blaz's.'

"'Wot's that fur?'" sez the Capt'in.

"'Cause,' sez the off'c'r, 'we got tir'd o' them Yankees a-jawin' and a-sassin' on us, and a-grabbin' of our nig-g'rs, so we's succeed'd from the Union, and Capt'in Sims is a-cruisin' and wip-in' Yankee commus from the seas.

"'It ain't no use fur no more jaw'

sez the off'c'r to the Capt'in. 'Go b'low,' he sez, 'and fetch yer pap'rs, and yer mon'y, and yer c'ronom't'rs and sich dunnige as is conven'ent!' A say-in' wich he yells to our mate:

"'Must'r of yer crew!' Wich bein' dun and we a stan'in' in line, the off'c'r a-lookin' on us ov'r, he sez, a-grinnin' like:

"'We're a leet'l short-handed abo'rd the Alabamy,' sez he, 'and we're a-look-in' fur a few gen'l'm'ly men to jine our fam'ly circle. Lashins o' grub, and nuthin' to do but to sit aroun' and play on the pianer-forty and practis' singin'. If any of you gen'l'men,' sez he, 'is willin', ple'se step for'rd.'

"We bein' Amerikin sail'r-men, and nev'r heerin' no sich talk afore, nary one on us come for'rd.

"Aft'r waitin' a minit the off'c'r sez:

"'If yer won't jine us, we'll hev to take yer as vis't'rs. Go b'low,' he sez, 'and git yer dunnige!' and a-larfin like, 'and don't forgit yer swall'r-tail coats and w'ite crawats, fur Capt'in Sims is werry partic'lar how gen'l'men is togg'd wot grubs with 'im in the cabin.'

"W'en we goes b'low, Joe he sez to me:

"'Bill Waters, did yer ever heer a sail'r-man talk like that afore?'"

"'Nev'r but wunst,' sez I. 'If I'm not mistook, me and that black-whiskey'd off'c'r wor shipm't's abo'rd the ole St. Mary's, durin' the Mexikin War, he bein' a midsh'pm'n and a-givin' us guff like that all the w'ile.'

"W'en we goes on deck with our dunnige, all han's bein' must'ed, the off'c'r ord'rs the low'r'in' of the boats and we a-tumblin' in, we rows to the Alabamy, and we a-h'istin' on oursels' abo'rd, the boats wor sot adr'ft and our pedig'r's took. Art'r wich me and Joe takes a squint aroun' a-lookin' fur some shipm'te among the Confidrits, wot we'd sail'd with afore.

"It worn't long afore we come across Tom McBurney, a Blue-Nose from Novy Scotie, wot hed sail'd along on us in a West'rn Ocean craft. Tom know'd us, and a-be'rin' no hard feelin's he takes us b'low, and a-leavin' on us and a-makin' off, he goes aft and art'r a jaw with Mr. Kell, the exec'tive off'c'r, he bill'ts

us in Tom's mess, he bein' a petty off'c'r. Havin' plenty o' baccy and the grub bein' fair, we finds no fault.

"Art'r stowin' of our dunnige we goes on deck, the Alabamy a-steerin' a course fur the Cape, the Jane Mari'r bein' astarn blazin' fore and aft, the smoke a rollin' above her trucks, a-takin' along on it three years' pay and a lay fer me and Joe.

"The Alabamy wor a prop'r ship. I ne'er see one wot wor cle'ner—Mr. Kell, the exec'tive off'c'r, bein' a sail'r-man wot know'd his biz'n'ss. He wor a driv'r, a-keepin' of the crew a-skippin'. Well he dun so, seein' as how they wor a hard lot, Tom McBurney a-le'din' on 'em, he bein' a sea-lawy'r, and knowin' how to keep a-stirrin' on 'em up. Mr. Kell wor a-chasin' on 'em day and night. Wot with handlin' sails, scrubbin' decks, polishin' bright work, a-drillin' at the big guns and small-arms, he kep' on 'em that tuck'r'd out, that ev'n Tom, as leery as he wor, wor beat at his own game.

"It bein' the fust night me and Joe wor abo'rd the Alabamy, and we a-goin' on deck, Joe takes a squint at the moon, she bein' in her fust qua'ter.

"'Bill,' he sez, 'I nev'r see the moon a-woll'rin' so far to the s'uth'rd on her fust qua'ter afore. If I'm not mistook, there's goin' to be a fracas o' the weath'r wot will set these 'ere Confidrits a-skippin'.'

"It bein' nigh the br'ge w'ere me and Joe wor a-talkin', we not knowin' the black-whiskey'd off'c'r wor on watch, he a-heerin' on us leans ov'r the rail and sez:

"'D—n the moon! My men,' sez he, 'don't yer know wot ye're a-sayin' ain't nuthin' but foolish'ess and ole women's talk? The moon,' sez he, 'ain't got nuthin' to do with the we'th'r, nor nuthin' else, no mor'n a black cat with reefin' tops'ls. Eddic'ted men w'en they wants to know consarnin' the we'th'r, they stud'es of the barom't'r'—and other jaw-br'akin' wurd's w'ich I disrememb'r—'no one,' he sez, 'abo'rd this ship cares a d—n fur the moon.'

"A-heerin' this, me and Joe bein' skeert along o' sich a-cussin' of the moon, we goes for'rd, Joe a-saying to me,

"'Bill,' he sez, 'art'r sich talk, if I'm not mistook, afore two days ther'll be trubble abo'rd this ship!'

"Me and Joe a-goin' 'tween decks, we see Tom McBurney a-spinnin' yarns to the watch b'low. Art'r he'd reel'd off wot he wor a-spinnin', Joe sez to 'im:

"'Tom,' he sez, 'did yer nev'r know no good a-comin' from a-cussin' and a-mockin' o' the moon abo'rd ship?'

"'No, nor now'ere else,' sez Tom; 'who's be'n a-doin' that?'

"Then Joe he reel'd off wot the black-whiskey'd off'c'r hed b'en a-sayin'. W'en the Confidrits heard this, they bein' sail'r-men and allus a-tre'tin' of the moon pro'p'r, they wor all on 'em one'sy and skeert exceptin' Tom.

"'I nev'r,' sez he, 'wor abo'rd but one craft w'ere th're wor any cussin' of the moon, and all along on it she a-found'rin' and her skipp'r hove to Davy Jones.'

"It worn't long afore it wor all ov'r the ship, wot the black-whiskey'd off'c'r hed been a-talkin', Capt'in Sims and Mr. Kell a-jumpin' and a-jawin' on 'im for sayin' sich foolish'ess. The Confidrits along on it, bein' that skeert and one'sy, anythin' a-comin' and a-tacklin' on 'em, they wor lick'd for sartin.

"W'en me and Joe goes on deck the nex' mornin', it wor ov'rcast and blowin' hard outen the nor'e'st, the sea a-makin' up. Along to'rd's noon the Confidrits a-thinking th're wor goin' to be trubble, wor a-skippin' aroun' gittin' extry lashin's on the'r boats and guns, and a-batt'nin' down hatches. By sun-down it wor blowin' fe'rf'l, a tremend'us sea a-runnin', the Alabamy a-lab'rin' and shippin' wat'r fore and aft. Along in the night me and Joe a-heerin' a thumpin' ov'rhe'd, we goes on deck, w'ere we see that one of the port guns wor bust'd loose, and a-rampagin', the Confidrits a-skippin' aroun' a-tryin' to git a tackl' onto her, w'ich they a-doin', but not afore three on 'em wor smash'd, two on 'em a-dyin' w'en they wer took b'low.

"Joe, w'en he see this, he sez to me, 'Bill, wot wor I tellin' on yer; all this comes along o' that off'c'r a-cussin' o' the moon.'

"I nev'r see a lot of sail'r-men so skeert as wor the Confidrits. Mr. Kell

a-jumpin' and a-chasin' on 'em, they a-lookin' fur suthin' wuss to come, it still blowin' fe'rf'l and the Alabamy hove to; Tom McBurney a-stirrin' on 'em up, and a-keepin' on 'em skeert.

"Art'r a w'ile the we'th'r mod'ratin' and the Confidrits wot wor smash'd bein' hove ov'rbo'rd, the Alabamy wor put on her course fur Cape Town, w'ere we arrivin', we wor put ashore.

"Art'r hangin' aroun' a w'ile at Cape Town and a-seein' no chanc' of a passige home, me and Joe ships on a lime-juic'r (an English vessel) boun' for Rio to load coffe for New York, w'ere we arrivin' along in the fust week in March, 1864, and we bein' pay'd off, we goes down on the Island (Long Island) to see our fo'ks.

"Me and Joe a-gittin' ole'sy and a-rampagin' for to ship on some man-o'-war wot wor lik'ly to tackl' the Alabamy, we goes to New York a-takin' along on us our discharg's. Ole man-o'-wars-men bein' skarce 'cause o' the war, they wor treet'd mi'ty perlite, so w'en we goes to the Navy Yard and comes to agin the yall'r buildin' wot they calls the Lyceem, a off'c'r all kiver'd with gold lace a-seein' on us comin', and he a-ey'in' on us werry leery, he comes alongside on us, and sez he:

"'If I'm not mistook ye're two ole men-o'-wars-men a-lookin' fur a job?'

"'Yess'r,' sez we.

"'Wot's ye're ratin'?' sez he.

"'Abl' seamen, s'r.'

"'Wot wor yer last ship?'

"Then Joe, a-reelin' off his yarn, tells 'im how we, a-shippin' on a w'aler fur a change, wor took by the Alabamy. He a-heerin' this and a-skippin' aroun', he sez:

"'Come with me!'

"W'ich we a-doin' and goin' up the steers into a room, he goes a-cruisin', and afore long he comes back, he a-makin' on us sign'ls to foll'r 'im, w'ich we a-doin', he sez:

"'A'miral Pawlin, the command'nt, wud like to hev a talk with yer.'

"He a-leadin', we goes into a room w'ere we see a fine ole sail'r-man, all kiver'd with gold, a-sittin' in a cheer. I know'd 'im as soon as I seen 'im, we bein' shipm't's abo'rd the old Powhatan. He wor a lufft'nt, bein' that leery

that he know'd the name of ev'ry man abo'rd the ship, they bein' a lot on us. Abo'rd, he a-chasin' on us aroun', but w'en he wor ashore nuthin' pleasin' on 'im bett'r than to be a-spinnin' yarns with ole Jack.

"W'en we come to alongside on 'im he sez, werry perlite:

"'Take cheers!' w'ich me and Joe a-doin', and he a-lookin' me ov'r as if he know'd me, he sez:

"'If I'm not mistook you and me's be'n shipm't's, and your nam's Will'am Waters?'

"'Joe a-he'rin' me call'd Will'am and nev'r knowin' me by any but 'Bill,' he wor one'sy and skeert.

"'Yess'r,' sez I.

"'Wot mou't be the name of yer mate?' sez the A'miral, 'I disrememb'r on 'im.'

"'Joe, s'r,' sez I.

"'Joe wot?' he sez, he bein' werry partic'l'r consarnin' nam's.

"'Smith, s'r,' sez I.

"'Oh!' sez the A'miral, 'Josef Smith, is it? Well!' he sez, 'I onderstan' that you two wor took by the Alabamy; how wor that?'

"So I a-reelin' off the yarn, w'en I come to w'ere the black whiskey'd off'c'r wor a-cussin' and a-mockin' o' the moon, the A'miral a-lookin' werry sol'm, he sez:

"'That will do, Will'am,' and he a-tinklin' of a bell and a marine a-comin' in, he sez to 'im:

"'Cop'ral,' sez he, 'see if Com'dore Jinks is aroun' to-day, if so bein' I wud like to talk with 'im.'

"Afore long we hears a-blowin' and a-wheezin', the ol'est sail'r-man I ev'r see a-comin' in the door. We bein' told arter'rds that he wor mor'n nin'ty year ole, bein' retir'd for mor'n thirty year. He wor a-leanin' on a cane, a ole sail'r-man, wot had been attendin' on 'im ev'r since he quit the sea, a-holdin' on 'im up on t'oth'r side. He wor as bald as a grape-shot, a long w'ite beard a-hangin' down his chist. He a-comin' to alongside A'miral Pawlin, and bein' low'rd keerf'l onto a cheer, a cushin' ag'in 'im for to ease 'im; he a-follerin' of the sea fur so many year it wor prob'l his back wor kiver'd with barnicl's, and they a-aggrawat'n' on

'im, the wind bein' to the suth'rd and damp'sh."

"The ole sail'r-man a-riggin' of a trumpit onto Com'dore Jinks's ear, he bein' stun deaf, A'miral Pawlin h'ists hisselt agin it, a yellin' in it the yarn wot I wor a-spinnin'. I nev'r heerd sich a n'ise, it a-makin' of the wind'rs rattl', yer cud a-heerd the jaw a mile off. A'miral Pawlin w'en he wor dun, bein' that blow'd he cudn't say no more; he a-sittin' in a cheer a-fannin' on hisselt. Com'dore Jinks a-blinkin' of his ey's and a-hitchin' of his back for to ease hisselt agin' the barn'cl's, and a-gittin' of his jaw und'rway, he sez, werry sol'm-like :

"I nev'r know'd no good a-comin' from a-mockin' and a-cussin' o' the moon. With sich talk a-goin' on abo'rd the Alabamy she hev fur sartin' a bill't fur the bott'm o' the sea."

"A-sayin' wich the Com'dore a-settlin' on hisselt in his cheer, he goes a-sleepin', a-snorin' fe'rl'.

"A'miral Pawlin, a-gittin' of his w'nd and a-findin' of his v'ice (voice), he sez to me and Joe :

"We hev a idee that the ship wot is lik'ly to tackl' o' the Alabamy is the Kearsarge. Afore long we're a-goin' to send a off'c'r and a small draft of men to jine her. Take this writin', sez he, 'abo'rd the rece'vin'-ship, and give it to her capt'in."

"Wich we a-doin', and afore long ord'rs a-comin', we goes abo'rd a passin'g'r ste'm'r in New York, and in about two weeks we jines the Kearsarge on the coast of France.

"Me and Joe w'en we gets abo'rd the Kearsarge, we a-lookin' aroun', we see Bill Smith, he bein' shipm'tes along on us on a bark in the W'st Ingy trade. Bill know'd us, and we a-goin' b'low art'r he a-jawin' with Mr. Thornton, the exec'tive off'c'r, we wor bill't'd in Bill's crew, he bein' capt'in of the aft'r pivot-gun.

"Bill wor a down-e'st sail'r-man wot know'd his biz'ness. He wor e'sygo'in', allus a-smilin', a-pullin' of his wiske's, and spinnin' yarns; but w'en it come w'en a'most any mau wor skeert, Bill wor jus' a wakin' up.

"On the 12th of June, we bein' anch'r'd off Flushin', in Holl'nd, and some writin's a-comin' abo'rd, we a-chasin' aroun', th're wor nev'r no anch'r hove up so suddin. We a-ste'min' to Cherb'ug, w'ere we see the Alabamy anch'r'd b'hin' the br'kwat'r.

"We a-stan'in' off an' on the port fur three or four days. it bein' Sund'y and all han's togg'd out in blue, a-waitin' for inspect'n, we see the Alabamy a-comin' out, follor'd by a French man-o'-war, a Ingl'sh craft a-taggin' on b'hin'. We a-be'tin' to quart'rs and ste'min' out to sea.

"Six or sev'n mile out the Alabamy bein' about a mile astarn, Capt'in Winslow hove the Kearsarge aroun', we a-goin' at it a-ham'rin' one and t'oth'r, both a-circlin' and fi'tin' of our starb'd bat'r's.

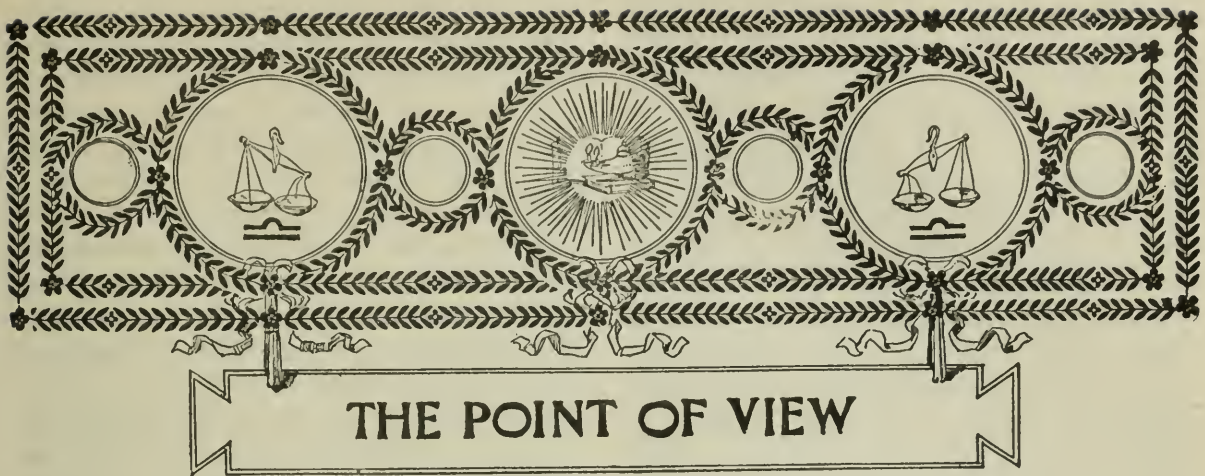
"It wor fun to see Bill Smith, he allus a-smilin', a-namin' of his shots and a-plunkin' of the Alabamy reg'l'r, like drivin' nails in a bo'rd. On the last roun' he a-bustin' of a shell und'r her for'rd pivot-gun, a h'istin' on it up. That wor the end—the Alabamy wor lick'd. She a-settlin' aft, h'ists her bow in the air, and goes down starn for'm'st.

"We a-yellin' and a-cheerin', and the boats bein' call'd away, we tumb'l's in, and a-rowin' to w'ere the Confidrits wor a-swimmin' aroun', we see the Brit'sh'r a-grabbin' on 'em and a-h'istin' on 'em in her boats, they a-makin' off w'en they see us comin'.

"Art'r pickin' up all wot wor left atop of wat'r, Tom McBurney bein' one on em, we rows back to the Kearsarge, and a-h'istin' in our boats me and Joe scuttl's aroun' a-lookin' for Tom, and soon a-findin' on' im Joe sez to 'im :

"Tom, sez he, 'wor that black-whiskey'd off'c'r wot wor a-cussin' and a-mockin' o' the moon, wor he kill'd or drownd'd?'

"Nuth'r, sez Tom, 'he a-le'vin' of the Alabamy dry foot'd, and the only man on the ship wot sav'd his dunnige. The last I seen on 'im, sez Tom, 'he wor a-h'istin' on hisselt abo'rd the Brit'sh'r, she now bein' hull down a-makin' fur the Ingl'sh shore.'"



THE strikes and their consequences opened to the American citizen even more subjects for profitable thought than have been liberally pointed out to him in the month of their discussion. Upon the more obvious of these latter, excepting perhaps the great question itself of the existence and adjustment of labor grievances, he has probably made up his mind in some fashion—influenced of course by temperament and tradition, but definitely enough for a working hypothesis, the majority result of which we shall see in votes, the tone of stock-exchanges, and the trend of business. We shall know by the evidence of these whether the confidence gained from the attitude and decisive action of the central government quite balanced the sense of a new danger coming to light in the Populist governors and the California militia; whether the final sharp stand of press and people left the dominant impression, or the local dilatoriness and incapacity. The optimistic opinion will prevail, as it always does, and as on the whole it always should—a pessimistic people is probably as abhorrent to nature as a vacuum; but I believe that this time it will not be a complacent optimism; it seems impossible that some of the dangers we have seen should go neglected, or that such an object-lesson should be forgotten. It is not necessary that the prophecy of Macaulay, which Mr. Gordon quoted in the Senate, should be fulfilled—that the Republic would either lose its civilization by mob law, or in putting down mob law with a strong hand would lose its liberties. After all, there was always plenty of sailing-room between Scylla and Charybdis for a careful pilot. Only, if

we do not use the advantages of modern civilization to put a search-light on Scylla's rock and buoy out the Charybdis currents, we shall not have the excuses of our primitive forerunners.

As to the main question, probably no reasonable man is disposed to deny that the employment of great aggregations of labor by great aggregations of capital has in it the inevitable possibility of abuses—the wise man would probably add, on both sides; and he would certainly add, not to be entirely settled by any science which altogether ignores the human element in the question. We are in the period of discovery in this matter; just before its great discoverers, let us hope; and everybody is trying it with his nostrums, as mediæval doctors did disease before intelligent medicine and hygiene. But surely what the strikes did, if anything, was to add another to the many proofs that no cure can be effected by any systematic interference with the liberty of the individual. It is never safe to dogmatize on what the wisest still hold to be in debate; but probably it would be the nearest approach to safe dogmatizing to say that only that degree of organizing and combining will ever be permanent or successful, which secures the best opportunity for the individual's development; and the moment it does more and despotizes him, it loses its power and reacts like any other despotism. This is the theory of all successful government; and not all the plans of Socialism or Trades-unionism, when they go beyond it, will ever change the result. There is only one permanent despotism: "Nature is not democratic, nor limited-monarchical, but

despotic, and will not be fooled or abated of any jot of her authority, by the pertest of her sons." Whoever forgets that society is an aggregation of individuals, and that you cannot permanently change its insistence on the pursuit of its needs and wishes, or the nature of those needs and wishes, without changing individual human nature by saner and slower processes of education than those of Mr. Debs, seems to be in danger of this "pertness."

It is Emerson, of course, who says this about Nature; and in the passage in which it occurs is further this: "Republics abound in young civilians who believe that the laws make the city; that grave modifications of the policy and modes of living and employments of the population, that commerce, education, and religion may be voted in or out; that any measure, though it were absurd, may be imposed on a people, if only you can get sufficient voices to make it a law. But the wise know that foolish legislation is a rope of sand, which perishes in the twisting; that the state must follow and not lead the character and progress of the citizen . . . and that the form of government which prevails is the expression of what cultivation exists in the population that permits it." Probably one could in no way so merit the derision of earnest Populists as to sit in the East and quote Emerson at them; yet surely, even by a Populist this may be read with benefit.

THERE was a hot, close fight in the Board of Education in one of the largest cities of the Union, this year, over the choice of a president, who names the committees, and so largely determines the general policy of the board. The "issue" was the relative attention to be paid to what are called "primary" pupils, and to pupils of the "higher" grades. Those who believed that the former should have the greater consideration won the day, and their candidate announced, when he took his seat, that he should do what he could to direct the expenditures for buildings, so that the number of children in each primary class, under the care of one teacher, might be "reduced to sixty." He is regarded in that blessed board of so-called education as a radical, and

his programme was received with appropriate applause or derision by the respective parties. Sixty little ones in one class, in the care of one teacher, who is possibly not more than twenty years old, or long out of the "high" school, and who receives at most \$600 a year! In the columns of the paper that reported these curious proceedings, I found an anecdote of a Sunday-school class who designed a banner for their festival, on which was rudely but effectively portrayed a wide-jawed lion, with the legend, "Suffer little children to come unto me." The banner should be presented to this board of education and hung above the president's chair, until, in the evolution of the community, some idea of the function of the public school less ravaging and savage shall prevail.

Yet the respectable gentlemen who constitute this board are not themselves cruel or indifferent, nor are the instructors of various grades who have developed this amazing state of things. Nor are they, in general, ignorant. Many of them I know are honest and faithful business men, giving much time and work without pay to what they consider their duties, or teachers with a real purpose to serve their pupils and a genuine respect for their profession. They are victims of the feeling that the later stages of schooling are more important than the earlier, when, whether we consider the nature and permanence of the influence possible or the number influenced, the exact reverse is, in the public schools at least, the truth.

It is one of the curiosities of democracy, that by far the greater part of the money and effort expended on general instruction should be for the benefit of by far the smaller number. This is not only a glaring anomaly, but it is a gross injustice. Why is it submitted to? Because the greater number are not and cannot well be represented in the governing bodies. No man gets into a board of education who, if he send his children to a public school at all, is obliged to take them out and set them to work at twelve or fifteen years of age. He could no more afford to serve in the board than he could afford to keep his children in school. Those who do get in belong to and represent the class to whom "advanced" instruction seems the more impor-

tant;—which, by the way, goes to show that equality in suffrage does not secure equality in benefit from the common expenditures, and throws some dry light on the probable working of the socialist scheme for compulsory justice, which Professor Sumner, with rather brutal accuracy, calls “making the world over.”

WHAT we like to call provincialism is, I suppose, a matter of incorrect perspective. A person dwelling with comparatively few associates, or in a larger community of nearly uniform ideas and habits, judges the world by the standard his experience and observation have supplied, as obviously he must; and the standard being a narrow (not necessarily a low) one, his views are correspondingly narrow. He is, we say, provincial. The essence of his provincialism is his general mistake as to the importance and value of what he sees and thinks, and wherever you find that mistake habitually made you have provincialism.

One of the brightest journalists of Paris recently remarked of the Republic, which through the stress and trial of a score of years has established itself with an apparent solidity and an acknowledged dignity possessed by no French government since the Revolution, that it had become *presque Parisienne*. This, it would seem, is provincialism of as pure a strain and as unconsciously petty as any province of France could produce. It is a fair counterpart of the traditional Western remark, that “New York would be a great town if it were not so far out of Chicago.” And it is curious to remark how this grotesque habit of measuring great things by little things—for Paris, great as it is in many ways, some of which your confident *Parisien* fails to understand, is not so great as France—obtains more noticeably in France than in any other country of intelligence approaching that of the French. It is not a disagreeable habit altogether. There is a grace of sincerity and simplicity about it that redeems the conceit at the bottom of it. Its comparisons are not generally odious. There is an assumption that to call a thing French, or Parisian, or *gaulois* is to give it the last word of praise; but the corresponding assumption, that not to merit those adjectives is simply not to require

notice at all, is not often put in words. It is implied, but unless you are very sensitive, you incline to ignore the implication rather than to take offence at what is to the Frenchman so inevitable.

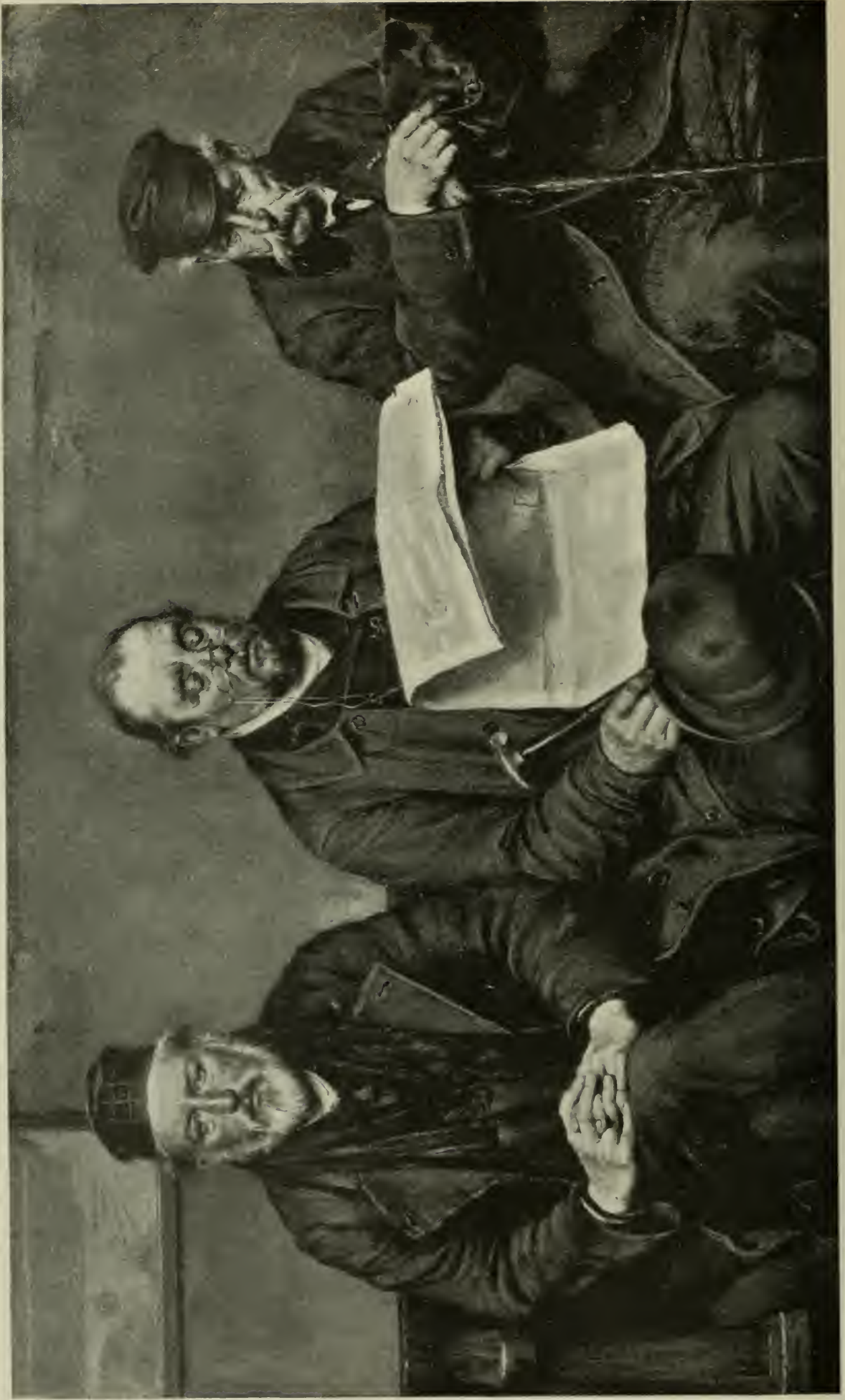
This is provincialism, nevertheless, and its root is in a certain slowness of the French mind, nimble enough within its range, but indisposed to extend the range, and doing so only with effort often painful, sometimes amusing, “*Le vice de l'indolence*,” says Jules Simon, “*c'est depuis longtemps notre vice national*.” By which certainly he does not mean that the French are not industrious, but that they move, when they move, with reluctance. By preference and contentedly, they rest in their “*huis clos*,” and measure all things by the measure they are used to, not suspecting how inadequate and inapt it is. To that extent they are provincial.

ANY delusions that may have beset the summer vacationer from the city about the intensity of his own gregarious instincts, are apt to be widely dispelled about this time of year, when, after his month by the sea or in the country, he first strikes a considerable town. It need not be such a very big town, but only a city with the ordinary appliances of city life, with hotels that are real hotels, not summer hotels; with shops, newspapers, and people. It is really pitiable to see the poor creature's satisfaction in finding the commonest appurtenances of urban existence within his reach. The most ordinary sights bear a friendly aspect to him. The members of the Salvation Army that he sees in the streets seem to him like old acquaintances. The cigar-store Indians are his long-lost brothers. The conventional ornaments of the drug-stores, the soda-water fountains, and awful instruments, and sponges, and patent medicine boxes that garnish those repositories, seem cheerful and alluring to him, and the familiar drug-store smell rises in his nostrils like the very breath of life. There are barber shops—he can have his locks trimmed; there are saloons—he can quench his thirst; there are bookstores—he can learn what progress literature has made during his absence from the world, and can look at the outsides of the newest books and supply

himself with all the latest magazines. It rejoices him, as he dodges a trolley car, to find his instinct of self-preservation still unimpaired. A bicycler grazes him as he whizzes by, and he swears more in glee than in irritation. Poor degenerate creature that he is, after viewing God's creation for a month, man's poor appliances possess a new charm for him. The visions he had in June of the delights of a life-long communion with nature have faded out, and he rejoices that his lot has been cast in the haunts of men. Even his work, that he had come so to despise, has charms for him again, and he thinks with relief, and even with enthusiasm, of having a desk to return to every morning, and of the set task which is to occupy his active hours and relieve him of the obligation to choose between rival forms of laborious amusement.

Bless the man! Don't imagine that the merits and blisses and attractions which he sees in cities really exist. Don't suppose that the sight of the blue sea or the blue hills is not intrinsically better than any sights he will find in town. It is just a case of *cælum non animum*, that's all. He is a bundle of habits like all of us, and it is because he is getting back to his habits that he rejoices. He is a machine, and however it may benefit him now and then to stop for a time and repair his several parts, he is happiest on the whole when he is running, and he runs easiest and most profitably in the place that he has learned to fit. He may pose for a few weeks every year as a human creature, but the truth is that he is a mere appliance, and best off, as his own instincts tell him, in the place where he can best be applied.





ADRIEN HENRI TANOUX'S "THREE WAIFS IN AN ALMSHOUSE."

[Selections by Philip Gilbert Hamerton from Types of Contemporary Painting. See p. 435.]

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Train about to Leave Station.

RAILROAD TRAVEL IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA

By H. G. Prout

THE untravelled Yankee, and often the travelled one, is apt to have a notion that the whole arrangement and conduct of passenger business on English railroads is inferior to what it is in the United States, and the Briton disapproves at first of pretty nearly every effort that we make to serve his comfort or convenience as he journeys over our

land. It is not my purpose to try to settle this old difference; I would not, if I could, for the English-speaking world would lose a precious subject of debate. But both systems are interesting to the casual traveller and to the student of the mechanics or the economics of carrying.

The English railroad is the most

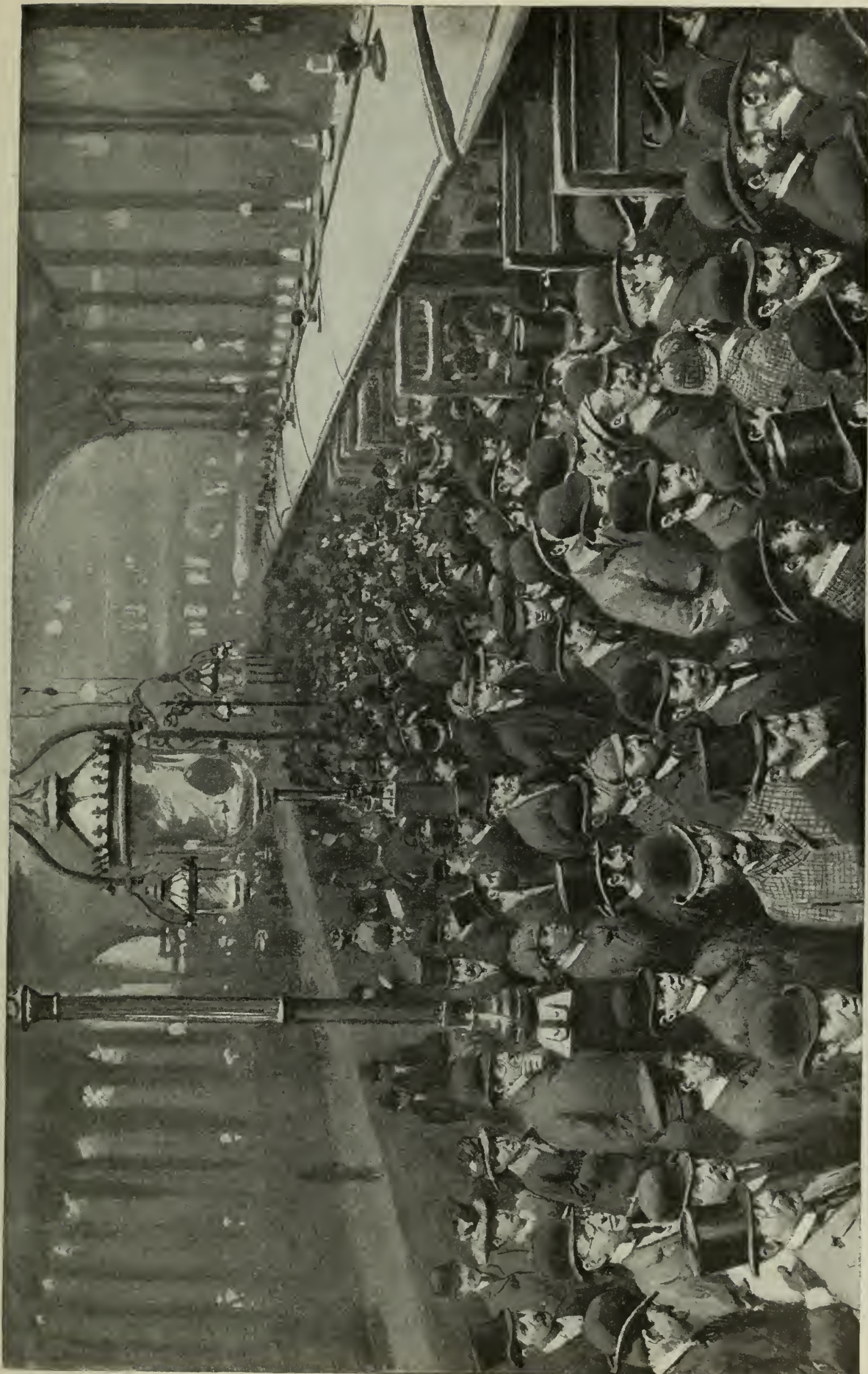


St. Pancras Station, London—Midland.

highly organized instrument of transportation in the world. I do not say the best, but as a machine it is the most complete in its many parts. But it is only as a machine for carrying passengers that we shall consider it now, and as such it does a wonderful amount of work, far more work than any other railroad in the world. In 1892 the English railroads carried 67,200 passengers per mile of railroad worked, and ours carried 4,900. This gives a faint notion of the density of their traffic compared with ours; fourteen times as much work was done in a given space.* Surely such a machine is worth looking at, and I shall try to describe some of its features, with now and then a comparative glance at the railroads of the United States.

*The demonstration of this will be given in a later article.

The chief elements of public service in a railroad system are safety, cost of service rendered, speed, frequency, comfort, and punctuality; and probably these elements stand in relative importance about in the order named; although even this varies. Perhaps safety is the most important element for any man or group of men; the order of the other elements might be fixed for some one man or small group of men, but not for a nation, certainly not for two nations. For an active man earning \$25 a day, speed and frequency of trains are more important than cost of travel; while a man earning \$1 a day can wait half a day to start and add half a day to the length of his journey to save \$1.10 in fares and still make ten cents by the delay. Probably we shall not go far wrong if we consider the elements of service of English



DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

Passengers Entering a Train (first-class).

and American railroads in the order named.

In safety, then, the English railroads are far beyond those of the United States. In six recent years the railroads of the United States killed sixteen times as many passengers as those of the United Kingdom, in proportion to the number carried. This is not a fair comparison, however, for the journey of each passenger was longer in the United States—how much longer we do not know, for the English statistics are incomplete in this particular. Relatively to the total train movement of all kinds, which is a rough basis of comparison, but fairly just, the United States railroads killed about four and a half times as many persons as the English, in six years.

This question of safety is mostly a question of cost, and it is possible to pay too much for safety; indeed, there are good observers and students who think that the English railroads have

or as much service. Had the restrictions of the British Board of Trade been laid upon the railroads of the United States for the last twenty-five years, the development of the country would have been retarded beyond calculation.

Granted that the Englishman travels safer, does he travel cheaper? Here we plunge into very deep water, indeed. Strange as it seems, there are no statistics of passenger-rates in the two countries that can be compared accurately, and all that any student has yet been able to do is to make more or less close guesses. We know that in 1892 the whole passenger traffic of the United States, leaving out the elevated railroads of New York and Brooklyn, paid an average rate of 2.14 cents a mile. But we do not know the rate per mile in England, for the length of journeys made is not published.

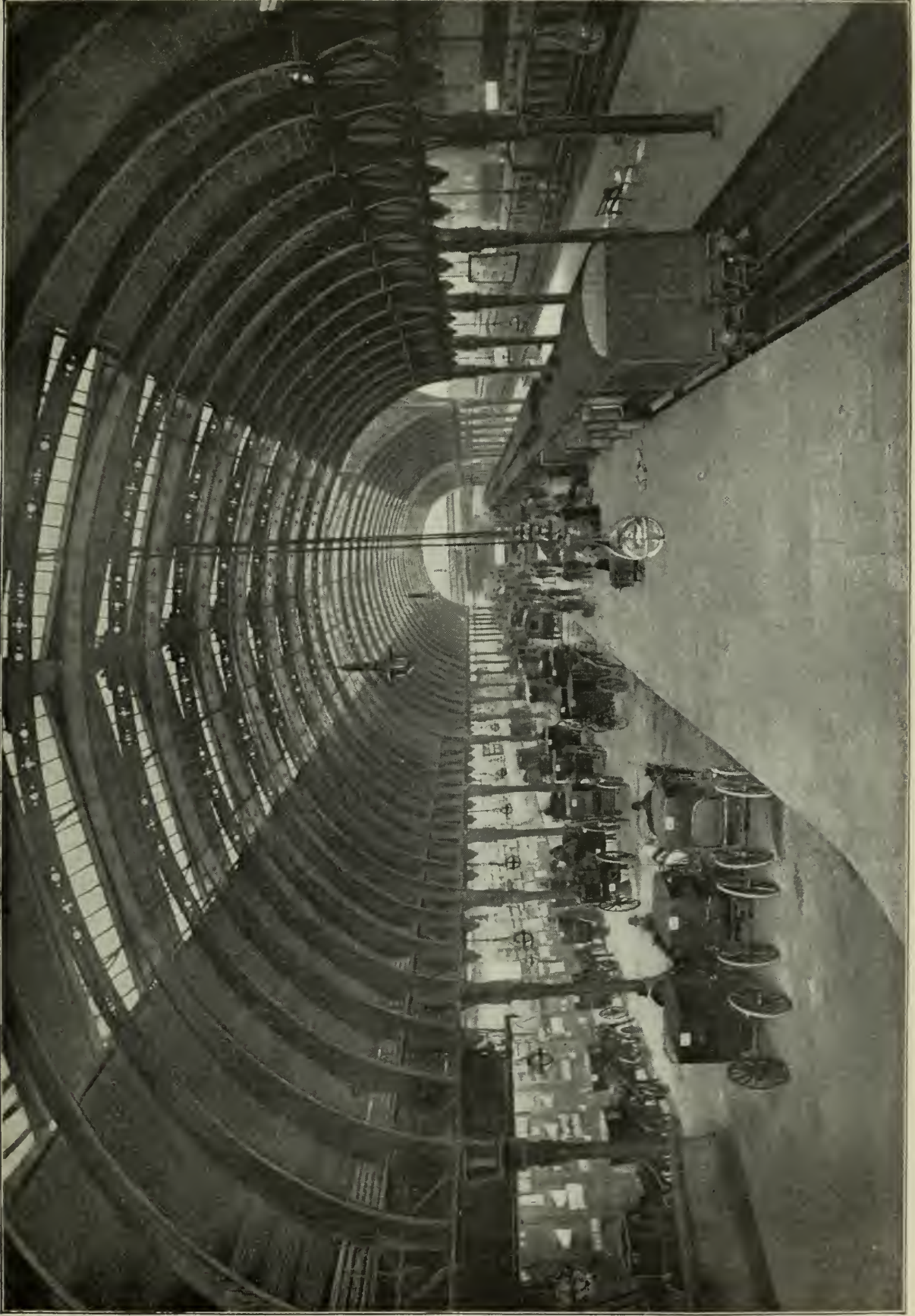
After all, averages from general statistics would, if we had them, give us only an abstract idea of the public service of the railroads; and we shall do better to make the comparison specific, examining actual fares for actual distances. From such an examination we find that in our Western States the local fares, say for 100 miles, more or less, are about 3 cents a mile, and in the Eastern States they are about $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents. For longer distances they are $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents in the West, and 2 cents in the East. This is without sleeping-car or drawing-room-car fares, and these are the rates at which the great mass of the people travel. For the present we



Corridor Train (first-class) Great Western Railway.

will leave out of the analysis the suburban movement at "commutation" rates; and we may also neglect the extra fare movement, for the relative number of those travelling in sleeping- or drawing-room cars is very small.

paid too much for this element: at any rate, they have cost something like five times as much a mile as ours. If our railroads had cost as much, or anything like as much, we should not have now nearly as many miles, or as low rates,



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

Paddington Station, London—Great Western.

Here again statistics are lacking, but careful inquiry leads me to believe that, outside of the suburban zones, about ninety per cent. of all passengers are carried in "day coaches," paying no extra fare. The great, typical American passenger movement is, then, at fares of from 2 to 3 cents a mile, varying with region and distance. Similarly, the characteristic passenger movement in England is third-class. Leaving out the season ticket-holders, eighty-nine per cent. of all the passengers in the United Kingdom, in 1892, were third-class, and but three and one-half per cent. were first-class; the rest were second. The uniform third-class fare is 2 cents a mile, varying slightly above or below that, and all but three or four special trains carry third-class passengers.

The English first-class fare is entire-

highest south of the Thames. It runs from about $3\frac{1}{4}$ cents a mile up to 5. This must be compared with our ordinary fare plus sleeping-car or drawing-room fares, say $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 cents a mile, a little more for quite short distances.

But this is not all. In the United States the two-cent rate is the minimum of *regular* rates (ignoring for the time excursion rates, and the like, in both countries), and holds only for long distances. The short distance passengers who make up the great bulk of travel pay more, and a few examples of actual fares will show how much higher our local rates are than the English third-class rate. From New York to Boston the fare is \$5. At the English rate per mile, reckoning by the shortest distance, it would be \$4.26. From New York to Albany the fare is \$3.10; at the English rate it would be



A Group of English Porters

ly irregular: it varies neither with distance nor with competition, but it is

\$2.46. From New York to Philadelphia the fare is \$2.50; by the English



Station Built on a Curve at York, England—North Eastern Railway.

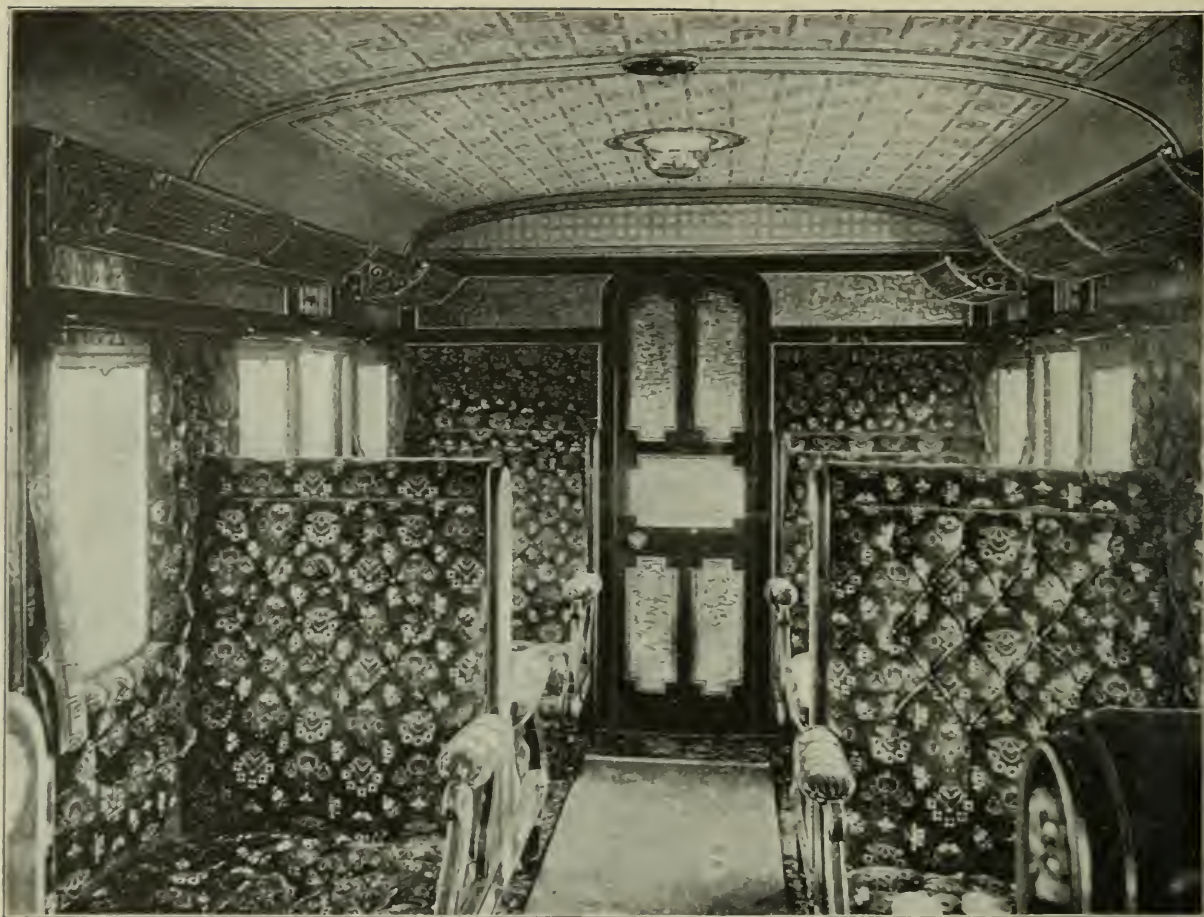
rate it would be \$1.84. From New York to Baltimore the actual fare is \$5.30; by the English rate it would be \$3.63. From Chicago to Milwaukee the present fare is \$2.55; by the English rate, \$1.70. From Chicago to Rockford the actual fare is \$2.50; by the English rate, \$1.86. Chicago to St. Paul, present fare, \$11.50; English rate, \$8.18. Galesburg to Dubuque, \$4.33; English rate, \$2.80. Galesburg to Quincy, \$3; English rate, \$2.02. These examples serve to illustrate my point, which is that two cents a mile is the maximum English third-class rate, and is the minimum for the American day-coach travel (excepting excursions and the like); and that the mass of the people moving here pay a higher fare than the English.

But we have not yet come to the bottom of this analysis. In our own country there is a considerable travel at specially reduced rates; for instance, round-trip tickets and special excursion and mileage rates; but in England the making of special low rates is carried far beyond anything that we have in this country. One finds there a great variety of excursions,

not for special seasons or occasions, but extending over the whole year, and at remarkably low rates. The denser population, the shorter distances to places of interest, and perhaps a habit of getting more amusement out of life, have conspired to make the excursion and tourist traffic far more important in England than with us. In Mr. Carroll D. Wright's recent statistics of wages and cost of living in certain great industries, he finds that in a year, the English family engaged in those industries spends \$23.55 on "amusements and vacations," when the American family spends but \$14.48. That may be one cause or one result of the greater development of excursions there.

Tourist tickets, first, second, and third class, good for long times and long distances, all over the kingdom, are issued in great variety and at important reductions.

"Week end" tickets to sea-side resorts are issued the year round, up to distances of 150 miles or more. These are good "from Friday or Saturday to Monday or Tuesday," and in some cases, for the longer distances, from Friday to



American Eagle Express—London and South Western Railway

Tuesday. These are generally good on any ordinary train. These tickets seldom cost as much as $1\frac{1}{2}$ cent a mile for the third-class, oftener $1\frac{2}{10}$ cent, and in one case at least are as low as 0.67 cent a mile. That is to Mablethorpe, 152 miles from London. That is equivalent to \$2 for an excursion ticket to and from a sea-side place 150 miles away. One can go to places all around the British coast for $1\frac{1}{4}$ cent a mile.

Tickets are often sold for any day and any train, good for fifteen days, for $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ cent a mile, and for short or long distances. Others are sold good for any two week days, but restricted to use on a few trains, for $1\frac{1}{4}$ cent.

Another class of excursions is by special trains on special days: say Sundays only, one train carrying all classes; or Mondays only, carrying only third-class; or bank holidays, one train, third-class only. These trains serve long distances and take passengers at 0.6 cent a mile. That is, they will carry you to a sea-side place seventy-five miles away, and back, for ninety cents.

Still another class of excursion tickets is, into London from country stations, for about 0.7 cent a mile. These are often arranged in connection with some special amusement, but not necessarily so, and the cheapest rates are restricted to certain trains. The rate of 0.7 cent a mile would allow one to go to New York and back, for the theatre or circus, say, for seventy cents railroad fare, from a station fifty miles out. Such are in force almost every day in the year to and from many English stations. Other very cheap fares are made to and from small market towns in the country districts, for certain trains on market days.

The great volume of third-class travel by these special rates brings the average considerably below the nominal parliamentary fare of a penny a mile; but even these do not include all the special rates. In 1889 the fourteen companies serving the district around London, sold nearly nineteen million workman's tickets at an average rate of 0.64 cent a mile, and a committee of

the County Council reported that this traffic has largely increased since that year.

Season tickets, corresponding to our commutation tickets, are generally issued for first and second class only, and the rates are considerably higher than ours. And here comes in a peculiar condition. On those roads where season tickets are sold only for first and second class, which are the larger part of the railroads, many men take first-class tickets, but their wives going back and forth from and to suburban stations, will oftener travel third-class. Hence it happens that you will frequently see what you never see in America: a man going up to town of

American would, I fancy, have taken this as a matter of course.

Setting aside the suburban business (season ticket) as a special class, the outcome of the analysis is that the English fares for those who are willing to pay for special comfort are a good deal higher than ours; but for the ninety per cent. who go in day coaches here and third-class there, the English fares are actually lower.

Speed may be considered as a matter of glory or of public accommodation. Glory may be won by one or two trains running long or short distances, or by special runs. The public service depends on the miles run regularly by trains at sustained high speeds. In



Horses Loading on a Special Horse-box.

a morning in a first-class compartment, and his wife going by the same train third-class; and an American living in one of the suburbs told me how often English women had spoken of the courtesy of her husband in leaving his first-class compartment and coming to sit with them in the third-class. An

high speeds of the first sort, the United States seems just now to hold the world's record. Neither England nor any other country in the world has any trains as fast *for the distance* as the Empire State Express, which runs 440 miles at 50.7 miles an hour, including four stops; or as fast *for the distance*



DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

Workmen Waiting for a Train—Great Eastern.

as the defunct Exposition Flyer of last summer, which ran 964 miles at 48.2 miles an hour, including nine stops.

Among the very fast special runs we find the following pretty authentic records of performances in the United States, which, so far as I know, have not been equalled in England since a run made on the Great Western, in 1848, of 53 miles at 68 miles an hour; and that was not up to the best of those given here. September, 1891, on the New York Central, New York to East Buffalo, 436 miles, at 59.6 miles an hour, including three stops; 1892, same railroad, 21½ miles at the rate of 72.7 miles an hour, no stops; Pennsylvania Railroad, 1891, Jersey City to Washington, 227 miles, 54.3 miles an hour, two stops; New York Central, 1893, 80.4 miles at 68.5 miles an hour, no stops.

For very short distances we find no record in England at above 86 miles an hour, which speed was probably touched on the North Eastern, in 1890. We find, however, in the United States reasonably well-attested records, on two different railroads, of runs of from one to four miles, at speeds of from 90 to 103 miles an hour. There is an apocryphal record of 112 miles an hour, but this I should not dare to quote. My point is that, for high speeds sustained for very long distances, and for extremely high speeds for short special runs, the United States now has the record.

When we come to consider regular trains running, say for half an hour or more, at over 50 miles an hour, we find few such here or in England, and probably none in any other country, and England probably has more than the United States. In England there are eleven trains running from 33 to 100 miles at speeds of from 50 to 55½ miles an hour. In the United States I find ten trains running from 40 to 95 miles at from 50 to 56 miles an hour.

But the public is served by the amount of high speed that can be had every day under normal conditions, and here England leads the world, with the United States second, but far in the rear, and all other countries out of the race entirely. Exact figures to show

the present condition can only be got by an immense amount of very careful work, but fortunately we may take second-hand figures that are recent enough, exact enough, and authentic enough for comparison. In 1889 Messrs. Foxwell & Farrer produced a little book called "Express Trains, English and Foreign," which was then, and still remains, unique. The authors define an express train as one running 40 miles an hour or more, including stops, and they found that Great Britain and the United States were the only countries where *any* such trains were run. Since that time a few changes have taken place, doubtless, but the figures of 1889 remain good enough for our purposes. It was found then, that in England there were 63,000 miles run every day at 40 miles an hour or more, and in the United States there were 14,000.

Frequency of trains is possibly an even more important element of public accommodation than speed. At any rate it is important, and in this respect the British public is wonderfully well served. Here again accurate comparisons involve great labor; it is not easy to dig out from the time-tables the number of trains running between two cities, unless one is familiar with the railroad geography. An acute and well-informed Englishman writing about American railroads, complained of "the confused and ill-arranged mass of time-tables" from which he had to get his information. Now is my chance to retaliate. I find the American time-tables simple and well arranged, while Bradshaw's "Guide" is ably contrived to distract one's mind and ruin his eyes. It is quite probable that in the figures which follow, giving examples of frequency of train service, there are a number of mistakes, and probably some of the Englishmen who do me the honor to read this will expose my ignorance.

I find in England that from London to Manchester, 183 miles, there are 35 trains a day one way; to Birmingham, 113 miles, 20 trains; to Brighton, 51 miles, 29 trains; to Liverpool, 201 miles, 30 trains; to Sheffield, 158 miles, 18 trains; to Hull, 151 miles, 19 trains; to Edinburgh, 400 miles, 18 trains; to

Glasgow, 401 miles, 18 trains. From Edinburgh to Glasgow, 45 miles, there are 30 trains; from Liverpool to Manchester, 34 miles, there are 62 trains. In the United States it would be impossible to select so great a number of cities nearly so well served. From New York to Philadelphia, 90 miles, there are 44 trains each way every day, but this is by far the greatest service. From New York to Albany, 143 miles, there are 22 trains; New York to Buffalo, 440 miles, there are also 22 trains, which is a very frequent service *considering the distance*—more so than anything found in England. From New York to Boston, 234 miles, there are 15 trains (including three combined rail and boat services); from Chicago to Milwaukee, 85 miles, 16 trains.

In punctuality I can make no comparisons; critical writers on the English railroads, as well as railroad officers themselves, and those who use railroads, agree in the main that the English roads are rather more punctual than those of the Continent; they may be more or less so than those of the United States.

The comfort element includes cars, stations, and all arrangements for taking care of passengers and their baggage, and is naturally the largest division of our subject. The standard English passenger carriage is considerably shorter than our car, has three axles, no end platforms, and is entered by side doors. The first-class car contains four compartments, each with six places, three with backs to the engine, and three facing. The seats are separated by broad and comfortable arm-rests, and there are arm-rests on the sides of the carriage also. These rests are low enough, broad enough, and soft enough to be comfortable. The compartment is about seven feet square inside, giving ample room for the six seats, which are deep, wide, padded to the height of the head, and upholstered better than anything that I know of in America. There are ample racks for hand luggage, a rug on the floor, and one lamp in the roof. The second and third class carriages have five compartments, making the seats less deep, fore and aft, and giving less room for the knees

than in the first-class. The second-class compartments seat eight persons, and the bench across the car is divided by but one arm-rest, so that if the places are all full you and one neighbor are separated by only an imaginary line. The third-class compartments seat ten persons, and the benches are not divided at all, the five persons on a side being in pretty close contact. These are not nearly as well upholstered as the first-class, but are good enough in that respect. These are the standards, but there are many exceptions. For short distance traffic, for example, it is quite common to seat eight in a first-class compartment, and to seat ten in a second-class compartment.

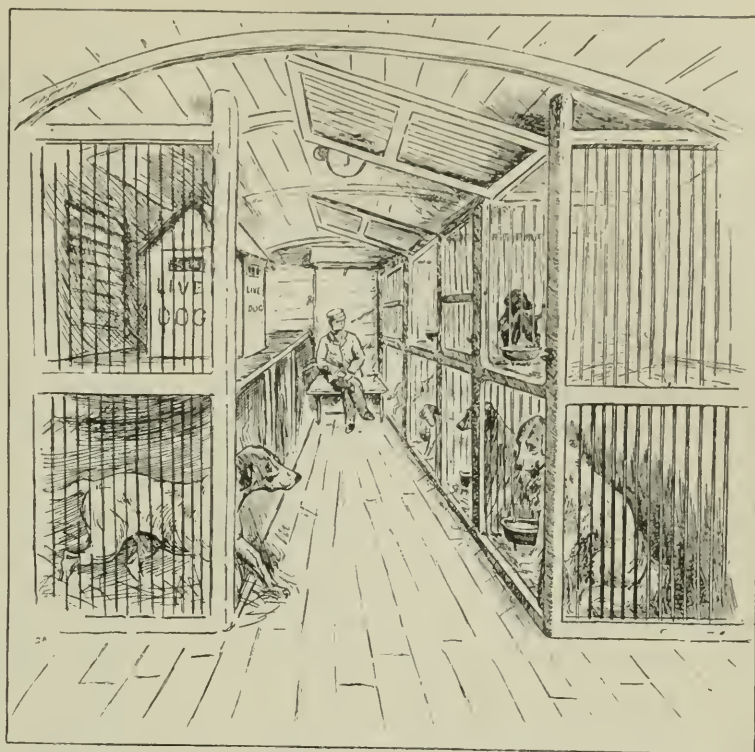
Another very common variation from the type is the division of one carriage into compartments of two or three classes, or the introduction of a luggage compartment.

A variation from the standard type of considerable antiquity, is the use of Pullman cars. As much as twenty years ago the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway introduced Pullman drawing-room cars, and the Midland introduced Pullman sleepers. Pullman drawing-room cars are now used on the South Western, on the Great Eastern, particularly in its through trains from York to Harwich, and on some other lines, but the Pullman car is not of great importance on the English railways. The runs are too short to call for much use of sleeping-cars, and the Englishman as a rule prefers for his journeys by day the standard first-class English carriage.

A variation of great importance, which has been introduced on several roads, is the corridor trains with first and third class dining-cars. In this the Midland was, I believe, the pioneer, but last summer this example was followed by the "East Coast" line to Scotland, composed of the Great Eastern, North Eastern and North British, and by the "West Coast" line, being the London and North Western, and the Caledonian. By each route there is one of these trains up and one down every day, leaving London at one end, and Glasgow and Edinburgh at the other, at 2 and 2.30 p.m., and running

through in eight and one-half and eight and three-quarter hours. The service is fast and fine, and the trains are popular.

These corridor dining-car trains are now the most celebrated in England, for they not only have communication through from end to end, and cook and serve meals on board, but they have third-class dining-cars, and give third-class passengers first-class service. A description of the compartment-cars (not the dining-cars) will serve for the corridor-cars run on the Great Western, the Midland, and on the Great Eastern from the north to Harwich.



A Dog Box.

The compartments are entered by side doors, like the ordinary compartments, but they are only two seats wide, seating four persons in each, although the third-class are supposed to seat six. Along one side of the car runs the narrow aisle from end to end, and the compartments open into this by glazed doors and have windows also looking on to the aisle, so that the occupants of the seats can see out both sides and get about as much light as in an ordinary compartment.

The dining-cars of the first-class have centre aisles, with one seat on each side, two seats facing with a small table between. In the third-class there are two seats on one side of the aisle and one on the other. The cars have end lavatories and are connected by vestibules. They are lighted by compressed gas, and pretty well lighted. They are supposed to be heated by hot water circulation, the water heated (on the North Western) by a gas arrangement. The guards are instructed to keep the temperature at 60° F., but on a February day it was as low as 48° F. in Scotland, and rose to 55° F. as we went south, and was probably not more than 5° F. above the outside temperature. But at 55° F. I took off my overcoat, like an English-

man, and was, without affectation, comfortable.

The upholstering is, as is usual with English cars, excellent; the backs of the seats rise a little higher than one's head and the cars are altogether most comfortable. To one used to the splendor of the Pullman cars they seem severely plain, but they are all the better for that; they are in better taste, and the tax on the railroad companies and on the community is less, for the splendors have to be paid for.

The operation of the dining-cars is peculiar in that one may take his seat for the whole journey. The advantage to him is that he is sure of a roomy seat to himself all the journey, if he goes first-class, and he is in an open car. The disadvantages are that he is liable to be asked to give up his seat while some passenger from one of the compartment-cars dines, and that he sees the process of setting and clearing the tables. The first disadvantage might be serious in the busy season; the second is really trifling with tidy, civil, and quiet English boys doing the work. It would be more serious were the cars served as ours are. But wherever one sits in these corridor trains, he has the immense advantage of possible

communication with others at any instant, and my friend, an old Scotch station-master, assured me that for this they are much liked by timorous ladies.

Another important variation from the standard type is found in the special saloon trains, built by the South Western for the service between London and Southampton, in connection with the American Line steamers. These differ from the compartment-cars in that the main saloon is open, with a longitudinal aisle. It seats about eighteen persons, the seats on one side being two places wide and on the other side one place. These carriages have smoking-compartments and lavatories, and like all of the good English carriages, are admirably upholstered and as comfortable as anyone need ask for; but they are not heated.

It would be too long a story to tell accurately of all the variations from the standard type; it is perhaps enough to mention a few more. Sleeping-saloons are common on the roads which have long runs. These are not nearly as large or commodious or well provided as the Pullman sleeping-car, but nevertheless answer very well for rides of but part of one night, and are cheap, the excess fare being but five shillings. They are divided into compartments with a corridor along one side, each compartment containing upper and lower berths and lavatory, and they are sometimes heated by hot water circulation.

Dining-cars other than those attached to the corridor trains already described, are somewhat used, but for two reasons they are of far less importance in England than in the United States. First, the runs are so short that one seldom needs to take more than one meal on a journey; and second, the lunch-basket system is so complete that one can be very comfortable without a dining-car. Probably the lunch-basket is well known, by reputation at least, to most Americans. You tell a guard or porter at your departing station that you will want lunch, and make your choice of the limited variety offered, and at a lunch-basket station a neat basket will be put into your compartment containing cold fowl, or ham, or other cold meat, bread, butter, celery, cheese, beer

or claret or sherry, as you choose, and you can lunch comfortably and put the basket out at some later station, all for three shillings, or two and six if you do not take beer or wine.

A still further variation in the passenger coach is the family saloon, which can always be had by ordering a little in advance. This is a large, open compartment with sofas on the sides and ends, a few chairs, a card-table in the middle, and a lavatory at one end. The use of this can be had without extra charge by paying a minimum number of fares.

One of the most important of all the more recent modifications of the English passenger carriage, is the introduction of the lavatories, which are now very common on fast long-distance trains. They are found not only in carriages of the first class, but of second and third. In the standard compartment-carriages two lavatories are introduced, between two consecutive compartments; that is, a transverse slice of the carriage is divided into two lavatories, one of which is entered from the forward compartment and one from the rear, in each of these compartments one seat being left out to give space for the door into the lavatory. As in all such arrangements in England, these are simple but very neat and well provided.

The horse-box and dog-box must not be forgotten, for they are an essential part of the passenger equipment, and are run on a great many passenger trains, always probably where there is a call for them. The horse-box is a short four-wheel car with three stalls lengthwise, a small compartment in one end for the groom, with a window through which he can look at his horses, and another compartment at the other end for the horses' luggage. The stalls are padded and the side of the box opens in two folds, the upper one being raised and the lower one falling on the platform, making a ramp or gang-plank for the horses. The English horse is so much accustomed to travelling that he enters and leaves his box with perfect gravity, quite as a matter of course. The dog-box is a hole built into the luggage van with a small side-door, and

will carry several dogs. It is quite common, however, to put the dogs in an open crate in the guard's van, which arrangement the dogs prefer as being more sociable. This arrangement may be called the dog-saloon, and is a step above the standard box, which may be considered the dogs' third-class. The rates from station to station for carrying dogs and horses, as well as carriages, by passenger trains, are published in the time-tables, the horse-rate being about fifty per cent. more than the first-class fare. You can send your dog up to London by the regular rate, to be delivered at your house by the parcels delivery, or if you wish him to be served more quickly and comfortably, you can have him delivered by cab, simply paying the cab fare. These arrangements are a capital illustration of the thorough organization of English life in matters of comfort and convenience, but probably they could be profitable to the companies, and would be largely used by the public, only in a country where one may see this sign on a real estate agent's office: "Salmon fisheries, grouse moors, and deer forests to let."

Finally, it must be remembered that the passenger rolling stock is by no means the same on all the railroads of England. What have been described are the standards and the principal variations, but in spaciousness and finish there is as great variety as there is in the United States.

When the American first finds himself shut in a tight little compartment on a train scheduled to run two hours without stopping, at a speed of fifty miles an hour, he will probably wonder what under the sun he is going to do in case of an emergency. Much more will the shy and respectable American female wonder, because for two hours one gives himself up irrevocably to fate, so far as fate is held in that compartment. The surrender is complete and humiliating.

Dantès, in the dungeon of the Château d'If, was not more helpless. Suppose you should have a fit; suppose your companion in the compartment should be a homicidal maniac; suppose he be a drunken blackguard, and you the shy

female; or suppose she be a blackmailing adventuress, and you a timid and inexperienced young clergyman; suppose, in fact, a hundred things, anyone of which has happened, what are you going to do about it? Fortunately the immense majority of those who travel by rail in England are sane and sober, and in fairly good health, and know that British justice is very reliable if a little costly; fortunately so, for you have just about as much chance of getting into communication with anyone outside of your dungeon as Dantès had. He waited fourteen years to get thrown into the sea by mistake; you will wait a hundred for your train to stop between stations by mistake. You must serve out your time.

"But there is the cord communication, you know." True, so there is, and I will copy the instructions for its use as I read them in a first-class compartment, on an admirable express train, on one of the best lines in the world: "To call the attention of the guard and driver, passengers must pull down the cord which will be found outside the carriages, close to the cornice, over the window of the carriage door. There are cords on both sides of the train, but that on the right-hand side, in the direction in which the train is travelling, is the one by which alone the communication can be made. Passengers are earnestly requested themselves to protect the communication from improper and mischievous use, as it is very important that it should not be used without real and urgent necessity." Then follows a citation from the Regulation of Railways Act, 31 and 32 Victoria, cap. 119, under which any passenger who makes use of the means of communication without reasonable and sufficient cause will be liable for each offence to a fine not exceeding £5.

I do not quarrel with the language of this document—it is sonorous and definite; the fine of £5 for each time one uses the cord injudiciously I do not object to, but fancy having to read this, then lowering the sash and putting your head and shoulders out of the window on the right and finding the cord under the cornice, and pulling in two or three yards of slack to call the

attention of the guard and driver, ten coaches away, while the homicidal maniac is sticking his knife in your back. As I suggested, these emergencies do not happen often, but one could not afford to have them come more than once in a lifetime.

Even the untravelled Yankee knows that the standard method of heating the English car is by the historical hot-water can, on which you put your feet if you want to. There is no harm in it; it will not burn your boots, and generally it will keep you from actual suffering; further it is not worth talking about. On a few trains of a few lines steam-heating from the engine is being used rather tentatively, but these are very exceptional cases—in general, there is no heating at all other than the hot-water can.

It must not be supposed that the Englishman sits and suffers in unconscious ignorance. On the contrary, he knows that our cars are hot and his are cold, and he likes his way best. He says that our hot cars and houses are unwholesome, and conduce to colds and pneumonia and general deterioration of the race. The American says that he does not want to sit two hours or eight hours in his overcoat, with a rug over his knees and thick gloves on his hands. He wants to expand himself, to read and write, and smoke and chat in comfort. An old Mahratta chief who had considerable experience in trying to keep the Englishmen out of his pastures, once wrote: "These English are a strange people. They came in here this morning, looked at the Pettah wall, walked over it, killed all the garrison, and returned to breakfast. Who can withstand them?" It is not necessary to inquire here how far living in cold houses has gone toward producing the hardihood of body and spirit which conquered and held India, or whether warm cars and warm houses would endanger the British Empire. This interesting speculation we will leave to the social philosopher. Our present business is simply to record the facts, which are, that American cars are often too hot, but the passenger can get some relief; the English carriages are sometimes too cold, and

the passengers can get no relief; and while railroad travel is always possible and generally comfortable in England, without heat, it would be not only uncomfortable, but impossible in the ordinary American winter. And right here we may add that the low-roofed English carriage would be intolerable in the fierce heat of many of our summer days.

The English car is generally lighted by oil-lamps set into the roof from above, and inaccessible from within the compartment. The use of compressed gas is, however, now quite common, and a few trains are lighted by electricity, the power being taken from an axle. In all the cars that I saw the lighting was dim as compared with the average here; but perhaps it satisfies an Englishman, for I have a notion that the Englishman has developed an eye which requires less light than the American eye. At any rate, he reads and writes and appears to be contented in rooms that seem to us dim. If Taine had thought of this, he would probably have mentioned it as one of the consequences of dwelling in a land of perpetual clouds and rain and fog.

While still considering the comfort element, we may take up the order and arrangement of stations, and on these it is hard to generalize, they vary so much. In England, as elsewhere, there are big stations and little ones, good stations and bad ones; but the country abounds in comfortable and interesting ones. To begin with, one must free his mind from the bad impression due to the climate. There is a certain sombre aspect about the English stations, especially in London and the great manufacturing towns, that is no part of their architecture; they are gloomy because the sky above and the air around are dark with smoke and fog; not because they are badly designed in general, or mean in detail. There are among them many good buildings and some stately ones. St. Pancras, for instance, in London, is a building which, considered only as a piece of architecture, would ornament any city in the world, and which, as a railroad station, is admirable in design. The North Eastern station at York, with the mag-

nificent sweep of the train-shed building on a sharp curve, is another structure worth seeing. In London, again, the Euston Square Station of the North-western, while no longer modern, has dignity both in its approaches and in its façade and main entrance. The Paddington Station of the Great Western is also one of the old stations, having been built now, perhaps, twenty-five years, but it is still worth study, for it is a remarkable combination of brightness in appearance, with comfort and convenience of operation. The Liverpool Street Station of the Great Eastern, which is now undergoing immense additions, is not beautiful at present, if it ever was, but it is a wonderful place in which to watch the handling of great crowds.

Those characteristics of English stations that may be said to be common enough to be called typical are small waiting-rooms, good dining-rooms and restaurants, large accommodation for buyers of tickets, great platform room, and last, and perhaps most significant of all, as indicating a high civilization, ample and clean lavatories. In this feature they are an example to the world; our own stations, except a few examples, are, as compared with the English, barbaric in those humble particulars which are a sign of the refinement of a household or of a nation.

In the general scheme of the English station the booking-office is, as it should be, the first place that you see on entering from the street. It is not in a general waiting-room, but is ordinarily a sort of great booth lying directly in the route from the street to the departure platforms. The waiting-rooms, usually for the three classes, open off the halls which surround the booking-office and into the main departure shed. While the waiting-room is not bright or gay the chances are that it has a cheerful fire in the grate, a rug on the floor, and well-cushioned chairs. The book-stall and the stock of the man who sells rugs and such other matters as the wayfarer may want are all out in the train shed; thus the unfortunate who has to wait for trains may do so in peace and quietness quite apart from the great stream of people who pass at

once from the ticket-office to the train. In the typical American large station the waiting-room is a great hall in which much of the business of the station is carried on and through which in the busy hours a hurrying crowd tramps unceasingly. This great waiting-room may be handsome and even imposing, but I find the English arrangement much pleasanter.

I have said that ample arrangements for booking (buying tickets) are characteristic of English stations. This is especially true in London and the great towns where at times the throng is prodigious. The three classes first divide the crowd, separate ticket windows being provided for each; then several windows, more or less, are provided for each class, according to the actual needs of the place and occasion. Having procured his ticket, one goes freely, usually without any opening or shutting of doors, to the spacious platform, and then the long trains with their side doors absorb the crowd with amazing rapidity. Indeed, I would advise anyone who cares to see how crowds of passengers can be disposed of to stand on the bridge in the Liverpool Street Station of the Great Eastern for an hour or two early Saturday afternoon. Trains of twelve to twenty cars are following one another out at short intervals, and the platforms are filled as fast as they are emptied. A train rolls into the station, the doors fly open along its whole length, the mass on the platform disappears, the doors are closed, and the train departs. Meantime an incessant stream is pouring past the ticket windows, and the same thing is going on on several other platforms.

The cab is almost as important a part of the passenger-carrying system as the railway train itself, hence great provisions are made for the accommodations of cabs in all the larger stations. One will find within and without the train-sheds ample drives and stands and plazas for the accommodation of the hansom, the four-wheeler, and the companies' omnibuses.

However big or however little the station, the passenger never crosses the tracks. Overhead bridges or tunnels are universal, and both are often found

in the same station. In some of the stations a convenient movable bridge will be found for crossing tracks that must be occupied sometimes by trains.

The primitive methods of heating and lighting passenger-trains necessitate a lot of novel paraphernalia in the stations. One will see on the platforms double-decked trucks full of roof-lamps, and other trucks each carrying half a cord, more or less, of hot-water tins. These are run to hydraulic lifts, by which they are dropped to subterranean levels where the lamp-trucks are run to the lamp-rooms for cleaning and filling, and the hot-water cans to the room where the apparatus is arranged for "boiling them up." I did not attempt to collect any figures of the cost of all this apparatus and manipulation, but it would not surprise me to know that it actually costs the English railway companies more to inadequately warm their passengers' feet than it would to heat their trains comfortably by steam from the locomotive.

The station hotel is a characteristic part of the great English station. Of the thirteen terminal stations in London eleven have hotels, either an integral part of the same structure or close by, and in other large towns throughout the kingdom similar hotels are often found. Of these little need be said. They are nearly always modern and thoroughly good, and of course they are extremely convenient for passengers arriving and departing. The station restaurants and refreshment-rooms are naturally varied in quality, but, generally speaking, I should say that while they are not as attractive as those of France, they are much more so than those of the United States. In all stations of any importance that I have examined I have found dining-rooms where the china, the linen, the service, and all the arrangements were worthy of a good hotel, and have often found them really elegant. The grill-rooms and refreshment-counters are also, as a rule, neat and cheap. In these respects it may be safe to say that the average of English service is up to the best of American.

The British porter and the British cab are famous adjuncts to the British

railway, and first of these is the porter. Civil, cheap, and wise, he pervades the vast stations of London and watches on the platforms of the country stations, and makes your life easy for threepence, and thanks you into the bargain. I cannot speak too highly of him. We will assume that you alight from a cab. It is much the same if you arrive in a 'bus or on foot, for it is your pennies the porter regards, and not your quality; and cabs are so cheap in England that mighty mean men ride in them. You come in a cab then; the porter is at hand to open the door, and before you know it he has your bags, your rug, and your box on a hand truck if necessary, otherwise in his numerous hands; he has learned where you are going, the train, and the class, and has steered you to the booking-office. When you have your ticket the porter conducts you to a compartment of your class and destination, puts your traps in the racks, putting enough in the seat to secure it if you do not enter at once, sees that your big luggage is properly labelled and put in the van, touches his cap and departs on further errands of mercy. Or, if you come in by train, a like thing happens. Before the train stops a porter is running alongside to open your door. He takes your hand parcels, extracts your boxes from the luggage van, calls a cab, and puts you and your goods aboard. It is hard to see why this valuable man is so seldom found in American stations; or why, in the few cases where he is found, he is so deficient in alacrity and usefulness.

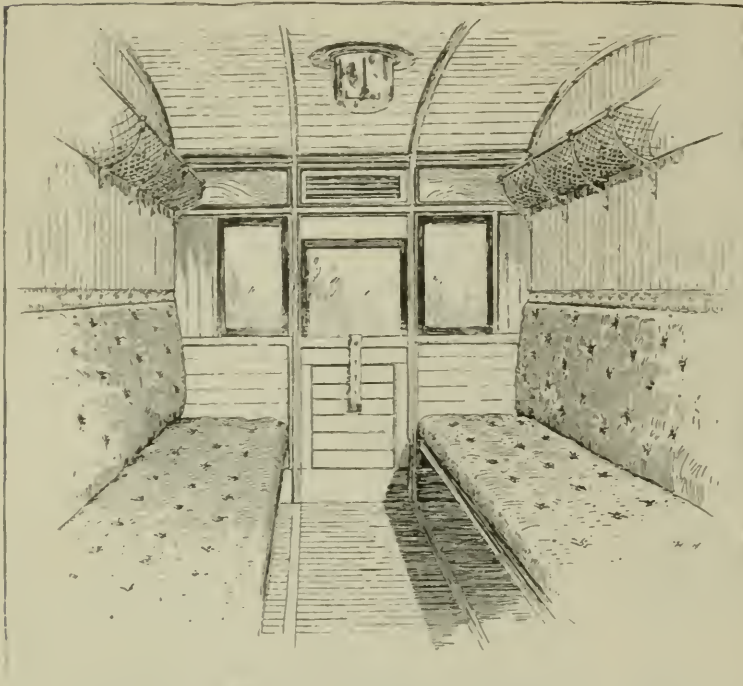
The subject of the porter leads naturally to the English system of handling baggage. It is simple in the extreme. The porter gets from a convenient case beside the departure platform a label bearing the name of your destination, which he pastes on your "box," which goes in the luggage van. You get no receipt of any form, nor is your baggage registered. On arrival at your destination you must claim it. Theoretically it is a bother to have to look up your baggage, and articles ought frequently to go astray. Practically, I am assured that they very seldom go astray, and when they do it is a matter of but a few hours to get them

back. The inconvenience of claiming your baggage is offset by the convenience of having it go with you to your hotel or residence. If you arrive at a station at the moment of departure of the train your baggage goes with you; it is the work of a moment to label it and put it in the van. When you arrive at your hotel you can at once dress for dinner. There is no question of waiting hours for the express delivery, and with the cab system you and your luggage are taken to your hotel for less money than you would have to pay here to have your baggage alone delivered. For our country our own system is probably better, as we have no porters and few cabs. The Englishmen find their system more convenient for them.

If you divide your passengers into classes it is handy to divide your cars into compartments, for in order that all the public may have the best service all classes must be carried on every train, and this is where English practice is far ahead of that of any other country which has the class system. Further, it is desirable that the seats for the different classes should be distributed through any one train, and not bunched, so that the passenger may find his place without walking too far. It is also desirable that the number of seats of any one class in any one train can be easily added to or subtracted from. In England, covered with short branch lines, serving towns and regions of some importance, it is desirable to have through carriages that may be dropped at junctions. With the English system of dealing with baggage it is desirable that one should be near its place in the train, so that he need not have far to walk to claim it; that is, that there should be in any one train a number of luggage compartments. From all this it follows that the carriage unit of any class should be small. This is easily accomplished by dividing your carriage into compartments — that is, making the compartment, not the car, the unit. The compartments in any one carriage may be of one class, or any carriage may have compartments of all three classes.

The Englishman will tell you that he likes the privacy and the quietness of the compartment; that he dislikes the constant opening and shutting of doors at stations, and the going and coming of trainmen, peddlers, and passengers through the car. He says that once settled in a compartment there is a reasonable chance that the door will not be opened, exposing him to a draught, and that it is easy to regulate the supply of fresh air in a compartment, for where three or four persons may be brought to agree as to what is or is not fresh air, it is hard to make a car-load agree. And just here the untravelled Yankee may like to know the law of the window in England. The movable sash in the compartment is the one in the door. But if you should be sitting with your back to the engine or in the middle of the compartment and should open the sash, or in fact if you should do so while you occupy any but one particular seat, you would probably be scowled at as an impertinent person by other passengers in your compartment; but if you happen to sit in the seat next the door, facing the engine, you can do what you please with the sash in your door, and nobody will find fault. This is the law of the window, and the law-abiding Englishman would suffer tortures cheerfully rather than violate it.

In fact the British first-class compartment is always roomy and always comfortable and quiet, and so is a Pullman car, and those are the vehicles to be compared. The second and third class English compartment is disagreeable when full, for the seats are more cramped, and so is the American day-coach; but the English compartment has the great disadvantage that you sit face to face and knee to knee with your neighbor, and there is much more disagreeable personal contact than in the day-coach of the United States, where you look at the back, instead of the front, of the head of the person before you, and where his legs are kept away from yours by the car-seat. The privacy of the English compartment is a cherished delusion, but still a delusion. You can usually get it if you pay for it, but you cannot be sure of it, and



Interior of a Third-class Compartment, Long-distance Trains.

there is really more privacy in the open American car than there is in an English compartment, unless you are alone there or with your friends or acquaintances. In the American car you have the protection of the crowd, and of the constantly passing officials, and this for a woman must be a great comfort, and yet, even on this point, the evidence is conflicting. An American lady who has lived much in England, who is a most sane and sensible person and who is fairly self-reliant, tells me that she never enters a compartment alone to go up to London without a good deal of apprehension as to who her travelling companions will be. If she goes first-class and tips a guard, she can be very secluded. On the other hand, English women assure me that they have not the slightest apprehension, and never have heard of any disagreeable instances; and so you see again the difficulties of making history.

In the American car one has also the occupation and amusement of the crowd. He gets the greater height and spaciousness which makes the car look better ventilated whether it is so or not, and unfortunately it ordinarily is not. He gets freedom to move about and if he arrives at the station late he can hop on the train and select his seat after it starts. Altogether, comparing

the vehicles of the two countries, kind for kind, I find that the sum of the advantages is greatly on the side of the American car, but after all, this depends upon how you have been brought up.

From the standpoint of the operating officer the compartment system has one advantage which seems important. The train can obviously be loaded and unloaded quicker than a train of cars entered by end doors. Practically this is probably true at terminal stations and not true at way stations, for reasons which will be explained in another article.

While the division of cars into compartments is probably inferior to our own arrangement, I am inclined to think that the division of passengers into classes is an improvement. It begins to sort the passengers at the station, and those who are particular about having room, clean surroundings, and well-groomed neighbors, can have what they want and what they are willing to pay for from the moment they enter the booking-office. The class system, then, simply amounts to this, that the passenger can get more nearly what he pays for. We have the same thing, imperfectly carried out, in the United States, in the trains, the Pullman cars being the first-class, but not in the stations, although we do attempt to separate the emigrants even there; and in the United States we run first-class cars on only a small number of our trains.

I do not discover that the class division in England is anything more than a commercial one, simply a means of giving passengers what they care to pay for. There seems to be no social question involved. A duke may go third-class if he wants to, and a man who wants to be mistaken for a duke probably will go first-class. A man who can afford to travel first-class will naturally do so. But there are crowds of well-to-do men and women travelling third-

class, especially for short distances, every day in England.

I have dealt but superficially with a great subject, and have no notion that what has been said will be taken as final. So long as people differ in opinion about anything, they will disagree about the most obvious facts in the conduct of their own little local lines of railroad.

How much more, then, will they disagree about the vast and complicated system of a nation! A small boy of my acquaintance once wrote an essay on goats, of which he was a high connoisseur. He said: "Some folks think they smell awful; I think it is lovely." So much depends upon the point of view!

AN AUTUMN SUNSET

By Edith Wharton

I

LEAGUERED in fire
 The wild black promontories of the coast extend
 Their savage silhouettes;
 The sun in universal carnage sets,
 And, halting higher,
 The motionless storm-clouds mass their sullen threats,
 Like an advancing mob in sword-points penned,
 That, balked, yet stands at bay.
 Mid-zenith hangs the fascinated day
 In wind-lustrated hollows crystalline,
 A wan valkyrie whose wide pinions shine
 Across the ensanguined ruins of the fray,
 And in her lifted hand swings high o'erhead,
 Above the waste of war,
 The silver torch-light of the evening star
 Wherewith to search the faces of the dead.

II

Lagooned in gold,
 Seem not those jetty promontories rather
 The outposts of some ancient land forlorn,
 Uncomforted of morn,
 Where old oblivions gather,
 The melancholy, unconsoling fold
 Of all things that go utterly to death
 And mix no more, no more
 With life's perpetually awakening breath?
 Shall Time not ferry me to such a shore,
 Over such sailless seas,
 To walk with hope's slain importunities
 In miserable marriage? Nay, shall not
 All things be there forgot,
 Save the sea's golden barrier and the black
 Close-crouching promontories?
 Dead to all shames, forgotten of all glories,
 Shall I not wander there, a shadow's shade,
 A spectre self-destroyed,
 So purged of all remembrance and sucked back
 Into the primal void,
 That should we on that shore phantasmal meet
 I should not know the coming of your feet?

LENOX

By George A. Hibbard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. S. VANDERBILT ALLEN



THAT artless lady who has been known to the world for such a long time because of her famous wonder as to how it happened that large rivers always ran past large towns, and who commented favorably upon such an advantageous arrangement of things, might have wondered as to the "why" of Lenox. She might have wondered, perhaps, but it would almost seem that, in this case, in spite of her engaging intellectual misadjustments, she must have put the horse before the cart, and announced that Lenox "was" for the simple reason that nature had fitted it so to be. Granted literally the "premises," the hills and the lakes, and the place that has grown up, is, as it were, an inevitable logical conclusion. There are many who do not care for the mountains, and there are many who do not willingly seek the sea, and to these Lenox offers a perfect mean. There is a number of other reasons for the continuance and the permanence of Lenox, but it is safe to say that its "first cause" was, or that its "first causes" were, the changing country, the woods with the frequent, fragrant clumps of pine, and the sky across which the clouds drifted so serenely day after day. Of Newport, of Bar Harbor, of the North Shore, and of Lenox, the last is the only one without the sea, and this, of course, is the chief characteristic in which it differs from the others, and, with such a difference, the dissimilarity must be very great. Where the sea is there is unrest, and at all the others it is impossible to escape the consciousness of the ever-changing, all-absorbing ocean. But at Lenox that disturbing element is wholly absent, and there is, above all else, a sense of peace and calm that is missing at the first three. Indeed, it may be written

that the first and the lasting impression made by Lenox is one of quietness and rest, and there are other reasons for this besides the absence of the luring and troubling waste of waters. Lenox, almost more than any of the other three places, seems to have the air of having always "been." Newport may be as old, but the Newport that is now known—the characteristic Newport—seems much newer, for Lenox in some mysterious way has gathered up something of the old life, and has carried it on and made it a part of the new, and this feeling of continuation certainly tends to make it the reposeful abiding place it is. Lenox, as Mr. Henry James says in his "Life of Hawthorne," has "suffered the process of lionization," but it has more gently or more skilfully shaded into what it is now than the rest which have left more behind. One does not think of it as having been "discovered" as Bar Harbor was discovered, well within the memory of even the middle-aged diner-out. Society was represented, and gracefully represented, at Lenox, years ago in many a great, white, elm-shaded house. It seems that there never can have been anything crude about it at any time. The famous Bar Harbor story of the "summer boarder" who asked his landlord if he should put his boots outside his door, and was promptly informed that there was not the slightest danger that "anybody would tech 'em," is a tale that could never conceivably have been told of Lenox. The Berkshires seem always to have been civilized, and indeed it is an old country. The ancient houses and the good roads prove this—those good Berkshire roads to which we Americans can always turn with assurance when taunted by our English friends—as our English friends will *sometimes* taunt us—with the condition of our common highways. And indeed these Lenox roads are blessings



Curtis's.

that must be appreciated by anyone who has driven much in other parts of the country. The relief that is afforded by the knowledge that before him lie miles of firm, sure ways, is very comfortable, and freedom from constant thought of his horses, enables him to enjoy the more fully the glorious country that rolls about him. And what a land it is! It would seem that no fault could be found with the Berkshire scenery, and the only fault ever found with it that came within the notice of the writer, was one of surfeit rather than of any lack of satisfaction. But if there is any difficulty with the Berkshire landscape, it is in the number of its brooks. Two, three, or half a dozen are all very well, but when, in effect, they seem endless, and everyone apparently more delightful than the others, it is different. You start into quick enthusiasm at the sight of the first, tumbling clear and cool over its rocky bed—here in quiet pools catching reflected gleams of color—there breaking over scattered rocks into flaky foam. You are charmed by the second, and decidedly interested in the third. But you cannot keep it up. Power of ad-

miration is almost lost and your superlatives quite exhausted. There was, once upon a time, an impressionable but easily wearied mortal, who was heard to remark, after he had been taken for a Berkshire drive, that he was "*blasé* on brooks."

But though the Berkshires are often called, in a general way, Lenox, still Lenox is by no manner of means the Berkshires. Lenox is something quite separate and independent and different. It is a distinct locality and the centre of the life round about. Lenox was a place of considerable importance before it became a place of great importance, but of an importance of a different kind. It was a very distinguished, self-respecting New England village before it became the "smart" place, with more or less "swagger" attributes, that it is to-day. The traditions, however, of its former state still abide, and influence and color its present condition. The Congregational Church was a good deal of a building for the New England of the latter part of the last century, though it is a "far cry" from it to the latest palace-cottage; but the older still exists, at least holds its

own, and will not be put down. Indeed it may be said that Lenox—the village—is old, and that what is new, lies, for the most part, about it. Along the wide main street there are many houses in which dwell the temporary sojourners; but they are almost all of an earlier date, or have been made over to fit modern requirements.

When approaching from the north, as the visitor generally approaches Lenox, it is only after he has driven through the wide main street, after the actual village is passed, that there comes the first full realization of all that has made the place what it is. There may have been glimpses along the Pittsfield road of roofs and porticos, but nothing to give any idea of the glories to follow. The chief memory of this approach to Lenox will be of a gateway standing at the beginning of a grass-grown drive that turns aside from the main highway. There are flanking supports against which the weeds bend and over which the boughs droop, and through the iron traceries of the gate itself there appears a dark verdancy that is melancholy and impressive. It is a gateway that offers great suggestion of possible romance. The imagination may wander through it into all sorts of things, and if it has no history it ought to have one, and anybody who has been properly brought up upon solid English fiction of the country-family sort, with lots of ghosts in it, will at once proceed to make one after his own heart. But this gateway is almost all that is in the least unkempt about Lenox, and it is perhaps for this reason that it has hung, as the writer has discovered, in the memories of many others besides himself. All in Lenox is tended, trim, and tidy. The usual neatness of a New England village is apparent everywhere, and more too, for there are park-like innovations in the way of care that are lacking in many other Massachusetts townlets. And this guarded regard for appearance is still another thing that gives Lenox its air of repose, to come back to the quality to which one must be always returning who speaks of Lenox at all. There are other streets than the one main street—streets running from it at various slanting angles,

and on some of them the first country houses begin. But it is when you go a little farther into the open toward the south and west that the largest “places” are to be found. And large is the word that best describes them. They are large—larger in reality or in seeming, than the other “villas” of other places. Great structures they are, of wood and of stone, ornate and severe, Queen Anne—although Queen Anne may at last be said to be dead—colonial and, so to speak, composite—reminiscent, but all of them evidently pearls of price, and many the results of an immense expenditure. Crassus is understood to have said with a fine scorn, that he alone could be called rich who could support an army; but for practical modern purposes the construction and maintenance of one of these great Lenox abodes might well be taken by the richest of the Romans as a test, and even as a rather severe standard of wealth. There are not only two or three, but there is a considerable number of them, and that number is growing every year. The land which once was valued for its possibilities in raising potatoes, holds quite a different price when its worth is determined by its adaptability for raising palaces. There are strange stories of the sudden appreciation in price of old farms all through this part of the country, but there are no more marvellous tales told anywhere than those recounted of the advance of Lenox real estate. Tens have been used as multipliers, and now almost all the best land is “out of the market.”

There are two lakes—the Stockbridge Bowl, or Lake Mackeenac, and Laurel Lake—about which the country houses are chiefly gathered; but it is on the east side of the Bowl, and up and down and around its ends, that perhaps the largest and finest are to be found. There are others between the Bowl and Laurel Lake, and all around the latter, but then there are country houses everywhere in this land—on nearly every good spot, and sometimes so anxious are people for “places,” on spots that are not so good. The newcomer is shown these, one after another, with the mention of some familiar contemporaneous name, and



DRAWN BY W. S. VANDERBILT ALLEN.

ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

One of the Drives.



Boating on Stockbridge Bowl.

gradually he becomes very much mixed up, or else the houses do, and, in retrospect, he sees vague conglomerate shapes never dreamt of by any respectable architect, or, if so dreamt, then in a nightmare in which the *porte cochère* of one millionaire is put upon the spreading wing of another, and the stack of chimneys from the dwelling of this magnate upon the sloping roofs of that. He asks is this the place of So-and-So only to be told that it is the cottage of Some-One-Else, and it requires days before he can get them sorted out. Then how proud he is, and how glibly, by way of testing his information, he hastens to inform his informant, with still a slight questioning inflection, it is true, but with almost a tone of proprietorship.

But in connection with "places," there is one experience that is peculiar and in a measure significant. It is very distinctly within the memory of the writer that, having been driven, one

gray afternoon, along miles of road that lie around and among the well-kept grounds that surround many a great country house, and after having had these costly structures, as it were, paraded before his eyes, he was driven along a road that ran upon the crest of a hill, on one side of which were fields that extended down a sharp declivity. Between the fence and the beginning of the descent there was a small plateau, on which the weeds waved in the freshening evening breeze. There, in the field, was what at first appeared hardly more than a somewhat pronounced inequality in the ground. It was only upon looking more closely that it was possible to discover a number of stones arranged in what seemed irregular heaps. They were moss-covered, and the grass had grown up so tall and thick that they could hardly be distinguished at all. "That was Hawthorne's house," he was told. It was noticeable that the interest with which

this ragged remnant of an abode was indicated, differed but little in its expression from the manner and tone with which some great villa had been brought to notice. And, indeed, that sad little cairn is one of the "show places" of Lenox, as much as any proud residence on the shores of either lake. It may be that this is because of our pathetic American craving for anything picturesque—that feeling that leads us to make the most of the slightest Revolutionary relic, and feel the pulse of our emotions as we gaze upon any vestige of a scarcely vanished past. It may be because of this, but it is true that even in this so-called materialistic age, and in this place where materialism may be said to offer one of its finest and most luxurious displays, the remains of the "small red house" are, and long will be, distinguishable and distinguished. Hawthorne came to Lenox in 1850, and remained there only until the autumn

of 1851, and there is hardly anything of the charm of age, or long continuance in place, to give his presence there its still abiding influence. But he lived there; there wrote "The House of the Seven Gables," and there imparted to the place an enduring interest that has something of the charm peculiar to himself. Fredrika Bremer, writing from the New World, and from Lenox at the time when the Hawthornes were there, speaks of the prospect from the small dwelling. "Immediately in front of Hawthorne's house lies one of those small, clear lakes, with its sombre margin of forest which characterize this district, and Hawthorne seems greatly to enjoy the view of it and the wildly wooded country." She adds, after spending an evening at the house: "His amiable wife is inexpressibly happy to see him so happy here. A smile, a word, conveys more to her than long speeches from other people. She reads



The Episcopal Church.

his very soul,—and ‘he is the best of husbands.’”

It was about 1833 that Mrs. Kemble brought herself and her fame to the Berkshires, and became very directly associated with Lenox in the minds of

the hills rise one above another to the horizon, where they scoop the sky with a broken, irregular outline, that the eye dwells on with ever new delight, as its colors glow and vary with the ascending or descending sunlight and all



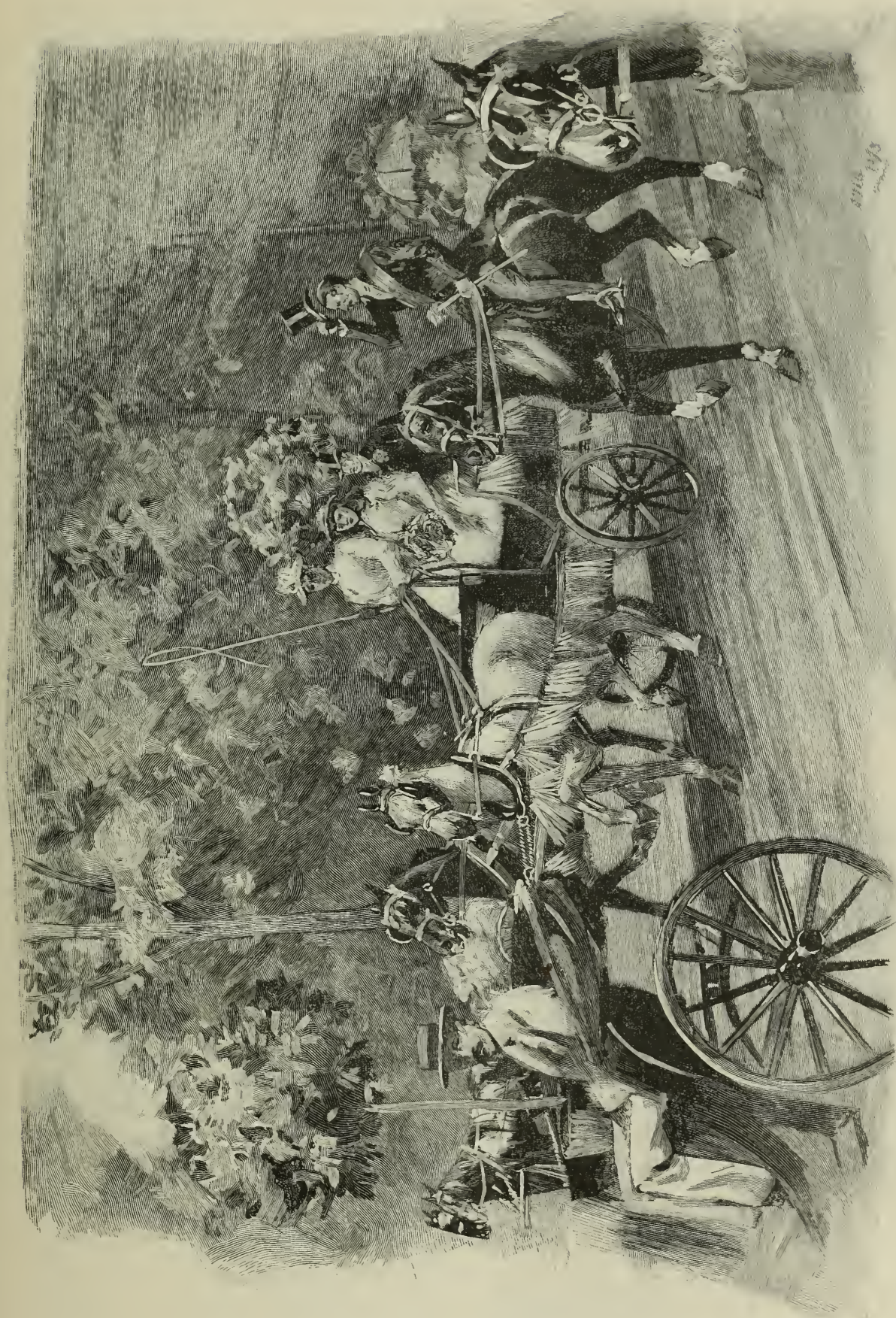
A Model Farm Building.

all. She came there first for a visit—and she stayed, off and on, for thirty years—stayed on as many another has stayed, who at first had no such intention.

Mrs. Kemble always felt about Lenox very strongly, and wrote about it very warmly. Again, to quote Mr. James, although the words are not from the book mentioned before: “Late in life she looked upon this region as an Arcadia, a happy valley, a land of woods and waters and upright souls.” A description that she has given conveys an excellent idea of a characteristic Lenox scene. Writing from New York in 1838, she says: “Immediately sloping before me, the green hillside, on the summit of which stands the house I am inhabiting, sinks softly down to a small valley filled with rich, thick wood, in the centre of which a little jewel-like lake lies gleaming. Beyond this valley

the shadowy procession of the clouds. In one direction, this undulating line of distance is overtopped by a considerable mountain, with a fine jagged crest, and ever since early morning troops of clouds, and wandering showers of rain, and the all-prevailing sunbeams have chased each other over the wooded slopes, and down into the dark hollow where the lake lies sleeping, making a pageant far finer than the one Prospero raised for Ferdinand and Miranda on his desert island.”

There are drives about Lenox—drives without end and in all directions, but there is no “drive.” That is, there is no place where “society” gathers with its equipages, for purposes of display, and where is held, as is so often the case in other places all the world over, a sort of informal “dress parade.” There is no spot where you can go with the absolute certainty of



DRAWN BY W. S. VANDERBILT ALLEN.

Forming the Flower Parade.

ENGRAVED BY GEORGE DEL'ORME.



One of the "Places."

seeing "every one," or where you can ascertain from day to day how "everybody" is looking, or who happens to be with whom—or who doesn't. In localities where society gathers there is usually such a "drive," and a daily appearance in it is something of a necessity, but Lenox does not seem to suffer from the lack of it. There is a great deal of driving, but it is done all over, for there is no direction in which there are not good roads, and hardly one where there are not good views. You may meet the smartest sort of a trap spinning along through some secluded wood, or making its way over the spur of some remote hill. There are all kinds of vehicles, from the most stately coach to the tiniest village cart in which children drive a pony hardly larger than a dog and quite as reliable; and it is safe to say that driving rather than riding is the feature of the place. There is a great deal of riding, but it

is rather of the park order, and not of that steady, business-like, soul-absorbing sort that is to be found where more "cross-country" work is possible. With the broken and often precipitous nature of the land there is little chance for "popping" over a fence and having a run on the grass, and equestrians generally keep sedately along the roads. This condition of things naturally has for result the displacement of "horse" from the proud and commanding position it generally holds as a subject for conversation. You do talk horse and you do hear horse talked at Lenox, for where now, even if one so desired, is it possible to escape it? But it is not with the detail and variety and vigor with which the subject is treated at Hempstead, say, or in the Genesee Valley—or even at Newport.

And just as there is no particularly recognized "drive" in which society



A Court-yard.

must show itself, so there seems to be no specified "hour" at which the display should come off. Society may be found abroad, as it may be everywhere else, in the afternoon—in the late afternoon—but there is no compulsion about this, and "all Lenox" is rarely seen together anywhere or at any time. One must not forget, however, one manifestation of "horse"—although "horse" is subordinate—that is or was quite peculiar to Lenox. Its annual "Flower Parade" has been tried elsewhere, but with what was only a very mild success when it was not a dismal failure. At Lenox there seem to have been some constituent qualities that have enabled this ceremony literally to flourish for a number of years, although now it certainly shows signs of a declining vogue.

There is a great deal of walking, for the country is most admirably fitted for it, and the grounds of the greater number of the big places are not for-

bidden to the world. It is very pleasant to stroll leisurely along the spring floor of yielding needles under the spreading pine-woods, and to breathe the cool, aromatic air; and it is very pleasant, when you have convinced yourself that you are tired, to sit upon some stone about which the moss has disposed itself with wonderful effectiveness, and watch one of the multitudinous brown brooks go tumbling past. But this is not the walking in which the enthusiasts usually indulge. They are off for tramps "over the hills and far away," and talk of miles covered and the number of minutes in which they have been done.

It formerly could have been said that, on the water, Lenox did not disport itself at all. The larger of the Lakes—the Stockbridge Bowl—is not really large enough for sailing, and it was seldom that even a rowboat was seen upon it. Of course people went upon the lakes, but it was not a practice that

formed an essential part of the Lenox life. The creation of the Mackeenac Boat Club and the erection of the boat-house are quite recent affairs. Now there is much more done in the way of boating than there once was, but, still, Lenox cannot be said to be aquatic.

The peculiar time of the "Lenox season," in great measure, prescribes the conditions of its life. The people who have gone to Europe in May, returned in July for a stay at Bar Harbor that may extend into the first week of August, and then have hurried on to Newport, generally bring up in Lenox in late September and early October. That is the proper manner in which to end the summer; and, as everyone knows, Lenox in the early autumn is at its gayest. Much happens during the earlier months, and there are very many charming people there who do delightful things, but it is in September and October that the "crowd" comes and every one "rushes" more or

less madly for a short time. All the resources of society are drawn upon to the utmost and all its powers put in play. Then there are teas and dinners and small dances and large balls, as well as all the miscellaneous amusements of the gay world, from picnics to private theatricals. In October it is no longer summer, and there is much that is not done outdoors. Indeed, there is more indoor entertainment than out in Lenox in the season, and with the early evenings you drive to a dinner with something of the feeling of the town. There are often rainy days, and what days they are in a huge country-house, with a large and active house-party! The rain beats against the panes, but it beats a lively tattoo for mustering jollity. There is laughter indoors and there are many devices for passing the time. A house-party is the mother of invention, and the schemes that can be devised by a dozen bright young people, thrown together for



The Post-office, Sunday Morning's Mail.



Sedgwick Hall.

even a short time, are very various. There are games and "parlor tricks" without end, and always those skirmishings of boy or girl, or man and woman, that happens just now in the English language to be called "flirtation"—not such a very old word, and one at the making of which Lord Chesterfield says he assisted personally, as it "dropped from the most beautiful mouth in the world"—the mouth, it may be presumed, of "beautiful Molly Lepell."

"House-parties" are not confined, it is true, to Lenox, but the great size of the houses there makes them very common and very constant, and it was at Lenox, as much, if not more than anywhere else, that the practice of bringing a lot of people under the same roof,

—a practice taken from the other side, and with the changing conditions of American society now acclimatized or naturalized—at first found fitting opportunity for introduction.

As Lenox has no prescribed "drive" nor "hour," so it has no central and acknowledged gathering place. It has no Casino and no Kebo Valley Club. But such places are not really needed. In Lenox the season is much shorter than at either Newport or Bar Harbor, and the time is well filled up with private entertainments. Indeed, it is sometimes rather too well filled up, and the pleasure of seeing the place must be foregone for the delights of seeing the people. It is often very gay, and people seem anxious to make the best of

what must be the last of the country before they "go to town."

The question of "cottage" life or "hotel" life has never agitated Lenox, because of a rather peculiar condition of affairs. The huge caravanseries that are continually springing up elsewhere have never appeared here. There is one hotel and only one—and this, in great measure, is an institution, and has become an important part of Lenox. Its fame is not by any means local. "Curtis's" is known not only in this country but has been mentioned in others. It is a big, old structure rising on the main street at the very centre of things, across the way from its only possible rival in general consideration, the post-office, of which more must be said presently. Of late years it has received an addition—a wing in which is the dining-room; and there may be found at the breakfast hour many who are well known in clubland and ballroomdom. There, are single

men, the "overflow of house-parties," and there, are the heads of families living in cottages rented near by, who come to the hotel for the meals of the day, which generally are not supplied with the houses. And there, are matrons and maids and fresh young children who would certainly disprove the objection to their kind made long ago by the Germans, that they never satisfy the æsthetic. There are generally to be found, as the season draws toward its close, the emissaries of other countries who have been the rounds and who are now completing the summer before returning to Washington. Almost every one whom "one knows" has been there; and it is curious to bring "Curtis's" to the recollection of some woman no longer young and to see how quickly the name vivifies many glimmering memories. It was there that Such and Such a one was first met, and such and such a thing was once done; and, if you will seek a little

farther, you may find that the spot is dear to her for other memories, and that as often as not some love-affair has been played out about and within those walls of which she still thinks tenderly. It is difficult not to be personal, and in this one case it is perhaps permissible to be so. The host has so much to do with the fame of the hostelry, that as a public character, it may be possible to speak of him without too great indiscretion. It was once the fortune of the writer to assist at an interview between a very celebrated and distinguished personage indeed and the potentate of Curtis's, and surely the graciousness of royalty was never better manifested than in the meeting of these powers.

Across the street, or, more accurately, at an angle on a near corner, stands, as has been said, the only real competitor of "Curtis's" for popular consideration. It



also is an "institution," and holds a position of singular importance. There, sooner or later, you seem always to "bring up," and twice and even thrice in a day you may find yourself at this point of interest. Every one goes there, and there, at one time or another between morning and evening, you may be pretty sure of meeting every one you know. The character of a "post-office" is really lost, and the place has become almost a resort of society. If it be quite safe to say so, it partakes of the nature of a "social exchange," and is a cross between a "Casino" and, in its informality of access and general sociability, of the "country store." One who once tarried in Lenox—after having been taken to the post-office three times in one day where he saw many partings and meetings and heard many matters thoroughly discussed—was heard to remark that he considered the office of post-master in Lenox the most desirable social position in the United States, and announced his intention, as he was naturally of a gregarious disposition, of immediately applying for the position. It is at Sunday noon that the post-office appears in all its glory. When church is over, the greater number of worshippers seem to turn in the direction of the small, low building on the corner; and so large is the throng making way thither that, at Lenox, there really is a regular weekly "church parade." On the sidewalk, before the mail is opened, and while it is being distributed, there is often quite a crowd, and conversation is most lively and interesting. There, you may hear all that has been and much that is going to be, and from this informal congress you may come away a thoroughly informed person, wholly supplied with all the knowledge that will be necessary for use in the social world for the following week at least. There are other centres in other places that may be of equal consequence in the life of those dwelling in them, but in Lenox it is safe to say that all roads lead to the post-office, and that it has a focal value that is not often found.

There is a club at Lenox, a regular "man's" club; and it is a very delightful, although not a very large affair. You go to it and hear of it, but there is

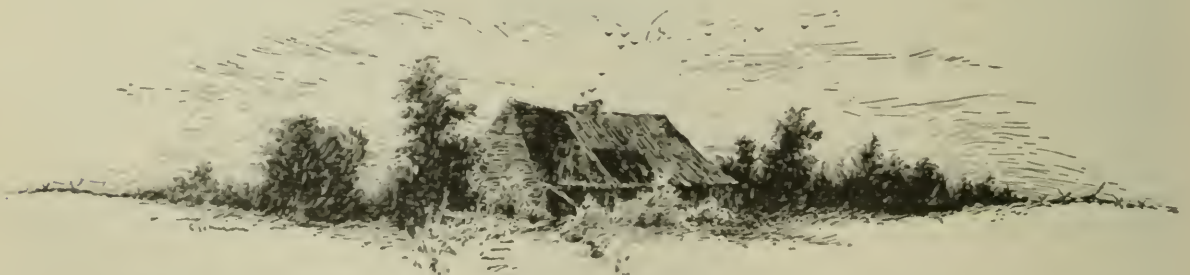
a quietness about it that gives it a charm that many clubs lack. The spirit of Lenox life seems even to have influenced it, and there you find a dignified seclusion and a leisurely restfulness that, to say the least, are unusual and very delightful. It is an idyl of club life, and quite different from its counterpart of the town. Indeed all through Lenox there is a strange mingling of the sylvan and the urban. You may have the pleasures and relaxations of the country, but you need not necessarily be uncomfortable; and you are not obliged to abandon the perfected resources of civilization while enjoying them. As in a good specimen of landscape gardening there are often simplicity and a simulated wildness, so in the formalities of Lenox life there are always refreshing bits and surprises of nature, and much is gained by the contrasts.

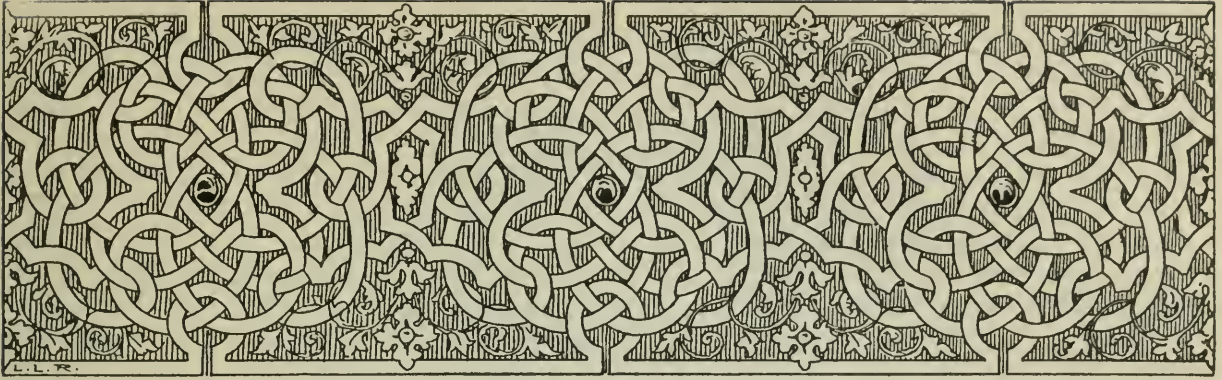
Lenox never seems to have passed through any uncertain or tentative state. Progress has not been so sudden or so sensational as in several other popular "resorts," but it has been very steady, and to-day Lenox is more popular and famous than at any other time in its history. And it is pretty safe to say that its glory will never decrease. It is too firmly established in the regard of many to make it likely that there will be any lessening in the number or fervor of its devotees. Then, too, with so much there already, it is almost a necessary consequence that there should be more. With so much already "put into the country" it seems certain that more will continually be expended, and that where there are so many "vested interests" nothing can ever really be disturbed. But there are interests that more firmly than any pecuniary ones must make Lenox a lasting reality. It has a place in the minds and hearts of hundreds who have known it, and there are few who have once felt its subtle charm who have been able or have cared to escape its gently coercive power.

Much as has been done for Lenox in the way of added attractions, there is one thing that it has done for itself, or rather that nature has done for it, that has given it a particular name and fame. A long time ago people used to send to

their friends abroad particularly brilliant specimens of our gorgeous autumn foliage, and were rewarded by the expressions of astonishment and admiration with which such gifts from the New World were received. The friends probably thought such splendor a very natural part of our savage crudeness, but they were pleased nevertheless with such attractive curiosities, and our American autumn leaves acquired a wide reputation and came to be considered one of the peculiar, native products of the country. Of all places in which to seek examples of them, it has long been conceded that Lenox is the best. Indeed it is highly probable that, in some measure, the time of the Lenox season has been determined by this fact. People early fell into the habit of making pilgrimages to see the "autumn coloring," and though they go now to the Berkshires for many other reasons, they always watch the foliage and talk about it. And so important is it, that one of the recognized subjects of conversation is the degree of brilliancy that the leaves may have attained in any particular year, and one says that the coloring is "poor this year" or "good this year," as one might speak of a crop or a vintage. And it is worth seeing and talking about. There is nothing quite like it, and, for the time being, our stern Northern woods seem to take on a certain tropical splendor and equatorial profusion. Often the change from summer's quieter array to the autumn's splendid garniture comes gradually and, day by day, one sees the dark woods soften into something gayer. The places where shadows, in the strong

morning sunshine, lay coldly blue, become a redder purple, and the greens a vivid yellow. But it is when the change comes suddenly that the great harlequin shift is made with the most astonishing effect. Then, almost in a night, the hills assume a new aspect, and you arise in the morning in a new world. After a sharp frost, the trees glow with scarlet and crimson, and the leaves spinning at the end of a branch gleam, where the light shows through them, with a ruby brightness. The whole country-side is afire, and the forest ablaze in every direction. Then, it is possible to walk through rattling drifts of piled-up crispness, and there is a mild exhilaration, not quite like anything else, in driving before your feet the shifting heaps of fallen leaves. But it is the color that is all important—a revel of hue and dye—a carousal of tint and tone; and with the maple and sumach to lead, the results are gorgeous and bewildering. There is nothing hesitating or doubtful in the effect. There is a vivid frankness about it that makes all a continual surprise. Accustomed as our eyes are to the quieter and sadder tones of the landscape painters of other lands, if it were not for its royal magnificence, we might think it tawdry and even vulgar. But there is a certain imperial power in the display that justifies itself—that impresses and controls us, and makes the pageant the triumph of the year. It is with such a setting that the life of Lenox is mounted; and with such a transformation scene in the Berkshire Hills that the shifting high-comedy drama of American summer society existence comes to its brilliant end.





THREE WAIFS IN AN ALMSHOUSE *

PAINTED BY ADRIEN HENRI TANOUX

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton

M. TANOUX belongs to the south of France. He is a native of Marseilles, where he was born in October, 1865. As the American reader may be in some doubt about the pronunciation of the name, I may say on the painter's own authority that it is Tanooks.

The story of his life is one of continuous labor, and offers very little variety. Such travelling as he has done has been almost entirely between Paris and Marseilles, the only exception being a short journey to Holland, which afforded few opportunities for observation, as it was undertaken under melancholy circumstances.

M. Tanoux was not only born at Marseilles, but he received his artistic training there in the *École des Beaux Arts*, where he entered himself as a pupil in 1878. He went to settle in Paris in 1886, and became a pupil of the Parisian *École des Beaux Arts*, but as he soon discovered that the teaching there was essentially identical with that at Marseilles he did not think it worth while to make a second apprenticeship, which could only be a repetition of the first, and therefore relaxed and finally abandoned his attendance. The same year (1886) was marked by a first exhibition in the *Salon*, the subject of the maiden picture being "Judith showing the head

of Holofernes to the Jewish people." Since that date M. Tanoux has been an almost unfailing exhibitor. In the following year, 1887, he sent a large picture illustrating Alfred de Musset's "Namouna," and in the same year, at the remarkably early age of twenty-two, was elected a member of the *Société des Artistes Français*, which, as the reader may remember, holds the annual exhibitions in the Champs Elysées.

The young painter had not arrived at this position in his art without having had to contend against great difficulties due to his want of fortune. These had not been lessened by his marriage, at the age of twenty, with the daughter of a Dutch antiquary, Mr. Van Gelder, who held an honorable position in his own country, and was much esteemed by the king, who knighted him; nevertheless, Mr. Van Gelder does not seem to have found his own pursuits much more profitable than painting had hitherto been to young M. Tanoux. Then came the terrible inconvenience, so costly in time, of the French military service, for which, however, M. Tanoux had obtained postponements amounting to two years. His actual service as a soldier began in November, 1888, under Colonel Darras and General Goeffet, who soon discovered his abilities and be-

* See Frontispiece.

came friendly to him, as they have since remained. The young soldier painted the portrait of his colonel, which is now hung in the *salle d'honneur* of the One Hundred and First Regiment. In 1889 M. Tanoux exhibited a portrait of the sculptor Paris in the *Exposition Universelle* and gained an honorable mention. In the same year there was a public competition for a painted decoration of the *Mairie* of the fourteenth *Arrondissement* of Paris, and in this M. Tanoux won the first prize, though he did not ultimately receive the commission to execute the decoration itself.* It is unnecessary that I should mention every picture exhibited by the artist, as the mere titles of them would convey very little to the reader, but I may say that his picture for 1888, which was called "The Tinkers" ("Les Chaudronniers"), received an "honorable mention" and was purchased by the city of Paris. The picture for 1894, which we reproduce, was also bought by the city of Paris and received a medal at the *Salon*.

Notwithstanding these successes the principal aim of this artist's career has been in portrait; and, indeed, the reader will at once perceive that the picture of "The Three Waifs" is a combination of three portraits in one work, differing from acknowledged portrait-painting only in the poverty of the sitters and their consequent inability to pay for their own likenesses. M. Tanoux has had other sitters who enjoyed a better pecuniary position, especially M. Emile Péreire the Parisian banker, M. Rey the great banker at Marseilles, *Président de la Société Marseillaise*, and M. Piver the great perfumer. Other notable sitters have been M. Emile Richard, President of the Municipal Council of Paris (who is also at the head of its Commission of Fine Arts), and M. Chincholle, of the *Figaro*. In the artist's private possession there is also a striking portrait of Mr. Van Gelder, his father-in-law, as well as several of his wife, one of them an important techni-

cal experiment in the open air of a garden. He also painted his own father, just as Bastien Lepage did, sitting out of doors with a background of trees, and this portrait has an especially pathetic interest, as the sitter was already suffering from the illness from which he never recovered. Nothing is more interesting in portraiture than these absolutely sincere attempts to represent people as they lived, in which the artist has no thought of the effect of his work in an exhibition, but concentrates all his efforts on the attainment of perfect truth, with no other motive than affection. The portraits, by Bastien Lepage, of his father and mother and his old grandfather are now among the most famous pictures of our time; those by M. Tanoux are equally sincere, though happily they have not yet become celebrated through the untimely death of the painter and the sympathy excited by his loss. No one can show fewer signs of fatigue than M. Tanoux, though his life until quite recently has been a very hard one.

As a relief to portrait-painting and to figure-painting generally, M. Tanoux has often made studies of landscape in color, and in some of these the influence of the new impressionist school is very manifest, particularly in the endeavor to combine color and light, which results in a crudity very difficult to avoid. There is, however, no trace of this crudity in his portraits, which are, as a rule, both quiet in color and painted with great technical sanity and sobriety, as if the artist had no other aim than to do justice to his subject without pausing to consider whether his technical methods were according to recent fashions or traditional and so liable to be condemned as obsolete by the newest little coterie in criticism. The portraits are of the most opposite character, and perhaps the reader will see from the variety in "The Three Waifs" that the painter can observe great differences in people who may be placed in exactly the same situation and belong to the same class or to no class. There is often in portrait-painters a strong tendency to specialty as to social rank. We all know the aristocratic painter who makes it his business to

* The two things are essentially distinct. A painter may receive a first prize, which means that his scheme of decoration is considered to be the best of those which have been offered, and yet the committee may finally decide to give the order to another artist. In such cases a committee may sometimes be influenced by other than purely artistic considerations.



Adrien Henri Tanoux.

give an air of high breeding to his sitters, and of late we have become acquainted with the democratic portrait-painter who professes to exhibit the middle-class citizen as he is. M. Tanoux does not appear to have any preferences of this kind. If the sitter is "an officer and a gentleman" he will

be reflected in that character on the canvas; if he is not more fashionable than "The Three Waifs," M. Tanoux will certainly not disdain him, but will find something interesting in him as he is and not miss what is essential in his nature by lending a refinement that does not really belong to him.





A Great Medicine-Man and his Crew, after the Hikori Ceremony.

TARAHUMARI DANCES AND PLANT-WORSHIP

By Carl Lumboltz

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

ONE of the Indians who was present at the foot-race described in a former article,* offered to guide us the day after the race to a place where there was to be a drinking feast. We started off on a hot morning down a very steep slope, the mules having a hard time of it, not walking, but often sliding. When we arrived the feast was over and everyone was drunk. Our guide, however, who took a strange interest in us, invited us to a small-beer feast and dance at his own house. We camped in a narrow valley, near where the feast was to be held the next day in honor of the memory of a son dead one year ago, and also as a thanksgiving for past good crops and a prayer for good crops to come; the Indians cannot afford to have very many such feasts, and so make one feast serve many purposes.

Upon our arrival we found the women busy grinding corn and boiling malt for beer. The pivot around which the thoughts of these Indians move is rain and native beer. In their dry country rain is of the utmost importance for their crops, and without crops they do not get their *ba-ta-like* (beer made from maize). The Indian is inordinately fond of this, besides which he needs it for all his ceremonies. No act of importance can be done without it. *Ba-ta-like* is

* See *Scribner's Magazine* for September, 1894.

given with the mother's milk to the infant to "cure" it. The dead get no rest without some of this beer being set apart for them. It is the great remedy in the hands of the medicine-men, and never do they use it without first sacrificing a part to their god, who is as eager for this drink as they are. In making it the moist corn is allowed to sprout, when it is ground and boiled, and the seed of a grass resembling wheat is added as a ferment. The liquor is put in large earthen jars, used only for this purpose, and is drunk when twenty-four hours old, or even sooner. The jars cannot hold it longer, as they are not very strong, and so the people take the responsibility upon themselves. A row of these jars, inverted, is a common sight outside of all Tarahumari houses or caves. The Indians drink incredible quantities of this liquor, which is white in color and resembles beer, and is called *teswaino* by the Mexicans, who also sometimes make it. It is very nourishing, and both Indians and Mexicans refrain from food before drinking it, asserting that the mixture will disagree with them. This may be one reason for their constant intoxication. But they drink it in such amazing quantities that they are sure to be intoxicated, food or no food. At night they cover the jars of *teswaino* with a sprig of a



DRAWN BY V. PÉRARD.

kind of artemisia, a plant used by the medicine-men for many purposes and expected in this case to frighten away the evil spirits who might want to spoil the liquor.

The next morning I went to see the manufacture of another kind of liquor which, for certain ceremonies, seems to be necessary and of special value. The heart of a small kind of agave, the charwee, had been baked for two or three days, and the sweet mass allowed to ferment. It was then squeezed in a blanket and the drippings caught in a jar. It is drunk on the same day and in very small quantities, as it is very sweet and very intoxicating.

As a preparation for the funeral feast, a man went out in the afternoon and cut two branches which he tied together in the shape of a cross. This was raised at the spot where the dance was to take place; while a smaller cross which had been standing there,

as the custom is, was taken about fifty yards from the house where the boy had died, and east of it were placed some beer in a jar and some cigarettes. All night a fire was kept up in order that the dead person might dance, drink, and warm himself at the same time as the others. About one hour before sunset, a white he-goat was brought and its throat cut. An old hag caught the blood in a bowl and with a spoon threw some of it in the air, first toward the west, then toward the east, north, and south. A white sheep was then brought and killed, and this time the head of the house performed a similar ceremony with the blood. Then a black wether was killed, but its blood was not thrown up. The meat of the animals was put

in a pot to boil, without salt, and the bones were afterward taken out, for the god does not like bones.

The sacrifice with blood is, however, not so important as the sacrifice with beer, and this beer sacrifice, which now followed, and is considered as the real beginning of the festival, is performed by the master of the house, who fills a big gourd with native beer, teswaino, and standing before the cross, facing the east, throws a dipperful of it into the air. He then walks around the cross and throws another dipperful to the west; after which he repeats the ceremony on the other sides of the cross. This is gone through every time a fresh jar of teswaino is opened. Women are busy preparing for the feast corn-cakes and tamales, maize crushed wrapped in leaves and boiled. The son of the house, pointing to the stars, told me that the dance would begin when the Pleiades reached a place in the heavens which I estimated would be at about eleven o'clock.

When the dancing began, two musicians, so called, or singers, opened the proceedings by some vigorous shakes of a rattle made of a gourd filled with pebbles, a noise producing instrument used by all medicine-men, and which they say comes from their god. At every ceremony these singers begin by shaking these rattles three times to their god, holding them upward, after which they proceed with their rhythmical din. Up and down, in time to the rattle, they walked around the cross, singing first on one side and then on the other. Their song was one without words, consisting of an unintelligible jargon, the melody constituting, in their opinion, the essential part of the prayer. Some singers will recite intelligible words. These were rather ignorant fellows. Gradually, the rest joined in and all began to dance, at the same time keeping up a sort of melodious murmur in time with the singers. Dancing is an essential part of the Tarahumari's worship; it is not for his pleasure; it is in order to secure rain and good crops and to ward off evil that he dances. The Tarahumari words for dancing are Nau-chi-li Ol-a-wa, meaning, literally, "They are going to work." An old man



The Tarahumari Method of Wearing Blanket.

may say to a young buck who is idle, at the feast: "Why do you not go to work?" meaning, why does he not dance. There are four or five kinds of dances practised, but of these the most important are the Yumaree, a rain dance, or prayer for rain, and the Rutuburee.

The first named is a species of walk-around, in which the men form a semi-circle and march with lock-step, holding each other by the arm. While this is going on, the women go through similar motions in another concentric ring of their own, standing behind the men, but they often break ranks, jumping forward and backward with a rising and falling motion of the body wholly devoid of grace. Both men and women are wrapped in their blankets, the women often carrying their sleeping children on their backs; strange to say, few accidents happen, although children have been known to be killed at these dances when the mother gets drunk. The dance may last ten minutes, after which there is a rest, and perhaps a repetition, or another kind of dance. In the Rutuburee, the singer or leader stands in the centre of a line, the men on one side of him and the women on the other; the men walk slowly forward, keeping time to the music, while the singer hops along like a crow; then the dancers turn around and go back. The women follow the men, but wait until the men are several yards in advance, when they run after them, without regard to the music. The patter of the women's naked feet on the hard earth sounds like the rush of stampeded mules.

By dancing, the Tarahumaris ward off diseases and keep away caterpillars and grasshoppers, which would eat the corn. There is also a thanksgiving dance, and the dance of the dead. In the winter the yohé dance is for snow, which is essential for good crops. They dance to the sun and the moon, their gods, and hold special festivals in their honor. An Indian seldom smokes in the daytime unless he is drunk, for he would offend the sun by so doing. Therefore, he smokes only after sunset, or for ceremonial purposes. At their dances, it is considered essential

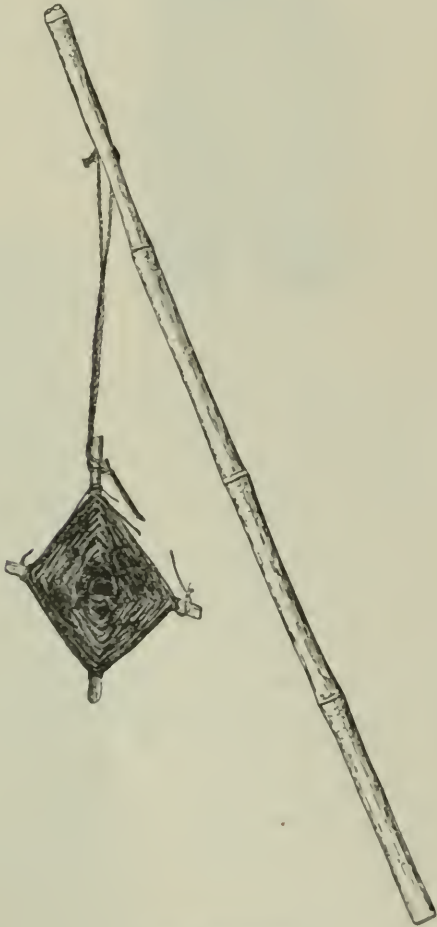


Using the Bow.

to observe a strict formality, to refrain from laughing or talking in a loud voice, and from making any unnecessary kind of noise. As it is difficult to preserve such decorum when large numbers of people and children are present, the pagans often depute one man to dance and sing as their representative, while the rest work. Thus, I have seen outside of a Tarahumari house a lone man dancing and singing, and shaking his rattle before the cross, while inside the cave, or in the fields beyond, the other Indians were at work. This lonely worshipper is doing his share of the work by bringing rain, or warding off disaster. As he is alone, his decorum is not likely to be disturbed, and his dancing may go on all night. The Indians told me that such worship was the hardest kind of work, exhausting even to an Indian. In all these songs and dances they invoke the help of the wild animals. The birds, who sing in the spring, sing for rain; the crickets, the turtles, the fish, the frogs, all help to make rain, and all

dance. The deer in the pairing season taught them to dance their great dance, Yumaree; and the wild turkey taught them their other great dance, Rutuburee.

About three o'clock in the morning, noticing that the dancing flagged and was done with no particular spirit, I went down to my camp to sleep for a couple of hours, and had just rolled myself comfortably in my blankets, when my Indian friend, the son of the house, appeared with a torch and called to me to come, as they were about to begin eating and drinking. Nabor and I went with him. A medicine-man presided at the feast, for which all the food, beer, and rattles were placed on a



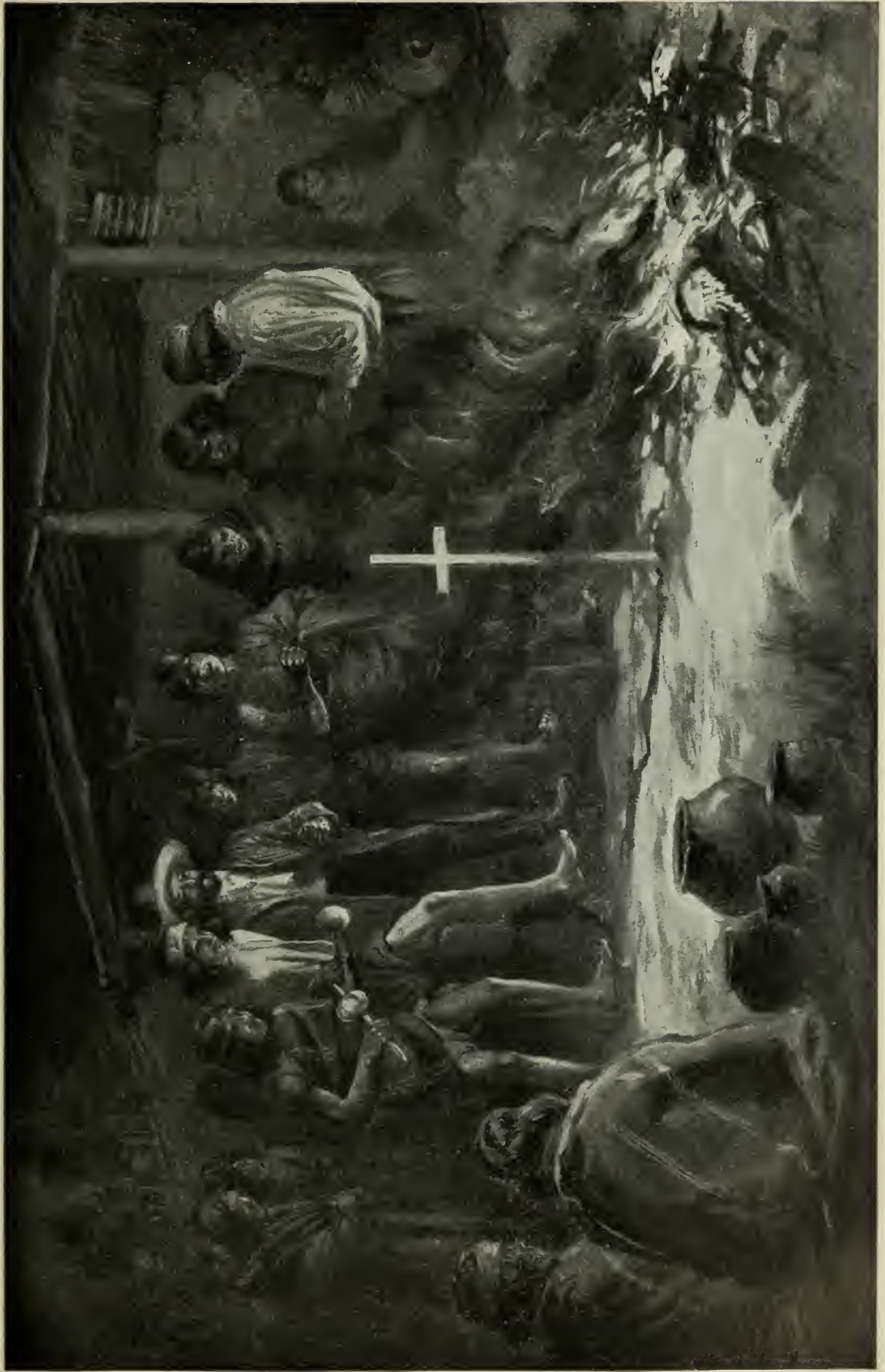
The Weesheema.

blanket before the cross. As usual, some of the beer was sacrificed to the four corners of the world, and then some of the meat, the dogs standing around while the latter ceremony was going on, waiting for what might fall to them, and coming back to the charge after having been driven off by the Ind-

ians. We entered the hut and I sat next to the medicine-man, a seat of honor, with Nabor next to me. The meat, boiled to a stringy mass and without salt, was first given to me, but did not prove tempting. Then a big gourd of teswaino was placed before me, with which I was expected to sacrifice. I deputed this ceremony to Nabor, who was quite at home in it. The liquor was then offered first to the host, hostess, and daughter, and to me, in the order named, and then to the others present.

The medicine-man then began to "cure" the persons of the house, taking a dipper of maguey wine, over which he made the sign of the cross with his finger before giving a drink of it to the baby of the house, the mother holding a cross over the child's breast. The same ceremony was gone through with all the children. Wine was offered to me with the cross. At every such feast the medicine-man is expected to cure or help some sick person, and they are very adroit in making the Indians believe that they suck maggots out of the sick person, or bad blood.

Now began another Yumaree dance with more vigor, the participants having had a good deal of drink. The scene was a weird one, the fires lighting up the night and throwing out in bold relief the fantastic figures of the Indians as they moved rhythmically back and forth, giving vent to the so-called song which accompanies their dances. Lucifer, as the Mexicans call the Morning Star, was trying to hold his own against the wan light of the fading moon in its last quarter. Both Lucifer and the moon had, however, soon to give way before the faint rosy tint which rapidly filled the east. For how many hundreds, perhaps thousands of years, had Lucifer cast his last rays upon just such a weird scene as this in the heart of the Sierra Madre. Meanwhile the solemn dance continued. At sunrise the eldest son of the house made a speech, the gist of which was good advice to his friends to avoid the evil of drink, to be quiet, peaceful, and industrious, urging his hearers to dance before the cross, and with the rattle to pray that nothing evil should trouble



DRAWN BY V. PÉRARD

Dancing—"Up and down, in time to the rattle, they walked around the cross,"—Page 440



Small Storehouse Perched on Boulder.

them. This appeal was punctuated with exclamations of approval or assent from the company. Then the dance went on, but with less spirit, as the large quantity of liquor drunk during the night was beginning to show its effect.

In the morning were held the ceremonies in honor of the dead person whose spirit was supposed to have taken part in the night's festival. Every one marched in procession to the funeral cross, bringing all kinds of food and

beer, and after sitting down each person of the family drank formally with the dead man and made to him the following speech:

"Now be off to the other world; we don't want you here any longer, now that you are dead. He who is above us will carry you off. What do you wish here, wandering around like a coyote? Go away from us. We don't want you. Therefore we give you provisions for the journey."

This was repeated in substance by all the relatives, one after the other, and even the weeping Nabor, although not a relative and who never saw the dead person, gave the speech with great solemnity of manner. Nabor had the honor of distributing the *teswaino*, drinking meantime incredible quantities of it. In explanation of this curious address to the dead, it should be said, that according to Indian superstition the dead person takes the shape of some animal, who wanders around for a whole year after death. Food is placed and ashes are sprinkled at the spot where a person dies in order that the friends may discover by the tracks what sort of animal shape the departed has assumed. Three ceremonies are held upon behalf of the dead (four for a woman)

within the year—the first, three days after death, the second and more important, at the end of six months, and the last and most important at the end of the year. Unless such ceremonies are held and the medicine-man does his best, the dead person may forever continue to wander around as an animal. Sorcerers and people too poor to pay the medicine-man suffer that fate. If the dead person has been a particularly bad man, the medicine-men have a hard time in rescuing him from the animal kingdom;

it may take hours of prayer and dances to get his head through, and then hours more of other dances and incantations with herbs and hikori to rescue the rest of his body

After the funeral service there was some more dancing, but most of the people were by this time very drunk, and by noon all had dispersed. These Indians whom I met at this festival live during the winter in the barrancas de Tuaripa and are, more or less, cave-dwellers. Contrary to my expectations, I later on found two Indians willing to accompany me down in their barrancas and help me to take skulls out of the caves. One was a man of the greatest influence in this barranca and showed his great friendship for me by selling me the bones of his near relatives. I paid him less than a dollar for the skeleton of his mother-in-law. He was an Indian of more than common intelligence and proved himself a valuable friend to me, believing that I would help his tribe.

Before leaving these kind friends who had thus admitted me to their household feasts, I was invited by one of the singers to go to his house. He had a boy who feared neither him nor their god, and who, he thought, would be impressed and sobered by the sight of a particular trick which I had exhibited. This trick was done with the simple apparatus by which a red ball is made to appear and disappear at will from the inside of a cup. It does not impose long upon a ten-year-old child in civilized countries, but these simple Indians were lost in awe-struck wonder over it. The singer believed that his reckless boy, inclined to scoff at wonders and signs, would be brought to his senses by this marvel. It happened, however, that the boy was away

in the fields and I had no opportunity of testing it upon him.

I was invited to several other dancing feasts, at one of which, a thanksgiving, ears of corn were hung up near the cross. My trip, although a short one, had proved to be of great interest and profit, and upon getting back to headquarters I at once began preparations for a long southern journey to the great barranca de San Carlos and other places, which was to last several months.

Nobody who travels in the land of the Tarahumaris can fail to notice that a curious feature of all their habitations is the number of storehouses, of which every householder or cave-dweller has from two to ten. Sometimes these storehouses, which measure from four to eight feet square, and are about five feet in height, are built like miniature log-houses, or they may be of stone. The roofs are of straw or of pine boards. Sometimes they are square and of boards; but more often round, and of stone. When found in caves they are



Storehouses made from Logs.

always square. Each storehouse has a door or opening about two feet square,



Summer House with Corn-cribs.

through which a man may creep with some trouble. When not in use as a closet by the inhabitants of the cave, the door of the storehouse is closed up with a piece of board and the edges tightly cemented with clay. This is always done when the family leaves the habitation to go to some other place, and nothing is considered more heinous by the Tarahumaris than to break open a storehouse thus sealed up. When the storehouses are built of logs and are outside the caves, they are usually placed in the most inaccessible spots of the neighborhood, such as on top of a big boulder or up on the slope above the cave. They are used as receptacles for the surplus riches of the family, consisting chiefly of corn, blankets, and cotton cloth.

Corn is the chief agricultural product of the Tarahumaris, who also cultivate beans, and in rare cases, in the barrancas, tobacco, but all upon a small scale. Their chief dish, twice a day, is what the Mexicans also use to a great extent and call pinole—toasted corn, ground to a flour on a stone and mixed with cold water to the consistency of a thick soup. It is cooling and nourishing, but

rather indigestible. As a luxury the Indian eats corn cakes (tortillas). From the harvest, which is in September and October, until February, he lives well, but starves from that time until the next harvest, subsisting chiefly upon baked maguey and herbs. A great many seeds, roots, and the young shoots of the ash tree serve him for food. In a certain part of the Sierra, at an elevation of eight thousand feet, wild onions are found in great profusion. There are two species of these, one of which is rather bitter, but the other is excellent, and I have frequently used it. Wild herbs are many. I have seen the Indians gather in one minute four kinds of herbs, all of which were excellent eating, from the same place in front of the cave. The herbs are generally found in the bottoms of the valleys, and especially in the cultivated fields. The most important herb to the Tarahumari is a species of Cruciferae, known as Mekvasari, which grows in the fields as a weed. Mexicans have the same name for it, and sometimes cultivate it.

I have often had occasion to live largely upon the corn dishes of the Indians, and strange to say I have felt

all the better for this simple and vegetarian diet. I never knew before that corn could give such power to endure fatigue. I have for a few days at a time done a great deal of climbing and walking, living on corn-cakes and water. For weeks my chief dish, three times a day, was a thin soup made from ground and toasted corn, mixed with some condensed milk. I cannot refrain from mentioning one Indian dish, which I have found so strengthening and so refreshing that I may almost claim it as a discovery interesting to mountain climbers, especially to travellers who have to employ great bodily exertion. This dish is called in Mexico *iskiata* and is made by the Indian women, who rub toasted corn on the millstone, adding water to it, until they produce a thickish kind of drink which is always cool and looks very inviting to the weary traveller; it is of a pleasant green color, owing to certain herbs ground in with it. I remember, one late afternoon, arriving at the cave of a heathen whose wife was just making this *iskiata*. The day had been extremely fatiguing, and I felt tired and at a loss how to climb up the side of the mountain before dark, a height of some two thousand feet. But after satisfying my hunger and thirst with this dish, offered by my hospitable friend, I felt new strength, and to my astonishment climbed the height without any great effort. After this I always found this dish a friend in need. It does not, however, agree well with a sedentary life, as it is slightly indigestible.

Thus from force of circumstances I became a convert to vegetarianism for the time being. I found that there is more strength in maize than in meat, while journeying in these hot barrancas, with the sharp and severe climbing required. Moreover the meat

was poor and diseased on account of the drought. I now fully understand how the Norwegian peasant starts out on prolonged mountain trips, with his oat or barley bread as his main provision, not to speak of the hard work done by the races who subsist chiefly on rice. However, what is good for me may not necessarily prove so to others and I will frankly confess that when in civilization I do not feel inclined to give up the delights of a French menu, although to a certain extent I have at present lost my former liking for meat. I believe that



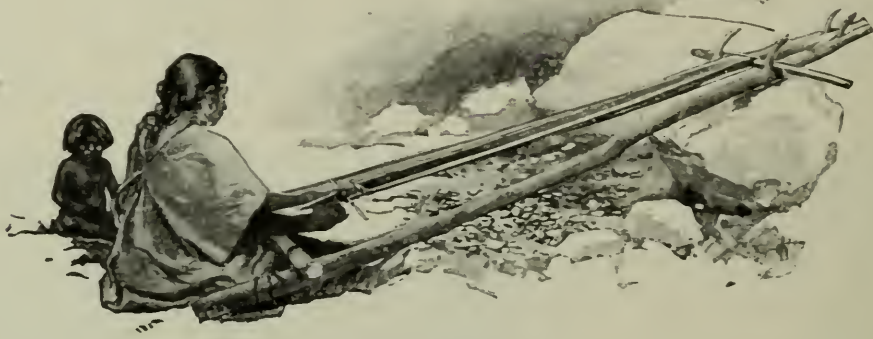
Small Caves used as Storehouses.

many travellers who complain of ill health, as well as people living under civilized conditions, would be benefited by an experiment in vegetarianism.

In the dry season the Indian subsists almost wholly at times upon the baked heart of the maguey. This sweet stuff

tremendous noise and the animal, in running against the sharp sticks, gets severely wounded and is soon caught. As soon as snow falls, the Tarahumaris sally forth looking for tracks of different animals.

Small birds are killed with bows and

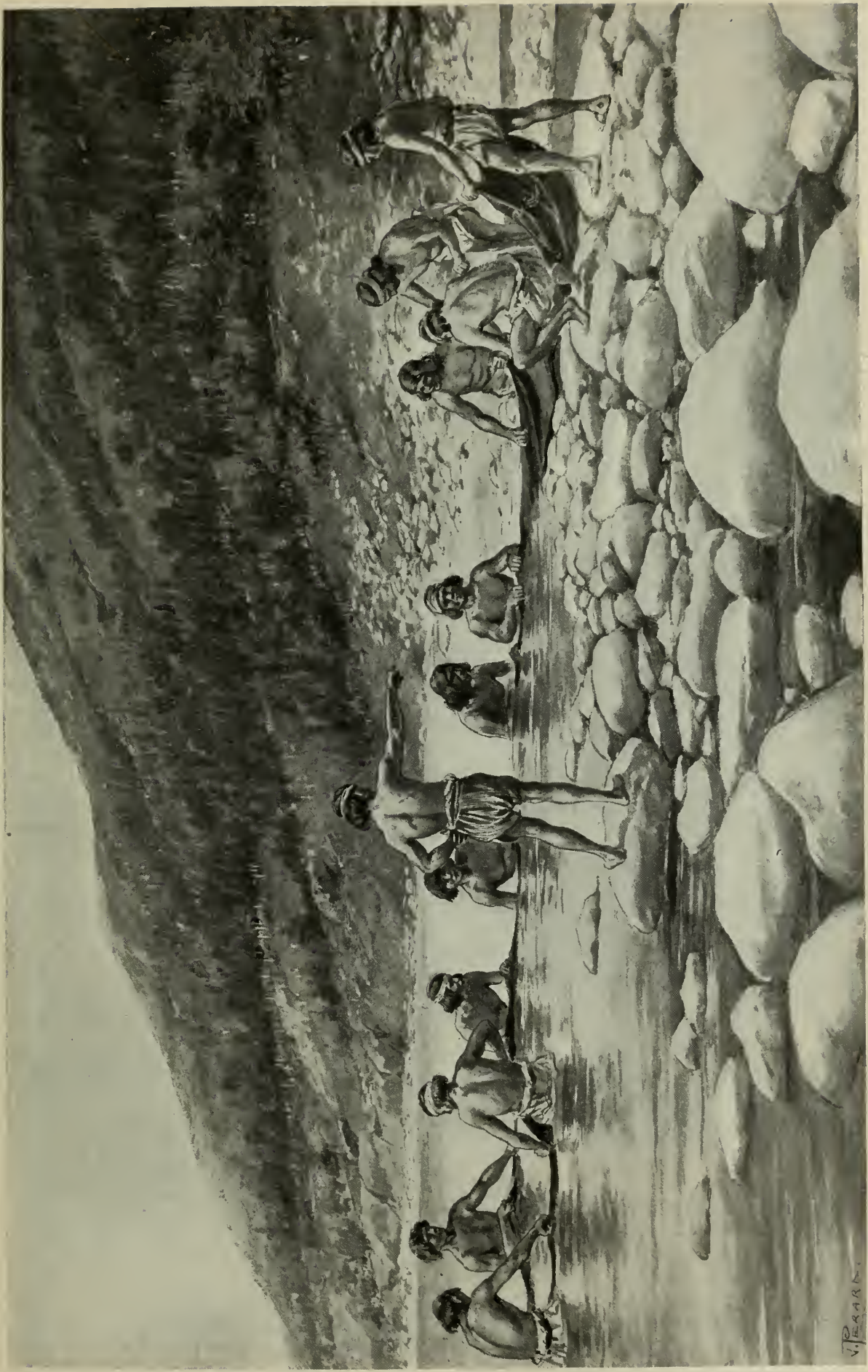


Weaving Girdles.

I have eaten with pinole, but I cannot live wholly upon it, as the Indians do for weeks at a time. To me it is frightfully indigestible. The Tarahumari likes to have meat every day, although he cannot always get it. He rarely or never kills any of his domestic animals for food, but goes hunting with his bow and arrow. Various squirrels, rats, mice, and even polecats go into his pot. In order to get one squirrel, the Indians may cut down as many as ten pine trees, a whole day's work. They skin well, make good taxidermists, and use stuffed mountain cats and squirrels (brown and gray) at their religious ceremonies, and keep them in their houses. They are extremely ingenious in trapping animals. Rats and gophers and deer are trapped with success. They trap deer with snares placed in holes ten inches deep, covered with oak leaves. In order that the deer may not smell anything suspicious they rub the trap with charcoal. When the deer's foot is snared, the animal is hoisted into the air, for one end of the line is tied to a bent tree, which is released when the trap is sprung. Another way of catching deer is to put sharp-pointed sticks of pine about two feet long in the track of the animal where the way is rough and steep. The Indians then stampede the deer with dogs, making a

arrows or even with stones. Blackbirds are very plentiful in the winter time and are caught by threading corn on a snare of pita (fibre of agave) hidden under the ground. The birds eat the kernel and cannot eject it. Quail are killed with bow and arrow. Turkeys are killed by dogs or caught in traps. The Indians are so fond of mice that I have known them to beg for permission to look through a house for them. They will eat snakes, wolves, and wild dogs. Nothing is eaten raw. A larva found on the branches of the madrona, in small white sacks of a silky texture, is gathered, boiled, and eaten.

Several kinds of berries and wild fruits are used by the Indians, for instance the red berry of the madrona. But above all they value the fruit of the *Cereus Pithaya*, which lasts for about a month, at the height of the dry season, just when they need it most. This fruit is about as big as an egg, green, spine-covered, its flesh soft, full of black seeds, and very sweet and nourishing. It grows at a height of from fifteen to twenty feet, and the Indian gets it down with a long, pronged fork of reeds, gathering it in a reed crate which he carries on his back. In the early morning at dawn, the Indians, men and women, start out, armed with these slender poles, climbing the ridges with grace and agility, to



DRAWN BY V. PÉRARD.

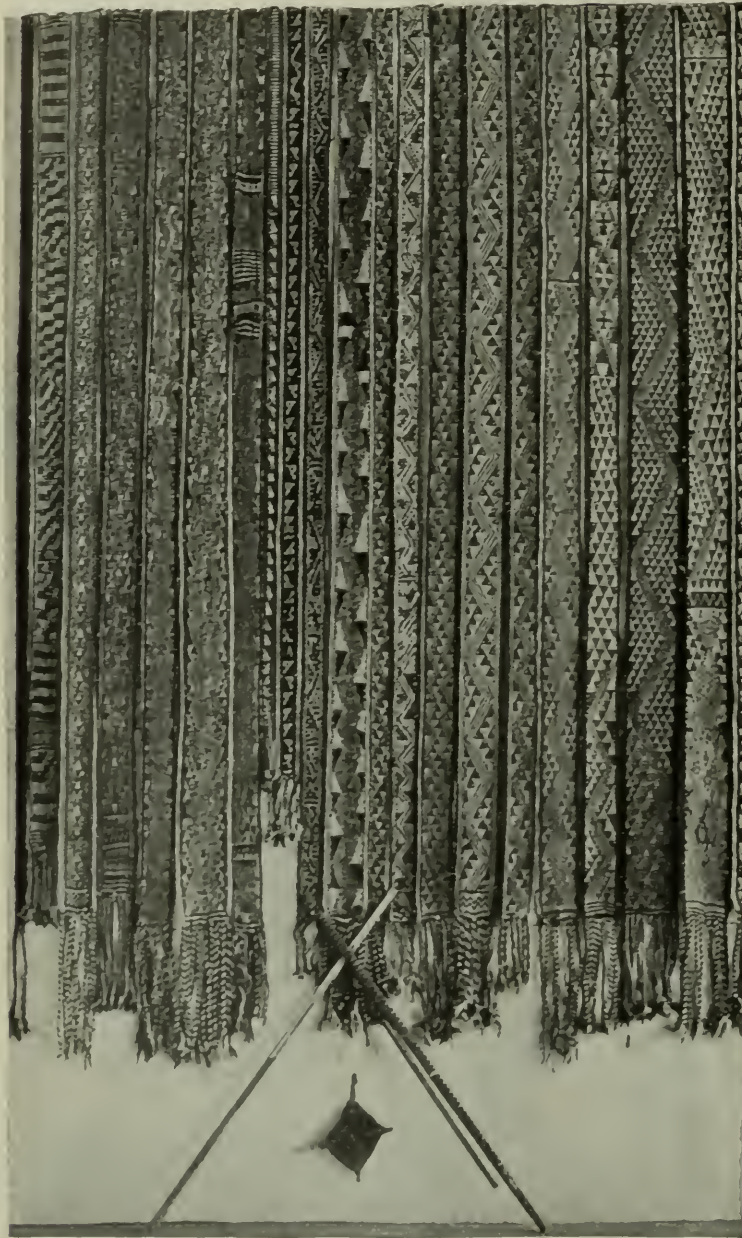
Fishing with Nets made of Blankets sewn together Lengthwise.—Page 451.

get the pithaya, which is better picked at this hour than in the middle of the day. I found it excellent with milk. The taste is between that of a fig and a plum. The Mexican servants consider it so great a delicacy that they often abscond during the pithaya season in order to obtain it.

the poison ineffective. Neither do they like cold water. Several plants yield the poison, the most important being a tree called Palo de la Flecha. When the poison is obtained, it is necessary to drink beer and to sacrifice some beer and fish to their god. Under the bark of this tree is found a liquid juice, a

drop of which causes the skin to smart like fire. The river water is poisoned by cutting off the bark and allowing it to float with the current until it is stopped by a dam made of tree-trunks. The Indians are very careful not to get any spray of this poisonous juice into their eyes, and they stand to the windward of it. One man who omitted this precaution was blinded for three days, but was cured with a solution of salt applied to the eyes.

While the fishing is going on a cross is set up near the river, upon which beads and girdles, headbands, tunics, pouches, and arrows are hung. Should they omit this sacrifice to the spirit of the water, the fish will not die, "for surely there is some great big man who is the master of the fish," said an Indian to me; and he added, "or it is perhaps only the oldest fish." The work begins in the evening after the proper ceremonies and sacrifices have been made and continues all through the night, the men cutting bark and branches of the poison tree and throwing the pieces into the river,



Girdles

In warm weather the Indians catch fish with their hands in the crevices of the rocks. Their chief fishing is done, however, by poisoning or stupefying the fish with different kinds of vegetable poison. This is practised only in the warm season, as according to the Tarahumaris the cold weather renders

one party standing on one bank and one party on the other. There is a manager appointed for each party who takes care that none of his men goes to sleep. One man from each party is deputed to warm stones and throw them into the river two or three at a time, every half hour. I could get no explanation of

this. At the break of day the two managers follow the river to see the effect of the poison. If much poison is put in, it is said to take effect along a mile of the river, but usually it covers only half that distance or even less. Each man then gathers all the fish he can, but those caught in reed mats, so placed as to intercept stupefied or dead fish, belong to the owners of the mats. Women and children are not permitted to stay with the men at night, but they watch the mats to see that the otters do not steal the fish. After the catch, the women open the fish and hang them on the branches to dry. A good night's catch may amount to two or three mule-loads. Many of the stupefied fish recover, but many of course also die, and are eaten all the same.

During the day the Indians eat and sleep, and at night drink maguey wine and get very drunk. Wine-making from maguey requires three days, after which another day is given to searching for more poison wood, and then the Indians are ready for another catch. This fishing may be repeated two or three times a year, but sometimes, if food is plenty, a whole year passes without such an expedition. The work is done with great earnestness, and almost in silence. Chili is not eaten either by men or women, and the bones of the fish are thrown into the fire.

Later on in the summer the heathen may be seen fishing lower down on the river Fuerte, where it is deep. I have seen them fasten sixteen blankets to-

gether lengthwise with splinters of wood, making a gigantic net held at the upper and lower edges by ropes of



Hikori Sunami.

vines; with this the river was dragged at a narrow part for a distance of about three hundred yards, the operation taking about twenty minutes. Men on either shore carried the rope along, and others in the water pushed the net, holding it at the right height to intercept the fish. The catch upon one occasion that I remember, was more than eighty big suckers, of three or four pounds apiece, which were picked out by hand by men standing in the pocket made by the net as it was drawn on shore. The smaller fish were taken out with a blanket used as a dipping net. I should say that there was more than a cartload of fish.

This account of the Tarahumaris is necessarily brief and incomplete. But I cannot bring it to a close without reference to one of their most curious and important superstitions, plant worship. To the Indian, everything in nature is alive, and even the plants could not grow if they had no souls. Many of them are supposed to talk and sing and feel pain like ourselves. There are five or six kinds of plants, species of *Mamilaria*, or small cacti, called Hikori, that live for months after they have been rooted



Hikori Wanami.

up, which are even worshipped by the Tarahumaris. They look upon these and to ward off disease. These Hikori are found growing in the ranges east



Gathering Pithaya (*Cereus Pithaya*).

plants as individuals to be treated with the utmost respect, in fact as demi-gods to whom sacrifice must be offered. The chief benefit sought from this plant worship is the good health of the tribe, but there are also many other advantages to be gained by having the plants in their storehouses, or wearing them about their persons. The Tarahumari does not keep them in his own house, because they, the plants, are "virtuous," and would be offended at the sight of anything wrong or lascivious.

All the small cacti are regarded with superstitious reverence by the Tarahumari. They have different properties, the most pronounced of them being to drive off wizards, robbers, and Apaches,

of the Mexican Central Railway, particularly at Santa Rosalia de Camarga. When they are needed by the tribe, ten or a dozen Tarahumaris start out to gather them, first using copal incense on themselves. The journey is a long one, and it takes the Indians a week and three days to get to the Sierra Margosa, where they are chiefly found. Until they reach the field where the Hikori grows, the Tarahumari may eat what he likes, but once there he must be abstinent from all but pinole. Women may follow the Hikori gatherers, but may not touch the plant. Upon arriving at the Sierra, the first thing done is to erect a cross, near which are placed the first few Hikori that are taken up,

in order that these Hikori may tell where others are to be found in plenty. The Indians chew and eat the next plants they find, and in consequence get very intoxicated; as speech is forbidden in this place, they lie down in silence. On the second day, when sober, they begin to collect the plant early in the morning, taking it up very carefully with sticks, in order not to hurt it, because the plant would be angry and revenge itself, making them mad and tumbling them down precipices. Different species are kept in different sacks, because otherwise "they" would fight. He—the Indian always speaks of the plant as an individual—is a noisy divinity, and sings away when in the sack. One man who used his bag of Hikori as a pillow, told me that such was the noise made by the plant that he was unable to sleep.

When the Tarahumaris return with the Hikori, a festival is held in honor of the plant. The people go out to welcome the travellers with music, and at night much teswaino, or native beer, is drunk. The night is passed in dancing in honor of the plant. The pile of Hikori, perhaps two bushels, is placed under a cross and sprinkled with teswaino, for the Hikori likes teswaino as well as the Tarahumaris. The next day a sheep or even an ox or two goats are sacrificed. Hikori is sold to the heathens in the barrancas who are too timid to go for it themselves. One plant costs a sheep, and the buyer holds a feast in honor of its purchase, and repeats the feast at the same time every year.

Several kinds of Hikori should be described. There is the Wanami (superior), which, besides being used to make an intoxicating drink, is famous as a remedy for snake bites and burns and wounds. It is moistened in the mouth and applied to the part to be relieved. It is also supposed to prolong life. Sunami, which looks like a small artichoke, is a still more powerful Hikori than Wanami. The deer cannot run away from it and the bears cannot do you any harm if you have it. Robbers are powerless against it, for Sunami calls soldiers to its aid. A liquor, called Hikori, is made from both these

cacti, particularly the first, and is highly intoxicating. It is prominent at all festivals held in honor of the plant, and is drunk by the medicine-men and their assistants and also by the whole assembly as a safeguard against witchcraft and for the health of the tribe.

Rosapara is a white and spiny Hikori, different from the two already mentioned. It must be touched with clean hands and only by people who are "well baptized" for "he" is a good "Christian," say the Christian Tarahumaris, and keeps a sharp eye upon people around "him." Rosapara is particularly effective in frightening off Apaches and robbers. Rubio, a medicine-man and a friend of mine, told me that the Apaches once turned back because he had these two plants with him. "He" is very fierce, makes bad people mad, and throws them down precipices. Mulato is a Hikori which makes the eyes large and clear to see sorcerers, gives long life, and speed to the runner.

The greatest Hikori of them all is, however, Walulasalianee, literally meaning a big authority. This is a rare plant which I have never seen. It is said to grow in low clusters from eight to twelve inches in diameter, resembling the Wanami, with many "young ones" about him. All the other Hikoris are "his" servants. "He" is so greedy as to require oxen for food—nothing else will satisfy him, and therefore but few of the Tarahumaris can afford to entertain "him." If an ox is not killed for "him," "he" will eat the Indian. "He" never dies. At ceremonies and sacrifices in aid of a sick person, the medicine-man will, in the absence of this important Hikori, fly to "his" country, where "he" stands looking toward his sons, the Tarahumaris, and offer "him" the soul of the ox that has been sacrificed. "He" eats it and sends benefits back by servants of "his" who are particularly well dressed and wear straw hats—regular Americans, as Rubio expressed it. Only the medicine-men can see "them" when "they" come to clean the souls and to cure the hearts of the Tarahumaris.

There is one kind of Hikori which has long white spines and is supposed to come from the devil and is used for

evil purposes. If it becomes angry the leg which kicked it will break. Once when I happened to push one of these globular woolly-looking cactuses with a stick, an Indian said to me, "Leave it alone, for it will make you fall down precipices." In the eastern part of the Sierra, and in a few other parts, for instance in the foot-hills around the River Fuerte, Hikori is not used at all.

According to the Indian traditions, when their god went to heaven at the beginning of the world, he left Hikori on the earth as the great remedy for the Tarahumaris. Hikori sings very beautifully, so that the Tarahumaris may find it. It sings in the field and in the blanket in which it is carried and also in the cave where it is kept. When they go to take it from its country, it says: "I want to go with you to your country, so that you may sing an incantation for me." The Indians keep it in a jar in a cave very carefully, and do not take it out without offering it beer and meat. If this was neglected it might eat the Indian's soul. If anything happens to Hikori—if, for instance, rats should eat it, the Indians believe that Hikori in "his" anger will blight them with madness. Hikori is a very important personage and it is necessary to lift one's hat before approaching it; the Christian Tarahumari makes the sign of the cross. It is saluted as if it were a Tarahumari, with the formal and customary salutation, and is supposed to make the customary answers. The small plants are even sometimes dressed in clothes, making a ludicrous appearance. Neither women nor boys are allowed to touch it.

In the Indian songs, Hikori is described as standing on top of a gigantic bead, as big as a mountain, the polished seed of a grass called *Choix Lacrymæ*. This seed, of which necklaces are made, is believed to be medicinal and to keep away evil. Men and women and children wear them. Peasant women in Italy and Spain use this same grass seed as a protection against evil, and American women have been known to use it with teething children, whom it is supposed to soothe. The Hikori is believed to wash away all diseases. Even the Christian Tarahumari says

that Hikori sits next to their god and is called "Uncle" because it is a brother of their god. They believe that the greatest of the Hikoris is a twin brother of their god. The great Hikori rides to feasts on the back of a beautiful green dove. The Hikoris come flying from San Ignacio and from Satapolio early in the morning in order to eat and drink with the Tarahumaris at the end of the dance, when the Indians eat and sacrifice. The biggest authority among them eats with the medicine-man, who alone is able to see "him" and "his" companions. If they do not come, there would always remain on the Tarahumaris the breath or stain of the sorcerers.

At the end of four years, Hikori loses its virtues and grows mouldy, when it is buried in a corner of the cave, or is taken back to the place from which it came and new plants obtained.

At all important festivals, some medicine men devote themselves wholly to the Hikori worship in order that the health of the participants in the feast may be preserved and that they may have vigor for their dances. If there is much sickness, Hikori dances are frequently held. The evening before the festival, the master of the house where it is to be held gives a number of Hikori plants to women known as Roakoro, assistants of the medicine-man, who grind it upon a stone with water and take pains not to spill a drop. Roakoro means stamina, while the medicine-man is the pistil of the flower. Even the stone is afterward carefully washed and the water saved. The special medicine-man who devotes himself to Hikori worship draws with his finger upon the sand a mystical figure,* in the centre of which he plants the Hikori. This he covers with a gourd, upon which he rests the end of a notched stick, which he rasps with a piece of wood, so as to produce a noise that serves as the accompaniment to his song. Hikori is fond of noise, because "he" is powerful.

While the medicine-man sings, a man or a woman, but never the two

* Mr. F. H. Cushing has shown me a drawing from pictographs from the lava rocks of Arizona, representing figures almost identical with this and supposed to be a water animal god.

sexes together, is always dancing before him, the dance consisting of a peculiar twisting or hopping on the toes, quickly whirling the body around. Now and then the man who dances gives vent to what is supposed to be an imitation of the Hikori's talk, which reminds one of the crow of a cock. The medicine-man's song is a prayer to the Hikori to come and help the sick person and to grant a "beautiful intoxication." Now and then the thick brownish stuff is served in small quantities in a gourd, and the spirits of the people rise in proportion to their potations, followed by a sleepy depression. The ceremonies continue all night. If the medicine-man stops for a moment, he asks permission of the Hikori, and formal salutations are exchanged, both when he goes and when he returns. If one of the assistants goes off for a sleep, he gets permission from the god and again notifies the Hikori of his return. Sometimes only the medicine-men and their assistants drink; at other times all the persons present partake of the liquor.

Upon one occasion, at three o'clock in the morning, I saw a Hikori feast among the heathens, at which two medicine-men rasped and sang with feeble voices. In front of them burned an enormous log fire. People sat in a square, the most prominent personages on either side of the medicine-man. I wished to taste the Hikori, which was new to me. A lively discussion arose between the medicine-men and the host, and I was finally told that I might sit with the medicine-men, as it was known that I had some of the sacred herb, but upon condition that I should take off my hat. It was a cold and windy night in December, but I obeyed and put on a red silk handkerchief, to which no objection was made. The man who carried the gourd danced in front of the medicine-man, then around the fire, and then brought it to me. The stuff tasted a little bitter, but was not disagreeable; and although I drank but about half a glassful, I felt the effects of it in a few moments. It made me wide-awake and acted as an excitant to the nerves, similar to coffee in its effect, but more powerful. This feeling lasted about ten minutes, followed by depression

and a chill such as I have never experienced. To get warm I almost threw myself into the fire; but it was not until nearly morning that the feeling of cold was conquered. Some of the Tarahumaris told me that they had been similarly affected, and for this reason they cannot take Hikori.

When I told the medicine-man the effect of Hikori upon me, he asked if I had ever rasped, because, said he, Hikori did not give a chill to those who did. The exercise probably keeps them warm. At this particular festival I saw several men and several women dancing at the same time, but the two sexes not together. It was a picturesque and fantastic sight—the women wearing white petticoats and tunics. Once a medicine-man agreed to sell me some Hikori and I followed him home. He went to his storehouse of boards, and with a long stick undid the lock from the inside, taking off a few boards on the roof. After some searching, he produced a small closed basket, containing the precious demi-gods. Holding it his hands, he ran rapidly around me once, and then said in a scarcely audible voice, "Thank you for the time you have been with me; now go to him. I will give you food before you go." Then he asked my Indian to hold a broken piece of pottery, on which he placed some burning coals and some copal gum. The smoke was blown over the Hikori, so that "he" might eat, and given to me to smell, so that "he" should find pleasure in being with me. This copal, by the way, is used by the Mexicans as incense to the saints, and is inhaled as a remedy for coughs and tooth-aches. He now opened the basket and told me to take what I wanted. I selected twelve plants, for which he asked ten dollars, which I thought so exorbitant that I contented myself with three pieces.

The specimens were of the Hikori Wanami, the commonest kind, which is used as an intoxicant and for healing purposes. The other and rarer kinds—the Sunami, the Rosapara, and the Mulato—I secured from my friend Rubio, who lives in a cave near Nararachic, and is the greatest expert in Hikori ceremonial in the whole Sierra. He is frequently

called upon to practise his arts in distant parts of the country. It is from him that I obtained most of my information as to Hikori, and the specimens of the plant. Upon my way back to civilization I spent several days in Guajochic, near where Rubio lives. He came several times to see me, and at last told me in great confidence that the Hikori which he had given me the year before would have to be fed previous to starting on their long journey; it was a long time since they had had food, and they were getting angry. I told him to bring food the next day and feed them. He brought copal, tied up in a small cotton cloth, and after heating the incense upon a piece of hot crockery, he waved the smoke over the plants, which he had placed on the ground before him. This, as he said, would satisfy the Hikori; they would go contentedly, and no harm could come to me either from robbers or Apaches or sorcerers. This was a comfort, for, in order to reach Chihuahua, I had to pass through a disturbed country and there were rumors of revolution.

Sorcery and witchcraft are the curses of the Tarahumaris; even medicine-men may be sorcerers, sometimes in old age becoming so against their will, because their light goes out. Innocent persons

have been accused of sorcery, and in recent years have been burned. The Tarahumari would be badly off without his doctor or medicine-man, supposed to be a very virtuous person who watches over him night and day, guarding him against sorcerers and evil. When the doctor sleeps it is only apparently so. In this life he cures diseases, and after death he is even more necessary, for he helps the Tarahumari into heaven; but teswaino is always necessary, and in the winter time, when ceremonies are frequent, the medicine-man, whose fees are mainly paid in teswaino, is drunk all the time; and yet thanks to his splendid constitution and the excellent climate, he seems to suffer no permanent injury.

To keep away small-pox the natives erect fences across the paths leading to their houses and hang snake skins, spines, and other charms, outside their doors to frighten away the disease. The medicine-men also use the Weesheema, a small cross wound around with colored threads, which is hung on the end of a stick and waved in the air to ward off disease and evil. Lying on the mummies of Peru this form of charm has been found, and I also understand that suggestions of this practice are still found among the Zuñi.

DAYS

By John Hall Ingham

WHAT is the message of days, what is the thought they bring—
Days that darken to winter, days that sweeten to spring?

Is there a lore to learn, is there a truth to be told?
Hath the new dawn a ray that never flashed from the old?

Day that deepens to night, night that broadens to day,
What is the meaning of all, what is the word they say?

—Silence for aye and aye, and the heart-beats never cease
Till toil and life and the day are the night and death and peace.



LITTLE DARBY

By Thomas Nelson Page

II

THE company in which Little Darby and the Millses had enlisted was one of the many hundred infantry companies which joined and were merged in the Confederate Army. It was in no way particularly signalized by anything that it did. It was commanded by the gentleman who did most toward getting it up, and the officers were gentlemen. The seventy odd men who made the rank and file were of all classes, from the sons of the oldest and wealthiest planters in the neighborhood to Little Darby and the dwellers in the district. The war was very different from what those who went into it expected it to be. Until it had gone on some time it seemed mainly marching and camping and staying in camp, quite uselessly as seemed to many, and drilling and doing nothing. Much of the time—especially later on—was given to marching and getting food; but drilling and camp duties at first took up most of it. This was especially hard on the poorer men, no one knew what it was to them. Some moped, some fell sick. Of the former class was Little Darby. He was too strong to be sickly as one of the Mills boys was, who died of fever in hospital only three months after they went in, and too silent to be as the other, who was jolly and could dance and sing a good song, and was soon very popular in the company; more popular even than Old Cove, who was popular in several rights, as being about the oldest man in the company

and as having a sort of dry wit when he was in a good humor, which he generally was. Little Darby was hardly distinguished at all, unless by the fact that he was somewhat taller than most of his comrades and somewhat more taciturn. He was only a common soldier of a common class in an ordinary infantry company, such a company as was common in the army. He still had the little wallet which he had picked up in the path that morning he left home. He had asked both of the Mills boys vaguely if they ever had owned such a piece of property, but they had not, and when old Cove told him that he had not either, he had contented himself and carried it about with him somewhat elaborately wrapped up and tied in an old piece of oilcloth and in his inside jacket pocket for safety, with a vague feeling that some day he might find the owner or return it. He was never on specially good terms with the Millses. Indeed there was always a trace of coolness between them and him. He could not give it to them. Now and then he untied and unwrapped it in a secret place and read a little in the Testament, but that was all. He never touched a needle or so much as a pin, and when he untied the parcel he generally counted them to see that they were all there.

So the war went on, with battles coming a little oftener and food growing ever a little scarcer; but the company was about as before, nothing par-

ticular—what with killing and fever a little thinned, a good deal faded; and Little Darby just one in a crowd, marching with the rest, sleeping with the rest, fighting with the rest, starving with the rest. He was hardly known for a long time, except for his silence, outside of his mess. Men were fighting and getting killed or wounded constantly; as for him, he was never touched; and as he did what he was ordered silently, and was silent when he got through, there was no one to sing his praise. Even when he was sent out on the skirmish line as a sharp-shooter, if he did anything no one knew it. He would reappear over a crest, or in a wood, and disappear, as silent as if he were hunting in the swamps of the district, clean his gun, cut up wood, eat what he could get, and sit by the fire and listen to the talk, as silent awake as asleep.

One other thing distinguished him, he could handle an axe better than any man in the company; but no one thought much of that—least of all Little Darby; it only brought him a little more work occasionally.

One day, in the heat of a battle which the men knew was being won, if shooting and cheering and rapid advancing could tell anything, the advance which had been going on with spirit was suddenly checked by a murderous artillery fire which swept the top of a slope, along the crest of which ran a road a little raised between two deep ditches topped by the remains of heavy fences. The infantry, after a gallant and hopeless charge, were ordered to lie down in the ditch behind the pike, and were sheltered from the leaden sleet which swept the crest. Artillery was needed to clear the field beyond, by silencing the batteries which swept it, but no artillery could get into position for the ditches, and the day seemed about to be lost. The only break was a gate opening into the field right on top of the hill. The gate was gone, but two huge wooden gate-posts, each a tree trunk, still stood and barred the way. No cannon had room to turn in between them; one had tried and a pile of dead men, horses, and débris marked its failure. A general officer galloped

up with two or three of his staff to try to start the advance again. He saw the impossibility.

“If we could get a couple of batteries into that field for three minutes,” he said, “it would do the work; but in ten minutes it will be too late.”

The company from the old county was lying behind the bank almost exactly opposite the gate, and every word could be heard.

Where the axe came from no one knew; but a minute later a man slung himself across the road, and the next second the sharp, steady blows of an axe were ringing on the pike. The axeman had cut a wide cleft in the brown wood, and the big chips were flying before his act was quite taken in, and then a cheer went up from the men on the ground. It was no time to cheer, however; other chips were flying than those from the cutter's axe, and the bullets hissed by him like bees, splintering the hard post and knocking the dust from the road about his feet; but he took no notice of them, his axe plied as steadily as if he had been cutting a tree in the woods of the district, and when he had cut one side, he turned as deliberately and cut the other; then placing his hand high up, he flung his weight against the post and it went down. A great cheer went up, and the axeman swung back across the road just as two batteries of artillery tore through the opening he had made.

Few men outside of his company knew who the man was, and few had time to ask; for the battle was on again and the infantry pushed forward. As for Little Darby himself, the only thing he said was, “I knowed I could cut it down in ten minutes.” He had nine bullet-holes through his clothes that night, but Little Darby thought nothing of it and neither did others; many others had bullet-holes through their bodies that night. It happened not long afterward that the general was talking of the battle to an English gentleman who had come over to see something of the war and was visiting him in his camp, and he mentioned the incident of a battle won by an axeman's coolness, but did not know the name of the man who cut the post away; the

captain of the company, however, was the general's cousin and was dining with his guest that day, and he said with pride that he knew the man, that he was in his company, and he gave the name.

"It is a fine old name," said the visitor.

"And he is a fine man," said the captain; but none of this was ever known by Darby. He was not mentioned in the gazette, because there was no gazette. It was not even mentioned in the district; or, if it was, it was only that he had cut down a post; other men were being shot to pieces all the time, and the district had other things to think of.

Poor at all times, they were now absolutely without means of subsistence. Fortunately for them they were inured to hardship; and their men being all gone to the war, the women made such shift as they could, and lived as they might. They hoed their little patches, fished the streams, and trapped in the woods. But it was poor enough at best, and the weak went down and only the strong survived. Mrs. Mills was better off than most—she had a cow, at first, and she had Vashti. Vashti turned out to be a tower of strength. She trapped more game than any one in the district; caught more fish with lines and traps—she went miles to fish below the forks where the fish were bigger than above; she learned to shoot with her father's old gun, which had been sent back when he got a musket, shot like a man and better than most men; she hoed the patch, she tended the cow till it was lost, and then she did many other things. Her mother declared that, when Chris died (Chris was the boy who died of fever), but for Vashti she could not have got along at all, and there were many other women in the pines who felt the same thing.

When the news came that Bob Askew was killed, Vashti was one of the first who got to Bob's wife; and when Billy Luck disappeared in a battle, Vashti gave the best reasons for thinking he had been taken prisoner; and many a string of fish and squirrel and hare found their way into the empty cabins because Vashti "happened to pass by."

From having been rather stigmatized as "that Vashti Mills," she came to be relied on, and "Vashti" was consulted and quoted as an authority.

One cabin alone she never visited. The house of old Mrs. Stanley, now almost completely buried under its unpruned wisteria vine, she never entered. Her mother, as has been said, sometimes went across the bottom, and now and then took with her a hare or a bird or a string of fish, on condition from Vashti that it should not be known she had caught them; but Vashti never went, and Mrs. Mills found herself sometimes put to it to explain to others her unneighborliness. The best she could make of it was to say that "Vashti she always do do her own way."

How Mrs. Stanley's wood-pile was kept up nobody knew, if, indeed, it could be called a wood-pile, when it was only a recurring supply of dry wood thrown, as if accidentally, just at the edge of the clearing. Mrs. Stanley was not of an imaginative turn, even of enough to explain how it came that so much dry wood came to be there broken up just the right length; and Mrs. Mills knew no more than that "that cow was always a-goin' off and a-keepin' Vashti a-huntin' everywheres in the worl'."

All said, however, the women of the district had a hungry time, and the war bore on them heavily, as on every one else, and as it went on they suffered more and more. Many a woman went day after day, and week after week, without even the small portion of coarse corn-bread which was ordinarily her common fare. They called oftener and oftener at the houses of their neighbors who owned the plantations near them, and always received something; but as time went on the plantations themselves were stripped; the little things they could take with them when they went, such as eggs, honey, etc., were wanting, and to go too often without anything to give might make them seem like beggars, and that they were not. Their husbands and sons were in the army fighting for the South, as well as those from the plantations, and they stood by this fact on the same level.

The arrogant looks of the negroes were unpleasant, and in marked contrast to the universal graciousness of their owners; but they were slaves and they could afford to despise them. Only they must uphold their independence. Thus no one outside knew what the women of the district went through. When they wrote to their husbands or sons that they were in straits, it meant that they were starving. Such a letter meant all the more because they were used to hunger, but not to writing, and a letter meant perhaps days of thought and enterprise and hours of labor.

As the war went on the hardships everywhere grew heavier and heavier; the letters from home came oftener and oftener. Many of the men got furloughs when they were in winter quarters, and sometimes in summer, too, from wounds, and went home to see their families. Little Darby never went; he sent his mother his pay, and wrote to her, but he did not even apply for a furlough, and he had never been touched except for a couple of flesh wounds which were barely skin-deep. When he heard from his mother she was always cheerful; and as he knew Vashti had never even visited her, there was no other reason for his going home. It was in the late part of the third campaign of the war that he began to think of going.

When Cove Mills got a letter from his wife and told Little Darby how "ailin'" and "puny" his mother was getting, Darby knew that the letter was written by Vashti, and he felt that it meant a great deal. He applied for a furlough; but was told that no furloughs would be granted then—which then meant that work was expected. It came shortly afterward, and Little Darby and the company were in it. Battle followed battle. A good many men in the company were killed, but, as it happened, not one of the men from the district was among them, until one day when the company, after a fierce charge, found itself lying hugging the ground in a wide field, on the far side of which the enemy—infantry and artillery—was posted in force. Lying down they were pretty well protected by the conformation of the ground from

the artillery; and lying down, the infantry generally, even with their better guns, could not hurt them to a great extent; but a line of sharpshooters, well placed behind cover of scattered rocks on the far side of the field, could reach them with their long-range rifles, and galled them with their dropping fire, picking off man after man. A line of sharpshooters was thrown forward to drive them in; but their guns were not as good and the cover was inferior, and it was only after numerous losses that they succeeded in silencing most of them. They still left several men up among the rocks, who from time to time sent a bullet into the line with deadly effect. One man, in particular, ensconced behind a rock on the hill-side, picked off the men with unerring accuracy. Shot after shot was sent at him. At last he was quiet for so long that it seemed he must have been silenced, and they began to hope; Ad Mills rose to his knees and in sheer bravado waved his hat in triumph. Just as he did so a puff of white came from the rock, and Ad Mills threw up his hands and fell on his back, like a log, stone dead. A groan of mingled rage and dismay went along the line. Poor old Cove crept over and fell on the boy's body with a flesh wound in his own arm. Fifty shots were sent at the rock, but a puff of smoke from it afterward, and a hissing bullet, showed that the marksman was untouched. It was apparent that he was secure behind his rock bulwark and had some opening through which he could fire at his leisure. It was also apparent that he must be dislodged if possible; but how to do it was the question; no one could reach him. The slope down and the slope up to the group of rocks behind which he lay were both in plain view, and any man would be riddled who attempted to cross it. A bit of woods reached some distance up on one side, but not far enough to give a shot at one behind the rock; and though the ground in that direction dipped a little, there was one little ridge in full view of both lines and perfectly bare, except for a number of bodies of skirmishers who had fallen earlier in the day. It was discussed in the line; but every-

one knew that no man could get across the ridge alive. While they were talking of it Little Darby, who, with a white face, had helped old Cove to get his boy's body back out of fire, slipped off to one side, rifle in hand, and disappeared in the wood.

They were still talking of the impossibility of dislodging the sharp-shooter when a man appeared on the edge of the wood. He moved swiftly across the sheltered ground, stooping low until he reached the edge of the exposed place, where he straightened up and made a dash across it. He was recognized instantly by some of the men of his company as Little Darby, and a buzz of astonishment went along the line. What could he mean; it was sheer madness; the line of white along the wood and the puffs of dust about his feet showed that bullets were raining around him. The next second he stopped, dead still, threw up his arms, and fell prone on his face in full view of both lines. A groan went up from his comrades; the whole company knew he was dead, and on the instant a puff of white from the rock and a hissing bullet told that the sharp-shooter there was still entrenched in his covert. The men were discussing Little Darby, when someone cried out and pointed to him. He was still alive, and not only alive, but was moving—moving slowly but steadily up the ridge and nearer the line where the sharp-shooter lay, as flat on the ground as any of the motionless bodies about him. A strange thrill of excitement went through the company as the dark object dragged itself nearer to the rock, and it was not allayed when the whack of a bullet and the well known white puff of smoke recalled them to the sharp-shooter's dangerous aim; for the next second the creeping figure sprang erect and made a dash right for the spot. He had almost reached it when the sharp-shooter discovered him, and the men knew that Little Darby had underestimated the quickness of his hand and aim; for at the same moment the figure of the man behind the rock appeared for a second as he sprang erect; there was a puff of white, and Little Darby stopped and staggered and sank to his knees. The

next second, however, there was a puff from where he knelt, and then he sank flat once more, and a moment later rolled over on his face on the near side of the rock and just at its foot. There were no more bullets sent from that rock that day—at least against the Confederates—and that night Little Darby walked into his company's bivouac, dusty from head to foot and with a bullet-hole in his clothes not far from his heart; but he said it was only a spent bullet and had just knocked the breath out of him. He was pretty sore from it for a while, but was able to help old Cove get his boy's body off and to see him start; for the old man's wound, though not dangerous, was enough to disable him and get him a furlough, and he determined to take his son's body home, which the captain's influence enabled him to do. Between his wound and his grief the old man was nearly helpless and accepted Darby's silent assistance with mute gratitude. Darby asked him to tell his mother that he was getting on well, and sent her what money he had—his last two months' pay—not enough to have bought her a pair of stockings or a pound of sugar. The only other message he sent was given just as Cove set out. He said:

“Tell Vashti as I got him as done it.”

Old Cove grasped his hand tremulously and faltered his promise to do so, and the next moment the train crawled away and left Darby to plod back to camp in the rain, vague and lonely, in the remnant of what had once been a gray uniform. If there was one thing that troubled him it was that he could not return Vashti the needle-case until he replaced the broken needles—and there were so many of them broken.

After this Darby was in some sort known, and was put pretty constantly on sharp-shooter service.

The men went into winter quarters before Darby heard anything from home. It came one day in the shape of a letter in the only hand in the world he knew—Vashti's. What it could mean he could not divine—was his mother dead? This was the princi-

pal thing that occurred to him. He studied the outside. It had been on the way a month by the post-mark, for letters travelled slowly in those days, and a private soldier in an infantry company was hard to find unless the address was pretty clear, which this was not. He did not open it immediately. His mother must be dead, and this he could not face. Nothing else would have made Vashti write. At last he went off alone and opened it, and read it, spelling it out with some pains. It began, without an address, with the simple statement that her father had arrived with Ad's body and that it had been buried, and that his wound was right bad and her mother was mightily cut up with her trouble. Then it mentioned his mother, and said she had come to Ad's funeral, though she could not walk much now, and had never been over to their side since the day after he—Darby—had enlisted; but her father had told her as how he had killed the man as shot Ad, and so she made out to come that far. Then the letter broke off from giving news, and as if under stress of feelings long pent up, suddenly broke loose. She declared that she loved him; that she had always loved him—always—ever since he had been so good to her—a great big boy to a little bit of a girl—at school, and that she did not know why she had been so mean to him; for when she had treated him worst she had loved him most; that she had gone down the path that night when they had met, for the purpose of meeting him and of letting him know she loved him; but something had made her treat him as she did, and all the time she could have let him kill her for love of him. She said she had told her mother and father she loved him, and she had tried to tell his mother, but she could not, for she was afraid of her; but she wanted him to tell her when he came; and she had tried to keep her in wood ever since he went away, for his sake. Then the letter told how poorly his mother was and how she had failed of late, and she said she thought he ought to get a furlough and come home, and when he did she would marry him. It was not very well written, nor wholly coherent;

at least it took some time to sink fully into Darby's somewhat dazed intellect; but in time he took it in, and when he did he sat like a man overwhelmed. At the end of the letter, as if possibly she thought, in the greatness of her relief at her confession, that the temptation she held out might prove too great even for him, or possibly only because she was a woman, there was a postscript scrawled across the coarse, blue Confederate paper: "Don't come without a furlough; for if you don't come honorable I won't marry you." This, however, Darby scarcely read. His being was in the letter. It was only later that the picture of his mother ill and failing came to him, and it smote him in the midst of his happiness and clung to him afterward like a nightmare. It haunted him. She was dying.

He applied for a furlough; but furloughs were hard to get then and he could not hear from it; and when a letter came in his mother's name, in a lady's hand which he did not know, telling him of his mother's poverty and sickness and asking him if he could get off to come and see her, it seemed to him that she was dying, and he did not wait for the furlough. He was only a few days' march from home and he felt that he could see her and get back before he was wanted. So one day he set out in the rain. It was a scene of desolation that he passed through; for the country was the seat of war; fences were gone, woods burnt, and fields cut up and bare; and it rained all the time. A little before morning, on the night of the third day, he reached the edge of the district and plunged into its well-known pines, and just as day broke he entered the old path which led up the little hill to his mother's cabin. All during his journey he had been picturing the meeting with some one else besides his mother, and if Vashti had stood before him as he crossed the old log he would hardly have been surprised. Now, however, he had other thoughts; as he reached the old clearing he was surprised to find it grown up in small pines already almost as high as his head, and tall weeds filled the rows among the old peach-trees and grew up to the very door. He

had been struck by the desolation all the way as he came along ; but it had not occurred to him that there must be a change at his own home ; he had always pictured it as he left it, as he had always thought of Vashti in her pink calico, with her hat in her hand and her heavy hair almost falling down over her neck. Now a great horror seized him. The door was wet and black. His mother must be dead. He stopped and peered through the darkness at the dim little structure. There was a little smoke coming out of the chimney, and the next instant he strode up to the door. It was shut, but the string was hanging out and he pulled it and pushed the door open. A thin figure seated in the small split-bottomed chair on the hearth, hovering as close as possible over the little fire, straightened up and turned slowly as he stepped into the room, and he recognized his mother—but how changed ! She was quite white and little more than a skeleton. At sight of the figure behind her she pulled herself to her feet, and peered at him through the gloom.

“Mother !” he said.

“Darby !” She reached her arms toward him, but tottered so that she would have fallen, had he not caught her and eased her down into her chair.

As she became a little stronger she made him tell her about the battle he was in. Mr. Mills had come to tell her that he had killed the man who killed Ad. Darby was not a good narrator, however, and what he had to tell was told in a few words. The old woman revived under it however, and her eyes had a brighter light in them.

Darby was too much engrossed in taking care of his mother that day to have any thought of any one else. He was used to a soldier’s scant fare, but had never quite taken in the fact that his mother and the women at home had less than they in the field. He had never seen, even in their poorest days after his father’s death, not only the house absolutely empty, but without any means of getting anything outside. It gave him a thrill to think what she must have endured without letting him know. As soon as he could leave her, he went into the woods with his

old gun, and shortly returned with a few squirrels which he cooked for her ; the first meat, she told him, that she had tasted for weeks. On hearing it his heart grew hot. Why had not Vashti come and seen about her ? She explained it partly, however, when she told him that every one had been sick at Cove Mills’s, and old Cove himself had come near dying. No doctor could be got to see them, and but for Mrs. Douwill she did not know what they would have done. But Mrs. Douwill was down herself now.

The young man wanted to know about Vashti, but all he could manage to make his tongue ask was,

“Vashti ?”

She could not tell him ; she did not know anything about Vashti. Mrs. Mills used to bring her things sometimes, till she was taken down, but Vashti had never come to see her ; all she knew was that Vashti had been sick with the others.

That she had been sick awoke in the young man a new tenderness, the deeper because he had done her an injustice ; and he was seized with a great longing to see her. All his old love seemed suddenly accumulated in his heart, and he determined to go and see her at once, as he had not long to stay. He set about his little preparations forthwith, putting on his old clothes which his mother had kept ever since he went away, as being more presentable than the old, worn, muddy, and threadbare uniform, and brushing his long yellow hair and beard into something like order. He changed from one coat to the other the little package which he always carried, thinking that he would show it to her with the hole in it, which the sharp-shooter’s bullet had made that day, and he put her letter into the same pocket ; his heart beating at the sight of her hand and the memory of the words she had written, and then he set out. It was already late in the evening, and after the rain the air was soft and balmy, though the western sky was becoming overcast again by a cloud, which low down on the horizon was piling up mountain on mountain of vapor, as if it might rain again by night. Darby however, hav-

ing dressed, crossed the flat without much trouble, only getting a little wet in some places where the logs were gone. As he turned into the path up the hill, he stood face to face with Vashti. She was standing by a little spring which came from under an old oak, the only one on the hill-side of pines, and was in a faded black calico. He scarcely took in at first that it was Vashti, she was so changed. He had always thought of her as he last saw her that evening in pink, with her white throat and her scornful eyes. She was older now than she was then; looked more a woman and taller; and her throat if anything was whiter than ever against her black dress; her face was whiter too, and her eyes darker and larger. At least they opened wide when Darby appeared in the path. Her hand went up to her throat and she gasped. All of the young man's heart went out to her, and the next moment he was within arm's length of her. Her one word was in his ears:

"Darby!" He was about to catch her in his arms when a gesture restrained him, and her look turned him to stone.

"Them clothes?" she gasped, stepping back. Darby was not quick always, and he looked down at his clothes and then at her again, his dazed brain wondering.

"Whar's yer uniform?" she asked.

"At home," he said, quietly, still wondering. She seemed to catch some hope.

"Yer got a furlough?" she said, more quietly, coming a little nearer to him, and her eyes growing softer.

"Got a furlough?" he repeated to gain time for thought. "I—I—" He had never thought of it before; the words in her letter flashed into his mind, and he felt his face flush. He would not tell her a lie. "No, I ain't got no furlough," he said, and paused whilst he tried to get his words together to explain. But she did not give him time.

"What you doin' with them clo's on?" she asked again.

"I—I—" he began, stammering as her suspicion dawned on him.

"You're a deserter!" she said, coldly,

leaning forward, her hands clinched, her face white, her eyes contracted.

"A what!" he asked aghast, his brain not wholly taking in her words.

"You're a deserter!" she said again—"and—a coward!"

All the blood in him seemed to surge to his head and leave his heart like ice. He seized her arm with a grip like steel.

"Vashti Mills," he said, with his face white, "don't you say that to me—if yer were a man I'd kill yer right here where yer stan'!" He tossed her hand from him and turned on his heel.

The next instant she was standing alone, and when she reached the point in the path where she could see the crossing, Darby was already on the other side of the swamp, striding knee-deep through the water as if he were on dry land. She could not have made him hear if she had wished it; for on a sudden a great rushing wind swept through the pines, bending them down like grass and blowing the water in the bottom into white waves, and the thunder, which had been rumbling in the distance, suddenly broke with a great peal just overhead.

In a few minutes the rain came; but the girl did not mind it. She stood looking across the bottom until it came in sheets, wetting her to the skin and shutting out everything a few yards away.

The thunder-storm passed, but all that night the rain came down, and all the next day, and when it held up a little in the evening the bottom was a sea.

The rain had not prevented Darby from going out—he was used to it; and he spent most of the day away from home. When he returned he brought his mother a few provisions, as much meal perhaps as a child might carry, and spent the rest of the evening sitting before the fire, silent and motionless, a flame burning back deep in his eyes and a cloud fixed on his brow. He was in his uniform, which he had put on again the night before as soon as he got home, and the steam rose from it as he sat. The other clothes were in a bundle on the floor where he had tossed them the evening

before. He never moved except when his mother now and then spoke, and then sat down again as before. Presently he rose and said he must be going; but as he rose to his feet a pain shot through him like a knife; everything turned black before him and he staggered and fell full length on the floor.

He was still on the floor next morning, for his mother had not been able to get him to the bed, or to leave to get any help; but she had made him a pallet, and he was as comfortable as a man might be with a raging fever. Feeble as she was, the sudden demand on her had awakened the old woman's faculties and she was stronger than might have seemed possible. One thing puzzled her: in his incoherent mutterings, Darby constantly referred to a furlough and a deserter. She knew that he had a furlough, of course; but it puzzled her to hear him constantly repeating the words. So the day passed, and then, Darby's delirium still continuing, she made out to get to a neighbor's to ask help. The neighbor had to go to Mrs. Douwill's as the only place where there was a chance of getting any medicine, and it happened that on the way back she fell in with a couple of soldiers, on horseback, who asked her a few questions. They were members of a home and conscript guard just formed, and when she left them they had learned her errand.

Fortunately, Darby's illness took a better turn next day, and by sunset he was free from delirium.

Things had not fared well over at Cove Mills's during these days any more than at Mrs. Stanley's. Vashti was in a state of mind which made her mother wonder if she were not going crazy. She set it down to the storm she had been out in that evening, for Vashti had not mentioned Darby's name. She kept his presence to herself, thinking that—thinking so many things that she could not speak or eat. Her heart was like lead within her; but she could not rid herself of the thought of Darby. She could have torn it out for hate of herself; and to all her mother's questioning glances she turned the face of a sphinx. For

two days she neither ate nor spoke. She watched the opposite hill through the rain which still kept up—something was going on over there, but what it was she could not tell. At last, on the evening of the third day, she could stand it no longer, and she set out from home to learn something; she could not have gone to Mrs. Stanley's, even if she had wished to do so; for the bottom was still a sea extending from side to side, and it was over her head in the current. She set off, therefore, up the stream on her own side, thinking to learn something up that way. She met the woman who had taken the medicine to Darby that evening, and she told her all she knew, mentioning among other things the men of the conscript guard she had seen. Vashti's heart gave a sudden bound up into her throat. As she was so near she went on up to the Crossroads; but just as she stepped out into the road before she reached there, she came on a small squad of horsemen riding slowly along. She stood aside to let them pass; but they drew in and began to question her as to the roads about them. They were in long cloaks and overcoats, and she thought they were the conscript guard, especially as there was a negro along who seemed to know the roads and to be showing them the way. Her one thought was of Darby; he would be arrested and shot. When they questioned her, therefore, she told them of the roads leading to the big river around the fork and quite away from the district. While they were still talking, more riders came around the curve, and the next instant Vashti was in the midst of a column of cavalry, and knew that they were the Federals. She had one moment of terror for herself as the trampling horses trod around her, and the calls and noises of a body of cavalry moving dinned in her ears; but the next moment, when the others gave way and a man whom she knew to be the commander pressed forward and began to question her, she forgot her own terror in fear for her cause. She had all her wits about her instantly; and under a pretence of repeating what she had already told the first man, she gave them

such a mixture of descriptions that the negro was called up to unravel it. She made out that they were trying to reach the big river by a certain road, and marched in the night as well as in the day. She admitted that she had never been on that road but once, and when she was taken along with them a mile or two to the place where they went into bivouac until the moon should rise, she soon gave such an impression of her denseness and ignorance that, after a little more questioning, she was told that she might go home if she could find her way, and was sent by the commander out of the camp. She was no sooner out of hearing of her captors than she began to run with all her speed. Her chief thought was of Darby. Deserter as he was, and dead to her, he was a man, and could advise her, help her. She tore through the woods the nearest way, unheeding the branches which caught and tore her clothes; the stream, even where she struck it, was out of its banks; but she did not heed it—she waded through, it reaching about to her waist, and struck out again at the top of her speed.

It must have been a little before midnight when she emerged from the pines in front of the Stanley cabin. The latch-string was out, and she knocked and pushed open the door almost simultaneously. The two inmates were roused by the knock; but before they could collect their senses the door was burst open and a figure on the floor was gasping out her words. All she could make out to say was, "Darby." The old woman was on her feet, and the young man was sitting up in the bed, by the time she entered.

Darby was the first to speak.

"What do you want here?" he asked, sternly.

"Darby—the Yankees—all around," she gasped—"out on the road yonder."

"What!"

A minute later the young man, white as a ghost, was getting on his jacket while she told her story, beginning with what the woman she had met had told her of the two men she had seen. The presence of a soldier had given her confidence, and having delivered her

message both women left everything else to him. His experience or his soldier's instinct told him what they were doing and also how to act. They were a raid which had gotten around the body of the army and were striking for the capital; and from their position, unless they could be delayed, they might surprise it. In the face of the emergency a sudden genius seemed to illuminate the young man's mind. By the time he was dressed he was ready with his plan.—Did Vashti know where any of the conscript guard stayed?

Yes, down the road at a certain place. Good; it was on the way. Then he gave her his orders. She was to go to this place and rouse any she might find there and tell them to send a messenger to the city with all speed to warn them; and they were to be themselves, if possible, at a certain point on the road by which the raiders were travelling, where a little stream crossed it in a low place in a heavy piece of swampy woods. They would find a barricade there and a small force might possibly keep them back. Then she was to go on down and have the bridge, ten or twelve miles below on the other road between the forks, burned, and if necessary was to burn it herself; and it must be done by sunrise. But they were on the other road, outside of the forks, the girl explained, to which Darby only said he knew that, but they would come back and try the bridge road.

"And you burn the bridge if you have to do it with your own hand. You hear—and now go," he said.

"Yes—I'll do it," said the girl obediently and turned to the door. The next instant she turned back to him: he had his gun and was getting his axe.

"And, Darby—?" she began falteringly, her heart in her eyes.

"Go," said the young soldier, sternly, and she went just as he took up his old rifle and stepped over to where his mother sat white and dumb. As she turned at the edge of the clearing and looked back up the path over the pine bushes she saw him step out of the door with his gun in one hand and his axe in the other.

An hour later Darby, with the fever still hot on him, was cutting down trees in the darkness on the bank of a little stream, and throwing them into the water on top of one another across the road, in a way to block it beyond a dozen axemen's work for several hours, and Vashti was trudging through the mud miles away to give the warning. Every now and then the axeman stopped cutting and listened, and then went on again. He had cut down a half-dozen trees and formed a barricade which it would take hours to clear away before cavalry could pass, when, stopping to listen, he heard a sound that caused him to put down his axe—the sound of horses splashing along through the mud. His practised ear told him that there were only three or four of them, and he took up his gun and climbed up on the barricade and waited. Presently the little squad of horsemen came in sight, a mere black group in the road. They saw the dark mass lying across the road and reined in; then, after a colloquy, came on down slowly. Darby waited until they were within fifty yards of his barricade, and then fired at the nearest one. A horse wheeled, plunged and then galloped away in the darkness, and several rounds from pistols were fired at him, whilst something went on on the ground. Before he could finish reloading, however, the men had turned around and were out of sight. In a minute Darby climbed over the barricade and strode up the road after them. He paused where the man he had shot had fallen. The place in the mud was plain; but his comrades had taken him up and carried him off. Darby hurried along after them. Day was just breaking, and the body of cavalry were preparing to leave their bivouac when a man emerged from the darkness on the opposite side of the camp from that where Little Darby had been felling trees, and walked up to the picket. He was halted and brought up where the fire light could shine on him, and was roughly questioned—a tall young countryman very pale and thin, with an old, ragged, slouched hat pulled over his eyes, and an old patched uniform on his thin frame. He did not seem

at all disturbed by the pistols displayed around him, but seated himself at the fire and looked about in a dull kind of way.

“What do you want?” they asked him, seeing how cool he was.

“Don't you want a guide?” he asked, drawlingly.

“Who are you?” asked the corporal in charge. He paused.

“Some calls me a d'serter,” he said, slowly.

The men all looked at him curiously.

“Well, what do you want?”

“I thought maybe as you wanted a guide,” he said, quietly.

“We don't want you. We've got all the guide we want,” answered the corporal, roughly, and we don't want any spies around here either; you understand?”

“Does he know the way? All the creeks is up now, an' it's sort o' hard to git erlong through down yonder way if you don't know the way tolerable well.”

“Yes, he knows the way too—every foot of it—and a good deal more than you'll see of it if you don't look out.”

“Oh! That road down that way is sort o' stopped up,” said the man, as if he were carrying on a connected narrative and had not heard him; “they's soldiers on it too, a little funder down, and they's done got word you're a-comin' that a-way.”

“What's that?” they asked, sharply.

“Leastways it's stopped up, and I knows a way down this a-way in and about as nigh as that,” went on the speaker, in the same level voice.

“Where do you live?” they asked him.

“I lives back in the pines here, a piece.”

“How long have you lived here?”

“About twenty-three years I b'leaves; 'at's what my mother says.”

“You know all the country about here?”

“Ought to.”

“Been in the army?”

“Ahn—hahn.”

“What did you desert for?”

Darby looked at him leisurely.

“D' you ever know a man as 'lowed he'd deserted? I never did.” A faint smile came on his pale face.

He was taken to the camp before the commander, a dark, self-contained looking man with a piercing eye and a close mouth, and there closely questioned as to the roads, and he gave the same account he had already given. The negro guide was brought in and his information tallied with the new-comer's as far as he knew it, though he knew well only the road which they were on and which Darby said was stopped up. He knew, too, that a road such as Darby offered to take them by ran somewhere down that way and joined the road they were on a good distance below; but he thought it was a good deal longer way, and they had to cross a fork of the river.

There was a short consultation between the commander and one or two other officers, and then the commander turned to Darby and said:

"What you say about the road's being obstructed this way is partly true; do you guarantee that the other road is clear?"

Darby paused and reflected.

"I'll guide you," he said, slowly.

"Do you guarantee that the bridge on the river is standing and that we can get across?"

"Hit's standin' now, fur as I know."

"Do you understand that you are taking your life in your hand?"

Darby looked at him coolly.

"And that if you take us that way and for any cause—for any cause whatsoever we fail to get through safe, we will hang you to the nearest tree?"

Darby waited as if in deep reflection.

"I understand," he said. "I'll guide you."

The silence that followed seemed to extend all over the camp. The commander was reflecting and the others had their eyes fastened on Darby. As for him, he sat as unmoved as if he had been alone in the woods.

"All right," said the leader, suddenly; "it's a bargain: we'll take your road. What do you want?"

"Could you gi' me a cup o' coffee? It's been some little time since I had anything to eat, an' I been sort o' sick."

"You shall have 'em," said the officer, and good pay besides, if you lead us straight; if not, a limb and a halter-rein; you understand?"

A quarter of an hour later they were on the march, Darby marching in front down the middle of the muddy road between two of the advance-guard, whose carbines were conveniently carried to insure his fidelity. What he thought of, who might know? Plain; poor; ignorant; unknown; marching every step voluntarily nearer to certain and ignominious death for the sake of his cause!

As day broke they saw a few people who lived near the road, and some of them recognized Darby and looked their astonishment to see him guiding them. One or two women broke out at him for a traitor and a dog, to which he said nothing; but only looked a little defiant with two red spots burning in his thin cheeks, and trudged on as before, now and then answering a question, but for the most part silent.

He must have thought of his mother, old and by herself in her cabin; but she would not live long; and of Vashti some. She had called him a deserter, as the other women had done. A verse from the Testament she gave him came into his mind; he had never quite understood it. It struck him now. At first it was vague; but it gradually became clearer: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile ye." Was this what it meant? This and another one seemed to come together. It was something about "enduring hardship like a good soldier," he could not remember it exactly. Yes, he could do that. But Vashti had called him a deserter. Maybe now though she would not; and the words in the letter she had written him came to him, and the little package in his old jacket pocket made a warm place there; and he felt a little fresher than before. The sun came up and warmed him as he trudged along, and the country grew flatter and flatter, and the road deeper and deeper. They were passing down into the bottom. On either side of them were white-oak swamps, so that they could not see a hundred yards ahead; but for several miles Darby had been watching for the smoke of the burning bridge, and as they neared the river Darby's heart began to sink. There was one point, the brow of a hill before descending to the bottom, where a sudden bend of the

road and curve of the river two or three miles below gave a sight of the bridge. Darby waited for this, and when he reached it and saw the bridge still standing his heart sank like lead. Other eyes saw it too, and a score of glasses were levelled at it, and a cheer went up.

"Why don't you cheer too?" asked an officer. "You have more to make or lose than anyone else."

"We ain't there yit," said Darby.

Once he thought he had seen a little smoke, but it had passed away, and now they were within three miles of the bridge and there was nothing. What if, after all, Vashti had failed and the bridge was still standing! He would really have brought the raiders by the best way and have helped them. His heart at the thought came up into his throat. He stopped and began to look about as if he doubted the road. When the main body came up, however, the commander was in no doubt, and a pistol struck against his head gave him to understand that no fooling would be stood. So he had to go on.

As to Vashti, she had covered the fifteen miles which lay between the district and the fork road, and had found and sent a messenger to give warning in the city; but not finding any of the home guard where she thought they were, she had borrowed some matches and had trudged on herself to execute the rest of Darby's commands.

The branches were high from the backwater of the fork, and she often had to wade up to her waist, but she kept on, and a little after daylight she came to the river. Ordinarily it was not a large stream; a boy could chuck a stone across it, and there was a ford above the bridge, not very deep in dry weather, which people sometimes took to water their horses, or because they preferred to ride through the water to crossing the steep and somewhat rickety old bridge. Now, however, the water was far out in the woods, and long before the girl got in sight of the bridge she was wading up to her knees. When she reached the point where she could see it, her heart for a moment failed her; the whole flat was under water. She remembered Darby's command, however, and her courage came back to

her. She knew that it could not be as deep as it looked between her and the bridge, for the messenger had gone before her that way, and a moment later she had gone back and collected a bundle of "dry wood," and with a long pole to feel her way she waded carefully in. As it grew deeper and deeper until it reached her breast, she took the matches out and held them in her teeth, holding her bundle above her head. It was hard work to keep her footing this way, however, and once she stepped into a hole and went under to her chin, having a narrow escape from falling into a hole which her pole could not fathom; but she recovered herself and at last was on the bridge. When she tried to light a fire, however, her matches would not strike. They as well as the wood had gotten wet when she slipped, and not one would light. She might as well have been at her home in the district. When every match had been tried and tried again on a dry stone, only to leave a white streak of smoking sulphur on it, she sat down and cried. For the first time she felt cold and weary. The rays of the sun fell on her and warmed her a little, and she wiped her eyes on her sleeve and looked up. The sun had just come up over the hill. It gave her courage. She turned and looked the other way from which she had come—nothing but a waste of water and woods. Suddenly, from a point up over the woods a little sparkle caught her eye; there must be a house there, she thought; they might have matches, and she would go back and get some. But there it was again—it moved. There was another—another—and something black moving. She sprang to her feet and strained her eyes. Good God! they were coming! In a second she had turned the other way, rushed across the bridge, and was dashing through the water to her waist. The water was not wide that way. The hill rose almost abrupt on that side, and up it she dashed, and along the road. A faint curl of smoke caught her eye and she made for it through the field. It was a small cabin, and the woman in it had just gotten her fire well started for the morning, when a girl, bareheaded and barefooted, dripping wet to the skin, her

damp hair hanging down her back, her face white and her eyes like coals, rushed in almost without knocking and asked for a chunk of fire. The woman had no time to refuse (she told of it afterward when she described the burning of the bridge); for without waiting for answer, and before she really took in that it was not a ghost, the girl had seized the biggest chunk on the hearth and was running with it across the field. In fact the woman rather thought she was an evil spirit, for she saw her seize a whole panel of fence—more rails than she could have carried to save her life, she said, and dash with them over the hill.

In Vashti's mind, indeed, it was no time to waste words, she was back on the bridge with the chunk of fire and an armful of rails before the woman recovered from her astonishment, and was down on her knees blowing her chunk to rekindle it. The rails, however, like everything else, were wet and would not light, and she was in despair. At last she got a little blaze started, but it would not burn fast; it simply smoked. She expected the soldiers to come out of the woods every minute, and every second she was looking up to see if they were in sight. What would Darby think? What would happen if she failed? She sprang up to look around: the old rail of the bridge caught her eye; it was rotten, but what remained was heart and would burn like light-wood. She tore a piece of it down and stuck one end in the fire; it caught and sputtered and suddenly flamed up; the next second she was tearing the rail down all along and piling it on the blaze, and as it caught she dashed back through the water and up the hill, and brought another armful of rails. Back and forth she waded several times and piled on rails until she got a stack of them, two stacks, and the bridge floor dried and caught and began to blaze; and when she brought her last armful it was burning all across. She had been so busy bringing wood that she had forgotten to look across to the other side for some time, and was only reminded of it as she was wading back with her last armful of rails by something buzzing by her ear, and the second after the crack of a half-

dozen guns followed from the edge of the wood the other side. She could not see them well for the burden in her arms, but she made out a number of horses dashing into the water on the little flat, and saw some puffs of smoke about their heads. She was bound to put her wood on, however, so she pushed ahead, went up on the bridge through the smoke as far as she could go, and flung her rails on the now devouring fire. A sudden veer of the wind blew the smoke behind her and bent the flames aside, and she could see clear across the fire to the other bank. She saw a great number of men on horses at the edge of the woods, in a sort of mass; and a half-dozen or so in the water, riding up to their saddle-skirts, half-way to the bridge, and between the first two, wading in water to his waist, Darby. He was bareheaded and he waved his hat to her, and she heard a single cheer. She waved her hand to him, and there was a little puff of smoke and something occurred in the water among the horses. The smoke from the fire suddenly closed around her and shut out everything from her eyes, and when it blew away again one of the horses had thrown his rider in the water. There was a lot of firing both from the edge of the wood and from the horseman in the water, and Darby had disappeared.

She made her way back to the bank and plunged into a clump of bushes, where she was hidden and watched the raiders. She saw several of them try to ford the river, one got across, but swam back, the others were swept down by the current, and the horse of one got out below without his rider. The other she did not see again.

Soon after their comrade had rejoined them, the men on the edge of the wood turned around and disappeared, and a half-hour later she saw the glint of the sun on their guns and accoutrements as they crossed over the top of the hill returning two miles above.

This is the story of the frustration of the raid which came so near capturing the capital of the Confederacy by a dash. A day was lost and warning was given to the Confederate Government,

and the bold plan of the commander of the raiding party was defeated.

As to Little Darby, the furlough he applied for came, but came too late and was returned. For a time some said he was a deserter; but two women knew differently. A Federal soldier who was taken prisoner gave an account of the raid. He said that a contraband had come from Washington and undertaken to lead them across the country, and that he had brought them around the head of the streams, when one night a rebel deserter came into camp and undertook to show them a better way by a road which ran between the rivers, but crossed by a bridge; that they had told him that, if for any reason they failed to get through by his road they would hang him, a bargain he accepted. That he led them straight, but when they got to the bridge it had been set on fire and was burning at that moment; that a half-dozen men, of whom he was one, rode in, taking the guide along with them to see if they could not put the fire out; and when they

were about half-way to the bridge they saw the person on the bridge in the very act of burning it, and waving his hand in triumph, and the man who was riding in front abreast of him fired his carbine at him. As he did so the deserter wheeled on him and said, "God damn you—don't you know that's a woman, and tore him from his horse; and before they took in what he was doing, had flung both of them into a place where the current was running, and they had disappeared. They had seen the deserter's head once in the stream lower down, and had fired at him, and he thought had hit him, as he went down immediately and they did not see him again.

A year or more afterward, after Mrs. Stanley's death, a package with an old needle-case and a stained little Testament with a bullet hole through it, was left at the Cross-roads, with a message that a man who had died at the house of the person who left it as he was trying to make his way back to his command, asked her to send that to Vashti Mills.

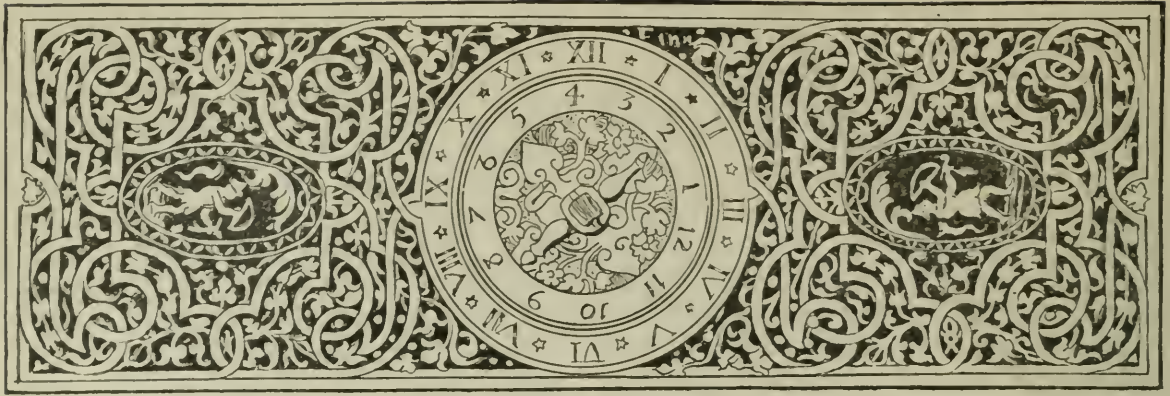
THE END.

RED LEAVES

By Henry Tyrrell

ARE there not glimpses of a sleeping sea,
 Mist-mantled, Autumn-blue, with dim sails lying
 Still as the clouds of cloudland? Round us sighing,
 The breeze trails smoky incense dreamily.
 Wildfowl are drifting southward. Whither we?
 For love is new and yet the year is dying—
 So swift, so sweet, and lo! the red leaves flying
 Like hours of love flash'd on eternity.

Pulses, perceptions, beatings of the heart,
 Thrill of the cosmic being—are ye one
 And interchangeable? Hath this life part
 In ages gone, eons not yet begun?
 Oh, lingering intimations! who shall say
 In what existence we have passed this day?



IN THE HOSPITAL

By *J. West Roosevelt, M.D.*

SO much has been written about hospital experiences, the life of patients and nurses has been so often described, and so many reporters and other casual visitors have presented the impressions made upon them by these institutions, that there seems little more to be said. There is, however, one part of hospital life which few writers mention, and of which still fewer speak from experience. The laity often read something about the "Resident" physicians or surgeons in connection with a hospital, or may see in a newspaper allusions to the "house-physician" or "house-surgeon" of one of these institutions. It is frequently said of a doctor that he is or was "in the hospital;" but what he did while there, or why he entered, and how he lived, are to the general public largely matters of conjecture. It is the object of this paper to give a short account of the life of a "resident" doctor. Not only is there something interesting in the peculiar position of such a man in respect to the sick under his care, but also it is well for the public to know more than it now does about the duties and responsibilities of that position. I have sometimes wondered whether even the managers of some hospitals have more than a hazy notion of the strain under which these young men labor. Certainly it is impossible for persons not very familiar with the practical administrative details of one of the larger institutions, to appreciate the difficulties faced by

the resident staff. The newspapers do injustice, because the doctors rarely are mentioned unless one of them has, or has seemed to have, made a blunder. Since it is the way of the world to take much pleasure in hearing of failures, and to care little about success, the press publishes the former, but rarely mentions the latter.

The medical care of the patients in the larger metropolitan hospitals is in charge of a body called the "Medical Board." This board is composed of a number of medical men of experience. Certain of its members are assigned to active duty in the hospital from time to time. Each man is personally responsible for the treatment of all patients who come under his care while on duty. Active members of the medical board are called "Attending" or "Visiting" physicians or surgeons. They do not reside in the hospital, but when on duty are expected to visit it almost daily.

It is the duty of the "Resident" or "House-Staff" to carry out the instructions of the "Attending" physician. Members of the House-Staff are called "*internes*." Each of them resides for a longer or shorter time in the hospital.

The following description of the duties of internes is not accurate in respect to details as regards any hospital to-day. It is an accurate account of the practice in the Roosevelt Hospital in 1880, when I was on the staff. It is a fair sketch of the life at the present day, since only details have altered,

while the general plan of organization is the same. The work is not quite the same in its distribution among the several grades of house officers, but there is not much difference in the amount performed then or now by any man who does his duty during his term of service.

It is quite evident that the vast amount of good work done by internes, and the mental and physical strain upon those who honestly devote themselves to its performance (as most of them do) is utterly unknown to the public. Many persons—among whom are not a few of those who are accustomed to pay charitable visits to hospitals—suppose that internes have little to do. They are popularly regarded as rather incompetent young men who loaf a good deal, and look upon patients merely as material for experiments in treatment! Unquestionably some of them loaf, some are incompetent, and some are unprincipled; but these are exceptional men. That the majority work hard is shown by the fact that many break down under the strain and are obliged to apply for a leave of absence before their term is completed. The number of hospital internes who have died of infectious disease caught from patients under their care, are mute but eloquent witnesses against the charge of heartlessness. It is not for the reason that the care of contagious disease requires any unusual courage, or that death from infection to which a man has voluntarily exposed himself is proof of extraordinary virtue, that I mention the men whose youthful lives have been sacrificed in hospital work; it is because men who face danger and death under such circumstances prove their fidelity to duty. Jim Bludsoe was a peculiarly repulsive villain, and his death in the wheel-house of the burning steamer neither undid the evil which he had done in his previous life (for example, it in no way redressed the wrongs of his several wives), nor did it demonstrate anything except that he was a faithful pilot, and brave enough to stick to his post in the face of appalling but sudden danger. So the doctor who does not flinch from pestilence shows himself to be a faithful physician.

There are many more trying things than contagious cases to test a man's character and pluck in hospital life; but it is the rule that these are as fearlessly confronted. Internes are not saints, unless all men who do hard work well are to be held worthy of canonization; if any credit is due in this slovenly world, however, for faithful work, much is due to the house officers in our larger hospitals.

The house-staff is organized somewhat differently in different institutions, but the following will give a sufficiently accurate idea of the general plan. Appointments are made after competitive examination. Each appointee serves, as a rule, for a year or more in subordinate positions before assuming the control of the division to which he is assigned. There are two or more "sides," *i.e.*, divisions, usually called "Medical" or "Surgical," according to the class of cases treated in each. The lowest grade on the house-staff is that of "Junior Assistant," the next that of "Senior Assistant," and the highest "House-Physician" or "House-Surgeon." In some hospitals there is a staff of four instead of three surgical grades, the lowest being called "Dresser." Ambulance surgeons are sometimes members of the regular surgical House-Staff, and sometimes specially appointed to serve only on the ambulance, without promotion to higher positions.

At the time of my own appointment on the house-staff of the Roosevelt Hospital, the period of service was the same on both sides, and the Junior Assistant Surgeon had charge of the ambulance. Six months as Junior, followed by six months as Senior Assistant, furnished the training necessary to prepare an interne for the duties of House-Physician or House-Surgeon. It is sufficient for the purpose of this article to describe the life on the medical division, upon which I served, adding only the few details of peculiar surgical experiences necessary to complete the sketch of hospital work as seen by internes.

The experience of the first week of hospital service is not likely to be forgotten. Singularly enough, I have not the faintest recollection of any part of

my own first day as Junior, except of one occurrence, so startling to my inexperienced nerves as to blot out all other impressions of that day. It was the rather sudden death of a patient at the moment when I was approaching his bed to execute an order which I had received. It was my first acquaintance with the grim reality of the tragic scenes which physicians must so often witness.

When a young man reports for duty on the House-Staff, he usually has a mind well stocked with the knowledge which books and teachers can impart; but he has seen little of a practical sort. Books and teachers can do no more than does an artist who paints what seems to him an accurate representation of a living human face. To some the work may appear to be a good and truthful portrait; others may see little resemblance to the subject. After all, it is only as accurate as the mind of the artist permits him to see, and his skill enables him to represent by means of pigments on a plane surface. A portrait may enable one to recognize the sitter—may even give an idea of some of his mental characteristics—but it is neither an absolutely accurate reproduction of the sitter's physical nor mental attributes. To *know* these one must meet the original face to face. So one must *see* disease in order to *know* disease. Some of the men just entering upon their hospital service are a little too well satisfied with themselves to be pleasant; but a month or two of experience usually convinces them that they do not know so much as they had supposed.

The Junior Assistant Physician of the Roosevelt Hospital at the time of which I speak, had the following duties to perform:

To record the temperature, pulse, and respiration of all patients whose condition required such records, twice or oftener daily. To make and record all the usual clinical microscopic and chemical examinations. To accompany the House-Physician on his daily morning rounds—which lasted from one to three hours. To accompany the Attending Physician when he made his regular visit—which occupied from

fifteen minutes to two hours. To do various medical chores. To copy patients' histories into the record-book. Last, but not least, to visit and examine applicants for admission whose sickness prevented them from applying personally at the hospital. The duty of visiting was performed during alternate weeks by the medical and surgical Juniors. His working day began about 8.45 A.M., and never ended before 6 P.M.; often it lasted until 10 P.M.

It is not surprising that the most vivid recollection of the first six months' service should be of its weariness. During the first few days or weeks, the sense of fatigue is intense; for most of the work is done in a standing or stooping position, and, not being accustomed to this sort of exertion, the legs and back ache intensely. It may not seem that much pain could come from merely standing up for a few hours, and occasionally bending over a bed or table; but, if anyone not used to it will try the experiment of standing up for three or four hours, *during which time he must not walk more than four hundred feet or take any exercise to vary the strain upon the muscles save by stooping from time to time low enough to bring the head within a foot of the surface of a rather high bed*, he will feel, for a day or two, much as he would had he walked fifteen or twenty miles at a rapid pace, without any previous training save an occasional stroll of half a mile.

The Senior Assistant writes the medical history of each patient. He learns, as soon as possible after admission, as much as he can about each case, and records not only the story of events which are said to have occurred prior to the date of entrance, but also notes the exact condition of the patient when admitted. While he had plenty to do, and sometimes more than he could finish in a day, he had the most comfortable position on the House-Staff in the old days; for his work was less monotonous than that of the Junior, and his responsibilities less than those of the House-Physician.

After a year's preparatory training the grade of House-Physician was at-

tained. I do not believe that anywhere but in this country the responsibilities would be borne, or the duties be so well done by a succession of men selected by competitive examination, as our internes are, and as young as most of them are. Our system works well, on the whole. It seems adapted to American conditions, and, although it has serious faults, none better has been proposed which would be practical in this city at the present time. It is safe to assert that hospital patients are more kindly, and to that extent at least, better treated in the United States than in any other country, except perhaps England. Whether or not the purely medical and scientific parts of hospital work are as well done in any institution here as they are abroad, depends more upon the ability of the attending Physician or Surgeon in charge than upon the House-Staff. The average House-Physician or Surgeon is a very satisfactory man as far as ability to do the work required of him is concerned. His most common fault is an unpleasant manner toward strangers. The habitual exercise of his great authority in the hospital is apt to result in a certain arrogance similar to that which is so commonly exhibited by the younger officers of the army or navy.

The experiences of a House-Physician during twenty-four hours, when his wards contain about the average number of patients, and the work is of average severity, may be described as follows:

The nurses who have been on duty during the night report to him between 7 and 8 A.M. Breakfast must be finished in time to begin morning rounds at nine. Every patient in the division is seen during these rounds, which last from one to three hours. A certain amount of ceremony, the result of the daily repetition of routine work, characterizes the progress through the wards. The physicians are met at the door of each ward by the head-nurse and one or more assistant nurses. The House-Physician enters, with a stethoscope in his hand. This instrument, by the way, is so often seen in his possession that some patients suppose it to be a sort of wand of office and badge of

authority. Beside him walks the Senior Assistant bearing a lot of manuscript histories and blank paper for writing notes. Behind walks the Junior always carrying a book in which he has recorded the results of his chemical and microscopic work of the previous day, and, frequently, with some instruments which he has been told to bring. When this procession has filed in, the doors are closed, the House-Physician turns to the patient nearest to the door, and asks him how he feels. The man is in the last stages of consumption, but with the strange cheerfulness of that disease, answers that he thinks he is better. A few questions to learn whether he is as comfortable as may be, and we pass to the next. He is out of bed, convalescent, and little time need be spent over him; but the next is a case of severe acute disease, and calls for careful attention. His pulse is felt and he is examined as thoroughly as the conditions call for or permit. The temperature chart and other ward records are studied. The nurse is questioned as to the symptoms presented while the doctors were absent from the wards. Any changes in treatment are ordered by the House-Physician and written down both by the Senior and Nurse. In the next bed is a new case. The Senior reads his history; the Junior reads the results of the examinations made by him; and a thorough investigation is begun of the actual condition of the patient.

The entire circuit of the ward is made in this manner. When the last patient has been interviewed the necessary medicines are ordered from the drug-room, the House-Physician writing the quantity required and the directions to be put on each label, in the order-book. The doors are then opened and the procession passes to the next ward.

After rounds the House-Physician has plenty of work to do before lunch-time. He orders the diet of each patient, specifying the articles to be supplied which are not part of the ordinary food provided for the ward. He examines applicants for admission when they come to the hospital; admits and discharges patients, and prescribes what-

ever treatment he deems necessary in urgent cases during the absence of the Attending Physician. He may even entirely disregard the orders of the latter, should symptoms arise which, in his judgment, make such action imperative. Of course he reports all that he has done to his superior. He is expected to maintain discipline in his division, and to enforce all the rules of the hospital as far as he can, reporting any infraction thereof to the proper officials. He interviews anxious friends and relatives of patients, and has notice sent to the friends when any case has become desperate. He inspects all eatables, etc., sent to the hospital by outsiders for any patient's use, and prevents improper articles from being delivered. Extraordinary things are often sent as delicacies fit for a sick person. Sodden cake, stale pies, onions, sausages of various degrees of virulence, are frequently selected as offerings from some loving heart to the possessor of a delicate stomach.

Much tact is necessary in successfully dealing with some of the problems incidental to the work. Visitors are referred to the House-Physician, some of whom wish to see the hospital, some are doctors desirous of asking information, some are reporters. Friends of patients call to inquire about their condition—or, it may be, to enter a just complaint, or to abuse the institution and the doctor without cause.

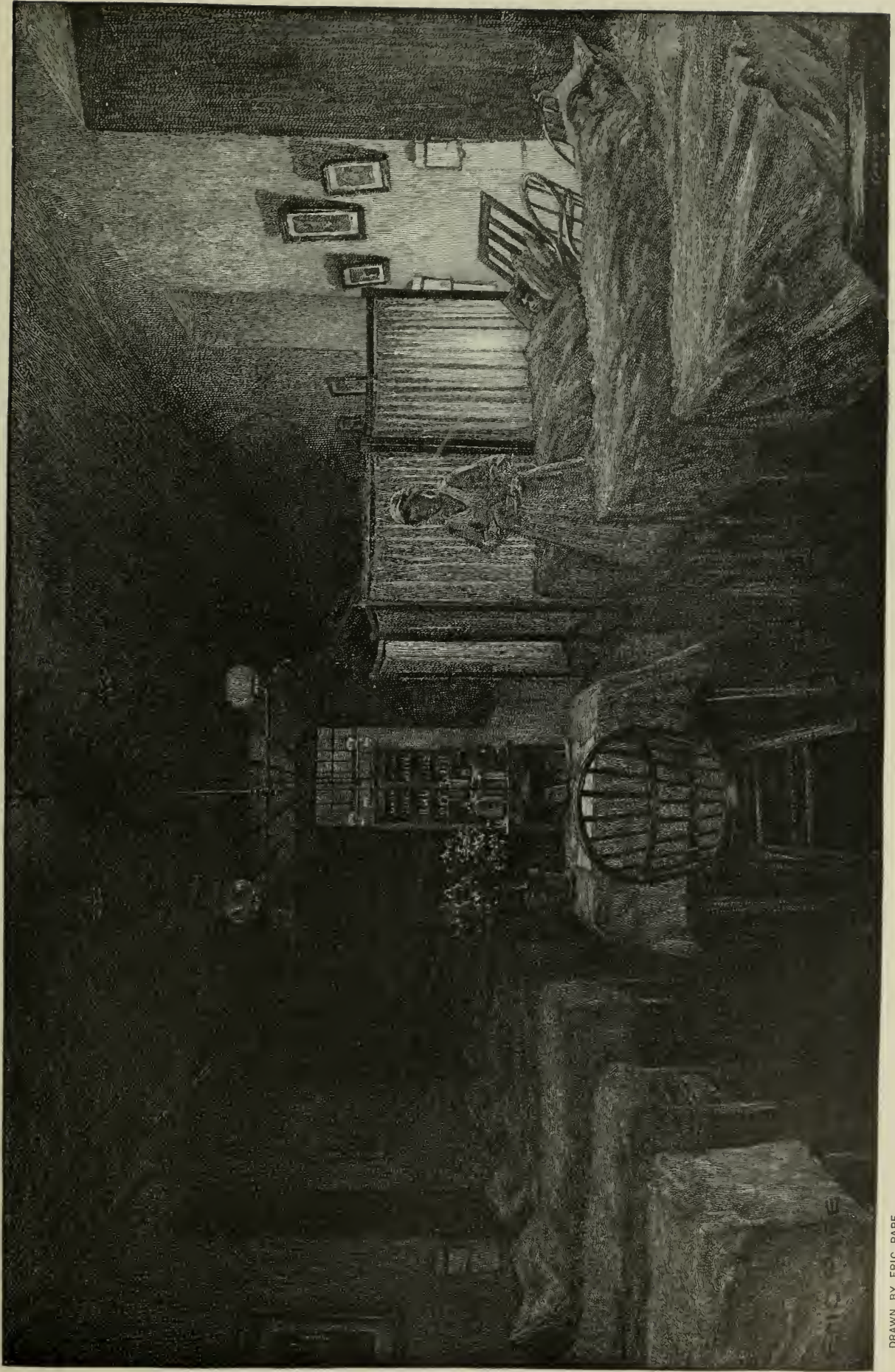
Once a day the Attending Physician is expected to make his rounds. The House-Staff accompany him, and the House-Physician ought never to be absent at the time his superior arrives. The fact that the hour when the latter is to be expected is seldom the same on any two successive days, and the additional fact that at any moment a desperately ill person may be brought to the hospital, or one of the patients may become suddenly worse, make it impossible to set aside any regular time for exercise or amusement in the afternoon. Members of the staff, therefore, are accustomed to take recreation when the chance occurs, and the House-Physician is not likely to have much uninterrupted leisure during the daytime. He makes formal evening rounds about

five o'clock, and whatever outing he takes must not interfere with this duty. This time he goes through the wards with little formality, unaccompanied by his assistants. He sees all the patients, however, and dictates the orders for the night to the Nurse to take down in writing, and does whatever is required to prepare for the night work.

There is almost always a lull in hospital activity between six and eight in the evening. During these hours the internes have dinner and time to talk and smoke. It was the inflexible rule in the Roosevelt Hospital in the old days, never to permit the slightest reference to "shop," either at dinner or breakfast. Whether the rule was ever general in hospitals, or whether it still obtains at Roosevelt, I do not know. With us it was established by the wife of the first Superintendent, who, with her husband, always took these two meals with the Staff. If the custom has passed away it is a pity, for it is a great blessing to compel all whose business is narrow in its field and confining in its nature, as is that of an interne, to turn to something else for an hour or two at least every day.

The evening, after the night-nurses have reported to the House-Physician for orders shortly after eight o'clock, is more or less free. Before going to bed it is his custom to make one more tour through the wards to see that all is well. Even when in bed he has not cast aside his responsibility. He may be aroused once or oftener during the night. I knew one interne who for ten days and nights was never permitted to sleep two consecutive hours. This is an exceptional case, but interrupted sleep is the rule, and the doctor regards a knock at his door and a message which calls sometimes only for a few words in answer to a question, sometimes for active and prolonged work in the ward, as a matter of course. He soon learns to wake quickly and to wake thoroughly. He also learns to fall asleep quickly, when the opportunity occurs.

At night the ward is strangely picturesque. After nearly fourteen years of familiarity with hospital scenes, I never enter one after the lights have



ENGRAVED BY F. A. PETTIT.

Night in the Women's Ward.

DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

been lowered without a vague thought that there is something uncanny about the place. The big room seems bigger, and the row of beds upon either side seem longer than by daylight. The lowered gas-flame over the medicine-chest is the centre of a dense-walled hollow sphere of darkness. Around the beds of those who need close watching, screens covered with white muslin are placed, and within them are candles, whose flickering light makes ghostly shadows here and there. The faint noises made by the restless sleepers as they turn uneasily in their beds; the occasional muttering or loud talking of the delirious; the subdued sounds produced by attendants moving cautiously about their duties—all serve to make the silence audible. The place seems surrounded by a sea of darkness and silence, whose waves are beating fiercely against the walls.

Many dramatic incidents from the ceaseless tragedy of life occur in hospitals at night. Once I was summoned shortly before daybreak to the bed whereon a young man lay dying. He was married, and I had seen his wife sitting by his side, the previous day, with a pretty, happy little baby laughing and crowing in her arms. The husband and father had been sick only for a few days. He was a mechanic making good wages, and supporting, not only his wife and child, but also his aged father and mother who were too infirm to work. It had been a very happy home for all of them, and their prospects in life were bright—when suddenly pneumonia prostrated the breadwinner. He did well for a while, but shortly before I was called he had grown suddenly worse. There he lay now, unconscious, with the unmistakable look which shows that death is near. By the bed knelt his poor old mother, weeping bitterly, while the young wife—half kneeling, half lying beside him—tearless and hopeless, was softly petting him and whispering words of love. The father sat erect and stern, silent and motionless, with set white features, save when a sob burst from him. The screens shut off the rest of the ward, and the candles by the bed shone on the group. There

was nothing to be done for the patient; it was only left to us to do what we could to spare, as far as possible, the friends from needless suffering. I turned to give some order to the nurse—to my surprise he had disappeared. Passing outside of the screens, I saw him near the farther end of the ward, apparently busily engaged doing something to one of the beds. Going to him, I discovered that he had just pulled the covers off an empty bed, and was then nervously putting them back. I sharply ordered him to return to the dying man, and he reluctantly did so. After all was over, I asked John what he meant by his behavior. "I couldn't help it, sir," said he; then with a defiant look, he growled, "Why don't some of the worthless rascals die, instead of such as he?" And he pointed to the motionless form. When I entered my room, after leaving the ward where the attendants were preparing the body for removal, I opened the window. The sky had the steely-gray glint of the dawn of a warm spring day; some sparrows were quarrelling noisily: a horse-car, its sleepy driver whipping his team savagely, passed by; two policemen were bringing a swearing, struggling, drunken ruffian with a cut head to have his wound dressed. Slowly and sadly walking home, the old man with the two women passed under my window—and I thought of the nurse's question.

Familiarity with death is apt to alter one's earlier conceptions of it. Two ideas are very generally accepted which experience shows to be false. One is that the dying usually fear death: and the other, that the act of dying is accompanied by pain. It is well known to all physicians, that when death is near its terrors do not seem to be felt by the patient. Unless the imagination is stimulated by the frightful portrayal of the supposed "pangs of death," or of the sufferings which some believe the soul must endure after dissolution, it is rare indeed that the last days or hours of life are passed in dread. Oliver Wendell Holmes has recorded his protest against the custom of telling a person who does not actually ask to know, that he cannot recover. As that loving ob-



The father sat erect and stern, silent and motionless.—Page 478.

server of mankind asserts, so must everyone who knows whereof he speaks assert that people almost always come to understand that recovery is impossible; it is rarely needful to tell anyone that this is the case. When nature gives the warning, death appears to be as little feared as sleep. Most sick persons are very, very tired; sleep—long, quiet sleep—is what they want. I have seen many people die. I have never seen one who seemed to fear death, except when it was, or seemed to be, rather far away. Even those who are constantly haunted, while strong and well, with a dread of the end of life, forget their fear when that end is at hand.

As for the act of dying—the final passage from life to death—it is absolutely without evidence that the oft-repeated assertions of its painfulness are made. Most people are unconscious for some hours before they die; and in the rare cases where consciousness is retained unimpaired until a few minutes before the end, the last sensation must be of perfect calm and rest. It is worse than cruel to add to the natural dread of death which oppresses the majority of us while in good health, the dread of *dying*. There is surely fear enough in

this suffering world; let us not increase it by adding imaginary to real causes.

Of all hospital work the most exciting, as well as the most evident to the public, is that done on the ambulances. My personal experience is limited to answering a few calls, but it is sufficient to enable me to bear testimony to the extreme difficulties which must be met by the ambulance surgeon. I am sure that, could the public appreciate the situation in which the latter is placed, there would be less injustice done by those who now are always ready to believe every story of alleged incompetency or cruelty on his part. Before passing judgment in cases of this sort, let it be remembered that it is very difficult to learn the facts regarding any event which is exciting in its character; and the ambulance is rarely summoned except in emergencies—accidents where one or more people have been hurt, cases of sudden illness, etc.—when more or less excitement prevails. The patient has to be examined and the proper course of action determined upon, under circumstances which are most unfavorable for accurate diagnosis, or even for satisfactory examination. Whatever is to be done must be done quickly;



DRAWN BY M. TRAUTSCHOLD.

for, whether or not a case is in danger of immediate death if not quickly treated, the ambulance ought not to be absent from the hospital longer than necessary, since another call may come at any moment, and loss of time in responding may mean loss of life. It is, moreover, important that impostors and drunken men should be prevented from entering the hospital on the ambulance, to enjoy comfort at its expense, and to occupy beds which may be needed for real sufferers. It is not easy to decide whether an insensible person is drunk or dangerously ill. In all doubtful cases it is the rule that the patient must be taken to the hospital for further observation. No mistake is more common than that of confounding the insensibility of disease or injury with alcoholic intoxication. None is more often excusable. Some impostors are in the habit of deceiving ambulance doctors if they can, and some of them are very skilful actors. It is necessary to be cautious about admitting or rejecting. Charges of inhumanity are occasionally brought against the surgeon. Sometimes these are well founded, but usually they are not. While I must admit that there is room for improvement in the manners of many of the young men—for politeness is not one of the distinguishing virtues of the entire class—I deny that incompetency or cruelty are frequently shown by them. Indeed they make wonderfully few mistakes.

At any time of the day or night a call may come, and the surgeon must be ready to start as soon as the ambulance reaches the door. With the "drop harness" (an ingenious arrangement, first used in the fire department, which requires only the fastening of a few hooks to be ready for the start), and with a good driver and a well-trained horse, not more than two or three minutes should elapse between the receipt of the call and the departure. Sometimes the surgeon knows what he is likely to find upon reaching the place designated by the telegraphic summons, but often he does not. He simply knows that his services are needed at such and such an address, scrambles into the ambulance, gives the order to the driver, and away they go with clanging bell and gallop-

ing horse. Arriving at his destination, he swings himself over the tail-board to the ground before the ambulance has fairly stopped, and pushes his way through the crowd which has gathered about the spot. There always is a crowd, except late at night, and were it not for the efficient and willing aid of the police, it would be impossible to do much for the patient. For some time the officers had an able and enthusiastic volunteer assistant in keeping the ground clear, and our ambulance had no trouble from delays due to the failure of other vehicles to make room for it. My dog, Dan, an animal of great intelligence, originality and determination of character, came to the hospital on a visit. He evidently came to the conclusion, after a few days of thought, that duty called him to take charge of the ambulance and everything connected with the service. He made friends with the horse, watched over the stable, and always "personally conducted" the surgeon on calls. He ran ahead barking furiously at any wagon which did not promptly turn aside, and giving tongue like a deer-hound even when the street was clear. He saw to it that persons who had no business to crowd around the surgeon kept at a respectful distance. None but police or firemen in uniform could approach within four or five yards, without receiving a decided hint from Dan that it would be safer for them to stop. He would walk slowly and with much dignity up to the intruder, looking steadily at his face, and speak to him in a low, half-whispered growl, at the same time ruffling the fur between his shoulders. As our driver said, "Dat dog never had to bite no one; dey got on to what he meant without it." If the surgeon called anyone to his side, Dan, at once, regarded the latter as privileged to remain inside the forbidden ground, and took him under his protection.

To appreciate the immense service rendered by the ambulance surgeons to the community, one should witness their work at some accident. When the row of houses which Buddensiek was building in West Sixty-first Street some years ago, fell, burying a number of workmen in the ruins, the ambulance

men went calmly into places of considerable danger and superintended the removal of the injured in the midst of the general excitement, as quietly and quickly as though nothing unusual had happened. The ambulances from several hospitals were on hand, and all deserve great credit for the pluck and efficiency of the men.

To be called by mistake, and to find no patient, always provokes both surgeon and driver. One day our ambulance was summoned to Seventy-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue, only to find that the patient had already been sent by the elevated railroad to the hospital. On the way back a crowd of loafers began calling to the driver to know what had occurred. After scowling in silence at them for some time, he suddenly relieved his mind by shouting back, "I've got a fellah wot was *kicked wid a cat!* See?" Leaving the loafers with this characteristic sample of New York idiom to satisfy their curiosity, he drove sullenly away.

It must not be supposed that life on the House-Staff is nothing but "a dem-nition long, hard grind;" it is a busy life, but it is also extremely interesting and enjoyable. There would be little prospect of enjoyment for the ordinary person who cares nothing for medical science; to him the idea of living for eighteen months among sick people is hardly alluring. To the men who compose the House-Staff, there is nothing more interesting, and each day adds to their knowledge and experience.

More may be learned in a hospital than mere medical facts. The observant man finds much of interest in the peculiarities of his fellow-men, seen from this standpoint. Perhaps the most striking of these is the idea which most people seem to have of the importance of anything which affects themselves individually, in comparison with the things which affect their neighbors. The case of each patient is, to that patient and his friends, a matter of such moment that the claims of all the others seem almost unworthy of notice. To the House-Physician and his assistants, the medical division seems far more important than the surgical; while the officers of the latter

believe the reverse to be the case. And so on.

All who, as institution officials, come in contact with the general public, must experience the evil effects of another human trait, almost as common as self-importance. It produces one of the most maddening and serious annoyances of the many which harass them, and is one of the most dangerous of the forces which make for inefficient administration and the fostering of abuses in hospitals and other charitable organizations. It is the failure to report to the proper authorities instances of wrongdoing on the part of employees, or of any cases of hardship suffered by inmates. Anyone who thinks that wrong has been done to sick people in a hospital, and who fails to lodge a complaint with the proper authorities, informing them of the charges, becomes an accessory after the fact. If, as is often the case with patients, he refrains from so doing from *fear*, he is excusable; but he who advances as an excuse that he did not wish to make trouble for the offender, should remember that he ought to be equally unwilling to injure the unoffending. It is not enough to spread far and wide among one's friends the story of some piece of cruelty or neglect or abuse of any sort, from which a patient has suffered in a hospital. Indeed, it is wrong to do so until a chance has been afforded for investigation of the charges by those whose duty it is to prevent the occurrence of wrong alleged, and to remedy defects in administration. The public should remember that the opportunities for abuses to flourish in some of the many departments of an organization as complex as a large hospital are very great, and that the evil-doers themselves, naturally, do not direct attention to their own wickedness, while the patients who suffer are afraid to complain lest worse should befall them. Unless outsiders recognize the duty of reporting cases which come to their knowledge, the grossest outrages may repeatedly be perpetrated without discovery. Thus it happened that an employee in one hospital systematically extorted money from patients for more than a year before his rascality was suspected. Had a single complaint been

received during all that time the evil would have been promptly stopped. Let none who fail to make complaints about such things deceive themselves with the thought that their failure is due to kindness of heart. It is not. It is due to selfishness, or laziness, or cowardice. An incalculable amount of good would follow if the public made a practice of complaining to the right people, instead of going with the stories of wrong to almost anyone except those able to remedy the state of affairs which caused the wrong.

Acquaintance with hospital patients throws a light on humanity which reveals much that is good to see. Sick people, of the class which we are considering, are usually patient and uncomplaining, and thoughtful of their fellow-sufferers in the ward. They behave as anyone familiar with the manners and customs of the poor would expect. They submit to disease and pain with the same dogged, stolid patience which is habitual, in respect to any misfortune, among those to whom misfortune is a common experience. Many of them have learned that no good comes from bewailing the inevitable. The habit, so often noted among the poor, of extending a helping hand to any friend in need is not lost in sickness, and the attention of those who are convalescent, or able to be up, to the sicker ones is pleasant to see. I do not wish to give the impression that kindness is universal, only that it is common. Of course there are examples of most detestable selfishness to be seen in the wards as elsewhere. My impression is that, speaking broadly, the patients who are most apt to display this quality in its most objectionable form, and also to show the least appreciation of efforts to relieve their discomfort, are those who are sent to the hospital by some charitable person, with strong testimonials setting forth their merits. The demoralizing effect of having a "pull" is admitted by all; these people are apt to assume that they have a "pull," and behave accordingly.

Not a few criminals come under observation. As a rule, they are neither interesting to know nor agreeable to treat. The grateful criminal, whose

gratitude leads him to reform, may, perhaps, be met with elsewhere; but not, to my knowledge, in hospitals. Gratitude shown by a rough and sincere affection for the doctor who has been kind, is quite common among criminals, and many physicians have found themselves safe in neighborhoods where a layman would run a great risk of being robbed, if not murdered, because of the kindness of another member of the profession to someone connected with the criminal class.

The duty of examining applicants for admission at their homes, when they are too sick to come to the hospital, often leads the interne into little-known streets, and sometimes into dangerous neighborhoods. He is perfectly safe in the latter—at least he is safe if he attends strictly to his own business. On these visits much that is tragic, and not a little that is grimly comic, may be seen. Among the saddest cases are the very numerous consumptives, for whose care practically no provision is made in this city, and who cannot be admitted to general hospitals. They must be left to die in their rooms, and (because no place is provided for them) they infect many of their neighbors who, but for their presence, would not have been killed.

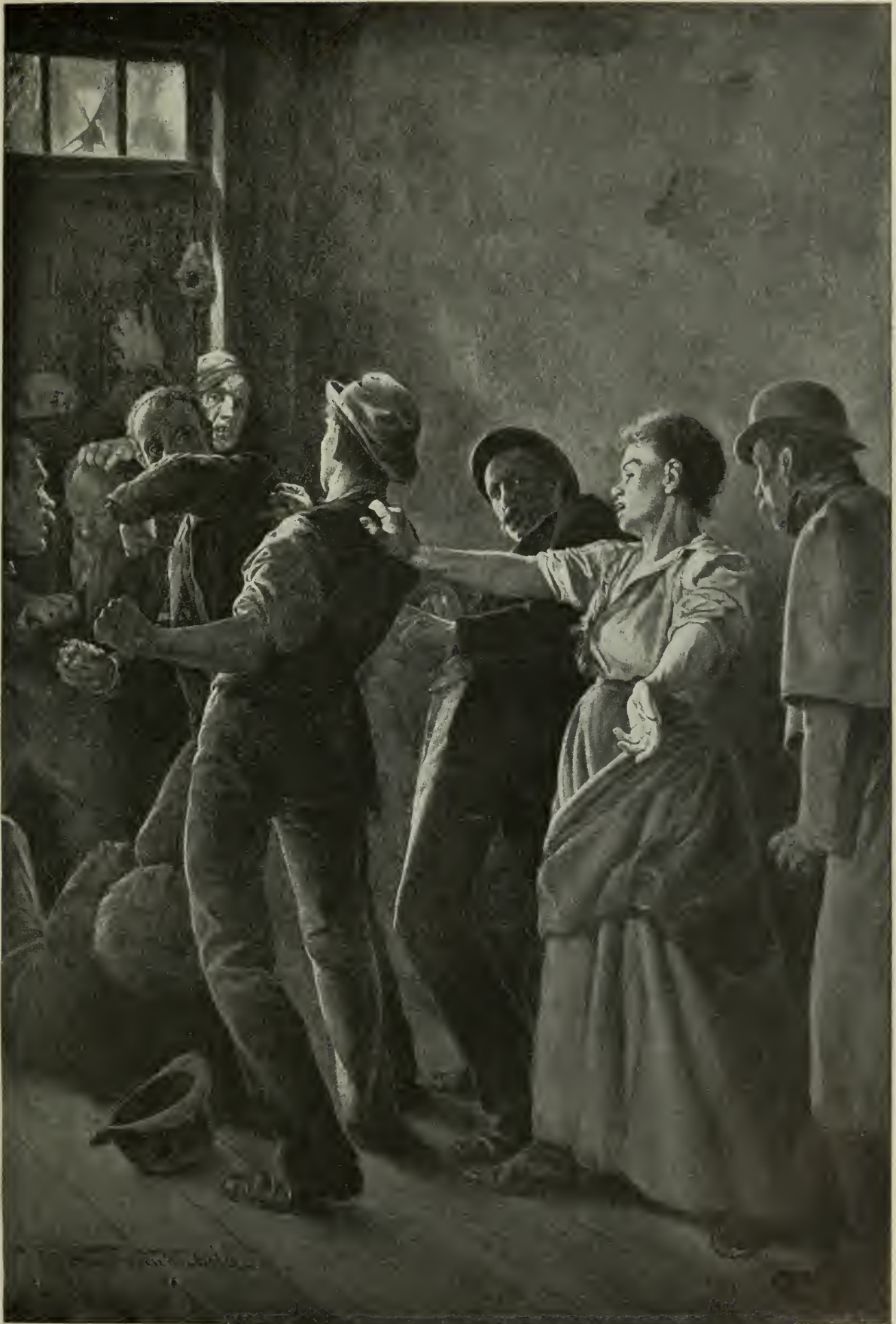
Once I was sent to see an applicant who lived in a tenement-house with the usual dark hallways. When I knocked at the door of the "apartment," the "lady" (all "apartments" in tenement-houses are inhabited by "ladies"—in this instance she was a washerlady by profession), before admitting me, apologized for the disorder in the place, hoped I would forgive it, and gave as excuse the information, "You see, me two byes come home drunk *simultuous*, and there was a disturbance." At first the light was dazzling after the darkness of the hall, but as my eyes grew accustomed to it, and I saw, one after another, the details of the "disorder," I felt sure that not even the most censorious visitor could fail to forgive it. It really looked as if everything breakable which was in the room had been broken during the "disturbance," and the floor was littered with fragments of

china, glass, and furniture. I blessed the good fortune which had decreed that my visit did not coincide with the "simultaneous" arrival of the "byes." Evidently the occurrence was not regarded by my hostess as of much importance, for she spoke of it in a matter-of-fact way, and seemed only disturbed by the resulting untidiness.

Upon another occasion, a visit made to an old man living in a rear tenement was rather too full of incident to be pleasant. The neighborhood was very bad, being full of "toughs" of all kinds. The rear building was a rather tall structure, having a small court, which was reached through the hall of the front house, a passage about four feet wide. I climbed the stairs, and just as I was knocking on my patient's door, a man with blood flowing from a large scalp-wound, rushed down the stairs from the floor above, followed by a stove-lid and a stream of profanity—both evidently intended to convey the displeasure of a powerful female who stood on the landing. The man would not stop to have his head dressed, but fled from the house. Subsequent inquiry revealed that he was one of the horny-handed sons of toil, who liked to beguile his leisure hours with drink, and when drunk had a fondness for merry jests of the sort which appeal to a few of his type—such as sitting his child on the stove, or the like. Whatever he had done in his playful mood upon this occasion had proved distasteful to his worthy wife, who had expressed her dissatisfaction by hitting him on the head with a poker, and throwing various movable parts of the stove at him as he departed. In the room with my patient were his wife and sister—the former with a black eye received in a dispute with the latter, and both rather drunk. A new quarrel was just beginning between them, when I politely asked them to wait until I had finished my examination, saying that the noise disturbed me. Much to my relief they stopped at once. I confess to a sense of nervousness when I had to refuse the case, but they took it quietly. There seemed to be considerable noise in the front house as I descended. Upon opening the door of

the hall communicating with the street, the cause was unpleasantly evident, for a lively fight, in which a number of men took part, was going on in the narrow passage. There was nothing to do but get to the street, for the trouble was increasing and to stay where I was would have been foolish. I had just started, decidedly scared, to try to get through, when from behind me arose a wild yell. It came from the wife of my patient, who made a dash for the struggling mass with arms waving, and fists clenched. "Get out of here," she shouted, "this is *my* Doctor. Get out—you! Get out of the way of *my* doctor!" She began to maul those within her reach, and before I realized what had occurred, she had driven the whole gang into the street. "Pass on, Doctor," she said, with an air of triumph; "I'll learn them to touch you! *Good day!*" I have never been able to decide whether the scuffle in the narrow hall was a real fight, or merely a game intended to furnish a pretext for "hustling," and perhaps robbing me. If the latter was the original plan, the onslaught of my unexpected ally not only defeated the plot, but also produced a real scrimmage; for the last thing I saw, as I turned the next corner, was a battle in front of the house, in which clubs and stones were freely used, with the most evident malice. On the sidewalk stood my friend, intensely interested and fairly dancing with excitement.

One day there came to the Roosevelt Hospital an Irishman rather beyond middle age in appearance, dressed like a laborer. I was struck by the humorous look in his face, but even more by the unmistakable evidences of hard drinking which he presented. After asking some other questions, I suddenly said, "You have been drinking pretty hard, have you not?" He looked at me with the most engaging of Irish smiles, and gravely informed me that he had not done so to any extent, adding, "Well, you know, I'm a longshoreman, and av coorse we've been on a strike, and that manes that ivery wan had several drinks a day, so perhaps I did take a little." After a while I told him first to hold out his hands, which were



DRAWN BY M. TRAUTSCHOLD.

"Get out of the way of my doctor."—Page 484.

shaky. Then I asked him to put out his tongue. This was very tremulous, and I said, rather sharply: "What makes your tongue shake so much if you have not been drinking?" Looking at me in the most humble manner, he answered, without hesitating: "Well, I don't know, sir, unless it's the modesty of that organ at bein' thrust into prominence in the sight of such a foine gentleman." I changed the subject.

If the day which marks the beginning of hospital life is remembered as one of the turning points in one's career, that upon which the life ends is even more memorable. A House-Physician or Surgeon occupies a position of responsibility and importance in the world—that is, in the world as he sees it. It is somewhat startling suddenly to find one's self transformed into an ordinary citizen. It is unpleasant to realize that what seemed to be one's personal importance was derived, not from personal merits, but arose only from the powers intrusted to one of its servants by a great institution, and it vanished when the trust expired.

When I was House-Physician there was a quaint, kind-hearted man who occupied the position of night-nurse in the male wards. He was the one who asked why the rascals did not die. He was always known as "old John"—the adjective being a term of affection, for he was not really old. He was Irish. His brogue was rich, and was unique of its kind, for its effect was greatly accentuated by his habit of stuttering in a most absurd way, especially when he was excited. John was very popular with the patients because of his real kindness to and sympathy with all who were actually suffering. He detested needless whining, and one of the patients who had been very sick, but who

was rapidly recovering, became an object of John's intense disapproval, because of his habit of bewailing his condition. One morning the night nurses came, as usual, to report to me. John finished the general account of the night's events, and then began to stutter frightfully. At first he was unintelligible, but at last I discovered that he was talking about Flannigan (the whining patient). I finally made out the following sentence:

"I was ob-b-bliged to c-c-croosh Flannigan, l-l-last night."

"To *crush* him, John! What do you mean?"

"I m-m-mane t-to c-cr-crush him! Didn't I s-s-say s-o-?"

"What did you do?" I asked, with visions of a mangled patient floating through my mind.

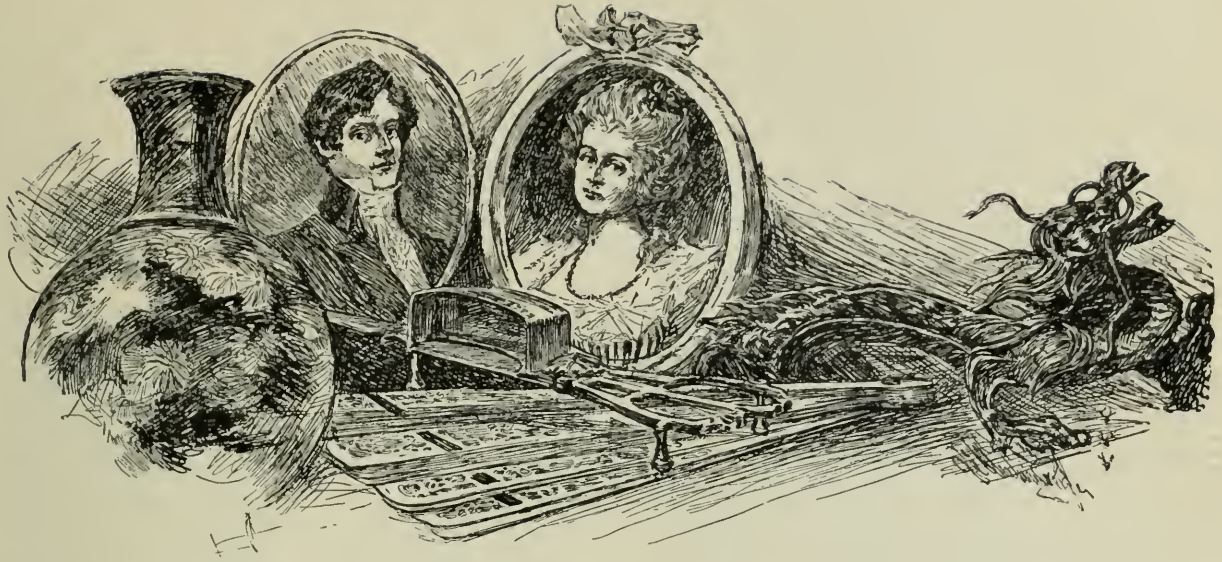
"Well, he b-b-began t-t-talkin' about D-d-oct-tor R-roo-sev-v-velt in a way I c-couldn't p-p-permit! It was wakin' the others and d-d-isg-gustin' the w-w-arrd!"

"What did he say, John?"

"Oh, he kep' remarrkin' and r-repatin' w-what a foine m-m-man you are. An thin he be-g-g-gun s-ssayin' over an over. 'If anything should h-h-happen t-to D-doctor R-roo—sevelt,' until I went and cr-crushed him! I s-said, says I, 'F-f-flannigan, sh-shut up. If you and D-doctor Roosevelt should fly out troo the r-r-roof to-night, we'd all l-live here!'"

The truth of old John's remark struck me with renewed force when my last rounds had been made, my last official order given, and the last day of my service ended. The hospital machinery moved on without a jar—while I suddenly found myself nothing but a young doctor just entering practice—a person of no importance—"a man who was."





JACQUES AND SUZETTE

By Julia C. R. Dorr

THERE you sit in a niche together
Out of the reach of wind and weather,
Looking down on a fierce bronze dragon,
A cloisonné vase and a gilded flagon,
The opal gleam of a Venice glass,
A chamois climbing an Alpine pass,
An ivory boat from far Japan,
An odorous flask from Ispahan,
And a host of things—
Trifles that last while Life takes wings!

O chère Suzette, what years have flown
Since you and Jacques were together thrown,
And loved and quarrelled, and loved again,
The old, old fate of dames and men!
But there you sit in your carven shrine,
With never a thought of me or mine,
Even though beset
By your great-great-grandchildren, belle Suzette!

Puffed and powdered your golden hair,
Gleaming under the rose you wear;
One long, loose curl drooping low
Over your bosom's tender snow;
Arching eyebrows, and smiling lips
Red as the rose the wild bee sips—
Thus, even yet,
I see and I know you, chère Suzette!

JACQUES AND SUZETTE

White puffed sleeves and a fall of lace,
 Lending your figure girlish grace ;
 Purple bodice that gems bedeck ;
 A string of amethysts round your neck ;
 Plenty of furbelows to show
 How you plumed your gay wings long ago,
 Lady Suzette,
 In the days when youth and pleasure met.

But, grand-père Jacques, with your curled brown wig,
 And your broad white kerchief, trim and trig,
 Out of which rises your shaven chin ;
 With your delicate lips and your nostrils thin,
 And a certain self-confident, high-bred air,
 Smiling and gallant and debonair,
 I wonder yet
 If she made your heartache, this Suzette ?

Or perhaps, Monsieur, 'twas the other way ;
 For she was jealous and you were gay,
 And under that frill of falling snow
 A passionate heart beat warm, I know.
 Dear grand-père Jacques, I doubt if you
 Were undeniably good and true—
 Did you make her fret,
 Though you called her gently, “ma chère Suzette ?”

Ye do not answer, O smiling lips !
 From the silent past no answer slips.
 Quaint letters more than a century old,
 Hint at romances that might be told ;
 But dust and ashes are all who knew
 How life fared on between you two,
 Jacques and Suzette,
 Or how its warp and its woof were set.

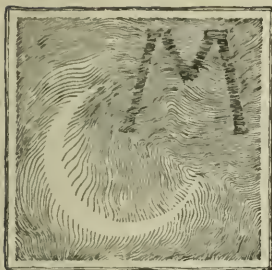
Nay, nay, dear hearts, I will vex you not ;
 Be your loves, or glad, or sad, forgot !
 Keep ye your secrets, an' you will,
 Sitting up yonder calm and still,
 Side by side in a niche together,
 Out of the reach of stormy weather,
 And whispering yet,
 “Mon ami Jacques,” “Ma chère Suzette !”

JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER

By George W. Cable

LXII

GO ON, SAYS BARBARA



MISS GARNET said she ought to go to her friends, and John started with her.

On their way the dyspeptic stopped them affectionately to offer Barbara a banana, and ask if she and the gentleman were not cousins. Miss Garnet said no, and John enjoyed that way she had of smiling sweetly with her eyes alone. But she smiled just as prettily with her lips also when the woman asked him if he was perfectly sure he hadn't relations in Arkansas named Pumpkinseed—he had such a strong Pumpkinseed look. The questioner tried to urge the banana upon him, assuring him that it was the last of three which, she said, she wouldn't have bought or tried to eat at all if she hadn't been so lonesome.

Barbara sat down with her, to John's disgust, a feeling which was not diminished when he passed on to her Northern friends, and Mr. Fair tried very gently to draw him out on the Negro question! When he saw Mrs. Fair glancing about for the porter he sprang to find and send him, but lingered, himself, long among the mirrors to wash and brush up and adjust his necktie.

The cars stopping, he went to the front platform, where the dyspeptic, who was leaving the train, turned to say good-by and thanked him "for all his kindness" with such genuine gratitude that in the haste he quite lost his tongue, and for his only response pushed her anxiously off the steps. He still knew enough, however, to reflect that this probably left Miss Garnet alone, and promptly going in he found her—sitting with the Fairs.

Because she was perishing to have Mr. March again begin where he had left off, she conversed with the Fairs longer than ever and created half a dozen delays out of pure nothings. So that when she and John were once more alone together he talked hither and yon for a short while before he asked her where the poems were.

"Mrs. Fair has them," said Barbara.

Nevertheless she was extremely pleasant. Their fellow-passenger just gone, she said, had praised him without stint, and had quoted him as having said to her, "It isn't always right to do what we have the right to do."

"O pshaw!" warmly exclaimed John; started as if she had touched an inflamed nerve and reddened, remembering how well Miss Garnet might know what that nerve was, and why it was so sore.

"I wish I knew how to be sententious," said Barbara, obliviously.

"It was she led up to it." He laughed. "She said it better, herself, afterward!"

"How did she say it?"

"She? O she said—she said her pastor said it—that nothing's quite right until it's noble."

"Well, don't you believe that principle?"

"I don't know! That's what I've asked myself twenty times to-day."

"Why to-day?" asked Miss Garnet, with eyes downcast, as though she could give the right answer herself.

"O"—he smiled—"something set me to thinking about it. But, now, Miss Garnet, is it true? Isn't it sometimes allowable, and sometimes even necessary—absolutely, morally necessary—for a fellow to do what may look anything but noble?"

He got no reply.

"O of course I know it's the spirit of an act that counts, and not its look; but—here now, for example"—John dropped his voice confidentially—"is a fellow in love with a young lady, and—Do I speak loud enough?"

"Yes, go on."

He did so for some time. By and by :

"Ah! yes, Mr. March, but remember you're only supposing a case."

"O, but I'm not only supposing it; it's actual fact. I knew it. And, as I say, whatever that feeling for her was, it became the ruling passion of his life. And when circumstances—a change of conditions—of relations—made it simply wrong for him to cherish it any more it wasn't one-fourth or one-tenth so much the unrighteousness as the ignobility of the thing that tortured him and tortured him and tortured him, until one day what does he suddenly up and do but turn over a new leaf. Do I speak too low?"

"No, go on, Mr. March."

"Well, for about twenty-four hours he thought he had done something noble. Then he found that was just what it wasn't. It never is; else turning over new leaves would be easy! He didn't get his new leaf turned over. He tried; he tried his best."

"That's all God asks," murmured Barbara.

"What?"

"Nothing. Please don't stop. How'd it turn out?"

"O bad! He put himself out of sight and reach and went on trying, till one day—one night—without intention or expectation, he found her when, by the baseness—no, I won't say that, but—yes, I will!—by the baseness of another, she was all at once the fit object of all the pity and the sort of love that belongs with pity, which any heart can give."

"And he gave them!"

"Yes, he gave *them*. But the old feeling—whatever it was——" John hesitated.

"Go on. Please don't stop."

"—The—the old feeling—went out—right there—like a candle in the wind. No, not that way, quite, but like a lamp drinking the last of its oil. Where he lodged that night——"

"Yes."

"—He heard a clock strike every hour; and at the break of day that—feeling—whatever it was—with the only real good excuse to live it probably ever had—was dead."

"And that wasn't true love? Don't you believe it was?"

"Do you, Miss Barbara Garnet? Could true love lie down and give up the ghost at such a time and on such a pretext as that? Could it? Could it?"

"I think—O—I think it—you'll forgive me if——"

"Forgive! Why, how can you offend *me*? You don't imagine——"

"O no! I forgot. Well, I think the love was true in degree; not the very truest. It was only *first* love; but it was the first love of a true heart."

"To be followed by a later and truer love, you think?"

"You shouldn't—O I don't know, Mr. March. What do you think?"

"Never! That's what I think. He may find refuge in friendship. I believe such a soul best fitted for that deep, pure friendship so much talked of and so rarely realized between man and woman. Such a heart naturally seeks it. Not with a mere hunger for comfort——"

"O no."

"—But because it has that to give which it cannot offer in love, yet which is good only when given; worthless to one, priceless to two. Sometimes I think it's finer than love, for it makes no demands, no promises, no compacts, no professions——"

"Did you ever have such a friendship?"

"No, indeed! If I had—oh pshaw! In the first place I never was or shall be fit for it. But I just tell you, Miss Garnet, that in such a case as we've spoken of, the need of such a heart for such a friendship cannot be reckoned!"

He smiled sturdily, and she smiled also, but let compassion speak in her eyes before she reverently withdrew them. He, too, was still.

They were approaching a large river. The porter, growing fond of them, came, saying :

"Here where we crosses into Yankee-dom. Fine view fum de rear platfawm—sun jes' a-sett'n'."

They went there—the Fairs preferred to sit still—and with the eddies of an almost wintry air ruffling them and John's arm lying along the rail under the window behind them, so as to clasp

her instantly if she should lurch, they watched the slender bridge lengthen away and the cold river widen under it between them and Dixie.

Their silence confessed their common emotion. John felt a condescending expansion and did not withdraw his arm even after the bridge was passed until he thought Miss Garnet was about to glance around at it, which she had no idea of doing.

"I declare, Miss Garnet, I—I wish ——"

She turned her eyes to his handsome face, lifted with venturesome diffidence and frowning against the blustering wind.

"I'm afraid"—he gayly shook his head—"you won't like what I say if you don't take it just as I mean it." He put his hand over the iron-work again, but she was still looking at him, and he thought she didn't know it.

"It wouldn't be fair to take it as you don't mean it," she said. "What is it?"

"Why, ha-ha—I—I wish I were your brother!—ha-ha! Seriously, I don't believe you can imagine how a lone fellow—boy or man—can long and pine for a sister. If I'd had a sister, a younger sister—no boy ever pined for an older sister—I believe I'd have made a better man. When I was a small boy——"

Barbara glanced at his breadth and stature with a slow smile.

He laughed. "O, that was away back yonder before you can remember."

"It certainly must have been," she replied, "and yet——"

"And yet," he echoed, enjoying his largeness as he had never done before.

"I thought all the pre-his-tor-ic things were big. But what was it you used to do? I know; you used to cry for a sister, didn't you?"

"Yes. Why, how'd you guess that?"

"I can't say, unless it was because I used to cry for a little brother."

"And why a little one?"

"I was young and didn't know any better."

"But later on, you ——"

"I wanted the largest size."

"D'd you ever cry for a brother of the largest size?"

"Why, yes; I nearly cry for one yet,

sometimes, when somebody makes me mad."

"Miss Garnet, I'm your candidate!"

"No, Mr. March. If you were elected you'd see your mistake and resign in a week, and I couldn't endure the mortification."

John colored. He thought she was hinting at fickleness; but she gave him a smile which said so plainly, "The fault would be mine," that he was more than comfortable again—on the surface of his feelings, I mean.

And so with Barbara. The train had begun a down-grade and was going faster and faster. As she stood sweetly contemplating the sunset sky and sinking hills, fearing to move lest that arm behind her should be withdrawn, and yet vigilant to give it no cause to come nearer, an unvoiced cry kept falling back into her heart—"Tell him!—For your misguided father's sake!—Now!—Now!—Stop this prattle about friendship, love, and truth, and tell him his danger!"

But in reality she had not, and was not to have, the chance.

The young land-owner stood beside her staring at nothing and trying to bite his mustache.

He came to himself with a start. "Miss Garnet——"

As she turned in response, the sky's blush lighted her face.

"That case we were speaking of inside, you know——"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, as I said, I knew that case myself. But, my goodness, Miss Garnet, you won't infer that I was alluding in any way to—to any experience of my own, will you?"

She made no reply.

"Law! Miss Garnet, you don't think I'd offer anybody a friendship pulled out of a slough of despond, do you?"

Barbara looked at him in trembling exaltation. "Mr. March, I know what has happened."

He winced, but kept his guard. "Do you mean you know how it is I am on this train?"

"Yes, I know it all."

"O my soul! Have I betrayed it?"

"No, sir; the train conductor—I led him on—told us all about it before we were twenty miles from Suez."

"I ought to have guessed you'd find it out," said John, in a tone of self-rebuke.

"Yes," she replied, driving back her tears with a quiet smile, "I think you ought."

"Why—why, I—I—I'm overwhelmed. Gracious me! I owe you an humble apology, Miss Garnet. Yes, I do. I've thrust a confidence on you without your permission. I—I beg your pardon! I didn't mean to, I declare I didn't, Miss Garnet."

"It's safe."

"I know it. I'm surer of that than if you were anyone else I've ever known in my life, Miss Garnet."

"It shall be as if I had never heard it."

"O no! I don't see how it can. In fact—well—I don't see why it should—unless you wish it so. Of course, in that case——"

"That's not a con-tin-gen-cy," said Barbara, and for more than a minute they listened to the clangorous racket of the rails. Then John asked her if it did not have a quality in it almost like music and she brightened up at him as she nodded.

He made a gesture toward the receding land, bent to her in the uproar and cried, "It scarcely seems a moment since those hills were full of spring color, and now they're blue in the distance!"

She looked at them tenderly and nodded again.

"At any rate," he cried, holding his hat on and bending lower, "we have Dixie for our common mother." His manner was patriotic.

She glanced up to him—the distance was trivial—beaming with sisterly confidence, and just then the train lurched and—he caught her.

"H- I conscience! wa'n't it lucky I happened to have my arm back there just at that moment?"

Barbara did not say. She stood with her back against the car, gazing at the track, her small feet braced forward with new caution, but she saw March lapse into revery and heave another sigh.

However, she observed his mind return and rightly divined he was thinking her silence a trifle ungracious; so she

lifted her hand toward a white cloud that rose above the vanished hills and river, saying:

"Our common mother waves us farewell."

"Yes," he cried with grateful pleasure. Seeing her draw her wrap closer he added, "You're cold!" And it was true, although she shook her head. He bent again to explain. "It'll be warmer when we leave this valley. You see, here——"

"Yes," she nodded so intelligently that he did not finish. Miss Garnet, however, was thinking of her chaperone and dubiously glanced back at the door. Then she braced her feet afresh. They were extremely pretty.

He smiled at them. "You needn't plant yourself so firmly," he said, "I'm not going to let you fall off."

O dear! That reversed everything. She had decided to stay; now she couldn't.

Once more the Northern pair received them with placid interest. Mr. Fair presently asked a question which John had waited for all day, and it was dark night without and lamp-light within, and they were drawing near a large city before the young man, in reply, had more than half told the stout plans and hopes of this expedition of his after capital and colonists.

Mrs. Fair showed a most lively approval. "And you must leave us here?"

Barbara had not noticed till now how handsome she was. Neither had John.

"Yes, ma'am. But I shan't waste a day here if things don't show up right. I shall push right on to New York."

Barbara hoped Mr. Fair's pleasantness of face meant an approbation as complete as his wife's, and, to hide her own, meditatively observed that this journey would be known in history as March's Raid.

John laughed and thanked her for not showing the fears of Captains Champion and Shotwell that he would "go in like a lion and come out like a lamb."

They hurried to the next section and peered out into the night with suppressed but eager exclamations. Long lines of suburban street-lamps were swinging by. Ranks of coke-furnaces were blazing like necklaces of fire.

Foundries and machine-shops glowed and were gone; and, far away, close by, and far away again, beautifully colored flames waved from the unseen chimneys of chemical works.

"We've neither of us ever seen a great city," Miss Garnet explained when she rejoined her protectors. John had been intercepted by the porter with his brush, and Barbara, though still conversing, could hear what the negro was saying.

"I lef' you to de las', Cap. Seem like you 'ten'in' so close to business an' same time enjoyin' yo'seff so well, I hated to 'sturb—thank you, seh!" The train came slowly to a stand. "O no, seh, dis ain't de depot. Depot three miles fu'theh yit, seh. We'll go on ag'in in a minute. Obacoat, seh. Dis yo' am-bree?"

John bade his friends good-by. "And now, Miss Garnet"—he retained her hand a moment—"don't you go off and forget—Dixie."

She said no, and as he let go her hand she let him see deeper into her eyes than ever before.

A step or two away he looked back with a fraternal smile, but she was talking to Mrs. Fair as eagerly as if he had been gone three days. The train stood so long that he went forward to ask what the delay signified and saw the commercial travellers walking away with their hand-bags. The porter was busy about the door.

"Big smash-up of freight-cyars in de yard; yass, seh. No, seh, cayn't 'zac'ly tell jis how long we be kep' here, but 'f you dislikes to wait, Cap, you needn'. You kin teck a street-cyar here what'll lan' you right down 'mong's' de hotels an' things; yass, seh. See what, de wreck? No, seh, it's up in de yard whah dey don't 'llow you to pa-ass."

Out in the darkness beside the train March stood a moment. He could see Miss Garnet very plainly at her bright window and was wondering how she and her friends, but especially she, would take it if he should go back and help them while away this tiresome detention. If she had answered that last smile of his, or if she were showing, now, any tendency at all to look out the window, he might have returned; but no,

howdy after farewell lacked dignity. The street-car came along just then and Barbara saw him get into it.

LXIII

TOGETHER AGAIN

MARCH did not put up at the most famous and palatial hotel; it was full. He went to another much smaller and quieter, and equally expensive. When he had taken supper he walked the dazzling streets till midnight, filled with the strangeness of the place and the greater strangeness of his being there, and with numberless fugitive reflections upon the day just gone, the life behind it, and the life before, but totally without those shaped and ordered trains of thought which no one ever has except in books.

Sometimes tenderly, sometimes bitterly, Fannie came to mind, in emotions rather than memories, and as if she were someone whom he should never see again. Once it occurred to him that these ghost walkings of thought and feeling about her must be very much like one's thoughts of a limb shattered in some disaster and lately cut off by a surgeon. The simile was not pleasant, but he did not see why he should want a pleasant one. Only by an effort could he realize she was still of this world, and that by and by they would be back in Suez again, meeting casually, habitually, and in a much more commonplace and uninteresting way than ever they had done in the past. He shuddered, then he sighed, and then he said ahem! and, as well as he could, gave himself the look of a man of affairs. At men who stared on him he retorted with a frown of austere inquiry, not aware that they were merely noticing how handsome he was.

For a time he silently went through minute recapitulations of his recent colloquies with Miss Garnet, who seemed already surprisingly far away; much farther than any railroad speed could at all account for. He wished she were "further!"—for he could quote five different remarks of his own uttered to her that very day, which he saw plainly

enough, *now*, nobody but a perfect fool could have made.

"Oh! Great Scott! What did possess me to drag her into my confidence?"

He "wondered if mesmerism had anything"—but rejected that explanation with disdain and dismissed the subject. And then this strange thing happened. He was standing looking into a show-window made gorgeous with hot-house flowers, when a very low voice very close at hand moaned, "O Lord, no! I simply made an ass of myself," and when he turned sharply around no one was anywhere near!

But he dismissed that problem, too, returned to his room, and went to bed and to sleep, wishing "to gracious" he might see her once more and once only, simply to show her that he had nothing more to confide—to her or any similar soft-smiling she!—The s's are his.

He did not rise early next morning. And in this he was wise. Rejoice, oh, young man, in your project, but know that old men, without projects, hearing will not hear—until they have seen their mail and their cashier; the early worm rarely catches the bird. John had just learned this in Pulaski City.

At breakfast he was again startled by a low voice very close to him.

"Mr. March, why not come over and sit with us?" It was Mr. Fair!

The ladies bowed from a table on the far side of the room. Mrs. Fair seemed as handsome as ever; while Miss Garnet!—well! If she was both winsome and beautiful yesterday, with that silly, facing-both-ways travelling cap she had worn, what could a genuinely reverent young man do here and now, but gasp an inarticulate admiration under his breath as he followed his senior toward them?

Even in the lively conversation which began he found time to think it strange that she had never seemed to him half so lovely in Suez; was it his oversight? Maybe not, for in Suez she had never in life been half so glad. Mrs. Fair could see this with her eyes shut, and poor Barbara could see that she saw it by the way she shut her eyes. But John, of course, was blind enough, and presently concluded that the wonder of this crescent loveliness was the old, old won-

der of the opening rose. Meanwhile the talk flowed on.

"And by that time," said John, "you'd missed your connection. I might have guessed it. Now you'll take—but you've hardly got time——"

No, Mrs. Fair was feeling rather travel weary; this was Saturday; they would pass Sunday here and start refreshed on Monday.

In the crowded elevator, when March was gone, Barbara heard Mrs. Fair say to her husband,

"You must know men here whom it would be good for him to see; why don't you offer to——" Mrs. Fair ceased and there was no response, except that Barbara said, behind her smiling lips,

"It's because he's in bad hands, and still I have not warned him."

March did not see them again that day. In the evening, two men, friends, sitting in the hotel's rotunda, were conjecturing who yonder guest might be to whose inquiries the clerk was so promptly attentive.

"He's a Southerner, that's plain; and a gentleman, that's just as certain."

"Yes, if he were not both he would not be so perfectly at home in exactly the right clothes and yet look as if he had spent most of his life in swimming."

"He hasn't got exactly the right overcoat; it's too light and thin."

"No, but that's the crowning proof that he's a Southerner."

They hearkened to the clerk. "He's just gone to the theatre, Mr. March, he and both ladies. He was asking for you. I think he wanted you to go."

"I reckon not," said John, abstractedly, and in his fancy saw Miss Garnet explaining to her friends, with a restrained smile, that in Suez to join the church was to abjure the theatre. But another clerk spoke:

"Mr. March, did you—here's a note for you."

The clerk knew it was from Miss Garnet, and was chagrined to see John, after once reading it, dreamily tear it up and drop it to the floor. Still it increased his respect for the young millionaire—Mr. March, that is. It was as if he had lighted his cigar with a ten-dollar bill.

John wrote his answer upstairs, taking a good deal of time and pains to

give it an air of dash and haste, and accepting, with cordial thanks, Mr. and Mrs. Fair's invitation to go with them (and Miss Garnet, writing at their request) next day to church. Which in its right time he did.

On his way back to the hotel with Miss Garnet after service, John was nothing less than pained—though he took care not to let her know it—to find how far astray she was as to some of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. For fear she might find it out, he took his midday meal alone. And indeed, Miss Garnet may have had her suspicions, for over their ice-cream and coffee she said amusedly to Mrs. Fair, and evidently in reference to him,

"I am afraid it was only the slightness of our acquaintance that kept him from being pos-i-tive-ly pet-u-lent."

She seemed amused, I say, but an hour or so later, in her own room, she called herself a goose and somebody else another, and glancing at the mirror, caught two tears attempting to escape. She drove them back with a vigorous stamp of the foot and proceeded to dress for a cold afternoon walk among the quieted wonders of a resting city, without the Fairs, but not wholly alone.

LXIV

THIS TIME SHE WARNS HIM

As Miss Garnet and her escort started forth upon this walk, I think you would have been tempted to confirm the verdict of two men who, meeting and passing them, concluded that the escort was wasting valuable time when they heard him say,

"It did startle me to hear how lightly you regard what you call a memorized religion."

But this mood soon passed. A gentleman and lady, presently overtaking them, heard her confess, "I know I don't know as much as I think I do; I only wish I knew as much as I don't." Whereat her escort laughed admiringly, and during the whole subsequent two hours of their promenade scarcely any observer noticed the slightness of their acquaintance.

Across the fields around Suez their conversation would have been sprightly enough, I warrant. But as here they saw around them one and another amazing triumph of industry and art, they grew earnest, spoke exaltedly of this great age, and marvelled at the tangle of chances that had thrown them here together. John called it, pensively, a most happy fortune for himself, but Barbara in reply only invited his attention to the beauty of the street vista behind them.

Half a square farther on he came out of a brown study.

"Miss Barb"—It was the first time he had ever said that, and though she lifted her glance in sober inquiry, the music of it ran through all her veins.

"—Miss Barb, isn't it astonishing, the speed with which acquaintance can grow, under favorable conditions?"

"Is it?"

"Oh, well, no, it isn't. Only that's not its usual way."

"Isn't the usual way the best?"

"Oh—usually—yes! But there's nothing usual about this meeting of ours. Miss Barb, my finding you and your friendship is as if I'd been lost at midnight in a trackless forest and had all at once found a road. I only wish"—he gnawed his lip—"I only wish these three last days had come to me years ago. You might have saved me some big mistakes."

"No," Barbara softly replied, "I'm afraid not."

"I only mean as a sister might influence an older brother—cheering—helping—warning."

"Warning!" murmured Barbara, with drooping head and slower step. "You don't know what an evil gift of untimely silence I've got. If I've failed all my life long as a daughter, in just what you're supposing of me——"

"O come, now, Miss——"

"Don't stop me! Why, Mr. March"—she looked up, and as she brushed back a hair from her ear John thought her hand shook; but when she smiled he concluded he had been mistaken—"I've been wanting these whole three days to warn you of something which, since it concerns your fortunes, concerns nearly everyone I know, and especially

my father. Is it meddlesome for me to be solicitous about your ambitions and plans for Widewood, Mr. March?"

"Now, Miss Garnet! You know I'd consider it an honor and a delight—Miss Barb. What do you want to warn me against? Mind, I don't say I'll take your warning; but I'll prize the friendship that——"

"I owe it to my father."

"Oh, yes, yes! I don't mean to claim—aha! I thought that tolling was for fire! Here comes one of the engines!—Better take my arm a minute—I—I think you'd better—till the whirlwind passes."

She took it, and before they reached a crossing on whose far side she had promised herself to relinquish it, another engine rushed by. This time they stood aside with her hand resting comfortably in his elbow. It still rested there when they had resumed their walk, only stirring in the self-reproachful, sunrise dream of a tardy sleeper when John incautiously remarked the street's restored quietness.

Barbara was silent. When they had gone some distance farther John asked,

"Have I forfeited your solicitude? Will you not warn me, after all?" He looked at her and she looked at him, twice, but speech would not come; her lips only parted, broke into a baffled smile, and were grave again.

"I suppose, of course, it's against measures, not men, as they say, isn't it?"

"It's against men," said Barbara.

"That surprises me," replied John, with a puzzled smile.

"Why, Mr. March, you can't suppose, do you, that your high ambitions and purposes——"

"Oh, they're not mine; they're my father's. The details and execution are mine——"

"But, anyhow, you share them; you've said so. You don't suppose your associates——"

"What, share them the same way I do? Why, no, Miss Barb; it wouldn't be fair to expect that, would it? And yet, in a certain way, on a lower plane—from a simply commercial standpoint—they do. I don't include your father with them! I only wish I could reflect the spirit of my father's wishes and hopes as perfectly as he does."

"Mr. March, don't men sometimes go into such enterprises as yours simply to plunder and ruin those that go in honestly with them?"

"Oh, undoubtedly. You see, in this case——"

"Mr. March——"

"Yes, Miss Barb——"

"I believe certain men are in your company with that intention."

"But you don't know it, do you? Else you would naturally tell your father instead of me. You only——" He hesitated.

"I only see it."

"Oh—oh! have you no other evidence—only an intuition?"

"Yes, I have other evidence."

"Ah!" laughed John. "You've got higher cards, have you?"

Her eyes softly brightened in response to his. The next instant the hand in his arm awoke, but lay very still, as four men passed, solemnly raised their silk hats to March, and disappeared around a corner. They were the commercial travellers!

Her hand left his arm to brush something from her opposite shoulder, and did not return, but hid somewhere in her wrap, tingling with a little anguish all its own, in the realization that discovery is almost the only road to repentance. At the same time it could hear, so to speak, its owner telling, with something between a timorous courage and a calm diffidence, how, in Suez, she had drawn out a business man, unnamed, but well approved and quite disinterested, to say that she might tell Mr. March that, in his conviction, unless he god rid of certain persons—etc.

"I can tell you who it was, if you care to know. He said I might."

"No," said John, thoughtfully. "Never mind." And they heard their own footsteps for full two minutes. Then he said, "Miss Barb, suppose he is disinterested and sincere. Say he were my best friend. The thing's a simple matter of arithmetic. So long as your father and Jeff-Jack and I hang together there are not enough votes in the company to do anything we don't want done. I admit we've given some comparative strangers a strong foothold; but your father trusts them, and,

if need be, can watch them. Does anybody know men better than Jeff-Jack does? But he knew just what we were doing and he consented to take charge of the three counties' interests; however, I admit that doesn't prove anything. Miss Barb, I know who said what you told me, and I esteem and honor and love him as much as you do—wait, please. O smile ahead, if you like, only let me finish. You know we must take some risks, and while I thank him—and you, too, even if you do speak merely for your father's sake—I tell you the best moves a man ever makes are those he makes against the warnings of his friends! 'Try not the pass, the old man said,' don't you know?"

"This wasn't an old man."

"Wasn't it General Halliday?"

"No, sir, it was the younger Mr. Fair."

"Henry Fair," said John very quietly. He slackened his pace. He did not believe Fair cared that much for him; but it was easy to suppose he might seize so good a chance for Miss Garnet's own sake.

"Miss Barb, I don't doubt he thinks what he says. I see now why he failed to subscribe to our stock, after coming so far entirely, or almost entirely, to do it. He little knows how he disappointed me. I didn't want his capital, Miss Barb, half as much as his fellowship in a beautiful enterprise."

"He was as much disappointed as you, Mr. March; I happen to know it."

John looked at his informant; but her head was down once more.

"Well," he said, cheerily, "I'll just have to wait till—till I—till I've shown"—a beggar child was annoying him—"shown Fair and all of them that I'm not so green as I——" He felt for a coin, stood still, and turned red. "Miss—Miss Barb——" A smile widened over his face, and he burst into a laugh that grew till the tears came.

"What's the matter?" asked Barbara anxiously, yet laughing with him.

"Oh, I—I've let somebody pick my pockets. Yes, every cent's gone and my ticket to New York. I had no luck here yesterday, and I was going on to New York to-morrow." He laughed

again, but ceased abruptly. "Good gracious, Miss Barb! my watch—my father's watch!" The broad smile on his lips could not hide the grief in his eyes.

LXV

A PERFECT UNDERSTANDING

As they resumed their way Barbara did most of the talking. She tried so hard to make his loss appear wholly attributable to her, that only the sweetness of her throat and chin and the slow smoothness of her words saved her from seeming illogical. She readily got his admission that the theft might have been done in that archway as the engine rushed by. Very good! And without her, she reasoned, he would not have stopped. "Or, if you had stopped," she softly droned, with her eyes on her steps, "you would have had——"

"Oh, now, what would I have had?"

"Your hands in your pockets."

"That's not my habit."

"Oh, Mr. March!"

"My d-ear Miss Barb, I should think I ought to know."

"Yes, sir; that's why I tell you." They laughed in partnership.

Mr. March was entirely right, Barbara resumed, not to tell his mishap to the Fairs, or to any one, anywhere, then or thereafter. "But you're cruel to me not to let me lend you enough to avoid the rev-e-la-tion." That was the utmost she would say. If he couldn't see that she would rather lose—not to say lend—every dollar she had, than have any one know where her hand was when his pocket was picked, he might stay just as stupid as he was. She remained silent so long that John looked at her inquiringly; but he did not perceive that she was ready to cry. She wore a glad smile as she said:

"I've got more money with me than I ought to be carrying, anyhow."

"Why, Miss Barb, you oughtn't to do that; how does that happen?" He spoke with the air of one who had never in his life lost a cent by carelessness.

"It's not so very much," was her re-

ply. "It's for my share of Rosemont. I sold it to pop-a."

"What! just now when the outlook for Rosemont—why, Miss Barb, I do believe you did it to keep clear of our land company, didn't you?"

"Mr. March, I wish you would let me lend you some of it, won't you?"

"No, I'll be—surprised if I do. Oh, Miss Barb, I thank you just the same; but my father, Miss Barb, gave it to me, as a canon of chivalry, never to make a money bargain with a lady that you can't make with a bank. If I'm not man enough to get out of this pinch without—oh, pshaw!"

In the hotel, at the head of the ladies' staircase, they stood alone.

"Good-by," said John, unwillingly. "I'll see you this evening, shan't I, when I come up to say good-by to your friends?"

Barbara said he would. They shook hands, each pair of eyes confessing to the other the superfluity of the ceremony.

"Good-by," said John again, as if he had not said it twice already.

"Good-by," she responded. "Mr. March, if you want to give securities—as you would to a bank—I—I shouldn't want anything better than your mother's poems."

He glowed with gratitude and filial vanity, his big hand tightening on hers. "Oh, Miss Barb! no, no! But God bless you! I wonder if any one else was ever so much like sunshine in a prison window! Good-by!" She felt her hand lifted by his; but, when she increased its weight the merest bit, he let it sink again and slide from his fingers.

He was gone, and a moment later she was with the Fairs again, talking slowly, with soft smiles; but her head swam, she heard their pleasant questions remotely, as through a wall, and could feel her pulse to her fingers and feet. He had almost kissed her hand. "The next time—the next time—sweet heaven send this poor hand strength to resist just enough and—and not too much." So raved the prayer locked in her heart, or so it would have raved had she dared give it the liberty even of unspoken words.

Meanwhile, John March lay on his

bed with the back of his head in his hands.

"I've offended her! There was no mistaking that last look. It wouldn't have happened if she hadn't let her hand linger in mine. Oh, I wish to heaven girls were not so senselessly innocent and sisterly! Great Cæsar! I'd give five hundred dollars not to have drooled that drivel about being her brother! George! She ought to know that only a fool or a scamp could make such an absurd proposal. I wonder if she still wants to lend me her money! I'd rather face a whole bank directorate with an overdrawn account than those Fairs this evening. I know exactly how they'll look. For it will be just like her to tell Mrs. Fair, who'll tell her husband, and they'll bury the thing right there, with me under it, and 'Miss Garnet' will excuse herself on the plea of fatigue, and the conversation will drag, and I'll wish I had cut my throat in Pulaski City, and"—a steeple clock tolled the hour—"Oh, can it be that that's only six!"

At tea he missed them. Returning to his room, he had hardly got his hands under his head again, trying not to think of his financial embarrassments because it was Sunday, when a new idea brought him to his feet. Church! Evening service! Would she go? He had not asked her when she had intimated that the Fairs would not. In his selfish enjoyment of her society he had quite forgotten to care for her soul! He ought to go himself. And all the more ought she, for he was numbered among the saved now, and she was not. She must go. But how could she unless he should take her? His Christian duty was clear. He would write an offer of his services, and by her answer he would know how he stood in her regard.

The reply was prompt, affirmative, and confined to the subject. And yet, in some inexplicable, irresistible way it conveyed the impression that she had never suspected him of the faintest intention to carry her hand to his lips.

The sermon was only so-so, but they enjoyed the singing, particularly their own. Both sang from one book, with much reserve, yet with such sweetly

pervasive voices that those about them first listened and then added their own very best. The second tune was "Geer," and, with John's tenor going up every time Barbara's soprano came down, and *vice versa*, it was as lovely see-sawing as ever thrilled the heart of youth with pure and undefiled religion. They sang the last hymn to "Dennis." It was,

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!"

and they gratefully accepted the support of four good, sturdy, bass voices behind them. But it was the words themselves, of the fourth and fifth stanzas, that inspired their richest yet softest tones, while the four basses behind them rather grew louder:

"When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart
And hope to meet again.

"This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day."

On the sidewalk the four basses again raised their four silk hats and vanished. They were the commercial travellers.

As the two worshippers returned toward their hotel, Barbara spoke glowingly of Mr. and Mrs. Fair; their perfect union; their beautiful companionship. John, in turn, ventured to tell of the unbounded esteem with which he had ever looked upon Barbara's mother. They dwelt, in tones of indulgent amusement, on the day, the hour, the scene, of John's first coming to the college, specially memorable to him as the occasion of his first real meeting of the Rose of Rosemont. Barbara said the day would always be bright to her as the one on which she first came into personal contact with Judge March. John spoke ardently of his father.

"And, by the by, that day was the first on which I ever truly saw you."

"Or Johanna!" said Barbara. "Johanna's keeping Fannie Ravenel's new house. She's to stay with her till I get back." But John spoke again of Barbara's mother, asking permission to do so.

"Yes, certainly," murmured his companion. "In general I don't revere sacred things as I should," she continued, with her arm in her escort's, and "Blest be the tie"—still dragging in their adagio footsteps; "but my mother has all my life been so sacred to me—not that she was of the sort that they call otherworldly—I don't care for otherworldliness nearly as much as I should——"

"Don't you?" regretfully asked John; "that's one of my faults too."

"No; but I've always revered mom-a, so deeply that, except once or twice to Fannie, when Fannie spoke first, I've never talked about her." Yet Barbara went on telling of her mother from a full heart, her ears ravished by the music of John's interjected approvals. They talked again of his father also, and found sweet resemblances between the two dear ones. Only as they re-entered the hotel were both at once for a moment silent. Half way up the stairs, among the foliage plants of a landing ablaze with gas, they halted, while John, beginning,

"Two hearts that love the same fair things"—

recited one of his mother's shorter poems.

"Why, Mr. March!" His hearer's whisper only emphasized her sincere enthusiasm. "Did your mother—why, that's per-fect-ly beau-ti-ful!"

They parted, but soon met again in one of the parlors. Mrs. Fair came, too, but could not linger, having left Mr. Fair upstairs asleep on a lounge. She bade Barbara stay and hear all the manuscript poems Mr. March could be persuaded to read, and only regretted that her duty upstairs prevented her remaining herself. "Good-by," she said to John. "Now, whenever you come to Boston, remember, you're to come directly to us."

John responded gratefully, and Barbara, as the two sat down upon a very small divan with the batch of manuscript between them, told him, in a melodious undertone, that she feared she couldn't stay long.

"What's that?" she asked, as he took up the first leaf to put it by.

"This? Oh, this is the poem I tried to recite to you on the stairs."

"Read it again," she said, not in her usual monotone, but with a soft eagerness of voice and eye quite new to him, and extremely stimulating. He felt an added exaltation when, at the close of the middle stanza, he saw her hands knit into each other and a gentle rapture shining through her drooping lashes; and at the end, when she sighed her admiration in only one or two half-formed words, twinkled her feet and bit her lip, his exaltation rose almost to inebriety. He could have sat there and read to her all night.

Yet that was the only poem she heard. The title of the next one, John said as he lifted it, was, "If I should love again;" but Barbara asked a dreamy question of a very general character; he replied, then asked one in turn; they discussed—she introducing the topic—the religious duty and practicability of making all one's life and each and every part of it good poetry, and the inner and outer conditions essential thereunto; and when two strange ladies came in and promptly went out again John glanced at the mantel-clock, exclaimed his surprise at the hour, and, gathering up the manuscript, rose to say his parting word.

"Good-by." His hand grasp was fervent.

"Good-by," replied the maiden.

"Miss Barb"—he kept her hand—"I want a word, and, honestly—I—I don't know what it is! Doesn't good-by seem to you mighty weak, by itself?"

"Why, that depends. It's got plenty of po-ten-ti-al-i-ty if you give it its old sig-nif-i-ca-tion."

"Well, I do—every bit of it! Do you, Miss Barb—to me?"

She gave such answer with her steady eyes that her questioner's mind would have lost its balance had she not smiled so lightly.

"Still," he responded, "good-by is such unclaimed property that I want another word to sort o' fence it in, you know."

The maiden only looked more amused than before.

"I don't want it to mean too much,

you understand," explained he. The hand in his grew heavier, but his grasp tightened on it. "Yet don't you think these last three days' companionship deserves a word of its own? Miss Barb, you've been—and in my memory you will be henceforth—a crystalline delight! The word's not mine, it's from one of my mother's sweetest things. Can't I say good-by, thou 'crystalline delight'?"

"Why, Mr. March," said Barbara, softly pulling at her hand, "I don't particularly like the implication that I'm perfect-ly trans-par-ent."

"Now, Miss Barb! as if I—oh pshaw! Good-by." He lifted her hand. She made it very light. He held it well up, looking down on it fondly. "This," he said, "is the little friend that wanted to help me out of trouble. Good-by, little friend; I"—his lips approached it—"I love you."

It flashed from his hand like a bird from the nest. "No-o!" moaned its owner.

"Oh, Miss Gar—Miss Barb!" groaned John, "you've utterly misunderstood."

"No"—Barbara had not yet blushed, but now she crimsoned—"I've not misunderstood you. I simply don't like that way of saying—"

"I didn't mean—"

"I know it, Mr. March. I know perfectly well you don't expect ever to mean anything to anybody any more; you consider it a sheer im-pos-si-bil-i-ty. That's the keystone of our friendship."

John hemmed. "I wouldn't say impossibility; I'd say impracticability. It's an impracticability, Miss Barb, that's all. Why, every time I think of my dear sweet little mother—"

"Oh, Mr. March, that's right! She *must* have your whole thought and care!"

"She shall have it, Miss Barb, at every cost! as completely as I know your father has and ought to have yours!" He took her hand. "Good-by! The understanding's perfect now, isn't it?"

"I think so—I hope so—yes, sir."

"Say, 'Yes, John.'"

"Oh, Mr. March, I can't say that."

"Why, then, it isn't perfect."

"Yes, it is."

"Well, then, Miss Garnet, with the perfect understanding that the understanding is perfect, I propose to bid this hand good-by in a fitting and adequate manner, and trust I shall not be inter—!—rupted! Good-by."

"Oh, Mr. March, I don't think that was either fair or right!" Her eyes glistened.

"Miss Barb, it wasn't! Oh, I see it now! It was a wretched mistake! Forgive me!"

Her eyes, staring up into his, filled to the brim. She waved him away and turned half aside. He backed to the door and paused.

"Miss Barb, one look! Oh, one look, just to show I'm not utterly unforgiven and cast out! I promise you it's all I'll ever ask—one look!"

"Good-by," she murmured, but could not trust herself to move.

He stifled a moan. She gave a start of pain. He thought it meant impatience. She took an instant more for self-command and then lifted a smile. Too late! he was gone.

LXVI

A SICK MAN AND A SICK HORSE

"THANK YOU, no," said Miss Garnet at the door of Mrs. Fair's room, refusing to enter. "I rapped only to say good-night."

To the question whether she had heard all the poems read she replied, "Not all," with so sweet an irony in her grave smile that Mrs. Fair wanted to tell her she looked like the starlight. But words are clumsy, and the admirer satisfied herself with a kiss on the girl's temple. "Good-night," she said; "dream of me."

Several times next day, as the three travellers wound their swift course through the mountains of Pennsylvania, Mrs. Fair observed Barbara sink her book to her lap and with an abstracted gaze on the landscape softly touch the back of her right hand with the fingers of her left. It puzzled her at first, but by and by—

"Poor boy!" she said to herself, in that inmost heart where no true woman

ever takes any one into council, "and both of you Southerners! If that's all you got, and you had to steal that, you're both of you better than I'd have been."

When about noon she saw her husband's eyes fixed on Barbara, sitting four seats away, she asked, with a sparkle: "Thinking of Mr. March?"

"Yes, I've guessed why he's stayed behind."

"Have you? That's quick work—for a man."

"It looks to-day as if he were out of the game, doesn't it?"

The lady mused. This time the husband twinkled:

"If he is, my dear, whom should we congratulate: all three or which two?"

"I don't know yet, my love. Wait. Wait till we've tried her in Boston."

At this hour John March was imperatively engrossed by an unforeseen discovery. Tossing on his bed the night before, he had decided not to telegraph to Suez for money until he had searched all the hotels for some one from Dixie who would exclaim, "Why, with the greatest pleasure," or words to that effect. In the morning he was up betimes and off on this errand, asking himself why he had not done it the evening before, but concluding he must have foreborne out of respect for the Sabbath.

At the first hotel his search had no reward. But in the second he found a Pulaski City man, whose acquaintance he had never previously prized, yet from whom he now hid four-fifths of his surprised delight and still betrayed enough to flatter the fellow dizzy. John took him back to his own hotel for breakfast, made himself sure he had only to ask a loan and to get it, and let him go at last, unable to get the request through his own teeth.

He went to a third hotel, but found only strangers. Then he went to a fourth, explored its rotunda in vain, turned three or four leaves of its register, and was giving a farewell glance to the back page, when he started with surprise.

"I see," he said to the clerk, "I see you have—will you kindly look this way a moment? Are these persons still with you?"

"They are, sir," said the clerk, gazing absently beyond him, and took March's card. "Front! I'll have to send it to the lady, sir; Colonel Ravenel's sick. What? Oh, well, sir, if *you* think pneumonia's slight— Yes, sir, that's what he's got." He was turning away contemptuously, but John said:

"Oh!—eh—one moment more, if you please."

"Well, sir, what is it?" The man gave his ear instead of his eye; but he gave both eyes, as John, giving both his, asked, deferentially:

"Do you own all the hotels in this town, sir, or are you only a clerk of this one?"

The card went, and a bell-boy presently led the way to Fannie's door. It stood unlatched. The boy pushed it ajar, and John, stepping in, found himself met only by his frowning image reflected full length in the mirror front of a folding-bed, until a door opened softly from the adjoining room and closed again, and Fannie, pale and vigil worn, but with ecstasy in her black eyes, murmured:

"Oh, John March, I never knew I could be quite so glad to see you!"

She pressed his hand rapturously between her two, dropped it playfully, and saw that there had come between them a nearness and at the same time a farness different from any that had ever been. John felt the same thing, but did not guess that this was why her smile was suddenly grateful and yet had a pang in it. There was a self-oblivious kindness in his murmured tone as he refused a seat.

"No, I mustn't keep you a moment. Only tell me what I can do for you."

She explained that she would have to go back into the sick-room and return again, as the physician was in there, and Jeff-Jack was unaware, and ought probably to be kept unaware, of any other visitor's presence.

John said he would wait and hear the doctor's pronouncements and her commands. When she came the second time this person appeared with her. Beyond a softly spoken introduction there were only a few words, and the two men went away together. As Fannie returned and bent cheerily over the

bridegroom's bed, she was totally surprised by his feeble, bright-eyed request.

"When John March comes back with the medicine I want to see him."

The man to whom Fannie had introduced John was of a sort much newer to him than to travellers generally—a typical physician-in-ordinary to a hotel. He wore a dark-blue overcoat abundantly braided and frogged; his sheared mustaches were dyed black, and his diamond scarf-pin, a pendant, was chained to his shirt. As they drove to a favorite apothecary's some distance away, John told why he had come North, and the doctor said he had a cousin living at the hotel who had capital, and happened just then to be looking for investments. It would be no trouble at all to drive Mr. March back from the apothecary's and make him acquainted with Mr. Bulger. Was Mr. March fond of horses? Good! Bulger owned the fastest span in the city, and drove them every morning at ten.

In fact, before they quite reached the hotel again they came upon the capitalist, ribbons in hand, just leaving a public stable behind such a pair of trotters that John exclaimed at sight of them and accepted with alacrity a seat by his side. As for the medicine, the physician himself took it to Mrs. Ravenel, explained that John would be along in an hour or two, and said, "Yes, the patient could see Mr. March briefly, but must talk as little as possible."

Four or five times during the next seven or eight hours the sick man's eyes compelled Fannie to say: "I don't know why he doesn't come." And at evening, with an open note in her hand, a smile on her lips, and a new loneliness in her heart, she announced: "He says he will be here early in the morning."

Mr. Bulger was large, heavy, and clean-shaven, as became a capitalist; but his overcoat was buff, with a wide trimming of fur, and his yellow hair was parted in the back and perfumed. March did not mind this, but he was truly sorry to notice, very quickly, that his companion's knowledge of horses was mostly a newspaper knowledge. While Mr. Bulger quoted turf records, John said to himself:

"Wonder how far he'll drive before he sees his nigh horse is sick."

But very soon the owner of the team remarked: "The mare seems droopy."

"Yes, Mr. Bulger," replied John, almost explosively, "she's going to be a very sick animal before you can get her back to the stable, if you ever get her back at all. If we don't do the right thing right off, you'll lose her. I wouldn't stop them, sir. My conscience! don't let her stand here, or she'll be so stiff, directly, you can't make her go!"

"Yes, I guess you're right," said Bulger, moving on. "If I can just get her home and out of harness and let her lie down."

"If you do," interrupted John, "she'll never get up again."

"By Jo!" exclaimed the owner of the horse, "I don't want that!" He looked grimly on the gentle sufferer. "See her," he presently said; "why, I never saw anything get sick so fast. Why, Mr. March, I'm afraid she's going to die right here! Half an hour ago I wouldn't 'a' sold that mare for two thousand dollars! Mr. March, if you can save her you may have all the doctors you want, and I'll pay you a hundred dollars yourself as quick as I'd pay you one!"

"Give me the reins," was John's response. "Where's the very nearest good stable?"

There was one not far away. He turned and soon reached it. As they stopped in its door the beautiful creature in his care was trembling in all her flesh, and dripping sweat from every pore. The ready grooms helped him unharness.

"I'll send for a doctor, shan't I?" said Bulger, twice, before John heard him.

"Yes, if you know a real one; but I'll have everything done before he gets here. Here, you, fetch a blanket. Somebody bring me some fine salt—oh, a double handful—a tumblerful—only be quick! I want to rub her back with it."

In a moment the harness had given place to halter and blanket, and the weak invalid stiffly followed John's firm leading over the sawdust.

Three hours later Bulger said, "She's

a good deal better, ain't she?" and when March smiled fondly on her and replied that he "should say so," her owner suggested luncheon.

"No," said John, "you go and eat; I shan't leave her till she's well. She mustn't lie down, and I can't trust anyone to keep her from doing it."

Two or three times more Bulger went and came again, and the lamps were being lighted in the streets when at last John remarked,

"Well, sir, you can harness her up now and drive her home. Nice gyirl! Nice gyirl! Did you think us was gwine to let you curl up and die out yond' in the street? No, missie, no! you nice ole gyirl, doggon yo' sweet soul, no!"

"Mr. March," said Bulger, "I said I'd pay you a hundred dollars if you'd cure her, didn't I? Well, here's my check for half of it, and if you just say the word I'll make another for the other half."

John pushed away the proffering hand with a pleased laugh. "I can't take pay for doctoring a horse, sir, but I will ask a favor of you—in fact, I'll ask two; and the first is, Come and have dinner with me, will you?"

And when John called on Fannie the next morning, Mr. Bulger had taken a train for Suez, expecting to return in three days, subscriber for all the land company's stock left untaken through the prudence of the younger Fair. John had treated himself to a handsome new pocketbook.

LXVII

COLONEL RAVENEL FEELS COMPELLED

"So you'll be leaving us at once!" said Fannie, as the two sat by Ravenel's bed.

"No, not till Mr. Bulger gets back. I can be up to my neck in work till then on the colonization side of the business." They bent to hear the bridegroom's words:

"Wish you wouldn't go East till Friday evening, and then go with us."

"Why Jeff-Jack Ravenel," exclaimed Fannie, with a careworn laugh, "what are you talking about?"

"Not much fun for John," was the languishing reply, "but big favor to us."

"But, my goodness!" said the bride, "the doctor won't even let you get up."

"Got to," responded the smiling invalid. "Got to be in Washington next Sunday."

"That's simply ridiculous," laughed Fannie, with a pretty toss, and sauntered into the next room, closing the door between. The sick man's smile increased:

"She's gone in there to cry," he softly drawled.

"You can't go, Ravenel," said March. "Why, it'll kill you, like as not."

"Got to go, John. Politics."

"Oh, the other fellows can work it without you."

"Yes," replied the smiling lips, "that's why I've got to be there."

The subject was dropped. That was Tuesday morning. John called twice a day until Thursday evening. Each time he came Fannie seemed more and more wan and blighted, though never less courageous.

"She'll be sick herself if she doesn't hire a nurse and get some rest," said the doctor to John; but her idea of a hired nurse was Southern, and she would not hear of it. John was not feeling too honest these days. On the evening of Thursday he came nerved up to mention Miss Garnet, whom, as a theme, he had wholly avoided whenever Fannie had spoken of her. But the moment he met Fannie, in the outer room, he was so cut to the heart to see how her bridal beauty had wasted with her strength that he could only beg her to lie down an hour, two, three, half the night, the whole of it, while he would watch and tend in her place. He would take it unkindly if she did not.

"Oh, John," she laughingly replied, "you forget!" He faintly frowned.

"Yes, Miss Fannie, I try to." He did not add that he had procured assistance.

Her response was a gleam of loving approval. John noticed seven or eight minute spots on her face and recognized for the first time in his life that they were freckles.

"John, did the doctor tell you it was

my fault that Jeff-Jack got this sickness?"

"No, and I shouldn't have believed it if he had."

"Thank you, John"—her lifted eyes filled—"thank you; but it was; it was my fault, and nobody shall watch him in my place." It would have made a great difference to several persons besides herself, had she known that the doctor on both his last two visits had forgotten to say that no one need any longer sit up all night.

John called again Friday morning. School himself as best he could, still an energy in his mien showed there was news from Suez.

"What is it, old man," asked the slow-voiced invalid, "have they made the new slate?"

"Yes, and the bill's passed empowering the three counties to levy the tax and take the stock. Oh, Garnet's a wheel-horse, yes, sir-ee!—and Gamble and Bulger are a team! Bulger isn't coming back for a while at all; they've made him secretary."

A perceptible shade came over Ravenel's face, although he smiled as he said,

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder. Have they made you vice-president?"

"Yea, they have! I no more expected such a thing—I knew Gamble, of course, would be president and Champion treasurer; but—Well, they say I can push things better as vice-president, and I reckon that's so;" said John and ceased without adding that his salary was continued and that Bulger would draw none.

"Where does Major Garnet come in?" asked Fannie.

"Oh, he still declines any appointment whatever, but he's made up a construction company to take our contracts. Proudfit's president. It's not strongly officered; but, as Garnet says, better have men we can dictate to than men who might try to dictate to us. And besides, except Crickwater, they're all Suez men. Mattox is treasurer; Pettigrew's secretary."

Fannie wanted to say that Proudfit had no means except his wife's, but was still because a small rosy spot on

either cheek-bone of the invalid was beginning to betray the intensity of his thought. She would have motioned to John to tell no more, if she could have done so unseen by Ravenel. However, the bridegroom himself turned the theme.

"Are you going down there before you go East?"

"No, Garnet and Bulger both urge me to go straight on. I'm mighty sorry I can't wait till you're well enough to go; but——"

On the pallid face in the pillow came the gentlest of smiles. Its fair, thin hand held toward Fannie a bunch of small keys, and their owner said,

"I wish, while you're getting your fare and berth tickets, you'd get two of each for us, John, will you?" He still smilingly held out the keys.

Fannie sat still. She tried to smile but turned very pale. "Jeff-Jack," she gasped, "you can't go. I beg you, don't try. I beg you, Jeff-Jack."

"Got to, Fannie." He sat up in the bed. John thrust a pillow behind him.

"Well, I——" her bloodless lips twitched painfully—"I can't let you go. The doctor says he mustn't, John."

Ravenel smiled on.

"Got to, Fannie. Come, take these and get John my pocketbook."

Fannie rose, but shook her head. "No, I tell you the solemn truth, even if you could go, I can't. I shouldn't get there alive. You certainly wouldn't——" she tried to speak playfully—"leave me behind, would you?"

"Have to, Fannie. State interest—— simply imperative. Leave you plenty money." He gave the keys a little shake. Her eyes burned through him, but he smiled on.

She took the keys. As she passed through the door between the two rooms she supported herself against the jamb. John rose hurriedly, but stood dumb. In a few seconds she returned. As she neared him she seemed to trip on the carpet, staggered, fell, and would have struck the floor at full length but for John's quick arms. For an instant he held her whole slight weight. Her brow had fallen upon his shoulder. But quickly she lifted it and with one wild look into his face moaned, "No,"

and pushed herself from him into a rocking chair.

The pocketbook lay on the floor. He would have handed it to her, but she motioned for him to give it to her husband. Ravenel drew from it three bank-notes, saying, as he passed them to John—"Better engage two berths, but buy only one ticket. Then we can either——"

March, busy with his own pocket-book, made a sign that he understood. His fingers trembled, but when he lifted his eyes from them there was a solemn calm in his face and his jaws were set like steel. He handed back one of the notes, and with it something else which was neither coin nor currency.

"Does this mean——" quietly began Ravenel.

"Yes," said John, "I sell you my ticket. I shan't leave town till Miss Fannie's fit to travel."

"Why, John!" For a single instant the sick man reddened. In the next he had recovered his old serenity. "Why, that's powerful kind of you."

"Oh, no," said March, with a boyish smile to Fannie, who was rising to move to a lounge, "it's a mighty old——" He was going to say "debt," but before Ravenel could more than catch his breath or John start half a step forward she had struck the lounge like a flail.

March sprang to her, snatched up a glass of water, and seeing Ravenel's hand on the bell-pull at the bed's head cried, "Ring for the maid, why don't you? She's fainted away."

"Keep cool, old man," said the bridegroom, with his quiet gaze on Fannie. Her eyes opened, and he withdrew his hand.

At seven that evening Ravenel, sitting in his sleeping-car seat, gave March his hand for good-by.

"Yes," said John, "and if the nurse I've got her isn't tip-top—George! I'll find one that is!"

"I'll trust you for that, John."

But John frowned. "What right have you got to trust me this way at all?"

"Because, old man, this time you're in love with another girl."

"No, sir! No sir!" said March, backing away as the train began to move. "Don't you fool yourself with *that* notion."

"I sha'n't," drawled the departing traveller.

LXVIII

LETTERS AND TELEGRAMS

No one ever undertook to argue anything with Ravenel unless invited to do so, and very few ever got such an invitation. Fannie had not intended to be left behind. Out of her new care of him she had made her first and last effort to bend his will to hers, and even while she burned under the grief and shame of his treatment she would have gone with him at his beckon, though death threatened her at every step.

At any rate so she felt as she came out of her faint and bravely resumed her care of him, retaining it even when the doctor declared she had fever and ought to be in bed. But she felt also that Jeff-Jack knew he had only to beckon; and when he did not do so, either by hand or tone, she saved herself the idle torture of asking him to take a sick bride on a journey from which a sick bride could not deter him.

Yet she made one mistake, when she took at its face value the equal absence of fondness and resentment with which the bridegroom had behaved throughout. It was easy enough to read John March's deep indignation under the surface of his courteous silences; but neither she nor John guessed that the bridegroom's only reason for not being vexed with both of them was that he was not of the sort to let himself be vexed. Each had disappointed him seriously; Fannie by setting up domestic love and felicity as a purpose instead of an appliance, squandering her care and strength in a short-sighted devotion to his physical needs, and showing herself unfit to co-operate with him in the things for which he thought it no great matter to risk his life; and John by failing so utterly to discern the true situation in Suez that the only thing to do with him was to let him alone until time and hard luck might season him

to better uses than any one could make of him yet.

If Ravenel were going to allow himself the luxury of either vexation or chagrin, he had far more profound occasion in quite another person. Probably never before in their acquaintance had he been so displeased with Garnet. Some hours before he rose to dress for the train he had filled out two telegraph blanks. The contents of the first he read to Fannie, and with her approval sent it to her father by wire. It read:

"Have been sick. Much better now. Fannie tired out, nursing. Wants Johanna. Send her in care Southern Express Company. R."

He did not read to her the second missive. But when he had made it ready—for the mail, not the telegraph,—getting her to address it in one of her envelopes and seal it with her own new seal, he said, with a pensive smile that made him very handsome,

"Garnet will think it's from a woman—till he opens it."

It read as follows:

"Your Construction Co. smells. Halliday sure to fight it. Courier mum but firm—money all got to stay in Three Counties, no matter who's on top. Last man one Yank too many. Courier may have to combine with Halliday.

"Yours to count on. J. J."

John did not see Fannie that evening on his return from the station. He only received at second hand her request to call in the morning. She had gone to bed and taken her medicine, and was resting quietly, said the nurse. But when John asked if the patient was asleep, the nurse confessed she hardly thought so. She might have told how, listening kindly at the patient's door, she had heard her turn in bed and moan, "Oh, God! why can't I die?" But she had often heard such questions asked by persons with only a headache. And besides, there is always the question, To *whom* to tell things. Where did this most winning young man stand? The only fact quite clear either to her, the clerks, bell-boys or chamber-

maids, was that when he stood in front of the bridegroom he completely hid him from view.

Though lost to sight, however, Fannie was still a tender care in the memory of John March—if we may adapt one of his mother's gracefulest lines. He went to his hotel fairly oppressed with the conviction that for Fannie's own sake it was his duty to drop a few brief lines to Barbara Garnet—ahem! Mr. March's throat was absolutely sound, but sometimes, when he wasn't watching, it would clear itself that way. To forestall any rumors that might reach Miss Garnet from Suez, it was but right to send her such a truthfully garbled account of the Ravenels and himself that she would see at a glance how perfectly natural, proper, and insignificant it was, for him to be lingering in a strange city with a sick bride whom he had once hoped to marry, the bridegroom being sick also and several hundred miles away. At the same time this would give him opportunity to explain away the still mortifying awkwardness of his last parting with Miss Garnet—without, however, really alluding to it. No use trying to explain a thing of that sort at all unless you can explain it without alluding to it.

He was ready, early in the evening, to begin; but lost some time trying to decide whether to open with Miss Garnet, or My dear Miss Garnet, or Dear Miss Garnet, or My dear Miss Barbara, or My dear Miss Barb, or Dear Miss Barb, or just Dear Friend as you would to any ordinary acquaintance. He tried every form, but each in turn looked simply and dreadfully impossible, and at length he went on with the letter, leaving the terms of his salutation to the inspiration of the last moment. It was long after midnight when he finished. The night sky was inviting and the post-office near by; he mailed the letter there instead of trusting the hotel. And then he stood by the mute slot that swallowed it, and because he could not get it back for amendment called himself by as large a collection of flaming and freezing invectives as ever a Southern gentleman—"member in good standing of any evangelical church"—poured upon himself in the privacy of

his own counsels. He returned to his hotel, but was back again at sunrise smiling his best into a hand-hole, requesting so-and-so and so-and-so, while he pencilled and submitted examples of his handwriting. To which a voice within replied,

"Oh, yes, the watchman; but the watchman told you wrong. I tell you again, that mail's gone."

"How long has—? However!—Oh, that's all right, sir; I only wanted—ahem!" The applicant moved away chewing his lip. What he had "only wanted" was to change the form of his letter's salutation. In the street it came to him that by telegraphing the postmaster at the other end of the route he could—"Oh, thunder! Let it go!" He had begun it, "Dear Miss Barb."

And so it went its way, while he went his—on a business of whose pure unselfishness it is to be feared he was a trifle proud—I mean, to see how Mrs. Ravenel was and ask what more he could do for her. He was kindly received, by a sweet little woman of thirty or so, who lived in a small high room of the hotel, taught music in an academy, and had nothing to do on Saturdays and Sundays—this was Saturday. Through the doctor, who was her doctor too, she had found access to Fannie's bedside and even into her grateful regard. Her soft, well-trained voice was of the kind that rests the sick and weary. The nurse, she said, was getting a little sleep on the lounge in Mrs. Ravenel's room. "Satisfactory?" Yes, admirable every way, and already as fond of Mrs. Ravenel as she herself.

"Isn't she lovely?" she exclaimed in melodious undertone, and hardly gave Mr. March time for a very dignified yes. "When she sat up in her pillows half an hour ago, with her breakfast, so delicate and tempting, lying before her forgotten, and she looking so frail and yet so pretty, with that look in her eyes as if she had been seeing ghosts all night, she seemed to me as though she'd just finished one life and begun another. How long has she had that look, Mr. March? I noticed it the morning she arrived, though it wasn't anything like so plain as it is now. But it only makes her more interesting and

poetical. If I were a man—hmp!—I'd wish I were Colonel Ravenel, that's all! No, I don't know that I should, either; but if I were not, I'm afraid I'd give him trouble." John thought she watched him an instant there, but—

"Mr. March," she went on, "I wish you could hear the beautiful, tender, winning way in which she boasts of her husband. She's as proud of him for going and leaving her as she is of you for staying! Fact is, I can't tell which of you she's proudest of." She gave her listener a fascinated smile, with which he showed himself at such a loss to know what to do that she liked him still better than before.

"Mrs. Ravenel asked me to tell you how grateful she is. But she also——"

A bell-boy interrupted with two telegrams, both addressed to Fannie.

"She also, what?" asked John, mantling.

"Mr. March, do you suppose either of these is bad news?"

"No, ma'am, one's probably from Suez to say the black girl's coming, and the other's from her husband; but if it were not good news, he was to send it to me."

She took the telegrams in and was soon with him again. "Oh, Mr. March, they're just as you said! Mrs. Ravenel says tell you she's better—which is true—and to thank you once more, but to say that she can't any longer—" the little musician poured upon him her most loving beams—"let you make the sacrifice you're——"

John solemnly smiled. "Why she hasn't *been* letting me. She never asked me to stay and she needn't ask me to go. I gave my word to *him*, and I shall keep it—to myself." His manner grew more playful. "That's what you'd do, wouldn't you, if you were a man?"

But at that moment his hearer was not fancying herself a man; she was only wishing she were a younger woman. A gleam of the wish may have got into her look as she gave him her hand at parting, for somehow he began to have a sort of honey-sickness against feminine interests and plainly felt his land company's business crowding upon his conscience.

LXIX

JUDICIOUS JOHANNA

ONE thing that gives play for sentiment concerning a three hours' belated railway train is the unapologetic majesty with which at last it rolls into a terminal station.

There had been rain-storms and freshets down in Dixie, and a subdued anxiety showed itself on Johanna's face as she stepped down from the crowded platform; but she shone with glad astonishment when she found John March taking her forgotten satchel from her hands and her checks from the express messenger.

A great many people looked at them, once for curiosity and again for pleasure; for she was almost as flattering a representative of her class as he of his, and in meeting each other they seemed happy enough to have been twins. The hotel's conveyance was an old-fashioned stage coach, but very new and blue. It made her dumb with delight to see the owner-like serenity with which Mr. March passed her into it and by and by out of it into the gorgeous hotel. But to double the dose of some drugs reverses their effect, and her supper, served in the ladies' ordinary and by a white man-servant, actually brought her to herself. As she began to eat—blissfully, for only a yard or so away sat Mr. March smilingly holding back a hundred inquiries—she managed, herself, to ask a question or two. She grew pensive when told of Miss Fannie's sickness and of the bridegroom's being compelled to go to Washington, but revived in reporting favorably upon the health of Mrs. March, whom, she said, she had seen at a fair given by both the Suez churches to raise money to repair the graveyard fence—"on account o' de hawgs' breakin' in so awfm."

"And you say everybody was there, eh?" indolently responded John, as he resharpened his lead pencil. "Even including Professor Pettigrew?"

"No, seh, I observe he not 'mong's de comp'ny, 'caze yo' maw's Jane, she call my notice to dat."

"I wonder how my mother likes Jane. Do you know?"

Johanna showed a pretty embarrassment. "Jane say yo' maw like her. She say yo' maw like her caze she always done tole yo' maw ev' thing what happm when yo' maw not at home. Seh? Oh, no, seh," the speaker's bashfulness increased, "'tis on'y Jane say dat; same time she call my notice to de absence o' Pufesso' Pedigree, — yass, seh."

John gave himself a heartier manner. "I reckon, Johanna, you'd be rather amazed to hear that I travelled nearly all the way from Pulaski City with yo' young missie and stayed at the same hotel here with her and her friends a whole Saturday and Sunday, wouldn't you?"

Johanna's modest smile glittered across her face as she slowly replied, "No-o, seh, I cayn't 'zac'ly fine myseff ama-aze', 'caze Miss Barb done wrote me about it in her letteh."

"Psheh!" said John, playing incredulous, "you ain't got air letter from Miss Barb."

The girl was flattered to ecstasy. "Yass, seh, I is," she said; but her soft laugh meant also that something in the way he faltered on the dear nickname made her heart leap.

"Now, Johanna," murmured John, looking more roguishly than he knew from under his long lashes, you' a-foolin' me. If you had a letter you'd be monst'ous proud to show it. All you've got is a line or two saying 'Send me my shawl' or something o' that sort."

Johanna glanced up with injured surprise and then tittered, "Miss Barb wear a shawl—fo' de Lawd's sa ake! Why, Mr. March, even you knows betteh 'n dat, seh." Her glow of happiness stayed while she drew forth a letter and laid it by her cup of coffee.

"Oh!"—the sceptic tossed his head—"seein's believin'; but I can't see so far off."

Johanna could hardly speak for grinning. "Dass heh letteh, seh, writ de ve'y same night what she tell you good-by."

"She wrote it"—John's heart came into his mouth—"that same night?"

"Dass what it sa-ay, seh. D'ain't nothin' so ve'y private in it; ef yo' anteress encline you to read it, why——"

"Thank you," said the convert as his long arm took the prize.

There were three full sheets of it. He found himself mentioned again and again, but covertly drew his breath through his clenched teeth to see how necessary he had made himself to every page of her narrative and how utterly he was left out when not so needed. "She'll not get the same chance again," he thought as he finished.

"Johanna, have you—never mind, I was——" And he began to read it again.

Sitting thus absorbed, he was to the meek-minded girl before him as strong and fine a masculine nature as she had ever knowingly come near. But his intelligence was only masculine at last—a young man's intelligence. She kept her eyes in her plate; yet she had no trouble to see, perfectly, that her confidence was not ill-advised—a confidence that between the letter's lines he would totally fail to read what she had read.

One thing was disappointing. As often as read to her, the letter had seemed to sparkle and overflow with sweet humor and exquisite wit to that degree that she had to smother her laughter from beginning to end. Mr. March was finishing it a second time and had not smiled. Twice or thrice he had almost frowned. Yet as he pushed its open pages across the table he said ever so pleasantly,

"That's a mighty nice letter, Johanna; who's going to answer it for you?"

"Hit done answe'd, seh. I ans' it same night it come. My fatheh writ de answeh; yass, seh, Unc' Leviticus."

"Oh, yes. Well, you couldn't 'a' chosen better.—Oh! Miss Barb says here"—Mr. March gathered up the sheets again—"Write me all you hear about the land company.' That's just so's to know how her father gets on, I reckon, ain't it?" He became so occupied with the letter that the girl did not have to reply. He was again reading it through. This time he repeatedly smiled, and as he folded it and gave it up he said once more,

"Yes, it's a nice letter. Does Miss Barb know where to mail the next one to you?"

"I ain't had no chaynce to sen' her word, seh."

"Why, that's a pity! You ought to do that at once, Johanna, and let her know you've got here safe and well—if only for her sake. I'll do it for you to-night, if you'd like me to."

Johanna thankfully assented.

Mr. March did not ponder, this time, as to what the opening phrase of the letter should be; and as he sealed the "hurried note" he did so with the air of a man who is confident he has made no mistake. It began, "Dear Miss Barb."

(To be continued.)

FROM MACEDONIA

By Mary Tappan Wright

IT was a gray day in the country, gray overhead, gray on all sides. Above a broad suburban road the leafless branches of the trees interlaced in a hazy net-work of fine-drawn boughs; and, following the middle of the way, sweeping in generous curves now to the left, now to the right, the wet, shining rails of a car-track shot out of sight, gleaming in dull reflection of the leaden sky.

In the languid morning air little trails of mist dragged themselves slowly through the short green grass of the adjacent lawns, or lingered in bluish shadow amidst the brown clinging leaves of the thick-set clumps of shrubbery; and sounding from somewhere in the distance came the smooth roll of carriage wheels and regular trot of rapidly approaching horses.

At the window of a small coupé that soon turned the corner an old gentleman was sitting, scanning the passing landscape with regretful interest. Years before, he had come this way, a boy, rambling through woods and lanes in search of chestnuts. Now prim lawns and glistening purple concrete pavements replaced the fields and narrow foot-paths; ornate shingled houses of strange colors, with complicated roofs, stood where the nut-trees had bordered the pastures; delicate laces draped the windows; long vines, brilliant in the reds and browns of autumn, hung from the porches; well-managed shrubbery served alike for seclusion and display, and there were neither boundary lines nor fences.

"Everybody seems to live in every-

body else's front yard!" growled the old gentleman, disapprovingly.

He was Bishop of a golden territory, where men were particular as to boundaries, and he had come this long distance in order to preach that morning at the cathedral in the neighboring city, at the consecration of the recently elected Bishop of Macedonia. For months the old man had been looking forward to the leisurely refinement, the delicacy, the appreciation he would encounter in an older and more advanced civilization. With the needs of a cultivated, learned, brilliant community in his mind, he had for the first time in many years given himself the pleasure of preparing a thoroughly scholarly sermon, untrammelled by the limitations of comparatively illiterate hearers.

And yet, at intervals, during the past few days spent among these fresh surroundings, he had been assailed by doubts as to the fitness of this carefully studied discourse. Once or twice, as it lay on his table in its embroidered velvet case, a mad impulse had come over him to throw it, case and all, into the fire, and to preach from his heart, in plain, rough words, the thoughts that had haunted him in the wakeful silence of the previous nights. He had, however, not given way to the impulse; and now, his sermon on the seat before him, ill-content with it and himself, he sat staring from under his thick white eyebrows, frowning at the much-changed home of his early youth.

They were nearing a large suburban town which lay between them and the city beyond. The sidewalks were now

paved ; the wide lawns had contracted to tiny patches of green in front of block after block of dreary brick houses ; doctors' signs became frequent, and little shops grew and multiplied until whole rows of them stood together.

"Driver," said the Bishop, putting his head out of the window, "what part of the old town are we coming to?"

"It is the old green, sir," was the answer.

The Bishop glanced up and about him. They had entered a wide square, the cobblestone pavement of which was cut in every direction by intersecting curves of bright steel rails. Overhead stretched a spider-web of wires ; tall shops with great glass windows stood on all the corners, and from the broad side-streets shuttle-like cars dashed in and out, throwing up long iron feelers with a repulsive semblance of intelligence.

"The sooner you get out of it the better!" he called to the driver, peremptorily ; for his nerves that morning were not in their normal condition ; and although he would hardly acknowledge it, he felt much safer when they had left the tangle of tracks behind them. Coming out to the suburbs late on the night before his way had lain necessarily through a crowded portion of the city ; repulsive faces had pressed against the carriage-windows, strange sights had half-revealed themselves ; facts of which the old Bishop had often read unheeding suddenly leapt into horrible, vibrant reality, and later on he had found it impossible to sleep.

"And every evening men by hundreds retire to the ease and luxury of their homes, secure, content, unthinking, and leave a thing like that throbbing behind them!" he now growled aloud, for in the long, lonely rides across his half-savage diocese he had acquired a habit of talking to himself, and his thoughts had recurred to his chief preoccupation. "And what infernal industry have we here?"

The carriage had turned into one of the more crowded streets again, and a block of vehicles in the way had brought it to a stand-still. They were in front of a row of low wooden sheds with long roofs, raised here and there in ridges, to allow free play to the ponderous

monsters generated from the rumbling, clanking machinery beneath them.

Through the wide open doors and thin walls came a Babel of resonant noise, irregular and deafening, as heavy rivets were driven into hollow cylinders of ringing metal that stood, covered with black bosses, like hairless beasts. Away in the background, gigantic wheels whirled and wound incessantly behind a dancing screen of flames, and the red glare shone on the grimy moving figures of the workmen about it. They were rough fellows, huge and brawny, yet beside the frightful powers they were evoking they seemed sad and wan ; moving spectres, silent in an evil din. The old Bishop sighed. "A perfectly legitimate industry, of course," he muttered, grudgingly, as the mass of vehicles in front of them moved slowly forward upon a long reach of causeway. "But what is this?" he said, turning a startled glance from one window of the carriage to the other. On either hand lay wide stretches of malodorous waste, where the refuse of that brutal complication we call civilization was slowly accumulating ; gathering as if the rags and scraps, the bits of tin and strays of shard possessed a creeping magnetism for their kind.

"Filth, disease, cast-away uncleanness of every species systematically set apart in carefully graded squares, and impudently advertised as a foundation for human habitation," cried the old Bishop, indignantly. "And these are the marshes that rose green every day, fresh washed from the sea!—The whole region has become an abomination!"

They had come at last to a wide bridge under which the level gray water of a lazy tidal river crept sluggishly seaward, reflecting on its satin surface the misty spires, towers, and gilded dome of the city toward which they journeyed. Monotonous red buildings, tall, with many windows, lined the water-edge, and through the iron supports at the sides of the bridge the Bishop looked down upon the dully floating craft towed by the sooty tug-boats below. Near the channel squat, rhythmically moving machines plunged long, jointed beams into the ooze of the river-bed, drawing up a pouring black

mass and slowly turning it into the flat-boats ready to receive it; every board and railing was crusted thick with a frightful black slime, and the brimming buckets turned, and dipped, and rose again, with a certain satisfaction and shameless complacency. "And men live by this!" said the Bishop, and turned away.

Far down toward the mouth of the river, above the heavy outlines of the buildings, a forest of masts intermingled against the sky, looking fleeting and impermanent, telling of wider, freer things, impatient to be gone. Before the old man's eyes arose visions of the blowing grass on vast reaches of prairie, of far clear mountains, and of wild, unfettered lives spent in the open air. "I am going back to-night!" he promised himself.

On the other side of the river they joined the endless procession of all sorts of conveyances that was moving forward into the din and roar of the city. A crowd of idle men with villainous faces and in cheap, showy clothing, lingered on the pavement; a brass band played at one side of the street, and further on, standing in the gutter, a huge hand-organ ground and pounded to a furious accompaniment on the tambourine. On all the walls, in all the windows of the little shops adjacent, even swung across the street itself, flaunted great colored posters, advertising in gaudy tints and outrageous outlines the human creatures who show themselves for hire. The Bishop looked at them as he passed, incredulously, almost imploringly.

"And the least horrible of these," he said, with a break in his voice as his eye wandered from hideous monstrosities to half-veiled vice, "the least horrible of these are those whom their God has contorted!"

Slowly the patient coachman wended his way in and out among the thronging press. As they neared the more prosperous part of the city, the quality of the buildings improved and the shops and theatres assumed a better character; but the din increased until it became intolerable, and traffic blocked the narrow streets at every turn. Iron trucks loaded with swaying bars of

clanking metal made the air vibrate painfully in the ears; mingled with the increasing roar of wheels and the clamor of innumerable bells, came the wild cries of countless hawkers, attuned in harmony with Bedlam; and overhead the long droning shriek of the electric wires rose and fell persistently as the gaudy painted cars hurled to and fro, while the foot-passengers fled on the crossings.

The sidewalks swarmed with people, dividing the way in two opposing streams of close-wedged humanity, a veritable dance of death. Shoulder to shoulder with painted vice went youth and innocence, ignorant of the horror of the contact. Wealth and ease jostled against want and misery, and because privation was universal believed that it could not pinch; for custom had hardened the whole world.

It seemed to the old Bishop as if in each vacant doorway, and at the entrances of all the squalid alleys, creatures of every type of human wretchedness stood doggedly selling worthless wares; hungry women, tired men, reckless girls, little children, with the evil eyes of hoary iniquity shining out of gaunt baby faces; the blind, the lame, the wicked, and the aged, all of them ranging in expression from sodden misery to brazen effrontery, all of them worn and hollow-eyed, and all stamped into one terrific likeness by the leaden die of poverty.

Enormous windows piled high with tawdry uselessness lined the way; damaged goods, flimsy silks, half-made toys, spurious jewelry, and imperfect china, arranged with infinite attractiveness. On all sides were imitations of richer things; cunningly graded traps to excite the covetousness of every creature, and adjusted to the limits of every purse. The world, up from the veriest poverty-stricken imp in the gutters, seemed bent on acquisition, and the sight of all this worthlessness created a demand that strengthened with the growth of the ever-increasing supply, until it ended in a frenzied race for possession.

"Oh! the agony of being shepherd to this flock!" cried the old man, indignantly. "For all this is built up,

one thing upon another, until it seems as if it never could cease or be bettered. To cure one abuse is only to inaugurate ten others in its place. To stop one fabrication but throws upon the world the starving, helpless fabricators—to do worse things.”

He leaned forward, and taking up the manuscript of his sermon began to look it over, his dissatisfaction increasing with every page. He was going first to the house of a brotherhood where the young Bishop-elect had spent the last few years of his priesthood, and thence they were to drive together to the cathedral.

“How old must a man be,” he said, suddenly casting the papers back on to the seat in front of him, “how old must a man be before he ceases to add to the number of his lost opportunities?”

The coachman was turning the horses in toward the sidewalk. They had stopped in front of a high black wall; toward the middle of it was an archway surmounted by a cross; behind rose the tower of a little church. A narrow door in the archway opened inward, and the Bishop-elect of Macedonia crossed the sidewalk and entered the carriage. At first, beyond a brief word of greeting, they did not speak; there was something in the worn, intent expression of the younger face that told of watching, of struggle, and of prayer; it was the look of one still in the shadow of another world whose silence is sacred.

A pang shot through the old man's heart. “This life is telling upon you horribly,” he said, at last. “You show yourself no mercy.”

The other shook his head. “There is no question of mercy,” he answered, “no question of anything but of God's will. Tell me, am I blind in that I feel that He has called me? Have I, after all, no right to enter upon this service? At this last moment, I am filled with doubts where hitherto my way seemed clear. And yet I dare not withdraw. I have concealed nothing, extenuated nothing——”

The old Bishop started. “Under the circumstances that was wholly unnecessary!” he exclaimed, hastily.

“It was right.”

The old Bishop turned away and looked out of the carriage-window.

“You know it was right,” the younger man persisted, gently.

“Yes, God bless you! It was right, it was right!” said the older impetuously, wiping his eyes. “But I doubt whether I should have done it myself. What did they say?”

“They—they said nothing but what you have just said yourself; some of them broke down completely. But, answer me, you have loved me, I know, beyond measure, from my boyhood. You know my life, you know my—sin. Is it fitting that I should enter upon this work? Think.”

The old Bishop put his hand over his eyes, his lips moved, there was a long silence.

“I know your life,” he said, at last; “I know your sin; far be it from me to palliate or condone. You, yourself, have never flinched in condemnation; no lapse of time has softened the rigor of your judgment, and that has been just; for a man's sin is measured by the distance of his fall, and among God's chosen you stood high. And yet, to turn back now would but add to your guilt. For the good of God's cause and the welfare of your fellowmen, you may not, dare not, falter. Who can execute the plans which you have originated? Who can wield your influence? Who fill your place?”

The young man stretched out his hand, and the old Bishop took it in both of his, retaining it a moment as he asked a question.

“About Winstead?”

For a moment the young Bishop did not answer. “You must leave Winstead to me,” he said at last, gently.

“What is there to leave?” asked the old man, quickly. “Has he refused to present the papers?”

“He has said nothing to the Committee.”

“Does he mean to be present?”

“He does.”

“If he is present,” said the old Bishop, “he means to behave himself, for Winstead, however vindictive, is not wholly without honor; and this is one

of those times when, so long as the whole cannot possibly be told, there is no lie so damaging as half the truth. I have too much faith in Winstead's better self to believe him capable of such perfidy; besides, he would not dare."

"I am not sure that he may not dare."

"You—are—not—sure—? You have let things go on. Oh! here we are at the church! But this must be seen to!"

They had reached the cathedral and the carriage had drawn up to the sidewalk. The grassy squares all about it were ornamented with palms and gigantic tropical ferns. The young man's eyes wandered over it all, taking in the gala look in which the old building seemed to have clothed itself.

"They love me," he murmured; "they wish to do me honor!"

"Stephen!" said the old Bishop, almost violently, "this man's lips must be closed!"

"Except God close them Himself, none shall molest him," said the younger, opening the carriage door.

"It is madness!"

"It is justice."

A blue-and-white awning secluded a narrow stairway that led down the outer walls from some upper room; the younger Bishop crossed toward it, followed by the older. At the foot of the stair they stood a moment talking even more earnestly than hitherto, then they passed under the awning and disappeared.

For an hour or more every loaded car moving up and down on the broad streets, on either side of the great building, had come to a standstill, pouring out crowds of well-dressed men and women carrying prayer-books and red-lettered cards of admission. There was an air of anticipation on all faces, of interest tempered by decorum, as for something a little less cheerful than the theatre and somewhat more entertaining than church. They had assembled in parochial droves, each apparently from a different suburb, and a regiment of discriminating ushers was busily employed in driving them politely to their places. Numerous stragglers strove against this, feeling that of ne-

cessity the seat adjudged them must be inferior, a becoming modesty that generally resulted in their attaining what they feared they deserved!

A gentle buzz of conversation arose from all parts of the church, and every now and then some devout woman would hurriedly bethink herself and kneel down, to the temporary embarrassment of her neighbors. In a certain sense, either individually or collectively, they all knew each other and commented on each other after a manner which in that part of the country had become stereotyped.

"Those people in the opposite gallery are the St. Jameses from Silchester," whispered a woman who sat among the St. Judes. "You can always tell the Silchester people by the smell of camphor and the wrinkles in their clothes. They keep all their things in chests, and never take them out until just before they put them on. That red-faced creature in front of the pillar is Mrs. Pennyngton."

"Do you mean to say that she is the one who writes the novels?" returned her neighbor.

"Why shouldn't she be?"

"The refined, delicate——"

"Oh! if you must retain your illusions you had better not look at the Silchester people. That little old maid next to Mrs. Pennyngton, with the bunch of curls behind, is Miss Fanshawe, the one for whom the poet Hariman killed himself when she refused him; and that big fat man, also, he is a poet——"

"That is enough, one of my favorite poets lives in Silchester."

"This poet is a genuine Silchester article—never heard of outside the place."

"Still, I refuse to have any more celebrities pointed out to me. Between the ones we have met coming over in the cars, and the ones we have seen since we arrived, I am utterly bereft of ideals."

On the other side of the church Mrs. Pennyngton was talking.

"Did you ever see such windows, such agonizing crudities?"

"Shut your eyes," suggested Miss Fanshawe.

"Then she would have nothing to divert her mind from that organ," said the fat man, who composed the music for his own songs.

"Nonsense," said Miss Fanshawe. "They have got the best organist in the city."

"His phrasing is abominable!"

"I don't believe you know what phrasing is—in music," said Miss Fanshawe, standing up and staring about her.

"I have always contended that Hariman killed himself because he was afraid she might change her mind and take him back again," whispered the poet, with malice.

"Do take care!" warned Mrs. Pennyngton. "She writes for the papers."

"Who is that with Jackson?" said Miss Fanshawe, looking over her shoulder at them suspiciously. "Don't you see him? Leaning forward to talk to the woman next him, there, at the end of the gallery where the Winchester St. Judes are sitting."

"Don't ask me," said Mrs. Pennyngton, putting up a lorgnette. "I can't tell one of those Winchester women from another."

"You are not looking in the right place. There! She turned her head. Right in front!"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Pennyngton, "that one! What a beautiful woman!"

"Does she belong to the St. Judes?" asked Miss Fanshawe.

"Not she!" said Mrs. Pennyngton. "In Winchester that gown would be considered immoral: it fits. Distinguished, isn't she?"

"If you choose to call it so," said Miss Fanshawe. "For my part I find her conspicuous—people of that class nearly always are."

"People of what class?" said Mrs. Pennyngton, impatiently. "What nasty things you always say, Julia! You don't suppose——"

"Of course I don't suppose anything, I have too much respect for the house of God!"

"You will be pleased to know," said the poet, leaning across Mrs. Pennyngton and speaking distinctly, "you will be pleased to hear that the woman over there with Jackson is his cousin, the

beautiful Mrs. Bellingham." Miss Fanshawe sat down, hastily producing her note-book.

"Where is she staying? How long has she been here? Do you suppose she came on purpose to go to this? I wonder if anybody knows whether she and the Bishop-elect knew each other when he was rector——"

"Do hush!" said Mrs. Pennyngton. "Here come the clergy."

"I think I should see better if I moved into the back seat," said Miss Fanshawe, stooping down and hunting for her umbrella and overshoes.

"There is not an inch of space up there."

"Oh, yes, there is plenty of room, if they will only move up. When they rise for the processional I mean to slip in behind them and sit down."

She rose and elbowed her way through the crowded aisle; there was a motion to take her place, but Mrs. Pennyngton and the poet promptly moved along, and with the aid of the other occupants of the pew, comfortably filled the vacancy; those who had been standing remained standing still.

The boys' voices in the hitherto murmuring choir sounded out in full volume, and everybody rose.

Two by two a long procession of men in robes poured down the aisle to the chancel, lining the walls of the apse, slowly filling the pews in the body of the church, and lighting up the reddish gloom of the vast dim nave with the white reflections of their gowns. The air was filled with a soft rustling, heard even above the music. The rich borders of the stained-glass windows shone above the galleries like strings of jewels hung on the walls, and the spreading pillars, stretching up like great trees, were lost amid the cross-beams and arches of the shadowy vault above.

"Who is that?" whispered Mrs. Bellingham, indicating a tall man with his hands full of papers, who seated himself near the foot of a column directly opposite them. "Not Winstead?"

"And why not Winstead?" returned her cousin, softly. "He is the Secretary of the Diocese, and presents the credentials for the new Bishop."

"Not Winstead!"

"Ah, ha!" said Jackson. "You don't mean to say that the hero of the Winstead catastrophe is our new— Why!—of course it is! What a numskull I've been not to put two and two together long ago. Of all the stupendous jokes——!"

"How can you?" said Mrs. Bellingham, suddenly sitting down.

"There is no reason for you to take it to heart," whispered Jackson, looking at her keenly as he followed her example. "Why, you've turned the color of chalk! It can't concern you, and even if it did, nothing is going to happen. But the new Bishop! It is a pity that circumstances make it out of the question to repeat it. Awfully good story!"

"What you call an awfully good story is one of the black spots in a perfect life."

"Black spot? Where?" said Jackson. "He behaved like an idiot, I'll grant you, but aside from that I can't see what particular harm he did."

"He behaved like an angel of God!" said Mrs. Bellingham.

"Then the angels of God are uncommon fools," returned Jackson. "What earthly harm did he do?"

"No harm for a man like you, perhaps. For a man like him—well, I do not like to think what it has cost him—and me too."

"All nonsense," whispered Jackson. "You women are forever making idols! I know men, and as far as I can see, they are all pretty much alike—angels of God, bishops, club-men, and other clergy!"

"Who told you about Winstead?" said Mrs. Bellingham, unmoved by his pessimism.

"No one told me. I learned it by a happy combination of accidents and observation.—How did you come to know of it?"

"The old Bishop told me—Bishop Dennison," said Mrs. Bellingham, hastily, and almost defensively.

"Rather an extraordinary breach of confidence."

"The young Bishop was our rector then—he told Bishop Dennison to tell me."

Jackson was silent for a moment.—

"And that is why you have compelled me to move heaven and earth to get you a card of admission to this thing?" he said, at last.

Mrs. Bellingham was looking away from him; she did not turn her head. "It was not the reason," she said, steadily.

"It is curious," said Jackson, irrelevantly, "how you never will tell a lie. It is the only weak spot I have found in your character."

"I cannot be troubled with lying," said Mrs. Bellingham.

"But you might be a little less reckless about revealing the truth at times," said Jackson.

"I never reveal anything that I would prefer to conceal," said Mrs. Bellingham.

"Oh, miracle among women!" said Jackson.

"Stand up and sing," she said. "We are attracting attention."

The south gallery, where they were seated, widened into a little balcony that almost jugged over the chancel. The pulpit was immediately below them, a barrel-shaped affair built out of the pillar corresponding to that against which the Secretary was seated. Mrs. Bellingham leaned back in her place and watched him. He was dressed in a voluminous robe that covered his feet and spread out like a snow-drift on the floor. There was not a touch of black about him—his hair, his beard, everything was white except his extraordinarily dark eyes that with wide-open lids scanned the people provingly, as a general might scan a field whereon he shortly means to give battle. He carried some papers that occasionally he glanced down upon, sorting them mechanically, one package into his right, the other into his left, hand. By the time they were fully arranged he had finished his leisurely survey of the floor of the church and raised his eye to the gallery.

"He does not know you; we all grow old," whispered Jackson, as Winstead's gaze passed steadily from Mrs. Bellingham to her neighbors.

"People who do not know me do not behave that way," said Mrs. Bellingham. "See, why is he getting up? Where is he going?"

"It being church," said Jackson, "I can't say."

Winstead had risen hastily from his seat, and hurrying down the chancel steps, left the church by a side-door that led directly to the foot of the covered outside stair down which the clergy were still filing. The last men who passed him nodded with a look of curiosity as they went by, and one of them turned his head as he disappeared round the corner of the nave.

For a moment Winstead stood alone, looking upward. The high stone tower, draped in deeply-colored Virginia creeper, rose into the sky overhead, and from a sharp corner of its upper edge a light pennon of scarlet branch fluttered across a patch of blue in the midst of the autumn gray. He turned away a moment as if in indecision; then, at the sound of voices behind the awning, stood still.

The consecrating bishops were following the clergy, descending leisurely, the natural dignity of their carriage made even more imposing by the long, stately lines of their heavy robes.

"Ah, Mr. Secretary," said one of them. "Some change in your arrangements?"

The Secretary drew himself up; there was a rich episcopal note of condescension in the voice that irritated him. "I wished for a word with the Bishop-elect," he said.

"We left him a moment alone," said another. "He will follow almost immediately;" and resuming their interrupted talk, they also passed out of sight around the corner.

Again Winstead hesitated; then with impatient haste he strode under the awning and ran up the stairs.

He was turning abruptly into a large upper room when something he saw there stayed his feet. The young Bishop was kneeling in front of a long open window, his face turned toward the sky. In the absolute certainty of being alone he spoke aloud, as if to one bending above him.

"I am in Thy hands," he said. "Judge Thou. Even at the last moment, shouldst Thou find me unworthy, I bend before Thee!" He stopped, but after a moment's pause resumed, as if in a

spontaneous burst of adoration: "*For Thou only art holy! Thou only art the Lord!*" Reluctantly he rose; in turning his eye fell upon the man at the door. "Why are you here?" he asked, gently.

"To mitigate the scandal into which you are hurrying us," was the answer. "It is too late to prevent it altogether, but—feign illness—anything——"

"I do not feign," said the other, and turning toward the window, he raised his eyes again to the sky.

"You will not understand that my decision is unalterable?" pursued the Secretary.

"I understand," said the Bishop.

"Not all the beautiful women in Christendom shall hinder me!" said Winstead, loudly. "Do you know who is in the church?"

The sun that had been struggling with the mists for some time suddenly shone brightly through the window. The young Bishop took a step in the direction of the gray white figure in the doorway.

"Be silent!" he said.

"I will not be deterred," Winstead cried. "If you do not wish to be disgraced before her you had better stop while you can. No power can hinder me!"

A long beam from the stained glass at the top of the sash fell on the Bishop's hair, irradiating it in a golden glory; like a young archangel he towered above his tormentor.

"Go," he said, "my thoughts must be with other things. Yet—if it is just—the Power that has deterred you from the beginning will deter you now. We are but instruments in the hands of God! If I am fit for His work, He will not set me aside."

"On your own head, then, be the consequences," said the other, and was gone.

The young Bishop stood a moment looking upward. A smile lit up his face, a smile of utter self-surrender and loving confidence. His God had not given him the spirit of fear.

Winstead, in the meantime, retraced his steps and gained his old place. The choir, after singing quite through the hymns, and finding that the re-

mainder of the procession did not appear, began all over again, and were well along to the closing verses before a general craning of necks announced the coming of the consecrating bishops.

Stately, large, and slow, they swept up the aisle, while the clergy rose on all sides to receive them. The crowd in the galleries bent over the railings; people on the back seats even came down the steps between the pews, and leaned upon the shoulders of those in front. Mrs. Bellingham frowned upon them indignantly and turned away.

A little behind the rest of the procession the Bishop-elect entered, the two presenting bishops with him; Jackson watched his cousin as they came forward. Directly below the chancel steps, three chairs were placed at the head of the aisle, and in front of these the three men knelt together. Mrs. Bellingham, resting her elbow on the flat balustrade in front of her, looked down; as the young Bishop knelt, he was clearly in view. For some time she studied every line of his face with grave, attentive interest. Her head was turned a little way from Jackson; he could only catch the outline of her cheek. Suddenly her color rose, a tear brimmed over her eyelashes and rolled downward. Jackson started impatiently and she leaned back, wiping her wet cheek with her handkerchief.

"Real tears!" whispered Jackson, incredulously.

"He is so miserably changed!" she answered.

"And how does that concern you?" said Jackson.

"It concerns me very deeply," said Mrs. Bellingham.

"What do you wish me to understand?" whispered Jackson, slowly. "Or is this merely an enigmatical pose?"

"I do not wish to be amused—now," said Mrs. Bellingham.

"If you want something serious, then, look at your Secretary. Under any other circumstances I should say he meant mischief."

Mrs. Bellingham turned her eyes thoughtfully in the direction of the

chancel. Winstead was sitting rigidly still, staring in front of him, a hand grasping a sheaf of papers on either knee. "He does mean mischief," she said.

"Fortunately he must wait some time before he can get at it," whispered Jackson.

Mrs. Bellingham shook her head doubtfully. "You do not know him. No one can predict what he may do," she said. "Hush!"

The service had begun and the people, from sheer force of habit, knelt to pray, but the thoughts of all were centred upon the slender figure between the two bishops below the chancel. They wondered of what he was thinking; whether he was nervous; if he might not be regretting the glory of certain fame which a Bishop's duties would inevitably quench. A few believed that he was dazzled by the honor of the episcopate, guided by an overweening desire for authority; others whispered that unmistakable symptoms had warned him of the early decay of his mental powers, and congratulated him on the craft that inspired him to accept a position in which his decadence would not be conspicuous.

Only Mrs. Bellingham, with her hands clasped upon the railing of the gallery, looked down upon the bowed head below her, and knew. "He is thinking of God," she told herself. "Not of Winstead, nor of honors, nor of disgrace; he is not even thinking of——" She made a little rueful face, but to her own heart she did not finish the sentence. "We are all nothing to him; he has outlived—everything! I saw it when he first came in." She covered her eyes, and forgot to follow the service, until Jackson touched her arm, and she rose hurriedly.

With a sudden thunder of voices the whole body of men in the nave began to repeat their creed: a plain confession of faith, a simple line of division; and yet, so saturated with feeling, so permeated with the storm and stress that went to its making, that, unconsciously, men to this day roll it forth defiantly, with an aggressive menace that out of the demarcation creates a curse.

Mrs. Bellingham grew a little pale, and forgot to bow her head, while Jackson from over her shoulder scanned the clergy curiously. "It never came over me before that they really believed all that," he muttered, but his companion by a quick movement silenced him.

A few prayers and a short hymn were all that preceded the sermon. Old Bishop Dennison slowly mounted to the pulpit and, in that clear musical voice which seems to be a part of the Apostolic succession, began to speak. The whole congregation stirred a moment in their places, and then, for the most part, settled themselves to other things. Miss Fanshawe finished her notes for the evening paper — Mrs. Bellingham had been invaluable to her. Mrs. Pennyngton nervously planned a fresh combination of colors and a new arrangement of curtains over her whole house. She had of late been haunted by a troublesome idea which during the sermon she had hoped to develop into a plot, but the curtains and the colors took demoniacal possession of her imagination and led her away captive, repining. The poet fixed his eyes on space and entered Nirvana.

The speaker himself, delivering one sonorous, well-prepared period after another, found that, as time went on, his mind began to wander. Pictures of the night before started up between him and the manuscript; the crowds of the morning strayed in among his sentences; the roll of the city still in his ears deadened the sound of his own voice, and the apathy of the faces before him blotted out his interest in his subject. But his thoughts, running on in disjointed soliloquy, gained in clearness as his reading became more and more mechanical.

"Look at this clergy!" he commented, savagely, to himself; "wooden, wooden, wooden, sitting in judgment. There are thinkers among them, scholars, men of might, men of heart, all of them wearing that expressionless neutrality of countenance that the servants of the Church reserve for the hearing of their brethren. They are not here to sympathize, or to learn, or to receive counsel, they are come to—

but," remorsefully, "what is this interminable sermon I am preaching but wooden also? They are no more weary of it than I am myself. Fortunately, it is nearly done.—That strange, beautiful—yes, *good* woman, why is she here?—My poor young brother! How often in our paths through life do our renunciations start up, endowed afresh with agony! And yet, who dares pity him? He hears and sees to-day as from a Mount of Transfiguration: the sorrows of earth cannot touch him; his thoughts commune with better things, in other worlds than ours. Surely he is the chosen of God! Even in that dark time when he slipped and stumbled, the light of God's consecration still shone from him, the hand of God still upheld him. And how unflinchingly he has taken up his burden and carried it. Never a thought in palliation; not one cowardly impulse of concealment; no single maudlin surrender to self-reproach!—*I have lost my place!*"

He turned to his manuscript and for awhile gave it his undivided attention, unconsciously raising his voice.

"This building would ruin a throat of brass," his mind went on, perversely, "and yet why should I make such an effort to be heard, when none are listening? What a gathering! Representatively, these people are the best of the land; wealth, position, scholarship, fashion, family, beauty—all serene and tranquil, while outside of their lives, whirls that howling pandemonium of hideous misery and homelessness. They know it, they look down at it every day, as from an Olympus—Oh, my God, why hast Thou denied me one moment of strength, one burst of inspiration, to make them see it and feel it, until it enters into their souls with the keen, fresh pang of absolute novelty?"

"What empty words I pour out to them! In this horrible time should men gather together to hear intricate quibbles for the authenticity of this or the genuineness of that, and ingenious reconciliations of the irreconcilable? Will these things open the people's eyes to the crisis that confronts them?"

"Oh, my brother, my brother! Single-handed he goes up to perish against

this serried phalanx of indifference ! He will strive ; he will agonize and entreat, but because it is he, they will not heed ! They would listen to a man's very heart's blood, falling a drop at a time, and, because of his office, they would call it perfunctory !

"When will this people be gathered together again ? Not until he lies stretched in this chancel before them, and they see in death the majesty that in life they could not understand ! My God, my God, I am old and feeble ! Lift from my shoulders the intolerable burden of this lost opportunity ! Let me speak with power to this blind, deaf, heartless generation of the Comfortable ! Let me turn them to the aid of their brother !

"IN THE GREED OF RICHES, THE VANITY OF LEISURE, THE UNCHARITABLENESS OF GOODNESS, AND THE ALOOFNESS OF LEARNING ; IN THE NARROWNESS OF ECCLESIASTICISM, THE OBSTINACY OF AGE, THE INTOLERANCE OF YOUTH, AND THE BLINDNESS OF INEXPERIENCE, YOU STAND ASIDE AS IF THE FATE OF YOUR BRETHREN CONCERNED YOU NOT !"

It was as though the wind had blown through a grove of poplars. The whole congregation rustled and a thousand white faces turned all at once in a flash of intelligence toward the pulpit, for the old Bishop was speaking his hidden thought aloud !

"All the great dark world around you cries out to you for help. Men and women starve at your gates, they plead beneath your windows, and dragging themselves up your stairways, they knock with fleshless hands upon the very panels of your doors. Desolate, oppressed, trodden down, ground into the mire ; even through these mighty walls their cry rings in to you ; far up in the dim shadows of these arches broods the mist of their tears. You see it, and you close your eyes ; you hear it, and you place your hands upon your ears.

"All of you, all of you ! Saint and sinner alike, you steel your hearts to the unspeakable suffering of the world about you ; cruel beyond all cruelty recorded in the slow torture to which you leave the miserable ; hard beyond all savage hardness in the years upon

years during which you have stood, like adamant, for your own, absolutely untouched to any active issue. You talk ; you may think you act ; but, save a devoted few, you none of you act.

"Carried onward by the impetus of your own selfishness, you all roll forward, hardening your hearts. I with the rest, an old man. I, too, have lain down softly when my brother shivered in the icy air ; have eaten daintily when my brother became a very brute for hunger ; have turned the light God gave me to the pleasant illumination of my own soul, when the lamp of my brother, starving for oil, guiding falsely, made his path among the pitfalls more fatal than the darkness itself.

"And in this mad race to destruction are there none to reach out by the way ? None to cry a halt ?

"Scholars, men of learning ! How will you help our brother ? In the calm of retirement, when do you give these things a thought ? To what do you turn your efforts ? Where is your land ? The love of country, the love of man, the love of God, seem *dead* within you ! Thousands of souls are intrusted to you. Into your hands is given the formation of our future. Who among you remembers it ? The task laid upon your shoulders surpasses all other tasks. How do you perform it ?

"You train up scholars and gentlemen, but where are our statesmen ? Where are the youth that out of leisure and knowledge turn to their country as their most sacred charge ? The young men whom you send into life learn first of all that their hands should be clean ; they cannot heal the nation's sores lest they sicken at the corruption of the nation's wounds ! They cannot espouse the nation's cause lest the mud that the nation's spoilers cast up against them cling to their garments.

"Young men, strong men, come to us and help us ! You I arraign not, on you I cast no reproach. Steel your nerves, keep clean your hearts, and forget your garments. Counselling by folly and shallow ignorance, gathering to themselves every element of wrong, offering opportunity to vice, and confounding justice with spoliation, great

hordes of our fellow-creatures surge, in the blind wrath of pain, up against the bulwarks of order and honesty. Who shall turn them from a menace to a defence? Never in the whole history of the world was there such need of a man!—a man of action and of thought, a man of power and of sympathy, who could yet for this cause lay aside the rewards that thought and power bring in their train; for there are better things than calm, nobler things than knowledge. In the fierce pleasure of the strife for right, in the absolute self-forgetfulness of the struggle against wrong, in profound study of the problems that confront us, and in unceasing consideration of the welfare of others, that man would gain surpassing wisdom, knowledge deep as beneficial, and the calm of the strong in Spirit who wait on God.

“But you, oh, you whose unjust gains lengthen out slavery to the free; you who are strong in the power of wealth, fixed firm in your places; you who with stony eyes ride forward to destruction, dragging us all captive, the statesman in your company, the scholar in your train, the patriot beneath your wheels—to you I turn with warning and with threat. *How will you help our brother?* You set us this pace! At the doors of your conscience lie the blackest atrocities of this atrocious age; the grinding of the poor, the multiplication of useless exactions, the ostentations of meaningless expenditure, the building up of colossal abuses, the oblivion to human suffering, the deafness to human cries! All of you in comfort, all of you in power, and a howl of desperation, a shriek of despair filling the very portals of your ears! The victims of your rapacity go about the streets daily in grinding toil or slowly cankering inaction. Holding the fate of men in your hands, you deal out starvation or slavery as your grasping interests dictate; in your colossal self-seeking you would drag a universe to destruction! And you will not be warned. When my brother calls you will stand aside, a priesthood of Mammon, you and your women and your children, until the fire of the Lord ascends from the riven earth to destroy you!

“And you, also, oh women who sit at ease! Our hope and our destruction, what can I say to move you? Will you nurse the sick in emulation, visit the poor in ostentation, and in the name of charity make heartless pilgrimages to look on the suffering and degradation of earth’s prostrate children? Will you attain learning and throw away wisdom? Strive for material equality where God has given you spiritual precedence; and make of yourselves slaves to convention, where in simplicity you might rule?

“Woe unto you! Steeped in useless luxury, scattering temptation, covetousness, and infamy from your very garments, setting up a standard for the tiring of your bodies higher than the ideal you strive for in the adornment of your souls, while the evil you have wrought in the hearts of your sisters cries unto heaven!

“You hold us all in your hands. For your sakes we heap up riches; for your sakes we strive for fame; for your sakes we forget our country, our duties, and our God! The children are yours; the men are yours: all, all of us are as you make us, great or small, and you turn to the mirror of your own self-consciousness and—forget us!

“Oh you, at once the most spiritual and most material of God’s created beings, how you could raise up the whole wide world! How you do debase!”

The old man’s voice faltered; he stopped a moment and looked as if bewildered; tears were running down his face; he dashed them aside, his gaze fixed on all the assembled crowd of white-robed clergy in the nave. Stretching his hands out over them half in supplication, half in blessing:

“Brethren,” he said, “peace be unto you! When I look down upon all this concourse the walls of the church seem to fall away; I see wide plains and fertile valleys and far hilly countries with hundreds of villages nestling among the trees. The spires of the churches gleam softly, the smoke from quiet homes rises gently, and the still glory of the autumn lies over it all like a benediction from God.

“Even when my eyes turn to crowded

towns, thundering city streets, atmospheres dimmed with dust and choked with murk, in your hearts I see peace, in your homes quiet and love. For with you there need be no ignoble strife for favor, or struggle for success. And yet, set aside from the spur of ordinary human emulation, how many of you forget to strive? Hemmed in by unsympathetic souls, held down by uncomprehending minds, how many of you still ungrudgingly give your best, and try in humility to make high things clear for those whose limitations hold them low?

"There are old men in your midst, men who through long authority rule by instinct: how will they help our brother?"

"Oh, friends, dear and valued companions of a life-long work, look to your hardened wills!"

"If time has narrowed the range of your judgment, and bitter experience taught you distrust, pray that God will grant you clearer insight and fill you with a broader courage; for in the shell that routine has formed about you, you cannot help us! Set not your faces over against the young world; remember your own errors and be merciful, remember your own successes and have faith.

"But the old are few, while the young are many.

"Oh, hot young blood! vowed to lives of self-restraint; rash young hearts! pledged to obscurity; what have you undertaken? To you will our brother turn for sympathy, from you must come his chief support. How will you give it? In contention or in peace? In grudging misconception or in generous alliance? Strong in your early manhood, strong in your numbers, strong in your unity, will you array yourselves against him and, with the sullen instinct of opposition, leave him as you have so often left God's servants, to work out his task alone?"

"Young men, young men! how little you know of the loneliness of authority, the impotence of power. How often, in the mere pride of rebellion, have you left us helpless when we turned to you for aid! How many times refused us when the fire of your enthusiasm would

breathe new life into the plans our wisdom leaves coldly inadequate! Oh, intolerant youth! narrow, unyielding, and blind. Merciless in judgment, pitiless to condemn, you know not how you wound. I, an old man, grown gray in authority, stand here pleading for you against yourselves—pleading for my brother's work, for the love you could give him, the fealty you could pledge him; for the strong arms with which you might uphold him and the stout hearts with which you could defend!

"But nay; why should I plead?"

"In the name of God I command you! Stand firm by your leader. These are no times for dissensions in the household of our Master, and when my brother in his greater wisdom cannot yield, then, *yield you!*"

The old Bishop thundered out the last sentence, the echoes of his voice died away, and the church was silent. He paused a moment; then, resting his elbow on the cushion in front of him, he leaned forward.

"Brother beloved!" he said, softly, "what shall I say to you?"

As if moved by some inward impulse the young Bishop rose to his full height; there was a flutter over all the church, and people began to rise in the galleries; but as the old man's voice proceeded they seated themselves, loath to miss a word.

"Brother beloved!"—there was infinite pity and sweetness in the tone—"the way is hard! Out of fifty years of service and of toil I cry to you. Many a day will pass wherein you shall see no answer to your effort, no reward for your pain; you will pour out love without return, life itself without recognition. Brother, are you ready for this?"

"Are you ready to be patient under misunderstanding, silent under detraction; self-restrained when justly incensed, yielding when thwarted, generous when wronged? Can you be wise in dilemma, calm in confusion and a rock in time of storm?"

"Brother, when God calls you to the rescue of his down-trodden children, are you ready to smite without mercy, to cry out without fear, to denounce without flinching, to expose without ruth? Will you fall like a lion on the enemies

of justice, scatter them, scatter them like chaff before the wind? God's man of war! Strong in battle, undismayed when vanquished, mightiest in defeat!

"Brother, brother! Our hope, our watchword. *God's Future!* We who have striven and failed turn to you for strength! *Fail us not! Fail us not!*"

The old man's voice sank to a whisper, and in all the great church there was utter silence. Then he lifted his hands, white, thin, shaking, and, with a rustle like the oncoming of a tempest, the people rose while he tremulously said the invocation.

After the last word he stood for a moment, looking dazed and troubled. Winstead, starting up from his seat, hastily crossed the chancel and offered his arm as a support down the narrow pulpit stairs. Disregarding it, the old man put his hand on the priest's shoulder. "God will bless you, Winstead," he murmured, "for if you had not conquered the black revenge in your heart you would not be here!"

Winstead opened his mouth and turned his head with a startled gesture of denial, but the loving pressure of the hand on his shoulder silenced him, and the next instant the Bishop had left him and was walking unsteadily to his place. For a moment after seating himself the old man felt vainly about with the gesture of one who misses something that he cannot recall; it was the forgotten manuscript of his sermon.

Speaking from the episcopal chair, the Presiding Bishop began the Order of Consecration. There was a new stir among the people as the three men at the head of the aisle rose and came forward to the steps of the chancel. The young Bishop was very pale, but absolutely calm and untroubled. Winstead, at the foot of the column, in profound abstraction was again shifting his papers. Those in his left hand he had laid upon his knee; those in his right he was rolling in a tight package as if he intended to put them aside; for one moment the steadfast gaze of the Bishop-elect met and caught the flickering obstinacy of his. A dark red flush mounted to Winstead's forehead; his

eyes turned to the ground as if he dared not look lest his resolution falter.

The young Bishop drew in a long breath, and unconsciously squared his shoulders.

"The Secretary does mean mischief!" said Jackson, leaning forward to his cousin again and speaking with a quiver of excitement in his voice.

Mrs. Bellingham's hands were clasped in her lap, her breath was coming shortly in little dry gasps, almost audible.

"The other knows it is coming and is not afraid," whispered Jackson. "Look at him! By George, he's magnificent!"

"Oh," breathed Mrs. Bellingham, helplessly, "this is miserable!"

The voice of the Presiding Bishop ceased. A long pause followed. In the gallery over the chancel Mrs. Bellingham rose slowly to her feet. So many people were already standing in the aisles near at hand that her motion was scarcely conspicuous, yet Jackson whispered to her angrily to sit down.

"Stand up behind me," she returned, "I may need you."

"Good God!" breathed the scandalized Jackson, and his knees smote together, "I do believe she means to interfere!"

In the chancel all eyes were turned on Winstead, who sat immovable, still looking at the ground. Under cover of an ample sleeve the man next him twitched his gown. "What are you waiting for?" he whispered, impatiently. Winstead turned on him with uncomprehending eyes, and then, finding himself the focus of universal observation, rose hurriedly. The papers in his lap scattered far and wide; but he did not even see them. With the step and manner of a man aroused from the most intense preoccupation he moved to the front of the chancel railing. Unwinding the papers he held in his hand—

"*In behalf of the Diocese of Macedonia—*" he began, in a loud, clear voice, and then stopped short.

Mrs. Bellingham leaned suddenly forward and bent far over the edge of the gallery, her hands resting on the balustrade. The face of the young Bish-

op remained unchanged. Miss Fanshawe opposite, standing on the seat in order to see, made a note for the evening paper on the indecorous behavior of fashionable people in church.

"He meant to read the other papers," whispered Jackson, excitedly. "He has got hold of the right ones in spite of himself!"

In another instant it was all over; regaining his self-control as quickly as he had lost it, Winstead read to the end the formal credentials from the diocese and returned to his seat.

"I don't wonder at your bungling things," said the clergyman next him, handing him the papers he had just finished gathering from the floor. "A man who brings the greater part of his private correspondence into church deserves to make a mess of it."

Winstead took the papers from him. "We are but instruments in the hands of God," he said, softly.

"It seems to me you've all lost your wits," said the other. "What has come over the new Bishop?" But Winstead neither looked nor made answer; covering his face with his hands he leaned his elbow on his knee and prayed, while the young Bishop, with bowed head and trembling lips, burdened with an unutterable weight of humiliation, took upon himself the vows of his office.

"To withstand and convince gainsayers"—"to drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines"—"to deny all ungodliness and worldly lusts"—"to show, in all things, an example of good works unto others, that the adversary may be ashamed"—"to maintain quietness, love, and peace."

"A simple little contract," whispered Jackson to Mrs. Bellingham, "and easy to carry out." But Mrs. Bellingham, conscious only of an overwhelming sense of relief, had fallen back in her seat with closed eyes; she did not heed, did not even hear.

With quaint antiphony the stately

old bishops gathered about the man kneeling in their midst, praying and solemnly laying their hands upon his head.

"In ten minutes it will all be over," whispered Jackson, flippantly.

Mrs. Bellingham opened her eyes, drew a short, sudden breath, and for an instant caught her lower lip sharply in her teeth; then she sank slowly to her knees, her hands clasped in front of her, her thoughts afar. Jackson wondered what she was thinking of.

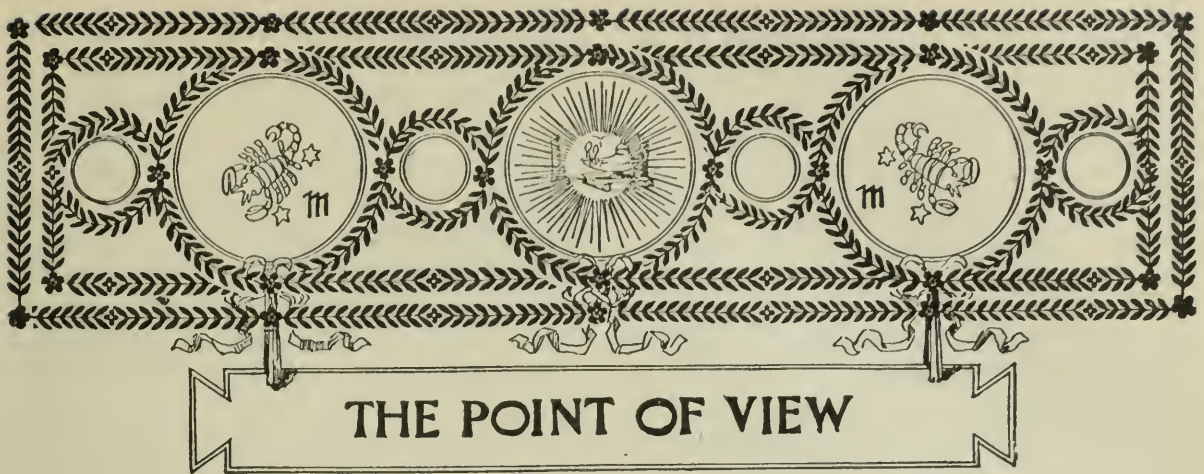
But she was not thinking. She was saying: "Good-by! ah, good-by!"

Hitherto, from him, she had been shut out; henceforth, for him, she should not exist.

"Good-by! ah, good-by!" She claimed nothing; in her inmost soul there was not so much as the echo of his name, only—"Good-by! ah, good-by!"

"Come," said Jackson, as the choir began a triumphant recessional hymn. "Come; let us get out before the crowd."

Mrs. Bellingham rose. Already the service had reached far into the afternoon. Streaming through the western windows, lighting up long beams of motes all the way down the nave, the sunlight fell in streaks of dim, rich color. All the clergy were on their feet, and the procession of bishops was moving out between them. Prelate and priest, all singing, they advanced toward the great entrance of the cathedral, while the heavy throbs of the organ beat on the air; the procession passed under the choir-loft and a darker shade fell on the towering fair head of the young Bishop walking in front of the rest; then the wide doors opened and a great wash of white light faded the darkly brilliant interior. The Bishop's tall form stood out a moment, black, against the glare, a line of sunshine gilding the edge of his satin robe and coloring his full white sleeve with blue—a step downward—he was gone!



It seems odd that almost only in the sphere of literature—which Carlyle defined as the “Thought of Thinking Souls”—should the capacity for doing something involve the obligation to do it. Many persons are conscious of powers which they do not in the least think it incumbent upon them to illustrate. A man who can dance well, for example, does not seek opportunities for displaying his accomplishment; neither does a person with a gift for languages think it necessary to engage in lexicography, nor a good horseman to exhibit his skill in equestrianism. Instances might be multiplied indefinitely—up to the point where literature is reached. There, a different feeling is universal. As soon as the question is whether or no to write if you can write, everyone’s attention appears conscientiously concentrated upon the enormity of burying one’s talent in a napkin. “You could do this or that and do it so well,” say one’s friends, “why do you not show people that you can? You know perfectly well that what you were telling me the other day would make an excellent short story, that the thought, the epigram, the situation you only yesterday communicated to us might easily be ‘worked up’ into something ‘worth printing’—why do you not do it?” The obligation is taken for granted. Undoubtedly a large number of potential authors are only restrained from committing authorship by the thought that what they could so easily write would wound some sensibilities connected with the material they would otherwise be delighted to manipulate; and we owe the blessing that we have no more books than we have to the sense of delicacy and self-control on the part of persons who if grosser-

minded would unquestionably add to the present stock.

And yet it can hardly be disputed that there is almost no other department of intellectual effort to which purely voluntary contributions are less necessary or valuable. Instead of regretting that someone whom we know to be possessed of an unusual literary gift does not exercise it, it seems to me that we should call the watch together and be thankful that we are rid of what at best in nine cases out of ten could only illustrate our friend’s capacity, without doing very much good to the accumulated “Thought of Thinking Souls.” There have been a great many books written upon a great many subjects since the Preacher complained that there was no end of the making of them, and the multiplication of them considered as an end in itself—that is, the production of more books as books—is surely an absurdity.

The true makers of literature have never felt this obligation of making books because they could. They have never had this ideal. “We are not martyrs nor apostles, my dear Barnet,” says Thackeray, “but poor tradesmen working for bread.” That is the true feeling, I think. One trade may be better than another, but at least let it be a trade. Let the amateur, however splendidly gifted, keep out of it and not fancy it in any need of his participation. Let not a man who can do a particularly good piece of literary work fancy there is any need at all for him to do it. It will certainly enough be done without the need of effort on his part to conquer his indolence. He may be “mute” and “inglorious,” but literature has received more harm than good, incontestably, from

persons who mistrusted themselves Miltons in embryo. Moreover, it is to be pointed out that the inducement of potential writers to formulate in writing the thoughts stirring within them and demanding utterance is their own advantage and not that of literature. The illustration of their capacity is not commended to them on the ground of the resultant good to any but themselves. And this circumstance makes it pertinent to cite in their interest the recent remark of a sensible French writer: *C'est sur les esprits faibles et les caractères paresseux que la manie d'écrire sevit particulièrement.* "It is feeble minds and indolent characters that the mania of writing particularly attacks."

I SEE that Mr. Zangwill regrets that Tennyson "should have throughout his life pandered to the popular conception of a poet," and says "there was something of a robust quality in Browning, who managed to be a seer and a mystic in despite of afternoon teas." There is certainly justice in the second part of this remark, and the "robuster quality" in Browning is not limited to his conduct of life; but as to the regret about Tennyson Mr. Zangwill will probably be put on his defence.

A year or two ago a writer in the *Point of View* took the ground (under the title "A Poet and not Ashamed") that precisely what Mr. Zangwill means to condemn was one of Tennyson's strengths; and to my mind he made an excellent case. Tennyson, "having demonstrated that he was a poet . . . took his work seriously, and himself seriously as the man to whom it was appointed to do the work. . . . That a poet should be picturesque and poetical seemed no more a thing to smile at than kingliness in a king. . . . He did not pose, but simply behaved as he felt."

I thought then, and still think on reading them over, that this whole matter of the self-consciousness of men of genius and its exhibition was very well dealt with in these sentences. (They have been included since in Mr. Edward S. Martin's "Windfalls of Observation," like many other good sayings first contributed by him anonymously to these columns.) Has a man proved beyond question that what we call "genius" is his?

Does he believe in his work with absolute seriousness? Is he acting as he feels? If these three questions can be answered in the affirmative, and our genius wants to do nothing to the obvious hurt of society at large, let us stop cavilling; and in whose case are they more likely to be truly so answered than in Tennyson's? Yet it is curious to see how many men his manner of taking himself had power to irritate, and how many insist on calling it by a wrong name.

The irritating quality is not insincerity, but absence of a sense of humor—than which nothing is harder for a true modern to forgive. No one disputes that the highest of them all have nearly always had that sense in plenty — from Shakespeare and Rabelais and Cervantes to Thackeray and Mr. Zangwill's own citation, Browning; but "regret" as you will, gentlemen, you cannot always have a sense of humor furnished with your geniuses; and *sine qua non* as we have come to think it at a time when the world seems too complicated and too generally cynical to face without it, it is no doubt just as well that some of them should not have it, after all. It is just possible that an occasional man who couples with great powers a seriousness of ideal that touches the solemn, and who has a way of seeing the fitness of things his way and not ours, may be a useful corrective even now. "Prig," a well-known English man of letters is said to have declared, "is a name Philistines call each other." If we are getting a little too much into the habit of applying the name or the idea to every man who takes himself and his functions seriously, let us keep it among the Philistines of that ilk—there are plenty of them—and there stop. If we can get our geniuses with a sense of humor, too, no doubt they will not wear unconventional costumes, or indulge in what we consider poses; but if we cannot have them so let us be thankful for one occasionally with these drawbacks.

IN the landscape of the current October two comparatively new features are prominent. Neither are brand new. One has been growing more and more familiar for a whole decade until now it is everywhere.

That is the all-conquering bicycle, which goes persistently on its gainful course, holding its adherents, and daily gaining new victims.

The bicycle's advance has been so gradual, so noiseless, and so easy that it is doubtful if American society appreciates what it is about or what are its possibilities. Starting as a toy, and continuing on a democratic basis as a means of transportation for the comparatively poor, it has worked its way steadily on and up. Sportsmen have scoffed at it; horsemen have flouted it; high dignitaries of the church have denounced it to their women adherents; solid citizens have held it to be a nuisance on the highway; timid people have deprecated its presence on the sidewalk, but it has rolled along practically unhindered, increasing in numbers, growing in popularity, until now it threatens to dispute with the horse for the patronage of fashion. It is time to take the bicycle seriously, as a thing, like the cotton-gin, the steam-engine, the telegraph, and the sewing-machine, that is to have an effect upon society.

As an annihilator of space it is the able coadjutor of the railroad. It deals with details, covering the distances which are too far to walk, and the ground which the steam-engine sweeps one past before he knows it. The ground one goes over on a bicycle he does know, hence it promises to bring back to human acquaintance the numberless nooks and corners of the civilized earth that the locomotive rushes by, and which have sunk out of ken since steam travel became universal. It is still a toy in some hands, but it is also a great vehicle, giving every performer (where the roads are good) an available door-yard at least ten miles square, and making fresh air and exercise more easily obtainable. At the same time it amuses the rider, and everybody knows how important it is that with one's air and exercise a share of amusement should be thrown in.

But the most startling tendency of the bicycle is its effect upon women. As sure as taxes, or the destruction of the peach crop, or anything that is inevitable, it is about to emancipate that suffering creation from the dominion of skirts. No woman of sense will ever discard skirts altogether. They are far too seemly and becoming for that. But woman has marked the bicycle

for her own, and no woman can ride on a bicycle without discovering that skirts have their place and their uses, and that there are times and situations where they are in the way. The habit of sea-bathing has done much to break down the tyranny of women's clothes. Bicycles will do the rest. Already the divided skirt is used by women on horseback without exciting the beholder's dismay, but that is not a fashion that gives assurance of extensive growth. But that the woman who rides bicycles will wear knickerbockers is a bit of concluded destiny; that once having found them acceptable for one form of exercise she may find them convenient for divers others is very possible, and yet not appalling, since knickerbockers do not look ill. That she will dance in them, or dine in them, is not likely enough to give anyone valid grounds for anxiety, but once she has learned how, she will wear them without compunction on fit occasions where skirts too much restrain, as when she plays golf.

For the other new feature of the October landscape is golf. Golf has been threatening to cross the seas these last five years. It came unobtrusively, and this year has fairly taken root and spread itself. All the country clubs have it. Veteran tennis-players have cast aside their bats and taken up with "drivers" and "putting-irons," and, more extraordinary still, horsemen of mature convictions are found tramping around golf-links day after day and spending the solid evening hours bragging of the strokes they made, and raising futile lamentations over scores spoiled by wanton misses. One does not fully realize the fascination of golf until he has heard it talked by confirmed horsemen in times when they might be talking horse. It commends itself as a serious sport, fit to engage the well-preserved but not too boisterous energies of the middle-aged, suitable for stout men to apply to the correction of obese tendencies, and yet not too violent for the spare frames of the thin. It is neither dangerous nor costly, and yet the philosophical mind finds satisfaction in it, while the sportsman admits that it possesses the indispensable qualities of a true game. There can be little doubt that it will possess all America as tennis has. It has the best literature of any known game, which is due possibly to its Scotch

origin, and the instruments with which it is cultivated are of so fascinating an aspect that the palm instinctively itches to clutch them and see how they work. Once seen, golf cannot be forgotten; once experienced, it will not be neglected. It has fairly got us now, and it may be trusted to keep us.

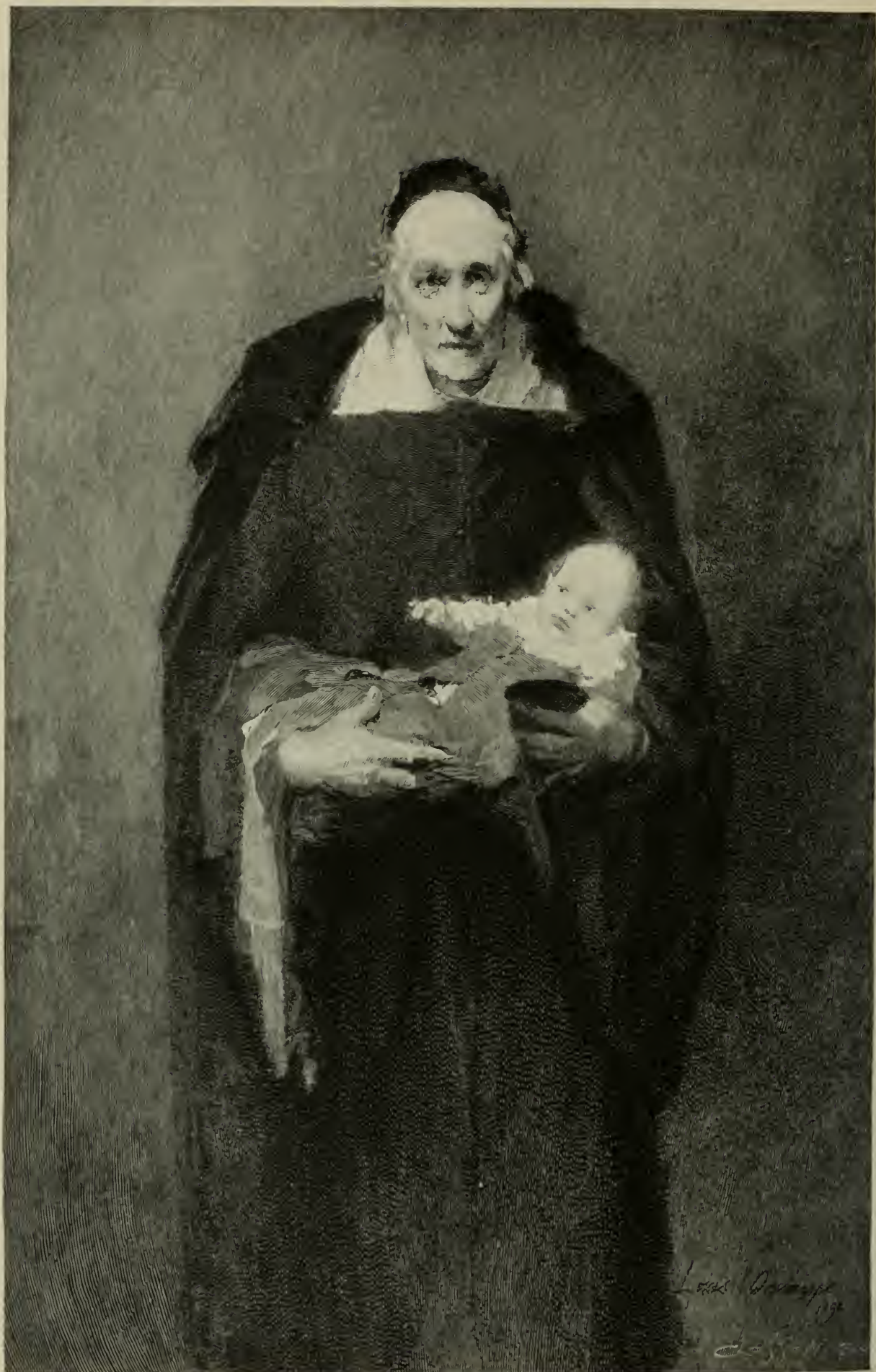
WHEN the Scientist remarked at the club table the other evening, with a merry smile, that "the only way to be sure you know your intended wife is to marry her great-grandmother" we recognized in his epigram the sparkle of crystallized study in the field—closed to most of us—of philosophic theory and observation. Had he cared to do so, he could have cited pages of Spencer and Taine, and of profounder thinkers, to show that your wife's temper and looks and availability or otherwise for domestic partnership are due much more to her ancestry than to any causes that you can yourself perceive or analyze. If you had asked him how, as a matter of practical prudence, you are to ascertain the remote and obscure elements that determine a matter of such peculiar interest, he would probably have repeated to you in some other form the suggestion as to the clearly impossible great-grandmother.

It is obvious that these "thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls," if they do not "shake our disposition," do occupy many of us to an extent that would have amazed and shocked our predecessors of two or three generations gone. Heredity and the freaks of heredity defray the expense of

chance conversation in circles where the grave study of the elusive and complex facts from which the principle is induced is neither habitual nor quite practicable. Even M. Taine might have been a little startled had there fallen under his eye the gibe I saw ascribed recently to a French woman of literary note, at the expense of a fluent rival: *Affaire d'atarisme, ma chère; son grand-père était barbier*. The generalizations, vaguely enough comprehended, of the evolutionists, must be having an influence that cannot easily be estimated.

For one thing it is pretty clear that they are not strengthening the sense of personal responsibility, but are producing in many minds a dreamy fatalism—optimistic or the reverse as temperament and digestion may determine—which can hardly fail to affect conduct. If this be not an unmixed good—what a delightful surprise if it were!—it can be accepted with resignation by those who believe that the mischief of it will be tried out in the slow furnace of experience. If the principles which we amuse ourselves with turning and twisting under the electric lights at the club table shall prove to be all that their discoverers think—as far-reaching and imperious as they imagine—duty and virtue and my accountability for myself will not be abolished. I shall find in practice, however much my *aïeux* may have influenced my tendencies or inclinations, that I shall largely suffer the consequences of my own acts. If I learn that tough lesson soon enough, the long backward receding line will not wholly prevent me from deciding what those acts shall be.





LOUIS DESCHAMPS' "CHARITY."

ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON.

[Selections by Philip Gilbert Hamerton from Types of Contemporary Painting. See p. 562.]

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ELECTION NIGHT IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE

By Julian Ralph



MR. BENNETT showed his knowledge of the public curiosity when he put up a newspaper building so largely of glass as to reveal to the people in the streets the movements, and something of the methods, of the workmen who produce his daily journal. The crowds which gather at the windows betray the same interest in the subject that is shown wherever a reporter appears to do his work. To us who are engaged in the business, reporters seem all too numerous, and yet no sooner does one produce his book and pencil in a public hall or place than a whisper leaps from the mouths of the people, there is a visible stir to bring the man or woman into general view, and interest in the business in hand is thereafter divided with the newspaper-historian. In some measure the newspaper directors have always made themselves responsible for that degree of mystery which clings to the business and keeps a keen edge upon the popular curiosity regarding it. There are still newspaper editors who try to pose as petty czars before their subordinates, declining counsel and refusing explanation as a general in command would scarcely do in the heat of battle. There are newspaper establishments in which the editors' rooms are as difficult of access, even to the other workmen in the building, as an inventor's closet, or the dressing-room of an actress; and there is not—and never can be—any newspaper office that is as

open to the public as a store, or even as a bank. I once heard the editor-in-chief of a New York newspaper speak of "that mystery which the public always associates with the editorial sanctum." The utterance was priggish, but it sprang from a fact which has at its root the essence of journalism; for, if everyone knew what was to be published in a newspaper, who wrote each article, and who furnished the facts, the business could not be carried on. What is meat to the mass of readers may be poison to the persons concerned, and, even as it is, there is a constant battle between those who are gathering the news and those who would like to keep it out of print.

Thus it is that, in maintaining some degree of mystery about the work, a great deal more comes to be fancied to exist, and the work of journalism remains greatly interesting to all—happily to those who live under its exciting influence as well as to those who get only occasional glimpses of its processes.

But there is one night in every year, in every great newspaper office, when work is done that is the least understood of all that goes on in the making of a daily paper; one night when the highest state of fever attends the excitement and strain of the most intense work that falls to the lot of any men, except soldiers in war. That is election night. That is the night when a few men sit down at six o'clock before virgin sheets of paper, with the knowledge that before two o'clock the next morning they must cover those sheets with the elec-

tion returns of a nation, digesting mountains of figures and apprising the public of the results in the most condensed forms, weeks in advance of the official announcements, as sparks might be counted while they fly from the shapeless iron on a blacksmith's anvil. And these calculations must stand the test of comparison with those which the rival newspapers, working without collaboration, as eager competitors, will publish at the same moment. The mass of other news brings less responsibility and concern to the deskmen in such an office. It is guaranteed by great news associations, it is sent in by trusted correspondents from all over, everywhere. Each item or story is complete in itself. It needs only to be

winnowed—the least interesting to be discarded, and the rest to be cut like cloth to fit the space at hand, and polished to suit the standards of the journal.

But the election figures come in dribbets and atoms, and must be put together as the Florentines make their mosaics. Some of it, we shall see, is plucked from the very air—as a magician seems to collect coins in a borrowed hat—begotten of reasoning, but put down beside the genuine returns with equal confidence and almost equal accuracy. Ah! but that is a work to try cool heads and strong nerves. I am quite certain no other men in the world include such a night of tension and excitement, periodically, as a fixed part of a workaday existence. No other men, regularly once a year, feel themselves so truly in the focus of an intense public interest, manifesting itself in so many ways. If we could really put windows into our methods, as one of us has put them into his building, that, of all times and phases, would be the one whose illumination would cause the most surprise to the public.

The returns of every State are gathered by the leading newspapers in that State, and as there is a system of exchange between the newspapers, the chief care of each is to get the figures of its own State. In New York City, then, the Empire State is the subject of most concern. It is an extraordinary State at all times, but never is it more so than when it is considered as a factor in a national election. It is not only one of the



The Washington Correspondent.



Managing Editor, on Election Night.

party battle-grounds—a pivotal, uncertain quantity—but it is full of big cities, rolling up enormous masses of votes; and at the same time it contains wilderness-districts, groups of counties covered by mountains and forests, where the railroads and telegraph circuits are few, and whence news leaks almost as slowly as from Montana or Idaho. To

canvass it, to make ready to seize its returns on the instant, as if a giant hand were to be put out to cover every hill and valley, is the task of the managing editors—a task at once delicate and gigantic. Each managing editor has his own method, developed out of the traditions and resources of each establishment, and tested and strengthened year



The Correspondent of an English Paper.

after year. The newspaper that is so economical as to rely on any press association, or even upon its regular correspondents, is not one that is valued for its election news. The journal that is so partisan as to arrange only for Republican or Democratic sources of information may be fortunate or may be wholly deceiving to its readers—as chance decrees. But the journals which are managed with pride in their correctness, in the getting and giving of the news regardless of even their own political leaning, such truly valuable journals take no chances, throw economy to the dogs, and yield to no bias in arranging to turn the flood-gates of election news into their work-

rooms on election night. A net is thrown over each county. The local political managers, the leading candidates, the correspondents in the country newspaper offices—all are ordered or requested to file the result of the voting as soon as they are known. Finally, personal friends of the editors and of the political writers are appealed to to “wire” the news as soon as it is determined, and special correspondents are detailed to wait upon the political chieftains and bosses, who are certain to be at their homes on that one night of the year, to send on the news that reaches them from their political agents. There are sixty counties in the State, and some are “covered” six or eight times in this way. Only fancy the number of telegrams that result from these arrangements, all superimposed upon the bales of despatches from the news associations! But the reader cannot conceive it. They rain in upon the workers like autumn leaves in a gale-swept for-

est. They cover the desks and the floor, and are piled in masses on the file-hooks before the night is over.

The services of the rival news associations and of special reporters are engaged to hasten the gathering of the returns from New York City and the suburbs, in Staten Island, Long Island, New Jersey, and Westchester County, where the population is dense and where the election methods have always been more loose and dishonest than in the metropolis. Thus the State and parts of other States around it are picketed with nervous, active, earnest men, and thus the tension in the offices of the big dailies makes itself felt all over the State—and, by the same pro-

cess, all over the Union. This same comprehensive surveillance operates strongly in producing and insuring a fair count. Time was—and not very long ago—when what are called the “back counties” were not under any such influence, and their returns were figured dilatorily, calmly, at ease—and

which he used to be concerned, in a city not far from the capital of the State. The “bosses” who controlled the city used to have the returns read to them before the public had access to them. The “bosses” held back the additions in the heavily peopled wards where the voters of their party were



The City Editor.

often very dishonestly. Later far than Horace Greeley's time, when he demanded the best figures that were obtainable for his journal, there was far more tampering with the vote than even the most unprincipled scoundrels dare to attempt in these days. Only the other evening a politician told me something of this nefarious business, in

most numerous. The returns they studied were therefore those of their antagonists. If these showed only a normal vote they took no action, but if, as often happened, the ring rule had angered and stirred their opponents to poll a very heavy vote of protest, the bosses studied the vote, calculated its effect, and issued secret orders to their



"The racing reporter came in, drawing off his red gloves."

stuffing" were reported to the newspapers from two places in New York State during the gathering of the revolutionary vote of November, 1893, but there were no returns held back to be doctored, and more than one "boss" went down.

Now, to come back to one of the newspaper offices; to the one with which I am familiar and in which I have helped at this work year and year again—with such an annual dread of election night as to make it seem a state of millennium which those enjoy who merely read the papers after they are published. Imagine a great school-room in which there is no teacher's platform, with fifty or sixty desks facing all the cardinal points of the compass, so that each will get the nightlight and the daylight as best it can. Around the walls are the desks of the executive edi-

henchmen to "add a couple of hundred votes in the first ward," to "swell the vote in the third ward by five hundred," and so on until, when they were ready to let the public have the returns, they were so doctored that the ring was seen to be still in power and the popular protest of no avail. To-day that cannot be done. In every district, at every head-quarters, there is a company of reporters—inpatient, resourceful, possessed of but a single aim, and confident in their knowledge of their rights as well as of their power—demanding the returns from this ward, from that one, from such a village—for *The Sun*, *The Times*, or *The Herald*, or *The Tribune*. "Colonizing" and "ballot-box

tors and of the copy-readers—the city desks, the suburban desk, the telegraph desks, the Washington and Albany desk, that of the night or "make-up" editor, and that of the managing editor. Within the hollow square fancy more than two score reporters' desks, many of them pre-empted now for the election work, and these blanketed with great sheets of yellow blotting-paper, with fresh pads of writing-paper, with new pen-holders and pens *ad libitum*, with bristling rows of file-wires. The office is quiet and restful. The copy-readers are at their accustomed work of receiving and preparing the general regular news. Of those who are to get up the election

returns only two or three are busy early in the evening. They are those who are to receive the New York City returns, which begin to arrive by six o'clock.

The men who are to prepare the State table, by counties, the congress table, and the legislative table of senators and assemblymen elected, are lolling in their chairs. Among them are men who are trained to the work and have been so trained because they have judgment, coolness, and the ability to work like lightning and with accuracy. The political correspondent, head-quartered at Albany, has come to town with a complete general knowledge of the rivalries and conditions in each county. He has made up the legislative table in advance, prophesying the result of the election in each district as his judgment prompts him. He will be proud if he does not have to alter it in many places, but if there is an unexpected "tidal wave"—as our political revolutions are called—he will undo three-quarters of his work with an occasional grin that develops into a merry countenance as the night wears on—for your true journalist, who sees behind all doors and discovers the same chicanery and self-interest in all politicians, is very seldom a partisan. One man whom I know, and who knows us all, calls us all Bashi-Bazouks in politics, and in more or less other relations to life and citizenship. Beside the "Albany man" sits the Washington correspondent—a nabob in the estimation of the staff, which grades the editor first, the managing editor second, the city editor third, the Washington correspondent fourth, and the London correspondent nebulously, with awe, as the pagans consider one of their gods that operate and yet are never seen. This Washington correspondent brings an unfamiliar, enviable atmosphere with him. Well-salaried, in command of a "bureau" and a staff of his own, he supports not only an elegance of attire, but an ease and a pride of bearing that are eloquent of a calmer atmosphere than the boiler-room energy of the home office. He has been heard of as smoking on the back porch of the White House with a President, and it is noticed that the edi-

torial writers not only come out of the inner sanctum to gossip with him, but that they listen keenly and keep saying "Oho!" "Ah, indeed!" and "If that leaks out there'll be a stir." Possibly the chief of the special correspondents will be in this line of idle men—a diplomatic, easy-going man, who is a puzzle to the others because he eschews the executive desks that bring the modern high salaries to men as successful as he, because he has just come from South Carolina, and is going to New Orleans as soon as these figures are gathered—a man who is perfectly at home in Paris, San Francisco, Quebec, and St. Augustine, and who has been heard to wish that he could make the acquaintance of his wife and children, since he has, he says, every reason to believe they are very nice people. There is more than one such "special," and if another of them is in town, it may be that one who detests cities and civilization, who plunges into both wherever there is a war or an earthquake or a promise of rough adventure, only to return again to a little box he has built in a remote wilderness of mountains and woods, where he hibernates with wife and children, rod and gun, until the next call to danger.

But in the meantime the night grows. The managing editor has become the centre of the earliest excitement—if I may use a word that does not apply to any moment in newspaper life. Strain, tension, rush, busy-ness—these are all better terms, especially if taken together. The managing editor is the man who in reality "runs" a daily paper. He has charge of seven-eighths of an eight-page journal—of all but the editorial page, and the forming and conduct of the journal's policy—a mysterious essence about which there is much nonsense and little that is productive of pecuniary profit in these days when the age demands that editors shall meet their readers with the same common-sense which the public now enjoys in quite as high a degree as themselves. An office-boy sits in the window behind the managing editor, and a stenographer has drawn a chair up beside that official's right elbow. The boxes that are shot out of a pneu-

matic tube leading from the head-quarters of the principal telegraph company keep falling with a chug-chug, like the discharges of a musket—a startling, explosive noise that is to become incessant during the whole night. A bright office-boy—a sort of captain among these messengers—manipulates the tube. He opens the messages, and by means of a squad of other boys distributes them among the copy-readers and the men at work on the local returns. But all the news of the State, and of all the other States, he sends to the managing editor. That man is managing editor because he is calm and knowing and philosophical, because he is experienced, and because he understands how to manage men and a great newspaper without friction. How he does his work is marvellous. If the night editor tells him the printers are “getting drowned in copy,” and that he cannot “get all the stuff in the paper,” the managing editor simply clears his throat to get the general attention, remarks “Keep the stuff down, boys; too much is going up,” and then returns to his work in hand, well aware that not another word need be said.

In a moment of great pressure it may happen that an idle reporter tells a story that brings a knot of other idle men around him and evokes suppressed laughter. “Ahem!” says the managing editor, “too much noise here.” After that everyone hears the clock tick.

He is now the one who is drowned in “stuff.” Scattered through the election despatches are requests for private news of the election from editors, candidates, governors of States, members of the cabinet at Washington, from schoolboy friends up in the country, from great Wall Street operators and railroad magnates, from party “bosses” in several States, from all over and from all sorts of persons. “Can you say if I am elected?” “Give me the earliest tip you can on your State and city.” “What do you hear from Ohio?” “We don’t hear a sound from Virginia—what have you got?” These show the drift of hundreds of despatches. The managing editor reads the returns and hands them to the boy at his beck to distribute among the men at the desks.

The private despatches he answers over his elbow to the stenographer.

Someone tells him that the crowd is forming in front of the office. It is known as *the crowd* because it is always there on election night. It begins with a lot of little knots of men—one in front of *The Press*, another in front of *The Times*, the other in front of the buildings of *The Sun*, *The World*, *The Tribune*, and the rest. As these knots swell they join one another and blockade Park Row, and lap over into the City Hall Park—an enormous, patient, cheering, and yelling multitude of many thousands of persons all with their white faces shining above their dark clothes.

“Tell —— to begin the bulletins,” says the managing editor. Then he adds, “Tell the city editor to send me a bright reporter who can write bulletins all night.” The bright reporter is found, and ordered to move about among the desks and learn “whatever will be interesting to feed to the crowd.” The man who receives the order to begin the bulletins is the so-called “manager of the art department,” a high-sounding title when one considers the pictures with which most newspapers entertain their readers—the best that rapid presswork permits, and yet none the better for that. This art manager does not intend to disappoint or thwart the crowd in front of his bulletin—for in front of each newspaper building a great transparency has been constructed. He spent the preceding day making portraits of well-known politicians and statesmen, as well as a great number of “comics”—hasty cartoons showing the Tammany Tiger on the deck of the battle-ship *New York*, showing Mr. McKinley triumphantly waving his tariff bill—as well as one showing the same gentleman buried under the same document, and one illustrative of a naval engagement in which the battle-ship *New York* is shelling the Tammany Tiger. He is a man of cheerful resignation and of resource—this art manager—and he prepares himself for what might be termed the *Whatever*. These pictures he draws in outline on small cards. Over each he lays a glass stereopticon slide and copies

the drawing on the glass. Having dozens of these ready, he flashes one—a portrait—on the white canvas sheet. It is cheered. He follows it with “a comic.” A roar of laughter follows. He cannot see the servile mob, and yet he manipulates it quite as if he should say, “Now I’ll press a button and they’ll howl,” and “Now you shall hear them laugh.” How like a newspaper man even this artist is—to remain unseen, unthought of, unknown, and yet to sway the crowd as he wills. The news bulletins begin to come later, and the words that compose them are painted on glass and magnified on the canvas, just like the pictures.

The first news, even from close at hand, is always of one pattern. It consists of the returns of the brown-stone Republican districts, where there is only one vote or two to each house. It is easily counted, and so it is the first in hand. Along with it come calculations by the Press Association reporters—sent in on manifold sheets and reading like this: “48 districts, official, give Republican vote of 3,942; Democrat, 1,879; same districts last year gave Republican, 3,796; Democratic, 2,100.” The chief one of the men who is taking the city returns is a born mathematician. He knows and loves figures, and handles them as Morphy played with chessmen. He employs ingenious, labor-saving, peculiar, and personal ways of dealing with them, and these blind despatches that rain in on him to the number of six hundred or seven hundred during the night, he subjects to his logarithms and formulas with what looks like invulnerable patience, until—twentytimes in the night—they tell him a growing and a widening story of ruin for one party and triumph for the other. At such times he seeks out each man engaged in similar work and says, “Did I tell you that Maynard was running behind the Democratic ticket? Well, he’s running 10,000 behind.” Later, he made it 12,000, then 15,000, and at last about 20,000 behind.

In the meantime the office begins to fill with people never seen there except on election nights, and with men who only come when great news is stirring. The latter were the New York corre-

spondents of the great newspapers of the country, and of Canada and England. These were business-like. They whispered to the managing editor. They wanted figures, they wanted proof-sheets, they wanted the editorial utterance of the paper that was to appear next morning, and they wanted reasons for the turn the voting was taking in Brooklyn and Buffalo, where the people overturned the governments. Others were the editorial writers, among them those who only work in the daytime and those who never come to the office at all, but send their essays in by mail and messenger. They know little of the methods of any department of a newspaper except their own, and the fact was betrayed in their uneasiness, their surprised look when they saw the main workroom brilliant, lighted as the streets at noon—and crowded; with a hush upon it that they did not expect, suppressing their after-dinner tendency to talk. They noticed, too, that the office-boys vouchsafed them no deference, but elbowed them out of the way. And when they essayed to joke with the Washington correspondent and the Albany man, one of those gentlemen said “Yes—yes; but I am busy; excuse me.” With the editorial writers had come some notable public men found at the clubs and eager to come down and get the news—a federal senator, a bibulous Western editor, a judge or two, and a general of the regular army. There is no reverence among newspaper men. They know humanity too well not to see beneath the mere uniforms and robes by which men are told apart. So, presently, these gentlemen withdrew to the *sanctums* where the art manager and his assistants bustled to and fro among them in order to display the bulletins out of the windows. But the notables endured the discomfort, while one of the editors went to and fro, getting outlines of the exciting election from the managing editor.

The publisher came up from the counting-room—a man of affairs and the personage who grows more and more important as the capital involved in newspaper work swells and keeps swelling—withal, a practical man who read the situation as a telegrapher reads the

Morse alphabet. He came merely to ask if anything was wanted. Yet but for the fact that everybody else was there, it would have seemed strange to see him down-town after dark. The racing reporter came in, drawing off his red gloves and his sleek beaver coat. An enthusiast, he had much to tell of the day's events at some great race-course, but no one would listen; in fact he became the listener to news that even he recognized as more important than his own. After getting all that was then known of the trend of the voting, he—upon whom the news had thus been forced—remarked: "If that is all true, I win eight hundred, two hats, and an overcoat." Then he sat down and wrote the report of the races about which no one seemed to care.

There sauntered in, presently, a short, ruddy-faced, foreign-looking man of the Slav type of features—such a man as those you see by the score in the polyglot crowds at the East-side cafés and reading-rooms. He neither looked at nor spoke to anyone, but taking an apple out of one pocket and a Budapest daily out of the other, began to read print that appeared to be upside down. He was the chess-editor. The bustle of the office surged around him without touching him at any point, until a boy brought him a yellow telegram. He dropped his newspaper, read a line, put down his apple, put on his glasses, and became a new man, totally unlike the stolid Hungarian who had been in his clothing a moment before. What he read was something like this:

"ST. PETERSBURG, November 7th.

"*Wishnakief Arnald* 48, 19 *centre gambit* 11, 36, 49, 12, *Queen* 16 *Knight and Bishop*. *Ercitement*. *To-morrow end*."

Yet his eyes distended, he slapped his knee with his free hand, he ran to a cupboard and took out a chess-board, and after twenty minutes spent in studying some moves that he made with his chessmen, he sat down, and in a fever of excitement tossed off a dozen pages of a report of a spirited episode and some startling new modes of play in a game of chess in Russia.

In the meantime the pneumatic tube kept up its explosions, the leather cups stuffed with telegrams came like bullets from a rapid-fire gun, and the men at work on the election figures were as busy as bees. While each man worked his way through a great pile of despatches kept under one hand, the boys threw other telegrams in front of him, until half his mind was occupied in keeping those he had not looked at from becoming mixed in with those he had used. Light was coming out of the confusion of telegrams. The mosaic was beginning to reveal its pattern. Ohio had gone Republican. So had Brooklyn and Buffalo. There was unexpected news from Virginia and Illinois. The pattern was distinct, but scores of little cubes were missing. The figures did not come from Erie, St. Lawrence, Rockland, Yates, and other counties. There was doubt as to the senatorial election in the Dutchess district, and about a senate district in Kings. The howls and cheers of the multitude in the streets were growing tiresome. It was disquieting to know that the crowds in front of *The Tribune* and *The Times* were cheering something, when there was no time or way to find out what that something was. It was tiresome, too, to have one's mind distracted when the climax of the work was approaching. The despatches were coming to fill up the missing details, but the worst of it was that the clock hands were moving much faster. Presently the managing editor would be certain to walk 'round the desks, to hear how each table was progressing, and then to say, quite regardless of all the omissions and uncertainties: "Well, I'll give you all twenty minutes; everything must be closed up in twenty minutes. the tables footed, and the stuff up-stairs."

That order had not come, to be sure, yet it certainly was at hand, and it would never do to think of it, for to lose one's coolness would be to delay and even to "bungle" the newspaper which most prides itself on its election returns. And yet all was still confusion, and two dozen important counties and contests were either unheard from or left in a muddle of doubt. To clear



Printing-House Square on Election Night.

up these points as many telegrams had been hurried off, and office-boys stood in a little queue awaiting their turns at the long-distance telephone that was in use to prod up men in Connecticut, in Syracuse, on the edge of the Catskills, and at the far end of Long Island.

The chief leader-writer had been hidden in an inner room writing the editorial comment on the night's news. He had thought of a sub-editorial paragraph that greatly amused him. He showed it to one of the busiest men at the election desks, a man on whose

brow a cold sweat had already formed in anticipation of the rush and worry of the approaching climax. Still, a

sweat, "but I had no time to tell him so."

From some counties the official figures have come in—perhaps from more than half, and more are coming every minute. But from others there are six, and even eight different, contradictory returns—running the majorities up and down a width of a thousand votes apart. The man who knows how each county is in the habit of voting, and how half the other counties have already voted, must fix upon one of these figures and adopt it in his table. Thus he must, at the last moment, run through the entire list. The managing editor comes, as was foreseen, but he shortens the time. "Have all the tables footed and upstairs in fifteen minutes, and each of you must write a short introductory story explaining whatever is extraordinary and peculiar in the situation.



The Chess Editor.

chief leader-writer always commands deference and polite attention. The unfortunate calculator took the editorial manuscript and looked at it. To the man in the next chair the handwriting appeared to be Greeleyesque, illegible, fly-trackish.

"I rather like that," said the leader-writer.

"Yes, it's very good," said the man of figures.

"I think I'll let it go," said the editor.

"I certainly should," said the other.

When the leader-writer had gone someone asked the other man what the editorial was about.

"It looked like what is carved on the obelisk in Central Park; I could not read a word of it," said the man of cold

I want a paragraph, also, from each of you, for the main introduction that is to lead the paper."

Is he insane? Well, if he is, there is no time to try to cure him now. "Yes, sir; it does not seem possible to do all that—but we'll do it." Then comes the ecstasy of that night's whirl—a sort of controlled delirium in which the mind is held down to its work by some unaccountable extra-agency which may be a part of itself, and yet which operates against and over itself. The figure-spaces are filled in—each set of numerals being studied, selected, and set down, each in the bare moment of poisoning a pencil. If there aren't any figures to choose from (indicating the vote of some county in the Adirondacks, or of some farming county on the Pennsyl-

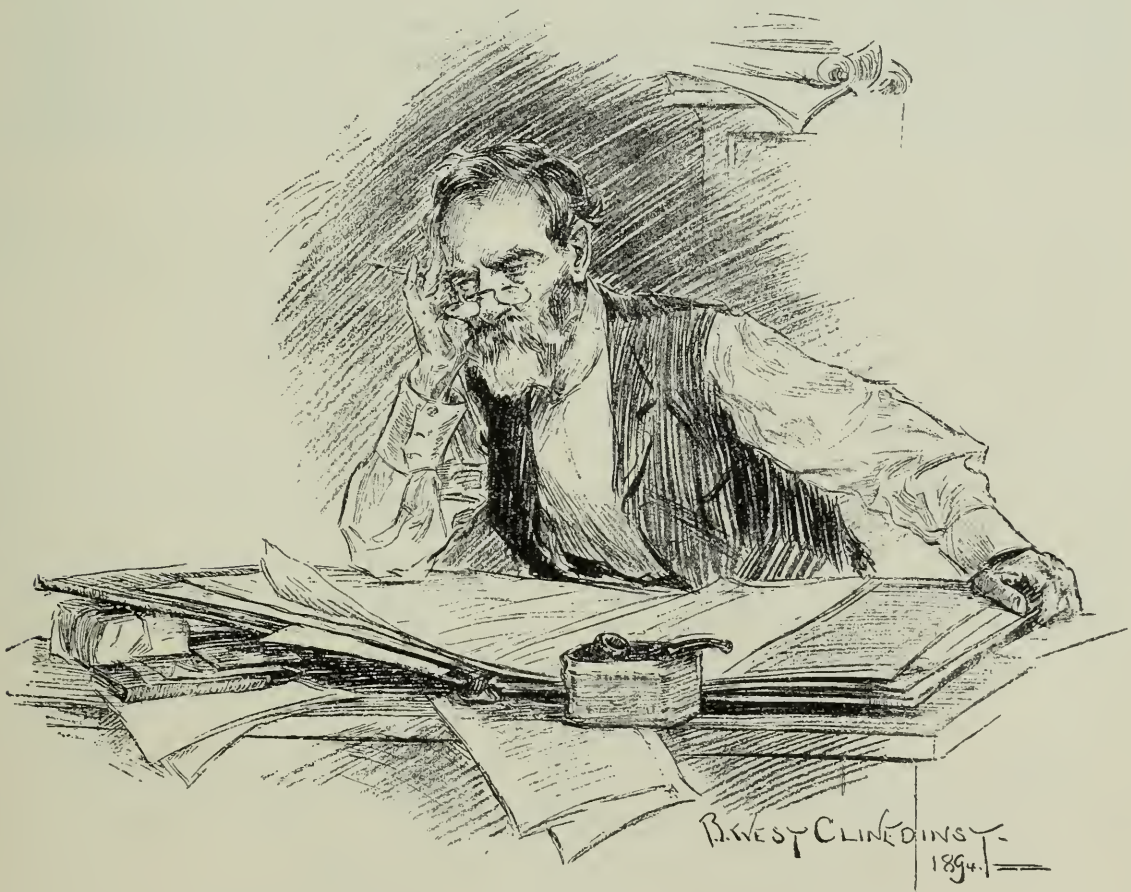
vania border), one must recollect what such counties always have done and must imagine how they would feel the same influences that have altered the accustomed vote elsewhere all over the State. Down go the missing figures, grasped out of the air, and presently the table is ready to foot up. So are the other tables over which all the men are straining. The riot of noise in the street below is growing less and less. The bulletins have exhausted the news and the people are going home—visibly melting away. The office clock begins to tick again. The hush in the office is painful. As each table is footed it is exchanged for another, and the calculators go over and verify one another's figures: "I can't make this one come out as you did," says one. "Well, you must," says the other; "it came that way twice over, and it must be right." Then a moment's pause, and "It is

type, is never spoken of except as "up" and "up-stairs."

Thus the tables are hurried out of the way. But the pneumatic tube continues its chug-chug, and the boys keep shelling the leather cups and pouring the telegrams upon the desks—to be used in a second edition, for which all the work is soon to be gone over again.

"Hurry up your introductory matter," the managing editor says, with a calmness and amiability that are maddening. "You have still six minutes."

After all, when every man's head is full of his work and the tension is still drawn, it is not difficult to do a little more. What is a fourth hand-spring to a man who has already turned three? Besides, a newspaper man's capability is like a street car—"there is always room for one more." And a few lines set in large type and "leaded" will look twice as long as ordinary matter.



The Geographical Editor—"I'll bet a dollar he is in Australia or Patagonia."

right; who said it wasn't? Here, boy, send this up." The composing-room, where the manuscripts are turned into

Even while these thoughts are flashing through their minds, one man is describing the complexion and changes

in the State legislature, with side-lights on the queer turns of fate that overtook men here and there in various assembly and senatorial districts. Another is explaining the results of the righteous defeat of the "ring" in Buffalo, the failure of Albany and Troy to respond to sentiments and influences that shook all the other cities and counties in New York. Another is sweeping his mind's eye all over the Union, and telling what went on in every State, at all the polls. Boys are seizing the wet sheets and flinging them into the iron basket that travels up and down inside the wall of the building, to and from the crowded workroom of the lightning-like compositors, with its alternate rows of shadows and electric beams. At last—at ten minutes to two o'clock, the great daily paper is all written.

Hot coffee is brought up from a nearby restaurant, bottles of beer are being opened with a pop and a splash, grapes and sandwiches are being devoured by men who are all on their legs, relieving the strain of long sitting. In what seems less than five minutes, quickly as the same delirious speed of the printers and pressmen can accomplish it, the paper itself, damp and ready to smear wherever it is touched, will be on the managing editor's desk with all the chief men of the office gathered behind the managing editor, looking at it over his shoulders. And, even as they look, a boy will throw over their heads *The Herald*, just as wet and fresh. And then the next, and the next, and the next of the dailies will arrive—until all the morning papers are there. Each is compared with the one gotten out by ourselves. No two agree exactly, though all are in the main alike; but it is observed that the winning party is credit-

ed with a larger majority in our journal than in any of the others.

"How do you account for that—are we all right?" the managing editor inquires of the man who figured that majority.

"Dead right," says the man addressed; "we'll have to put it higher yet in the second edition."

A moment later a whisper runs from mouth to mouth, and twenty heads are turned toward a bearded man who is calmly writing at one of the desks, utterly heedless of the general curiosity to see the rival journals, oblivious of all the excitement over the elections, at peace amid all the strain and wear and tear of that night of nights.

"He's been in Africa since eight o'clock," one editor whispers. "He does not know there has been an election."

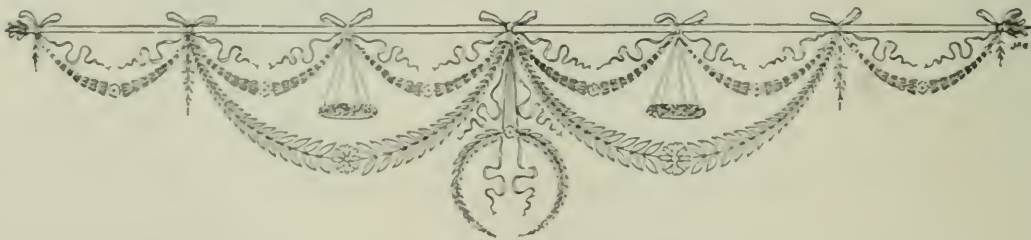
"Who is he?" asks one of the "specials."

"He is the geographical editor. I'll bet a dollar he is in Australia or Patagonia—let's look and see."

The man who last spoke walks over to a point from which he can read what the placid editor is writing. This is what he reads:

"The Maxim guns proved more than Lo Bengula could meet. Bulawayo, his capital, was not fortified for modern warfare. It is a small——"

"Now, then, gentlemen," says the managing editor, "let's cut the tables out of the first edition, paste them on good big sheets and go to work again. The despatches that have come in while we have been loafing will supply whatever we missed, and if we don't come close to being absolutely correct, I miss my guess. Now, then, let's rattle up the second edition."





Highway Crossing—Great Northern Railway.

ENGLISH RAILROAD METHODS

By H. G. Prout

LAST month we considered the English railroad system as a machine for carrying passengers. Let us now examine it somewhat more broadly, taking account of the quantity of railroad service supplied to the people of Great Britain, its cost and financial returns, the organization of the system, and the men who control and work it. To this end it will be necessary to use a few figures; but I beg that the reader who shies at figures will not be alarmed, for we shall soon get past them and they will not hurt him. It seems wise, too, to measure the unknown by the known, and therefore I shall make some guarded, and, I trust, judicious comparisons of the English railroads with those of the United States.

At the end of 1892 there were 20,325

miles of railroad open for traffic in the United Kingdom. In England and Wales alone, where the railroads are the thickest, there were 14,242 miles. In the United States there were about 172,000 miles of completed railroad at the end of the same year, and statistics of working were reported for a little less than 171,000. Actually, then, we have nearly nine times as many miles of railroad as the United Kingdom. But we are nearly twenty-five times as big (leaving out Alaska) and proportionately to area the United Kingdom has three times as much railroad as we have. Proportionately to population, however, our supply is greater; each inhabitant here has five times as much railroad as an Englishman has. Were we to compare limited and thickly peo-

pled regions the proportions would be somewhat different.

But the miles of railroad measure only imperfectly the value of the railroads of a country, and it is worth while to look a little into the work done by the railroads of the different countries. We cannot measure this accurately because we do not know how far the average ton of freight or the average passenger was carried in England, and of course the amount of work includes not only the number of passengers or of tons but the distance they are carried. We may compare, however, the miles run by trains. In England, in 1892, the total movement was 22½ trains each

trains each way every day. This is a pretty fair general measure of the public service; the Englishmen had three times as many trains as we had.

Notwithstanding the much smaller railroad mileage in the United Kingdom than in the United States, there were many more passengers carried. In 1892 the railroads of the United Kingdom carried over 864,000,000 passengers *exclusive* of holders of season tickets ("commuters" in the United States). There were 1,612,510 holders of season tickets, and, allowing each one of these to have made but 300 journeys a year, they would have added over 480,000,000 passenger journeys, making, say,



Porters with Lamp-truck, for Incoming Train.

way every day over every mile of railroad in the kingdom. In the United States the total movement equalled 6.9

1,344,000,000 passengers carried in the year. No one should quote this as an actual figure—it is a mere guess. The



A Country Station on the Midland Railway.

864,000,000 we are sure of, and the 480,000,000 may be too many or too few to add.

In the United States the passengers carried by rail in 1892, were 843,000,000. Let us take, as approximately comparable figures, 1,344,000,000 passengers carried in the United Kingdom, and 843,000,000 in the United States. Then the English roads carried 67,200 passengers per mile of railroad worked, and ours carried 4,900.

In the year 1892 the English railroads carried 15,500 tons of freight per mile worked. In the same year ours carried 4,382 tons per mile worked. So we see that while the English railroads carried 14 times as many passengers for each mile worked as ours did, they carried only $3\frac{1}{2}$ times as many tons of freight per mile of road.

The gross earnings of the railroads of the United Kingdom in 1892 were about \$400,000,000, say \$20,000 per mile. In the United States they were \$1,320,000,000, or \$7,720 per mile worked. But this includes a vast mileage of very thin traffic in all the country west of the Missouri River and in the Southern and Southwestern States. Obviously a comparison of averages, which include immense lengths of very unproductive railroad, is but an arid

display of figures. To get a measure of the earning power of the representative English railroads, we will compare two or three of the most important systems in the two lands.

The best known of the English systems is the London and North Western; that is, it is the system best known in the United States, partly because of the great tide of travel through the port of Liverpool, and partly because the London and North Western people have been more enterprising in advertising here than the other English companies. Perhaps it is a business mistake on the part of the English companies not to take more trouble to make known to us the attractions of their lines. Great Britain is full of places and things that charm the American who is in search of a holiday, whatever may be his tastes. East and west, north and south from London, stretches a country abounding with scenes of historical and romantic interest to every English-speaking man. Hundreds of trains every day command this region; and within an hour or two, or three, from London one may find history, architecture, natural scenery, shooting, fishing, boating, driving, riding, and walking in the greatest variety, and all in a climate which permits hard out-door exercise almost every day in

the year, and the whole United Kingdom is organized to give the wayfarer great comfort for a little money. But the London and North Western is almost the only English railroad that has taken much pains to make known to Americans the attractions of its line, and naturally it is the railroad that is most likely to come into one's mind as a characteristic English railroad.

This company also has the largest gross earnings of all the English railroads, although it has not the greatest mileage. In 1892 it worked 1,888 miles and earned £11,738,000. The Great Western, which is the only English system exceeding the London and North Western in length of line, worked in the

and earned \$74,528,000, while the New York Central worked 2,096 miles and earned \$45,479,000. Let us see how these figures look reduced to dollars earned per mile. On that basis the Midland leads with \$33,000 a mile; the London and North Western comes next with \$31,100, the Pennsylvania next with \$28,700, and the New York Central earned \$21,700. It will be seen that the difference between the average earnings per mile and the best earnings per mile is much less on the English than on the American lines. There it is the difference between \$20,000 and \$33,000, or 65 per cent.; while here it is the difference between \$7,700 and \$28,700, or 272 per cent. If one reflects a

little he will see that such a difference must exist, for relatively the whole region traversed by the English railroads is populous and developed, while vast regions traversed by the American railroads are still very thinly settled.

But there is one little English system which beats them all: that is the Lancashire and Yorkshire, which operated, in 1892, 523 miles and made \$42,650 of gross earnings per mile. The very name of the Lancashire and Yorkshire suggests the reason for its great earnings per mile. It goes from Liverpool through Manchester to York, and through its various branches gets into the heart of the greatest manufacturing district in the world. The Midland and the London and North Western also serve this region and run into London as well.

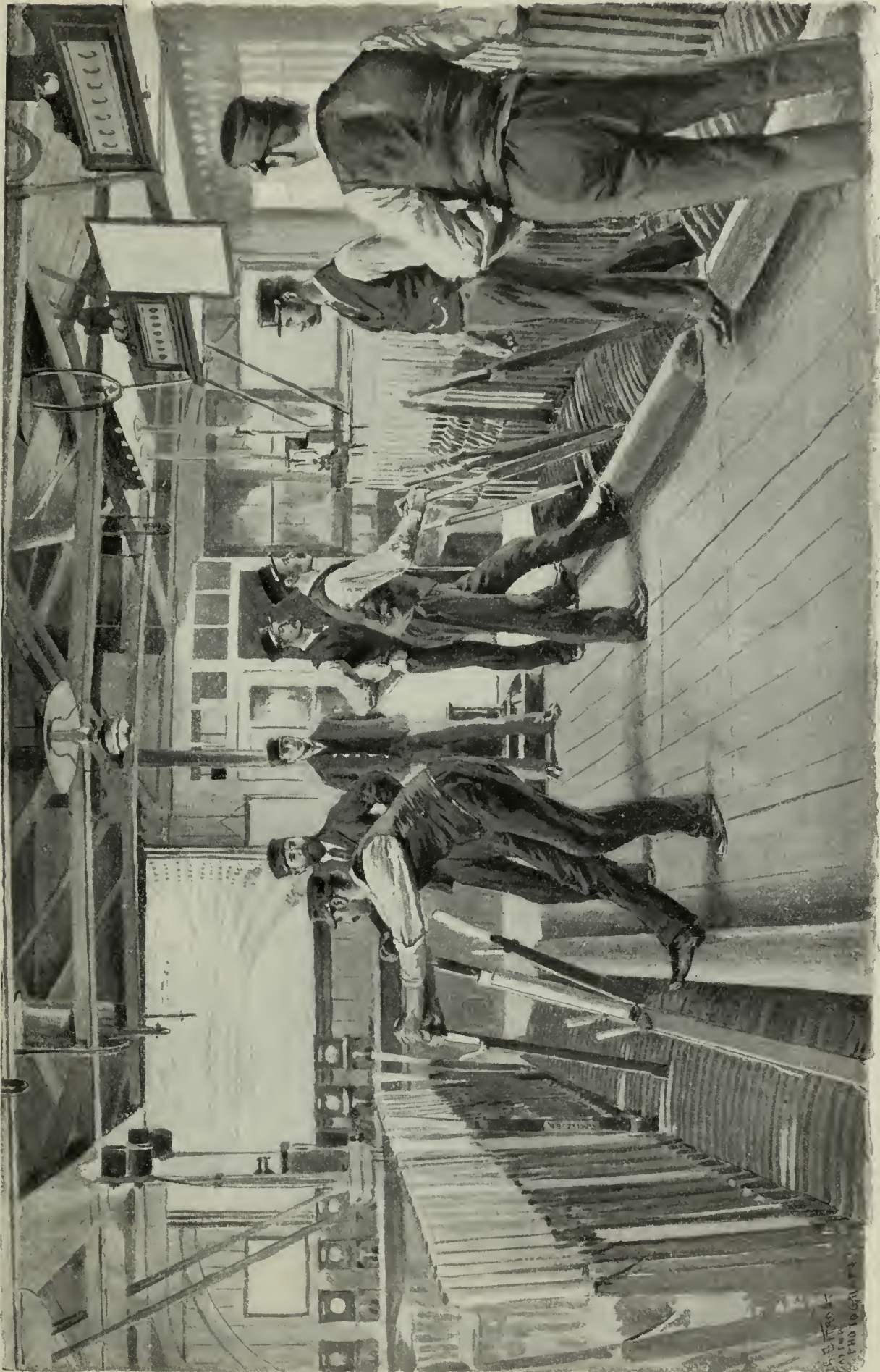
If the reader will be patient only a moment more we shall have done with

same year 2,481 miles and earned £9,031,000. The Midland, working 1,383 miles, earned even more than the Great Western; that is, £9,259,000. In the same year the Pennsylvania Railroad proper, the lines east of Pittsburgh and Erie, worked 2,591 miles

statistics. We have now some measure of the work done by the English railroads, having compared it with the work done on railroads with which we are familiar. But what does all this mean to the owners of the properties? The English railroads have cost to



"Buns and Papers."



DRAWN BY A. B. FRONT.

In a Switch Tower

their owners, that is, to the thousands of people who have invested in their shares and other forms of indebted-

the average paid on all forms of indebtedness of the railroads of that country was 3.85 per cent.



Compound Engine used on London and North Western.

ness, about \$227,000 a mile; ours have cost about \$63,700, or a little more than one-fourth as much. But the English railroads earn in gross almost three times as much as ours per mile worked. The result is, that notwithstanding their greater cost they pay a good deal more on the par value of their stock. In 1892 over 61 per cent. of all the railroad stock of the United States paid no dividends at all, and the average paid on all of our stock appears by the Interstate Commerce Commissioners' statistics to have been about 2.1 per cent., or by the statistics of "Poor's Manual," 1.68 per cent. The

These sound in the mere statement like remarkable facts. Why should English railroads have cost so much more than ours; and why, having cost so much more, should they yet be safer and more profitable investments?

Everyone knows in general terms why they have cost more. He has but to look around at the magnificent masonry in bridges and viaducts, and in overhead and underneath crossings; at the vast terminals in the great cities, with their hydraulic plant and their important and perfect systems of signals; at the beautiful track with heavy rails, masonry drains, cut-stone arched



Oil-burning Engine on the Great Eastern Railway.

Drivers 7 feet in diameter; tanks carry 650 gallons of oil fuel. Coal can be used for fuel at any time.

average payment on all forms of debt was 3 per cent. In the United Kingdom probably only 8 or 9 per cent. of the share capital paid no dividend, and

culverts, and all perfectly signalled; at the little country stations in stone and brick, with platforms in solid masonry on both sides of the track, with waiting-

rooms, or at least shelters, on both sides, and with bridges and tunnels to cross by. All these are obvious and may delight the eye of the engineer and architect, and of every traveller of taste and discernment. Centuries from now these noble structures will stand

was given. These conditions are still working. As time goes on and the needs of the railroads grow, our own companies find themselves the owners of ground the value of which has increased, and which they can sell or occupy. The English railroad must buy



Ready to Start.

as monuments to the English engineers of the first century of railroading.

But there are other reasons for the great cost of the English railroads not quite so obvious. The right of way was expensive. Those railroads were pushed through a rich and populous country with great towns already built, while many of our railroads were built over unoccupied land, the settlement of which followed. With us railroads were everywhere wanted and were essential to the occupation of the country, and in many cases the right of way

new land at enormous cost, and from this fact alone the cost of recent improvements is a serious part of the present capitalization of the railroads. In the ten years, 1882 to 1892, the capital per mile of English railroad opened for work (meaning by capital all forms of debt) increased more than \$24,000; while the miles of railroad increased but 10 per cent., the debt increased over 22. An example of how this came about is the enlargement of the Liverpool Street Station of the Great Eastern in London, which is now going on.



Iron Bridge on the Derbyshire Extensions, Great Northern Railway.

Up to the end of last December this work, still far from complete, had cost about \$5,000,000, of which \$3,600,000 had been paid for land alone. In those ten years during which the debt of the English railroads grew \$24,000 a mile, that of our own grew about \$1,000. In those ten years our mileage increased 51 per cent. and the capital invested increased 52 per cent.

Another element in the greater cost per mile of the English railroads, an element independent of the cost of occupation of land in a rich and populous country, is found in the restrictions laid upon railroad building by the Government. It is probably a matter of common knowledge to the American reader that the British Board of Trade may prevent the opening for passenger business of any new line of railroad, until that railroad has complied in construction and in the method of operation with the rules laid down by the Board. These rules are very exacting, and while they are, under certain con-

ditions, wise enough, they interfere seriously with the development of cheap lines, which is now what a large part of the kingdom needs very much. The result is that we find single-track railroads in England, built to serve a traffic of three or four trains a day, constructed and equipped with the solidity and perfection of the Lancashire and Yorkshire, which earns nearly \$43,000 for every mile of its line.

But beyond this is still another item of expense, imposed by the Government restrictions; that is, the cost of getting your charter from Parliament, if you propose to build a railroad. An authority in whom I have considerable confidence has said that the parliamentary costs of the English railroads, if divided among the railroads now existing in the kingdom, would amount to about \$10,000 a mile. Those costs alone would have been sufficient to grade, and put down the cross-ties and rails, for an equivalent number of miles of our Western prairie railroads; not to equip them perfectly,



Stone Bridge near Plymouth—Great Western Railway.

but to provide the track. It must not be supposed that by parliamentary expenses we mean corrupt lobbying. Probably nearly all of the money thus spent in promoting the British railroads has been spent legitimately. When an application is made for a charter for a new railroad the applicant is at once called on to prove that his railroad is of public utility ; he cannot get a charter until he can demonstrate that the public interest will be served by building his railroad. There are a hundred interests ready to prove the contrary, and the applicant for a new charter is sure to have a hard parliamentary fight. He must employ lawyers who are trained in presenting matters before the parliamentary committee ; he must employ engineers and collect evidence and put it in form for an attractive presentation. But the high-class professional man in England, like the New York politician mentioned in a certain unsavory inquiry with regard to

street-railroad rights in the city of New York, "does not stir around for nothing." He is accustomed to large fees, which he probably earns in most cases.

I would not have it supposed for a moment that I object to the difficulties which have been placed around the matter of getting a railroad charter in Great Britain. I am quite incompetent to judge whether or not it has been for the interest of the kingdom ; but it has prevented the building of many miles of railroad to serve territory which is adequately served by railroads that now exist. In other words, it has prevented waste of human energy, either in the form of labor or stored up in capital, and such waste must finally be a tax upon society at large. So it is quite possible that England is the richer, and her people more comfortable, because speculative men have been kept by Parliament from wasting their money in unproductive railroads.



Wooden Bridge for Passengers to Cross the Tracks.

It must be quite apparent to the reader that the fundamental reasons for the great cost of English railroads also make possible their great earnings; at the bottom both are due to the thick population of a highly developed country. If they carry over one mile of railroad fourteen times as many passengers, and three or four times as much freight as our own railroads carry, it would be a pity if they could not earn five or six times as much money. Another reason for the greater earnings of the English railroads, although a minor one, is the higher freight rates which they charge, and how they manage to avoid the disastrous rate wars which devastate the treasuries of our own railroads will be shown later.

The reader who has a turn for getting at ultimate causes will already have discovered that there existed, and still exist, in the two countries two entirely different sets of conditions, and that the whole method of building and working the railroads of the two countries has grown out of these conditions. Broadly speaking, we had here to create a country, and the Englishman had to serve one already created. We had to open the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi, and push on to the stock ranges and wheat-fields of Dakota, Nebraska, and Kansas.

The Englishmen had to carry coal, iron, wool, cotton, and finished products to and from the mines, factories, and markets, over routes the length of which can be expressed in hundreds of miles, while ours are expressed in thousands.

We may now take up the organization of a British railroad, which the American finds peculiar in

that there is no president or any vice-president. The theoretical head of the system is the chairman of the board, and the board itself is divided into various committees on finance, permanent way, rolling-stock, fares, rates, traffic, etc. Each committee has its chairman, who is presumably a man of experience in the specialty of his committee. The directors are elected by the shareholders, and must themselves be shareholders, and may hold no office of trust or profit under the company, and *may not be interested in any contract with the company.*

The full board meets regularly once a month, as a rule, and the committees at like intervals. The directors, in full board and in committee, direct and control the policy and conduct of the railroad, not only in general but in detail—that is, theoretically they do. How far they do so actually depends largely on the knowledge, experience, and person-



Engine on the Caledonian Railway
Drivers 8 feet 4 inches.



Bridge Over Mansfield Turnpike at Daybrook—Great Northern Railway.

al force of the chairman of the board and the chairmen of committees. Their powers are ample, and the custom of the country justifies, and indeed encourages, their actual and constant control of the properties confided to their care. They are treated with deference by the officers of the working staff; and their frequent regular meetings and detailed committee work keep them familiar with all the affairs of their companies. Thus it happens that the chairman of the board is seldom a mere figure-head, and has often in English railroad history been a powerful and active man, devoting his whole time to the company which he serves. The chairmen of boards and committees usually get some small fees, but nothing comparable to what we should expect to pay to presidents and vice-presidents.

The shareholders vote a sum, say £5,000 a year, to be divided among the directors, and usually, I believe, this goes to the chairman, deputy chairman, and chairmen of committees. Sometimes there is a specially salaried chairman, but not as a rule.

But however able and zealous the directors and their chairmen may be, their duties in any one board are ordinarily but a small part of the interests of their lives, and their meetings, although frequent enough for effective supervision, are not frequent enough for actual administration. And so we come to the most important and characteristic of all English railroad officers, the general manager. He is the real head of the railroad, for he has no president or vice-presidents between him and the board.



A Guard.

He is typical, for he has almost always risen from a quite subordinate place, and embodies in himself the knowledge and traditions of years spent in the actual practice of a most arduous and complicated calling. As he has risen by fitness, through sharp competition, he is a selected specimen, physically and mentally. It is no uncommon thing to find

on the great American railroads three, or even four, vice-presidents. One road that lately went into the hands of receivers had six. The president and vice-presidents are all salaried officers, and are expected to give their whole time to the company and perform many of the duties which in England devolve upon the general manager. There he alone is responsible for the hourly conduct of the railroad from the top to the bottom; he sits with the board at general and committee meetings, and while he is subject to the board's orders he is often the guiding mind. But he could hardly have got to his place without a natural capacity for administration, and without having the nonsense polished off from him by hard contact with actualities; so you find him a simple, unaffected man, bearing his heavy load with serenity; but he has very little time indeed for study or recreation or the adornments of life.

The working force of the English railroads is actually dem-

ocratic in spirit and results. One would not suspect this from an examination of the list of officers and directors. He will find there the names of 36 dukes, marquises, earls, and viscounts; 35 lords of various degrees; 3 barons, and 109 baronets and knights, besides many officers of the army and navy, and a great many gentlemen whose social position permits

them to put before their names the title Right Honorable or Honorable. Probably this large proportion of men of high social position serves a good purpose, which I shall indicate later; but the men who really work the railroads are mostly drawn from quite another plane. A man of the humblest origin entering the English railroad service may hope to rise to the highest place. Probably he would have no better chance to gain power and distinction on the railroads of the United States than on those of the United Kingdom, possibly not so good a one, and there is no other career in England that offers him so great an opportunity. Sir George Findlay, the late general manager of the London and North Western, said that "for the superior positions it is the invariable rule to select men from the lower ranks solely on the ground of merit, the best men being chosen irrespective of seniority or any other circumstance. Thus it is no unusual thing for a station-master to rise to the position of divisional superintendent, and even of general manager." From my own inquiries I judge that this is strictly true. Any ploughboy who takes service on an English railroad may reasonably hope to become general manager if he has the mental force to fill the duties of that very important place, and the physical strength to stand the years of hard work which must go before that rank, and the even harder work which accompanies it.

The staff of the English railroads is mostly made up of men who entered the service as lads, say fourteen years old, and necessarily in very subordinate positions—about the stations as porters and telegraph boys, in the offices as messengers and subordinate clerks, or in the shops doing such humble work as a boy can do. These boys come largely from the farms. In fact, one old station-master told me that the ploughboys are the best material that he has. He himself having been a ploughboy, and his general superintendent having been another, perhaps he is a little prejudiced; but he said these boys are less inclined to drink and to be saucy than city-bred boys; they are healthier and more docile, and have sounder brains.

On the English railroads one rises from being a boy, that is, from being a "lamp lad," or a "parcels lad," or a "goods van lad," or a "lad porter," to the grade of porter. Of the porter I probably said enough in the article published last month, although I spoke then only of this most useful functionary in the passenger service. He is found also in the "goods" department.

The next step forward is to the grade of guard, who in England takes the place of the American conductor. The guard is found on the station platforms, where he looks at your ticket, opens and closes the door of the compartment, will try to see you well placed, according to your class, then hops into his van, and goes with the train on your journey. He is by no means the important person that the conductor is in the United States, for he has no opportunity to sit with the passengers, to talk politics, or horses, or railroads. He never rises to the rank of captain, as all conductors do in our Southern States. He may become a Knight Templar, for all I know, but I never saw him with his waistcoat ablaze with the symbols of that order which so often decorate our own conductors. Doubtless in private life he is a man of influence in his neighborhood, but on duty he is a quiet servant, and his relations with the public are purely those of business. He is a tidy man in blue cloth uniform with white metal buttons, and often wears a broad patent-leather strap over one shoulder with white buckle and ornaments. He sometimes carries a small bag, presumably for such papers as he needs to have, and is provided with a green flag to wave to the engine-man as a signal to start the train. Altogether he is a simple, efficient, and civil official, and just here is a striking contrast between the men of the two countries. On the English railroads one never sees the conductor or ticket-seller who scorns you if you ask a question, and gives the minimum of information with the maximum of brusqueness; and one never sees the usher who stands in the gateway and bellows in inarticulate pride, then turns a quid in his cheek, and squirts tobacco-juice into a corner.

Doubtless there are sovereign Americans who will say that the good manners of the English railroad employees are servile, or spring from the hope of ultimate sixpences. While the first idea strikes one as somewhat crude, yet it is a matter of taste, and as such it is vain to discuss it. But it is quite impossible that a sufficiently large percentage of those who travel by rail in England can tip the guards to make any great impression on their manners as a class, and, indeed, it is doubtful if backsheesh and courtesy are correlative. I do not observe that in our country manners improve with the growth of the habit of tipping. It is quite true, however, that the guard is not above a shilling, and that much comfort may be cheaply bought with one "bob."

The guard who is on his way to the chair of the general manager will probably go up through the grades of inspector and station-master. The inspectors are the choice men in the lower ranks. They are found in all the stations and yards, goods as well as passenger, and on their vigilance and fidelity hang the discipline of the staff and the good working condition of the material; and the best of them become station-masters.

The station-master is a man of standing and dignity. He has passed successfully through the hard process of selection, and proved that he is a born commander, if not of divisions or army corps, at least of companies, and he may reasonably hope to die a superintendent of line or a goods manager, if not general manager. The chances are that he is a little pompous, more so than he will be when he gets to a higher grade. He is still a member of the uniformed staff, and wears silver ornaments and braid, and has a military air, which is sometimes tempered by the sacred high hat of England.

Above the station-masters are the divisional superintendents, the superintendent of the line, the goods manager, and finally the general manager. Their functions and titles are so much like those of the officers of our own railroads that we need not stop to describe them, except to say that with us

the traffic department occupies itself with getting traffic to carry, and the transportation department moves the traffic over the road; while in England the traffic department is the carrying branch, and therefore their goods manager and their traffic manager, if they have one, are what we should call transportation officers.

It is well enough for the casual Yankee to learn some of the niceties of the English railroad language if he really cares to give accurate information to English railroad men. For example, when an English general manager offered me a pass, I told him that my transportation was provided for. That absurd locution would mean to an American railroad man that I had a pass or a ticket, or had been asked to take a seat in some officer's car; to the Englishman it suggested the idea that I was about to be sent in irons to a penal settlement, which seemed to amuse him.

It is hardly worth while to follow the English staff out through all the collateral branches. In the freight service the *personnel* is much the same in origin and development as in the passenger service, but the mechanical staff is quite distinct. The boys here are recruited from a different stock; in the strictly mechanical departments they are the sons of firemen, engine-drivers, and shopmen, and other boys who naturally drift toward that kind of occupation, and they serve an arduous apprenticeship in the shops, rising gradually to be engine-drivers, but rarely, I should say, much beyond that; for nowadays the engineering departments of a railroad, both civil and mechanical, require a severe theoretical training that is to be got only in the technical schools or by apprenticeship in the offices of engineers. Therefore, in those departments the superior positions cannot well be filled from the ranks of the shop and line apprentices. In the civil engineering department, particularly, we find an almost distinct organization, and the chief engineer takes rank close to the general manager.

Salaries and wages on the English railroads, at least in the lower ranks, would seem to us very low. For ex-

ample, inspectors of the first class, in the third year of service as inspectors, get 35 shillings a week. Guards in the highest class get as much as 25 shillings. First-class porters get 22 shillings, ranging down to 14, and signal-men get from 17 to 19. Yet the organization has great stability and we seldom hear of strikes. To explain these facts several elements must be taken into account.

Low wages are merely relative after all, and the cost of comfortable living in England is much less than it is here. Then, permanence of place and the chance for promotion count for much, and we find that in our own country the best roads, on which the conditions are most secure, get the pick of the men at the same or even lower wages. But in the English system still another element enters; that is, the provision for the care of the men. Taking, for example, the Great Eastern: there is a provident society, established 43 years ago, to provide a fund for the relief of its members in sickness, and pensions in old age or in case of accident, and allowance in case of death of a member, and funeral expenses should his wife die. Males between 16 and 35 years of age, employed by the company, may be elected members of this society, which is managed by an elected committee. Monthly meetings of the committee are held, for which travelling expenses are allowed, and members of the committee who do not attend the meetings are subject to fine. The president, vice-president, and trustees of the society are the superior officers of the railroad company, the chairman of the board being the president. The members pay a small weekly contribution, amounting at the most to 10d., and in case of sickness they get free medical attendance and medicines, a maximum weekly allowance of 16 shillings, and a small payment to the family in case of death. The maximum pension is but 6 shillings and 10d. a week, which of course is a very small, but substantial help to a poor man. Provisions are made for retiring from the society and withdrawing a reasonable sum for payments made.

Then there is an accident fund, which

applies to officers as well as servants of the company the victims of accidents in discharge of their duty. This carries with it not only a weekly allowance but a certain life insurance. To this fund the company contributes an amount equal to one-half of the amount paid in by the members, and a further sum of £30 on the death from accident of any one of the insured. There is also a pension fund, applying to servants only; that is, to those receiving weekly wages, and not to members of the salaried staff. To this also the company contributes each year a sum equal to the aggregate contributions of the members, and agrees to contribute not less than £1,000 in any half year. The superannuation fund dates from 1878, and this provides for pensions for salaried officers; then, finally, there is a supplemental old-age relief fund, established very recently for the assistance of servants between 55 and 65 years of age. In the year 1893 the Great Eastern Company contributed to these various funds over £27,000.

The London and North Western has several funds of a similar character. The superannuation fund has been in existence over 40 years. This applies only to salaried officers and clerks. Membership in this is a condition of entering the service, but no person older than 26 is allowed to enter. Members contribute $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of their salaries, and the company contributes an equal amount. An insurance society was organized 23 years ago to provide for what are called members of the wages staff, which is for all grades below the salaried staff, and to this the company contributes a sum equal to five-sixths of the premiums paid by the employees. The provident and pension society was established 20 years ago to provide weekly allowance in case of ordinary sickness for employees in the wages staff. Then there is a pension fund, established 10 years ago, for the same men, to provide a retiring pension for members after they reach 65, or for such members as, having reached the age of 60, are no longer able to continue at work. The engine-drivers and firemen, because of the special danger of their occupation, are excluded from all

these benefits, and consequently special societies have been organized to take care of them. I do not understand that all of the English railroads make such provision for the care of their employees, but similar societies exist on some of the other railroads.

Before dismissing, finally, the topic of the *personnel* of the English railroads, we may properly glance at the attitude of the directors and superior officers toward the financial interests of the owners of the properties which they control and toward the interests of shippers and other users of the railroads. The most competent authorities agree that English rates are stable and uniform; that every shipper may know what other shippers pay, and that he can tell what he will have to pay a week or a month from now; and most authorities agree, even the shippers themselves, that uniform and stable rates are more important to all interests than low rates. Furthermore, English railroads have for years been free from those scandals which so often come up in the management of American railroads, to the mortification of all patriotic citizens and to the immense injury of our credit. What is the reason for the better management in these respects of the English railroads? Is it legal or is it moral? To a certain degree it is legal, but to a far greater degree moral.

One very important legal provision is that found in the Act of 1845, under which no director may hold office of trust or profit under the company, or be interested in contracts with the company. This provision as to contracts seems to be construed in England to mean what it says, and we do not hear of railroad directors there making contracts with themselves; but, unfortunately, in the United States flagrant instances of this nefarious practice have been common through our whole railroad history, and have been revealed within the last year. Another valuable legal influence is found in the Arbitration Act of 1859, under which questions as to agreements between railroad companies may be submitted to arbitrators and the decision of the arbitrator enforced in the courts. If a company re-

fuses to arbitrate, the Board of Trade may appoint an arbitrator, and the decision is still enforceable at law. Thus railroad agreements get a legal standing, which is a powerful influence in preventing the brigandage of which we sometimes hear in this country.

But back of this, and far more potent than any laws could be, is the spirit of the men in control. This is marked by great practical sagacity and a high sense of their duty as trustees. They make agreements to keep them. For an English railroad officer to break his word is dishonorable; for him to "work the market" is infamous. Not long ago an American railroad president, when asked if he would sign a rate agreement, said, "Yes, I don't mind; I have already signed it 27 times." He knew the chances were a hundred to one that it would be broken in a week. The Englishmen, on the other hand, take it as a matter of course that agreements should stand, and have provided an admirable machinery for making rates and adjusting the numerous matters in which they must work together. The Railway Clearing-house is an institution of the land. It has endured for years, and since 1850 has been regulated by act of Parliament. Through this institution pass all receipts from traffic worked over parts of two or more lines, and all settlements are made, not by the companies directly, but by the employees of the Clearing-house, which is controlled by a committee of delegates from the companies. This committee meets regularly four times a year, or oftener if necessary, and in case of differences with respect to accounts its decision is conclusive and is enforceable in court. The functions of the Clearing-house have gradually enlarged until they cover pretty nearly all the ground on which the railroads touch each other. At the Clearing-house various conferences meet, which arrange rates for the use of cars, classifications of freight, terminal allowances, regulations of speed and signalling of trains, and numerous other matters.

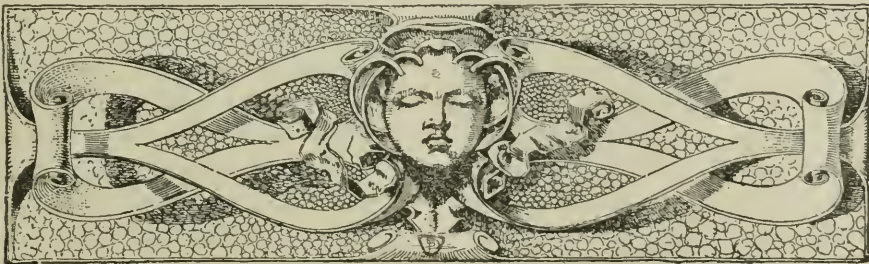
It is partly true, as is often said, that it is much easier for the English railroads to work together through such an institution as their Clearing-house

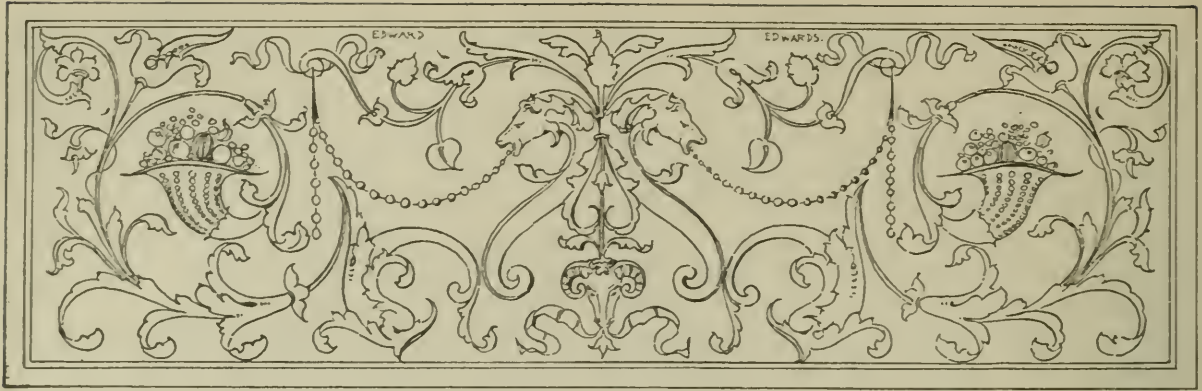
than it would be for American railroads, because the number of men, the number of miles, and the amount of latitude and longitude involved are so immensely less. On the other hand, we must admit that the railroad business of England is large enough to furnish a pretty fair sample of what can be done, inasmuch as the English railroads carry $1\frac{2}{3}$ times as many passengers as we do and about half as much freight. We all know the danger of comparisons, and yet I venture to suggest, with such delicacy as I can, that the management of the English railroads on the whole is characterized by better faith in their relations with each other and in their relations with those who use railroads, and by a higher sense of honor in their relations toward those who actually own the railroads, than are the railroads of the United States; and I say this with the most profound respect for the ability and integrity and high sense of honor and duty of the great majority of the superior officers of the railroads of our own country. The trouble is that the few individuals who lack these qualities are permitted to work enormous injury to the reputations of the great mass of honorable men and to the properties which they administer.

It would take us too far to attempt to account for the fact that the English railroad officers hold each other more strictly to their obligations than do our own; it would involve digging too deep for the roots of things. But I venture to suggest that the large share taken in the affairs of English railroads by men whose fortunes were made several generations ago, and whose grandfathers

were honored by the nation, accounts in considerable measure for the standard of conduct in these affairs. The men who have nothing to lose are kept in check by the men who have honorable names at stake. I think I see the power of the smart adventurer waning, slowly it is true, but surely, in our own railroads. The rise of the professional spirit among the officers, and the growth of the sense of trusteeship among the directors, are killing off the brigands faster, I believe, than most people think.

It was part of the plan of these articles to say something of the control exercised by the Government over the railroads of the United Kingdom; but the topic is not a simple one, and the editor warns me that space and the patience of the reader have limits. I shall further tax them only to say that of all the great nations of the earth the Englishmen and the Americans have had the most freedom in building and working their railroads. We have had more freedom than the English; they have had more than any one else. And no other peoples approach England and the United States in the quality and amount of service that they get from their railroads. Nowhere else can money buy such luxury; nowhere else are the masses moved with such speed, comfort, and frequency of trains. In no other country of the earth can the shipper of freight get such combinations of speed, rates, and facilities. The railroad systems of the United States and the United Kingdom are splendid examples of what an ingenious and energetic race can do when the Government keeps its hands off.





CHARITY *

PAINTED BY LOUIS DESCHAMPS

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton

M. DESCHAMPS has a remarkable position in one respect. Of all French artists known to me he is the most adequately and completely represented in the public galleries of France—I mean in what are called the “musées,” both of Paris and the provincial towns. This gives him a good chance of passing down to posterity, as his most important works are seldom hidden away in those private collections which a French artist, in my hearing, once compared to *un enterrement de première classe*. An American travelling in France may first become acquainted with the work of Louis Deschamps in the Luxembourg, and after that as he wanders through the country he will find him again at Marseilles, Avignon, St. Étienne, Rochefort, Mulhouse, Carcassonne, and other places.

This artist was born at Montélimar in 1848, and has ever since retained a strong attachment to his native place, where he has a residence still, and where he regularly passes half the year, and that the hottest, for his Provençal temperament enjoys the glow and glare of the south. He is entirely southern, speaking French with the Provençal accent, which differs as much from that of Paris as the tones of a Scotchman do from those of a Londoner, and it may be suspected that if professional reasons had not brought him to the banks

* See Frontispiece.

of the Seine and kept him there for a few months of every year, he would never have got farther north than the junction of the Saône and Rhone at Lyons. I need not add that he has never visited a certain island, situated in the fogs and mists of the remote Atlantic Ocean, where five millions of people live in one smoky city on the banks of a muddy river. All his affections are concentrated on that land of bright sunshine, blue skies, and castled heights where the strong winds whiten the clear swift waters of the Rhone. Certainly it is a glorious land, and the wonder is small that a native who is an artist besides should love it, but the art of M. Deschamps does not go far to confirm M. Taine's well-known theory of the influence exercised by an artist's surroundings on his technical production. The pictures by M. Deschamps are, as a rule, very far from being bright and sunny. In his decorative work alone is there a certain brightness and gayety of color, the easel pictures are almost always gloomy and sad in coloring, and they are often inspired by a profoundly melancholy sentiment. The artist's success with the public has been due, in great measure, to his sympathy with all kinds of suffering and privation. It may be doubted whether there is another artist living, in any country, who has more strongly the sentiment of compassion. I am fully aware

that in many literary and artistic natures this sentiment is merely dramatic ; I mean that it does not touch the genuine feelings of the artist ; it is, I will not say affected, but sincerely imagined without enlisting personal feeling at all. In poetry a kind of art very closely approximating to that of M. Deschamps is to be found in "Les Pauvres Gens" of Victor Hugo. I remember hearing a famous Parisian actress recite that very touching piece before a private audience in a drawing-room, and with such pathos that we were all very deeply affected and many of us in tears. I then asked her if she herself felt anything, and she answered, "Nothing whatever ; my recital is only art, my personal feelings are not engaged in it in any way, I am absolutely unmoved." Now, this is assuredly not the case with M. Deschamps ; his sympathy with misfortune, poverty, privation is a real sympathy ; I know that by his way of talking about the subjects of his pictures. For example, as he was describing the poor blind girl who is the subject of the picture entitled "Pitié" he spoke of the few poor advantages as well as the disadvantages of her lot ; she had been born blind, he said, she had never known any other state, and she lived in a condition of remoteness from many human interests and anxieties that accompany a more complete existence. Her nature was tranquil and calm, a strange resignation seemed natural and easy to her, and as the painter talked in this way of the subject of his picture, the pale and motionless figure on the canvas seemed endowed with the degree and kind of life that had belonged to its original. So with the livelier and more painful picture entitled "Cold and Hunger," a girl begging in bitter weather, her fingers almost frozen and want in her pale face and tearful eyes. She was a real sufferer in the artist's conception or recollection, and not simply a model acting a part. A picture now in the gallery at Carcassonne, represents a scene that M. Deschamps once saw on a spring morning, hence its title "Vu un Jour de Printemps," but the work has no relation to the beauty of the season ; it is not a landscape-painter's

spring. We are in a poor garret lighted by a small high window through which we see nothing but a glimpse of sky ; on the floor is a sheet where a corpse has been lying, but it is now taken away, and three young orphans remain in the desolate chamber with no other company than a crucifix.

The first picture by M. Deschamps that attracted general attention was his "Fille-Mère," exhibited in 1883, a title best translated into English, I suppose, by "The Unmarried Mother." Her dead child is in its cradle, and she is looking into vacancy with an expression of utter desolation. This is assuredly not a cheerful subject ; nevertheless, it is less painful than "The Mad Girl" ("La Folle"), in the Rochelle Gallery, first exhibited in 1886. Another subject, exquisitely sad yet full of consolation in its sadness, was "The Death of Mirèio," a picture in illustration of the twelfth canto of Mistral's famous and assuredly immortal poem, when the dying girl has the illusion of crossing to the shores of Paradise in a bark on the blue sea and treats death itself as a deception.

Noun, more pas ! Iéu, d'un pèd proumte
Sus la barqueto deja mounte . . .
Adiéu, adiéu ! . . . Deja nous emplanan
sus mar !

La mar, bello plano esmougudo,
Dóu paradís èi l'avengudo
Car la bluiour de l'estendudo
Tout à l'entour se toco emé lou toumple amar.

Ai ! . . . coume l'aigo nous tintourlo !
De tant d'astre qu'amount penjourlo,
N'en trouvarai bèn un, mounte dous cor ami
Libramen poscon s'ama ! . . . Santo
Es uno ourgueno, alin, que canto ?
E souspirè l'angounisanto,
E revessè lou front, coume pèr s'endourmi.

I turn these stanzas into English blank verse, as it allows a translator to follow his original much more closely than he can in rhyme. However, I must lose the sweet southern music of the Provençal, that mingles Italian, Spanish, and French sounds in a wonderful composite harmony.

"This is not death ! Upon the splendid plain
Of ever-restless waters I embark.
Farewell ! We float already on that sea
Which stretches to the shore of Paradise.
The azure vastness of the infinite
Borders all round the deep and bitter gulf.

“ Ah! how the wavelets cradle us! The stars
 Hang high above us! Of them surely one
 Will give a refuge to two loyal hearts
 To go on freely loving. Holy Saint,
 Is it an organ's music that I hear? ”
 The dying girl then sighed and spoke no
 more
 But turned her head as one who falls asleep.

In the fifth canto of the poem Vincent, Mirçio's favored lover, meets with Ourrias, a herdsman, whom she has rejected. Ourrias attacks Vincent and they engage in mortal combat. Vincent has the advantage, but disdains to avail himself of it and lets the herdsman go. Then the herdsman comes back, armed with his trident, attacks Vincent, who is unarmed, and leaves him for dead.

Oh que 'spetacle! Dins l'erbage
 Sus li caïau, 'mé lou visage
 Revessa pèr lou sòu Vincèn èro estendu :
 La terro à l'entour chaupinado,
 Lis amarino escampihado
 E sa camiso espeiandrado
 E l'erbo ensaunousido, e soun pitre fendu.

Oh! what a sight! On stones and in the grass
 Lay Vincent with his face upon the ground,
 Trodden and trampled was the blood-stained
 earth,
 And strewn with broken stems of water-willow,
 His shirt was torn, his breast itself was pierced.

This is the not very cheerful subject of the picture by M. Deschamps, which has been appropriately hung in the gallery at Avignon, so near to the scenery of the poem, and in a country where its beautiful language is understood.

The list of pictures already given shows a decided tendency to melancholy subjects, or at least to subjects that awaken pity, and we find this again in the now well-known picture in the Luxembourg gallery, "L'Abandonné," an infant left to perish if nobody picks it up in time to save the fragile little life. The picture we reproduce, "Charity," has almost the same motive; but here we are no longer troubled by anxiety about the child, which has found a protector. This work, however, is not to be taken exactly as the representation of an incident, for the artist had a wider aim. He wished to typify the spirit of charity in general, and with this view chose a man rather than a woman as its agent, per-

haps because masculine protection may be supposed to be stronger, though it has not quite the maternal tenderness. It is, indeed, simply a fact that in the human race the duty of protecting the weak, of procuring food for them, and fighting for them, is usually assigned to the male sex.

A few other pictures by M. Deschamps are illustrations of infancy. A touch of humor, very rare with him, enlivened the picture entitled "Au Clou," which would be best translated by "Hung Up." This work simply represented a child in swaddling-clothes, hung on a nail in the wall of a peasant's cottage, and there left to its own devices. The situation is scarcely compatible with human dignity, and it is disquieting, for we cannot help being anxious about the hold of the nail. "The Twins" give us no such anxiety, and this picture, too, is not without humor; they are lying in a crib, one at each end of it, with an almost comical symmetry. In a more serious order of ideas it is natural that M. Deschamps should have been attracted by the child Jesus. He has not painted many decidedly religious pictures, but he told me of two, "The Sleep of Jesus," which was at the Universal Exhibition of 1889, and "Bethlehem," in which the child Jesus is seen along with the animals in the stable. There is also "The Consolation of the Afflicted," in the gallery at Rochefort.

Most of these works are in quiet color, according to the old, sober French fashion of grays and browns. I have alluded already to the comparative brightness and gayety of the artist's decorative paintings. I do not know these well enough to give a detailed account of them, but see that M. Deschamps is by no means indifferent to color, and that when he paints without it, or with little of it, the reason is to be sought in a self-denying resolution of his own. I may add that he is a skilful painter in water-color, and that he enjoys it as a relief from oil.

Like most French artists who have attained a certain position, M. Deschamps is of the Legion of Honor, and he is a member of both the societies of artists which exhibit in the Champs Elysées and the Champ de Mars. As it is un-



Louis Deschamps.

derstood, however, that the same artist cannot exhibit in both, he has decided for the Champ de Mars, perhaps because more than two works are accepted there, and the pictures of one man are grouped together. An effort is also made to avoid the injury done by the too close neighborhood of works that are mutually

harmful. On the other hand, it may, perhaps, be regretted that so serious an artist as M. Deschamps should be incongruously associated with the wildest freaks in the delirium of the modern French decadence, freaks which are entirely foreign to the sobriety and dignity of his nature.



An Arabian Horse.

THE HORSE

By N. S. Shaler

FROM the point of view of the student of domesticated animals the races of men may well be divided into those which have and those which have not the use of the horse. Although there are half a score of other animals which have done much for man, which have indeed stamped themselves upon his history, no other creation has been so inseparably associated with the great triumphs of our kind, whether won on the battle-field or in the arts of peace. So far as material comfort, or even wealth, is concerned, we of the northern realms and present age could, perhaps, better spare the horse from our present life than either sheep, or horned cattle; but without this creature it is certain that our civilization would never have developed in anything like its present form. Lacking the help which the horse gives, it is almost certain that, even now, it could not be maintained. It requires but a glance at the mechanism of our life, to see how completely we rely upon the strength, speed, and docility of this animal.

We know the ancient natural history of the horse more completely than that of any other of our domesticated animals. We can trace the steps by which its singularly strong limbs and feet, on which rest its value to man, were formed in the great laboratory of geologic time. The story is so closely related to the interests of man that it will be well briefly to set it before the reader. In the first stages of the Tertiary period, in the age when we begin to trace the evolution of the suck-giving animals above the lowly grade in which the kangaroos and opossums belong, we find the ancestors of our mammalian series all characterized by rather weakly organized limbs fitted, as were those of their remoter kindred the marsupials, for tree climbing rather than for moving over the surface of the ground. The fact is, that all the creatures of this great clan acquired their properties of body in arboreal life, and with such relatively small and light bodies as were fitted for tree climbing. For this use the feet need to be loose-

jointed and so the system of five toes, each terminating in a sharp and strong nail or claw, became fixed in the inheritances. When, gaining strength and coming to possess a more important place in the world, these ancient tree-dwellers were able to occupy the ground which of old had been possessed by the great reptiles, the limbs that had served well for an arboreal life had to undergo many changes in order to fit them for progression in the new realm.

If we watch the progress of a bear over the surface of the ground, we readily perceive how lumbering is its gait and how poor the speed which it attains. Its slow and shambling movement is due to the fact that it has the tree-climbing foot, and is not well fitted for motion such as is required in running. To attain anything like speed in this exercise it is necessary to support the body on the tips of the toes. Every man who has gained any skill in this art, knows full well how incompetent he is if he tries to run with rapidity in the flatfooted manner. The bear cannot essay this method of progression on the toe-tips because his loose-jointed feet cannot be made to support his heavy body. In this way arose the necessity of developing a peculiar kind of foot when that part had to serve for rapid locomotion. The experiments to this end have been numerous and varied. Thus in the elephants, which retain the originally numerous toes, the bones of these members are planted in an upright position and tied together with such strong muscles and sinews, that the foot parts have something like the solidity and strength of the upper portions of the legs. In the single-hoofed or horse-like forms, and in the cloven-footed animals, other series of experiments have been tried which in

the end have proved most successful, giving us animals with the speediest movements of any animals except the creatures of the air.

The success which has been attained in our ordinary large herbivora, and which has made them competent to evade the chase of the beasts of prey, has been accomplished by reducing the number of the toes, giving the strength of the aborted parts to increase the power of those remaining. The result is the formation of two great groups, the double-hoofed forms, including the pigs, deer, cattle, sheep, and their kindred, and the single-toed species, of which our horse is the foremost example. In the reduction of the number of toes, different plans were followed in each of these groups. In the cloven-hoofed forms, a single toe first disappeared, leaving but four; then the two outer of these were aborted, leaving two nearly equal digits. In the case of the horse, where we can trace the change more clearly, we find the earliest form five-toed, but the outer and inner digit shrunken so as to become of little use. This condition of the creature in the early Tertiaries gives us the beginning of the equine series, and shows that far away, as the creature is now from ourselves, it originated from the main stem of mammalian life, from which our own forms have sprung. In the next higher stage in time and likewise in development, we find these lessened toes at



Horse of a Bulgarian Marauder.

their vanishing point, and two of the remaining digits, lying on either side of what corresponds to the middle-finger in our own hands, beginning to shrink in length and volume, while the central toe becomes larger and stronger than before. Last in the series we come to our ordinary equine form, in which nothing is left but the single massive extremity, though the remnants of two of the toes can be traced in the form of slender bones known as splints, which are altogether enclosed within the skin which wraps the region about the fetlock joints.

As if it were to show to us the history of this marvellous organic achievement, nature now and then, though seldom—perhaps not oftener than one in ten million instances—sends forth a horse with three hoofs to each leg. Two of these are small and lie on either side of the functioning extremity. Each of these hoofs is connected with a splint-bone which has in some way suddenly become reminded of its ancient use, and develops in a manner to imitate the creatures which passed from the earth

perfluous and injurious parts, and are likely from time to time to be worse than useless, becoming the seats of disease. In this beautiful instance, perhaps the fairest of all those showing how the highly developed forms of our time retain a memory of their ancestral life, we see how the advance in the series of the horse has been effected against the resistance ancient organic habit opposes to all gains. We can therefore the better understand, how the building of the hoof represents the labor of geologic ages during which the slow-made gains were won.

In its present elaborate form, the hoof of a horse is the most perfect instrument of support which has been devised in the animal kingdom, to uphold a large and swiftly moving animal in its passage over the ground. The original toe-nail, and the neighboring soft parts connected with it, have been modified into a structure which in an extraordinary manner combines solidity with elasticity, so that it may strike violent blows upon the hard surface of the earth without harm. The



Syrian Horse.

millions of years ago. In most cases the splint-bones have no function whatever to perform. They are indeed su-

bones of the toe to which it is affixed, have enlarged with the progressive loss of their neighbors of the extremity, un-



Arabian Sports.

til they fairly continue the dimensions of the bony parts of the leg. Moreover, they have lengthened out, so as to give the limb a great extension, and this, in turn, magnifies the stride which the creature can take in running. The result is that the horse can carry a greater weight at a swifter speed than any other animal approaching it in size.

The needs which led, in a slow accumulative way, to the invention of the admirable contrivance of the horse's foot, were doubtless founded on the necessities of swift movement in fleeing from the great predacious animals. Incidentally, however, as this development has gone on, the peculiarities of the extremity have proved highly advantageous in defence, and the creatures have acquired certain peculiar ways of using their feet effectively to this end. The solid character of the hoof, its considerable weight, and the great power of the muscles of the hams, which are the principal agents in propelling the animal, make the hind feet capable of delivering a very powerful blow. The measure of its efficiency may be judged from the fact that a lion has been slain by a stroke from the foot of a donkey, and in their wild state a herd of horses with their heads together, can beat off the attack of the most powerful beasts

of prey. In using the hind feet for assault, or defence, horses have adopted an effective method of kicking which is unknown among other animals. Resting on their fore-legs, the hinder feet are thrown backward and upward, so that they may strike a blow six feet from the ground. Many of our cloven-footed animals have learned to strike cutting blows with the sharp hoofs of their fore-limbs—our bulls will stamp a fallen enemy with great force; but the backward kick of the horse is a peculiar movement, and is distinctly related to the peculiar structure of the animal's extremities.

It is an interesting fact that the development of a long and slowly elaborated series leading to the making of the horse, appears to have taken place mainly, if not altogether, in the region about the headwaters of the Missouri River. In the olden days when this great work was done, that part of our continent was a well-watered country, much of its surface being occupied by great lakes which have long since disappeared. In the deposits accumulated in these bodies of fresh water are found the bones of the olden species telling the history of their series. It is not yet certain that the final step of the accomplishment which gave us our ex-



A Hurdle Jumper.

isting species, was effected in this land. It seems indeed most likely that the ancestral form of our domesticated horses found their way to the continents of the Old World, and there underwent the last slight changes, before they were made captive by man. If there ever were perfect horses on this continent,

they had passed away from its area before the coming of man to the land. The history of our aborigines would have been quite other than it has been, if they had had a chance to win the assistance of this noble helpmeet.

Central Asia appears to have been the domicile of the horse when he first



Cavalry Horse.

began his acquaintance with our kind. We do not know the original form of the creature. The wild horses existing at the present day in that part of the world, and which plentifully occur in other regions whereunto they have been taken by man, appear to have been set free from captivity.

The first domestication of the horse appears to have been brought about, at an early time in the history of our race, in northern Asia. The time when this feat was accomplished antedates our records. The creature may have first come into possession of the Tartar tribes, but it quickly passed over Asia

and Europe and shortly became the mainstay of the Aryan and Semitic folk. None other of our domesticated forms has been disseminated with like

for on the same ground as the dislike to its flesh.

The horse was probably at first most valued for its use in war. The peoples

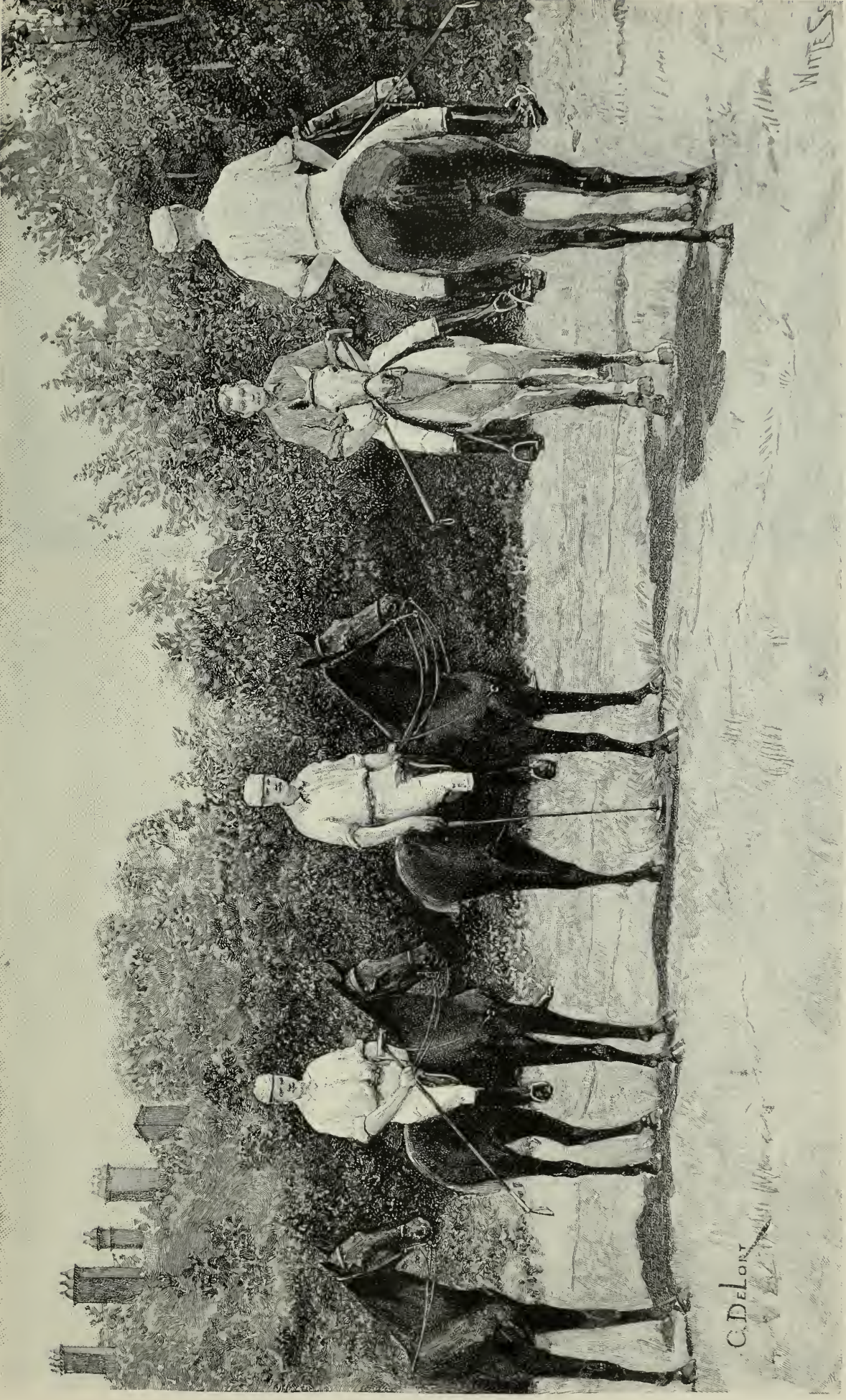


Mare and Foal.

rapidity, or at the outset with as little change in its original features. From the first the horse seems to have been mainly used as a saddle and pack animal. It has never served in any considerable measure for food. The failure to make use of this animal for flesh purposes appears to be common to all the savage or barbaric people who keep horses, and has been transmitted in a singularly definite way to all civilized folk. The origin of such a prejudice, despite the fact that the flesh of the horse is of excellent quality, can only be explained through the sympathetic motives common to all men. Their association with the horse, as with the dog, is so intimate as to make the use of these animals in the form of food more or less repugnant. In a small though unimportant way, mares have been used for milk, and there seems no reason to doubt, that if they had been carefully bred for this purpose, they might have been as serviceable as the cow. It may be that the failure to use the milk of the horse is to be accounted

which possessed it certainly had a great advantage over their less well provided neighbors. In fact the development of the military art, as distinguished from the mere fighting of savages, was made easy by the strength, endurance, fleetness, and measure of bravery characterizing this creature. In the wide range of species which have been domesticated or might be won to companionship with man, there is none other which so completely supplements the imperfect human body, making it fit for great deeds. If the horse had been much smaller or larger than he is, he would have been far less serviceable to man. It was a most fortunate accident that the creature came to us with the proportions which insured a high measure of utility in various lines of activity. The elephant has been found too large for agricultural uses, and too powerful to be controlled by the will and force of his master under conditions of excitement.

Those peoples which early acquired the resources in the way of strength



DRAWN BY C. DELORT.

English Polo Pontes.

ENGRAVED BY WITTE.



Horses for Towing on the Beach in Holland.

and fleetness which the horse put at their disposition, became inevitably the conquerors of the folk who were denied these advantages. If we consider the conditions which have led to the domination of the world by the Aryan and Semitic people, and the races which they have affiliated with them, we readily discern the fact that they have, to a great extent, won by horse-power rather than by their own physical strength. Thus equipped by their able servants, they have pressed outward from their ancient realms and have in a way overridden the tribes which were unmounted.

So imposing is the effect of the horsed man on all peoples who are without previous knowledge of the united creatures, that it always carries fear to their hearts. To such folk the combination appears as a single terrible being. The ease with which the Spaniards conquered Mexico and Peru can, to a great extent, be attributed to the awe carried into the ranks of the savage footmen by their mail-clad horses. The Greeks, who were wont to represent the forces of nature and the accomplishments of man by skilfully constructed myths, have left a record showing their appreciation of the strength derived from the union of horse and man, in their

fable of the Centaur, which possibly grew up in a time before their people had won the use of the animal, and when they only knew the creature by chance encounters with enemies who were mounted upon them. Although the naturalist of to-day perceives the impossibility of there ever having been on this earth a form uniting the trunk and fore-limbs of a quadruped to the upper part of a man's body, such scientific conceptions are a part of our modern, recently acquired store of knowledge. To the Greeks of the myth-making age the creature, half man, half horse, added but one more wonder to the vast store the world already contained. The currency of this fable shows us very clearly how great was the impression which the horse made upon primitive peoples.

To perceive the value of the horse in those ancient contests which opened the paths of civilization, we must note the fact, that until the invention of gunpowder, success in breaking the ranks of an enemy depended mainly on the charge. With a large body of vigorous horsemen it was generally possible to overwhelm an enemy's line of battle, either by direct assault or by an attack on its flank or rear. If the reader is curious to see the value of horsemen



Plough Horses, France.

in ancient warfare, he should read the story of the campaigns of Hannibal against the Romans in Italy. The first successes of that great commander—victories which came near changing the history of the western world—were almost altogether due to the strength lying in his admirable Numidian cavalry. The Romans were already good soldiers, their footmen more trustworthy than those which the Carthaginian general could set against them, but with his horsemen, as at Cannæ, he could wrap in the Roman line and reduce the most valiant legions to the confused herd which awaited the butcher.

Although the invention of firearms has somewhat changed the conditions under which cavalry may be used, making indeed the direct charge more costly to the assailant than the assailed, it has in no wise diminished, but rather increased, the value of horses in military campaigns. In the line of battle horses have become more than ever necessary for the conveyance of field officers and messengers, and the right arm of battle, the artillery, could not possibly be managed except by horse-power. The swift marches of modern armies, by hastening the issue of contests, have spared the world half the woes of its

great campaigns, and are made possible by the ready movement of supply trains, which could not be effected except by the help of these creatures. The result is that a large part of the military strength of any state rests not only in the valor and training of its fighting men, but in the supply of horses that its fields may afford. In this connection it is instructive to compare the military strength of a country like China, where the horse is not a common element in the life of people, with that of any of the western folk who may hereafter have to wrestle with that populous empire. Some writers, in their efforts to forecast the large politics of the future, have imagined that when the hardy and obedient Chinaman came to receive the European training in the military art, the armies of that country might prove from their numbers a menace to our own civilization. Such an issue seems in a high degree improbable, for the reason that the eastern realm could not provide the horses which would be necessary for the use of invading armies; nor is it at all likely that the rigid framework of their society will ever be so altered as to provide an abundance of these animals.

Although in the first instance the horse served mainly, if not altogether,



Belgian Fisherman's Horse.

as an ally of man in his contests with his neighbors, its most substantial use has been in the peaceful arts. As pack animal and drawer of the plough, the ox appears in general to have come into use before its swifter companion. The displacement of horned cattle has been due to the fact that their structure and habits make them much less fit for arduous and long-continued labor than the horse has been found to be. The cloven foot, because of its division, is weak. It cannot sustain a heavy burden. Even with the unincumbered weight of the body of the animal, the feet are apt to become sore in marches which the heavily mounted horses endure unharmed. Centuries of experience have shown that while the ox is an excellent animal for drawing a plough in a stubborn soil, and is well adapted to pulling carriages where the burden is heavy and the speed is not a matter of importance and the distance not great, the creature is too slow for the greater part of the work which the farmer needs to do. The pace which they can be made to take in walking is not more than half as great as that of a quick-footed horse moving in the same gait, and the ox is practically incapable, because of his weak feet, of keeping up a trot on any ordinary road.

But for the fact that an aged ox may be used for beef, they would doubtless long since have ceased to serve us as draught animals. As it is, with the growing money-value of the laborer's time, this slow-moving creature is steadily and rather rapidly disappearing from our farms. This change, indeed, is one of the most indicative of all those now occurring in our agriculture. It is a beautiful example of the operations which the increase in the workman's pay is bringing into our civilization.

The natural advantages of the horse for the use of man consisted in its size, strength, and endurance to burden; form of the body, which enabled a skilful rider to maintain his position astride the trunk; and the peculiar shape of the mouth and disposition of the teeth which made it possible to use the bit. With these direct physical advantages there were others of a physiological and psychic sort, of equal value. The creature breeds as well under domestication as in the wilderness; the young are fit for some service in the third year of their life, and are, at least in the less elaborated breeds, in a mature condition when they are five years old. Experience shows that the animal can subsist on a great variety of diet, being in this

regard surpassed only by his humbler kinsman the donkey, and by the goats. There are few fields so lean that they will not maintain serviceable horses. They do well alike in mountain pastures and amid the herbage of the moistest plainland.

The mental peculiarities of the horse are much less characteristic than its physical. It is indeed the common opinion, among those who do not know the animal well, that it is endowed with much sagacity, but no experienced and careful observer is likely to maintain this opinion. All such students find the intelligence of the horse to be very limited. It requires but little observation to show that the creature observes quickly, and in some way classifies the objects with which it comes in contact. The fear aroused in it by unknown things makes this feature of attention to the surrounding world very evident. Almost all these animals retain a tolerably distinct memory of the roads which they have traversed, even if they have passed over them but a few times. The studies which I have made on this point show me that the average horse will be able to return on a road which he has traversed a few hours before, with less risk of blundering than an ordinary driver. Some well-endowed animals can remember as many as a dozen turnings in a path over which they have journeyed three or four times. It seems almost certain that their guidance in these movements is not at all effected by the sense of smell, but is due to a distinct memory of the detailed features of the country.

Good as is the horse's memory, it is difficult to organize his actions on that basis. Only in rare cases and with much labor can he be taught to execute movements that are at all complicated. Fire-engine horses may be trained of their own will to step into the position where they are to be attached to the carriage. Some artillery horses will, as I have noticed, associate the sound of the bugle with the resulting movements of the guns and take the appropriate



A Hunter.

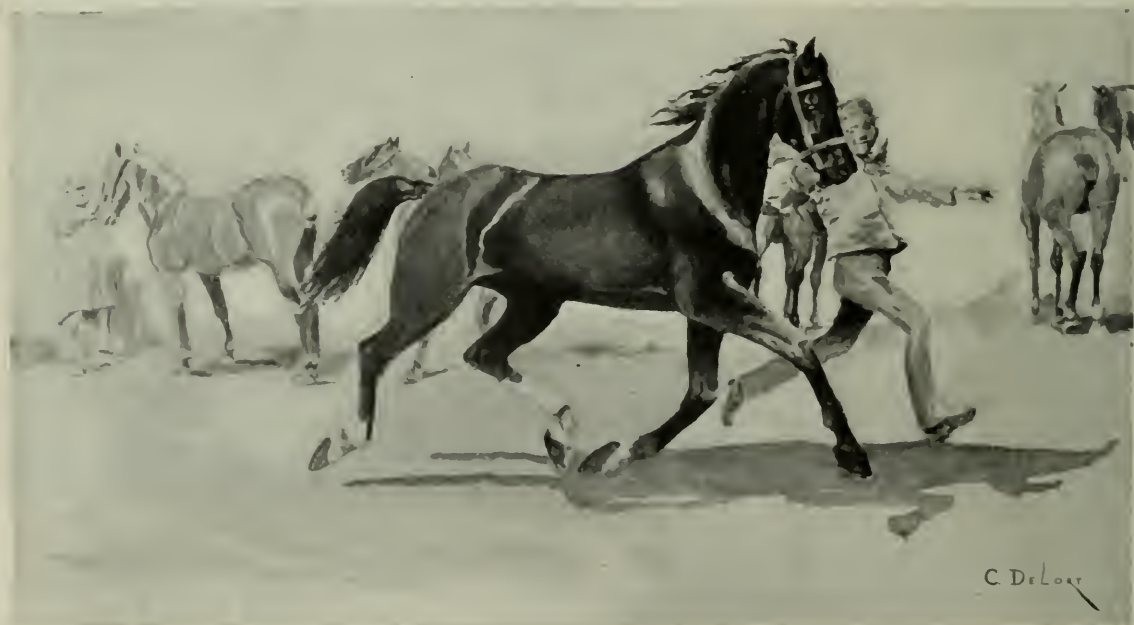
positions, where they may be out of danger in the rapid swinging of the teams and carriages. It is partly be-

cause of this training received by disciplined artillery horses, that it seems to many experienced officers not worth while to have militia companies in this arm, who have to manœuvre with animals untrained for the service. Although some part of this mental defect in the horse, causing its actions to be widely contrasted with those of the dog, may be due to a lack of deliberate training and to breeding with reference to intellectual accomplishment, we see by comparing the creature with the elephant, which practically has never been bred in captivity, that the equine mind is, from the point of view of rationality, very feeble.

The emotional side of the horse's nature seems little more developed than its rational. Although they have a certain affection for the hand which feeds them, and in a mild way are disposed to form friendships with other animals, they are not really affectionate, and never, so far as I have been able to find, show any distinct signs of grief at separation from their masters or of pleasure when they return to them. Although there are many stories appearing to indicate a certain faithfulness in horses which have remained beside their fallen and wounded riders, the facts do not justify us in supposing that such actions are due to the affection a dog clearly feels.

We have been singularly led astray by a chance use of the epithet "horse," which has come to be applied to many organic forms and functions where strength is indicated. Thus, in the case of plants we speak of "horseradish" or "horsemint," denoting thereby spices which have strong qualities. Horse-chestnut is another instance of the application of the term to plants. It chanced that "horse-sense" came to be used to indicate a sound understanding, and in an obscure way, but in a manner common with words, this has led to a vague implication of mental capacity in the animals whence the term is derived. The fact is that our horses, as far as their mental powers are concerned, appear to be the least improvable of our great domesticated animals.

Little elastic as the horse appears to be on the psychic side of its nature, in its physical aspects it is one of the most plastic of all the forms subjected to the breeder's art. It requires no more than a glance at the streets of our large cities to see how great is the range in size, form, and carriage of these animals which may be found in any of our great centres of civilization. We readily perceive that these variations have a distinct relation to the several divisions of human activity in which this creature has a share. The massive cart-horse, weighing it may



Exercising the Thoroughbreds.

be as much as eighteen hundred or two thousand pounds, heavy limbed, big headed, unwilling to move at a pace the classic monuments, the olden varieties were mere varieties of the pony, the small, compact, agile creature which had

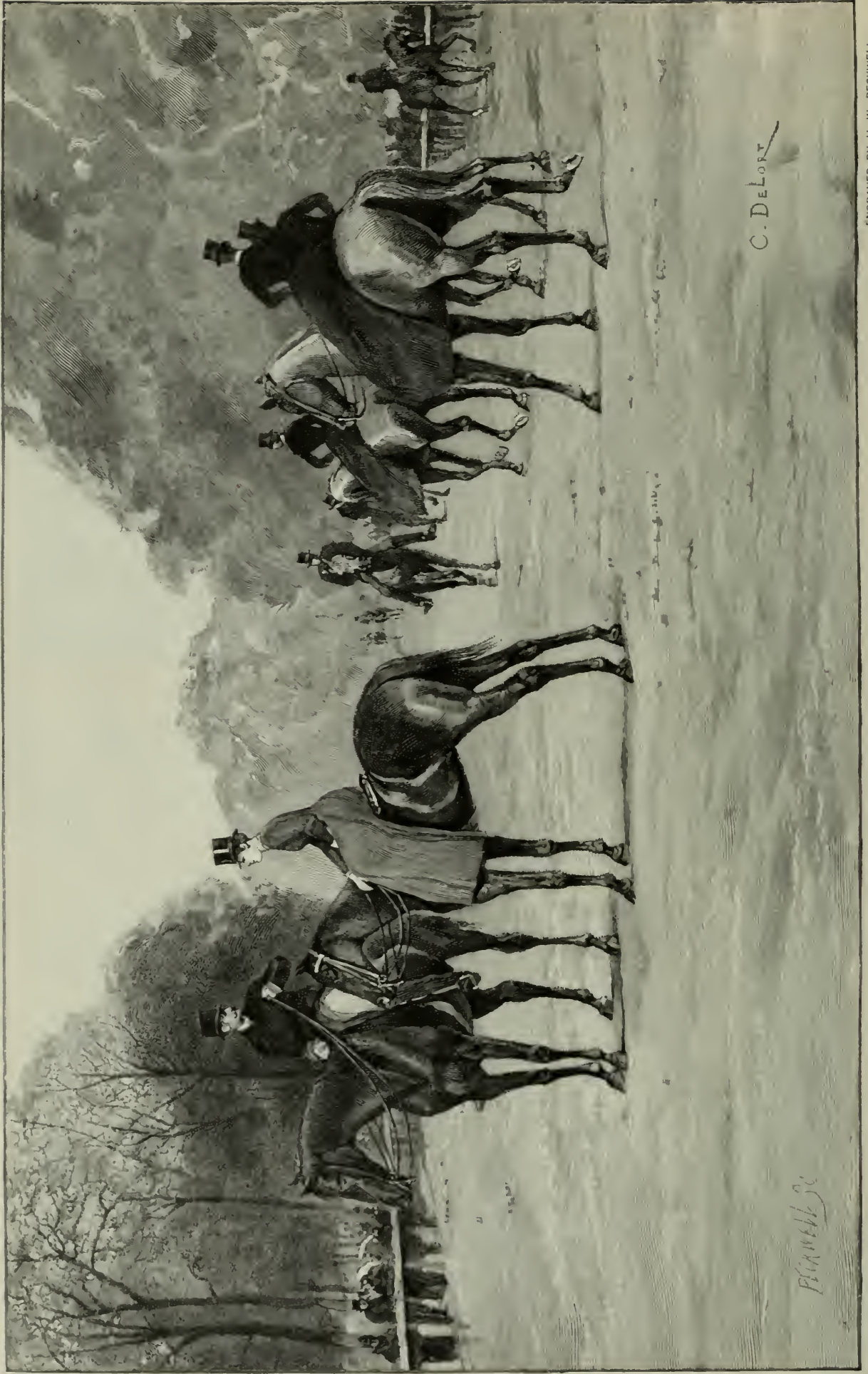


In the Circus.

faster than a slow trot, yet not without the measure of beauty seemingly inseparable from the species, contrasts very markedly with the alert saddle animal bred for speed and grace, and for the easy movement which makes it comfortable to the equestrian. Between these extremes we may note minor differences which, though they may not strike those persons who take only a commonplace view of the creatures, are most marked to the initiated. The trotter, the coach horse, the strong but nimble animals which are used in fire-engines and other heavy carriages which have to be swiftly moved, mark the results of breeding designed to insure particular qualities, and show how readily the physical features of the animal can be made to fit to our desires.

Although from an early day a certain amount of care has been given to breeding horses for saddle purposes, the careful and continuous choice which has led to the modern variations is a matter of only a few centuries of endeavor. So far as we can judge from

not departed far from the parent wild form. It seems to me doubtful whether any of the horses possessed by the Greeks or Romans attained a weight much exceeding a thousand pounds, or had the peculiarities of our modern breeds. The first considerable departure from the original type appears to have been brought about when it became necessary to provide a creature which could serve as a mount for the heavy armored knights of the Middle Ages, where man and horse were weighted with from one to two hundred pounds of metal. To serve this need it was necessary to have a saddle animal of unusual strength, weighing about three-quarters of a ton, easily controllable and at once fairly speedy and nimble. To meet this necessity the Norman horse was gradually evolved, the form naturally taking shape in that part of Europe where the iron-clad warrior was most perfectly developed. In the tapestries and other illustrative work of that day, when the knight won tournaments and battle-fields, gaining victory by the weight and speed which he brought to



C. DeLort

PIERREBETTE SC

DRAWN BY C. DELORT.

On Rotten Row, Hyde Park, London.

ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

bear upon his enemies we can see this splendid animal, in physical form at least, the finest product of man's care and skill in his development.

With the advance in the use of fire-arms the value of the Norman horse in the art of war rapidly diminished. This breed, however, has, with slight modifications, survived, and is extensively used for draught purposes where strength at the sacrifice of speed is demanded. It is a curious fact that the creatures which now draw the beer-wagons of London often afford the nearest living successors in form to the horses which bore the mediæval knights. It is an ignoble change, but we must be grateful for any accident which has preserved to us, though in a somewhat degraded form, this noblest product of the breeder's art, which, even as much as the valor of our ancestors, won success for our Teutonic folk in their great struggle with Islam. A tincture of this Norman blood, perhaps the firmest fixed in the species of any variety, pervades many other strains most valuable in our arts. It redeems the coarse forms of the English Clydesdales, a breed first developed for use in agriculture, and which has in general nothing but strength to commend it. The best of our artillery horses, particularly those set next the wheels, are generally in part Norman. In the well-known American Morgan, the swiftest and strongest of our harnessed forms, the observant eye detects indications of this masterful blood.

The Norman strains of horses retain certain interesting indications of their ancient lineage and occupation. As appears to be common with old breeds, the stock is readily maintained. It breeds true to its ancestry, with little tendency to those aberrations so common in the newly instituted varieties. When crossed with other strains, the effect of the intermixture of this strong blood is distinctly traceable for many generations. In their mental habits these creatures still appear to show something of the effects of their old use in war: it is a valiant race, less given to insane fear than other strains and, even under excitement, more controllable than the most of their kindred. So far as I have been able to learn,

they seem singularly free from those wild panics which are so common among our ordinary horses. It does not seem to me fanciful to suppose that these qualities were bred in the stock during the centuries of experience with the confusion of battle-fields and tournaments.

The horse, in common with the other domesticated animals varying readily in the hands of the breeder, undergoes a certain spontaneous change which in a way corresponds to the physiography of the region in which it is bred. At first sight it may seem as if these alterations are due to the admixture of previously existing varieties, or to the institution of peculiarities by some process of selection. I am, however, well convinced that these variations are in good part due to a direct influence from the environment. Thus in our high northern lands there is a distinct and spontaneous reduction in size of the creatures, which attains its farthest point in the Shetland pony. Again, as we go toward the tropics, a like, though less conspicuous, decrease in bulk is observable. The largest animals of the species develop in the middle latitudes, the realm where the form appears to have acquired its characters. The speed with which these local variations are made is often great. Thus the horses of Kentucky have, in about a century, acquired a certain stamp of the soil which makes it possible, in most cases, for the observer to identify an individual as from that State, though he may find it in a field a thousand miles away. The defining indications are not limited altogether to bodily form, but are shown in what might seem trifling features of carriage and behavior. The difference between the horses of Great Britain and those of the United States, seems to me, from repeated observations, to be quite as great as that separating the men of the two realms. I believe that if a lot of a thousand, taken in equal parts from either land were put together, a person well accustomed to taking account of these animals could separate them into two herds, with less than ten per cent. of error. It is doubtful if a more perfect selection could be

made if the same experiment were tried on an equal number of men, provided the indices to be derived from peculiarities of speech or dress could be excluded.

By some the Arabian horse is thought to be the most remarkable specialization of the kind which has been attained. In his native country and in his perfection, the Arab breed has been seen by but few persons who have been specially trained in noting the peculiarities of the animal. So far as I have been able to judge by pictures and a few specimens, said to be thoroughbreds of their stock, which I have had a chance to see, the Arabian form of the horse appears to have been led less far away from the primitive stock than many of our European and American varieties.

The very great, if not the pre-eminent, success of the horse in Arabia is the more remarkable from the fact that it has been attained under conditions which, from an *a priori* point of view, must be deemed most unfavorable. It has been bred in a land of scant herbage and deficient water-supply, where the creature has had from time to time, indeed we may say generally, to endure something of the dearth of food which stunts the Indian ponies and the other horses of the Cordilleran district. The ancestors of the horse appear to have attained their development in well-watered and fertile regions. All the varieties bred within the limits of civilization do best on rich pasturages such as Arabia does not afford. The success of the horse in that land shows how devoted must have been the care which has been given to its nurture. Fitting, as the creature does, exactly to the needs of nomadic people engaged in almost constant warfare, the creature has naturally been a far more important helper to the wild folk of the desert lands about the eastern Mediterranean and the Red Sea than to any other race. In those lands he fell into the keeping of a very able folk. The contrast between the care devoted to the animals by them, and that which our Indians give to their ponies, is a fair measure of the difference in the ability of these very diverse races.

As a whole, the horse demands for his best nurture and keeping an amount of care required by no other animal which has been won to the uses of man, unless perhaps it be the silkworm. Kept in his best state, the horse has to be sedulously groomed. To be maintained in his very best condition some hours of human labor must each day be given to keeping his skin in order. The effect arising from a friction on the horse's hide is not confined to the beauty that comes from cleanliness, but in a curious way reacts upon the general nervous tone of the animal. All those who are familiar with horses will, I think, agree with me, that much grooming distinctly increases the endurance and elasticity of the body. The influence of the grooming process appears to be somewhat like that obtained by massage and friction of the skin in the training of an athlete. More than once I have had occasion to observe the effect of this process on some ancient horse of good blood, which for years had been allowed in its old age to go uncared for as an idle tenant of the pastures. Two or three days of assiduous grooming will bring back the strength and suppleness to the aged limbs, and restore something of the olden spirit. The effect obtained from this care is the more remarkable, for the reason that nothing similar to it was experienced by the wild ancestors of these creatures. It is as artificial as bathing in the case of man. The influence of the treatment shows how very unnatural is the state of our civilized horses.

The task of providing horses with food is more considerable than in the case of any of our other domesticated creatures. By nature the animal is a frequent feeder, and does not well endure long fasts. Its stomach is rather small for the size of the body, and the digestive process appears to be more than usually rapid. A mounted animal, when taxed to its utmost, should be fed four or five times a day, and with less than three good meals is apt to break down. No such care in the matter of provender is necessary in the case of the other members of man's animal family. The contrast between the

physiological conditions of the camel and those of the horse are fully recognized by the Arabs, in their almost complete neglect of the individuals of the one species and their exceeding care of the other.

Perhaps the greatest element of care which man has had to devote to the horse is found in the matter of shoeing. In the state of nature the admirably constructed hoof sufficiently provided the animal against the excessive wearing of its horny extremity. Nature, however, rarely provides for more strength and endurance than the creature in its wild state demands, and so it comes about, that when horses have to bear burdens or draw carriages, particularly on roadways, their unprotected feet will not withstand the strain which is put upon them; the rate of growth of the structure composing the hoof not being sufficiently rapid to make good the wearing which these unnatural conditions impose. For thousands of years, in the roadless stages of man's development, the difficulties arising from the wearing of the hoof were not serious, for the creatures trod either on turf-covered plains or on the soft ways of the desert. When the advance of culture made roads necessary, when carriages were invented and something like our modern conditions were instituted, it became imperatively necessary to provide additional protection for the feet. We find the Greeks, in the classic time, wrestling with this problem. Xenophon, in his treatise on the care of horses, advises that they be reared on stony ground, he having observed that, in a natural way, the hoof becomes somewhat adapted to the necessities of its conditions. The Romans found the difficulty from the tender foot of the horse yet more serious on their paved roads, but both these classic peoples showed, in their ways of dealing with the difficulty, that lack of inventive skill which so curiously separates the olden from the modern men. They devised soles of leather and bags as coverings for the horse's feet, but none of the contrivances could have been very serviceable. All such coverings must have been quickly worn out in active use.

So far as we can determine, it was not until the fourth century of our era that the iron horseshoe was invented. This valuable contrivance appears to have originated in Greek or Roman lands, probably in the former realm, for it first bore the name of "selene," from its likeness to the crescent shape of the new moon. Although simple, the horseshoe was a most important invention, for it completely reconciled the animal to the conditions of our higher civilization, by removing the one hinderance to its general use in the work of war and commerce. It is probable that with this invention began the great task of differentiating the several breeds of European horses for their use in various employments, as draught animals for packing purposes, as light saddle horses, and the bearing of armored men. Neither the draught nor the war horses of Europe could well have been specialized until their heavy bodies were separated from the ground by these metallic coverings of the hoof.

Much has depended on the specialization of the horse into different breeds, made possible by the iron shoe. By reconciling the creature to uses, agriculture, which depends on draught animals, and the commerce of importance, which can only be effected by means of wagons, the rapid economic development of our civilization was made possible. By developing a horse capable of bearing an armored man, Europe was brought into a condition in which organized armies took the place of mere forays, and so the development of centralized states was promoted. In the warfare between the Mohammedans and the Christian states of Europe, in the campaigns with the Turks and the Saracens, it is easy to see that the powerful breeds of horses reared in western and northern Europe were a mighty element in determining the issue of the contest. The battles of these momentous campaigns represented, not only a struggle between the Christian Aryans and the Semitic followers of Mahomet, but, in quite as great a degree, the war was waged between the light and agile steeds of the Orient, and the massive and powerful animals that bore the mail-clad warriors of the West. On the field of

Tours, when the fate of Christian Europe for hours hung in the balance, we may well believe that the strong and enduring horses of the northern cavalry did much to give victory to our race.

Along with our general account of the place of the horse in civilization, it is fit to give something to the story of his near, though inferior, kinsmen, the ass and the mule, both of which have played a subordinate, though important, part in the same field of endeavor in which the nobler species has done so much for man. The original progenitors of our donkeys differed from the ancestral form of the horse by variations of good specific value. So far as we can determine from visible features, these forms were more distinctly parted than the dog and the wolf, or either of these animals from the jackal. Nevertheless, these equine forms are clearly closely akin, for they may be bred together. Although the original stock of the ass may possibly have been lost, it seems most likely that the wild forms which exist in Asia have not wandered off from captivity, but are the remnants of the original wilderness form.

It appears likely that the two domesticated equine species have been under the care of man for about the same length of time, but the difference in their condition, and in the place which they hold in civilization, is very great. As we have seen, the horse has been made to vary in a singular measure, his form and other qualities changing to meet the need or fancy of his master. His humbler kinsman has remained almost unchanged. Except small differences in size, the donkeys in different parts of the world are singularly alike. In part this lack of change may be explained by the relative neglect with which this species has been treated. From the point of view of the breeder, it has perhaps been the least cared for of any of our completely domesticated animals. In some parts of the world, as for instance in Spain where a long-continued effort has been made to develop the animal for interbreeding with the horse, the result shows that the form is relatively inelastic. It is doubtful if any con-

ceivable amount of care would develop such variations as the horse now exhibits.

The principal hinderances to the general acceptance of the donkey as a helpmeet to man are found in the small size and slow motion. These qualities make the creature unserviceable in active war or in agriculture, and they seem to be so fixed in the blood that they are not to any extent corrigible. So long as pack animals were in general use, and in those parts of the world where the conditions of culture cause this method of transportation to be retained, the qualities of the donkey have proved and are still found of value. The animal can carry a relatively heavy burden, being in such tasks, for his weight, more efficient than the horse. He is less liable to stampedes. He learns a round of duty much more effectively than that creature, and can subsist by browsing on coarse herbage, where a horse would be so far weakened as to become useless. Thus, in developing the mines in the unimproved wilderness of the Cordilleras, where ores of the precious metals have to be carried for considerable distances, trains of "burros" are often employed. The animals quickly learn the nature of their task, and will do their work with but little guidance from man.

In general we may say that the donkeys belong to a vanishing state of human culture, to the time before carriage-ways existed. Now that civilization goes on wheels, they seem likely to have an ever-decreasing value. A century ago they were almost everywhere in common use. At the present time there are probably millions of people in the United States to whom the animal is known only by description. In a word, the creature marks a stage in the development of our industries which is passing away as rapidly as that in which the spinning-wheel and the handloom played a part.

As the use of the ass in the economic arts began to decline, the mule or hybrid progeny of this creature and the horse has progressively increased. Although the value of this mongrel has been known, particularly in southern Europe, from very early days, its most

extensive employment has been found in the old slave-holding States of the Federal union. The custom of using mules was almost unknown in England, and has never been generally adopted in the northern part of the United States. It appears to have been introduced into southern regions by the Spaniards and the French, and there to have spread, because of the peculiar fitness of the creature to the climate and the employment it had to endure in that part of America. The mule has the peculiar advantage that it is on the average as large as the horse, is nearly as quick-footed when walking, and has at the same time a considerable share of the patient endurance to hard labor and scant fare which characterizes the donkeys. It matures somewhat more speedily than its nobler kinsman, being ready to meet severe strains perhaps a year earlier. Unless unconscionably abused, its period of fitness for hard work endures about one-third longer, often lasting for thirty years. It is singularly exempt from disease; its sturdy frame withstanding rude usage until the old age time.

It is commonly thought that a mule is a stupider creature than the horse, but I have never found a person who was well acquainted with both animals, who hesitated to place the mongrel in the intellectual grade above the pure-blood animal. There is, it is true, a decided difference in the mental qualities of the two creatures. The mule is relatively undemonstrative, his emotions being sufficiently expressed by an occasional bray — a mode of utterance which he has inherited from the humbler side of his house in a singularly unchanged way. Even in the best humor he appears sullen, and lacks those playful capers which give such expression to the well-bred horse, particularly in its youthful state. It is evident, however, that it discriminates men and things more clearly than does the horse. In going over difficult ground it studies its surface, and picks its way so as to secure a footing in an almost infallible manner. Even when loaded with a pack, it will consider the incumbrance and not so often try to pass

where the burden will become entangled with fixed objects.

Mules soon learn the difference between those who have the care of them and strangers. It is a well-known fact that trouble awaits the wight who unwarily ventures to take from his stall a mule who has not the pleasure of his acquaintance. On this account they are rarely stolen. Even in the daytime they are often dangerous for strangers to approach, and the most of the ill-usage which men receive from their heels arises where unwitting people venture to treat them as they would horses. Mules are much less liable to panic fear than the most of our domesticated animals, yet, when kept in the herded way they occasionally become stampeded. Many a soldier of our Civil War, where mules played a large part in the campaigns, doubtless remembers the mad outbreaks of these creatures from their corrals, when they went charging through the army with a fury which, if directed against an enemy, would have been almost as effective as a cavalry charge.

In considering the general influence of the horse and its kindred forms on human culture, we clearly perceive that we are now attaining a time when the machinery of civilization is to depend in a much less degree than of old on the help which these creatures give to man. Even fifty years ago the horse was far more necessary to the work of our kind than it is at present. Going back a hundred years, we perceive that the population of the civilized world could not possibly have been maintained, if by some disease all the horses had been swept away. Such a calamity in the year 1800 would have led to the depopulation of almost all the cities of the interior country, famine would have ravaged our States, and the whole economic system of society would have had to be reconstructed. Now the greater part of the work which of old had to be done by horses, can, at a slight increase of cost, be effected by mechanical engines. Ploughing, except on steep hillsides, and in very stony ground, can be cheaply and effectively done by steam. The same agent can propel the harvesters, and work the threshing ma-

chines. Even farmers who till fields of no great extent, find it desirable to do much of their work by steam engines, for the reason that fuel is less costly than horse feed. The mark of the old utility of the animal in varied employment is retained to our use of the term horse-power in measuring the energy of engines. That gauge of strength of old determined what man could do in the severest taxes upon the forces at

his command. In attaining the point where, owing to the possession of horses, he could use this standard, he won a great way beyond the station of his ancestors, who had but the strength of men at their command. Modern invention, by giving us heat engines, has made the way for an advance. In another century, or even in another generation, the horse may be relegated to the position of a luxury and an ornament.



REQUIEM

By Harrison S. Morris

THEY watched her eddying, like a leaf
 The tides among;
 Nor heeded where her robin hung,
 For, missing her, he had not sung,
 Save when she spoke once, low and brief.

But, sudden, there amid the vines
 Her hands had wet,
 Between the curtains, hanging yet,
 She loved to draw when day was set,
 He warbled like a bird divine.

Was it a dream of upland ways
 With open wing?
 Or was it pity made him sing
 For her whose spirit hovering
 Brought peace within her holy face?

None knew—but hark! the captive brain
 Set free the heart!
 He trilled the sombre night apart,
 And they that waited saw her start,
 And then she turned—and all was vain.

No speech was uttered; yet her eyes,
 Dim with the night,
 Turned upward toward the squares of white
 With tender, oh, with tender light,
 And blessed him out of Paradise.

TRUE PICTURES AMONG THE POOR

THE BELLS OF ABERDOVEY

By Robert Howard Russell

FOR many years the way to my office has led me past a dingy little shop with green shutters and dusty, cobwebbed windows. It had been for a long time without a tenant, doubtless owing to its gloomy and unprepossessing appearance. Situated on one of the narrow streets leading away from Newspaper Row, near the dark arches of the great bridge, it was hardly a promising locality for the establishment of a thriving business, and it had occasioned me no wonder that it stood so long vacant. One morning, however, I was surprised to see the shutters thrown open, the windows washed, and inside, seated on a cobbler's bench, a brisk little red-haired man with a pipe in his mouth, tapping away cheerfully at a pair of shoes which he had just put on the last. Attracted by the unusual signs of activity about the place, I paused for a moment and looked in at the window. The new-comer had banished the cobwebs from the walls, and had placed a row of pine shelves about the room, on which long lines of new wooden lasts of various sizes were neatly arranged, while rolls of soft leather, stacks of heavy, roughly cut brown soles, papers of eyelets, nails, wooden pegs, and bundles of shoe thread and waxed ends attested that the little cobbler was prepared to execute any orders that he might receive.

A small white globe stove warmed the room and filled the air with the odor of the leather chips upon which it was fed, and as the little cobbler scraped together the pile of red sole-leather shavings which had fallen before his busy

knife and emptied them from his apron into the open door of the stove, the added heat caused the glue-pot on top to sputter and bubble furiously.

Once or twice while I was peering in at his window the little cobbler looked up from his work, but he did not seem annoyed at my inquisitiveness. He was a pleasant faced little man in spite of his bristling red beard, which might have given him a fierce expression had it not been belied by the kindly twinkle of his little gray eyes, and I mentally determined that I should give him the chance to make the next pair of shoes I needed. A few days later a large gilded boot was suspended above the dingy little door, and a modest sign informed the passers-by that "Isaac Lloyd, Fine Custom Boot and Shoe Maker," was established there. Day by day as I passed I could see him busily hammering away at the shoe on his knee, or waxing the end of the long thread which fastened the sole together. He seemed cheerful and happy even on the gloomiest days, and his red head and queer little clay pipe bobbed back and forth over his work as merrily as if making shoes were the greatest sport in the world. For some weeks he worked away apparently without disturbance, for as yet I had seen no customers enter his little shop; so one day I stopped in, partly from curiosity, and gave him an order for a pair of shoes. The little man's eyes sparkled as he carefully measured my foot and traced its outline on a paper which he had placed on the floor. When the numerous measurements were completed to his satisfaction he replaced my old shoe, and while lacing it up he volunteered the information that he was a Welshman and had been working for some years at one of the fashionable boot-makers in Regent Street, London; but

* * * These are absolutely true stories of characters and incidents among people who live in the poorer parts of New York City.

he was not happy in the London shop, and longed for the hills and glens of his native Wales, so he had finally saved up enough money to come to America and establish himself in business, hoping that after awhile he should be able to lay up a little competency so that he could return to his beloved Wales and pass his old age at the little village of Llanfair, where he could indulge to his heart's content in his favorite sport of salmon-fishing.

When the shoes were finished the little Welshman brought them to my office and carefully unfolded the roll of soft batting in which they were wrapped. They were indeed a marvellous creation; the very soles were blackened and polished until they shone like mirrors, and his thorough and careful workmanship was apparent at every point. The little man explained to me that the uppers were made of kangaroo skin, which was light and cool and would wear like iron. The facings were of porpoise hide, so tough that an eyelet once fastened in would stay there until it wore out, while the vamps were of the best calfskin that could be obtained in the "Swamp," the famous leather district of the city. No wonder that I found the shoes serviceable. To procure his materials the little cobbler had ransacked the ends of the earth and even the waters under the earth. From that time on he made all my shoes, and I sent him so many customers that he was soon obliged to put another bench in his little shop and engage an assistant who kept time with him in tapping at the leather soles.

On holidays he always went fishing, winter or summer, if there was a chance to drop a line in the water anywhere; he was off at break of day, and neither bad weather nor bad luck could discourage him, for he held the firm belief that fishing was the only natural recreation of man, and he enjoyed it on principle—whether he caught anything or not. He was convinced that every man in his heart must share this feeling, and many a pair of my discarded shoes has he patched up, oiled, and brought to me, saying, in an apologetic way, that he thought I would find them useful for trout-fishing.

His calendar held one holiday which he observed with particular enthusiasm—for he was a patriotic little man and held the old Welsh traditions very dear—so on the first of March, "St. Tavy's Day," his bench would be deserted and he would be off early in the morning for a day's fishing, with a green leek stuck in his hat in honor of David, the titular saint of Wales; and the next morning, when I passed his little shop, he would inform me of his day's outing and tell me how in ancient times the kings of England wore leeks in their bonnets on this day in honor of the ancient Britons, and that formerly it was the perquisite of the sergeant-porter to present the leek to the King, and claim in return the clothes his majesty wore on that day.

Then, while the waxed end of a shoe-thread stuck from either corner of his mouth, he would hum the words of one of Leathart's old "Welsh Pennillion Songs:"

Ere Alfred hung in the highway,
His chains of gold by night or day;
And never had them stol'n away,
His subjects were so meek.
When wolves they danc'd o'er field and fen;
When austere *Druids* roasted men;—
But that was only now and then,
Ere Welshmen WORE THE LEEK.

When the warm spring evenings came, after the tiny shop had its shutters up for the night, the little cobbler would fill his pipe and stroll down to a large open place near one of the arches of the Bridge, where the newsboys and street gamins were used to assemble, after their papers were sold and the down-town streets had become deserted.

He was fond of these little gamins, although they had annoyed him, when he first made his appearance in the street, by throwing stones at his golden boot, and by such ingenious allusions to his red hair as only a street arab could devise; but he forgave them freely, for he was a keen student of human nature, and knew that thoughtlessness rather than cruelty was the cause of their persecution.

Whenever he had been particularly vexed by them, he would blow energetic puffs of smoke from his short pipe and say:

"My grandfather always used to say to I, 'When you see a boy running always hit him a lick, for he's either running because he has done something bad, or running to do it,' and I'm not prepared to say that the old gentleman wasn't right."

But his patience and kindness soon won their regard, for, when the cold winter months came and found these little chaps, like the grasshoppers of fable, without provision for the winter, many a poor bare-footed little wretch had been made comfortable by a pair of cast-off shoes from the shop, which the kind-hearted little cobbler had patched up for him, and before long he numbered all the ragged little frequenters of the street as his stanchest friends.

He had been the leader in the village choir at Llanfair, and it pleased him to get these little ragamuffins about him and sing some of his Welsh songs to them. Soon the boys with the quickest ears and most musical voices would join him in the choruses, and after a while he selected a quartet from among them, and would perch himself on one of the great granite blocks from the Bridge, which were scattered about their gathering-place, and patiently lead and instruct them. By the time the hot nights of summer came his group of ragged little choristers were fringed about each night by an appreciative audience which poured out from the neighboring tenements, and many a care-worn face would brighten as the clear notes of the boys' voices rang out in some familiar melody which recalled other days and other climes. The singers were of various nationalities, and each had his favorite songs to add to the *répertoire* of the quartet.

Pietro, the little dark-eyed Venetian, came each night from the cellar near by where he had been sorting rags all day, and forgot his homesickness in singing the songs which he had learned from the gondoliers in far-away Venice; Hans, the blue-eyed German boy, brought "Die Wacht am Rhein" and "Vaterland." Terence, or, as the boys called him, "Terry de Kid," contributed "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "The Bells of Shandon;" while Larry, a merry little vagabond in whose veins

flowed the blood of all these nationalities, and who was therefore considered an American citizen, joined heartily in all the songs, although his secret preference was for "The Old Folks at Home" ("S'wanee River"), and other darky songs in which he instructed the others.

The songs that the little cobbler loved best he saved for the last of the evening, and, when the other songs had all been rendered, he would rise to his feet on his stone precentor's box and, with bared head, start the Welsh national hymn, "Men o' Harlech," or "Cymru Fydd," and, afterward, an old Welsh song, "The Bells of Aberdovey," which was evidently very dear to him, for he always kept it until the very last of all, and you could feel that the song came from his heart, for his voice sounded tremulously in the quiet street as he sang:

In the peaceful evening time,
Oft I listened to the chime,
To the dulcet, ringing rhyme,
Of the bells of Aberdovey.

One, two, three, four, Hark! they ring!
Ah! long-lost thoughts to me they bring,
Those sweet bells of Aberdovey.

Then his humble little choristers would swell the chorus with enthusiastic voices, and the silent auditors would drift back to their dingy tenements with something more of tenderness in their hearts than they had known before the coming of the little shoemaker.

One day as I passed the little cobbler's, I saw him sitting idle for the first time. He looked ill, and in answer to my inquiry he said that he had not been well for some time, and was much worried about himself, as he had no friends in this country, and was afraid that if he was sick and could not work he would become a public charge and be sent to one of the great poor-houses of the city. He could not bear the thought of this, and it troubled him greatly. I tried to cheer him up and told him to make me a pair of shoes, as I should need them before long. The next day he commenced them, and for two days he was working away apparently as merrily as ever.

When they were finished he brought them to me and waited in my office for some time until I came, in order that I should pay him for them. I thought this rather strange, as he generally sent my shoes to me by his assistant and called a week or so later himself to collect the bill; but, thinking his illness had prevented him from making collections and that he was in need of money, I paid him at once without question, and after having told me that he felt better he said good-day and went away.

The next morning, as I walked down the narrow street, a little gamin ran excitedly up to me, and, pointing to the closed door of the little shoemaker's shop, where the dingy shutters were still up, he whispered hoarsely, "He's shot his-self," and, before I could question him further, dived down a side alley leading to a row of tenements.

I crossed over to where the policeman paced back and forth before the door, only to have the sad information confirmed by the shoemaker's assistant, who told me that after the little man had delivered my shoes he seemed more cheerful than he had been for a month, and had told him that he might close the shop early that night and have the evening to himself. It seems that he had bought a pistol with the money I had paid him for my new shoes, and was determined to end his life rather than, because of his illness, become a public charge in a foreign country

where he had no friends excepting the little gamins in the streets.

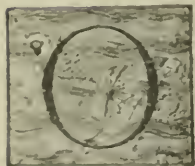
That evening there was a solemn little gathering under the arch of the Bridge, and at about the time they were used to sing each night a bare-footed procession of little street gamins filed out from under the dark archway and moved up the street until they were in front of the little shop. Then, with bared heads and with grimy faces, down which the tears were trickling, upturned to the dark closed shutters behind which the little shoemaker lay so quietly, they sang "The Bells of Aberdovey," and as I paused under the shadow of a doorway in the quiet street I could hardly believe that it was the hard and ragged little crew that I knew so well who were singing so tenderly the little Welshman's favorite song:

I first heard them years ago
 When, careless and light hearted,
 I thought not of coming woe,
 Nor of bright days departed;
 Now those hours are past and gone,
 'When the strife of life is done,
 Peace is found in heaven alone,'
 Say the bells of Aberdovey.

As the last word faded away they turned and dispersed as quietly as they had come. Unasked they had tendered the only tribute in their power to the memory of the little cobbler who had been so kind to them. Had they been little princes instead of little ragamuffins, they could have done no more.

KORBAY'S FORTUNE

By William T. Elsing



ONE afternoon last summer the bell of the City Mission church-house, in Rivington Street received several violent jerks. On opening the door, a woman in great excitement said, "Where is the minister? I must see him right away!" The sexton brought Mrs. Korbey to my study. She immediately broke out, "Oh! Mister minister, my husband is dying and I don't want him to go

without prayers!" She then in the same breath informed me that she was a Roman Catholic, but her husband was a Protestant, and she wanted him to die with the last rites of his church. I immediately accompanied Mrs. Korbey to a basement in Rivington Street. The Korbeyes lived in a kitchen and bedroom. The bedroom contained no windows, and the black hole in which I found the sick man contrasted strangely with the brilliant sunlight of the

street. As soon as my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, I saw that Korbey was in no immediate danger of dying. I said, "How do you feel today?" He took me for the doctor and said, "Doctor, my old woman here is greatly disturbed about me and said she would send for a minister, but I don't think it is necessary just yet."

I saw that I must first get the old man's confidence if I was to do him any good. So I said, "I am not a doctor, I am a minister, and as your wife informed me that you were sick I thought I would run over and see you; sick people, you know, are so much shut off from the outside world that it sometimes does them good to see a friend." As I made no immediate preparation to pray with Korbey, or to hold up before him the sins of his past life, the old man soon felt at ease.

"What is your business, Mr. Korbey?" I asked. With a certain air of triumph he replied, "I am an actor, sir." He then began to talk in a most familiar strain about all the great theatrical lights of the past fifty years.

He knew Macready, Edwin Forrest, the elder Booth, and many other stage celebrities. I finally asked what plays Mr. Korbey had most frequently appeared in. For a moment he seemed somewhat perplexed, but said:

"Well, I'm not exactly an actor that acts himself, but I am always around to help them. You see I am handy with the brush. In a few minutes I can make a dead level prairie look like a forest or a mountain region; I can paint rivers and houses so that, at a distance, you can hardly tell them from real rivers and real houses. Then, besides, when I was a young fellow I was good at climbing, and when there was a hitch in the scenery I was just the man to straighten things out. When we were in New Orleans many years ago, I fell from a beam, at the top of the curtain, and hurt my head; if it had not been for that accident I would be on the stage now, and a great actor too."

"Mr. Korbey," I said, "you know Shakespeare says, 'All the world's a stage, and all men and women merely players.' We will all soon take part in the last act, the curtain will be rung

down, the masks and finery will be laid aside, lords and ladies, kings and queens will appear just as they are. You are a poor, sick, old man; shall I kneel down by your bed and ask Him who is above us all to reach down His strong hand to help you?"

Korbey assented, he folded his hands and closed his eyes. When I arose to go, Korbey put his hand on his heart and said, "Thank you, sir; that did me good. I feel easier in here. Please come again."

Two days later, when I was holding an afternoon service, Mrs. Korbey rushed into the church and said to the sexton: "Tell the minister to come immediately, the old man is going, sure!" At the close of my service I went to the basement in Rivington Street. On entering the hall, I heard loud noises proceed from Korbey's bedroom. The various names of the Deity were used in such rapid succession that I thought Korbey was earnestly praying; but, to my great astonishment, he was sitting up in bed furiously brandishing a club and pouring out a volley of oaths at his son-in-law, who was in the kitchen just behind the bedroom door. It was fortunate for the young man that Korbey was partly paralyzed. Before he noticed my entrance he hurled the club with terrific force through the half-opened door. Mrs. Korbey and her daughter were crying, and the neighbors, attracted by the noise, were filling the hall. My presence restored peace. I told Korbey that all the prayers in the world would be of no avail for a man who showed such an ugly temper.

"I am sorry you seen what happened," he said, "but it is good for him that my legs have no life in them, or I would pitch him in the street, because he is a lazy loafer and won't support my daughter." I read a few words of the great Teacher about forgiveness and asked Korbey to repeat the Lord's Prayer after me. Perhaps I paused a little when I came to the words, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." He went through the prayer without a break and before I left said, "Don't be angry with me; since I hurt my head I get easily excited."

A few days later when I called at the

Korbey's, I witnessed a kind of family reunion in the dark bedroom. Mr. Korbey was sitting up in bed reading a letter. His wife held a little kerosene lamp, which lit up the letter and her own dull red, round face. The son-in-law, a regulation East Side tough, and his wife, a slovenly young woman, were eagerly bending over the bed, listening to the old man as he slowly stumbled his way through the letter. No one had heard my knock at the kitchen-door; so I walked in. When Mrs. Korbey saw me, she took hold of my arm and pulled me into the bedroom and in peremptory tones commanded her husband to give the minister the letter. While I read, every member of the family listened with intense eagerness. It was a communication from a claim lawyer, who informed Korbey that there was a sum of money, at a certain place, which belonged to Mr. James Korbey, but which he could only obtain through the assistance of legal aid. The writer volunteered to secure the entire sum, provided it was equally divided between himself and Mr. Korbey. The family were eager to accept this proposition, as none of them had the slightest knowledge of this secret fortune.

I suggested that there were other lawyers in the world besides the writer of that letter. If no one else could possibly find out the secret now in this man's possession, it might be advisable to accept his terms, but I counselled a little delay. Mrs. Korbey had told me that, since her husband had fallen from the scenery of a theatre in New Orleans many years ago, he had been very excitable and his memory had also been strangely affected. The only way in which he ever referred to past events was by being in some way reminded of them. Guided by this suggestion I determined that my conversation with Korbey should serve as a kind of mental search-light to reveal that which lay forgotten in the deep recesses of the old man's memory. I hoped that, by the law of association of ideas, I should be able to stimulate his weakened intellect and get the knowledge which the claim lawyer had obtained by means unknown to me. I asked many ques-

tions about the old man's parents and their circumstances, but all to no purpose.

Korbey's father had been a sailor; the family had never had any means; both parents had died when Korbey was quite a young lad, so that he was obliged to shift for himself. He had only one greater enjoyment in life than witnessing a play, and that was to be on the stage, helping the players. As a rude scenic artist he was invaluable, and he was ever eager to lead imaginary mobs against painted forts and castles and leap on the prostrate bodies of tyrants or kings, and at times he had made a good deal of money.

"Mr. Korbey," I asked, "when you were making so much money, what did you do with it? Did you ever put any money in the bank?"

The moment I mentioned the word *bank*, he fairly screamed: "Yes! I put some money in the bank and I lost the book." Like a long-forgotten dream it all flashed on his mind in a moment. More than forty years ago he had a small bank account. While in New Orleans he lost the bank-book. At first he had worried about it and determined to inform the bank officials when he returned to New York. After the accident, which had impaired his memory, he had altogether ceased to think of his savings. He did not remember the name of the bank or any other facts which would help me to trace the fortune.

A prominent lawyer interested himself in the matter. He visited several of the oldest savings institutions in New York, and through the kindness of the cashier he finally found the name of James Korbey on the books of one of these banks. The unclaimed deposit with compound interest amounted to \$1,256.53. The fortune was discovered, but the golden dreams of Korbey were not immediately realized. After his signature had been obtained, considerable time was consumed in properly identifying him as the rightful owner.

The excitement was too much for the old man. In a few days I received another hasty summons from Mrs. Korbey, who said:

"It will be the last time that I will

have to trouble you, for the old man is going. He just said, 'Fetch the minister once more, I shall never hear another prayer in this world.'" When I reached Korbey's bedside I saw that a great change had come over him; his voice was feeble, he no longer talked about his fortune and what he would do with it.

"Dear minister," he said, in trembling tones, "what Shakespeare says is true. We are players on the stage; some play comedy, some tragedy. With me the last act is almost finished. The curtain is going down, the foot-lights are going out, and the actors going home. Will you pray for me?"

Mrs. Korbey crowded in between the bed and the wall and joined in the devotions. At the close of my brief prayer, the dying man's lips began to tremble, and with closed eyes he said:

"Lord, I never prayed much and don't know how, but since the fortune has come to me I believe in prayer. I have been none too good to the poor old woman. Many is the weary day she's had on my account. She has been far too good for me, but now she gets the fortune and it makes it easier for me to go. The minister says you once gave

a fortune to a poor thief on the cross, and that you have one for me. God bless the minister, the lawyer, and the old woman. Amen."

Grief and prodigality are closely allied, and Mrs. Korbey was determined to have the most highly respectable funeral that was ever witnessed on Rivington Street. The undertaker, who had heard of the coming fortune, was ready to furnish a velvet-covered coffin and all the necessary accompaniments of an ostentatious funeral. Through my most emphatic interference Mr. Korbey had a simple and inexpensive burial. A week after the funeral Mrs. Korbey received \$1,256.53. Through the sympathetic interest of the lawyer the entire sum was safely and profitably invested, and every six months Mrs. Korbey draws a few dollars' interest: this, added to what she earns at washing and scrubbing, has made her independent.

I saw her a few days ago and said, "Mrs. Korbey, how did you get along this hard winter?" She replied: "Washing was never so dull and people does their own scrubbing nowadays, but I have not suffered, for I have Korbey's fortune."

A TENEMENT-COURT FESTIVAL

By Edward W. Townsend



IN that portion of Mulberry Street known as the Bend, I saw the court festivities which proved that the slums have a gayer aspect at times than the usual picture of the congested tenement district suggests. The day had begun with a downpour of rain, and, although at the time of my visit it was not raining, the heavy blue-black clouds threatened another storm. It was on that account that the Bend was unusually thronged and lively, for it happens that there are a number of occupations engaging the labor of the men of Mulberry Street which are interrupted by heavy rains. The owners of out-door boot-blackening stands do not go to their

business on such days; many of the push-cart peddlers are then forced to take a holiday; and even the street-sweepers lose a day's work when it rains hard enough to wash the pavements clean.

The men whose work had been interrupted by the storm lounged about the sidewalks and in the courts, looking confusingly alike in their soft shapeless, brimless caps, blue shirts, and velvet-reen trousers, all smoking pipes and all in that attitude which is characteristic of idle Italians of their class—collapsed shoulders, and hands sunk deep in trousers pockets. They were as much alike in dress and bearing as a uniformed organization performing some sort of drill.

Under ordinary conditions the roadway of the Bend is cluttered with push-carts, but to-day the curbstones on both sides were closely lined, from Bayard to Park Streets, with snugly nested carts of the idle peddlers, making a shambling fence, over and under and through which a swarm of children played. The sidewalks were made impassable, except for a leisurely lounge, by the stalls and stands of the market-women, whose calm appropriation of more than half the sidewalk space is the despair of the Municipal Bureau of Encumbrances.

There are no modern tenements in the block which forms the southwest side of the Bend; and as the project for condemning the block for a park has been talked about for years, even the repair of the ordinary or, rather, the extraordinary wear and tear has been neglected, until now the old buildings seem to be holding themselves together by one last effort until the Park Commissioners shall remove one prop from one building, when surely they will all fall in a heap of worn-out material. In one of the tenements in that block a peculiarly atrocious murder had been committed that morning, and the police officer on post had agreed to further my quest for "local color" by piloting me to the scene of the crime. It was not until we had reached the mouth of the dark tunnel we entered—a tunnel which, as it penetrated the building from street to court flatly on the sidewalk level, served the purposes of surface drainage as well as an entrance to the stairs and court—that I discovered the fact that there existed any means of entering the tenement. I had, in fact, passed it unnoticed three or four times in my unaided search. This was because two sidewalk stalls had almost closed up the entrance, and we had to edge our way in between them. One stall was for the sale of bread only, but the second was as diversified in its offerings as the first was limited. The first was piled high with beautifully baked loaves of varying sizes and shapes, which are sold by weight, every purchaser sharply watching the scales on which the loaf is weighed before a sale is made. On the stall opposite were a tub of little olives, which are dipped out of their brine with

a wire scoop; a barrel of dried fish, each layer forming a many-pointed star of geometrical exactness; baskets of big Italian chestnuts, some dried and freed from their shells; boxes of oranges by the side of a mound of vivid green bell-peppers; eight varieties of sausages—I remember going back to count those sausages—tobacco, pipes, matches, buttons, thread, and a full line of Italian comic papers. Peering between these two market-stalls one could look through the tunnel, whose meagre dimensions were diminished by half where the stairway ascended, and see at the end a point of vague light admitted from the court beyond.

The crime, whose sensational features had given it a news importance the insignificance of the man and woman involved would have denied it, had been committed only a couple of hours before; but the people of the tenement seemed to be interested in it very little, or not at all. There were some children who retained enough curiosity about the affair to follow us to the door of the bare little box of a room I had to describe, but they obeyed with knowing docility the officer's command to "Get out of here." There were also two or three men, vastly unpleasant-looking fellows, who displayed an unfriendly interest in our visit, but they disappeared in dark doorways quietly enough when the officer, with gruff familiarity, asked them, "Have you lost anything you are looking for?" They may not have understood his idiom, but his tone was unmistakable.

My local color desire had been satisfied, and we were about to leave the room, when my attention was attracted by sounds of music and dancing. The one window in the room looked out on the court whose stone pavement I could see four stories below, criss-crossed from my view point by a netting of bare clothes-lines. On a bench on one side of the court four negroes sat playing on banjos and guitars, and sometimes singing. Leaning against the walls were a score of men, and in the doorways of the rear tenement, facing the court, were groups of men and women, most of them Italians, a few negroes. These groups, spreading on the steps outside

the doors and compressed back into the darkening halls in compact masses, suggested champagne corks ; as if those inside the doors had been forcibly driven into the hallways, and those outside could only be kept in place by being wired. At every window opening on the court were as many heads of men and women as the space would accommodate, except that only the officer's head and mine appeared at our window, the former occupants of the room then being in the Tombs and the morgue. On the stones of the court itself little children were dancing, and it was this and the music which had drawn so many spectators from the dark interiors of the tenements to the doors and windows. The musicians were itinerants who, like so many others there, had been kept from the streets by the rain. The reds and greens, conspicuous in the colors of the women's dress, brightened the dingy court, but what gave this picture its greatest life and animation were the dancing children. There seemed to be hundreds of them, and really there must have been scores. Their dancing was natural, light, and graceful. Their delight in the festival was exhilarating to watch. Of course those little arabs seldom have the treat of music to accompany their dancing ; not even a hand-organ, for the players of those inspiring instruments live there, and are under no illusions which would lead them to expect pennies for their services in that neighborhood. In what are often spoken of as "poor sections" of the city—I mean streets which a Broadway stroller may invade, if he cares to, by a very little digression from his accustomed walk—hand-organs abound, and there earn their owners their greatest rewards. Those sections, however, would be considered dwelling-places of the worldly blessed by the inhabitants of Mulberry Bend, and the stoutly shod little girls who dance about the organs deemed daughters of the great in the land by the barefoot, barelegged, half-clad girls who danced in that court.

It is only on days of such forbidding weather as keeps the banjoists and guitarists at home — the hand-organists are abroad with the blizzard — that these children of the tenement courts hear

even such rough music as set them dancing that day.

"There's one Irish," remarked the officer, laughing, as he watched the scene. He pointed out a little slip of a figure which was dancing with great vigor and steadfastness, but always on one spot, directly in front of the orchestra.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Can't you see from her dance, man? That's a jig she's doing ; a straight Irish jig, and well done, too. Don't you see that all the others are doing those fancy ballet steps?"

That was a fact. The little girl he pointed out had her hands on her hips, her body above her hips held rigidly erect, her head thrown back, and she never moved to the right or left from the centre of the flagstone she danced on. Her bare feet sharply slapped the wet stone in perfect time to the lively thrumming of the strings. A negro left a doorstep group and "patted" for the little jig-dancer. This move was approved by shouts and laughs from all the spectators, and a rattle of friendly chatter suddenly shot back and forth across the court from a dozen groups.

All the girls except the jig-dancer were performing ballet steps with a regard for toe-pointing, unbending knees, and body posturing, that suggested a strongly marked inherited aptitude for that character of dance. In doing this they moved all over the court ; the best dancers being named for special praise and applause. When there was an intermission for the orchestra, one of the Italians moved about among the spectators, and soon afterward sent one of the children out of the court with a tin pail. The child returned with the pail filled with beer, which was given to the musicians. After they had drunk they passed the pail, first to the man who had made the collection for the treat, and next to the little jig-dancer. She divided her portion with the negro who had patted for her.

"There's few of the Irish left about here," said the police officer. "That girl's father is one who has not been driven over to the West Side by the Guinneys. (I understood "Guinney" to be his slang for an Italian—an abbreviation of Giovanni.) They mostly

can't get along together, but her father was born in this ward, would not be driven out, and the Guinneys have kind of adopted him in their gang. The little girl is useful to us, for she has picked up enough Italian to help us out when we strike a case where no one speaks English—like this one."

By "this one" I knew that the officer referred to the murder case we had both worked on that day; he for evidence, I for color.

"She helped me on this case this morning," continued the officer. "She happened to be just outside in the hall

and heard the talk between the parties before it happened."

"Did she see that—did she see what was taken from here?" I asked.

"Certainly. All of them down there saw it," answered the officer. "There they go again."

The minstrels now sang as they played, the little Irish girl and the few Italian children who could speak English joining in the chorus of the sentimental ballad with much enthusiasm. The song's refrain extolled the surpassing virtues and fascinations of the home and fireside.

THE END THAT CROWNED

By James Barnes



HE little hunchback moved noiselessly about the room and placed all the chairs with their backs against the wall. The sunlight coming in through the closed shutters threw golden streaks across the floor. Presently another little woman, more crooked than the first, entered very quietly.

"Let us see how they look now," she said, addressing her sister; for they were sisters, and known as "The little hunchbacks" from one end of Carmine Street to the other. She glided to the window— one row of golden streaks broadened and the chairs and a sofa were seen to be the only furniture. The air was heavy with the odor of flowers.

"They are beautiful where they are," replied the elder sister. "I would not touch them." Then she added, speaking slowly, "She always loved flowers, didn't she?"

"Always," answered the second, "and how nice a dove would look hung there in the doorway."

The voices of the little sisters sounded exactly alike—flat and cackling. Then they closed the blinds and sat down side by side on the horse-hair sofa without saying a word. And all they knew about her was her name and the fact that she drew a widow's pension from the Government.

It had been very strange—what the young doctor who had attended her had said when they had shown him the photographs: the two photographs that the silent sweet-faced gentlewoman held in her hands when she died. One was faded and very old-fashioned—the picture of a little girl dressed in a stiff white frock, with a big plaid sash and new button-shoes.

The other photograph was very new and very fashionable, with a great dashing signature at the bottom. It was very shiny, like the ones you see in the shop-windows over on the avenue, and the sisters had wondered and had admired it greatly. "I believe that I can find her," was what they both understood the young doctor to say. Then he had left with the photographs in his pocket—and soon had come the undertaker and the flowers.

Suddenly the noise of the Carmine Street children, playing in the new building across the way, hushed and then broke out shriller than before. The sound of wheels stopping before the house made one of the little sisters start, and she said, nervously, "Here is one of them now"—as if she were expecting some people who were late, but it was only an ordinary hearse with black horses that wore trailing fly-nets with huge tassels.

The undertaker's assistant jumped off

the box and entered the house without knocking. He was a young man with condescending manners, who bent down very low, and whispered, when he spoke to the two sisters, and touched each one of their humps with his hand as if by accident. Strange to say, he held a dollar bill between his fingers. Then he went outside, leaned against the rusty old newel-post and smoked a cigarette.

A loud-voiced clock hurriedly struck the hour in the kitchen, and the little sisters looked anxiously at one another, but before they had time to speak the sound of wheels again stopping made them turn to the window.

A neat coupé, with a big brown horse, stood close to the sidewalk next to the hearse. A tall young woman dressed in black stepped out and stood holding the door of the coupé open and looking up at the little red brick house; the children grouped about the hearse gazed at her in silence, and the undertaker's assistant stopped smoking instantly. When she saw the crape on the bell-handle the young woman gently closed the door of the coupé and ascended the steps.

The sisters were too awe-struck to move at first, and the bell in the empty hallway was still jingling softly when the mysterious one entered the room. She said something in a low voice, and one of the blinds was opened. Then she glanced about her and walked quietly to the doorway and looked over the huge basket of flowers at the still, white face. She had pulled up the dark veil and it made a black band across her forehead. Then she stood up very straight, her shoulders shook slightly, and she twisted her handkerchief in and out through her fingers the way people do on the stage when they are crying to themselves.

The little hunchbacks, who were dressmakers, could not help admiring the closely fitting gown, and they thought they had never seen such light golden hair in all their lives. When she turned, however, they almost gasped in unison. It was the woman who wore the great plumed hat in the shiny photograph. She drew down her veil again to her chin and seated herself on an uncomfortable stiff-backed chair.

The undertaker's assistant, who had come in, tiptoed across the room in his cheap, squeaking shoes. He had been almost as much overcome as the two little women; he had stood there pulling stupidly at his thick lower lip, dumfounded, and now it was his intention to go out and tell the driver what had happened.

The assistant was just in time to open the door for a large old man who carried a small satchel. He was hot and dusty, and explained in a deep, sonorous voice that the train had been late; otherwise he would have arrived an hour ago. When he had looked at the quiet face of the dead woman, he had breathed very long, made an odd dry sound in his throat, and had gone back into the little kitchen to put on his stole and surplice.

Somebody in the hall inquired for one of the sisters in a loud, puffing whisper, and a stout woman with a shawl pinned over her bosom entered; she lived in the near-by tenement-house and had brought a cheap bunch of flowers, tied with a white string, besides an evident willingness to weep loudly if it was necessary. But after she looked about her she sat down awkwardly on the edge of the nearest chair.

And now a strange thing happened. The young girl arose and took the little bunch of flowers from where the washerwoman had hid them beneath her shawl (when she had seen the basket of white roses), and she lifted the trailing smilax and placed it in the veinless waxen hands.

Then the service began. It was the usual service of the church except that there was no singing, and the old minister at last took off his spectacles, and the monotony of his reading ceased. He began to speak in a low voice, earnestly, as if he were addressing one person only.

The two little hunchbacks, who had known sorrow, sat side by side and wiped their eyes with stiffly folded handkerchiefs like blotting-pads. Two wet spots showed in the young woman's veil and a tear rolled down from beneath it and plashed on the tightly clasped hands in her lap—the slender hands on which the jewels showed so plainly be-

neath her gloves. The washerwoman, who did not understand it, began to weep when she saw the tears of the others and had recourse to the corner of her dingy moth-eaten shawl.

The deep voice of the old man suddenly broke in a sob that he could control no longer, and the young girl slipped quietly to him and grasped his arm with both her hands; she could not speak, but simply bowed her head be-

neath the wide white sleeve that he had thrown about her. Then the old man prayed and kissed her forehead, and his tears wet her light crisp hair.

When they had all left, the little sisters opened the shutters to the sunshine and placed a notice in one of the windows showing they had a furnished room to rent with board. Oh, yes—the young doctor. He attended the funeral and stood out in the hallway.

THE AMERICAN GIRLS' ART CLUB IN PARIS

By Emily Meredyth Aylward

N O. 4, rue de Chevreuse, stands right in the heart of the Old Latin Quarter of Paris. Here has been in flourishing existence, since September, 1893, the new American Girls' Art Club, a home of delightful and economic safety for the legion of young women who, in the pursuit of art, annually go unprotected abroad.

No spot more calculated to thrill the imagination of artistic American youth could well have been chosen than this quaint corner of Paris. Every stone has an historic art-association. Along those narrow streets artists have always swung away up in those lofty attics, student-philosophers have dreamed their dreams, and poets have sung their songs to the eternal hallowing of every brick and stone. Every reminiscence is inspiring, and the present actual surroundings are, in addition, brimful of interest and practical advantage.

The Club stands within three blocks of the Luxembourg Gardens, within easy walking distance of the École des Beaux-Arts, and in the midst of many of the principal studios, among them those of Bouguereau, Laurens, and Whistler, which are within a block. Above all things the famous schools of Colarossi, Delécluse and Montparnasse—always favorite head-quarters for the American student—are within a few minutes' reach, so that, taken all in all, the environment of the new Girls' Club

is a rarely good combination of ideal and practical benefit.

When the American girl first sets foot in the rue de Chevreuse—where the pavement is too narrow to admit her friend's walking beside her—she thinks, truly enough, that so narrow a passage with so lofty dwellings she has never before seen. Simultaneously, however, she begins for the first time to associate narrow streetways with beauty and picturesqueness, instead of, as heretofore, with neglect and decay. There is here no filth or squalor, but order, refinement, and, above all—she feels it, the atmosphere exhales it—an unspeakable romance.

The new Club, once a handsome château, is a rambling triangular building, framing a court-yard at the rear, and running, with its huge, old-fashioned gardens, on to the parallel street at the back. Painted cream yellow, with red-tiled roof, and overrun with creepers, its gay exterior is a delight in color to the eye. Within it has all the beauty and mediæval mystery of numberless stairways and puzzling passages, and contains, in addition to the spacious reading, writing, dining, and two reception rooms, with library, about fifty bedrooms. Those bedrooms on the first three stories have long French windows; those on the fourth have dormer windows, all with a view on the court-yard, and many with a window opening on street and court-yard both.

A wide veranda runs round the first story at the back, its pillars and balcony clothed with wistaria vine, and here the students love to lounge when days begin to grow sunny, and, swinging in rocker or hammock, overlook what seems to them the fairest, sweetest, old garden in all France. The court-yard, with its few huge trees, its centre plot of green and blossoms, and its unused old well, leads by a few steps down into this ideal garden.

It is an old-world garden; one of those delicious tangles of greenery and sweet-scented shrubs and blossoms, thick-planted with roses, red and white, and yellow, with a myriad winding paths and cool dark niches, all overshadowed with fragrant lilacs and laburnums, and the thick green foliage of century-old trees. Such a huge, rambling, romantic garden! owing tenfold its fascination to the absence of modern touch. Over its high stone-walls no hum of the city disturbs one's reverie. It seems remote from life and hurry, away from the pressure of civilization, far off from everything.

Even in winter it is not bleak or dull, but verdant with evergreens, as is the court-yard too, and added to this, the girl is an exception who does not keep on her window-sill a box-garden of flowers or plants the entire year round, so that all is fresh to behold.

Before the opening of this Club, which owes its inception and initiatory support to a group of American women headed by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the American girl-student of small means in Paris had, to say the least, to struggle with a precarious existence. Here, under matronly supervision, surrounded by refined comfort, and at a minimum of expense, the path has been made easy for her in an unusual degree.

It goes without saying that the girls who come here are, first and above all things, bent on work, and afterward—as a rule—economy; therefore the low figure to which a girl can bring her expenses is a matter of timely interest to set forth.

To begin with her room. She can have a tiny one, of which there are a few on the fourth floor, as low as twenty-five francs per month. The larger rooms,

however, on all floors rent from thirty to forty on an average, according to size, position, and the matter of one or two



One of the Art Students.

windows. Extra large rooms may be had as high as sixty francs, but these are usually shared by two. Thirty-five francs is the fair average for a pleasant single room, and when the young American aspirant realizes that this means seven dollars for a month's rent her courage will begin to ascend.

The rooms are continental to the degree of a red-tiled flooring, a tiny stove, originally intended for charcoal, and the absence of gas. The ménage provides a footstool, but the girls themselves throw down their own rugs for prettiness and comfort; these, together with an oil-lamp, and candles for use in passages being usually their first investment. All the rooms are furnished *en studio*, the bed folding up into a couch and a large Japanese screen being provided to conceal any baggage or trappings not ordinarily found in a sitting-room. Within a couple of weeks every student has provided herself with the few yards of scrim or cretonne, the etchings, and the half-dozen little decorative knick-knacks to be had for a song in Paris,

and which under her deft fingers transform the nook and stamp upon it her individuality. The beauty of niches and corners in some girls' dens, where superior taste and a little extra money have been brought into play, might well be worthy of reproduction.

In the coldest and darkest parts of winter, coal and light cost no more than three francs twenty-five centimes (sixty-five cents) a week. Each girl orders her own sack of coal delivered to her room, which costs three francs and lasts a week. Wood she buys at two centimes the bundle, and oil in a can, which will last a couple of months, for two francs twenty centimes the can. Girls with double rooms and grates will use more in proportion, though not double. They may also fee the maids to light their fires if they desire; but the prevailing economic mode is for the girls to light their own fires, letting them out and rekindling as may be necessary.

After ringing the clanging bell of the big double door at No. 4, rue de Chevreuse (just like a church-door but for its green paint and shining brass knockers) the new-comer is brought face to face with the concierge. The door opens in the middle of the gateway, leaving a high barrier of wood below, over which you step into the flagged passage-way.

To the left are the apartments occupied by the concierge and his wife. He is an important individual, with a semi-official chamber hung with racks and keys. In the racks he distributes the mails, and here the students call for them. The keys are all hung beneath their room-numbers, and are deposited by the owners as they go out, and called for again when they come in. At 10 p.m. lights are extinguished and the house closed up, and in this busy hive of workers fatigue finds most students ready to retire then or before. But, should a social engagement detain an inmate, the concierge will rise and pull the rope which withdraws the bolt, and hand out a studio-key at any hour, which will be all right, provided the situation be explained to the matron. In the same way, should a visitor stay beyond the prescribed hour, nothing will be said, but permission given the student to extinguish the lights herself after the guest's departure, ringing up the concierge to warn him that she has done so, so that he may take a subsequent survey to see that things are all right.

A similar spirit prevails in everything. Rules are strictly and wisely made, but will be relaxed even to the extent of home-lenieney in every situation possible, and where the student has inspired the confidence of the household.

The restaurant on the ground-floor, which is conducted like any public restaurant, is frequented by nearly all the students, although they are at perfect liberty to go anywhere they please. Nowhere else, however, could they find so good and daintily served a table at the same money, a most commendable feature being that it is not *table d'hôte*, so that a girl may order as little or great a variety as she chooses, according to her appetite or purse. The caterer is a woman, and four trim, spotless women-servants are in attendance. Small round tables, seating



Sketching in the Luxembourg Gardens.



Garden of the Art Club.

four, are those provided, so that groups of close friends do not need to be separated.

Breakfast is served from 7 to 9 A.M., and consists of coffee, rolls and butter, and fruit. For fifty centimes you are served a pot of delicious coffee, holding three small cups, half a pint of boiling milk, two rolls with plenty of sweet butter, and grapes, oranges, or apples in season. Graham bread is a favorite, and will be served instead of, or with, rolls, as preferred. The little breakfast-trays look tempting with their dainty individual service—everything, including coffee-pot, being of blue and white china. The linen is spotless, and the service altogether appetizing and refined; and when one considers that the sum charged means ten cents American money, the fact to the American mind assumes somewhat the nature of an agreeable economic problem.

The art-schools open at 8 A.M., when students are promptly present. They close again from 12 to 1, and from 12 to 1.30 *déjeûner à la fourchette*—sup-

posed to take the place of luncheon, but in reality a mid-day dinner—is served. Hot meats, vegetables, sweets, with wines and black coffee, form the *menu*. Many girls who draw in one studio from 8 to 12, return to paint in another from 1 to 4, or even until 5 in fine weather. Dinner is served from 6 to 7.30, and the *ménus* of both *déjeûner* and dinner furnished below form an average sample of what will be found provided, with the cost:

Déjeûner à la Fourchette, 28 Novembre, 1893.

MENU.

Potage.

À légumes..... 0.20

Hors d'Œuvre.

Poisson.

Pâtés à l'huître..... 0.25

Entrées.

Blanquette de veau	0.40	Chateaubriand garni.....	0.65
Beefsteak garni .	0.40	Salade de saison.	0.20

Légumes.

Pommes de terre, purée	0.15	Macaroni au gratin.....	0.25
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Desserts.

Fromage.....	0.10	Café noir.....	0.15
Biscuit.....	0.10	Thé.....	0.15
Oranges.....	0.10	Bière.....	0.40
Gâteaux.....	0.20	Vin rouge.....	0.80
Confitures.....	0.15	Chablis.....	1.80

Dîner, 30 Novembre, 1893.

MENU.

Potage.

Julienne.....	0.20
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Hors d'Œuvre.

Poisson.

Saumon, sauce tartare.....	0.35
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Entrées.

Rôts.

Turkey and cran- berry sauce... 0.40	Salade de saison. 0.20
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Légumes.

Purée de pommes 0.15	Choux-fleurs, nat- ure..... 0.20
Céleri..... 0.05	

Desserts

Fromage.....	0.10	Café noir.....	0.15
Fruit, oranges...	0.10	Thé.....	0.15
Biscuit.....	0.10	Bière.....	0.40
Ice-cream.....	0.40	Vin rouge.....	0.80
Macarons.....	0.15	Chablis.....	1.80

Little tea is drunk except what the girls make in their own rooms, water practically never. Black coffee soon becomes the average refresher, and for drinking purposes a bottle of the *vin rouge* is kept on hand, each girl tying her numbered ribbon round the neck of the bottle, which is carefully locked away for her between meals. As it fre-



Art Student Driving a Bargain in a Curio Shop.



Early Breakfast.

quently lasts a week, her wine-bill will represent little more than a cent a day. A bottle of beer is sometimes shared between two girls feeling in need of a tonic. It is in reality a light, agreeable, pale ale, costing the girls, when divided, just four cents each, cheaper than the same thing at home.

The one refection of the day, however, which the students never think of missing, the delightful hour of all which brings together the congenial spirits of the fraternity, is five o'clock tea. Every afternoon at five o'clock this is served by the establishment in the red reception-room, which leads on to the veranda. The girls are permitted to invite all the American friends they choose, and here they lounge and chat after the day's work is done, or ramble from reading-room to library, comparing notes or diverting themselves as they please.

This tea hour forms a pretty sight. The room is baptized "red" after its draperies and furnishings, and on a winter afternoon when the firelight dances

on the square table, with its pretty piled-up china, or is reflected from the huge silver tea-urn and brass samovar and the dark polished flooring, the effect is charming.

More charming is it, however, when spring begins to waft perfume from the garden through the long, open windows, or later still, when the tea can be sipped on the veranda in a warmer, scented air. Young art-nostrils quiver with delight in an atmosphere like this, and in the tea and cake, and bread-and-butter sandwiches find veritable nectar and ambrosia here, overlooking the fair cool garden in the heart of the Quartier Latin.

On this same floor also are the reading-room and library, and a second reception-room, the "blue" room, harmoniously draped in Gobelin shade. Every American girl in Paris has the freedom of reading-room and library, which is also a circulating one. Before the establishment of the Club a free reading-room and library for American girls ex-

isted in this same quarter of the city, which have now been transferred here. The library is well chosen, and the reading-room, which is also furnished with

come forth, refreshments are served picnic fashion, and there is a good time generally. As a rule, everyone is glad enough to retire by the time lights are



Afternoon Tea at the Club.

writing-tables and materials, is well supplied with English, French, and American magazines and papers, including the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*. There is a cloak-room also here, and French neatness and order have provided even a work-box, furnished, so that students may stitch a button or a torn braid in haste when necessary.

In a hundred ways do the girls devise recreations for the evenings: some few students go to night life-classes, but this is generally found too fatiguing except for a month occasionally, or where a student has only attended one class before during the day. Sketching classes are formed in the larger of the girls' rooms, one or more students posing, and in this way some good work is done amid lots of fun. When fun alone is wanted dances are got up, just among the girls themselves, banjos and guitars

put out, at ten, and order and quiet prevail as much from a feeling of necessity as virtue. There is nothing, however, to prevent students sitting up in their own rooms to any hour they please.

Of all great holidays in the year by far the greatest and most significant is Exhibition Day. Thus far there has only been time for one, which was held early last December. All the students' work for the year is hung in the exhibition gallery, a spacious, finely lit room with polished floor, and divans here and there for visitors, for all artistic Paris, male and female, is invited, and last year appeared in goodly showing. To Exhibition Day the girls look forward all year with intense eagerness, the informal criticisms made *en passant* by some of the most prominent French artists being followed and listened for

as suggestions of priceless value. In the evening there is a reception, supper, and dance to a good Italian string band. Last year the decorations were wonderfully *chic* and unique, the principal being a frieze painted on common brown paper by some young male students in all sorts of American edible designs. Turkeys and cranberries, oysters on the half-shell, fish fresh caught in the nets, bunches of sweet-corn, groups of tomatoes, were all thrown on in impressionistic style with such capital effect that artists present were all loud in praise. The frieze, intended only for the evening, has since been taken and nailed up permanently in the dining-room. The exhibition-room, which is on the same floor with the reception and other public rooms, is admirably adapted for dancing, and serves the purpose on any *fête* when male friends are allowed to be invited.

Tableaux are also given here, and last Thanksgiving was made festive by a clever reproduction entitled "Paintings from the Louvre," to which numerous members of the art-world were invited. A few were meant for travesties, such as Velasquez's "Infanta," a life-like caricature with red worsted hair, buckram collar edged with cranberries, and parsley bouquet. The greater number, however, were seriously faithful, Titian's "Venetian Lady" being exquisitely done, and Botticelli's "Madonna" group being artistically perfect, but for the absence of the halo which the infant—the child of a model—had at the very last second torn from his head and held peacefully in his chubby fist.

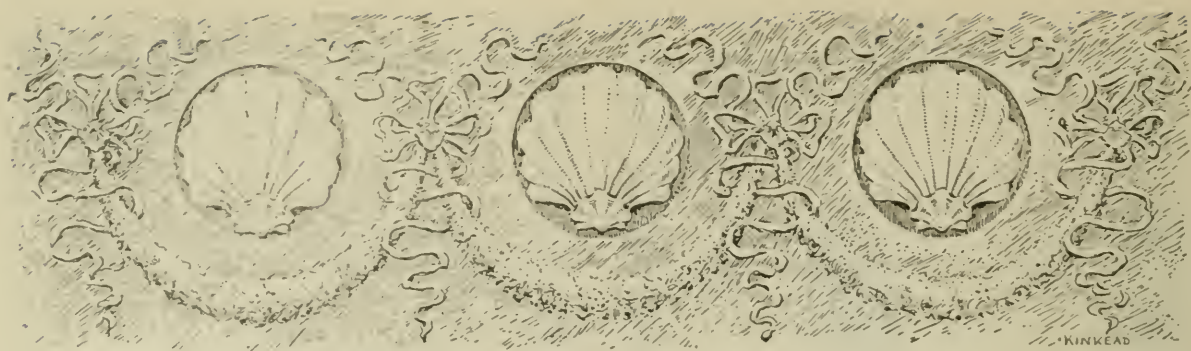
It has been shown that, calculated by dollars and cents, a girl's weekly rent need be but \$1.75, her weekly breakfasts seventy cents, her luncheons about \$1.40, and her dinners about \$2, allowing a modest variety. Fire and light will add to this about seventy cents, and laundry about forty cents more. Two francs per dozen is the maximum for laundry, which will be called for there just as at home. Girls may pack with confidence, for Paris, all their daintiest lingerie, and the beruffled

gowns and peignoirs, which cost so much to launder at home, as they will find in the cheapness and perfection of Parisian laundry a genuine revelation. A delicate lace handkerchief will be washed for a cent, and the fluffiest Swiss and lace gown done up to look like new for a franc or twenty cents. All thrown in by the dozen are taken for two francs or under. The total, therefore, for rent, board, and laundry comes to \$6.95 a week, which when necessary may even still further be, and frequently is, economized. Car-fares are only needed for recreation purposes, and it may thus be easily seen that, inclusive of sundries, a girl bent on economy may defray her expenses on \$8 a week.

In her room she will have a sponge-bath provided, but no plumbing arrangements for bathing having yet been added to the Club, the girl who wants an occasional ducking must go to the public bath close by, where she will pay twenty-five cents for her immersion. This bath will be the dearest thing for her, proportionately, in all Paris.

Away in the rear right hand corner of the garden, with an entrance on the street outside, is the little English Episcopal chapel, with an English pastor, and here the Protestant American students from all quarters of Paris come to worship. The means of religion, like those of study and recreation, are thus immediately at hand.

In speaking of the Art Club it must not be taken to mean that the Club is only for the accommodation of girls who draw or paint, according to the common acceptance of the term "art." Students of music, sculpture, or any other art are equally at home here, although it must be admitted they have thus far been in the minority. The gala-day of the year—Exhibition Day—is the festive apotheosis of the painting colony, their exclusive triumph, whose color naturally permeates the entire organization. At the same time workers in all arts will here find a delightful resting-place, with everything in daily round and environment to stimulate and mark the road to success.



HOW WHALEBONE CAUSED A WEDDING

By Joel Chandler Harris

MATT KILPATRICK, of Putnam, used to laugh and say that his famous fox-hound Whalebone was responsible for a very brilliant wedding in Jasper. When Harvey Dennis and Tom Collingsworth were among his listeners (which was pretty much all the time, for the three were inseparable), they had a way of shaking their heads dubiously over this statement. Mr. Dennis thought that his dog Rowan (pronounced Ro-ann) ought to have some of the credit, while Mr. Collingsworth was equally sure that Music had as much to do with the happy event as any of the rest. The Collingsworth argument—and it was a sound one—was that where a lady dog is skipping along and performing to the queen's taste all the work that is cut out for her, she ought to come ahead of the gentlemen dogs in any historical statement or reminiscence.

When I first heard the story, considerations of local pride led me to feel that Rowan had been unjustly robbed of the credit that belonged to him; but time cools the ardor of youth, and mellows and sweetens the sources of partisanship. I can say now that Rowan had small advantage over his two famous rivals, when the scent was as high as the saddle-skirts and the pace the kind that kills.

Mr. Kilpatrick used to tell the story as a joke, and frequently he repeated it merely to tease those who were interested in the results of Whalebone's exploit, or to worry his fox-hunting rivals,

who were his dearest friends. But the story was true. In repeating it I shall have to include details that Mr. Kilpatrick found it unnecessary to burden himself with, for they were as familiar to his neighborhood audience as any of their own personal affairs.

The way of it was this: One day in the beginning of December, 1860, Colonel Elmore Rivers, of Jasper County, put a negro boy on a mule, and sent him around with an invitation to certain of his friends, requesting them to do him the honor of eating their Christmas dinner with him. This invitation was prepared with great care by Mrs. Rivers, who was a school-ma'am from Connecticut when the Colonel married her. It was beautifully written on the inside of a sheet of foolscap, and this sheet was tacked to a piece of card-board, by means of a deftly made true lover's-knot of blue ribbon. The card-board was placed in a satchel, and the satchel was arranged to swing over the shoulders of the negro, so that there was no danger of losing it. There was only one invitation, and it was to be carried from one of the Colonel's friends to the other until all had been notified of his hospitable desires.

The Colonel added an oral postscript as he gave the negro a stiff dram. "Ding 'em," he exclaimed, "tell 'em to bring their dogs. Mind now! tell 'em to bring their dogs."

Mrs. Rivers enjoyed Christmas as heartily as anybody, but in beginning preparations for the festival she always

had her misgivings. Her father, Dr. Joshua Penniman, had been a Puritan among Puritans, and somehow she had got the idea from him that there was a good deal of popery concealed in the Christmas ceremonials. But when once the necessity for preparation was upon her she cast her scruples aside, and her Christmas dinners were famous in that whole region. By catering to the Colonel's social instincts in this and other particulars, she managed, at a later period of his life, to lead him triumphantly into the folds of the Baptist Church. It was a great victory for Miss Lou, as everybody called her, and she lived long to enjoy the distinction it conferred upon her.

The day after the invitation had been sent around, a couple of weanling pigs were caught and penned, and, until the day before Christmas, they were fed and fattened on nubbins and roasted white-oak acorns. Three young gobblers were also caught and put upon such diet as, according to the Colonel's theory, would add to their toothsome-ness, and give them a more delicate flavor. These are merely hints of the extensive preparations for the Christmas festival on the Rivers plantation.

What the Colonel always wanted was a merry Christmas, and there could be no merriment where good-humor and good-cheer were lacking. He had said to his wife years before, when she was somewhat doubtful about introducing her New England holiday, "Go ahead, honey! Cut just as big a dash as you please with your Thanksgiving. I'll enjoy it as much as you will, maybe more. The Lord knows we've got a heap to be thankful for. We'll cut a big dash and be thankful, and then when Christmas comes we'll cut a big dash and be happy."

Thenceforward they had both Thanksgiving and Christmas on that plantation, and Miss Lou was as anxious to satisfy the Colonel with her Christmas arrangements as he had been to please her with his zeal for Thanksgiving. Indeed, one Christmas-day, a year or two after their marriage, Miss Lou went so far as to present her husband with a daughter, and ever after that Christmas had a new significance in

that household: Miss Lou satisfied her Puritan scruples by pretending to herself that she was engaged in celebrating her daughter's birthday, and the Colonel was glad that two of the most important days in the calendar were merged into one.

When the child was born, a poor lonely old woman, named Betsey Cole, who lived in the woods between the Rivers plantation and town, sent the Colonel word that the little lass would grow up to be both good and beautiful. Nothing would do after that but the Colonel must send the fortune-teller a wagon-load of provisions, and he kept it up every Christmas as long as Betsey Cole lived.

The fortune-teller certainly made no mistake in her prediction. The child grew to be the most beautiful young woman in all that region. The Colonel named her Mary after his mother, and the name seemed to fit her, for her character was as lovely as her face. Even the women and little children loved her, and when this kind of manifestation is made over a girl, it is needless to inquire about her character or disposition.

It might be supposed that Mary had a lover, but if so, no one knew it but her own sweet self. Her father, the Colonel, declared she was as cool as a cucumber when the boys were around, and the young men who raved over her thought she was even cooler than a cucumber. And yet she had her father's ardent temperament and good-nature, and her mother's prudence and sound discretion. It was a happy combination in all respects, and it had its climax in a piquant individuality that impressed old and young with its charm.

There were two young men, among the many that were smitten, who made it a point to pay particular attention to the young lady. One was Jack Preston, and the other was Andy Colston. Both were handsome and ambitious, and both had good prospects. Colston already had the advantage of a fortune, but Preston was as hopeful and as cheerful as if he possessed a dozen plantations and a thousand negroes. Mentally they were about evenly matched, but Preston had been com-

pelled by circumstances to cultivate an energy in the matter of steady application that Colston never knew the necessity of.

These young men were intimate friends, and they did not attempt to conceal from each other their attitude toward Mary Rivers. It was perhaps well that this was so. Both were high-strung and high-tempered, and if they had been anything but intimate with each other, the slightest cause or provocation would have precipitated trouble between them. And this would have been very unfortunate indeed; for, if the name of Mary Rivers had been even remotely hinted as the cause of such trouble, the Colonel would have locked himself in his library, read a chapter in the family Bible, called for his saddle-horse and shot-gun, and gone cantering up the big road on business connected with the plantation.

But these rival lovers were bosom friends. There were points about each that attracted the other. When Preston was with Miss Mary he lost no opportunity of praising the good qualities of Colston, and Colston made no concealment of the fact that he considered Preston the salt of the earth, as we say in Georgia.

All this was very pleasant and very confusing. Mary was in love with one of them, but she never admitted the fact, even to herself, until a curious episode compelled her to acknowledge it. Even her mother confessed that she had been unable to discover Mary's preference until the fact fluttered out before everybody's eyes, like a startled bird from its nest. For awhile the mother would think that her daughter preferred Preston. Then she would imagine that the girl was in love with Colston. And sometimes she would conclude that Mary's heart had not been touched at all. Miss Lou herself preferred Colston, but she was not opposed to Preston. Colston had a solid fortune, and Preston—well, Connecticut knows very well how many long days and how many hard licks are necessary to lay up a fortune. Young people may put up True Love as their candidate and pout at Hard Cash as much

as they please, but if they had to go through the experience that Connecticut and the neighboring States went through sixty odd years ago (to go back no farther), they would come to the conclusion that Hard Cash has peculiar merits of its own.

Nevertheless, Miss Lou was too wise to say anything about the matter. She knew that her husband, although he possessed land and negroes and money, had a certain fine scorn for the privileges and distinctions that mere wealth confers. He was emphatically a man of the people, and he would have tolerated no effort to implant false notions in his daughter's mind. Moreover, Miss Lou had great confidence in Mary's sound judgment. It was one comfort, the mother thought, that Mary was not giddy. She was as gay as a lark, and full of the spirit of innocent fun, but (thank goodness) not giddy nor foolish.

But, after all, the chief worry of Miss Lou on the approach of this particular Christmas was not about Mary and her beaux. It was about the preparations that the Colonel was making on his own responsibility. She saw several extra bags of meal coming in from Roach's Mill, and her heart sank within her at the thought of numberless fox-hounds swarming under the house and in the yard, and roaming around over the plantation. At the first convenient opportunity she broached the subject.

"Mr. Rivers" (she never called him Colonel), "I do hope you haven't asked your friends to bring their hound-dogs with them. Why, they'll take the whole place. You've got twelve of your own. What on earth do you want with any more?"

"Why, yes, honey," said the Colonel, with a sigh. "Harvey Dennis, and Matt Kilpatrick, and Tom Collingsworth will fetch their dogs, and I reckon maybe Jack Casswell and Bill Hearn will fetch theirs."

Mrs. Rivers dropped her hands in her lap in helpless dismay. "Mercies upon us! I thought you surely had dogs enough of your own."

"Why, honey," the Colonel expostulated, "you've let the niggers chunk my dogs till they are no manner account."

"Well, I do hate a hound-dog!" ex-

claimed Miss Lou; "sneaking around, sticking their noses in the pots and pans, and squalling like they're killed if you lift your hand. Why, the foxes come right up in the yard and take off the geese and ducks, where your dogs could see them if they weren't too lazy to open their eyes."

"Those are just the foxes we're going to catch, honey," remarked the Colonel, soothingly.

"Well, I'd rather feed the foxes a whole year than to have forty or fifty hound-dogs quartered on this place three or four days."

The Colonel made no reply, and after awhile his wife remarked, pleasantly, if not cheerfully, "Well, I guess I'll have bigger troubles than that before I die. If I don't, it will be a mercy."

"If you don't, honey, you'll live and die a happy woman," responded the Colonel.

Miss Lou wiped her face on her apron and sat absorbed in thought. Presently, Mary came dancing in. Her face was shining with health and high spirits.

"Just think, folks!" she exclaimed. "Four more days and I'll be eighteen! A woman grown, but with the sweet disposition of a child!"

The Colonel laughed and his wife flushed a little. "Where did you hear that?" she asked her daughter.

"Why, I heard you say those words to father no longer than last night. Look, father! mother is actually blushing!"

"I believe I did say something like that," said Miss Lou. "I intended to tell your father afterward that very few children have sweet dispositions. But my mind has been worried all day with the thought of the hound-dogs we've got to feed."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Mary, "are we to have a fox-hunt? And may I go?" The Colonel nodded a prompt assent, but Miss Lou protested. "Now, Mr. Rivers, I think that is going too far. I certainly do. I have always been opposed to it. There is no earthly reason why Mary at her age should get on a horse and go galloping about the country with a crowd of yelling men and howling dogs. It may be well

enough for the men—though I think they could be better employed—but I think the line ought to be drawn at the women."

"Why, mother, how many times have I been fox-hunting with father?"

"Just as many times as you have made me miserable," replied Miss Lou; "just that many times and no more."

"Now, momsy! don't scold your onliest and oldest daughter," pleaded Mary.

"Don't wheedle around me!" cried Miss Lou, pretending to be very angry. "Mr. Rivers, you needn't be winking at Mary behind your paper. I do think it is a shame that you should allow your daughter to go ripping and tearing about the country hunting foxes. I think it is a burning shame. I positively do."

"Well, honey——"

"I don't care what anybody says," Miss Lou broke in. "Here is Mary old enough to get married, and now she must go scampering about with a lot of men on horseback. It is ridiculous!"

"You hear that, father? Momsy says I'm old enough to get married. I'll marry the man that brings me the fox's brush the day after Christmas. And momsy shall bake the cake, and she'll burn it just as the cake is burning now."

Miss Lou lifted her nose in the air. "I declare if old Dilsey has gone to sleep and left that fruit-cake to burn, I'll send her to the overseer!"

Whereupon she skipped out of the room, and soon after the Colonel and Mary heard her laughing at something the fat old cook had said. Miss Lou's temper was all on the surface.

The Colonel looked at his daughter over his spectacles and smiled. "I reckon you know, precious, that we'll have to catch the fox before your bean can give you the brush. But we'll have some good dogs here. So you'd better tell your sweetheart to stir his stumps. Maybe the wrong chap will get the brush."

"Why, you won't let me have one little joke, father," cried Mary. "Of course I won't marry the man that gives me the brush"—she paused, went to the long mirror that slanted forward

from the wall, and made a pretty mouth at herself—"unless he's the right person." Then she ran away, laughing.

Preparations for the Christmas festival went forward rapidly, and when the day came a goodly company had assembled to do honor to the hearty hospitality of Colonel Rivers. As Miss Lou had foreseen, the yard fairly swarmed with dogs. Harvey Dennis brought seven, Matt Kilpatrick ten, Tom Collingsworth twelve, Jack Casswell eight, and Bill Hearn fourteen—about fifty hounds in all. Colston and Preston had arrived the night before. Colston had dogs, but he left them at home. He knew the prejudices of Mary's mother. Preston was not a planter and had no dogs, but he was very fond of cross-country riding, and never lost an opportunity to engage in the sport.

The Colonel was in ecstasies. The wide fireplace in the sitting-room was piled high with half-seasoned hickory wood, and those who sat around it had to form a very wide half-circle indeed, for the flaring logs and glowing embers sent forth a warmth that penetrated to all parts of the room, big as it was.

And it was a goodly company that sat around the blazing fire—men of affairs, planters with very large interests depending on their energy and foresight, lawyers who had won more than a local fame, and yet all as gay and as good-humored as a parcel of school-boys. The conversation was seasoned with apt anecdotes inimitably told, and full of the peculiar humor that has not its counterpart anywhere in the world outside of middle Georgia.

And the dinner was magnificent. Miss Lou was really proud of it, as she had a right to be. There are very few things that a Georgia plantation will not produce when it is coaxed, and the Colonel had a knack of coaxing that was the envy of his neighbors. Miss Lou could not doubt the sincerity of the praise bestowed on her dinner. All the guests were high-livers, and they declared solemnly that they had never before sat down to such a royal feast.

The servants moved about as silently as ghosts. There were four negro girls to wait on the table, and they attended

to their duties with a promptness and precision that were constant tributes to the pains that Miss Lou had taken to train them, and to the vigilance with which she watched their movements.

Over the dessert, the Colonel grew communicative. "This mince-pie," he said, "was made by Mary. I don't think she put enough of the twang into it."

"It is magnificent!" exclaimed Colston.

"Superb!" Preston declared.

"It's as good as any," said Tom Collingsworth; "but this pie business is mighty deceiving. Miss Molly is eighteen, and if she can bake a pone of corn-bread as it ought to be baked, she's ready to get married."

"That is her strong point!" cried the Colonel. "She beats anybody at that."

"Well, then," said Collingsworth, "you just go and get her wedding goods."

"I'm beginning to think so, too," replied the Colonel. "No longer than the other day she declared she'd marry the man that brings her the fox's brush to-morrow. What do you think of that?"

"Why, father!" exclaimed Mary, blushing violently.

"Then it's just as good as settled," replied Collingsworth, gravely. "I'm just as certain to tail that fox as the sun shines. I rubbed my rabbit-foot on Music and Rowdy before I started, and I'll whistle 'em up and shake it at 'em to-night."

"But remember, Mr. Collingsworth, you are already married," Mary suggested, archly.

"I know—I know! But my old woman has been complaining mightily of late—complaining mightily. When I started away, she says, 'Tom, you oughtn't to ride your big gray; he's lots too young for you.' But something told me that I'd need the big gray, and sure enough here's right where the big gray comes in."

"I brought my sorrel along," remarked Colston, sententiously.

"Oh, you did?" inquired Collingsworth, sarcastically. "Well, I'll give your sorrel half-way across a ten-acre

field and run right spang over you with my big gray before you can get out of the way. There ain't but one nag I'm afraid of, and that's Jack Preston's roan filly. You didn't bring her, did you, Jack? Well," continued Collingsworth with a sigh, as Jack nodded assent, "I'll give you one tussle anyhow. But that roan is a half-sister of Waters's Termoleon. I declare, Jack, you oughtn't to be riding that filly around in the underbrush."

"She needs exercise," Preston explained. "She's been in the stable eating her head off for a week."

Collingsworth shook his head. "Well," he said, after a while, "just keep her on the ground and I'll try to follow along after you the best I can."

That day and nearly all night there was fun in the big house and fun on the plantation. The Colonel insisted on having some yam-potatoes roasted in the ashes to go along with persimmon beer. The negroes made the night melodious with their play-songs, and everything combined to make the occasion a memorable one, especially to the young people. Toward bedtime the hunters went out and inspected their dogs, and an abundant feed of warm ash-cake was served out to them. Then Tom Collingsworth hung his saddle-blanket on the fence, and under it and around it his dogs curled themselves in the oak-leaves; and the rest of the dogs followed their example, so that when morning came not a hound was missing.

During the night Mary was awakened by the tramping of feet. Some one had come in. Then she heard the voice of Collingsworth.

"How is it, Harvey?"

"Splendid! Couldn't be better. It's warmer. Been drizzling a little."

"Thank the Lord for that!" exclaimed Collingsworth.

Then Mary heard the big clock in the hall chime three. In a little while she heard Aunt Dilsey, the cook, shuffling in. A fire was already crackling and blazing in the sitting-room. Then the clock chimed four, and at once there seemed to be a subdued stir all over the house. The house-girl came into Mary's room with a lighted candle and

quickly kindled a fire, and in a quarter of an hour the young lady tripped lightly downstairs, the skirt of her riding-habit flung over her arm.

It was not long before the company of fox-hunters was gathered around the breakfast-table. The aroma of Aunt Dilsey's hot coffee filled the room, mingled with the odor of fried chicken, and, after the Colonel had asked a blessing, they all fell to with a heartiness of appetite that made Aunt Dilsey grin as she stood in the door of the dining-room, giving some parting advice to her young mistress.

There was a stir in the yard and in front of the house. The dogs, seeing the horses brought out, knew that there was fun on foot, and they were running about and yelping with delight. And the negroes were laughing and talking, and the horses snorting and whinnying, and, altogether, the scene was full of life and animation. The morning was a little damp and chilly, but what did that matter? The drifting clouds, tinged with the dim twilight of dawn, were more ominous in appearance than in fact. They were driving steadily eastward and breaking up, and the day promised to be all that could be desired.

At half-past five the cavalcade moved off. Mary had disposed of a possible complication by requesting Tom Collingsworth to be her escort until the hunt should need his attention. In addition, she had Bob, the man-of-all-work, to look to her safety, and, although Bob was astride of a mule, he considered himself as well mounted as any of the rest. So they set out, Bob leading the way to open the plantation gates that led to the old sedge-fields where a fox was always found.

The riders had been compelled to make a *détour* in order to cross Murder Creek, so that it was near half-past six o'clock when they reached the fields. Once upon a time these fields had been covered with broom-sedge, but now they had been taken by Bermuda grass, and were as clean-looking as if they were under cultivation. But they were still called the old sedge-fields.

As the east reddened, the huge shadows crept down into the valleys to find

a hiding-place. They rested there a little, and then slowly disappeared, moving westward, and leaving behind them the light of day.

Tom Collingsworth had carried Mary to a hill that overlooked every part of the wide valley in which the dogs were hunting. He had been teasing her about Colston and Preston. Finally, he asked :

"Now, Miss Mary, which of the two would you like to receive the brush from?"

"I'll allow you to choose for me. You are a good judge."

"Well," said Collingsworth, "if a man was to back me up against the wall, and draw a knife on me, and I couldn't help myself, I'd say Preston. That's a fact."

What Mary would have said the old hunter never knew until long afterward, for just at that moment a quivering, long-drawn note came stealing up from the valley below.

"That's my beauty!" exclaimed Collingsworth. "That's Music telling what she thinks she knows. Wait!"

Again the long-drawn note came out of the valley, but this time it was eager, significant.

"Now she's telling what she knows," exclaimed Collingsworth.

The dogs went scampering to the signal. Music was not indulging in any flirtation. The drag was very warm. Whalebone, Matt Kilpatrick's brag dog, picked it up with an exultant cry that made the horses prick their ears forward. Then Rowan joined in, and presently it was taken up by every ambitious dog on the ground. But there seemed to be some trouble. The dogs made no headway. They were casting about eagerly, but in confusion.

"If you'll excuse me, Miss Mary, I'll go down and try to untangle that skein. That fox isn't forty yards from Music's nose."

He spurred his horse forward, but had to rein him up again. Whalebone swept out of the underbrush, a hundred yards away, followed by Music and Rowan, gave a wild, exultant challenge that thrilled and vibrated on the air, and went whirling past Mary and Collingsworth not fifty yards from where

they stood. Collingsworth gave a series of yells that brought the whole field into the chase, not far behind the leaders.

The drag led through and across a series of undulations, and Miss Mary and Collingsworth cantering leisurely along a skirting ridge had an excellent view of hunt and huntsmen. The drag was warm enough to be inviting, but not warm enough to excite the hounds. Whalebone, Music, and Rowan were running easily twenty yards ahead of the pack, and for a good part of the time a horse-blanket would have covered them.

It was evident, Mr. Collingsworth said, that the fox had run around at the head of the valley in some confusion, and had then slipped away before the hunt came upon the ground. It was a red, too, for a gray would have played around in the undergrowth with the dogs at his heels before breaking cover.

The ridge along which Miss Mary and Collingsworth rode bore gradually to the left, enclosing for three miles or more a low range of Bermuda hills, and a series of sweeping valleys, fringed here and there with pine and black-jack thickets.

The chase led toward the point where this ridge intersected the woodland region, so that the young lady and Collingsworth not only had an almost uninterrupted view of the hunt from the moment the hounds got away, but were taking a short cut to the point whither the dogs seemed to be going. Both Preston and Colston were well up with the hounds, but Preston's roan filly was going at a much easier gait than Colston's sorrel.

Where the ridge and the hunt entered the woods there was what is known as a "clay gall," a barren spot, above two acres in extent. The surface soil had been washed away and the red clay lay bare and unproductive. At this point the fox seemed to have taken unto himself wings. The drag had vanished.

Who can solve the mystery of scent? Xenophon, who knew as much (and as little) about it as anybody knew before or has known since, puzzled himself



"There was a stir in the yard and in front of the house."—Page 611.

and his readers with a dissertation on the subject. There is a superstition that wild animals can withhold their scent, and there is a theory held by some hunters that a fox badly frightened will leave no scent behind him at all. Those who have followed the hounds know that many a hopeful chase has suddenly come to an end under circumstances as mysterious as they were exasperating.

The old riders looked at one another significantly when the dogs ran whining about the clay gull. Matt Kilpatrick groaned and shook his head. Harvey Dennis encouraged the dogs and urged them on, and they seemed to do their

best, but not a whimper came from the noisiest of the pack. Some of the huntsmen began to exhibit signs of despair. But the older ones were more philosophical.

"Wait," said Matt Kilpatrick. "Whalebone and Music and Rowan have gone off to investigate matters. Let's hear what they have to say."

This seemed to be a pretty tame piece of advice to give a impatient people who had just got a taste of the chase, but it was reasonable; and so they waited with such appearance of resignation as they could muster. They did not have long to wait. By the time Collingsworth could throw a

leg over the pommel of his saddle and take out his pocket-knife preparatory to whittling a twig, Whalebone gave a short, sharp challenge a quarter of a mile away. He was joined instantly by Rowan and Music, and then Bob, the negro, gave a yell as he heard Old Blue, the Colonel's brag dog, put in his mouth. The rest of the dogs joined in the best they could, but a good many were thrown out, for the fox had been taking matters easily, it seems, until he heard the dogs coming over the hills, and then he made a bee-line for Little River, seven miles away.

The chase went with a rush from the moment Whalebone picked up the drag in the big woods. When the fox broke away he turned sharply to the left, and in a few moments the dogs streamed out into the open and struck across the Bermuda hills. Mr. Collingsworth, still escorting Mary, was compelled to let his big gray out a few links. It was fun for the young lady, who had a quick eye and a firm hand. She gave the black she was riding two sharp strokes with her whip, and, for a couple of miles, she set the pace for the riders. But it was a pace not good for the horses, as the older hunters knew, and Collingsworth remonstrated

"Don't ride so hard, Miss Mary," he said. "You'll have plenty of hard riding to do when that old red comes back. I'm going to take my stand on yonder hill, and if you'll keep me company, our horses will be fresh when the big scuffle comes."

So they took their stand on the hill, and the hounds swept away toward the river, followed by the more enthusiastic riders. They were riders, however, who seemed to have the knack of taking care of their horses. When the hounds went over a hill the music of their voices rose loud and clear; when they dipped down into the valleys, it came sweet and faint. They streamed into the woods, two miles away, and their melody swelled out on the morning air like the notes of some powerful organ softly played. Then the music became fainter and fainter, falling on the ear as gently as a whisper, and finally it died away altogether.

"Now," said Collingsworth, "we'll

ride a half-mile to the left here, and I think we'll then be in the hock of the ham."

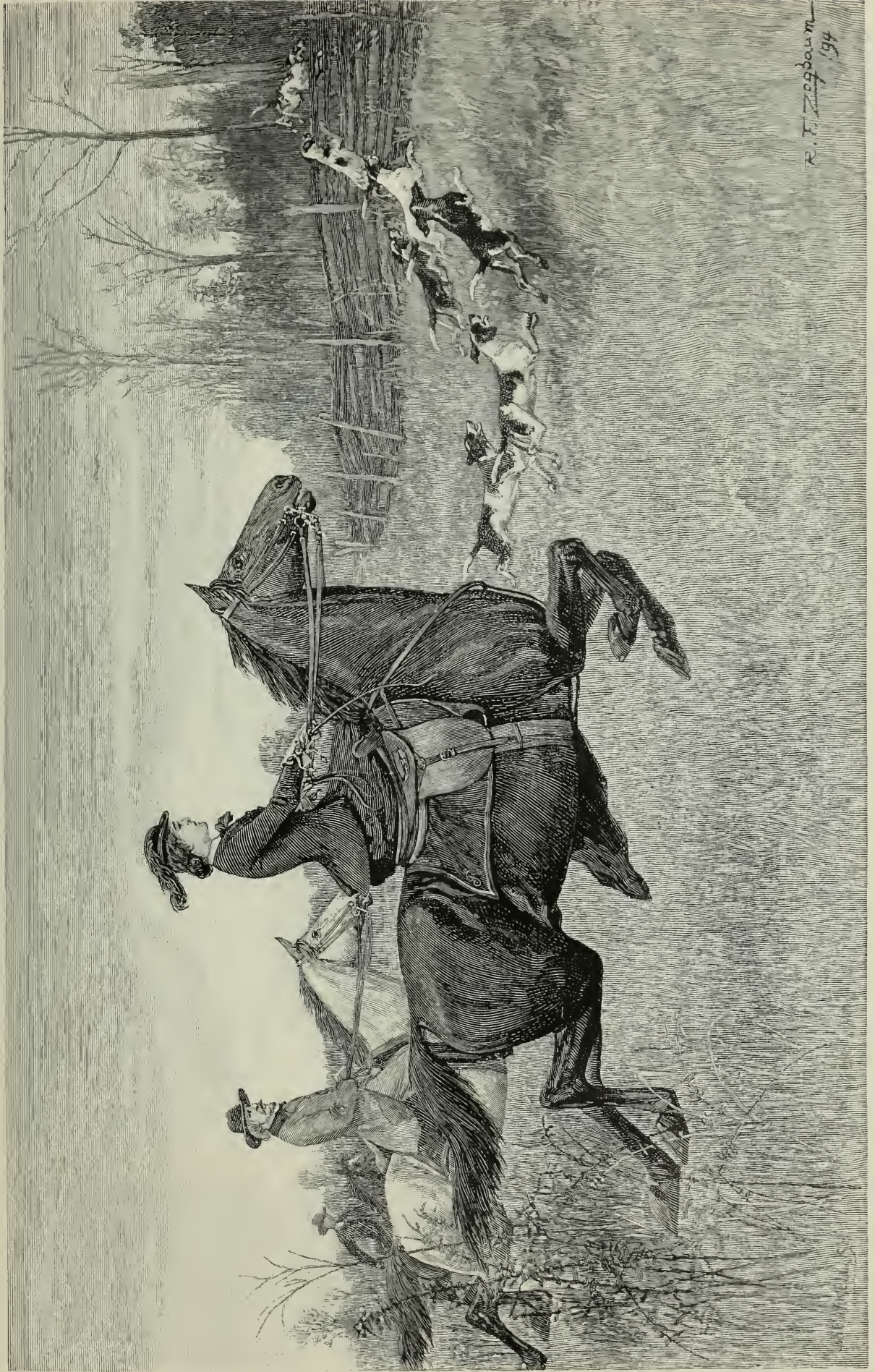
"In the hock of the ham!" exclaimed Mary.

"Oh, I was talking to myself," explained the gray cavalier, laughing. "If you'll put a ham on the ground and make an outline of it, you'll get a good map of this chase, in my opinion. The line at the big end of the ham will be Little River. The line on the right will be the way the fox went, and the line on the left will be the way he'll come back. If you ask me why a fox will run up stream when he's not hard pushed, I'll never tell you, but that's the way they do."

A quarter of an hour passed—a half-hour—three-quarters. Then, far to the left, there came upon the morning wind a whimpering sound that gradually swelled into a chorus of hounds.

"He's cut out a bigger ham than I thought he would," said Collingsworth.

The sun was now shining brightly. An old bell-cow, browsing on the Bermuda roots on the hillside, lifted her head suddenly as she heard the hounds, and the kling-kolangle of the bell made a curious accompaniment to the music of the dogs, as they burst from a thicket of scrub-pine and persimmon bushes that crowned the farthest hill on the left. There was a short pause as the leading dogs came into view—a "little bobble," as Mr. Collingsworth phrased it—and they deployed about very rapidly, knowing by instinct that they had no time to lose. Old Blue, the Colonel's dog, was still with the leaders, and seemed to be as spry as any of them. It was Old Blue, in fact, that recovered the drag a little to the right of the point where the dogs had made their appearance. The chase then swerved somewhat to the right, and half-way down the hill the dogs took a running jump at a ten-rail fence. Whalebone took it in grand style, knocking the top-rail off behind him. Rowan and Music went over easily, but Old Blue had to scramble a little. He made up for lost time when he did get over, and Mary grew enthusiastic. She declared that hereafter Old Blue should be treated with due respect.



DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.

"The dogs took a running jump at a ten-rail fence."—Page 614.

ENGRAVED BY J. HELLAWELL



"He held the coveted brush in his hand."—Page 617.

By this time the rest of the dogs had made their appearance. It was a pretty sight to see them swarming, helter-skelter, over the fence, and the sweet discord their voices made was thrilling indeed.

A rider appeared on the hill to the left. It was Preston, and he seemed to be riding easily and contentedly.

On the hill to the right the silhouette of another rider appeared. It was Colston, and he was going as hard as he could. The fox, too, had given Colston a decided advantage, for he had swerved considerably to the left, a fact that placed Preston nearly a half-mile farther from the dogs than Colston was.

Collingsworth glanced at Mary and

smiled, but she did not return the smile. She was very pale, and she swished the air with her riding-whip so suddenly and so vigorously that her horse jumped and snorted.

"Don't do that, child!" said Collingsworth, in a low tone. His eye had run ahead of the dogs, and he caught sight of the fox, doubling back up the valley, the dogs going down on one side of a low swampy growth that extended part of the way through the low ground, and the fox going back on the other side. He was going very nimbly too, but his brush was heavy with dew, and his mouth was half open.

Mary glanced at Collingsworth, but that gentleman was looking steadily at Preston. Then a singular thing happened. Preston, riding to the hounds, raised his right hand above his head and held it there an instant. As quick as a flash, Collingsworth leaned from his saddle and shook his left hand, and then bent and unbent his arm rapidly. Preston's roan fully seemed to understand it, for she made three or four leaps forward, and then came to a stand-still.

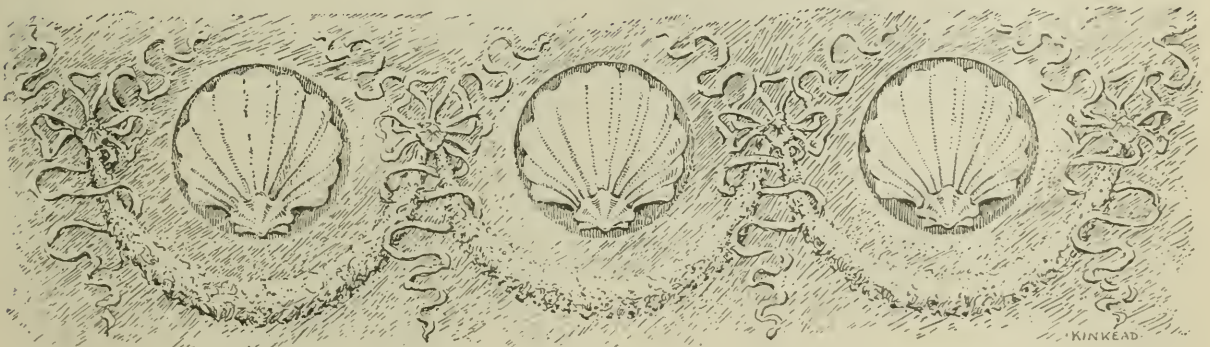
At this juncture Mr. Collingsworth gave the view halloo—once, twice, thrice—and then spurred his big gray toward the fox, which was now going at full speed. Whalebone responded with a howl of delight that rang clear and sharp, and in another moment he and Rowan and Music and Old Blue were going with their heads up and tails down. When Bob, the negro, saw Old Blue going with the best, he gave utterance to a shout which few

white men could imitate, but which no sensible dog could misunderstand. At that instant the four dogs caught sight of the fox, and they went after him at a pace that neither he nor any of his tribe could improve on. He plunged into the swampy barrier, was forced out, and the dogs ran into him at the roan filly's feet. He leaped into the air with a squall, and fell into the red jaws of Whalebone and Old Blue.

Preston leaped from the filly so quickly that some of the others thought he had been thrown. When he rose to his feet he held the coveted brush in his hand, and without saying "By your leave," tied it to Miss Mary's saddle-bow. Mr. Collingsworth growled a little because Music was not the first to touch the fox. But otherwise he seemed to be very happy. Colston rode up, a little flushed, but he was not sulky. Mary seemed to pay no attention whatever to the little episode. Her face was somewhat rosier than usual, but this was undoubtedly due to the excitement and exercise of the chase.

When the belated hunters arrived—those who had ambled along with the Colonel—the whole party turned their horses' heads toward the Rivers place, and, as they went along, Collingsworth noticed that Mary kept watching the brush to see that it was not lost.

A good deal more might be said, but I simply set out to explain why Matt Kilpatrick, of Putnam, used to laugh and say that his dog Whalebone caused a wedding.





THE KING OF CURRUMPAW

A WOLF STORY

By Ernest E. Thompson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



CURRUMPAW is a vast cattle range in northern New Mexico. It is a land of rich pastures and teeming flocks and herds, a land of rolling mesas and precious running waters that at length unite in the Currumpaw River, from which the whole region is named. And the king whose despotic power was felt over its entire extent was an old gray wolf.

Old Lobo, or the king, as the Mexicans called him, was the gigantic leader of a remarkable pack of gray wolves, that had ravaged the Currumpaw Valley for a number of years. All the shepherds and ranchmen knew him well, and, wherever he appeared with his trusty band, terror reigned supreme among the cattle, and wrath and despair among their owners. Old Lobo was a giant among wolves, and was cunning and strong in proportion to his size. His voice at night was well known and easily distinguished from that of any of his fellows. An ordinary wolf might howl half the night about the herdsman's bivouac without attracting more than a passing notice, but when the deep roar of the old king came booming down the cañon, the watcher bestirred himself and prepared to learn in the morning that fresh and serious inroads had been made among the herds.

Old Lobo's band was but a small one. This I never quite understood, for usually, when a wolf rises to the position

and power that he had, he attracts a numerous following. It may be that he had as many as he desired, or perhaps his ferocious temper prevented the increase of his pack. Certain it is that Lobo had only five followers during the latter part of his reign. Each of these, however, was a wolf of renown, most of them were above the ordinary size, one in particular, the second in command, was a veritable giant, but even he was far below the leader in size and prowess. Several of the band, besides the two leaders, were especially noted. One of these was a beautiful white wolf, that the Mexicans called Blanco, or Blanca; this was supposed to be a female, possibly Lobo's mate. Another was a yellow wolf of remarkable swiftness, and which, according to current stories had, on several occasions, captured an antelope for the pack.

It will be seen, then, that these wolves were thoroughly well known to the cowboys and shepherds. They were frequently seen and oftener heard, and their lives were intimately associated with those of the cattlemen, who would so gladly have destroyed them. There was not a stockman on the Currumpaw who would not readily have given the value of many steers for the scalp of anyone of Lobo's band, but they seemed to possess charmed lives, and defied all manner of devices to kill them. They scorned all hunters, derided all poisons, and continued, for at least five years, to exact their tribute from the Currumpaw ranchers to the extent, many said,

of a cow each day. According to this estimate, therefore, the band had killed more than two thousand of the finest stock, for, as was only too well known, they selected the best in every instance.

The old idea that a wolf was constantly in a starving state, and therefore ready to eat anything, was as far as possible from the truth in this case, for these freebooters were always sleek and well conditioned, and were in fact most fastidious about what they ate. Any animal that had died from natural causes, or that was diseased or tainted, they would not touch, and even rejected anything that had been killed by the stockmen. Their choice and daily food was the tenderer parts of a freshly killed yearling heifer. An old bull or cow they disdained, and though they occasionally took a young calf or colt, it was quite clear that veal or horse flesh was not their favorite diet. It was also known that they were not fond of mutton, although they often amused themselves by killing sheep. One night in November, 1893, Blanco and the yellow wolf killed two hundred and fifty sheep, apparently for the fun of it, and did not eat an ounce of their flesh. These are examples of many stories, which I might repeat, to show the ravages of this destructive band. Many new devices for their extinction were tried each year, but still they lived and thrived in spite of all the efforts of their foes. A great price was set on Lobo's head, and in consequence poison in a score of subtle forms was put out for him, but he never failed to detect and avoid it. One thing only he feared, that was firearms, and knowing full well that all men in this region carried them, he never was known to attack or face a human being. Indeed, the set policy of his band was to take refuge in flight whenever, in the daytime, a man was descried, no matter at what distance. Lobo's habit of permitting the pack to eat only that which they themselves had killed, was in numerous cases their salvation, and the keenness of his scent to detect the taint of human hands or the poison itself, completed their immunity.

On one occasion a cowboy surprised the pack just after they had killed a heifer. They retired when he rode up,

and he, having a bottle of strychnine with him, quickly poisoned the carcass in three places, then went away, knowing that they would return to feed, as they themselves had killed the animal. But next morning, on going to look for his expected victims, he found that, although the wolves had entirely eaten the heifer, they had carefully cut out and thrown aside all those parts that had been poisoned.

On another occasion, one of the cowboys heard the too familiar rallying cry of Old Lobo, and stealthily approaching the place whence the voice proceeded, he found the Currumpaw pack in a slight hollow, where they had "rounded up" a small herd of cattle. Lobo sat apart on a knoll, while Blanco with the rest was endeavoring to "cut out" a young cow, which they had selected; but the cattle were standing in a compact mass with their heads outward, presenting to the foe a serried phalanx of horns, unbroken save when some cow frightened by a fresh onset of the wolves, tried to retreat into the centre of the herd. It was by taking advantage of these temporary demoralizations that the wolves had succeeded at all in wounding the selected cow, but still she was very far from being disabled, and it seemed that Lobo at length lost patience with his followers, for he left his position on the hill, and, uttering a deep roar, dashed toward the herd. The terrified rank broke at his charge, and he sprang in among them. Then the cattle scattered like the pieces of a bursting bomb. Away went the chosen victim, but ere she had gone twenty-five yards Lobo was upon her. Seizing her by the neck he suddenly held back with all his force and so threw her heavily to the ground. The shock must have been tremendous, for the heifer was thrown heels over head. Lobo, also, turned a somersault, but immediately recovered himself, and his followers falling on the poor cow, killed her in a few seconds. Lobo took no part in the killing — after having thrown the victim, he seemed to say, "Now, why could not some of you have done that at once without wasting so much time?"

The cowboy who related this thought

it not prudent to attack the pack single-handed, so retired from the scene, and the wolves devoured their quarry in less than an hour.

The dread of this great wolf spread yearly among the ranchmen, and each year a larger price was set on his head, until at last it reached \$1,000, an unparalleled wolf bounty, surely. Tempted by the promised reward, a Texan ranger named Tannerey came one day galloping up the cañon of the Currumpaw. He had a superb outfit for wolf-hunting—the best of guns and horses, and a pack of enormous wolf-hounds. Far out on the plains of the Pan-handle, he and his dogs had killed many a wolf, and now he never doubted that, within a few days, Old Lobo's scalp would dangle at his saddle-bow.

Away they went bravely on their quest in the gray dawn of a summer morning, and soon the great dogs gave joyous tongue to say that they were already on the track of their quarry. Within two miles, the grizzly band of Currumpaw leaped into view, and the chase grew fast and furious. The part of the wolf-hound was merely to hold the wolves at bay till the hunter could ride up and shoot them, and this usually was easy of execution on the open plains of Texas; but here a new feature of the country came into play, and showed that Lobo had chosen his range only too sagaciously; for the rocky cañons of the Currumpaw and its tributaries intersect the prairies at intervals in every direction. The old wolf at once made for the nearest of these, his band scattering as they went, the dogs, also dividing, following them, but out of the pack of ten, six kept on Lobo's track.

Exactly how it came about no one knows, but certain it is that the wolves, having scattered the dogs by themselves scattering, baffled the horseman by going into a precipitous cañon; and not far away the pack reunited as by signal; and, turning on the now unsupported hounds, killed or desperately wounded them all. That night, when Tannerey mustered his dogs, only six of them returned, and out of these, two were terribly lacerated. This hunter made two other attempts to capture the

royal scalp, but neither were more successful than the first, and on the last occasion his best horse met its death by a fall; so he gave up the chase in disgust and went back to Texas, leaving Lobo more than ever the despot of the region.

Next year, two other hunters appeared, determined to win the promised bounty. Each believed he could destroy this noted wolf, the first by means of a newly devised poison, which was to be laid out in an entirely new manner; the other a French Canadian, by poison assisted with certain spells and charms, for he firmly believed that Lobo was a veritable "loup-garou," and could not be killed by ordinary means. But cunningly compounded poisons, charms, and incantations were all of no avail against this grizzly devastator. He made his weekly rounds and daily banquets as aforetime, and ere many weeks had passed, Calone and Laloche were compelled to give up the pursuit in despair and go elsewhere to hunt.

In the spring of 1893, after his abortive attempt to capture Lobo, Joe Calone had a humiliating experience, which seems to show that the big wolf simply scorned his enemies, and had absolute confidence in himself. Calone's farm was on a small tributary of the Currumpaw, in a picturesque cañon, and among the rocks of this very cañon, within a thousand yards of the house, Old Lobo and his mate selected their den and raised their family that season. There they lived all summer, and killed Joe's cattle, sheep, and dogs, but rejected all his poisons and evaded his traps, and rested securely among the recesses of the cavernous cliffs, while Joe vainly racked his brain for some method of smoking them out, or of reaching them with dynamite. But they escaped entirely unscathed, and continued their ravages as before. "There's where he lived all last summer," said Joe, pointing to the face of the cliff, "and I couldn't do a thing with him, I was like a fool to him."

All this history, so far, is mere hearsay, but in the fall of 1893, I was destined to make the acquaintance of this wily marauder, and at length to know him more thoroughly than anyone else.



Lobo showing the Pack how to Kill Beef.—Page 619.

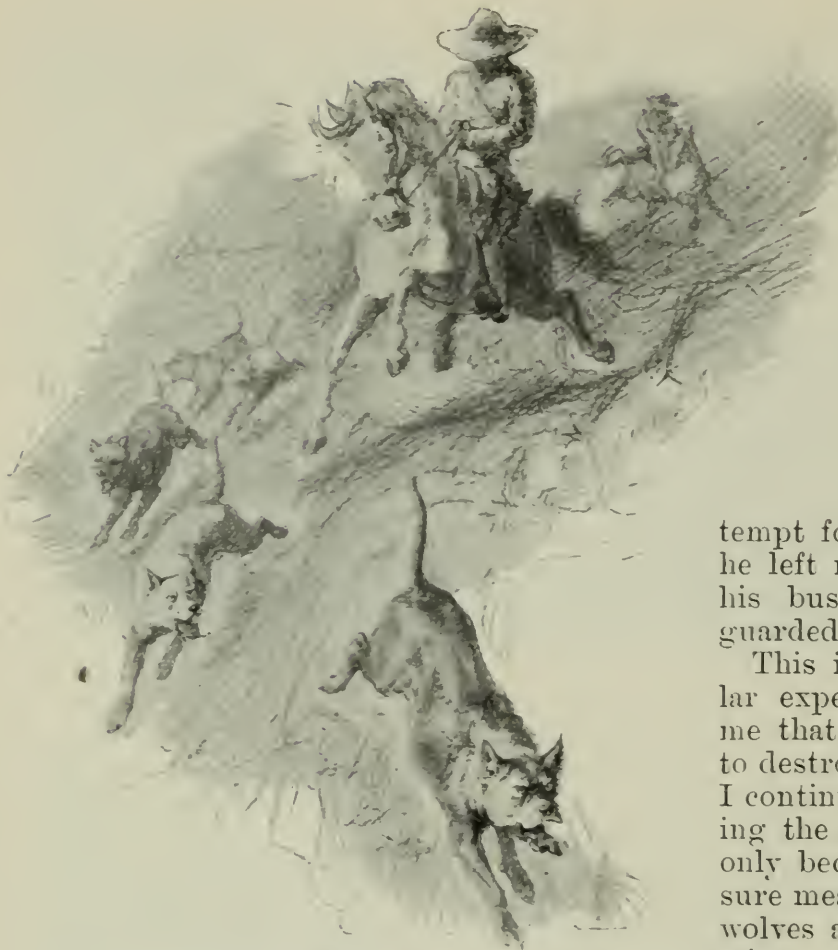
Some years before, I had been a successful wolf hunter, but my occupations since then had been of another sort, chaining me to stool and desk. I was much in need of a change, and when a friend, who was also a ranch owner on the Currumpaw, asked me to come to New Mexico and try if I could do anything with this predatory pack, I accepted the invitation joyfully and, eager to make the acquaintance of its king, was as soon as possible among the mesas of that region. I spent some time riding about to learn the country, and at intervals, my guide would point to the skeleton of a cow to which the hide still adhered, and remark, "That's some of his work."

It became quite clear to me that, in this rough country, it was useless to think of pursuing Lobo with hounds and horses, so that poison or traps were the only available expedients. At present we had no traps large enough, so I set to work with poison.

I need not enter into the details of a hundred devices that I employed to circumvent this "loup-garou;" there was no combination of strychnine, arsenic, cyanide, or prussic, that I did not essay; there was no manner of flesh that I did not try as bait; but morning after morning, as I rode forth to learn the result, I found that all my efforts were

futile. The old king was too cunning for me. A single instance will illustrate his wonderful sagacity. An old trapper had given me a hint which I immediately put into practice. I melted some cheese together with the kidney fat of a freshly killed heifer, stewing it in a china dish, and cutting it with a bone knife to avoid the taint of metal. When the mixture was cool, I cut it into lumps, and making a hole in one side of each lump, I inserted a large dose of strychnine and cyanide, contained in a capsule that was impermeable by any odor; finally I sealed the holes up with pieces of the cheese itself. During the whole process, I wore a pair of gloves steeped in the hot blood of the heifer, and even avoided breathing on the baits. When all was ready, I put them in a raw-hide bag rubbed all over with blood, and rode forth dragging the liver and kidneys of the beef at the end of a rope. With this I made a ten-mile circuit, dropping a bait at each quarter of a mile, and taking the utmost care, always, not to touch any with my hands.

Lobo, generally, came into this part of the range in the early part of each week, and passed the latter part, it was supposed, around the base of Sierra Grande. This was Monday, and that same evening, as we were about to retire, I heard the deep bass howl of his



Tannerey came one day Galloping up the Cañon.—Page 620.

majesty; on hearing it one of the boys briefly remarked, "There he is, we'll see."

The next morning I sallied forth, eager to know the result. I soon came on the fresh trail of the robbers, with Lobo in the lead—his trail was always easily distinguished. An ordinary wolf's forefoot is $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, that of a large wolf $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches, but Lobo's, as measured a number of times, was $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches from claw to heel; I afterward found that his other proportions were commensurate, for he stood three feet high at the shoulder, and weighed 150 pounds. His trail, therefore, though obscured by those of his followers, was never difficult to trace. The pack had soon found the track of my drag, and followed it instinctively. I could see that Lobo had come to the first bait, sniffed about it, and finally had picked it up.

Then I could not conceal my exultation. "I've got him at last," I exclaimed; "I shall find him stark within

a mile," and I galloped on with eager eyes fixed on the great broad track in the dust. It led me to my second bait, and there I learned that Lobo had not really taken the first bait at all, but had merely carried it in his mouth. Then having poised it on top of the second, he had scattered filth over both of them, to express his utter contempt for my devices.

After this he left my drag and went about his business with the pack he guarded so effectively.

This is only one of many similar experiences which convinced me that poison would never avail to destroy this robber, and though I continued to use it while awaiting the arrival of the traps, it was only because it was meanwhile a sure means of killing many prairie wolves and other destructive vermin.

About this time there came under my observation an incident that will illustrate Lobo as an aggressor of diabolical cunning. These wolves had at least one pursuit which was merely an amusement, and apparently not at all connected with their appetite for food; it was, as has already been intimated, stampeding and killing sheep. The sheep are usually kept in flocks of from one thousand to three thousand under one or more shepherds. At night they are gathered in the most sheltered place available, and a herdsman sleeps on each side of the flock to give additional protection. Sheep are such senseless creatures that they are liable to be stampeded at night by the veriest trifle, but they have deeply engrained in their nature one, and perhaps only one, strong weakness, viz., to follow their leader. And this the shepherds turn to good account, by putting half a dozen goats in the flock of sheep. The latter recognize the superior intelligence of their bearded cousins, and when a night alarm occurs they crowd

around them, and usually are thus saved from a stampede. But it was not always so. One night, late in last November, two Perico shepherds were aroused by an onset of wolves. Their flocks huddled around the goats, which being neither fools nor cowards, stood their ground and were bravely defiant; but alas for them, no common wolf was heading this invasion. Old Lobo, the weir-wolf, knew as well as the shepherds that the goats were the moral force of the flock, so hastily running over the backs of the densely packed sheep, he fell on these leaders, slew them all in a few minutes, and soon had the luckless sheep stampeding in a thousand different directions. For weeks afterward I was almost daily accosted by some anxious questioning shepherd, who asked, "Have you seen any stray OTO sheep lately?" and usually I was compelled to make a most dolorous though affirmative reply; one day it was, "Yes, I came on some five or six carcasses by Diamond Springs;" or another, it was to the effect that I had seen a small "bunch" running on the "Malpai Mesa;" or again, "No, but Juan Meira saw about twenty, freshly killed, on the Cedra Monte two days ago."

Once or twice, however, I had found indications that everything was not quite right in the Currumpaw pack. There were signs of irregularity, I thought; for instance there was clearly the trail of a smaller wolf running ahead of the leader, at times, and this I could not understand, until a cowboy made a remark which explained the matter.

"I saw them to-day," he said, "and the wild one that breaks away is Blanco." Then the truth dawned upon me, and I added, "Now, I know that Blanco is a she-wolf, because were a he-wolf to act thus, Lobo would kill him at once."

From further conversation I learnt, also, that Blanco was one of the latest additions to the pack, and was, moreover, a young wolf, and noted more for her beauty than for heroic qualities. Several times after this, I had additional evidence of the truth of my surmise before I had finally the certain proof of her scalp, which she forfeited as the price of her imprudence.

At length the wolf traps arrived, and with two men I worked a whole week to get them properly set out. We spared no labor or pains, I adopted every device I could think of that might help to insure success. The second day after the traps arrived, I rode around to inspect, and soon came upon Lobo's trail running from trap to trap. In the dust I could read the whole story of his doings that night; He had trotted along in the darkness, and although the traps were so carefully concealed, he had instantly detected the first one. Stopping the onward march of the pack, he had cautiously scratched around it until he had disclosed the trap, the chain, and the log, then left them wholly exposed to view with the trap still unsprung, and passing on he treated over a dozen traps in the same fashion, varying his treatment of them sometimes by scratching stones or clods on them and so springing them in safety to himself. This he did on many other occasions, and although I varied my methods and redoubled my precautions, he was never deceived, his sagacity seemed never at fault, and he might have been pursuing his career of rapine to-day, but for an unfortunate alliance that proved his ruin and added his name to the long list of heroes who, unassailable when alone, have fallen through the indiscretion of a trusted ally.

In pursuance of my quest I killed a heifer, and, putting the choice parts together, I poisoned them, and close by set one or two rather obvious traps. Then taking the head, which is considered useless offal, and quite beneath the notice of a wolf, I set it a little apart and around it placed six powerful steel traps properly deodorized and concealed with the utmost care. During my operations I kept my hands, boots, and implements smeared with fresh blood, and afterward sprinkled the ground with the same, as though it had flowed from the head; and when the traps were buried in the dust I brushed the place over with the skin of a coyote, and with the foot of the same animal made a number of tracks over the traps. The head was so placed that there was a

narrow passage between it and some tussocks, and in this passage I buried

mile discovered that the hapless wolf was Blanco. Away she went, however,



Blanco was one of the latest Additions to the Pack.—Page 623.

two of my best traps, fastening them to the head itself.

Wolves have a habit of approaching every carcass they get the wind of, in order to examine it, even when they have no intention of partaking of it, and I hoped that this habit would bring the Currumpaw pack within reach of my latest stratagem. I did not doubt that Lobo would detect my handiwork about the meat, and prevent the pack approaching it, but on the head I did build some hopes, for it looked as though it had been thrown aside as useless.

Next morning, I sallied forth to inspect the traps, and there, oh, joy! were the tracks of the pack, and the place where the beef-head and its traps had been was empty. A hasty study of the trail showed that Lobo had kept the pack from approaching the meat, but one, a small wolf, had evidently walked in to examine the head as it lay apart and had immediately set foot in one of the traps.

We set out on the trail, and within a

at a gallop, and although encumbered by the beef-head which weighed over fifty pounds, she speedily distanced my companion who was on foot. But we overtook her when she reached the rocks, for the horns of the cow's head became caught and held her fast.

She then turned to fight, and raising her voice in the rallying cry of her race, sent a long howl rolling over the cañon. From far away upon the mesa came a deep response, the cry of Old Lobo. That was her last call, for now we had closed in on her, and all her energy and breath were devoted to combat. She was indeed the handsomest wolf I had ever seen, her coat was in perfect condition and nearly white. As she stood thus defying us, I exclaimed, "How I wish I had brought my camera." To this the cowboy replied, "Why not ride home and get it? she is perfectly secure here." And so I did, and took two photos, which give a good idea of her fine form, though they make her very peaceful-looking, as I had to wait till she was quiet before I made the exposures.

Then followed the inevitable tragedy, the idea of which I shrank from afterward more than at the time. We each threw a lasso over the neck of the doomed wolf, and strained our horses in opposite directions until the blood burst from her mouth, her eyes glazed, her limbs stiffened and then fell limp. Homeward then we rode, carrying the dead wolf, and exulting over this, the first death-blow we had been able to inflict on the Currumpaw pack.

At intervals during the tragedy, and afterward as we rode homeward, we heard the roar of Lobo as he wandered about on the distant mesas, where he seemed to be searching for Blanco. He had never really deserted her, but knowing that he could not save her, his deep-rooted dread of firearms had been too much for him when he saw us approaching. All that day we heard him wailing as he roamed in his quest, and I re-

ant howl, but a long, plaintive wail; "Blanco! Blanco!" he seemed to call. And as night came down, I noticed that he was not far from the place where we had overtaken her. At length he seemed to find the trail, and when he came to the spot where we had killed her, his heart-broken wailing was piteous to hear. It was sadder than I could possibly have believed. He seemed to know exactly what had taken place, for her blood had stained the place of her death.

Then he took up the trail of the horses and followed it to the ranch-house. Whether in hopes of finding her there, or in quest of revenge, I know not, but the latter was what he found, for he surprised our unfortunate watch-dog outside and tore him to pieces within fifty yards of the door. He evidently came alone on this expedition, for I found but one trail next morning, and he had galloped about in



He had cautiously scratched around it until he had disclosed the Trap.—Page 623.

marked at length to one of the boys, "Now, indeed, I truly know that Blanco was his mate."

As evening fell he seemed to be coming toward the home cañon, for his voice sounded continually nearer. There was an unmistakable note of sorrow in it now. It was no longer the loud, defi-

a reckless manner that was very unusual with him. I had half expected this, and had set a number of additional traps about the pasture. Afterward I found that he had indeed fallen into one of these, but such was his strength, he had torn himself loose and cast it aside.



Blanco in the Trap.—Page 624.

(From a photograph.)

I believed that he would continue in the neighborhood until he found her body at least, so I concentrated all my energies on this one enterprise of catching him ere he left the region, and while yet in this reckless mood. Then I realized what a mistake I had made in killing Blanco, for by using her as a decoy I might have secured him the next night.

I gathered in all the traps I could command, one hundred and thirty strong steel wolf-traps, and set them in fours in every trail that led into the cañon, each trap was separately fastened to a log, and each log was separately buried. In burying them, I carefully removed the sod and every particle of earth that was lifted we put in blankets, so that after the sod was replaced and all was finished the eye could detect no trace of human handiwork. When the traps were concealed I trailed the body of poor Blanco over each place, and made of it a drag that circled all about the ranch, and finally I took off one of her paws and made with it a line of tracks over each trap. Every precau-

tion and device known to me I put in execution, and retired at a late hour to await the result.

Once during the night I thought I heard Old Lobo, but was not sure of it. Next day I rode around, but darkness came on before I completed the circuit of the north cañon, and I had nothing to report. At supper one of the cowboys said, "There was a great disturbance among the cattle in the north cañon this morning, maybe there is something in the traps there." It was afternoon of the next day before I got to the place referred to, and as I drew near a great grizzly form arose from the ground, vainly endeavoring to escape, and there revealed before me stood Lobo, King of the Currumpaw, firmly held in the traps. Poor old hero, he had never ceased to search for his darling, and when he found the trail her body had made he followed it recklessly, and so fell into the snare prepared for him. There he lay in the iron grasp of all four traps, perfectly helpless, and all around him were numerous tracks showing how the cat-



Lobo, King of the Currumpaw, firmly held in the Traps.—Page 626.

(From a photograph.)

tle had gathered about him to insult the fallen despot, without daring to approach within his reach. For two days and two nights he had lain there, and now was worn out with struggling. Yet, when I went near him, he rose up with bristling mane and raised his voice, and for the last time made the cañon reverberate with his deep bass roar, the muster call of his band. But there was none to answer him, and, left alone in his extremity, he whirled about with all his strength and made a desperate effort to get at me. All in vain, each trap was a dead drag of over three hundred pounds, and in their relentless fourfold grasp, with great steel jaws on every foot, and the heavy logs and chains all entangled together, he was absolutely powerless. How his huge ivory tusks did grind on those cruel chains, and when I ventured to touch him with my rifle-barrel he left grooves on it which are there to this day. His eyes glared green with hate and fury, and his jaws snapped with a hollow "chop," as he vainly endeavored to reach me and my trembling horse. But he was exhausted with

hunger and struggling and loss of blood, and when at length he sank to the ground in momentary exhaustion, I played the part of the Kodak fiend and secured two pictures of him which are to-day among my greatest treasures.

Something like compunction came over me, as I prepared to deal out to him that which so many had suffered at his hands.

"Grand old outlaw, hero of a thousand lawless raids, in a few minutes you will be but a great load of carrion. It cannot be otherwise." Then I swung my lasso and sent it whistling over his head. But not so fast, he was yet far from being subdued, and, before the supple coils had fallen on his neck he seized the noose and, with one fierce chop, cut through its hard thick strands, and dropped it in two pieces at his feet.

Of course I had my rifle as a last resource, but I did not wish to spoil his royal hide, I therefore galloped back to the camp and soon returned with a cowboy and a fresh lasso. We threw to our victim a stick of wood which he seized in his teeth, and ere he could relinquish

it our lassoes whistled through the air and tightened on his neck.

Yet before the light had died from his fierce eyes, I cried "Stay, we will not kill him; let us take him alive to the camp." He was so completely powerless now that it was easy to put a stout stick through his mouth, behind his tusks, and then lash his jaws with a heavy cord which was also fastened to the stick. As soon as he felt his jaws were tied he made no further resistance, and uttered no sound, but looked calmly at us and seemed to say, "Well, you have got me at last, do as you please with me."

We tied his feet securely, and then with our united strength were just able to put him on my horse; by travelling slowly we reached the ranch in safety, and having secured him with a collar and a strong chain, we removed the cords. Then for the first time I could examine him closely, and at once proved how unreliable is vulgar report when a living hero or tyrant is concerned. He had *not* a collar of gold about his neck,

nor was there on his shoulders an inverted cross to denote that he had leagued himself with Satan. But I did find on one haunch a great broad scar, that tradition says was the fang-mark of Juno, the leader of Tannerey's wolfhounds—a mark which she gave him the moment before he stretched her lifeless on the sand of the cañon.

A lion shorn of his strength, an eagle robbed of his freedom, or a dove bereft of his mate, all die, it is said, of a broken heart; and who will say that this grim bandit could bear the three-fold brunt, heart-whole. This only I know, that when the morning dawned, he was lying there in a position of calm repose, but his spirit was gone—the old King-wolf was dead.

I took the chain from his neck, a cowboy helped me to carry him to the shed where lay the remains of Blanco, still unskinned, and as we laid him beside her, the cattle-man exclaimed: "There, you *would* come to her, now you are together again."



THE THIRD RELIEF

By George I. Putnam



FROM the way we four companies held to our route for five days, one would have thought we were cutting off an enemy, or keeping from being cut off ourselves. For eighteen months we had been out of garrison no farther than to the target butts; had no duty more severe than a guard tour or a fatigue detail, when there came the order "Change Station!" and, as in the game of puss-in-the-corner, we made a dive for a new post, knowing some other command would run behind our backs to get our old one; and we drove a foot-furrow through the prairie dust due north a hundred and twenty-five miles, only stopping to eat and sleep. We marched in full kit by the Colonel's order. But Lieutenant Maclehose, who had command of our company (our Captain couldn't have marched a mile to draw his pay, and had been appointed field officer, and rode a broncho), shut one eye toward the First Sergeant, and said: "Sergeant, the mules are stronger than the men, and the wagons are not heavy loaded." And after that our blanket bags were flat and flabby. Did the Colonel notice it? If he did, he said nothing. We men in the ranks had a theory that Lieutenant Maclehose was a bad man to call down.

The Colonel set the pace on his long-legged roan. So long as we marched fifty minutes and rested ten, it went very well; but the second day, when we were getting stiff, he began making it sixty and rest ten; and that extra time was more wearying than all the rest, for the soles of our feet knew to a second when the bugler should have sounded the halt. Corcoran, my bunky, shook his head, unable to say what he thought; and every man in my view went with a cranky step, except Wyliff. We all disliked Wyliff as being the weakest, most uncertain man we had; yet now he

pegged along as though he liked it and would have been glad to go faster.

The captains, old fellows out of the civil war, gave it up, and rode in the ambulance. The lieutenants stuck to the column like men who knew their business. And we had to make the best of it we could, for there was no room left in the ambulance. So when our hands swelled, and our shoulders chafed, and our knees stiffened, and our heels blistered, all we could do was to think back over the miles we'd come, and be glad we hadn't them to do over again. And all the time we went on, and on, and on.

Months after, we found out why we had been so rushed. The Colonel had not had an active command in a long time, and he wanted to impress the department with his efficiency. Scott! If there had been an inspection when we got to Redtown on the fifth day, half the command would have gone on sick report.

We swung down the red hill that leads into Redtown on a Sunday afternoon, with faces as red as the soil that stained us to the knees; and we went into camp on a grassy flat, round two sides of which the creek ran. All Redtown turned out to see us, as though spectacles were rare—and there they were on a railroad! But we were right out of the wilderness, and the only thing in order was our rifles. Some found friends in camp; Lieutenant Maclehose was claimed by a couple who took him off to their house in the town; but nearly all came out of curiosity to look at us from across the creek, and then to walk through the camp, and to watch us mount guard. A rusty ceremony it was; we limped through it like an invalid corps, and the band could hardly put lips to a mouthpiece. Captain Roth went on as officer of the day; and there was no officer of the guard—just a sergeant. And I was a member of the third relief, with as many aches as my bones would

hold, and a belt of clean cartridges around my waist to bind them together.

When I went on post for my first tour, it was between eleven and twelve, and as black as the bore of a rifle—just as though the sky was a big soft black hat which some great hand pressed down over us. It oppressed me. I felt as though I would be bringing up against it the next step. But after I'd relieved my man and got the limits of my post, I went easily by sound. There was the creek on my left as I walked up, rattling along and keeping me from straying off into the foothills; and on the right were the tents of my own company, with a dropping fire of snores coming from them. That was a comfortable, companionable sound, with the unseen water running so cold on one side, and the dark heavens bearing down from above; and I tried to believe I knew the men by their snores, to work up some sort of a joke on them. I had to do something of that sort to fight off the drowsiness; for what with my blisters and my aching bones, I was that weary if I'd stood still a minute I'd have fallen asleep, bolt upright.

I might have been on post ten minutes or ten times that—time forgets you when you're dead tired and are under a hat—when I heard a voice murmuring out there over the creek. I couldn't see a thing, not even the water; but the sound of a man's voice came over to me. Of course it was thieves sneaking after camp-endings; and I was just going to shout a challenge, when I got the replying voice—a woman's. And at that I held my breath. For it was a soft, full, sweet voice of a woman—such as a man may hear once in the darkness and then go round the world to find the owner of to tell her he loves her. Oh, no; that sort of thing isn't for a rough soldier, with no knowledge or memory of a woman to do; he isn't fit; but I can imagine any other man doing it, and being well repaid—if he found her. A good voice, with a mellowness and a meltingness, like the notes some of the bandsmen get out of the alto horns. I didn't challenge. I thought the thief—if he was a thief—wouldn't steal any-

thing more than a kiss, which would be no loss to the Government; and I wasn't willing to interrupt him, be he soldier or civilian. There's just one time when every man is bound to give every other man a fair show; and that's when it's a question of a woman's love. The boys don't all hold to that, not even in my own company. Perhaps that's why I never. . . . They joke of cutting each other out, and why not. . . .?

And then something caught my other ear; the clanki-clatter of a sword. Somebody was coming down on the run. Then a sudden stop and a "Umrrph!" that told me he had run into a tent guy. By the voice I knew the officer of the day; and on he came again. I cut loose the challenge, "Who comes there?" and he panted back, "Never mind, sentinel." Then he banged away with his scabbard at a tent-pole, and my captain, who was asleep in there, woke up in a rage, and cried out, "Who the devil is it?"

"Roth. Wake up."

"Well, what the——"

"One of your men's shot up town."

"Who?"

"Wyliff."

"I told him he couldn't go!"

"Well, are you going to get up?" said the officer of the day.

"No!" roared the old man. "I'm glad he's shot! He had no business up there! Hope he's killed!" And he was going on with a string of abuse against Wyliff, and gradually including his whole company and the army as he became broader awake. But the officer of the day muttered, "Well, I'm damned!" and turned away. Roth was the finest captain I ever saw. I'd have been glad to be in his company. I'm told he gives his men four dinners a year out of his own pocket—New Year's, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, and Christmas; and they're great feeds.

Just about the time Captain Roth said "Wyliff," or as much later as it would take a man to run a dozen steps, there was a splash in the creek over against me; and I saw some dark outline floundering in the sharp current, trying to cross. I lay down over the brink and held out my rifle. "Get

hold!" I said, "and I'll challenge you after you're ashore." For I had no knowledge how deep the water was.

He got hold by the stock, and clambered up; and it was Lieutenant Maclehose.

"You recognize me; no use challenging," he said, quietly; and "Captain Roth!" he called. The officer of the day stopped and answered, and Lieutenant Maclehose ran after him. I heard my twisty old captain turning over on his creaky camp-bed, and muttering; and I took my beat again, wide awake; for the Lieutenant's cold bath had been as effective on me as though I had taken it myself; and I marched up and down, considering that now I knew two good officers—men who thought sooner of the private than of themselves; and I wished that sort of thing would happen oftener. You understand, now—not because I'm a private and hope to stay one that I want petting and pampering; the worst thing about the army now is its mess of book-rules for the protection of the men. No. I'm single and a soldier, and hard knocks is the lot I've chosen. But thoughtful officers, now—I want them because, beneath the uniform, we're all built to the same scale; because it wasn't God who put a sword on them, and a bayonet on me; and because, as I'm a man like them whatever else I mayn't be, they ought to admit it as freely as I do. I knew Captain Roth was the right kind—as strict as the Book of Regulations; but he knew where to draw the line, and he drew it. And Lieutenant Maclehose showed his interest in the most worthless private of his command when he jumped into the creek in the darkness, and made his way across to get in touch with the case. I thought more of him then than I ever had before; and I've never thought less of him since. You once get one of these officers on his true rating, and you'll find him right there, ever after.

As soon as I saw Lieutenant Maclehose, I knew there had been no philandering across the creek. The sword doesn't do that kind of thing; the bayonet may, because it has to take whatever chance offers. And I understood

that it was his friends who had taken him up town, and had walked back to camp with him because it was dark and he was unacquainted with the road. It was still over there now, only for a fitful murmuring that might have been the creek, or the rising breeze in the mesquite; and I concluded that the good-nights were over, and they had gone home.

Then Captain Roth came on my post with Lieutenant Maclehose and a patrol of the guard; and after I had challenged and advanced them, I had to tell them there wasn't a good crossing, though I thought the Lieutenant might have saved me the trouble. But he had stepped to the creek side, and called out, clear:

"Madam!"

"Yes, sir," said that good voice from the other side, directly. The night noises hushed to hear her tone. And then the gloom seemed to lighten a little, and I saw her standing opposite, dim and slender and tall, as somehow suited the voice.

"Remain easy, please; we will be with you in a moment," said the Lieutenant. Then they all tramped off my post round to the other side where the crossing was. My bunky, Corcoran, was one of the patrol; and as he passed he stuck his elbow out at me and grunted, to let me know he thought it a queer proceeding. Presently I heard them moving up opposite me; there was a short halt, some murmured words, and then they went off toward the town.

My post was quiet after that, but I had sufficient entertainment in what had been. So Lieutenant Maclehose had been walking over there in the dark with that sweet-voiced woman alone, and there *had* been philandering. Well, the voice was his excuse, to me; and there would have been no need of an excuse at all if he had not taken so lively an interest in that poor stick of a Wyliff; and he would have been safe. I never would have mentioned the matter in barracks, had it rested with me. But he had even taken Captain Roth—a married man with a family—over there, to say nothing of the patrol. It was like Lieutenant Macle-

hose, as we understood him, to do a thing if he pleased and do—the consequences; but this was doing them with a vengeance. And they had gone off together, with the woman for pilot, to town. For I understood well enough that the patrol was out to pick up poor Wyliff. And he was a poor stick, surely; never went to town on pass without getting his eyes blackened; peaceable when sober, but a fighting drunkard; a nice-looking young fellow, too, clean and trim and well set up. If it had not been for his lip and eye, he would have been a man to trust. But his lip trembled when it shouldn't; and it seemed as though the natural color had been bloodshot out of his eyes. It was the liquor that did that. He was weak as a man. By his military figure and bearing one would have thought him a man of family, which I am told is something an officer is proud to be; and then his shaky lip and red eye gave that the lie; and one didn't know where to place him. That, I suppose, is a reason why we disliked him. He was pliable enough. You could drag him after you anywhere, but you couldn't follow him and expect to gain your point. He was soft metal.

So, what with wonder over Lieutenant Maclehose's queer conduct, and the nature of the row up town, and indignation at the frontier beast who would shoot a man for being a soldier, and guessing if he was dead, and if Wyliff did for the brute before *he* died, and betting he didn't, the time flew. The patrol came back and was challenged in. And then Corcoran came down to relieve me, and told me the town end of the affair.

They marched off to town, he said, and it was a procession to surprise: the patrol in military order with the Lieutenant and the lady as a rear rank. As they went Lieutenant Maclehose and the lady were explaining to Captain Roth how it happened: that Wyliff had telegraphed her he would be there about that date, and she had taken train at once; then she had missed him at the depot (while he was busy getting shot), and when she was feeling utterly lost in the strange town, had seen a man in uniform, who was Lieutenant Maclehose. He was

just returning to camp; and when she told him her story, he would have sent Wyliff to her at the hotel; but she was so anxious to see him that she preferred to walk with Lieutenant Maclehose to camp.

"What!" said I; "any woman so anxious to see that whelp?"

"So she said," Cork replied. And near camp they heard the officer of the day saying Wyliff was shot; and when they mentioned that she began to sob and sob, so they both assured her the chances were against its being anything serious. Then she forced herself calm, and they went on to the corner of the square, on the far side of which is the depot, with the hotel opposite. A lighted lamp was at the corner, and directly beneath it they met him carrying a handkerchief at his neck.

"Patrol, halt!" Captain Roth sang out. And:

"Oh, Henry!" exclaimed the lady, hurrying front.

Wyliff stood still facing the patrol, and his lips quivered into a weak smile.

"Well, mother," he said.

"Mother!" I repeated.

"Right," said Cork. "She had gray hair."

"Go on."

"Nothing. Well, they kissed."

"They did!"

"She did, anyway, her arms around his shoulders."

"And what then?"

"Oh, Lieutenant Maclehose gave Wyliff leave till 8 A.M. to-morrow, to report to him then at the depot. And we came back to camp."

"But how about the shooting?"

"That was nothing to speak of; anyway, I noticed Wyliff didn't speak of it. Saloon row, of course. It was only a scratch, and he'd dried it with his handkerchief."

I had to stand and think for a minute about what seemed to me the strangest part of the whole thing.

"But tell me, Cork, how is it any woman would come way from wherever it may be to see him a few hours?"

"Why, she's his mother, I tell you," said Cork.

"Well, he don't seem to think so mighty much of her."

"It ain't to be expected. Those fellows never do," Cork replied.

"But he's such a weak, runty sort of a man——"

"She'll love him all the more for it. He'll be dearer than any child good dreams ever brought her."

"Well, it's too much for me," said I. "A fellow's girl will throw him, and his wife will leave him. And here comes a gray old woman with a voice just to look at and talk to a poor devil——"

"Mother, mother, mother," said Cork, sticking his face into mine. "That's the way with them when they're any good. The only woman that ever stands by you through good and bad is your mother; and you can go back on her as much as you will, but she'll never falter; and if you so much as whisper 'mother' with your dying breath, *she* is satisfied with it all and smiles as she closes your eyes. *She'll* believe in you and put up a prayer for you. And that old lady up there was all of a tremble with happiness at seeing that worthless devil again, and if she hadn't hung round his neck she'd have fallen to the

ground. It's because she's his mother; never another woman will care for him so. I'm ashamed of your ignorance and lack of feeling. It's his mother, his mother. Man alive, where's your own?"

"Here!" said I, swallowing something at the same minute, and holding up my rifle. "Here! I'm a son of a gun, and the army's a whole family to me."

Then Cork began to laugh, and said, "Go, turn in." And going off through the darkness, I felt suddenly lonesome. I was empty, and it was emptiness through which I moved. What was it I'd missed? Something I could never describe, never name, because I'd never had it; but Wyliff had it—Wyliff, who could take that hour of all others to tumble in a row! . . . Wyliff, who cared no more for it than that! What good did it do him? And what good wouldn't it have done me? Oh, I was jealous of Wyliff—the man I had spent my leisure in hating. If I could only have killed him and taken it from him! . . .

But I was dead tired when I got to my blankets, and I rolled myself in and slept like a log till reveille.



THE CONQUEROR

By Bessie Chandler

To his dead heart alone I will surrender ;
He, whom death conquered, now has conquered me.
I held my fortress like a brave defender—
Now it stands open for the world to see.

There was a castle once, in ancient story,
Besieged by one so noble in his fame,
That when he died the people thought it glory
To yield him what no living knight could claim.

So, as he lay, in dented armor sleeping—
A hero, after wearing strife at ease—
They gathered near, and gave into his keeping,
Safe in his mailed hand, their castle keys.

So do I yield to-day to you, my lover—
Who died before my hard heart's frowning wall,
And never knew its harshness did but cover
Only a longing to surrender all.

Here are the keys, the last reserve is broken—
What does it matter now since all is past ?
Let all men hear, and know that by this token
I loved you only, loved you first and last.

JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER

By George W. Cable

LXX

THE ENEMY IN THE REAR



NEW week came in with animating spring weather. On Monday Fannie sat up, and on Tuesday, when John called, her own smile surprised him at the door, while Johanna's reflected it in the background.

He felt himself taken at a disadvantage. His unready replies to her lively promptings turned aimlessly here and there ; his thoughts could neither lead nor follow them. The wine of her pretty

dissembling went to his head ; while the signs of chastening in her fair face joined strangely with her sprightliness to make an obscure pathetic harmony that moved his heartstrings in a way in which he had felt youthfully sure they were never to be moved again. His late anger against Ravenel came back, and with it, to his surprise, the old tenderness for her, warmed by the new anger and without the bitterness of its old chagrin. He found himself reminded of his letters to Johanna's distant mistress, but instantly decided that the two matters had nothing to do with each other, and gave himself rich comfort in this visible and only half specious fulfilment of his youth's long dream. The daily protection and care

of this girl, her welcome, winsome gayeties, and thanks, were his, his! with no one near to claim a division of shares and only honor to keep account with. His words were stumbling under these unconfessed distractions when she startled him by saying,

"I've telegraphed Jeff-Jack that I can travel."

His response was half-resentful. "Did the doctor say you might?"

She gave her tone a shade of mimicry. "Yes, sir, the doctor said I might." But she changed it to add, "You'll soon be free, John; it's a matter of only two or three hours." Her playfulness faded into a smile of gratefulest affection. Johanna, who was passing into the next room, could not see it, but she easily guessed it by the slight disconcertion which showed through the smile he gave back.

He dropped his eyes pensively. "To be free isn't everything."

"It is for you just now, John, mighty nearly. You've got a great work before you, and——"

"Oh, yes, so I've heard." He laughed apologetically and rose to go.

"You don't need to be reminded as badly as you used to," said Fannie, retaining his hand and looking into his face with open admiration. "You'll start East to-day, won't you?"

"That depends."

"Now, John, it doesn't do any such thing. It mustn't!"

"I'll let you know later," said John, freeing his grasp. The pressure of her little hand had got into his pulse. He hurried away.

"She's right," he pondered, as he walked down the populous street, beset by a vague discomfort, "it mustn't depend. Besides, she's pretty sure not to stay here. It wouldn't be Jeff-Jack's way to come back; he'll wire to her to come to him, at once. Reckon I'll decide now to go on that Washington express this evening. I can't afford to let my movements depend on F-Fannie's—hem! Heaven knows I've taxed the company's patience enough already."

He told the regretful clerks at his hotel that this was his farewell day with them, and tried to feel that he had thus burned the last bridge between himself

and indiscretion. He only succeeded in feeling as you and I—and Garnet—used to feel when we had told our purpose to others and fibbed to ourselves about the motive. But Garnet had got far beyond that, understand.

So Vice-President March went to the day's activities, paying parting calls from one private office to another in the interest of Widewood's industrial colonization. He bought his railroad ticket—returnable in case any unforeseen——

"Oh, that's all right, President March: yes, sir; good-day, sir."

At his hotel shortly after noon he found a note. He guessed at its contents.

"She takes the same train I do." He forced himself to frown at the amusing yet agreeable accident. But his guess was faulty. The note read:

"I return immediately to Suez, where Jeff-Jack will arrive by the end of the week."

And thereupon John had another feeling known to us all—the dull shame with which we find that fate has defrauded us for our own good. However, he hurried to Fannie and put himself into her service with a gay imperiousness delightful to both and apparently amusing to the busy Johanna. By and by the music-teacher helped also, making Fannie keep her rocking-chair, and, as Mr. March came and went, dropped little melodious, regretful things to him privately, about his own departure. Once she said that nothing gave her so much happiness as answering pleasant letters; but John only wondered why women so often talk obviously without any aim whatever!

"Well," at length he said to Fannie, "I'll go now and get myself off. Your train starts from the same station mine does; I'll say good-by there."

He packed his valise and hand-bag, and had given them to the porter when he was given a letter.

"My George!" was his dismayed whisper to himself, "a duellist couldn't be prompter." He walked to the door, gazing at the superscription. "It feels like my letter sent back. Ah, well? that's just what it ought to be. Con-

found the women, all; I wonder how it feels for a man just to mind his own business and let them"—he rent the envelope—"mind—theirs!"

He read the letter as he rode to the station. It wasn't very long, and it did seem to him a bit too formal; and yet it was so gravely sweet that he had to smooth the happiness off his face repeatedly, and finally stole a private laugh behind the hand that twisted his small mustache, as he fondly sighed.

"Doggone your considerate little soul, you're just a hundred ton nicer and better than your father or anybody else is ever going to deserve!" But he read on:

"For you remember, do you not? that I was free to speak of yours and papa's ambition and plans for Wide-wood? And so I enclose a page or two of a letter just received from our Johanna at home, because it states things about Colonel Proudfit's new construction company which Cornelius seems to have told your mother's black girl, Jane. They may be pure inventions; but if so, they must be his, not hers, although I should never have thought he would be so reckless as to tell such things to such a person——" Etc.

John unfolded the fragments of Johanna's letter with a condescending smile which began to fade before he had read five lines. A chill ran down his back, and then an angry flush mounted to his brow.

There is a kind of man—Mr. Leggett was one, Samson was another—who will tell his own most valuable or dangerous secrets to any woman on whose conquest he is bent, if she only knows how to bid for them. And there are "Delijahs" who will break any confidence and risk any fortune, nay, their own lives, to show a rival she has been eclipsed. There are also women, even girls, who are of such pure eyes they cannot discern obliquity, anywhere. And there are others just as pure—the lily's own heart, isn't purer—who, nevertheless—but why waste time or type. In short, Johanna first, and then Barbara, had seen how easily Daphne Jane's tittle-tattle might be serious news to John March. Which it certainly was if the dark cloud on his face was a true sign.

He found Fannie on her train and well cared for by Johanna and the music-teacher. In the silence which promptly followed his greeting these two moved aside and Fannie murmured eagerly.

"What on earth's the matter?—Yes, there is, John; something's wrong; what is it? I saw you slip a letter into your pocket at the door. What does it mean?"

"Why, Fannie—it means I've got to go straight back to Suez."

She made a rapturous gesture. "And you're going on this train?" she whispered.

"No."

"Now, why not? John, you're foolish!—or else you think I am. You mustn't! You must go on this train. John, I—I want you to?" She smiled up at his troubled gaze.

"Johanna," he said, and beckoned the maid a step aside. "Miss Barb has sent me that part of your letter to her that tells about the construction company."

"Yaas, seh," murmured Johanna. Her heart throbbed.

"You say, there, that Cornelius says its officers are mere tools in the power of men who have put them there; that Gamble's behind Crickwater, Bulger's behind Mattox, and he, Leggett, is behind Pettigrew—yes—don't interrupt, there isn't time—and that Colonel Proudfit got the money to buy stock enough to elect himself president, by persuading his wife to mortgage everything she has got. Yes; but you don't tell who Cornelius says is behind Colonel Proudfit. Didn't he say?"

"Please, seh, Mr. March, ef——"

"That's all, Johanna, I'm much obliged to you. It may be, you know, that there isn't a word of truth in the whole thing; but in any case you'll never—No, that's right." He turned to Fannie. "I must change my ticket and check; I'm going with you."

LXXI

WARM HEARTS, HOT WORDS, COOL FRIENDS

ABOUT that same hour the next day John stepped off the train at Suez and turned to let Fannie down; but a pair

of uplifted arms came between the two, and Launcelot Halliday, with the back of his velvet coat close to the young man's face, said, "I'll take care of my daughter, John; you can look after any business of your own that may need you."

"Why, Pop!" exclaimed Fannie in long-drawn deprecation as she reached the ground. The color flushed up to her brows. John gazed at him in haughty silence.

"Come on, Johanna," said the old General, heartily. "Good-by, John. When can I see you in your office?"

"Whenever I'm there and not too busy!" replied March as he strode away.

"We'll go to the old house for to-night, Johanna," said Fannie, and did not speak again until she began to draw off her gloves in her father's parlor. Her face was white, her dark eyes wide; but her voice was slow and kind.

"Yes, Johanna, go along to my room. I'll be there directly." She shut the door and folded her gloves, smiling like a swordsman rolling up his sleeves.

"Pop, I've owed you a-many an explanation that I've never paid. You never owed me one in your life till now; but"—her eyes flashed—"you owe it this time to the roots of your hair."

"Fan, that's a mighty poor beginning for the explanation I expect from you."

His tone was one of forbearance, but before he could finish she was as red as a flower. "I belong to my husband! When I've anything to explain I'll explain to him."

"Fannie Halliday——"

"Ravenel, if you please, sir."

He smiled severely. "Have a chair, Mrs. Ravenel. Fan, you're married to a man who never asks an explanation."

The two gazed upon each other in silence. His accustomed belief in her and her ardent love for him were already stealing back into their hearts. Nevertheless——

"O, sir!" she exclaimed, "tell me something I don't know! Yes! But I'm married to a man who waits for things to explain themselves."

"Or till they're past all explanation, Fan."

"Yes, sir; yes! But more! I'm married to a man who knows that nothing can explain conduct but conduct. That's the kind of explanation you still owe me, Pop, till you pay it to John March."

"Well, then," he replied with new warmth, "I'll owe it a long time. If he ever again shows his carelessness of conventional——"

Fannie laid a pale hand on her father's arm. "It wasn't his. He showed carelessness enough; I overruled it. It was his duty to come, Pop; and I had let him neglect duty for me long enough."

The General started. "Why, Fan." But when he looked into her sad eyes his soul melted. She smiled with her face close to his.

"Pop, you never meddled in my affairs before. Don't you reckon I'll manage this one all right?"

"Why, yes, Fan. I was only anxious about you, because——"

"Never mind your becauses, dear. Just say you'll make it all right with John."

"Go to bed, Fannie; go to bed; John and I will take care of ourselves."

When the General reached his office the next day the forenoon was well advanced. He was still there when at midday John March entered.

"John, howdy. Have a chair."

"Thank you, sir." But the young man continued to stand.

"Oh, take a seat John, you can get up again if what I say doesn't suit you."

The speaker came from his desk, took a chair, and pushed another to his visitor.

"John I had a short talk with Fannie last night, and a long one again this morning. If my manner to you last evening impugned your motives, I owe you an apology."

"That's all I want to hear, General," said John, accepting the old soldier's hand.

"Yes, my boy; but it's not all I want to say. Fannie tells me you've been taking some business risks, so to speak, for her sake." John scowled. "Now John, when she asked you to come home on her train she knew that was to her a social risk, and she took it for your sake, in return. Not improper? I don't say

it was. It was worse than improper, John; it was romantic! The gay half of Suez will never forget it, and the grim half will never forgive it! Oh, it was quite proper and praiseworthy if Pussie and Susie would just not misconstrue it, as they certainly will. Only a few months ago, you know, you were making it almost public that you would still maintain your highly poetical line of conduct and sentiment toward Fan after she should be married."

"General Halliday, I——"

"Let me finish, John; we didn't run you out of town, did we?"

March smiled a strong sarcasm and shook his head. The General went on.

"No, sir, we took you good-naturedly and trusted to your sober second thought. Well, Fan's scarcely ten days married, Jeff-Jack's a thousand miles away, and here you come full of good intentions, hell's pavement you know—O John, the more I think of it the more amazed I am at all three of you. I don't blame Jeff-Jack for leaving Fan as he did——"

"'As he did'! By George! General Halliday, that's all I do blame him for!"

"Why, do you mean— But never mind; that's probably none of my business; I don't see how you could ever think it was any of yours. Oh, now, please keep your seat! No, at least, I don't blame him merely for leaving her; a politician's a soldier; he can't stop to comfort the sick. But he should have declined your offer to stay with her, in *Italics*, John, and sent for me!"

"Sent for—Oh, imagine him! Besides, General Halliday, Jeff-Jack knew my offer was to myself; not to him at all, sir! But he saw another thing—about me—as plainly as I did; yes, plainer!"

"I could do that myself, John. What was it—this time?"

"He saw my sober second thought had come!"

"H—I wish I had his eyes! Did he say so? Wha'd he say?"

"He said what wasn't true."

The old warrior smiled satirically. "What was it?"

"Evermind what it was! I'm talked out."

"My dear fellow, so am I! John, honestly, I thank you for the—pardon

me—the unusual patience with which you've taken my hard words." The speaker gripped his hearer's knee. "And you really think you've finished your first great campaign of mistakes—eh?"

"Yes!" They rose, laughing. "Yes, and I've every reason to hope it's my last." The General proposed drinks, but John hadn't time, and they only swapped cigars.

"I hear you leave us again this evening," said the General.

"No; they'd like me to go, but I'm—I'm very tired, and anyhow——"

"You're wha-at? Tired! Why, John—O no, you don't mean tired, you mean insa-ane! Why, sir, that's going straight back on everything you've been saying! John, we're not going to stand this." The General grew red.

"Whom do you mean by 'we,' General?" Both men were forgetting to smoke.

"Everybody, sir! everybody in Suez with whom you have any relations? Why, look at it yourself! For a week running you neglect your own interests and your company's business to do—what? Just what you'd do if you were still under an infatuation which you've openly confessed for years!"

"But which, General Halliday, I tell you again——"

"Telling won't do, sir, when doing tells another story. Here are your directors astonished and vexed at you for coming back with not a word as to why you've come. O, how do I know it! It's the talk o' the town! They bid you go back to the field of work you chose yourself, and you tell *them*—business men—financiers—that you're 'tired, and anyhow——' By Jupiter! John March——"

"General, stop! I'll manage my own business my own way, sir! It's no choice of mine to speak so to you, General Halliday, but I swear I'll not widen my confidences—no, nor modify my comings and goings—to provide against the looks of things. It's the culpable who are careful, sir."

"Yes—yes—and 'the simple pass on and are punished.' I don't ask you to widen your confidences to include me, John."

"Sha'n't widen them to include any-

one, under pressure, General. But it's a pity when you know so much about these things, you don't know more."

"I do, John. I know that when Jeff-Jack left here he left his proxy—at your solicitation—with John Wesley Garnet!"

"Which, he gave me to understand, was just what he intended to do, anyhow."

"O, gave you to understand, of course! But it wasn't, John. Jeff-Jack's still got too many uses for Garnet, to cross him without a good excuse. But he knows what Gamble's influence is, and a different request from you would have put his proxy in safer hands. He would have saved you, John, if you hadn't yourself rushed in and spoken for Garnet."

"And why should you assume that Garnet's holding the proxy has made——"

"Oh, bah! Why, John, d'you reckon I don't see that he and Bulger have gone over to Gamble, and are outvoting you—hauling you in hand over fist? It's written in large letters and hung up where all Susie can read it—except yourself!"

"Where?"

"In your face. And now you're staying here to stare at a lost game. O, John, for your own sake, get away! Clear out to-night! You can at least hide your helplessness. If you will, I'll call you back as soon as you can gain anything by coming. Yes, and I'll turn in and fight these fellows for you in the meantime!"

"Thank you, General, but you're mistaken; the game *isn't* lost. The moment Jeff-Jack and I——"

"Ah! John, the moment's gone! Ask yourself! Will Jeff-Jack ever join the forlorn hope of a man who won't dance to his fiddle? *His* self sacrifices are not that sort."

"And yet that's the very sacrifice you think I ought to let you make for me!"

"By Joe! sir, it wouldn't be a sacrifice! If it will just get you out of town it will suit me perfectly!"

"Then, sir, you'll not be suited! I'm going to stay here and see what my enemies are up to; and if they're up to what I think they are, I'll break their

backs if I have to do it single-handed and alone! Good-day, sir."

"Good-day, John; that's the way you'll have to do it, sir."

"Devil take him," added the General as he found himself alone, "*he's* crossed the bar. It's his heart that's safe. O, Fan, my poor child!"

LXXII

PROBLEM: IS AN UNCONFIRMED DISTRUST NECESSARILY A DEAD ASSET?

JOHN went away heavy and bitter. Yet he remembered, this time, to take more care of his facial expression. He met Shotwell and Proudfit coming out of the best saloon. They stopped him, complimented his clothes and his legs, asked a question or two of genuine interest, poked him in the waistband, and regretted not meeting him sooner. Proudfit suggested, with the proper anathema, to go back and take a re-invigorator with Vice-president March. But the pleasant Shotwell said:

"You forget, Colonel, that ow a-able young friend belongs to Gideon's band, now, seh."

Proudfit made a vague gesture of acknowledgment. "And anyhow"—his tongue thickened and his head wagged playfully—"anyhow, Shot, a ladies' man's just *got* to keep his breath sweet, ain't he?"

Shotwell looked as though the rolling earth had struck something. March paled, but he took the Captain's cigar to light his own as he remarked:

"I don't get the meaning of that expression as clear as I wish you'd make it, Colonel."

Shotwell pretended to burst with merriment. "Why, neither does the Colonel! That was only a sort o' glittering generality to hide his emba'assment—haw, haw, haw!"

Proudfit smiled modestly. "Shot, you're right again! He's right again, John. It was only one o' my grittlin' gen—my grilterin' geren—aw! Shot, hush yo' fuss! you 'confu-use me!"

John was laughing before he knew it. "Gentlemen, I've got to get along home. I slept at Tom Hersey's hotel last night,

and haven't seen my mother yet. O—eh—Captain——”

Shotwell left Proudfit and walked away with March. Persons rarely asked advice of the ever-amiable Captain; they went by him to Charlie Champion, whom he revered as well as loved. And so he was thoroughly pleased when John actually let Champion pass them and asked him, in confidence, what he thought of Proudfit's construction company.

“Well, of co'se, John, you know how fah Proudfit is f'm being an a-able man; and so does he. He's evm fool enough to think he can sharpen his wits with whiskey, which *you* know, March, that if that was so I'd myself be as sharp as a ra-azor. But *I* don't suspicion but what everything's clean and square—Oh, I wouldn't swear nobody does; you know, yo'self, what double-balled fools some men ah. I reckon just about everybody likes the arrangement, though; faw whetheh one company av the otheh, aw both, make money, the money sta-ays. Yes, of co'se, we know he owes it to Garnet's influence, but I suspicion Garnet done as he did mo' to gratify Miz Proudfit's ambitions than fum any notion o' they being big money in it faw anybody; you know how fawnd Garnet's always been of both of 'em, you know. Oh, no, whateveh the thing is, it's square! You might know that by Pettigrew bein' its seccata'y; faw to *eh* is *human*—which Pettigrew *ain't*.”

John mounted a horse and started for Widewood. He had to stop and shake hands with Parson Tombs over his front palings, and make an honest effort to feel annoyed by the old man's laughter-laden compliments on his energy, enterprise, and perspicacity. At the Halliday cottage he saw Fannie clipping roses from the porch trellis for Martha Salter, who stood by. She waved her hand.

“John March, I do believe you were going to gallop right a-past us without stopping!” said Fannie, as he tardily wheeled and rode slowly up to the low gate.

He answered awkwardly, and when she gave him a rose, looked across at Miss Salter, whose gravity increased his discomfort. A dash up the slope be-

yond the Academy was a partial relief only while it lasted, and at the top, where his horse dropped into a trot, he lifted the flower as if to toss it over the hedge but faltered, bent forward, and stuck it into the animal's head-stall. As he straightened up he found himself in the company of a tall rider going his way, whom he had passed on the slope.

“I believe you're not often overtaken, once you're in the saddle, Mr. March.”

John “reckoned that was so,” and said that as he came up the hill he had been so busy thinking, that he had not recognized the quiet gray man in time to salute him. The poverty-chastened gentleman had “seen how it was,” and began to speak of the great changes impending over Widewood and in Suez, principally due, he insisted, with a very agreeable dignity, to Mr. March's courageous and untiring perseverance.

“It's true you couldn't have succeeded without some support from such courageous and catholic spirits as Major Garnet and President Gamble; but when I lately spoke to them they said emphatically that, in comparison with you, they had done nothing; and Mr. Leggett, who was present, confirmed them and included himself. He had brought them to me to urge me to take a few shares which were for the moment available. The holder, I believe, was the lady who teaches French here in the Academy, Mademoiselle Eglantine; yes. I have no money to invest, however, and Mr. Leggett tells me she has changed her mind again and will keep the stock, which I am sure is wise. The Construction Company? think it an excellent idea; admirable! I mustn't detain you, Mr. March, though I have a request to make. Possibly you know that our more advanced students gather for an hour or so once a week in what we've named our *Social* Hall, for various forms of profitable entertainment—? Now and then we have the good fortune to have some man of mark address us informally, and if you, Mr. March, would do so, there's no one else in this region whom our young people would be so pleased to hear.”

John thanked the president of Suez University for the honor. If there was only something, anything, on which he was really qualified to speak—but——

“Mr. March, speak on the imperative need of organized effort harmoniously combined, for the accomplishment of almost all large undertakings! Or on the growing necessity men find to trust their interests in one another’s hands! Oh! you can hardly be at a loss for a theme, I’m sure; but those are points which, it seems to me, our state of society here makes it especially needful to emphasize. Don’t you think so, Mr. March?”

Mr. March thought so; ahem! There was a pause, and then they talked of the loveliness of the season. The temperature, they decided, must be about seventy-seven. And what a night the last one had been! Mr. March had attended a meeting of the land company’s board, which did not adjourn until very late, but he simply had to take a long walk in the starlight afterward, and even when that was done he stayed up until an absurd hour writing a description of the glorious Southern night to a friend in New England who was still surrounded by frozen hills and streams.

“I hardly know an easier way to delight a New Englander’s fancy at this time of year,” said the gray president. “Or is your friend a Southern man?”

“Oh—eh—no, sir, she’s a Southern girl. I—well, I had to write her on business, anyhow, and I just yielded to the impulse—wrote it, really, more to myself than”—Mr. March dreamed a moment and then spoke again.

“It’s barely possible I shall have to leave town to-morrow or next day, sir; if I don’t I’ll try to meet your wish. Well, sir, good-day.” He galloped on.

John had often before left Suez and crossed the old battle-field benumbed with consternation and galled with doubts of himself; but he had always breathed in new strength among the Widewood hills. Not so to-day. When once or twice he let his warm horse walk and his thought seek rest, the approbations of Proudfit and Shotwell, Parson Tombs, the president of Suez University, and such—Oh! they only filled him with gaspings. He tried to think what man of real weight there still was with whose efforts he might “harmoniously combine” his own; but he knew well enough there was not one who had not,

seemingly through some error of his, drifted beyond his hail.

As the turnings of the mountain road led him from each familiar vista to the next, more and more grievously bore down upon his spirit the sacred charge which he had inherited along with this majestic forest. His father’s presence and voice seemed with him again as at one point he halted a moment because it had been the father’s habit to do so, and gazed far down and away upon Suez and off in the west where Rosemont’s roof and grove lay in a flood of sunlight.

“Oh, son,” he could almost hear the dear voice say again, as just there it had once said, “I do believe it’s fah betteh to get cheated once in a while, than to be afraid to trust those who’re not afraid to trust us. Why, son, we wouldn’t ever a-been father and son, at all, only for the sweet trustfulness of yo’ dear motheh. Think o’ that, son; you an’ me neveh bein’ any relation to each otheh!”

The rider’s bosom heaved. But the next moment he was hearkening. A distant strain of human mirth came softly from farther up in the wooded hills; one and no more, as if those who made it had descended from some swell of the land into one of its tangled hollows. He listened in vain. All he heard was that beloved long-lost voice saying once more in his lonely heart, “Make haste and grow, son.” He put in the spur.

Down a long slope, up a sudden rise, over a level curve where a fox-squirrel leaped into the road and scampered along it; up again, down into a hollow, across the ridge beyond—so he was going, when voices sounded again, then hoofs and wheels, and flashing and darkling in the woodland’s afternoon shadows came a party of four, two under hats, two under bonnets, drawn by Bulger’s handsome trotters, in Garnet’s carry-all. Garnet drove. Beside him sat Mrs. March, luminous with satisfaction, and on the back seat, with Bulger, sat a small thin woman whose flaxen hair was flattened in quince-seed waves on her pretty temples, and whom John knew slightly as Mrs. Gamble. Bulger and the ladies waved hands. Only Garnet’s smile showed restraint.

In the board meeting, though surprise and annoyance at John’s presence and at-

itude were obvious, only the Major and he had openly struck fire. When Gamble, Garnet, and Bulger were left alone, Bulger, who had all along been silent, remarked to Garnet:

"I never drive with a whip. There's lots of horse in a young fellow like March, and I never blame a horse for not liking what he don't understand. I give him lump-sugar. If he's vicious, that's another thing; but when he's only nervous—Got a match, Gamble?—Thanks. Now, I'll tell you what's let's do first thing to-morrow morning." And this, with one or two happy modifications suggested by Garnet and Gamble, was now being done.

LXXIII

FAREWELL, WIDEWOOD

JOHN was lost in a conflict of strong emotions. Sore beset, he forced them all aside for the moment and yielded only to a grateful wonder as he looked upon his pretty mother with her lap full of spring flowers. For the first time in their acquaintance her shapely ear was not waiting to receive, nor her refined lips to reject, his usual rough apologies. Her tone of resignation was almost playful as she said that the first news of his return had come to her through her present kind companions.

Mrs. Gamble put in that she had induced Mrs. March to join them, on their return from their mountain drive, by telling her that her son was so full of his work in his, her, and their common interest, that she could not expect him to come to her.

"And you all were bringing mother in to see me?" exclaimed John.

"Certing!" said blithe Mrs. Gamble, while Garnet faltered a smiling disclaimer, and the son wondered what hidden influence was making endurable to his mother the company of a woman who declared he would soon have this wilderness turned into a "frewful gardening." But as Mrs. Gamble turned from him and engaged Mrs. March's and Bulger's attention, Garnet gave him a beckoning nod, and as he came round,

the Major leaned out and softly said, with a most amiable dignity:

"We were really looking for you, too. Don't you want, just for three or four hours, to forget last night's discord and come along with Sister March and us? We've got a pleasant surprise for her, and we'll enjoy it more, and so will she, if you take part in it."

"Why, Major Garnet—hm!—I can forget; I only can't recede, sir. But——"

"Better speak a little lower."

"Yes, sir. Where's mother going with you, sir? I suppose she knows that, of course?"

"O yes, she knows that. President Gamble and his wife have invited a few of us—the two Miss Kinsingtons, Mademoiselle, Brother and Sister Tombs, Proudfit, Sister Proudfit, Launcelot Halliday and Fannie——"

"Professor Pettigrew?" asked John.

"No, just a few of us—to a sort of literary evening. But Sister March doesn't know that I've been asked to read a number of her poems; you'll be expected to recite others, and the evening will close with the announcement that we—that is, Mrs. Gamble, Bulger, and I—I'm afraid you'll think we've taken a great liberty in your absence, Brother March; I——"

"What have you been doing, Major Garnet?"

"Why, John, we've outrun your intended efforts and—partly by mail, partly by telegraph—the news only came this morning—we've found Sister March a publisher."

"Why, Major Garnet!" whispered John, with girlish tenderness. Tears sprang to his eyes.

"They're a new house, just starting," continued Garnet.

"In Boston or New York?" interrupted John.

"In Pittsburg."

"But how did they decide, Major, without seeing the poems?"

"They didn't; Sister March loaned me some of her duplicates."

"I hope you got good terms, did you?"

"Excellent. Thirty three and a third per cent. royalty after the first five thousand. Why, John, Dixie alone will want that many."

John "reckoned so" and backed his horse. Mrs. Gamble ratified the Major's invitation, and the horseman replied to the smiling four that he must go home for one or two matters, but would make haste to rejoin them in Suez. As Garnet lifted the reins Mrs. March settled herself anew at his side with a sweet glance into his face which disturbed her son, it seemed so fondly personal. But this disquietude quickly left him as he rode away, when he remembered the Major's daughter having lifted just such a look at himself, for whom, manifestly, she cared nothing, except in the most colorless way.

Daphne Jane, at Widewood, swinging on the garden-gate and cackling airily to a parting visitor, slipped to the ground and was still as Widewood's master suddenly appeared, although just then the first really light-hearted smile of that day broke upon his face. It was the parting visitor, also mounted, whose presence pleased him in a way and degree so unexpected even to himself that he promptly abated, by a visible restraint, his first show of delight.

"Why, Johanna, you important adjunct! To what are we indebted for"—the tone grew vacant—"this—pleasure?" His gay look darkened to one of swift reflection and crushing inference. "Do—do you want to see me?" he blurted, and somewhere under her dark skin Johanna blushed. "No, of course you don't."

As he dismounted—"Jane," he said, "you no need to come in; finish your confab." Upstairs he tried to recall the errand that had brought him there, but Barbara's maid filled all his thought. He saw her from a window and silently addressed her.

"You're not yourself! You're your mistress and you know it! You're she, come all the way back from the land of snow to counsel me; and you're welcome. There's balm, at least, in a sweet woman's counsel, womanly given. Balm; ah, me! neither she nor I have any right—O! what am I looking for in this drawer?—No, I'll take just this word from her and then no more!" Downstairs he paused an instant in passing his mother's portrait. "No, dear," he

said, "we'll mix nothing else with our one good dream—Widewood filled with happy homes and this one, with just you and me in it, the happiest of them all!"

On the gate Daphne Jane still prattled, but after half a dozen false starts Johanna, for gentle shame's sake, had to go. Her horse paced off briskly, and a less alert nature than Daphne Jane's would have fancied her soon far on her way. As John came from the house again he saw no sign that his mother's maid, slowly walking toward it with her eyes down, was not engaged in some pious self-examination, instead of listening down the mountain road with both ears. But she easily guessed he was doing the same thing.

"Well, Jane," he said as he loosed his bridle from the fence, "been writing something for Johanna?" and when she said, "Yass, seh," he knew the bashful lie was part of her complicity in a matter she did not understand, but only hoped it was some rascality. A secret delight filled her bosom as he mounted and walked his horse out of sight. She stopped with lifted head like a listening doe and let her joy tell itself in a smiling whisper:

"Trott'n'!" She hearkened again; the smile widened; the voice rose: "Gallop'n'!" Her eyes dilated merrily and she cried aloud:

"Ga-allopin', ga-allopin', lippetty-clip, down Zigzag Hill!" Her smile became a laugh, the laugh a song, the song a dance which joined the lightness of a butterfly with the grace of a girl whose mothers had never worn a staylace, and she ran with tossing arms and willowy undulations to kiss her image in Daphne's glass.

With a hundred or so of small stones rattling at his horse's heels John reached the foot of "Zigzag Hill," turned with the forest road once or twice more, noticed, by the tracks, that Johanna's horse was walking, and at another angle saw her just ahead timorously working her animal sidewise to the edge of the way.

"Johanna," he began as he dashed up—"O!—don't get scared—didn't you come out here in hopes to somehow let me know"—he took on a look of angry

distress—"that the Suez folks are talking?"

The girl started, gasped and stammered, but the young man knitted his brows worse and interrupted. "Umhm. That's all right." His horse leaped forward so that he had to look behind to see her, as he added more kindly:

"I'm much obliged to you, Johanna—Good-by."

The face he had thus taken by surprise tried, too late, to smile away the signs that its owner was grieved and hurt. A few rods farther on John wheeled around and trotted back. Her pulse bounded with gratitude for his look of tender deference.

"Johanna, of course if I stay here I shall keep entirely out of Mrs. Ravenel's sight, or——"

The girl made a despairing gesture that brought John's frown again.

"Why, what?" he asked with a perplexed smile.

"Law! Mr. Mahch, you cayn't all of a sudden do dat; dey'll on'y talk wuss."

"Well, Johanna—I'm not going to try it. I'm going to take the express train this evening." He started on, but checked up once more and faced around. "O—eh—Johanna, I'd rather you'd not speak of this, you understand, I natu'ly don't want Mrs. Ravenel to know why I go; but I'm even more particular about General Halliday. It's none o' his—hm! I say I don't want him to know. Well, good-by. O—eh—Johanna, have you no word—of course, you know, the North's a mighty sizable place, and still it's just possible I might chance some day to meet up with—eh—eh—however, it's aft' all so utterly improbable, that, really—well, good-by!" He dashed away.

A while later Johanna stopped at that familiar point which overlooked the valley of the Swanee and the slopes about Rosemont. The sun had nearly set, but she realized her hope. Far down on the gray turnpike she saw the diminished figure of John March speeding townward across the battle-field. At the culvert he drew rein, faced about, and stood gazing upon Widewood's hills. She could but just be sure it was he, yet her tender spirit felt the swelling of his heart, and the tears rose in her eyes, that

were not in his only because a man—mustn't.

While she wondered wistfully if he could see her, his arm went slowly up and waved a wide farewell to the scene. She snatched out her handkerchief, flaunted it, and saw him start gratefully at sight of her and reply with his own. Then he wheeled and sped on.

"Go," she cried, "go; and de Lawd be wid you an' wid yo' sperit, Mr. Jawn Mahch, Gen'lemun!—O Lawd, Lawd! Mr. Jawn Mahch, I wisht I knowed a niggeh like you!"

LXXIV

IN YANKEE LAND

It was still early May when Barbara Garnet had been six weeks in college. The institution stood in one of New England's oldest towns, a place of unfenced greenswards, among which the streets wound and loitered, hunting for historic gambrel-roofed houses, many of which had given room to other sorts less picturesque and homelike. In the same search great elms followed them, down into river meadows or up among flowery hills, casting off their dainty blossoms, putting on their leaves, and waving majestic greetings to the sower as he strode across his stony fields.

Yet for all the sudden beauty of the land and season Miss Garnet was able to retain enough of her "nostalgia" to comfort her Southern conscience. She had arrived in March and caught Dame Nature in the midst of her spring cleaning, scolding her patient children; and at any rate her loyalty to Dixie forbade her to be quite satisfied with these tardy blandishments. Let the cold Connecticut turn as blue as heaven, by so much the more was it not the green Swanee. She had made more than one warm friendship among her fellow-students, but the well-trimmed lamp of her home feeling waxed not dim. It only smoked a trifle even in Boston, that maze of allurements into which no Southerner of her father's generation ever sent his brother, no Southernness her sister, without some fear of apostasy.

Barbara had made three visits to that

city, where Mrs. Fair, the ladies said, "did a great deal for her." Yet when Mrs. Fair said, with kind elation, "My dear, you have met Boston and it is yours!" the smiling exile, as she put her hand into both hands of her hostess, remembered older friends and silently apologized to herself for having so lost her heart to this new one.

At that point came in one who was at least an older acquaintance—the son. Thoroughly as Barbara had always liked Henry Fair, he seemed to her to have saved his best attractiveness until now, and with a gentleness as masculine as it was refined fitted into his beautiful home, his city, the whole enviroing country, indeed, and shone from them, in her enlivened fancy, like an ancestor's portrait from its frame. He came to take her to an exhibition of paintings, and thence to the railway station, where a fellow-student was to rejoin her for the trip back to college. Mrs. Fair had to attend a meeting of the society for something or other, of which she was president.

"These people make every minute count," wrote Barbara to Fannie; "and yet they're far from being always at work. I'm learning the art of recreation from them. Even the men have a knack for it that our Southern men know nothing about."

"You might endorse that 'Fair *versus* March,'" replied Ravenel to his wife, one evening, as he lingered a moment at tea. She had playfully shown him the passage as a timorous hint at better self-care; but he smilingly rose and went out. She kept a bright face, and as she sat alone re-reading the letter, said, laughingly, "Poor John!" and a full minute afterward, without knowing it, sighed.

This may have been due, in part at least, to the fact that Barbara's long but tardy letter was the first one Fannie had received from her. It told how a full correspondence between the writer's father and his fellow college president had made it perfectly comfortable for her to appear at the institution for the first time quite unescorted, having within the hour parted from Mr. and Mrs. Fair, who, though less than three hours' run from their own home, would have gone

with her if she could have consented. She had known that the dormitories were full and that like many other students she would have to make her home with a private family, and had found it with three very lovable sisters, two spinsters and a widow, who turned out to be old friends—former intimates—of the Fairs. And now this intimacy had been revived; Mrs. Fair had already been to see them once, although to do so she had come up from Boston alone. How she had gone back the letter did not say. Fannie felt the omission.

"I didn't think Barb would do me that way," she mused; and was no better pleased when she recalled a recent word of Jeff Jack's to the effect that few small things so sting a woman as to disappoint her fondness and her curiosity at the same time. Now with men—However! All Barbara had omitted was merely that Mrs. Fair had gone back with her son, who on his way homeward from a trip to New York had been "only too glad" to join her here, and spend two or three hours under spring skies and shingle roof with the three pleasantly remembered sisters.

This was in the third of those six weeks during which Barbara had been at college. About half of the two or three hours was spent in a stroll along the windings of a small woodland river. The widow and Mrs. Fair led the van, the two spinsters were the main body, and Henry Fair and Barbara straggled well in the rear, stooping side by side among white and blue violets, making perilous ventures for cowslips and maple blossoms, and commercing in sweet wood-lore and dainty likes and dislikes.

When the procession turned, the two stragglers took seats on a great boulder round which the stream broke in rapids, Barbara gravely confessing to the spinsters, as they lingeringly passed, that she had never done so much walking in her life before as now and here in a place where an unprotected girl could hire four hacks for a dollar.

The widow and Mrs. Fair left the others behind. They had once been room-mates at school, and this walk brought back something of that old relation. They talked about the young man at their back, and paused to smile

across the stream at some children in daring colors on a green hillside getting sprouts of dandelion.

"Do you think," asked the widow, "it's really been this serious with him all along?"

"Yes, I do. Henry's always been such a pattern of prudence and moderation that no one ever suspects the whole depth of his feelings. He realizes she's very young, and he may have held back until her mind—her whole nature—should ripen; although, like him, as you see, she's ripe beyond her years. But above all he's a dutiful son, and I believe he's simply been waiting till he could see her effect on us, and ours on her. Tell me frankly, dear, how do you like her?"

The Yankee widow had bright black eyes and they twinkled with restrained enthusiasm as she murmured, "I hope she'll get him!"

"Ah!" Mrs. Fair smiled gratefully, made a pretty mouth and ended with a wise gesture and a dubious toss, as who should say, "I admit he's priceless, but I hope he may get her."

Whereupon the widow ventured one question more, and Mrs. Fair told her of John March. "Yes," she said at the end, "he happened to be in Boston for his Company last Saturday when Miss Garnet was with us, and Henry brought him to the house. I wasn't half glad, though I like him, quite. He's a big, handsome, swinging fellow that everybody invites to everything. He makes good speeches before the clubs and flaunts his Southern politics just enough to please our Yankee fondness for being politely *sassed*."

"Why, dear, isn't that a rather good trait in us? It's zest for the overlooked fact, isn't it?"

"O!—it has its uses. It certainly furnishes a larger feeling of superiority to both sides at once than anything else I know of."

"You say Henry brought him to the house while Miss Garnet was with you——"

"Yes; and, my dear, I wish you might have seen those two Southerners meet! They didn't leave us any feeling of superiority then; at least *he* didn't. Except that they're both so Southern,

they're not alike. She moved right in among us without the smallest misstep. He made a dozen delicious blunders. It was lovely to see how sweetly she and Henry helped him up and brushed him off, and the boyish manfulness with which he always took it. I couldn't tell, sometimes, which of the three to like best, only——"

Those behind called them to hearken to the notes of a woodlark, and when Mrs. Fair asked her son the hour it was time to get to the station. Barbara would not say just when she would be in Boston again; but the classmate she liked best was a Boston girl, and by the time this college life had lasted six weeks her visits to the city had been three, as aforesaid, and in every instance, with an unobtrusiveness all his own, Henry Fair had made her pleasure his business. On the second visit she had expected to meet Mr. March again—a matter wholly of his contriving—but had only got his telegram from New York at the last moment of her stay, stating that he was unavoidably detained by business, and leaving space for six words unused. The main purpose of her third visit had been to attend with Mrs. Fair a reception given by that lady's club. It had ended with dancing; but Mr. Fair had not danced to suit her and Mr. March had not danced at all, but had allowed himself to betray dejection, and had torn her dress. Back at college she had told the favorite classmate how she had chided Mr. March for certain trivial oversights and feared she had been severe; and when the classmate insisted she had not been nearly severe enough she said good-night and went to her room to mend the torn dress; and as she sewed she gnawed her lip, wished she had never left Suez, and salted her needle with slow tears.

Thus ended the sixth week—stop! I was about to forget the thing for which I began the chapter—and, anyhow, this was not Saturday, it was Friday! While Barbara was so employed, John March, writing to Henry Fair from somewhere among the Rhode Island cotton-spinners, said:

"To-night I go to New York, where I have an important appointment to mor-

row noon, but I can leave there Monday morning at five and be in Springfield at ten-twenty-five. If you will get there half an hour later by the train that leaves Boston at seven, I will telegraph the Springfield men to meet us in the bank at eleven. They assure me that if you confirm my answers to their questions they will do all I've asked. Please telegraph your reply, if favorable, to my New York address."

About three o'clock of Saturday March was relieved of much anxiety by receipt of Fair's telegram. It was a long time before Monday morning, but in a sudden elation he strapped his valise and said to the porter—"Grand Central Depot."

"Back to Boston again?"

"Not much! But I'm not going to get up at four o'clock Monday morning, either."

In Boston at nine that evening a servant of the Fairs told one of their familiar friends who happened to drop in, that Mr. Fair, senior, was in, but that Mr. Henry Fair had gone to spend Sunday at some Connecticut River town, he was not sure which, but—near Springfield.

LXXV

ACROSS THE MEADOWS

NEXT morning, John March, for the first time in his life, saw and heard the bobolink.

"Ah! you turncoat scoundrel!" he laughed in a sort of fond dejection, "you've come North to be a lover, too, have you? You were songless enough down South."

But the quivering gallant went singing across the fields, too drunk with the joy of loving to notice accusers.

On the previous evening March had come up by rail some fifteen miles beyond the brisk inland city just mentioned and stopped at a certain "Mount"—no matter what—known to him only through casual allusions in one or two letters of—a friend. Here he had crossed a hand-ferry, climbed a noted hill, put up at its solitary mountain house—being tired of walls and pavements, as he had more than once needlessly explained—

and at his chamber window sat looking down, until most of them had vanished, upon a cluster of soft lights on the other side of the valley, shining among the trees of the embowered town where one who now was never absent from his thoughts was at school.

The knowledge that he loved her was not of yesterday only. He could count its age in weeks and a fraction, beginning with the evening when "those two Southerners" had met in Mrs. Fair's drawing-room. Since then the dear trouble of it had ever been with him, deep, silent, dark—like this night on the mountain—shot with meteors of brief exultation, and starlighted with recollections of her every motion, glance, and word.

At sunrise, looking again, he saw the town's five or six spires, and heard one of them tell the hour and the college bell confirm it. Care was on his brow, but in the look of it you could see it was a care that came of new freedom. He was again a lover, still tremorous with the wonder of unsought deliverance from his dungeon of not-loving. And now the stern yet inspiring necessity was not to let his delivering angel find it out; to be a lover, but not a suitor. Hence his presence up here instead of down in the town beyond the meadows and across the river. He would make it very plain to her and her friends that he had not come into this part ahead of his business appointment to thrust himself upon her, but to get a breath of heaven's own air—being very tired of walls and pavements—and to—discover the bobolink!

Of course, being so near, he should call. He must anyhow go to church, and if only he could keep himself from starting too early, there was no reason why he should not combine the two duties and make them one pleasure. Should he ride or drive? He ordered the concern's best saddle-horse, walked mournfully half round him, and said, "I reckon—I reckon I'll drive. Sorry to trouble you, but——"

"Put him in the shafts, Dave," said the stable-keeper, and then to the guest, "No trouble, sir; if a man doesn't feel safe in a saddle he'd better not monkey with it."

"I dare say," sedately responded John. "I suppose a man oughtn't to try to learn to ride without somebody to go along with him."

The boy had just finished harnessing the animal, when March, as he stood waiting, started with a new thought. He steadied himself, turned a step or two away, drew something from his pocket, opened, consulted, and returned it—it was neither a watch nor a weapon—and rejoining the stable-keeper said, with a sweet smile and a red face:

"See here, it's only three miles over there. If you'll let me change my mind——"

"You'll walk it—O all right! If you change your mind again you can let us know on your return."

John took a way that went by a bridge. It was longer than the other, by way of a ferry, but time, for the moment, was a burden and either way was beautiful. The Sabbath was all smiles. On the Hampshire hills and along the far meanderings of the Connecticut a hundred tints of perfect springtide beguiled the heart to forget that winter had ever been. Above a balmy warmth of sunshine and breeze in which the mellowed call of church-bells floated through the wide valley from one to another of half a dozen towns and villages, silvery clouds rolled and unrolled as if in stately play, swung, careened, and fell melting through the marvellous blue, or soared and sunk and soared again. Keeping his eyes much on such a heaven, our inexperienced walker thought little of close-fitting boots until he had to sit down, screened from the public road by a hillock and, with a smile of amusement but hardly of complacency, smoothed a cruel wrinkle from one of his very striped socks. Just then a buck-board rumbled by, filled with pretty girls, from the college, he guessed, driving over to that other college town, seven miles across the valley, where a noted Boston clergyman was to preach to-day; but the foot-passenger only made himself a bit smaller and chuckled at the lucky privacy of his position. As they got by he stole a peep at their well-dressed young backs, and the best dressed and shapeliest was Barbara Gar-

net's. The driver was Henry Fair. It was then that the bobolink, for the first time in his life, saw and heard John March.

LXXVI

IN THE WOODS

THE sun mounted on to noon and nature fell into a reverent stillness; but in certain leafy aisles under the wooded bluffs and along that narrow stream where Mrs. Fair some three weeks earlier had walked and talked with the widow, the Sabbath afternoon was scarcely half spent before the air began to be crossed and cleft with the vesper hymns and serenades of plumed worshippers and lovers.

It was a place to quicken the heart and tongue of any wooer. The breezes moved pensively and without a sound. On the middle surface of the water the sunshine lay in wide bands, liquid-bordered under overhanging boughs by glimmering shadows that wove lace in their sleep. Between the stream and the steep ground ran an abandoned road fringed with ferns, its brown pine-fallings flecked with a sunlight that fell through the twined arms and myriad green fingers of all namable sorts of great and lesser trees. You would have said the forest's every knight and lady, dwarf, page, and elf—for in this magical seclusion all the world's times were tangled into one—had come to the noiseless dance of some fairy's bridal; chestnut and hemlock, hazel and witch-hazel, walnut and willow, birches white and yellow, poplar and ash in feathery bloom, the lusty oaks in the scarred harness of their winter wars under new tabards of pink and silver green, and the slim service-bush, white with blooms and writhing in maiden shame of her too transparent gown. In each tangled ravine Flora's little pious mortals of the May—anemone, yellow violet, blood-root, mustard, liverwort, and their yet humbler neighbors and kin—heard mass, or held meeting—whichever it was—and slept for blissful lack of brain while jack-in-the-pulpit preached to them under Solomon's seal and oriole, tanager, warbler, thrush, up in the choir-loft,

made love between the hymns, ate tidbits, and dropped crumbs upon wake-robin, baby-toes, and the nodding columbine.

Was it so? Or was it but fantasy in the mind of Henry Fair alone, reflected from the mood of the girl at whose side he walked here, and whose "Herrick" he vainly tried to beguile from her in hope that so she might better heed his words? It may be. The joy of spring was in her feet, the colors of the trees were answered in her robes, the flush of the orchards and breath of the meadows through which they had gone and come again were on her cheek and in her parted lips, the red-brown depths of the stream were in her hair and lashes, and above them a cunningly disordered thing of fine straw and loose ribbons matched the head and face it shaded, as though all were parts together of some flower unspoiled by the garden's captivity and escaped again into the woods.

To Barbara's ear Fair's speech had always been melodious and low. Its well-tempered pitch had her approval especially here, where not only was there the wild life of grove and thicket to look and listen for, but a subdued ripple of other girls' voices and the stir of other draperies came more than once along the path and through the bushes. But there are degrees and degrees, and in this walk his tones had gradually sunk to such pure wooing that Herrick was no protection and she could reply only with irrelevant pleasantries.

At length he halted, and with a lover's distress showing beneath his smile, asked:

"Why cannot you be serious with me—Barbara?"

In make-believe aimlessness she swept the wood with a reconnoitering glance, and then with eyes of maidenly desperation fixed on him, said, tremblingly:

"Because, Mr. Fair, I know what you want to say, and I don't want you to say it."

He turned their slow step toward a low rock in an open space near the water's edge, where no one could come near them unseen. "Would you let me say it if we were down in Dixie?" he asked. "Is it because you are so far from home?"

"No, Mr. Fair, I told you I really have no home. I'm sorry I did; I'm afraid it's led you to this, when everything I said—about taking myself into my own care and all—was said to keep you from it."

The lover shook his head. "You cannot. You must not. To be that kind is to be unkind." He motioned to the rock. "Sit here. You do not know exactly what I have to say; sit here, will you not? and while I stand beside you let me do both of us the simple honor to seal with right words what I have so long said in behavior."

Barbara hesitated and then stood and leaned against the granite seat. "O Mr. Fair, what need is there? Your behavior's always borne the seal of its own perfection. How could I answer you? If you only wanted any other answer but just the one you want, I could give it—the kindest answer in the world, the most unbounded praise—O I could give it with my whole heart and soul! Why, Mr. Fair"—as she sadly smiled she let him gaze into the furthest depth of her eyes—"as far as I can see, you seem to me to be ab-so-lute-ly fault-less."

The young man caught his breath as if for some word of fond passion, but the unfaltering eyes prevented him. As she began again to speak, however, they fell.

"And that's not because I can't see men's faults. I see them so plainly, and show so plainly I see them, that sometimes I wonder—" She left the wonder implied while she pinched lichens from the stone. He began in a tender monotone to say:

"All the more let me speak. I cannot see you put away unconsidered—"

She lifted her eyes again. "O! I know what I'm putting away from me; a life! a life wider, richer than I ever hoped to live. Mr. Fair, it's as if a beautiful, great, strong ship were waiting to carry me across a summer sea, and I couldn't go, just for want of the right passport—the right heart! If I had that it might be ever so different. I have no other ship ever to come in. I say all this only to save you from speaking. The only thing lacking is lacking in me." She smiled a compassionate despair. "It's not you nor your condi-

tions—you know it's none of those dear ones who love you so at home—it's only I that can't qualify."

They looked at each other in reverent silence. Fair turned, plucked a flower, and as if to it, said, "I know the passion of love is a true and sacred thing. But love should never be all, or chiefly, a passion. The love of a mother for her child, of brother and sister for each other, however passionate, springs first from relationship and rises into passion as a plant springs from its root into bloom. Why should not all love do so? Why should only this, the most perilous kind, be made an exception?"

"Because," softly interrupted Barbara, glad of a moment's refuge in abstractions, "it belongs to the only relationship that comes by choice!"

"Are passions ever the best choosers?" asked the gentle suitor. "Has history told us so, or science, or scripture, or anybody but lovers and romancers—and—Americans? Life—living and loving—is the greatest of the arts, and the passions should be our tools, not our guides."

"I believe life *is* an art to you, Mr. Fair; but to me it's a dreadful battle." The speaker sank upon the stone, half rose again, and then sat still.

"It hasn't scarred you badly," responded the lover. Then gravely: "Do you not think we may find it worth the fight if we make passions our chariot horses and never our charioteers?"

No answer came, though he waited. He picked another flower and asked: "If you had a brother, have you the faintest doubt that you would love him?"

"No," said Barbara, "I couldn't help but love him." She thrust away the recollection of a certain railway-journey talk and thought of her father.

Fair dropped his voice. "If I did not know that I should not be here today. Barbara, kinship is the only true root of all abiding love. We cannot feel sure even of God's love until we call ourselves his children. Neither church, state, nor society requires lovers to swear that they love passionately, but that they will love persistently by virtue of a kinship made permanent in law. These marriages on the American plan,

of which we are so vain, are they the only happy ones, and are they all happy? When they are, is it because love began as a passion, or has it not been because the choice was fortunate, and love, whether from a large or small beginning, has grown, like that of Isaac and Rebecca, out of a union made stronger than the ties of blood, by troth and oath? Barbara, do you not know in your heart of hearts that if you were the wife of a husband, wisely but dispassionately chosen, you would love him with a wife's full love as long as he loved you? You do. You would."

Barbara was slow to reply, but presently she began, "Unless I could commit my fate to one who already loved me consumingly——" She gave a start of protestation as he exclaimed:

"I love you consumingly! O Barbara, Barbara Garnet, let that serve for us both! Words could not tell my joy if I could find in you this day a like passion for me. But the seed and soil of it are here to my sight in what I find you to be, and all I ask is that you will let reason fix the only relationship can truly feed the flame which I know—I *know*—my love will kindle."

"O Mr. Fair, I begged you not to ask!"

"Do not answer! Not now; to-morrow morning. If you can't answer then——"

"I can answer now, Mr. Fair. Why should I keep you in suspense?"

Such agitation came into the young man's face as Barbara had never thought to see. His low voice quivered. "No! No! I beseech you not to answer yet! Wait! Wait and weigh! O Barbara! weigh well and I will wait well! Wait! O wait until you have weighed all things well—my fortune, love, life, and the love of all who love me—O weigh them all well, beloved! beloved one!"

Without warning, a grosbeak—the one whose breast is stained with the blood of the rose—began his soft, sweet, song so close overhead that Barbara started up and he flew. She waited to catch the strain again, and as it drifted back her glance met her lover's. She smiled tenderly, but was grave the next moment and said, "Let us go back."

Nevertheless they went very slowly,

culling and exchanging wild flowers as they went. On her doorstep she said, "Now, in the morning——"

"How soon may I come?" he asked.
"Immediately after chapel."

LXXVII

MY GOOD GRACIOUS, MISS BARB

"GOOD-BY," said Fair, with an ardent last look.

"Good-by," softly echoed Barbara, with eyelids down, and passed in.

According to a habit contracted since coming to college she took a brief glimpse of the hat-rack to see if it held any other than girl's hats. Not that she expected any visitor of the sort that can't wear that kind, but—you know how it is—the unexpected does sometimes call. Besides, Mr. Fair had told her whom he was to meet in Springfield next day. But the hat-rack said no. Nevertheless she glanced also into the tiny parlor. The widow sat there alone, reading the *Congregationalist*. She looked up with sweet surprise, and Barbara, not giving her time to speak, said:

"The woods are so perfectly fascinating I'm neglecting my correspondence."

She dangled her hat at her knee and slowly mounted to her room, humming a dance, but longing, as some sick wild thing, for a seclusion she had no hope to find.

The two college mates who had driven with her in the morning were lolling on her bed. They recognized the earliness of her return by a mischievous sparkle of eyes which only gathered emphasis from the absence of any open comment.

"Barbara," said one, as she doubled a pillow under her neck and took on the Southern drawl, "pardon my inquisitiveness, but if it isn't an impertinent question—or even if it is—how many butter-cups did you procure, and alas! where are they now?"

"Heaow?" softly asked Barbara. But the other school-fellow cried:

"Barbara, dear, don't you notice that girl, she's bad. I'll give you a nice,

easy question. I ask merely for information. Of course you're not bound to answer unless you choose——"

"I want to know!" murmured Miss Garnet.

"Of course you do; you don't want to criminate yourself when you haven't got to. What I wish to ask is this: why is it that sometimes the sweetest and most conscientious girls have to prove themselves experts in the noble art of concealment? Now, no prevaricating; answer me, yes or no!"

"Yes!" heroically replied the witness.

"Thank you!" exclaimed the questioner, "there's nothing evasive about you. And now another question: Miss Garnet—if that is still your name——"

"Don't call me Miss Garnet," said Barbara with her chin in her hands, "call me honey."

"Honey," came the response, "where's my Herrick?"

Barbara sprang to her feet with a gasp and vacancy of eye that filled the room with the laughter of her companions, and the next moment was speeding down the stairs and across the doorstep, crowding her hat on with one hand and stabbing it with the other as she went. Down from the streets into the wood she hastened, gained the path, ran up it, walked by three or four pretty loiters, ran again, and on the stone by the water-side found the volume as she had left it.

Then she lingered. As she leaned against the rock and gazed into the shaded depths of the mill-stream her problem came again, and the beautiful solitude whispered a welcome to her to revolve and weigh and solve it here. But when she essayed to do so, it would no more be revolved or weighed by her alone than this huge boulder at her side. Her baffled mind drifted into fantasy, and the hoary question, whether it is wiser for a maiden to love first, hoping to be chosen accordingly, or to be chosen first and hope to love accordingly, became itself an age-worn relic from woman's earlier and harder lot, left by its glaciers as they had melted in the warmth of more modern suns.

She murmured a word of impatience at such dreaming and looked around to

see if she was overheard ; but the only near presence was two girls sitting behind and high above her, one writing, the other reading, under the pines. They seemed not to have heard, but she sauntered beyond their sight up the path, wondering if they were the kind in whom to love was the necessity it was in her, and, if so, what they would do in her case. What they would advise her to do depended mainly, she fancied, on whether they were in their teens or their twenties. As for married women, she shrank from the very thought of their counsel, whichever way it might tend, and mused on Fannie Ravenel, who, with eyes wide open, had chosen rather to be made unhappy by the one her love had lighted on than to take any other chance for happiness. She stopped her listless walk and found her wrists crossed and her hands knit, remembering one whom Fannie could have chosen and would not.

Burning with resentment against herself for the thought, she turned aside and sat down on the river's brink in a shade of hemlocks. "Come," her actions seemed to say, "I will think of Henry Fair ; gentle, noble Henry Fair, and what he is and will and might be ; of how I love his mother and all his kindred ; of how tenderly I admire him ; and of his trembling word, 'I love you consumingly !'"

Her heart quickened gratefully, as though he spoke again ; but as she gazed down at the bubbles that floated by from a dipping bough she presently fell to musing anew on Fannie, without that inward shudder which the recollection of her course and her fate commonly brought. "At least," she thought to herself, "it's heroic !" Yet before she could find a moment's comfort in the reflection it was gone, and she started up and moved on again, knowing that, whatever it may be for man, for true womanhood the better heroism is not to give a passionate love its unwise way at heroic cost, but dispassionately to master love in all its greatness and help it grow to passion in wise ways.

"If I take this step," she began to say to herself audibly as she followed the old road out into a neglected meadow, "I satisfy my father ; I delight my

friends ; I rid myself at once and forever of this dreadful dependence on him." She bit her lip and shut her eyes against these politic considerations. "He tells me to weigh the matter well. How shall I, when there's nothing to weigh against it? Fannie could choose between the one who loved her and the one she loved. I have no choice ; this is the most—most likely it is all—that will ever be offered me. There's just the one simple sane question before me—Shall I or shall I?" She smiled. "We make too much of it all!" she thought on. "A man's life depends upon the man he is, not on the girl he gets ; why shouldn't it be so with us?" She smiled still more, and, glancing round the open view, murmured, "Silly little country girls ! We begin life as a poem, we can't find our rhyme, we tell our mothers—if we have any—they say yes, it was the same with our aunts ; so we decide with them that good prose will do very well ; they kiss us—that means they won't tell—and—O Heaven ! is that our best?" She dropped upon a bank and wept till she shook.

But that would never do ! She dried her tears and lay toying with her book and sadly putting into thought a thing she had never more than felt before : that whatever she might wisely or unwisely do with it, she held in her nature a sacred gift of passion ; that life, her life, could never bloom in full joy and glory shut out from wifehood and motherhood, and that the idlest self-conceit she could attempt would be to say she need not marry. Suddenly she started and then lay stiller than before. She had found the long-sought explanation of her mother's tardy marriage—neither a controlling nor a controlled passion, but the reasoning despair of famishing affections. Barbara let her face sink into the grass and wept again for the dear lost one with a new reverence and compassion. She was pressing her brow hard against the earth when there came from the far end of the meadow two clear, glad notes of nature's voice, that entered her soul like a call from the pastures of Rosemont, a missing rhyme sent to make good the failing poetry of love's declining day. She sprang to the top of the rise with her

open hand to her hat-brim, the dew still in her lashes, her lips parted fondly, and her ear waiting to hear again—the whistle of the quail. Many a day in those sunny springtimes when she still ran wild with Johanna had she held taunting parley with those two crystal love-notes, and now she straightened to her best height, pursed her lips, whistled back the brave octave, and listened again. A distant cowbell tinkled from some willows in another meadow across the river, a breeze moved audibly by, and then the answer came. “Bob—Bob White?” it inquired from the top of a vine-covered bluff round which the stream swept down in boulder-strewn rapids to its smoother course between the two meadows. It may be the name was not just that, but it was certainly two monosyllables! The listener stepped quickly to the nearest bush, answered again, and began to move warily from cover to cover in the direction of the call. Once she delayed her response. A man and wife with three or four children, loitering down the river-bank, passed so close to her as to be startled when at last they saw her, although she was merely sitting at the roots of a great tree deeply absorbed in a book. A few steps farther put a slight ridge and a clump of bushes between the couple and the student; and the man, glancing back, had just noticed it, when—

“Hear that quail!” he exclaimed, and stopped his wife with a touch.

“What of it?” asked the helpmate, who was stoop-shouldered.

“Why, we must have passed in a few feet of it! It’s right there where we saw that girl!”

The woman’s voice took on an added dreariness as she replied: “We might ’a’ seen it if you hadn’t been so taken up with the girl. James, come back! you know ’tain’t that bird you’re peek-in’ after. O land o’ love! men *air* sich fools!”

The man found neither girl nor quail; the grassy seat beneath the tree was empty. But just as he was rejoining his partner—“Hark!” he said: “there he is again, farther up the river. Now if we listen like’s not we’ll hear another fellow answer him. Many’s the time I’ve lain in the grass and called one of

them right up. There! that was the answering challenge, away off yonder between here and that hill with the pines on it. There’s going to be a beautiful little fight when those two birds meet, and that college girl’s going to see it. I wish I— There’s the other one again; they get closer each time! Didn’t you hear it?”

The wife replied, mainly to herself, that she did not; that if he had her backache he wouldn’t hear a brass band, and that her next walk would be by herself.

The partner did not venture to look back after that, but as they sauntered on, rarely speaking except when the mother rebuked the children, he listened eagerly, and after a silence of unaccountable length, finally heard the two calls once more, up near the rapids and very close to each other. He dared not prick his ears, but while he agreed with his wife that if they were ever going home at all it was time they were about it, he could not but think the outcome of a man’s life depends largely on the sort of girl he gets.

At the upper end of the meadow, meantime, Barbara Garnet, with “Herrick” in one hand and her hat pressed against the back of her skirts in the other, was bending and peering round the trunk of an elm draped to the ground in frounces of its own green. The last response to her whistle had seemed to come from a spot so close in front of her that she feared to risk another step, and yet, peep and pry as she might, she could neither spy out nor nearer decoy the cunning challenger. In a sense of delinquency she noted the sky showing yellow and red through the hill-top pines, and seeing she must make short end of her play, prepared to rush out upon the rogue and have an old-time laugh at his pretty panic. So!—One for the money, two for the show, three to make ready, and four for to—“Ha, ha, ha!”—

“Good gracious alive!” exclaimed the quail, leaping from his back to his feet, and standing a fathom tall before the gasping, half-sinking girl. “Good gra’—why—why, my good gracious, Miss Barb! why—why, my good gracious!” insisted John March.

LXXVIII

IMMEDIATELY AFTER CHAPEL

THERE was a great deal of pleasure in the house of the three sisters that evening. The widow asked March to stay to tea, and when he opened his mouth to decline, the wrong word fell out and he accepted. He confided to Barbara his fear that in so doing he had blundered, but she softly scouted the idea, and with a delicious reproachfulness in her murmur "wondered if he supposed they"—etc.

At table he sat next to her, in the seat the sisters had intended for Henry Fair. Neither Miss Garnet nor Mr. March gave the other's proximity more than its due recognition; they talked with almost everyone about almost everything, and as far as they knew, said and did nothing to betray the fact that they were as happy as Psyche in a swing with Cupid to push and run under.

Nobody went to evening service. They sang hymns at the piano, selecting oftenest those which made best display of Miss Garnet's and Mr. March's voices. Hers was only mezzo-soprano and not brilliant, but Mr. March and a very short college girl, conversing for a moment aside, agreed that it was "singularly winsome." Another college girl, very tall, whispered Barbara that his was a "superb barrytone!" The young man entered deeper and deeper every moment into the esteem of the household, and they into his. The very best of the evening came last, when, at the widow's request, the two Southerners sang, without the instrument, a hymn or two of the Dixie mountaineers: "To play on the golden harp" and "Where there's no more stormy clouds arising." Being further urged for a negro hymn, John began "Bow low a little bit longer," which Barbara, with a thrill of recollection and an involuntary gesture of pain, said she couldn't sing, and they gave another instead, one of the best, and presently had the whole company joining in the clarion refrain of "O Canaan! bright Canaan!" Barbara heard her college mates still singing it in their rooms on either side of her after she

had said her prayers with her cheek on John March's photograph.

To her painful surprise when she awoke next day she found herself in a downcast mood. She could not even account for the blissful frame in which she had gone to bed. She had not forgotten one word or tone of all John March had said to her while carried away from his fine resolutions by the wave of ecstasy which followed their unexpected meeting, but the sunset light, their thrilling significances, were totally gone from them. Across each utterance some qualifying word or clause, quite overlooked till now, cast its morning shadow. Not so much as one fond ejaculation of his impulsive lips last evening but she could explain it away this morning, and she felt a dull, half-guilty distress in the fear that her blissful silences had embarrassed him into letting several things imply more than he had intended. Before she was quite dressed one of her fellow-students came in with an anguished face to show what a fatal error she had made in the purchase of some ribbons.

Barbara held them first in one light and then in another, and at length shook her head over them in compassionate despair and asked:

"How *could* you so utterly mistake both color and quality?"

"Why, my dear, I bought them by lamplight! and, besides, it was an auction and I was excited."

"Yes," said Barbara, and took a long breath. "I know how that is."

Down in town two commercial travellers, one of whom we have met before, took an after-breakfast saunter.

"She was coming," said the one we remember, "to New England. I didn't know where or for what, and I don't know yet; but when my house said, 'Old boy, we'd like to promote you, just say what you want!' says I, 'Let the salary stand as it is, only change my district; gimme New England!'"

"That's the college," he continued, as they came up into Elm Street. "Those are the students, just coming out of the chapel: 'sweet girl graduates,' as Shakespeare calls them."

He clutched his companion's arm.

Their eyes rested on one of the dispersing throng, who came last and alone, with a slow step and manifestly under some burdensome preoccupation, through the high iron gateway of the campus. She passed them with drooping eyelashes and walked in the same tardy pace before them. Presently she turned from the sidewalk, crossed a small grassplot, and stood on the doorstep with her hand on the latch while they went by.

"Her?" said the one who thought he had quoted Shakespeare, "of course it's her; who else could it be? Ah, hmm! 'so near and yet so far!' Tom, I believe in heaven when I look at that girl—heaven and holiness! I read Taylor's 'Holy Living' when a boy!"

Presently they returned and passed again. She was still standing at the door. A few steps away the speaker looked over his shoulder and moaned:

"Not a glimpse of me does she get! There, she's gone in; but sure's you live she didn't want to!" They walked on. In front of their hotel he clutched his companion again. A young man of commanding figure stood near, deeply immersed in a telegram. The drummer whispered an oath of surprise.

"That's him now! the young millionaire she rejected on the trip we all made together! What's he here for?—George! he looks as worried as her!"

"How do you know she rejected him?"

"How do— Now, look here! If I didn't know it do you s'pose I'd say so? Well, then! Come, I'll introduce you to him— O he's all right! he's just as white and modest as either of us; come on!" March proved himself both modest and white, and as he walked away,

"This's a stra-a-ange world!" moralized the commercial man. "'Tain't him I'm thinking of, it's her! She's in trouble, Tom; in trouble. And who knows but what, for some mysterious reason, I may be the only one on earth who can—O Lord!—Look here; I'm not goin' to do any business to-day; I'm not goin' to be fit; you needn't be surprised if you hear to-night that I've gone off on a drunk."

Meantime Barbara had lifted the latch and gone in. No hat was on the rack,

but when she turned into the parlor a sickness came to her heart as she smiled and said good-morning to Henry Fair. He, too, smiled, but she fancied he was pale.

They mentioned the weather, which was quite pleasant enough. Fair said the factories that used water-power would be glad of rain, and Barbara seemed interested, but when he paused she asked, in the measured tone he liked so well:

"Who do you think took us all by surprise and spent last evening with us?"

Fair's reply came tardily and was disguised as a playful guess. "Mister—" "Yes—"

He sobered. "March!" he softly exclaimed, and let his gaze rest long on the floor. "I thought—really I thought Mr. March was in New York."

"So did we all," was the response, and both laughed, without knowing just why.

"He ought to have had a delightful time," said Fair.

Barbara meditated pleasedly. "Mr. March always lets one know what kind of time he's having, and I never saw him more perfectly satisfied," she said, and allowed her silence to continue so long and with such manifest significance that at length the suitor's low voice asked:

"Am I to understand that that visit alters my case?"

"No," responded Barbara, but without even a look of surprise. "I'm afraid, Mr. Fair, that you'll think me a rather daring girl, but I want you to be assured that I know of no one whose visit can alter—that." She lifted her eyes bravely to his, but they filled. "As for Mr. March," she continued, and the same amusement gleamed in them which so often attended her mention of him, "there's always been a perfect understanding between us. We're the very best of friends, but no one knows better than he does that we can never be more, though I don't see why we need ever be less."

"I should call that hard terms, for myself," said Fair; "I hope—" And there he stopped.

"Mr. Fair," the girl began, was still,

and then—"O Mr. Fair, I know what to say, but I don't know how to say it! I admit everything. All the good reasons are on your side. And yet if I am to answer you now—" She ceased. Her voice had not faltered, but her head drooped and he saw one tear follow quickly after another and fall upon her hands.

"Why, you need not answer now," he tenderly said. "I told you I would wait."

"O Mr. Fair, no, no! You have every right to be answered now, and I have no right to delay beyond your wish. Only, I believe also that, matters standing as they do, you have a perfect right to wait for a later answer from me if you choose. I can only beg you will not. O you who are so rational and brave and strong with yourself, you who know so well that a man's whole fate cannot be wrapped up in one girl unless he weakly chooses it so, take your answer now! I don't believe I can ever look upon you—your offer—differently. Mr. Fair, there's one thing it lacks which I think even you overlook."

"What is that?"

"It—I—I don't know any one word to describe it, unless it is turn-out-well-a-bil-i-ty."

"Fair started with astonishment, and the tears leaped again to her eyes as she laughed and with new distress said: "It isn't—it—O Mr. Fair, don't you know what I mean? It doesn't make good poetry! As you would say, it's not good art. You may think me

'fresh,' as the girls say, and fantastical, but I can't help believing that in a matter like this there's something wrong—some essential wanting—in whatever's not good—good——"

"Romance?" asked Fair; "do you think the fact that a thing is good romance——"

"No! O no, no, no! I don't say being good romance is enough to commend it; but I do think not being good romance is enough to condemn it! Is that so very foolish?"

The lover answered wistfully. "No. No." Then very softly: "Barbara"—he waited till she looked up—"if this thing should ever seem to you to have become good poetry, might not your answer be different?"

Barbara hesitated. "I—you—O—I only know how it seems now!"

"Never mind," said Fair, very gently. They rose and he took her hand, speaking again in the same tone. "You really believe I have the right to wait for a later answer?"

Her head drooped. "The right?" she murmured, "yes—the right——"

"So also do I. I shall wait. Good-by."

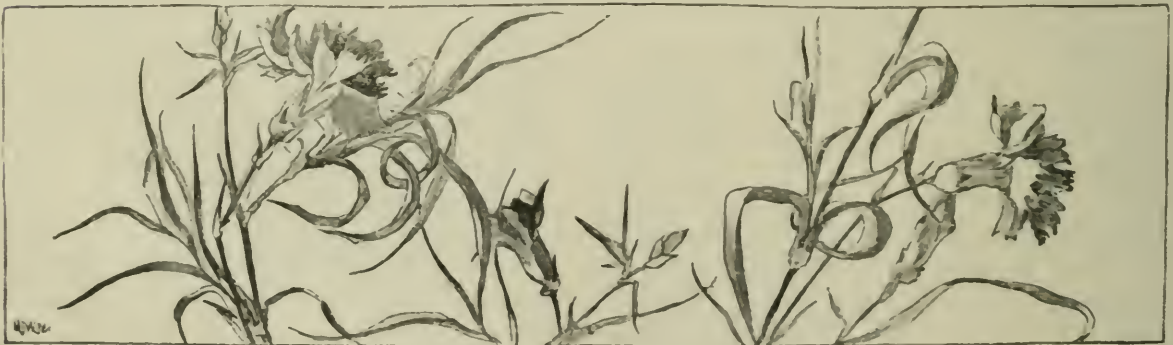
She raised her glance, her voice failed to a whisper. "Good-by."

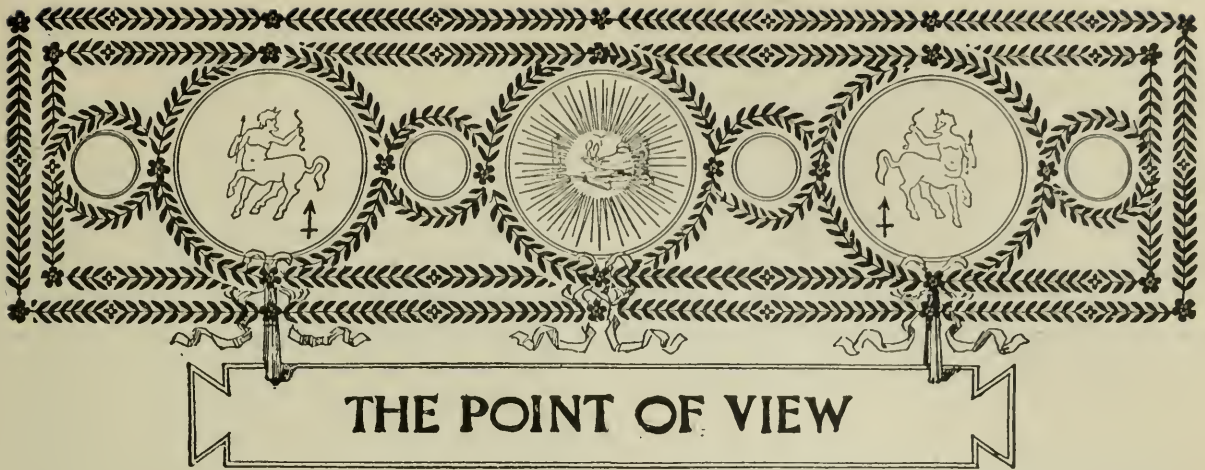
Gaze to gaze, one stood, and the other, with reluctant step, backed away; and at the last moment, with his foot leaving the threshold, lover and maiden said again, still gaze to gaze:

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

(To be concluded in the December number.)





THE POINT OF VIEW

My friend and coeval Ajax, a person of much intellectual activity and some discernment, spends his summers far down in Maine, and has told me of the pleasure he finds there in observation of the Yankee character. He does not do his observing in any meagre fortnight, or even month, wrung from the exactions of business, but devotes whole summers to it—summers that begin late in the spring and merge liberally into autumn. The Maine village which he affects he describes as a place curiously, and, he thinks, providentially shielded from the contamination of the modern spirit by its geographical location. It had a vigorous marine life of its own before railroads were invented, and is so placed that, though a railroad might come to it, it could not advantageously pass through it. So the life was not run out of it, as it was out of many once prosperous New England villages, and it has kept much of its old Yankee stock in something like its old Yankee vigor. Ajax says for one thing that the Yankee voice, as he hears it there, has not the nasal tones that are commonly credited to it, but is clear and agreeable, but still Yankee in its inflections, and perhaps in its drawl. Besides that, he finds Yankee humor and Yankee independence very sturdy in quality, but qualified with a philosophical spirit and a patient, thrifty unwillingness to allow sentimental considerations to stand overmuch in the way of lawful gain. But what interests him as much as anything is the survival of the old Puritan conscientiousness, modified in its manifestations and transmogrified in its aims, but still persistent and effectual. As usual it is more obvious in the women than in the men, and it compels

them rather to intellectual than spiritual flights. He complains that in their passion for self-improvement they set themselves awful tasks of reading, and labor through long, hard books with very much of the dreary persistence with which their forebears sat in cold meeting-houses under interminable discourses. Ajax is a product of Boston, and has come to middle life without any very protracted evasions of the atmosphere of his nativity. I have known him to read long books himself, but it seems to distress him that these Yankee women should devote to such tasks so much time and toil that, he thinks, might be more profitably employed in having some sort of fun. He told me that one of them said to him, "Oh, Mr. Ajax, I do so envy you the opportunities for intellectual society that Boston must afford," whereat he had the grace to blush, remembering that almost the only overt indication of intellectuality that he gave at home was a constant and outspoken dissatisfaction with Boston newspapers, and a greedy preference for those of New York. And as for intellectual companionship she assured me that his mind had been stimulated more in a week by conversation with a house-painter down at his Maine village than by a whole winter's communion with most of his intimates.

I confess I do not share all his ideas about the betterment of his Maine neighbors, and would rather have them as he describes them than improved to fit his preferences. To anyone busied in any measure with the work of capturing stray ideas and carrying them to market, it is bound to be a comforting thought that in remote places there are folks who have time

and energy to improve their minds for the simple sake of improvement, and without any immediate purpose of the more vulgar sort of gain. That this austere pursuit of intellectual discipline still exists down East helps one to understand how it happens that the origins of writers and prima donnas, and people who win renown in various branches of art as well as in commerce, are still so frequently traceable to the soil of that *saeva mater leonum* the State of Maine.

ANOTHER thing which I dare say they do better at that village in Maine where Ajax goes is to sing hymns. Your experience may be different, but the social circle in which I move is self-contained and unemotional to a degree that seems to preclude hymns, and I never hear them any more, except when I go to church. Then they are not sung, but "rendered" by surpliced specialists into whose harmonies my ear may venture but not my voice. We are superior to a good many things in our set, and to hymns among others. Are hymns out of fashion, do you know, among the best people? When I was young we had them at home as regularly as bread and butter; but then we had family prayers too, and observed other ceremonies which now seem to be growing obsolete. I don't visit in any family where they sing hymns, except, to be sure, the family where I first heard them. I confess that I visit comparatively few families, and those comparatively worldly; but I often go out to supper on Sunday night with people who have been to church during the day, and I hear no hymns. The impression I gather is that there is more beer and champagne in the world than there was twenty-five years ago, and not so much devotional music; but one has always to be on his guard not to confuse personal changes with terrestrial movement, and especially not to mistake the signs of one's own individual degeneration for marks of the world's progress. I do not especially deprecate the beer, but I regret the hymns. They echo very pleasantly in the memory, and if the habit of singing them still holds out in that village where Ajax goes, that should be reckoned as one of the advantages of the aspiring Yankees who still lead simple lives there.

I think we are quite as pious in this generation as our forebears were, but our manifestations, though not less sincere than theirs, seem to be less overt. Most of us go to church, but we do not seem to attach the same importance to it as they did, nor go quite so conscientiously. It is more of a habit with us and less of a duty, and if we find what seems a better occupation for a particular Sunday morning, our consciences do not smite us as sharply as consciences did thirty years ago. We are more apt than our fathers were to think that we know more about religion than the preacher does; and it may be that our impressions in that regard have foundation, for the latest news about matters of faith comes to us just as promptly as it does to him, and if it recommends itself to our belief there is less to retard our acceptance of it.

But if we are less sure than our parents were of getting our hymns in church, we ought to be less willing to forego them at home. It is painful to think of one's children growing up without hymns or hymn tunes in their heads, but that very thing may happen to them unless fit measures are taken betimes. The words of many modern popular hymns are absurd, and do violence to any reasonable person's intelligence; but the great hymns are sound poetry set to sound music, and though the sentiments of some of them do not altogether accord with the religious convictions of this enlightened generation, the greater number are as available now as they ever were, and the sanest singer need not mumble the words or make mental reservations as he sings them.

I AM conscious of a want which most of my fellow readers of this magazine might, I should say, hesitate to acknowledge, and yet which I am sure they share with me—the want of a political newspaper. Of such, it may be said, in a sense, that we have a surfeit. It is not in that sense that I speak. We have plenty and to spare of newspapers, largely given up to what is generally called politics, and of politics of that sort in nearly all our newspapers. But let me divide the word of which the lazy hurry of our race has run together the elements. We have no political *news paper*; that is to say, with all due respect to my numerous

friends in the business, we have no journal in which the news as to politics is at once ample, accurate, impartial, and intelligibly told.

We are called a nation of politicians. It is very far from being true; but there are very many politicians among us, men whose calling is politics and who get what they most care for, or try to, from politics; and there is a larger and less obvious class who have a strong interest in politics because they find in it a duty that some of them like, and that some perform all the more faithfully because they don't like it. Now these classes—and I have more or less close connection with both of them—are most abominably served by the newspapers. They do not and cannot get at the facts which they wish or need to know, and which are quite capable of clear and interesting statement. The newspapers, as a rule, treat such readers as if they were children, and would not read anything but the stories they like, with heroes and villains to their taste and a plot that will turn out just as they would like to have it turn out. If I wish to know anything worth knowing of a convention, or of any proceeding in a political movement to which I am friendly or unfriendly, I must either go to persons who have "inside" information and whom I can trust—and they are not numerous or accessible—or I must read from two to a half dozen newspapers, and analyze and compare and *compulser* their statements, usually with a result far from satisfactory.

All this ought not to be, and if some one of the "great" morning newspapers were endowed with sense and courage, it would not be. There is a very large class of readers who seek news as to politics not to have their palates tickled, but for the satisfaction of a healthy appetite and the assimilation of sustenance. They could be secured for a paper that would sternly abandon all purpose to characterize, in its news columns, the intelligence it publishes, and that would make that intelligence full and trustworthy. What I wish to know about my political friends or foes is not what some reporter or editor imagines will please me in the way of flattery or the reverse, but what they are themselves actually saying or doing. Why cannot I have it, instead of the silly sarcasm or the sicken-

ing adulation of some subordinate to whom I would not listen for five minutes on the subject he is allowed to color and distort in my newspaper? We are a young people, and our customs are callow in many ways; but if some editor favorably placed would awake to the fact that we have really outgrown our present style of newspaper politics, he would earn the gratitude of rational men and a fair reward besides in a business way.

THERE is one skill that need never lack employment—the skill of the salesman. Even in times of the smallest production a great store of goods is always awaiting sale, and even in times of the most reluctant purchase a great public is open to the salesman's persuasions. The result is ever mainly a question of his own quality. As he sells so does he profit. It makes no difference how many people are selling against him, if he still sells; and whether he shall still sell will depend primarily on his own power to commend himself and his wares. In short, the salesman has his fate to an unusual degree in his own hands.

The posture of the man who sells is very different from that of the man who makes. The prosperity of either hangs, at last, on the consent of the man who buys. And as no man will long consent to buy the thing he does not want, the salesman's prosperity must depend in part on the maker's skill in apprehending and meeting the public taste; and this dependence seems, at first view, to be a reservation out of that independence which the salesman has just been said to enjoy. But consider that apprehension of the public taste is no element of the maker's skill merely as a maker. So far as he exercises such apprehension he is himself a seller; and he stands, with reference to salesmen in the stricter sense, in precisely the relation of the merchant to his agents when, to help them along, he vaunts his wares through advertisements in the papers, bills posted against the fences, or circulars tucked under doors. His skill as a maker has nothing whatever to do with it. But his prosperity as a maker turns on it: he can have none until—either by himself or through another—he has plied the buyer at least thus far with a seller's skill.

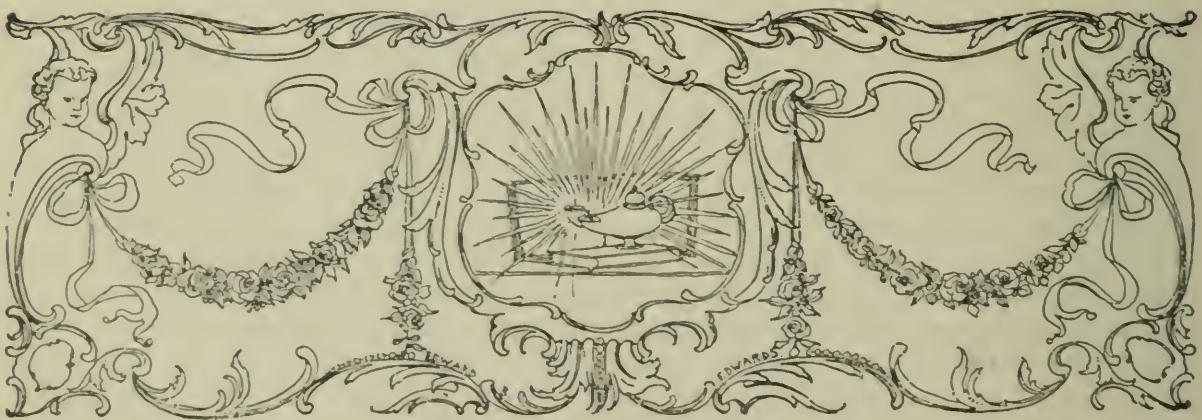
For his reward the maker, in short, must always wait in a manner upon the seller. A good product is only the possibility of a good sale, and it has no profit until a good sale of it has been made.

Besides coming always after the seller in the order of his reward, the maker comes always after him also in the measure of it. A man cannot become rich, it has been said, with approximate truth, so long as he works by himself: to do that he must have other people working for him. In pure making, making stripped of every element of selling, one can never have others working for him. In so far as others help, they are the makers, and not he; and he becomes, in respect of them, merely a seller. But theory apart, we know as a matter of common observation that the strict makers never do become rich. They attain often to moderate fortune, but not to positive riches. A few artists, professional men, and inventors, who in an unequalled skill enjoy a sort of monopoly, win as handsome rewards as any one. But except them and the people enriched by inheritance, and riches prove to be the lot only of the salesman.

The fact becomes obscured somewhat, however, under the difficulty, in all the complexity and divisions of business, of keeping the salesman identified. It is necessary to look a little closely; and also to bear in mind that selling implies and includes buying. The merchants, great and small; the

brokers, "operators," and promiscuous traders—these one recognizes easily enough as salesmen. But the owner of a great mill, whose business is to sit in a retired office directing its affairs, and whom we call a manufacturer, is a salesman no less, and as merely a salesman. Having rented to say five hundred workmen suitable housing and machines, on condition of their securing to him the exclusive privilege of buying their product at prices previously agreed upon, he turns round and sells this product at the best prices the public can be persuaded to pay. At no point is the transaction anything else than a bargain, and in its neatness as a bargain alone lies its prosperity. As he is able to buy cheap and sell dear does he get on, does he "arrive." And the capitalist, in whatsoever guise you take him—whether as merchant, manufacturer, banker, bond-holder, or landlord—is, as a capitalist, simply a bargainer, a trafficker, a trader, a salesman.

Of the salesman's skill the chief element is address: the faculty of approaching, persuading, and swaying men. For the reward of this one faculty all of the great money prizes, at least, are reserved. And it is a faculty in the development of which education and training go far. Yet in the schemes of education, even at a time when no effort is sparing to make education "practical"—which means, in the end, money-getting—next to no regard is paid to it.





THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT.

Drawn by A. B. Frost.



"PRIMAVERA."

A Study by Albert Lynch.



ÉMILE FRIANT'S "CAST SHADOWS"

From a photograph by Braun & Co.

[Selections by Philip Gilbert Hamerton from *Types of Contemporary Painting* See p 675.]

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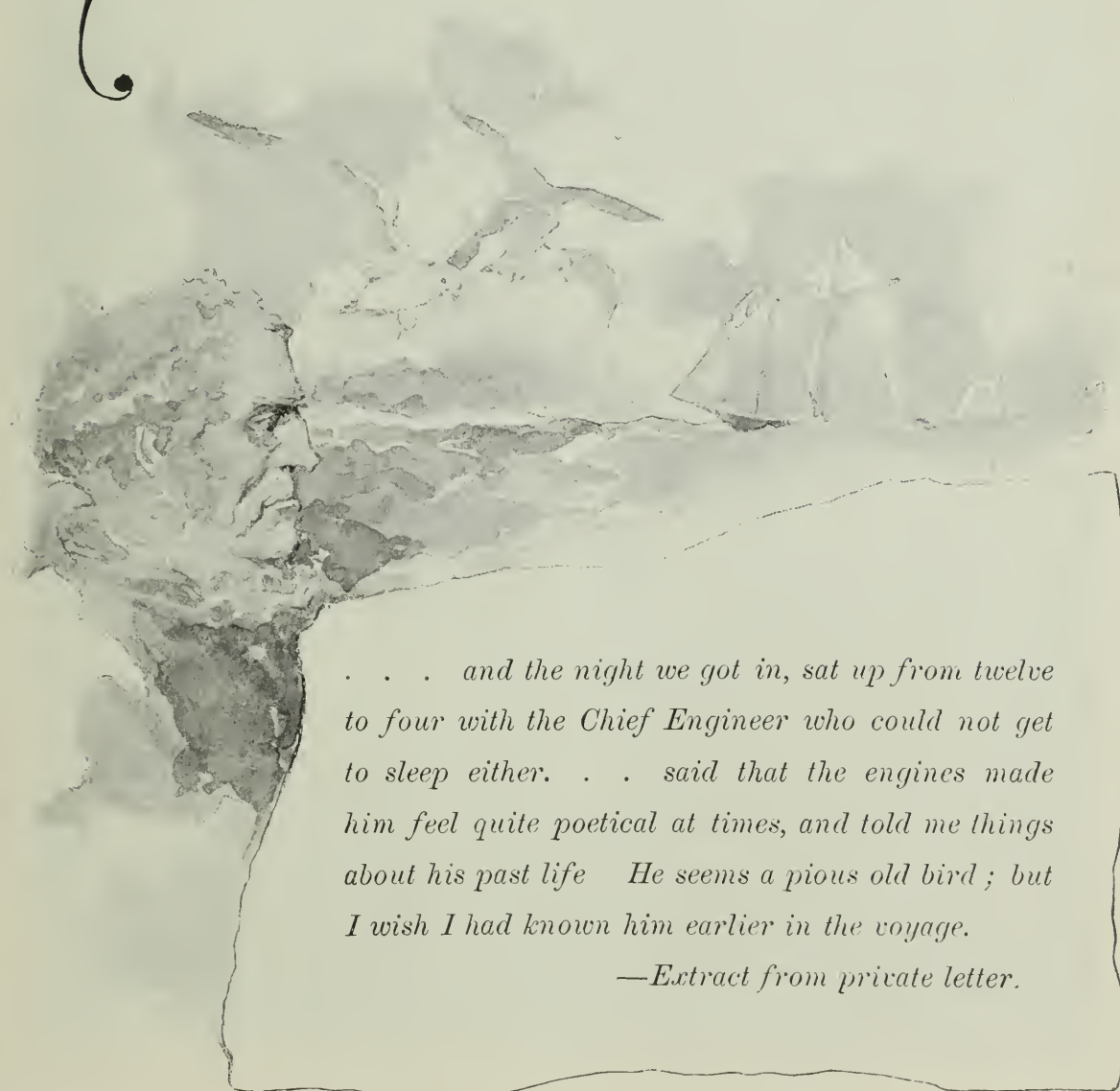
DECEMBER 1894

No. 6

MCANDREWS' HYMN

By Rudyard Kipling

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD PYLE



. . . and the night we got in, sat up from twelve to four with the Chief Engineer who could not get to sleep either. . . said that the engines made him feel quite poetical at times, and told me things about his past life He seems a pious old bird ; but I wish I had known him earlier in the voyage.

—Extract from private letter.





IORD, Thou hast made this world below the shadow of a dream,
 An' taught by time I tak' it so—exceptin' always Steam.
 From coupler-flange to spindle-guide I see Thy Hand, Oh God—
 Predestination in the slide o' yon connectin'-rod.

John Calvin might ha' forged the same—enormous, certain, slow—
 Ay, wrought it in the furnace-flame—*my* "Institutio."
 I cannot get my sleep to-night, old bones are hard to please :
 I'll stand the middle watch up here—alone wi' God an' these
 My engines, after ninety days o' race an' rack an' strain
 Through all the seas of all Thy world, slam-bangin' home again.
 Slam-bang too much : they knock a wee. The crosshead-gibs are loose ;
 But thirty thousand mile o' sea has gied them fair excuse. . . .
 Fine, clear an' dark—a full-draught breeze, wi' Ushant out o' sight,
 An' Ferguson relievin' Hay. Old girl, ye'll walk to-night !
 His wife's at Plymouth. . . . Seventy—One—Two—Three since he began—
 Three turns for Mistress Ferguson. . . . I canna blame the man !
 There's none at any port for me, by driving fast or slow,
 Since Elsie Campbell went to Thee, Lord, thirty years ago.
 (The year the *Sarah Sands* was burned. Oh roads we used to tread,
 Fra' Maryhill to Pollokshaws—fra' Govan to Parkhead !)
 Not but they're ceevil on the Board. Ye'll hear Sir Kenneth say :—
 "Good mornn, McAndrews ! Back again ? An' how's your bilge to-day ?"
 Miscallin' technicalities but handin' me my chair
 To drink Madeira wi' three Earls—the auld Fleet Engineer,
 That started as a boiler-whelp—when steam and he were low.
 I mind the time we used to pack a bursten main wi' tow.
 Ten pound was all the pressure then—Eh ! Eh !—a man wad drive ;
 An' here, our workin' gauges give one hunder' twenty five !
 We're creepin' on wi' each new rig—less weight an' larger power :
 There'll be the loco-boiler next an' thirty knots an hour !
 Thirty an' more. What I ha' seen since ocean-steam began
 Leaves me no doot for the machine : but what about the man ?

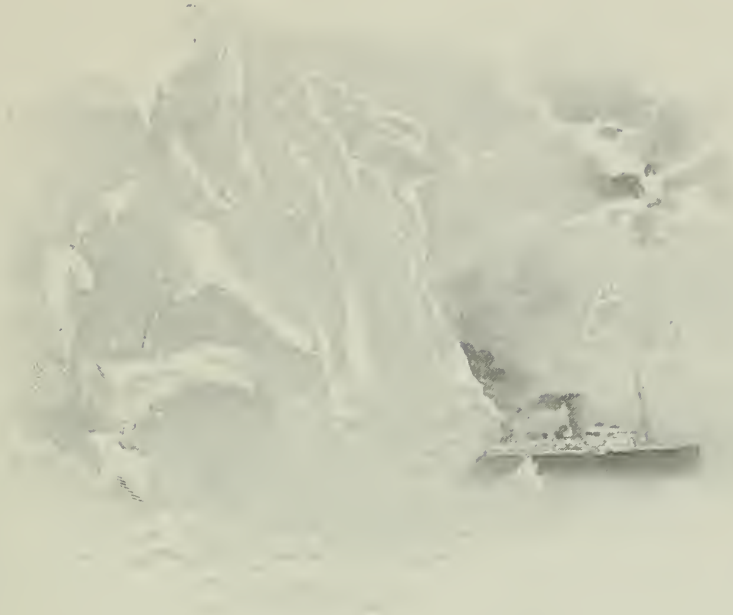
The man that counts, wi' all his runs, one million miles o' sea :
 Four time the span from earth to moon. . . . How far O Lord from Thee?
 That wast beside him night an' day. Ye mind my first typhoon?
 It scoughed the skipper on his way to jock wi' the saloon.
 Three feet were on the stokehold floor—just ragin' to an' fro—
 An' cast me on a furnace-door. I have the marks to show.
 Marks! I ha' marks o' more than burns—deep in my soul an' black,
 An' times like this when all goes smooth my wickudness comes back.
 The sins o' four and forty years, all up an' down the seas,
 Clack an' repeat like valves half packed. . . . Forgie's our trespasses.
 Nights when I'd come on deck to mark, wi' envy in my gaze,
 The couples kittlin' in the dark behind the funnel stays ;
 Years when I roamed the ports wi' pride to fill my cup o' wrong—
 Judge not, O Lord, my steps aside at Gay Street in Hong Kong!
 Blot out the wastrel hours of mine in sin when I abode—
 Jane Harrigan's an' Number Nine, The Reddick an' Grant Road!
 An' waur than all—my crownin' sin—rank blasphemy an' wild.
 I was not four and twenty then—Ye wadna judge a child?
 I'd seen the Tropics first that run—new fruit, new smells, new air—
 How could I tell—blind-fou wi' sun—the Deil was lurkin' there?
 By day like playhouse scenes the shore slid past our sleepy eyes ;
 By night those soft, lasceevious stars leered from those velvet skies,
 In port (we used no cargo-steam) I'd daunder down the streets—
 An' ijjit grinmin' in a dream—for shells an' parrakeets,
 An' walkin'-sticks o' carved bamboo an' blowfish stuffed an' dried—
 Fillin' my bunk wi' rubbishry the Chief put overside.
 Till, off Sumbawa Head Ye mind, I heard a land-breeze ca'
 Milk-warm wi' breath o' spice an' bloom : — “ McAndrews, come awa' ! ”
 Firm, clear an' low—no haste, no hate—the ghostly whisper went,
 Just statin' eevidential facts beyon' all argument :—
 “ Your mither's God's a graspin' deil, the shadow o' yoursel,
 “ Got out o' books by meenisters clean daft on Heaven an' Hell.
 “ They mak' him in the Broomielaw, o' Glasgie cold an' dirt,
 “ A jealous, pridefu' fetish, lad, that's only strong to hurt
 “ Ye'll not go back to Him again an' kiss His red-hot rod,
 “ But come wi' Us ” (Now, whowere *They* ?) “ an' know the Leevin' God,
 “ That does not kipper souls for sport or break a life in jest,
 “ But swells the ripenin' cocoanuts an' ripes the maiden's breast.”
 An' there it stopped : cut off : no more ; that quiet, certain voice—
 For me, six months o' twenty-four, to leave or take at choice.
 T'was on me like a thunderclap—it racked me through an' through—
 Temptation never guessed before, unnamable an' new—
 The Sin against the Holy Ghost? An' through it all our screw.
 That storm blew by but left behind her anchor-shiftin' swell,
 Thou knowest all my heart an' mind, Thou knowest Lord I fell !
 Yet was Thy hand beneath my head : about my feet Thy care—
 Fra' Deli clear to Torres Strait, the trial o' despair,
 But when we touched the Barrier Reef Thy answer to my prayer.
 We dared not run that sea by night but lay an' held our fire,



"I heard a land-breeze ca'."

An' I was drowzin' on the hatch—sick—sick wi' doubt an' tire :—
 “*Better the sight of eyes that see than wanderin' o' desire!*”
 Ye mind that word? Clear as our gongs—again, an' once again,
 When rippin' down through coral-trash ran out our moorin'-chain;
 An' by Thy Grace I had the Light to see my duty plain.
 Light on the engine-room—no more—clear as our carbons burn.
 I've lost it since a thousand times, but never past return.

Obsairve. Per annum we'll have here two thousand souls aboard—
 Think not I dare to justify myself before the Lord
 But—average fifteen hunder' souls safe-borne from port to port—
 I *am* o' service to my kind. Ye wadna' blame the thought?
 Maybe they steam from grace to wrath—to sin by folly led,—
 It isna' mine to judge their path—their lives are on my head.
 Mine at the last. When all is done it all comes back to me,
 The fault that leaves six thousand ton a log upon the sea.
 We'll tak' one stretch—three weeks an' odd by any road ye steer—
 Fra' Cape Town east to Wellington—ye need an engineer.
 Fail there—ye've time to weld your shaft—ay, eat it, ere ye're spoke,
 Or make Kerguelen under sail—three jiggers burned wi' smoke!
 An' home again, the Rio run: it's no child's play to go
 Steamin' to bell for fourteen days o' snow an' floe an' blow—
 The bergs like kelpies overside that girn an' turn an' shift
 Whaur, grindin' like the Mills o' God, goes by the big South drift.
 (Hail, snow an' ice that praise the Lord: I've met them at their work,
 An' wished we had anither route or they anither kirk.)
 Yon's strain, hard strain, o' head an' hand, for though Thy Power brings
 All skill to naught, Ye'll understand a man must think o' things.
 Then, at the last, we'll come to port an' hoist their baggage clear—
 The passengers, wi' gloves an' canes—an' this is what I'll hear:—
 “Well, thank ye for a pleasant voyage. The tender's comin' now.”
 While I go testin' follower-bolts an' watch the skipper bow.
 They've words for everyone but me—shake hands wi' half the crew,
 Except the dour Scots engineer, the man they never knew.
 An' yet I like my wark for all we've dam' few pickin's here—
 No pension an' the most we earn's four hunder' pound a year.
 Better myself abroad? Maybe. *I'd* sooner starve than sail
 Wi' such as call a snifter-rod *ross*—French for nightingale.
 Commeesion on my stores? Some do; but I can not afford
 To lie like stewards wi' patty-pans. I'm older than the Board.
 A bonus on the coal I save? Ou ay, the Scots are close,
 But when I grudge the strength Ye gave I'll grudge their food to those.
 Inventions? Ye must stay in port to mak' a patent pay.
 My Deferential Valve-Gear taught me how that business lay,
 I blame no chaps o' clearer head for aught they make or sell.
 I found that I could not invent an' look to these—as well.



So, wrestled wi' Apollyon—No!—fretted like a bairn—
But burned the workin' plans last run wi' all I hoped to earn.
Ye know how hard an Idol dies, an' what that meant to me—
E'en tak' it for a sacrifice acceptable to Thee.
*Below there! Oiler! What's your wark? Ye find the bearin' hard?
Ye needn't float the gland wi' oil—this isn't the Cunard.
Ye thought? Ye are not paid to think. Go, sweat that off again!*
Tek! Tek! It's deeficult to sweer nor tak' The Name in vain!
Men, ay an' women, call me stern; wi' these to oversee
Ye'll note I've little time to burn on social repartee.
The bairns see what their elders miss; they'll hunt me to an' fro,
Till for the sake of—well a kiss—I tak' 'em down below.
That minds me of our Viscount loon—Sir Kenneth's kin—the chap
Wi' Russia leather tennis-shoon an' spar-decked yachtin'-cap.
I showed him round last week, o'er all—an' at the last says he:—
“Mister McAndrews, don't you think steam kills romance at sea?”
Damned ijjit! I'd been down that morn to see what ailed the throws,
Manholin', on my back—the cranks three inches from my nose.
Romance! Those first-class passengers they like it very well,
Printed an' bound in little books. But why don't poets tell?
I'm sick of all their quirks an' turns—the loves an' doves they dream—
Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam!
To match wi' Scotia's noblest speech yon orchestra sublime
Whaurto—uplifted like the Just—the tail-rods mark the time.
The crank-throws give the double-bass; the feed-pump sobs an' heaves:
An' now the main eccentrics start their quarrel on the sheaves.
Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking link-head bides,
Till—hear that note?—the rod's return whings glimmerin' through the guides.
They're all awa! True beat, full power, the clangin' chorus goes
Clear to the tunnel where they sit, my purrin' dynamoes.

Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed,
 To work, Ye'll note, at any tilt an' every rate o' speed.
 Fra skylight-lift to furnace-bars, backed, bolted, braced an' stayed,
 An' singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they are made ;
 While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-block says :—
 "Not unto us the praise, or man—not unto us the praise !"
 Now, a' together hear them lift their lesson—theirs an' mine :—
 "Law, Order, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline !"
 Mill, forge an' try-pit taught them that when roarin' they arose,
 An' whiles I wonder if a soul was gied them wi' the blows.
 Oh for a man to weld it then, in one trip-hammer strain,
 Till even first-class passengers could tell the meanin' plain !
 But no one cares except mysel' that serve an' understand
 My seven thousand horse-power here. Eh Lord ! They're grand—they're grand !
 Uplift am I ? When first in store the new-made beasties stood,
 Were Ye cast down that breathed the Word declarin' all things good ?
 Not so ! O' that warld-liftin' joy no after-fall could vex
 Ye've left a glimmer still to cheer the Man—the Arrtifex !
That holds, in spite o' knock and scale, o' friction, waste an' slip,
 An' by that light—now, mark my word—we'll build the Perfect Ship.
 I'll never last to judge her lines or take her curve—not I.
 But I ha' lived an' I ha' worked. All thanks to Thee, Most High !
 An' I ha' done what I ha' done—judge Thou if ill or well—
 Always Thy Grace preventin' me. . . .

Losh ! Yon's the "Stand by" bell.
 Pilot so soon ? His flare it is. The mornin' watch is set.
 Well, God be thanked, as I was sayin', I'm no Pelagian yet.
 Now I'll tak' on. . . .

*'Mornn, Fergusson. Man, have ye ever thought
 What your good leddy costs in coal ? . . . I'll burn 'em down to port.*



CAST SHADOWS*

PAINTED BY ÉMILE FRIANT

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton

THE surest evidence of decadence in a school of painting is the prevalence of new fashions that lead the artists in bands away from the independent study of nature. A painter ought to see nature with his own eyes. If he conforms to a fashion he sacrifices his individuality as a dressmaker does when she makes a lady's costume according to a taste that is not her own, because she finds it, for the present, the best way of earning her living. The French school has of late shown evident signs of decadence in the sudden and inexplicable adoption of new fashions by large groups of artists together — the best possible evidence that they have no individual convictions, or that they are ready to abandon them, at short notice, for anything that promises notoriety. You cannot imagine any serious artist, like Ingres, taking up some new "fad" in this personally irresponsible way. Anyone who has watched French art for the last ten or fifteen years has seen how new principles of coloring and new modes of handling have suddenly become the rage amongst the younger painters. The reason why these fashions spread rapidly like epidemic diseases—so I am told by one who has a personal acquaintance with their victims—is because the young men have such a profound dread of seeming to be behind their age. To escape such a damaging imputation they will paint in any color and in any style that bears no resemblance to what they most abominate, the old-fashioned styles of painting to be seen in the galleries of the Louvre. "The separation of the method of expression from the idea to be expressed is the sure sign of decadence. France is now all decadence. In the Champ de Mars, as in the Salon, the man of the hour is he who has invented the last trick in subject or treatment."

This quotation is from one of the most modern of English critics, Mr. George Moore. The first sentence is

* See Frontispiece.

absolutely true. What follows about the universality of the decadence in France is effective, but exaggerated. Some artists of merit, even amongst the younger men, have entirely escaped from the prevalent artistic diseases, and are as whole and sound as if they had lived in a better time. M. Émile Friant is one of these, and he is very young for a well-known artist, being only thirty-one.

M. Friant was born in 1863 at Dieuze, which was then in the department of the Meurthe, but was annexed by Prussia eight years later. It is a small but ancient town, the *Decem pagi* of the Roman occupation, known in the present day for its salt-works. M. Friant's father was foreman of the locksmith's department at these works, and his grandfather had held the same post before him. His mother belonged to a family of peasants in the neighborhood, and had been a dressmaker from the age of fourteen or fifteen. This maternal occupation had, indirectly, a great influence on the destiny of the boy.

There was a chemist at Dieuze called Parisot, a man of considerable importance in the place, as he was *adjoint* or deputy mayor. Madame Parisot used to employ Madame Friant as a dressmaker, and took great interest in her, which developed ultimately into a personal affection, an affection which included her little boy. The chemist himself, being childless, treated little Friant very paternally, and he became like their adopted son, a position advantageous for his mental development, as M. Parisot was always ready to answer his endless questions. On the other hand, Madame Parisot behaved like a French mother with an only child, that is to say, she spoiled him, and his childhood was rather solitary, as his adopted parents would not allow him to associate with the ill-bred little boys in the street, and not much other youthful society was open to him at that time. However, he was sent to school, where



Émile Friant.

he was listless and indolent so far as the regular studies were concerned, but when he saw the other boys make sketches on their slates it was like a revelation to him, and he began to draw with quite a passionate ardor. Soon afterward he sketched from nature and often escaped into the country for that purpose, being invariably scolded on his return.

Then came the war of 1870, the invasion, and the annexation of Alsatia and Lorraine, including the little town of Dieuze, which was French no longer. Monsieur Parisot had been deeply afflicted by the course of events and intended to leave Dieuze to go to live

at Nancy, which, as the reader will remember, is on the French side of the new frontier in Lorraine, but before he could carry out this project his life came suddenly to an end. Madame Parisot, however, went to Nancy after her husband's death and took little Friant with her, his father and mother joining them soon afterward. The boy disliked the big town, and deeply regretted his native place and the country round about it.

As to the choice of a profession, that seemed decided by M. Parisot's example. Friant was to be a chemist and had to learn Latin, for which he was sent to the *lycée* at Nancy, where he was a back-

ward pupil. Meanwhile some judicious friends had warmly recommended his father to do something for his artistic talent, so he followed a course of instruction in the municipal school of art, where he soon distinguished himself and won medals. The sense of his inferiority at the *lycée* humiliated him the more by its contrast with these successes, and at last he asked his father's permission to quit the *lycée* altogether and devote himself exclusively to painting. To his great astonishment his father took the request without surprise, but an unexpected opposition came from his painting master, who did not under-estimate the boy's artistic capabilities or his chances of success as an artist, but urged, with a liberality of mind very rare at all times among specialists, the desirableness of a more advanced classical education and the folly of leaving school before it had been attained. However, as young Friant was doing no good at the *lycée* he was now put under a private tutor with an arrangement of his work that left time for painting. The residence in Nancy was good for progress in art, as there was an able teacher, Devilly, a pupil of Eugène Delacroix and both a well-informed man and a talented artist. Under his direction Friant painted studies of still life, landscapes, and afterward portraits which he sold for thirty francs apiece. At the age of fifteen he exhibited at Nancy and became a local celebrity with the title of "le petit Friant." A year later the municipal council granted him an allowance to go and study in Paris, where he became a pupil of Cabanel. That artist was interested in his new pupil at first, but was afterward disappointed with him, and the boy felt himself in a false position, as he had been compelled to abandon his first habits and the palette of Delacroix; however by executing some oil sketches as projects for historical pictures he regained Cabanel's favor. The monotonous discipline of the *atelier* was disagreeable to him, and he left some time afterward for Nancy, where he worked under the direction or aided by the advice of the painter Morot, who had worked in Rome. A successful portrait increased the local reputation of "le petit Friant," and he undertook a pict-

ure of "The Prodigal Son," which, on his return to Paris, had every appearance of a disastrous failure. It was intended for the Salon, and though the time was rapidly gliding by he allowed it to remain unfinished. Four days before the receiving day he consulted an experienced friend, who said, "Do nothing for two days but rest, and spend the last two days in getting your picture better together." This he did, and the picture was both admitted and well hung, but it was rather coolly received, whereas another work, an interior of a studio, which the young painter had executed only for his amusement, attracted general attention and made him known at once throughout the artistic world. Friant's age being still only nineteen, Cabanel suggested that he should try for the *prix de Rome*. He did so and won the *second grand prix*. After this he had a travelling allowance from the government which enabled him to see all the galleries in Holland, Spain, and Italy, but he cared more for Rembrandt and Velasquez than for the Italian masters. He also travelled in Algeria and Tunis with a result precisely the opposite of what might have been expected, as the sun of Africa only made him think with melancholy regret of the gloomy Novembers of Lorraine. This inspired his first really celebrated picture, "La Toussaint," All Saints Day, which was conceived in Africa and painted, on a large canvas, immediately on the artist's return. It was exhibited in 1889, when it won the *prix du Salon* and was purchased by the State for the Luxembourg gallery, where it may still be seen. This picture made Friant acquainted with Meissonier who took an interest in his art and both praised and criticised it. In the same year the young artist, still only twenty-six, won a first-class medal at the Universal Exhibition and was made a Knight of the Legion of Honor, altogether a most extraordinary instance of early success. Since 1889 he has exhibited regularly and of late years in the Champ de Mars, where his pictures always attract attention both by their human interest and the honest excellence of their workmanship. "La Toussaint" represents the interior of a cemetery, just within the gates.

It is a picture entirely of the present time. M. Friant has even accepted the silk hat which is worn by a gentleman with an overcoat. It is true that this gentleman is partly concealed by a great flowering plant in a pot that he allows a young lady to carry while he carries nothing but his umbrella. Before him advance two ladies with large bouquets, and in front of them is a young girl with a *gros sou* in her hand that she intends to drop into a little tin cup held by a blind man between gloved hands that rest upon his lap. The blind man is comfortably seated and warmly clad in a hooded overcoat with a thick railway rug over his knees. The whole scene is truth itself and well illustrates one of the most respectable customs of French life, the visit, so rarely neglected, to the tomb of a dead relation. The picture shows great skill in combination with what has now become an unusual modesty and simplicity of style. The only objection to it is its unnecessary size. The subject might have been equally well rendered on a canvas of cabinet dimensions. The drawing is most careful and accurate, absolutely without bravura, and the color sobriety itself, but by no means easy, as it includes a difficult study of blacks and of grays not much more encouraging.

Another study of blacks in costume is the picture given as a frontispiece to this number, entitled "Cast Shadows," and exhibited in 1891. An ungainly lover with black clothes and cravat is seated, holding in both hands the hand of a plain, decent-looking middle-class woman, also in black, who is standing by his side and looking wistfully away from him while he gazes up at her with the devotion of a worshipper. Their shadows are cast upward, apparently by fire-light, on the bare wall. The picture is humorous and pathetic, and painted with rare perfection of realization.

In 1890 M. Friant exhibited a picture entitled "The Wrestlers," in which the nude figure was treated with a refinement of veracity in drawing which had more to do with nature than with the ideal. Some boys have come down from a farm-house to bathe in a little stream, so two of them have taken to wrestling in the field. It is a simple

rural scene, in which, however, the artist's sobriety of execution excludes the sketchiness of manner usually associated with the rural picturesque.

I must mention one more picture, the portraits of the two Coquelins, the actors, the elder seated in an arm-chair in his study, while the younger is leaning on the table and reading to him. The expression, both of listener and reader, is admirably given, and this mastery of expression is very probably one reason why M. Coquelin (who as an actor must understand it) has purchased several pictures by M. Friant. The richly furnished interior shows the owner's taste for books and works of art, and is painted with a scrupulous truth reminding one of the old Flemish masters.

Here ends what I have to say about the painters of the twelve pictures that I have selected for this magazine. They are fairly representative of several varieties of modern art which, with great diversity of method, have one quality in common, their singleness of purpose, their complete freedom from affectation. Not one of the artists in my list has been enslaved by any prevalent fashion; each has done his own work in his own way, simply trying to make it as good as possible in the manner that properly belongs to him. In my view the unpopularity of a painter proves nothing against him, nor does popularity, when he has it, prove anything against him, either. When Manet painted "The Fifer" he was entirely unpopular, when Carolus Duran painted "The Poet with the Mandolin" he was the most fashionable portrait-painter in France. It does not matter, both pictures are equally honest work, though "The Poet" is painted with more elegance and suavity. There is a class of critics in the present day to whom nothing is so odious as success. They cannot endure Leighton because he is President of the Royal Academy and a baronet, nor Bouguereau because he has made a fortune. Surely with a just critic neither worldly success nor failure ought to count for anything, either way. Leighton

and Bouguereau have exactly the same right to justice as if they were unsuccessful. I see that the London *Spectator* accuses me of being unable to appreciate living artists, possibly because I have not hitherto written anything about Degas, the demigod of the "new criticism." I happen to know on the best authority, that of Degas himself,

that he dislikes all printed publicity. His admirers have plagued him sufficiently; as for me, I respect his wishes by a silence which is neither ignorant nor contemptuous. With regard to the general justice of the *Spectator's* accusation, the readers of these papers have the materials for an opinion of their own.

THE MATRIMONIAL TONTINE BENEFIT ASSOCIATION

By Robert Grant

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL



THE Matrimonial Tontine Mutual Benefit Association of New York was reduced to two members. These were Benjamin Davis, note broker, and Horace Wilson, landscape gardener. The rest were married or buried. That is to say, one member, poor Thomas Cook, was under the sod, and the other twelve were Benedicts in good standing. There had not been even a divorce, though divorce was not a contingency provided for in the constitution.

The Association was twelve years old, and owed its existence to a random remark made by Harry Stephenson at a dinner at the club.

"I wonder," said he, "which of us fellows will marry first."

"Or last," said Ben Davis.

"Or not at all," said Horace Wilson.

There was some lively banter on the subject, chiefly to the effect that marriage as an institution was decaying, and that no one but a Cræsus could afford to take a wife, and presently George Edmunds, who had been smoking reflectively, drew general attention to himself by rapping on the table.

"I have a scheme to propose," he said.

George Edmunds was known to have a nimble fancy and to be a practical individual into the bargain. He was

a writer of fiction, but he had invented in his spare moments a patent corkscrew and a patent potato-peeler which brought him in a round sum annually. Consequently any scheme of his suggestion was sure to be listened to respectfully.

"There are fifteen of us here tonight," he continued, "and there can't be a difference of two years between the eldest and the youngest. Why shouldn't we form a Bachelors' Protective Union?"

He paused and looked round the table inquiringly. Several smiled as though the idea pleased them; but evidently no one knew exactly what George meant; and by way of inviting elucidation, Ben Davis, who probably had the potato-peeler in mind, asked:

"Where's the chance for making an honest dollar this time?"

"I'll show you," replied George. "Fifteen members at an annual assessment of twenty-five dollars apiece will insure a dinner on the first of every January for the party, and leave a neat little annual sum to be invested by the treasurer. The last man who holds out against the enemy takes the pool. If the fund is skilfully handled, and we hold out as rigorously as we talk, he ought to carry off a tidy sum."

There was a murmur of approval and amusement.

"It's a pious plan," exclaimed Stephenson. "Let's put it through."

"We will," said several others.

"But suppose there never should be a last man? There might be several, you know, who would hold out to the end," said Ben Davis. "There should be a time limit when the survivors divide."

This seemed sensible, and it was subsequently agreed that at the end of twenty years the pool should be apportioned in case there should be more than a single bachelor remaining.

Before midnight on that very evening the articles of association were drawn up by the flowing pen of George Edmunds, and read to the assembled company. There was a preamble with a formidable *Whereas*. "*Whereas* we, the undersigned bachelors, have this day entered into a solemn compact for the mutual protection of our liberties against the institution of marriage, etc., etc." Then followed a solemn bond wherein The Matrimonial Tontine Mutual Benefit Association of New York bound itself, in consideration of certain covenants and agreements of each subscriber, to furnish a dinner of reasonable richness as to food, and abundance as to drink, on the first day of each and every year, and to pay over to the individual or individuals who should be most faithful to the purposes of the Association the total net capital accumulated from the time of first payment down to the date of the final settlement.

Everybody signed that night, and there was much flamboyant protestation on the subject of matrimony. To judge merely from the expressed views of the subscribers, it seemed probable that the pool would be divided among the fifteen members at the end of the twenty years. The average age of the subscribers was twenty-five. No one was over twenty-six or under twenty-four. Consequently the limit of twenty years appeared to be a reasonable one. Surely a bachelor of forty-five ought to be able to take care of himself, and do without the protection of a Bachelors' Union.

The subscribers, having duly affixed their signatures to the articles of association, elected, as seemed fitting, George Edmunds president, secretary, and treasurer. It would be his duty to call the members together on the occasion of the annual dinner, to note

and report failures to pay the annual dues or fallings from grace into matrimony, to exercise general supervision over the affairs of the Association, and particular supervision over the net fund. He was given, by the oral instructions of the members, plenary and yet peculiar and sleep-haunting powers as to the management of this fund. No gilt-edged conventional investment returning regular, modest interest would satisfy the winner of the pool. The treasurer would be expected to hit upon something extraordinary in its dividend-yielding character. If not another potato-peeler, something equally bonanza-like and gratifying. And yet no risks must be run which would hazard the integrity of the principal. Something safe yet unconventional, perfectly secure but splendidly lucrative, would be expected from him. George would understand what they meant and act accordingly, and doubtless the eventual winner of the pool would have every reason to approve of their selection of a treasurer.

Whether it be that much of the talk this evening was on the surface and merely for effect or bravado, or whether it be that the masculine heart may contain matrimonial germs without being conscious of them, no less than four of the fifteen subscribers ceased to be members of the Association after paying but two annual assessments—that is to say, they became engaged in the course of the second year. A summer girl at Narragansett Pier caused the first break, which was the occasion of an extra dinner and much oratory as to the necessity of caution and steadfastness. Within the three ensuing months, thereby suggesting that the deserters probably had matrimony in their minds at the time these speeches of exhortation were being made, a second, third, and fourth fell victims to a widow with two children, a flaxen-haired doll, and a strong-minded brunette, respectively. The terms of description are those of the remaining members, who closed up their serried ranks and looked askance at one another. *Who* would be the next to fall? *Who*, indeed! But there was always the consolation that the individual chances of the survivors to

win the pool had been materially enhanced. As for the pool itself, the treasurer had already doubled it by a happy purchase of some shares in a gold mine.

During the next two years there was no lapse from grace, and simply the death of Tom Cook to chronicle. Then, without warning, Harry Stephenson came a fearful cropper, as they say in the hunting-field. He fell over head and ears in love with a very plain girl in Harlem, without a penny to her name, and married her. This made a frightful gap, for Harry had been one of the most inspiring and virulent bachelors of the Association. What was more, his defection seemed to knock the moral fortitude out of William Hardy, so that when the fifth annual dinner came round, only eight members clinked their glasses and drank a standing toast to the joys and blessings of single life. On the following day, one of the eight announced his engagement to a chit of eighteen. This bit of perfidy elicited from the survivors a special vote of censure which accompanied the box of flowers sent by them to the victimizer of their late associate. The only cheering bit of intelligence was, that the treasurer had again done his duty. He had sold the shares of the gold mine at a magnificent figure, and put them into the stock of the Oleo Refrigerator Company, which had immediately declared a cash dividend of fifty per cent.

After this there was another lull of two years and a half. Then, at intervals of about six months apart, three more fell from grace, leaving only George Edmunds, Benjamin Davis, Horace Wilson, and Roger Partridge to dine together on the occasion of the tenth annual dinner. Partridge, who was bald-headed and looked like a confirmed old bachelor of the first water, was nevertheless so melancholy and absent-minded that the president, secretary, and treasurer called him to order and directed the eyes of the Association upon him so sharply that the poor fellow blushed to where roots of his hair had been.

"You had better confess and make a clean breast of it," said Ben Davis.

"I've nothing to confess," answered Partridge, stoutly. But he looked exceedingly doleful, and of a sudden he collapsed and blurted out, "I offered myself to a woman yesterday and she threw me over. If that's a reason for resigning, I'll resign. I wish somebody would blow my brains out." Thereupon he buried his head in his hands.

There was a short silence, and the other three exchanged sardonic glances.

"Does the constitution cover the case?" asked Ben Davis.

"No. The repentant sinner is received back with open arms," said Edmunds. "Cheer up, Roger. You've run a frightful risk, but you still have a grip on the pool, dear boy. Only don't ask her again."

"She wouldn't have me if I did," groaned the culprit.

"Oh, yes, she would."

"What makes you think so?" eagerly asked the bald-headed bachelor.

"Because in nine cases out of ten they do."

"Then you think I'd have a chance?"

"What's her age, old fellow, if she'll excuse the question?"

"Twenty-nine next August."

"It's nearly a dead certainty," exclaimed Edmunds and Davis, in the same breath.

"My opinion is that if you don't ask her, she'll ask you," said Horace Wilson.

This was a little brutal. Horace, who really had a tender heart, felt it to be so. He put his hand gently on Roger's shoulder.

"I say," he exclaimed a moment later, "this thing has gone far enough. Fate is against the Association. I vote that we disband."

"Disband!" cried Davis. "That is a monstrous idea. What do you mean?"

On the other hand, Edmunds made no such demonstration of protest. Indeed, a careful observer would have noticed that a flicker of satisfaction passed across his countenance. But all he said was—he said it, though, a little nervously—"We four should get about fifteen hundred apiece. The fund figures a trifle more than six thousand on my books to-day."

"Money or no money," said Horace, "we've carried it far enough. We have vindicated our principles; we are each of us thirty-five, and now it seems to me that anyone of us ought to be allowed to marry without loss of self-respect."

"There is certainly something in what you say," said Edmunds, with an appearance of dispassionate candor.

Davis gazed from one to the other in mingled astonishment and indignation. "I never heard of such a thing," he exclaimed. "Disband just when we're reaching the crucial point! It's the brassiest proposition I ever listened to. Even Roger here, who would get his fifteen hundred by it, looks as though he thought it the most extraordinary idea that was ever broached. I see through it, though," he continued, defiantly. "It's a conspiracy. You two are either engaged or in love, and have put your heads together to play me for an imbecile. But it won't work. The Association can't disband without a unanimous vote, and mine is not to be had for love or money. Come now, George Edmunds and Horace Wilson, admit that you're in love and that this is a game. You can't look me straight in the eyes, George. By Jove, you're the most conscious-looking conspirator who was ever brought to bay."

Undeniably, Edmunds, from the moment this accusation was uttered, had worn a flurried air and now, when Davis seized him by the arms and tried to look into his eyes he winced and avoided the searching, scornful scrutiny, and turned pink and white. Even his would-be nonchalant words of protest did not clinch the matter, as his accuser was quick to discover.

"Engaged? Nonsense. I never asked a woman to marry me in my life."

"But you're in love. Deny it if you can."

"I deny your right—" began George. "Er—besides it's not true."

"I knew it," cried Ben, triumphantly, and, letting Edmunds loose, he bent his gaze on Horace Wilson. "And here's another in the same fix."

This time there was no wincing or shrinking. The scornful, piercing eyes

encountered a cool, steady return, and there was the resonance of convincing truth in the sturdy reply:

"Ben Davis, unless we disband tonight, you, barring my death, will never touch one dollar of that six thousand until the end of the twenty years, and then you will have to divide it with me. Conspiracy? There isn't a woman in this world whom I would cross the street to speak to a second time. And more's the pity, too. What I said about disbanding came from my heart. Heaven knows I'd like to fall in love, but I can't. I've tried, but it's no use. If there ever was a firm-set old bachelor, I'm the man; and since you decline to disband, I warn you to look out, for I intend to take the pool."

Thereupon Horace folded his arms and smiled with the assurance of a man who has been many times under fire and still is heart-whole.

You will remember that this occurred at the tenth annual dinner. Before the eleventh Roger Partridge offered himself again and was accepted. The remaining three dined together on the first of January, and clunked their glasses once more to perpetual bachelorhood. Although George Edmunds made no formal announcement, his undisguised attentions to Miss Virginia Tebbetts, and her apparent preference for him, left little room to doubt that his membership in the Association hung by the gills, so to speak, and that the contest was to be limited to the other two. Indeed, Ben Davis felt that the president, secretary, and treasurer was so completely out of the race that he saw fit, in the spirit of prudence which was an attribute of his, to throw out a hint or two as to the advisability of conservatism in regard to the investment of the pool. The treasurer had again made a notable financial stroke by selling out the stock of the "Oleo Refrigerator Company" at the top of the market, and buying the shares of the "Plimsoll Aëronautic Concern" at a bed-rock price.

"Don't you think it might be well to salt down what we have into a first-rate real-estate mortgage?" inquired Ben.

George Edmunds flushed. He was not prone to take offence, but he prided

himself on his acumen as an investor, and this remark seemed to him to savor of rank ingratitude and to be entirely uncalled for.

"Haven't I done sufficiently well for you?" he replied.

"You have done wonders—made three ten-strokes; but—but I think you will admit that there was a certain element of risk in each one of the—er—investments."

"They succeeded," said George, coldly.

"Besides, the treasurer was directed to be brilliant," interjected Horace. "There is no scope for brilliancy in a first-rate real-estate mortgage."

"That was at first, when we had a mere pittance in the treasury. We have ten thousand dollars now. Ten thousand dollars does not grow on every bush, but it may be lost in a twinkling. What if the flying-machine does not work? Where will our money be?"

Undoubtedly George Edmunds laid up this criticism against Ben so far as a kind-hearted and malice-hating fellow could lay up anything against anybody. This, too, in spite of the fact that the stock of the "Plimsoll Aëronautic Concern" rose rapidly during the next four months, demonstrating clearly thereby the superior sagacity of the treasurer of the Matrimonial Tontine Mutual Benefit Association. At a special meeting of the members held on the first day of May, this self-same treasurer announced, with the apologetic reprehension of self which the fall of the chief and sole official of the Association seemed to demand, his engagement to Miss Virginia Tebbetts.

"I have called a special meeting," he continued, "for the reason that, as I have ceased to be a member, a new custodian of the assets of the Association should be elected forthwith. The only present asset is this certificate for one thousand shares of the stock of the "Plimsoll Aëronautic Concern," which I take pleasure in informing you could be sold to-day for twelve thousand five hundred dollars."

Thereupon, with a glance of legitimate triumph at Ben Davis, he laid the valuable piece of parchment on the

table, together with the records of the Association, and presently left the two survivors to their own devices.

On the following morning, before a single quotation was uttered in Wall Street, Ben Davis entered a broker's office with the piece of parchment in question, duly endorsed by him as president, secretary, and treasurer of the Association.

"Sell this at the market," he said, carelessly. But though he looked cool as a cucumber, there was fever in his soul, and he hung about the office until the operation was completed. The stock was sold for \$12,500, and the following week it fell \$5 a share in as many minutes, and within a fortnight the certificates were worth merely what old paper is worth. But long before that dismal day the funds of the Matrimonial Tontine Mutual Benefit Association were safely invested in a gilt-edged mortgage on improved real estate.

And so, as was stated in the first place, the Association was reduced to two members, a condition of affairs which had existed now for three calendar years. The fourteenth annual dinner had recently been eaten, and Ben Davis and Horace Wilson had clinked glasses to the joys of single life with the same gusto, so far as either could discern by close scrutiny of the other, displayed by them on the very first occasion. Beyond the fact that George Edmunds had been married and was the father of a boy baby, and the funds of the Association were yielding a safe but modest four and one-half per cent., matters seemed just the same. But they were not.

One winter's evening, about six weeks subsequent to the fourteenth annual dinner, Ben Davis sat before the fire in his comfortable bachelor rooms, with a pensive expression of countenance. Time had dealt kindly with Ben. He had some hair left, a moderately youthful face and figure, and a prosperous business. People and corporations who were pressed for money came to him to relieve their necessities, and he was very apt to be able to relieve them. When he did so, he retained a small slice; such is the

way of the world ; and it does not take a very great many slices to make a respectable family loaf. But Ben had no family. He kept a cob and he went to Europe for six weeks in summer, provided the money market was not too tight. In the event of financial stringency he ran down to Bar Harbor for a fortnight or so. Money had been at a premium the previous summer, and he had been able to get away only for ten days, and to get only as far as Narragansett Pier. But those ten days had been detrimental to his peace of mind ever since. He had seen her in the water the first time, and he could not forget her.

She did not live in New York ; but such are the opportunities of a note broker that one can run over to Philadelphia on business without seeming to go out of one's way to call on a girl. Ben had made the trip five times since the first of October, and it was not yet March, and he had fairly come to the conclusion that single life was a failure. What he was saying to himself this evening was that on Easter he would send her a lily, and go over the following week and ask her to become his. In the event that she accepted him, Horace Wilson, of course, would get the money. This was not exactly a pleasant thought for Ben ; but so far as he could see, there would be no escape from it. Somehow he had come to regard the pool as his, and the idea of losing it entirely was galling. Not that he needed the money ; for he was doing remarkably well. Indeed, the sum would make a much greater difference to Horace Wilson than to him, for Horace, though described in common parlance as a rising landscape gardener, had only half his income. It would certainly be unpleasant, though, to be obliged to take the little trunk out from the safe and hand it over to Horace. The gilt-edged mortgage on improved real estate seemed to him to belong just where it was, and the prospect of parting with it was very distasteful to him. Was there no means by which he could win her and the pool both ?

None presented itself that evening, but on the following morning, which

was Sunday, he stumbled upon something just a little promising. Up to this time during the last five years he had never seen Horace Wilson in the society of any woman. Though the city was large, to be sure, and they did not meet altogether the same people, Ben flattered himself that he kept a pretty close eye on Horace. And yet the painful consciousness was his that never had he run across his rival in what might be called a compromising situation. Had he detected him even at a theatre-party, he would have felt encouraged, but though he had often beheld Horace comfortably ensconced in an orchestra stall, there had never been a female companion beside him.

On this Sunday morning, however, as Ben was taking an airing, chance led him along the particular cross street in which George Edmunds had established his household gods. The churches were just out, and though it was a cross street, there was a sprinkling of people on either sidewalk. Ben was thinking of her, and consequently did not pay his customary heed to the passers. There was only one woman in the world for him, and as for the men, they interested him not at all, provided the single ones stayed away from Philadelphia. There was just one man he would except from the general scope of his indifference, and he was Horace Wilson. Why the dickens didn't that fellow get married ? It was high time. Happening to look across the street as this thought formulated itself in his mind, his heart gave a jump. In the vestibule of George Edmunds's house stood four people, who were on the point of entering. Indeed, before he had fully comprehended the situation, they had gone in and shut the door. But in three of them Ben had recognized George and his wife and Horace Wilson. As to the fourth, who had been slightly in advance of the others, and consequently partially concealed, he had detected by the feathers on her bonnet that she was a woman, and a passably young woman at that. Ben, being a note broker, was quick at computation. He instantly put two and two together and said to himself that



The Tenth Annual Dinner.—"She threw me over."—Page 681.

Horace had been escorting the unknown in question home from church. A ray of hope lit up his late gloomy reflections regarding the gilt-edged mortgage. If Horace were to become engaged before he did, the pool would be his. After glancing up at the house opposite in the hope of detecting the mysterious stranger at the window, he went on his way with a more elastic step. If he won the pool, could he not afford to give the one woman in the world the superb diamonds which he had examined at a jeweller's the week before? He would be cautious and delay a little, and await developments.

On the very next evening Ben happened to run across George Edmunds at the club, and immediately asked him the question uppermost in his mind. "Who was the lady walking home with you from church yesterday?"

The inquiry was made in the most innocent, off-hand manner, but obviously George was prepared for it. Be it for the reason that he had never forgiven Ben for charging him with being in love before he knew it himself, or for impugning his financial judgment, George had taken sides. He was particularly desirous that Horace Wilson should win the pool, and consequently was on his guard.

He answered, diplomatically, "My wife's mother is staying with us for a few days."

"I congratulate you, George. It wasn't your wife's mother with you yesterday, however. The lady Horace Wilson escorted to your house was no one's mother. Is he attentive to her?"

"Spying, eh?" said George. "No, he isn't."

"What's her name?" -

George hesitated. He was on the point of telling and then, for no particular reason, thought better of it.

"It will never be Wilson," he replied.

George Edmunds returned to the bosom of his family that night in an anxious frame of mind. He and his wife, the late Virginia Tebbetts, were already at war in regard to the relations between Horace Wilson and their guest, Miss Florence Delaney, and his inter-

view with Ben Davis had made him still more solicitous that his better half should do nothing further to promote the affair.

"It will be the same as robbing Horace of a good thirteen thousand dollars," said he to his spouse. "You should have seen the triumphant, avaricious gleam in Ben's eyes when he told me that he had detected him. Just leave the man alone, Virginia. Provided you let him go his own gait, I feel sure that his natural antipathy to your sex will lead him out of temptation. But if you keep egging him on, the next thing we shall hear is that he is engaged."

"I devoutly hope so, dear. I have made the discovery that Horace Wilson is one of those men whose matrimonial sweetness has been wasted on the desert air of a club long enough. He is peculiarly adapted to be a husband and father, but the girls in the world who would suit him are abnormally scarce. Dear Florence happens to be one of them. He may never meet another; and so the sooner they are engaged the better."

"Then let him find it out for himself. Don't prod him into it."

"No, dear; a bachelor of his age needs to be prodded now and then, in order to realize what is best for him. So great is the sexual shyness which a wicked association such as yours engenders, that a woman has to give very clear signs that she is pleased, or the man will run back into his lair again and fancy himself jilted. Don't you remember how I had virtually to offer myself to you before you came to the point?"

"But no third person dragged me up to the halter."

"No; because you see, George, I really liked you almost as much as you did me. But the trouble here is that Florence doesn't know her own mind. It seems there's another."

"Thank goodness."

"Ah, George, don't talk like that. Poor Horace is just crazy about her. He thinks of nothing else. And he needs encouragement so badly. Only this afternoon he said to me, 'I'm afraid it's no use. I'll give it up and

go in for the pool. She doesn't care for me more than for the button on one of her boots.' Oh, it was pitiful, George!"

"Who is this another?"

"That's the difficulty. I don't even know definitely that there is another. But I feel morally sure that there is.

Otherwise she would accept Horace. It's harassing, for they are just made for each other. I warn you, George, that I am going to do everything that I can to bring them together. I shall invite her frequently to stay, and I shall go where she goes this summer. It was you who were responsible for



Horace had been escorting the unknown in question home from church.—Page 686.



"Why they are diamonds—real diamonds!"—Page 691.

this hateful Association, and I feel a moral obligation to save Horace Wilson while there is yet time."

"The time to save him, as you call it, will be after he has pocketed the thirteen thousand dollars," said George.

Mrs. Edmunds was a determined woman. Her words were no idle sputterings to be forgotten as soon as spoken. She was resolved to keep the possibility that he might be accepted constantly before the mind of Horace

Wilson, and with feminine, feline instinct she reached out for Ben Davis as an ally. She happened to meet him at Tiffany's some fortnight later. He had gone in to have another look at the diamonds, and he was reflecting that the pool would enable him to satisfy admirably his impulse to do the handsome thing by her who was to be his, when he looked up and beheld Mrs. Edmunds watching him. He bit his tongue in vain to keep from blush-

ing. He realized that he had been caught in a very compromising situation. Yet to his relief his observer did not seem to notice it. On the contrary she said: "If you have a spare moment, Mr. Davis, I wish to have a few words with you in regard to our mutual friend, Mr. Wilson. Perhaps you do not know that he is in love."

"I had guessed as much."

"Then you know her?"

"Not well. I have seen her." It would have been more accurate to say that he had seen the tip of her bonnet. But Ben was a diplomat by instinct.

"She is a charming creature. Just the woman for him. He really ought to be married. And all he needs is encouragement—to be egged on. Can I count on you, Mr. Davis, now and then to do a little egging?"

The late Virginia Tebbetts spoke with all the engaging sweetness at her command, and conscious that she had said all that was necessary to enlist him on her side, provided he were willing to yield to the temptation, she glided away and left Ben to his own cogitations.

The result of this interview was twofold. It strengthened Ben's resolution to be cautious and make haste slowly in the matter of committing himself toward his intended, and it gave him an excuse for opening fire on Horace. As Mrs. Edmunds had said, Horace really ought to be married. A word or two of encouragement from him might cement matters and bring about his friend's everlasting happiness. The game was perfectly fair, for Horace knew well enough that the man who was engaged first would lose the pool.

The opportunity came the following week. Ben was returning from Philadelphia, where he had been to call on his Dulcinea, and he ran across Horace in the train. They had the smoking-compartment all to themselves, so Ben opened fire at once.

"I've come to the conclusion, old man," he said, "that there's no happiness like married happiness. I rather expect to be married myself some day." This admission seemed to Ben to be magnanimous, and he proceeded to add, without a qualm, "A little bird has

told me that you have only to ask in a certain quarter to be accepted."

"And leave you to gather in the pool?" replied Horace, promptly. "Springs to catch wood-cock, eh?"

"Yes, I should win the pool," said Ben, slowly. "But what is a pool compared with true love? You may lose her, man, if you let mercenary considerations move you."

Horace made no verbal response. He merely sighed—sighed deeply. Ben, who was a diplomat, respected this display of emotion by silence. He bided his time and said, presently, "I understand that she is very charming."

"She is an angel," said Horace. "But I'm not worthy of her, in the first place, and in the second, she doesn't care for me."

"How can you tell until you ask her?" murmured Ben; though, to do him justice, he reminded himself of the murderer of Gonzago, pouring the poison into his victim's ear in the play of one William Shakespeare.

Horace sighed again, more pensively and less hopelessly than before. Just then the train stopped at a way station and Ben took advantage of the five minutes intermission to telegraph to the florist at Philadelphia.

"Delay lily."

He had given orders that morning to have one sent to her on Easter Sunday, which was the day after to-morrow, but it seemed to him, in view of the entire situation, that he had better suspend active operations until he should ascertain whether Horace's campaign was likely to be long or short. The girl might be one of the kind who would refuse Horace the first time; in which case there would be a fearful relapse, and months might pass before the sick man could be egged on to a second trial.

The spring slipped away, and so did the summer and autumn, and presently the ground was covered with snow, and Christmas-wreaths were in the windows. On the evening of the twenty-fourth, or Christmas-eve as we call it, the mercury was only five degrees above zero; it was snowing, and those who had put off buying their Christmas presents until the last minute found Jack Frost a too attentive companion. Ben Davis

was not among them. He was sitting in his pleasant bachelor's rooms, comfortably established before a glorious fire. He had bought all his Christmas presents, and he had even hung up his own stocking, but he was not thinking of Christmas at the moment. Once or twice he rubbed his hands pleasantly together, as though he were gratified at his own reflections. And indeed they were satisfactory from his point of view. Only the day before yesterday he had had a most interesting interview with his ally and fellow-conspirator, Mrs. George Edmunds, who had complimented him on his egging capabilities, and whose final words had been, "She is coming to stay with us to-morrow, and I shall be egregiously surprised if he doesn't ask her and if she doesn't accept him. It is practically an accomplished fact."

An accomplished fact! With Horace Wilson engaged and out of the way, the pool would be his and he would be free to be as devoted as he pleased to the charmer in Philadelphia. Another Christmas-eve should not find him a lonely bachelor, but a happy Benedict, with the sweetest wife in the world. He had waited the longest, but he had won both the pool and the most charming of her sex. And after all, was he not the one entitled to the pool? But for his prudence and prompt action in the nick of time, there would have been no pool left. It would have gone where the rest of the funds in the "Plimsoll Aëronautic Concern" had gone. Instead, it was invested in a gilt-edged mortgage on improved real estate. Prudence! Caution! These had been the watchwords of his career. They had served him well in business, and now they were to serve him well in love. If only Horace Wilson announced his engagement on Christmas-day, he would offer himself on the first of January, and she should have the diamonds. He rubbed his hands again at the thought, then started, for someone had knocked. It was ten o'clock. Who could be the caller on so cold and stormy a night? "Come in," he cried, and in walked the gentleman of whom he had been thinking, well done up in a heavy coat which was plentifully besprinkled with snow.

"I wish you merry Christmas, Horace. You look like Santa Claus himself."

"I am Santa Claus. By your leave, Ben, I've come for a cigar and a night-cap. Ah!" he added as he approached the hearth, "I see you have hung your stocking up."

"Yes. I always do that. Some years I wake up and find it empty. But it reminds me of old times to see it there."

"Well, you won't find it empty to-morrow morning. I've come to fill it."

"Brought me a present, eh?" Ben's pulses bounded joyfully, but his habitual caution bade him speak decorously.

"A good many men would be very glad to find what you will find in your stocking. But very likely you won't care much. Ben, I'm engaged. I dare say you can afford to congratulate me."

Congratulate him? It was a little awkward to have to jump up and nearly wring a man's hand off when you had just come in to a neat \$13,500 as the result of his action. Nevertheless, Ben did it with consummate tact and all the semblance of sincerity. Glad? Of course he was glad; simply radiant. There was no need to pretend. He shook Horace by the hand again and again, and they both laughed until they nearly cried.

"You have won the pool, old boy, and I don't care a straw. I'm the luckiest fellow in the world. She's a perfect darling."

"I'm sure she is. I wish you no end of happiness, Horace."

"Do you know her, Ben?"

"No, I caught just a glimpse of her once on George Edmunds's door-steps. Merely the tip of her bonnet. I suspected you, though, from that minute."

"Did you, really? George has been awfully kind; that is, confound him, I mean infernally disagreeable. He did not want me to lose the pool, and so he tried to make out that it would be time enough to think of marrying when the twenty years ran out. But his wife, heaven bless her, and you, Ben, kept my spirits up. If it wasn't one at me, it was the other, until finally I took heart and asked her. You were gunning for the pool, of course, Ben. I

saw that. But you helped me all the same, and, thanks to you and Virginia Edmunds, I've something to live for now. You don't know, Ben, what an insignificant thing money seems to me to-night. Get married—get married, Ben, as soon as you can."

"Perhaps I may some day," he answered, significantly, moved by Horace's enthusiasm, for it was no longer necessary to be cautious. "I shall have to drink to bachelorhood alone this year; but between you and me, Horace, I hope for better things some day."

"Don't put it off, Ben. If you only knew—but you don't. I won't bore you. George says I'm as obnoxious to the nerves as a Fourth of July celebration."

"I don't even know her name."

"Florence. Do you remember the day we met on the train coming from Philadelphia? I had just been to see her. Florence Delaney."

Ben looked at him for a moment in silence. "It is a pretty name," he said, quietly.

"And she is an adorable woman."

"Yes."

"I thought you said you didn't know her."

"I was mistaken. I find I do. You are indeed the luckiest man in the world."

Horace glanced at him narrowly, struck by his grave tone and by the quietness of his demeanor. "Poor fellow," he said to himself. "He must be thinking what an infernally dull thing it is to be an old bachelor. I won't remind him of it any longer."

Horace remained until he had finished his cigar. After he had gone Ben sat for a long time with his face in his hands and his head on the table. To think that he had never recognized her on George Edmunds's steps that Sunday morning. He called to mind Horace's speech urging him not to put off being married, and he laughed at his own discomfiture, though there were real tears in his eyes. He said to himself that he was doomed to be an old bachelor to the end of his days. Christmas-eve after Christmas-eve would find him just like this. What a fool he had been. Prudence! Caution! They had served him well, indeed, in the matter of

love. He seemed to see them before his mind's sight in mocking letters of fire. He had won the pool; but what was the pool now? Poor, pitiful schemer that he had been; he had thrown away the chance of his life.

He walked his room long that night, and when he went to bed it was not to sleep. The sun rose on a city mantled in snow. It was Christmas-day, but Ben felt that he belonged nowhere except at his club. He dined there alone, and after dinner he went into the writing-room and wrote. Merely a few lines; but when he had finished them he felt better. On the following morning he rose early, for he had a present to buy on his way down town. He was at Tiffany's so promptly that the attendants were still rubbing the aftermath of Merry Christmas from their eyes when he entered. "Let this be delivered as soon as possible. It is a Christmas present I had neglected to buy," he said to the salesman from whom he made his purchase.

An hour and a half later Horace Wilson and his ladylove were sitting on the sofa in Mrs. George Edmunds's drawing-room, when the maid entered with a tolerably large parcel which she delivered to Miss Delaney. Notwithstanding that Miss Delaney was very comfortable where she was, she forsook the sofa in order to examine her belated Christmas present.

"I wonder whom it can be from, Horace," she murmured, feverishly, as young ladies will under such circumstances. But before she undid the parcel she stopped to read the note which accompanied it.

"How very kind of him!" she said, when she had finished. She looked just a little queer, too. "It's from Mr. Benjamin Davis." And she held out the note.

"Ben Davis? I didn't know you knew him."

"Oh, yes, dear, very well indeed. In fact—" but here Miss Delaney stopped and gave a little laugh, and began busily to undo the parcel.

"In fact what?" asked Horace.

"Nothing." Then she gave a sudden scream of transport. "Look, Horace, look. Why, they are diamonds—real

diamonds. Did you ever see anything so superb?"

Horace whistled with astonishment. "Diamonds? I should think they were!"

But a flush of disquietude presently succeeded the expression of delight on Miss Delaney's face, and she looked up at her lover appealingly. "I really don't see why he sent me such a present. They are lovely, but I don't think I like it."

"You mustn't feel annoyed, dearest," answered Horace, mysteriously. "Ben has tried to do the handsome thing, and he has done it."

"May I really keep them, Horace?" she asked, almost supplicatingly.

"Certainly, dear. Ben has sent them on my account, and he has acted very generously. I have a little confession to make, if you will listen. I ought to have told you before, but I haven't had time since yesterday. Ben and I have been members of a club called the Matrimonial Tontine Mutual Benefit Association." Thereupon Horace told her the whole story—at least he thought he had. "So you see," he said in conclusion, "Ben, the dear old fellow, has taken it into his head to do the handsome thing. He has practically shared the pool with me."

"I see," said Florence Delaney, quietly, but she shook her head with a little sigh and looked queerer than before. Horace, however, did not observe these signs of distrust in his deductions, for he was engaged in reading Ben Davis's letter, which, by the way, was the most commonplace of epistles.

"Dear Miss Delaney," it ran. "Will you do me the favor to accept these

jewels with my sincerest wishes for your future happiness? Wishing you a merry Christmas, I am yours very sincerely, Benjamin Davis."

It was natural, in view of his understanding of the matter, that the gift of the diamonds should not be concealed by Horace from George Edmunds and his wife. It happened later in the day, when Horace was showing them to Mrs. George, that she remarked casually, "Now that it is all settled, Horace, I don't mind telling you that I was very much concerned at one time lest Florence would accept Ben Davis."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed our hero, very nearly letting fall the precious stones in his agitation.

"Why, he was the 'another' of whom I was so much afraid, though I didn't let you see I was. I didn't know myself that he was Mr. Davis until a few weeks ago, and when I realized that I had induced him to egg you on to offer himself to his own sweetheart, I felt like a guilty wretch. But it was too late to draw back then. Why, Horace, how strange you look! I took it for granted that Florence had told you all about it."

"You have merely added just a few paltry details which make me inclined to be sorry that I let Florence keep those diamonds," said Horace, grimly.

"Ah, you won't be so cruel as to take them away now after telling her she could keep them? Besides it would hurt Mr. Davis's feelings. He has really been very generous."

"Confound him, yes. I suppose you are right, though. Poor fellow, how I pity him! I can certainly afford to be a little generous too."





Miss Dorothy McCallan.

(Photographed by F. Hollyer, from chalk drawing in the possession of the artist.)

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, R.A.

By Cosmo Monkhouse



WHO was it who invented the phrase, "the literary idea?" and did he quite understand what he meant by it? Did it occur to him that ideas are the property of the human mind and not of any particular art; that though some can be fully expressed by one art only, and some better expressed by one art than another, to deny the right of any art to ex-

erature would come off better than painting, but how changed and dull would it be if what may be called the "pictorial idea" were excluded from its territory.

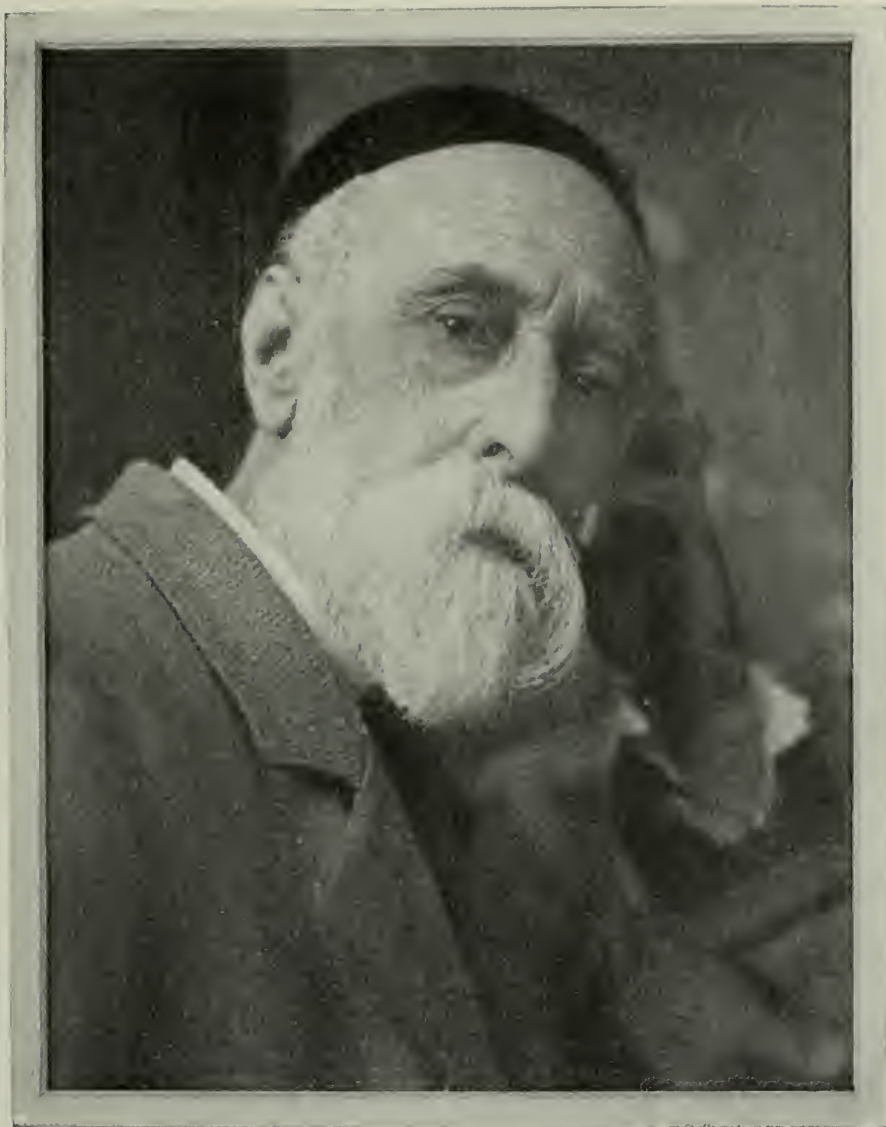
Fortunately men of imagination who are also artists have always refused to be strictly bound by pedantic theories, and the greatest of them have not been the first to break down any inconvenient barriers between one art and another, which hampered the expression of their thoughts. What has been will be, and even in the present day of dominant "realism" we have several artists who endeavor to express by paint such ideas as inspire them, without much regard as to whether they are "literary" or not. With one of these, Sir E. Burne-Jones, I dealt in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE last February, and I am now to write a few words about another, who has done as much as any artist of his generation to maintain the

press or suggest what it can would be to impoverish it very seriously? Lit-

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Death Crowning Innocence.
(Photographed by Cameron & Smith.)



G. F. Watts, R.A., from Life.
(Photographed by Cameron & Smith.)

claim of the art of painting not only to please and amuse, but to elevate the mind by the expression of the noblest ideas. It has been the strange fortune of Mr. Watts, who has never disguised the didactic aim of his art, to have been more or less exempted from the general condemnation which some modern critics have for many years distributed impartially on all painters whose art is not entirely for "art's sake." He is still regarded by most of these as a true artist; an artist as it were in spite of himself. And this he is even according to his own account, for he has told me that he would have expressed himself in words had that gift been vouchsafed to him. If one may judge from his few published utterances, like his early criticism of

Benjamin Robert Haydon, his description of his own works, and his delightful conversation, he underrates his own powers of effective speech; but still it is not to be regretted that his dominant power of expression has been graphic design, for this is a quality rarer even than eloquence, and he possesses it in a degree of force and purity which would have been exceptional at any time or in any country.

It was certainly by no ordinary strength of natural impulse that Mr. Watts, like Sir E. Burne-Jones, was constrained to devote the whole of his life to creating images of the unseen. The feeling of "something not ourselves" permeates the whole of their subject art, idealism invades their very portraits. The results are indeed dif-

ferent, for they spring from two different human beings, each of whom has allowed his own genius to develop in harmony with his own separate individuality, neither has permitted any accident or fashion or worldly consideration to mar or divert its normal growth.

Burne-Jones has the more romantic and more personal vision, Watts the broader and simpler imagination, and so, though their lines of thought often run near to each other, they can scarcely be ever said to touch. So much at least may be said in comparison of these two artists without approaching the "odious." Nor is it any disparagement to other living artists of imagination to say that Watts is perhaps the most self-taught and self-directed of all. It must be remembered that he belongs to a generation before the Pre-Raphaelite and later movements which have had so transforming an influence on modern art. When he first exhibited at the Royal Academy, in the year 1837, being then but twenty years old (he was born on the 23d of February, 1817), the chief lights of poetical, or what was then called "historical," art were Etty, Eastlake, Hilton, and Howard among painters, and Baily and Gibson among sculptors. These were all Academicians, and among the Associates there was not a man from whom Watts's genius could draw much nutriment. Outside the Academy was indeed Haydon, with his high aims and Titanic energy, and inside was the great Turner, whose genius, though principally shown in landscape, was all-embracing. Watts, no doubt, owed much indirectly to both of these, but not in the way of training. They had no influence on the schools of the Royal Academy, which he found so useless to him that he withdrew from them after a few weeks' attendance. He "haunted," as he expresses it, the studio of William Behnes, the portrait-sculptor, drawing from plaster casts, of which he had a good collection, but receiving no instruction from him. Of professional education in the ordinary sense he had received none when he exhibited "A Wounded Heron" and the portraits of two young ladies in the Royal

Academy in 1837. He will tell you that his real masters and standards of art were the Elgin marbles, and that he derived from them not only his sense of form and style, but suggestions of color. In 1838 he sent another portrait, in 1840 his first subject-picture, "Isabella e Lorenzo"—in 1841 a portrait of Miss Brunton, and the next year a portrait of Madame Ionides and a scene from "Cymbeline." The portrait of this year is especially noteworthy, as from that day to this Mr. Watts has painted a succession of portraits of the Ionides family—five generations in all. The first of the series were Constantine and Mary Ionides, painted about fifty years ago; the last is their great-great-grandchild, Miss Agathoniké Hélène, painted quite recently, and surely one of the most charming of his or any other artist's portraits of children. It is not given to many artists to paint five generations of the same family, or to retain the power at the age of seventy-six to present with such perfect freshness and sympathy the grace and sweetness of a little girl.

From 1842 there occurs a break of six years in Mr. Watts's contributions to the Royal Academy. At that time the art-world was agitated by the proposal of the Fine Arts Commission to hold competitive exhibitions of designs for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament with scenes from the history of Great Britain. The first exhibition was held in Westminster Hall in 1843. Artists young and old threw their whole energies into their cartoons, from poor Haydon, who had ever since 1812 been the consistent and loud-voiced instigator of the scheme, to Watts and other young men, who had yet their spurs to win.

To Haydon the competition was a bitter disappointment, perhaps the bitterest of his life, for he was unsuccessful; to Watts the result was the reverse, for he obtained one of the first-class prizes with his cartoon of "Caractacus led in Triumph through the Streets of Rome."* The £300 which he received facilitated his desire to go to Italy, the

* This was never carried out in fresco. Fragments of it are in the possession of Lord Northbourne.



Orpheus and Eurydice—in the possession of the artist.
(Photographed by Cameron & Smith.)



Hope—in the possession of Mr. William R. Moss.

(Photographed by Cameron & Smith.)

promised land of all young artists, and one day in the year 1843 he presented himself at the Casa Ferroni, then occupied by the British Legation at Florence, bearing a letter of introduction to Lord Holland, the British minister at the court of the Duke of Tuscany.

Here he not only received a welcome, but found a most valuable and constant friend. He went to Florence for a short stay; he remained for four years. On the walls of the Villa Careggi, where Lord Holland lived, and where Lorenzo de Medici died, still remains a fresco



Paola and Francesca—in the possession of the artist.
(Photographed by Cameron & Smith.)



Herr Joachim (1867)—in the possession of the artist.

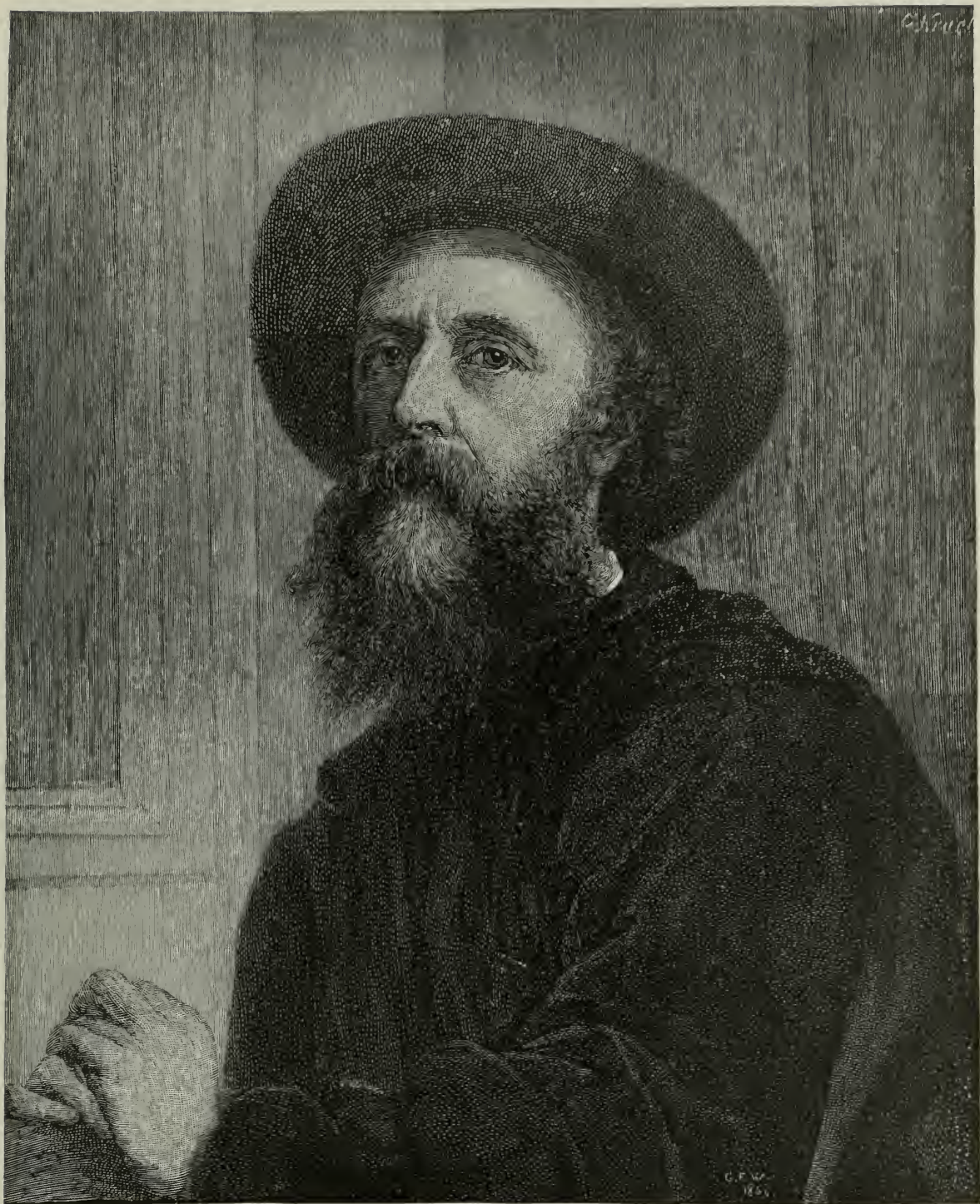
(Photographed by F. Hollyer.)

by Watts of an incident relating to the death of Lorenzo.*

But it is at Holland House that the happy effects of his introduction to Lord Holland can be best seen. There, besides many other portraits of the

* His fatal illness having aroused suspicions of poisoning, his friends seized his physician and cast him down a well. A sketch in oil for the composition is in Mr. Watts's possession.

Holland family, are the sprightly portrait of Lady Holland in a "Nice" hat, and the charming one of little Mary Fox (afterward Princess Liechtenstein) with the big dog "Elia." The former was painted in Florence about 1843. To the Florence time belong also the portraits of the Countess Walewska and the Countess Castiglione, and a



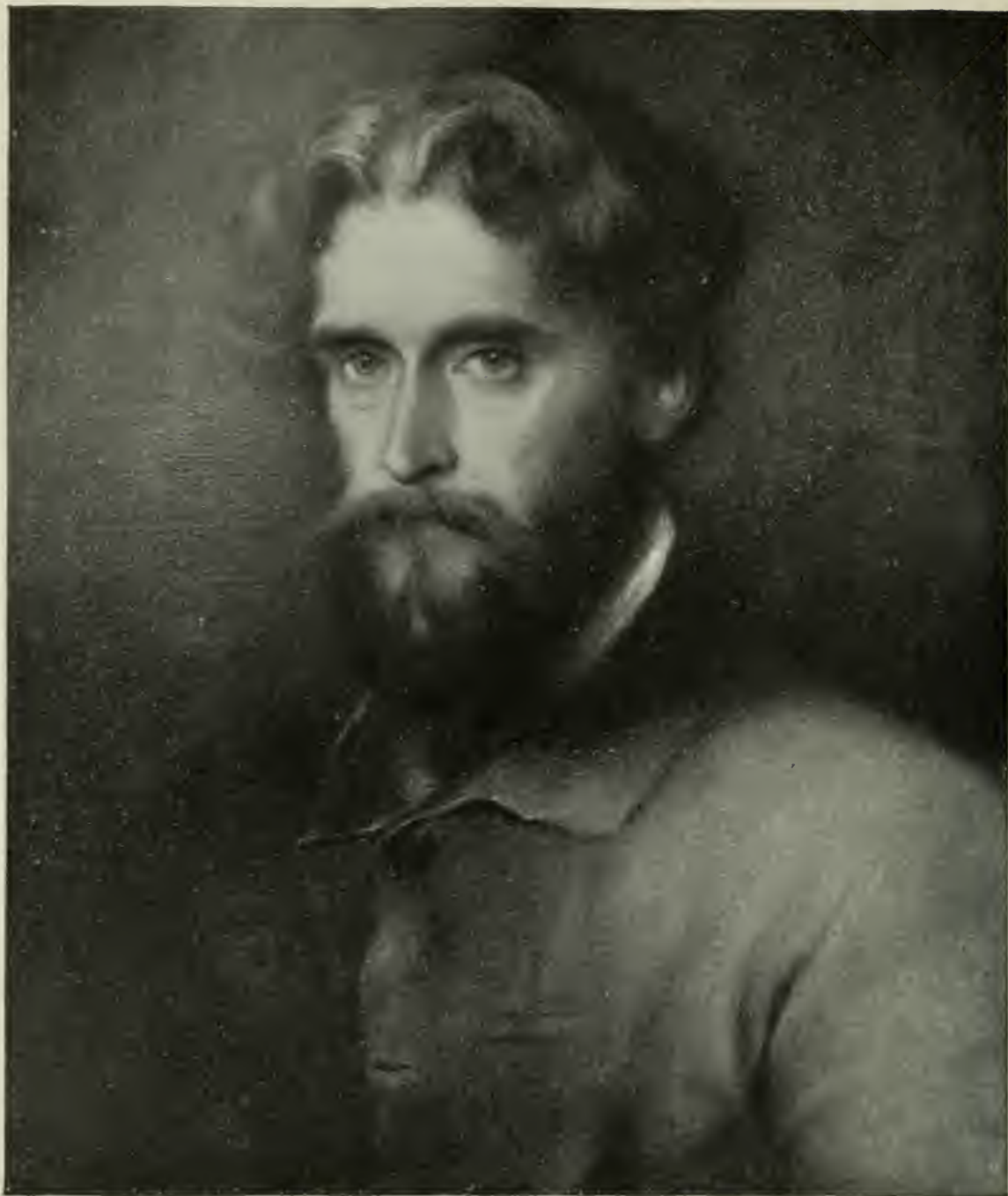
G. F. Watts, R.A., by himself—in the possession of the Dowager Lady Bowman.
(Photographed by F. Hollyer.)

series of sketches of Lord Holland's friends, including many of the Italian nobility.

Time passed so pleasantly and quickly in Italy that, if it had not been for a kind reminder from Lord Holland, Watts would probably have missed the competition of oil paintings for the Houses of Parliament, which was held

by the Fine Arts Commissioners in June, 1847. He returned to England just in time to send in his picture of "King Alfred Inciting the Saxons to Resist the Landing of the Danes," which duly obtained one of the first prizes, this time worth £500.

He also received a commission to execute in fresco the "St. George and the



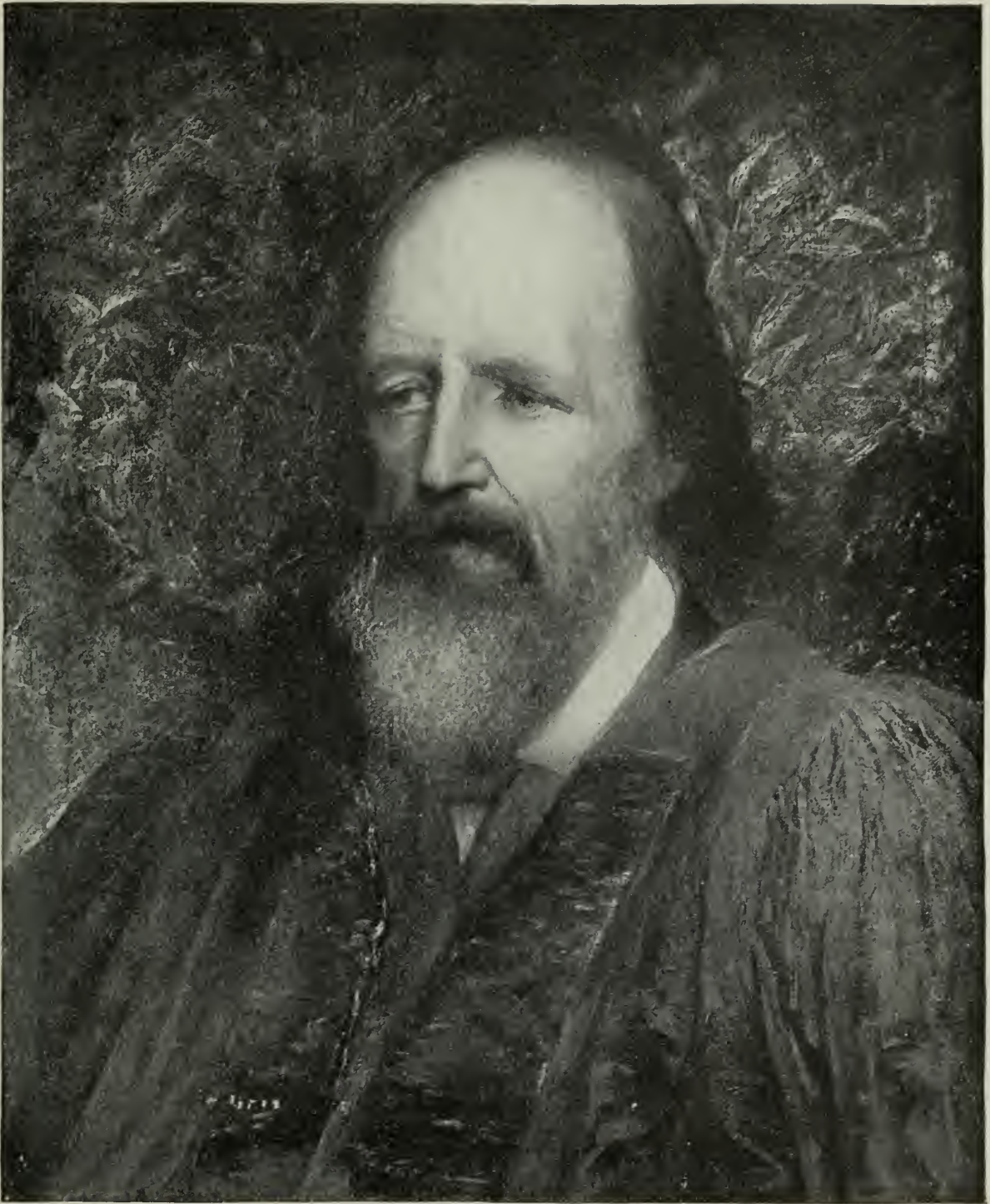
John Lothrop Motley (1882)—in the possession of the artist.

(Photographed by F. Hollyer.)

Dragon," which, begun in 1848, was completed in 1853, in the upper waiting-hall of the palace at Westminster. The "King Alfred" is also in the "House," having been purchased after a time, for a small sum, by the Commissioners.

He was now thoroughly possessed with the desire to stimulate the love of noble art and the spirit of patriotism in England by the adornment of the walls of public buildings with mighty frescos of great subjects, and he pursued this great aim with ardor for

many years after his return from Italy. If such a dream could be fulfilled by the will of artists alone, every public building in England would be covered with pictures; for, whatever else may be alleged against British artists, it can never be said that they have been wanting in public and patriotic spirit, or have weighed their labor by the ounce, when it was to be turned to a noble use. Barry, half starved, laboring at his huge pictures at the Society of Arts for the cost of his materials, the Royal



Lord Tennyson.

Photographed by F. Hollyer, after the unfinished study in oil in the possession of the artist. The painting was finished May, 1890.

Academy as a body, offering (in 1773) to decorate St. Paul's at their own expense, are striking evidences in the past; and of living men, Leighton, Shields, Armitage, and others have shown their willingness to work for public ends for nothing, or for journeyman's wages. Not least of these is Watts, who executed without fee the grand fresco of "Jus-

tice," 40 feet high by 45 feet long, in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn, and offered to decorate the great hall at Euston Railway Station with a series of mural paintings representing the "Progress of Commerce," for the bare cost of scaffolding and colors. This was refused, and the regret which we must all feel at the rejection of such a great offer is



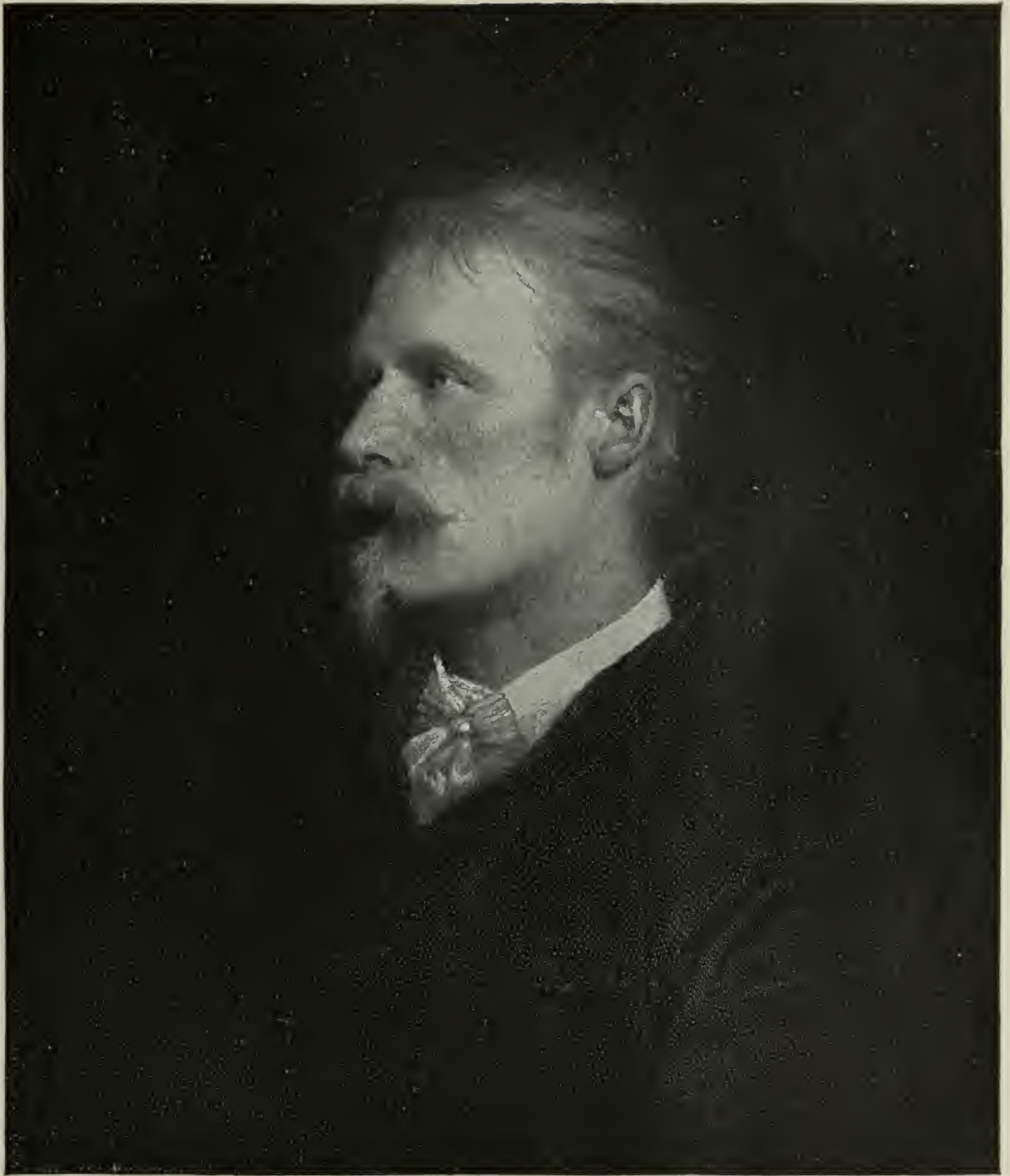
Algernon Charles Swinburne (1865)—in the possession of the artist.
(Photographed by F. Hollyer.)

mitigated by the reflection that the works, if executed, would probably, ere this, have followed the fate of nearly all frescos in England, and of most in other countries; while we should have missed a number of smaller but equally noble pictures, which, with proper care, will last for an indefinite time. The fresco at Lincoln's Inn has already had to undergo extensive reparations in tempera. It is gratifying to record that

the "Inn," in testimony of their appreciation of this monumental work, presented to Mr. Watts a cup and a honorarium of £500.*

Mr. Watts has been but a fitful exhibitor, and you cannot in his case, as in that of most English artists of distinction, trace his progress and career from

* Among other mural paintings by the artist are a fresco in the Church of St. James the Less, near Vauxhall Bridge, and "Achilles, Briseis, and Thetis," at Bowood, the seat of Lord Lansdowne.



Walter Crane (1893)—in the possession of the artist.

(Photographed by F. Hollyer.)

the catalogues of the Royal Academy. Yet the pictures which he sent to Trafalgar Square in 1848 and 1849 have some historic significance.

In the first of these years he sent two portraits, "Lady Holland" and "M. Guizot," and in the second, a large and elaborate oil picture called "Life's Illusions," and a drawing for a fresco, the subject of which was taken from Isaiah.

These works intimated the aims to which he was hereafter to devote his life almost exclusively. The portrait of M. Guizot was one of the first of that great series in which, more than any other artist of his time, he has reflected the best intellects and imaginations of the nineteenth century. From the Guizot of 1848 to the Sir Andrew Clark of yesterday, a period not far short of half a century, he has pur-

sued a consistent aim in painting a gallery of great men, not for the most part for money or for other people, but for himself and for the nation, to whom he will bequeath them; or rather such as still belong to him at his death, for a few are in private hands and he has already given some to the National Portrait Gallery.* In "Life Illusions" and the drawing from Isaiah there is a distinct departure from merely historic illustrative art, their intention being to "body forth the forms of things unknown," to give to the "airy nothings" of a poet's vision "a local habitation and a name."

Henceforth he is to be a painter of ideas, of the properties and attributes of the human race, of the forces which surround and mould the lives of men, of the dreams and aspirations of the world—a painter of spiritual motive power.

"Whatever stirs this mortal frame," whether passions high and low, beauty or intellect, religion or philosophy, these were then, and are now, the true subjects of his art.

It is only at first sight that there seems to be anything radically divergent in these two aims—the life-like imitation of an individual and the pure

* Lord John Russell, Lord Lyons, and Lord Lyndhurst.



Miss Agathoniké Héléne Ionides (1893)—in the possession of Mr. Alexander Ionides.

(Photographed by F. Hollyer.)

creation of ideal images. It is not the subject but the artist which divides art into what is usually the "real" and the "ideal." A portrait by a Denner is, indeed, mundane enough, but so is an allegory by a Bronzino, and when a man like Rembrandt or Watts paints either a portrait or a vision, he removes it to a sphere beyond the reach of mere physical sensation.



From the Half-length Portrait of Mary, Wife of Constantine Ionides (1842)—in the possession of Constantine Ionides, her grandson.
(Photographed by F. Hollyer.)

Whether he paints portrait or history, takes his theme from a book or his own invention, Watts's aim is always ideal. When a man embodies an idea we call it *imagination*, when he paints a material object in such a way as to express its essential beauty we call it *insight*, but the faculties are closely akin though employed, one in creation and the other in revelation. But though akin they are distinct, like two hands, and some artists seem to be able to use one and not the other. Mr. Watts, however, is, so to speak, ambidextrous, and can make us feel either the presence of Death or the genius of Tennyson. In both cases he impresses our minds with a new image of the immaterial.

The secret of Mr. Watts's strange power of drawing into the faces of his sitters suggestions of their inner being

lies, no doubt, essentially in his wide and sensitive sympathy with his kind.

In the presence of his sitters he surrenders his own individuality. He has no wish to produce a fine picture sealed with his own artistic *cachet*, whereby everyone who looks may say, "This is a Watts." Of course, you can generally tell a "Watts" portrait at once by its tone and color and handling, and more certainly, perhaps, by a certain sense of the presence of a real person alone with his thoughts, secluded in a veil as of a special intellectual atmosphere. But such marks of identification are the unconscious results of the artist's own self-suppression.

In all his works he regards his art as only a means to an end, and the end of a portrait to him is a truthful resemblance of the sitter, truthful not only to the body but the mind. In the



Iris—the latest picture painted by Mr. Watts.
(Photographed by F. Hollyer.)



Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham—in the possession of Hon. Percy Wyndham.
(Photographed by F. Hollyer.)



The Throne of Death (unfinished)—in the possession of the artist.

(Photographed by F. Hollyer.)



The Rider on the White Horse (1881)—in the possession of the artist.
(Photographed by F. Hollyer.)

Pall Mall Gazette Extra, No. 22, p. 13, will be found an interesting account of his way of painting portraits, given in his own words. In the course of it he observes :

“In my imaginative work I consider myself perfectly free as to detail so long as I do not violate any law ; but not so, of course, in portrait-painting, when, while giving my mental faculties full play so as to seize my sitter’s intellect-

ual characteristics, I observe equally the physical minutiae. To assist myself, I converse with him, note his turn of thought, his disposition, and I try to find out, by inquiry or otherwise (if he is not a public man, or is otherwise unknown to me), his character and so forth ; and having made myself master of these details, I set myself to place them on the canvas, and so reproduce not only his face, but his character and nature.”



Statue of Hugh Lupus at Eaton Hall, the Duke of Westminster's Country Seat near Chester.

(Photographed by F. Hollyer)

There can be little doubt that this was the way of some of the greatest portrait-painters of old—Titian, for example, and Bellini, Lotto and Rembrandt, Moroni and Raphael—but none the less has Watts made a new departure in modern art. The power which was a natural gift grew with exercise, and it has not decreased to the present day, as his admirable portrait of Walter Crane is alone sufficient to testify. Physically the portrait is neither flattering nor the reverse, it is

the very image of the man, and the sincerity and energy of its character are equally true to life. A great advance is to be noted between the Guizot of 1848 and the Gladstone of 1865, a portrait which I have elsewhere said is not only a history but a prophecy. Since then his hand has grown freer while his insight has remained as keen, and the level he reached in such portraits as those of John Stuart Mill (1874) and Cardinal Manning (1882), if it has not been exceeded is still maintained.

In confirmation of this we may point not only to the Walter Crane, but among other works to two noble studies made by him of his old friend Lord Tennyson in his latter years, and I can imagine no better index of Watts's manner as a portrait-painter at different periods of his life than his pictures of this great poet. It has always been Watts's ambition to raise the pictorial art of his country to the level of its literature, and none has succeeded so nearly. In his pictures he, like Tennyson, has aimed at the highest standard of pure and noble thought, and the intellectual sympathy between them has no doubt helped to make his portraits of the poet of exceptional value. The earliest (1859) is in the possession of Lady Henry Somerset; another very fine one belongs to the Dowager Lady Bowman; another, in red robes, is at Trinity College, Cambridge, but has never been exhibited; another, in peer's robes, is in the possession of the artist.

It is impossible within the limits of this article to go through the whole catalogue of poets and painters, of men of science and thought, of soldiers and statesmen, of noble men and beautiful women, whom Watts has painted; and I may perhaps be permitted to quote a few lines which I have written elsewhere about these portraits. "A past of anxious search through metaphysic mazes for the truths most desired of mankind, is written in the thought-worn face of Dr. Martineau; a future of passionate unrest in the eager, subtle, self-conscious features of Gladstone in his prime. In Arthur Stanley we see the sensitive lip almost trembling with its message of good-will toward men; in Lord Lawrence, the man of thought as well as of action, the devoted and able servant of his country, the soldier and statesman in one. Here, the distinctive nobleness of each preserved, is the quiet definite Mill opposed to the thundering indefinite Carlyle. These few words may give some notion of the breadth of Mr. Watts's sympathy, and of the unerring certainty of his insight. To detect his finer discriminativeness some special and peculiar class of portraits should be studied. No class will

serve this purpose better than that of poets; for the mental characteristics of the sitters are widely known, their number is small, and all the greatest of them are here. Of Tennyson there are two portraits: one taken in 1859, the other recently. In both there is a touch of mystery which is wanting in the presentments of the sitter's brethren; in both there is a something of the seer and the philosopher—a something, too, of the fastidious workman who is long in seeking out the best. The powerful head is a laboratory where thoughts volatilize in passion, and passion is absorbed in thought. The fire of genius that one rather feels than sees, smoulders long sometimes before it bursts into flame; but to look at Mr. Watts's portraits is to be as sensible of its presence as of its safe control. The later work in nowise contradicts the earlier, it is rather the proof and fulfilment of it; passion, imagination, and reflection are the chords of both. On the others I have not space to enlarge. I shall only note that in each particular face the painter has shadowed forth some special and peculiar characteristic: in Browning's, speculation; in Swinburne's, ardor; in Taylor's, reason; in Arnold's, criticism; in Morris's, taste." Perhaps the most important addition not before mentioned to Watts's Gallery of Celebrities, since these words were written, are the John Lothrop Motley and the Lord Lytton of 1882, both of the finest quality. In his studio is now an unfinished study of Professor Max Müller. When we come to consider Watts's works of imaginative art, we shall find that they are most easily arranged by dividing them into the classes of ideas which they embody. In the first place, abstract ideas of Time, Life, Death, Love, Justice, as in the Lincoln's Inn fresco; his pictures of "Time, Death, and Judgment," of "Love and Death," of "Love and Life," of "Hope"—perhaps the most nobly pathetic of all his works. Secondly, ideas of human life, of which the images are not less the creation of the artist though they are suggested by the myths of classical legend. Such are the "Orpheus and Eurydice," the "Daphne,"

the "Psyche," and the "Three Goddesses," or, as the artist prefers to call it, "Olympus on Ida." Perhaps the latter more properly belongs to the class in which the artist has given himself up more completely to the overpowering charm of the dreams of classical poetry—dreams of Arcadia and Olympus. Under this head may be mentioned the lovely "Bacchanal" and the "Ganymede." More hard to class are the "Genius of Greek Poetry," that fine design which reminds one equally of Phidias and Michael Angelo, and the playful pictures of Cupids in various delightful occupations, like "Good Luck to your Fishing," works of his old age but full of the very sportfulness of youth. Fourthly, come a few biblical subjects, which, like the classical ones, are not "illustrations" so much as embodiments of ideas suggested by the Bible. Such are "Cain," the typical presentment of the wrath of Heaven against murder, and the "Rider on the White Horse," the majestic image of the power that conquers. If we add the series of evil forces of human life in the hideous forms of "Minotaur," "Mammon," etc.; a few pictures of the misery of London like "Drowned," and a few more trivial subjects like "A Rainy Day," we shall have pretty well indicated the range which Mr. Watts has allowed to his imagination—and a wide range it is, as wide almost as life itself.

The forms in which Mr. Watts has clothed his abstract ideas are of great force and dignity, and many of his conceptions are often striking in their originality, clinging in no way to old traditions except when those are in accordance with his own sense of essential truth. Time the destroyer, imaged from time immemorial as an old man, appears to him to be ever young and strong, marching through all the ages with unflinching step, a destroyer maybe, but also the leader of life. So he has drawn him in his impressive design of "Time, Death, and Judgment." Death appears to him no more as the grinning skeleton of the *Danse Macabre*, but either a sad irresistible force, stronger even than love (human love), as in perhaps the grandest of all his

pictures, the "Love and Death,"* or as the endlessly pitying angel who consoles all mortals for their troubles, as in the "Angel of Death," and the "Throne of Death," that monumental picture which still unfinished hangs in his studio at "Linnets Lease," his country house near Guildford. Love, sometimes as the ideal of human beauty, as in the "Wife of Pygmalion," or of celestial beauty, as in the Venus in the "Three Goddesses;" sometimes as a beautiful winged figure, as in "Love and Death," again as the guide of Life helping her feeble footsteps to reach the rocky summit of earthly pilgrimage, as in "Love and Life." All these loves are beneficent, but the influence of maleficent passion he has made the subject of two or three pictures on which he has lavished a more than usual wealth of invention and an unwonted luxury of color. These are his two visions of the "Fata Morgana" from Boiardo's poem, and "Mischief," in which a figure representing Physical Manhood is snared in the briars by Passion in the form of Love. In such subjects, and those based upon classical legend, the ideas are naturally conveyed in forms which suggest perfect physical beauty; but Watts paints what is called "the nude" with a grandeur of style and a reserve in imitation which so purifies them that they never appeal directly to the senses. We see all his figures as in a mirror, surrounded and softened, but not blurred, by a charmed atmosphere. Some of these pictures are of his finest, nor do I know any artist who has rendered so powerfully the awful moment when Eurydice falls back, dead, slain again by the look of her lover. The "Daphne" is certainly one of the most beautiful single figures in all art, and despite its fully developed contours one of the purest, the ideal of virgin beauty shrinking before the advent of the Sun-God. A worthy companion is the girlish figure of Psyche, conscious of the ruin of her happiness by the indulgence of her curiosity. Both of these figures, like so much of Watts's work, show how strongly he combines the temperament

* Presented by the artist to the Whitworth Institute at Manchester.

of the painter and the sculptor. It was the remark of one of the most celebrated sculptors of the present day, on looking round the Gallery at Little Holland House,* that he had left little for sculptors to do. He referred not to Watts's sculpture, but his paintings, in which he has expressed the most fundamental ideas of philosophy and religion, the most abstract types of human passion, in the language of form and gesture. It is still one of the doubts in Mr. Watts's own mind whether his natural talent was not stronger in the direction of sculpture than painting. Yet he has never for a moment forgotten the limits which technically divide the domain of the one art from the other. If the ideas are those which might have been well expressed in sculpture, he has always seen them, felt them, and expressed them as an artist whose medium is paint and not marble, as one who had to produce on a flat surface the illusion of relief, and as one to whom color should always form an essential constituent of conception. His pictures can never be open to the charge against David and his school, of being bas-reliefs painted. They are thought as well as wrought in paint, and paint only.

No illustration of this can be much better than his beautiful picture of the "Judgment of Paris," or the "Three Goddesses," a subject which demands ideal treatment whether at the hand of a sculptor or a painter. It may be compared with the Three Graces in that fine antique group now preserved in the library of Siena Cathedral, with the picture made from it by Raphael (once in the Dudley Gallery and now in the collection of the Duc d'Aumale), and again with the Three Goddesses in Rubens's picture in the National Gallery. In the first work we have sculpture pure, in the second sculpture painted, while in the third we have pure painting in which the ideal is missed. Rubens's Three Goddesses may represent his so-called "ideal" of female beauty, but they are only Flemish women of fine physique painted as nearly like nature as possible. Watts's

Three Goddesses are distinctly ideal dreams of abstract beauty, but they are not sculpture, they are not even translations of sculpture into painting; they are conceived with a painter's sense and executed with a painter's hand.

But Watts is a sculptor also. His exquisite bust of "Clytie" is so large in style and noble in movement, that it lives in the memory with the antique. Mr. Gosse in a recent paper has claimed for it a notable place in the history of modern sculpture, as marking that new departure from the old conventions which has revived the art in the present generation. Richly picturesque in its design and full of vigorous life is the colossal equestrian statue of Hugh Lupus, the huntsman, the *Grosvenour*, which adorns the grounds of Eaton Hall, the seat in Cheshire of the Duke of Westminster, the head of the house of Grosvenor. Finely realized is the action of Lupus as he reins in his steed to watch under his uplifted hand the flight of his hawk. Of nobler suggestion, and of equal grandeur, is another equestrian statue, in which the rider is no mediæval sportsman but the spirit of Physical Energy itself. This still awaits completion. Nor, in the record of his plastic work, must I omit to mention the fine recumbent figure of Bishop Lonsdale in Lichfield Cathedral.

The landscapes of Mr. Watts have been few and far between, but they are as characteristic as any of his work, and perhaps more unique. His "Return of the Dove to the Ark," with its wild waste of waters and relentless sky, struck, as he has so often done, a new note of elemental poetry, and his more realistic but still (in the intellectual sense) "impressionist" records of Naples and its vicinity, one of which, "Vesuvius," has recently been admirably engraved by Mr. Frank Short, are nearer perhaps to Turner in feeling than any of the works of that artist's imitators. The same may be said of two small views of misty sea, gray but palpitating with iridescent color, which formed a striking feature of the Exhibition at the New Gallery a year or two ago.

In his "Morning after the Deluge," with its sun rising in a huge envelope

* Full of his life-work, and opened free to the public on Saturdays and Sundays.

of orange mist, he tends to the transcendental, as indeed he does in his strange vision of the Conscience—the “Dweller in the Innermost” as he calls it—a description of which is impossible.

As I look through what I have written I am sadly struck with the numbers of things which I have wished to say and have left unsaid.* His portraits of women, many of which are of great beauty, and some of his finest pictures, like “Endymion” and “Paolo and Francesca,” have been left almost unnoticed. The latter is unique among Watts’s work, for it is the only picture in which he has set himself to express the ideas of another’s mind. It is also one of his most successful pictures, and by far the finest rendering of Dante’s immortal episode that has been made by any artist.

I have said nothing either of his trilogy of the history of “Eve,” which will hereafter count among the noblest of his works. That I have said little about the artist and his life I care little, for such reticence would be in accordance with his wishes. He lives, as he has always lived, a life quiet and retired, but not without the society of a large and choice circle of friends, surrounded, whether in town at Little Holland House (the second), or in the country at Limners Lease, by his works in various states of completion, touching now one and now another, as his impulse comes. He has sold comparatively few of his pictures, not from want of buyers, but from choice, in order to keep them by him to perfect, and with the view of devoting his life’s work, as far as possible, to the nation. So he has kept himself comparatively, but only comparatively, poor, with enough to enable him to work in peace, without display. He has twice refused the honor of a baronetcy, as, among other reasons, unsuited to his quiet tastes and moderate means. Not late in his career and with steps of unusual rapidity he attained the highest honors of his profession, and since then his position has remained unas-

* On his technique and other matters I have already written, in the article before referred to, in the Magazine of Art (1882).

sailed.* Never robust in health, he has lived to a good old age. With eyesight almost unimpaired, and hand almost as sure as ever, he still works on, not only perfecting his earlier work, but actually developing new interests and power. He is one of those men who, like his forerunners, Bellini and Titian, never seem to grow old in spirit, remaining keenly alive to all the movements of the day in his art and out of it. One of the most striking signs of the vitality of his mind is the new departure in color, of which many of his later works are the witness. He has never looked upon color, as most painters do, as an aim in itself apart from his subject. Color, form, and subject have to him been always inseparable parts of his conception, and this is the reason why his color is somewhat unequal as a pleasure-giving quality, and why some fail to understand how a man who has shown such a sense of rich color in such pictures as “Mischief” or “The Birth of Eve,” should forego its attractions when treating subjects to which it is less appropriate.† But of late years, perhaps the “Uldra” (water-nymph) of 1882 was the first sign of it, he has shown new interest in the vibration of light and color, and many of his later pictures, like “Hope” and “Love” and “Death,” shimmer with a tender iridescence. This lovely effect is perhaps most palpable in his very last imaginative work, a vision of “Iris,” with her drapery fluttering behind a rainbow, one of the most beautiful of all his creations.

On the gentle influence which has blessed his later years I scarcely dare to touch; but it will be good for all lovers of art and all admirers of his noble life to know that, with Mrs. Watts by his side, the peaceful progress of the one and the happy prolongation of the other are as well assured as anything can be in a changing world.

* Of the many evidences of appreciation, not only in his own country, one of the most notable was the request to add his portrait to the great portrait gallery of artists in the Uffizzi at Florence, where it now hangs side by side with those of the “old masters.”

† It is generally when the artist’s imagination has not been strongly engaged that his color is unsatisfactory; as a rule, the nobler the subject the finer the color.



A MODERN SIR GALAHAD

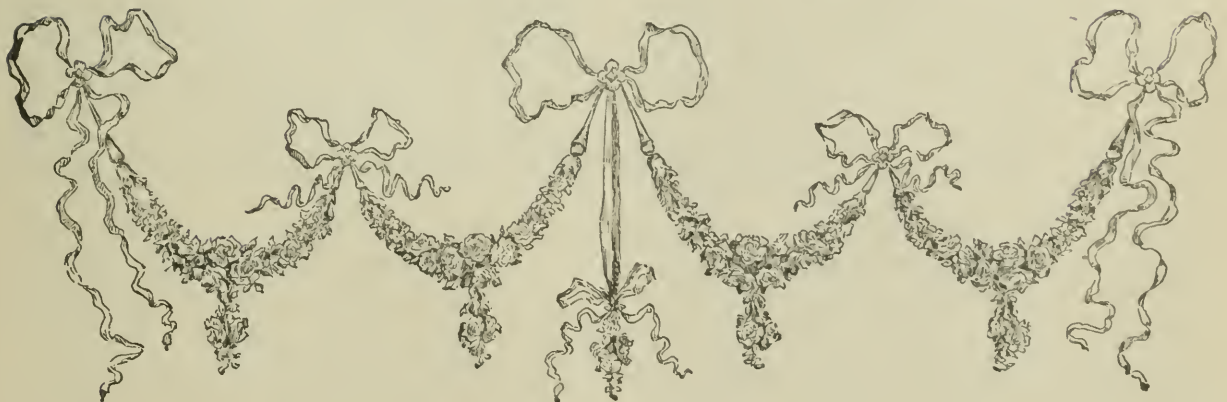
By Hannah Parker Kimball

THIS is Sir Galahad. Clear from the mist
Of the past we can see him, gracious, fair ;
The lips that the spirit loved and kissed ;
The halo of palely golden hair ;
The brow to the light of the vision bare.
But a doubt to the depths of his bright soul creeps,
And Sir Galahad weeps.

Is it Sir Galahad? Forged to endure
This armor ; these are his true young eyes ;
These are the wasted profile pure,
The eager hands that should grasp the prize,
The voice that should thrill with the glad surprise ;
But a doubt in the heart of the Knight is come,
And Sir Galahad's dumb.

Himself he has questioned : "What is the grail,
That by the vision should be revealed?"
He has waited. Alas, now visions fail !
So he mounts his steed and takes his shield,
And now he fares through town and field ;
Since doubt has entered Sir Galahad's breast,
The Knight cannot rest.

Poor Sir Galahad ! Visionless Knight !
The other knew visions—ah, happy he !
But for thee, who seekest the mystery bright,
Full of agony, bend we the knee
And pray that thy soul its hope may see—
Even if it come at thy latest breath
And through that revealer whom men call Death.



THE MANTLE OF OSIRIS

BEING THEODORE POPE'S OWN NARRATIVE OF HIS POTENTIAL DISCOVERY; WITH A PREFATORY STATEMENT BY WILLIAM BISHOP, N.A.

By Walter Launt Palmer



SHOULD I not return within two years, you may fairly assume that I never will. Then open this packet, and make its contents public in the way I have directed."

With substantially these words, Theodore Pope handed me a bulky, sealed envelope the day before setting forth upon his perilous and mysterious journey into the heart of Morocco. The two years have long ago elapsed, and, as I can no longer hope that my friend is alive, I now—with a keen sense of the responsibility of my position—undertake to execute what I believe he intended, being obliged to rely upon my own judgment because of the unfortunate circumstance that—by an error of my own and by a mere accident—Pope's written instructions, as well as the only means of verifying his wonderful story, have been irretrievably lost.

Therefore, after long and anxious deliberation, I have decided simply to publish the narrative, prefacing it with such facts of my own knowledge as seem necessary for the clear comprehension of the situation; and believing that the information here imparted will lead some bold spirit to force from the desert of Sakkarah and from the Moorish mountains their long-hidden and invaluable secret.

Theodore Pope and I were fellow-students in the Duran Atelier, in Paris, from 1876 to 1880. He was from Boston, and was the only child of an invalid father. We became intimate friends and were almost inseparable. He was of good physique, though not large, and had a strong and rather masterful nature. I was generally content to follow his leadership; in fact, in the atelier, where we had early been dubbed "Le Pape" and "L'Evêque,"

John Sargent once greeted us with the remark:

"Here comes the Apostolic Succession," a title from which we never afterward escaped.

For three or four years after leaving Paris we were both living in New York City. Pope's father died and left him wealthy. He went abroad in the fall of 1885, and shortly afterward wrote me that he was going to Egypt, to spend the winter and collect data for a great Biblical picture. Pope was industrious and serious, but I never cared for his over-scientific kind of art. Consequently, when he wrote me more and more of his interest in Egyptology, and less of his painting, I thought it just as well. Finally, he avowedly abandoned Art, and enthusiastically devoted himself to the study of the history, language, and relics of Ancient Egypt. The several succeeding winters Pope spent in the land of the Pharaohs, leaving, each spring, only when the intense heat drove him across the Mediterranean. During these years we did not meet, but kept up a steady though not frequent correspondence. His letters were mostly enthusiastic accounts of his studies and investigations. One of them in particular I had fortunately preserved, and here copy, as it contains several things which bear peculiarly upon subsequent events. In fact, considering now these events, his interest at that time in the two subjects—the wonder of the Cyclopean works accomplished by the Egyptians, and the mysterious and obscure cartouche—seems almost prophetic. Here is the letter:

"HOTEL DU NIL, CAIRO,
February 23, 1888.


"MY DEAR BILL: I found your good letter of January 30th awaiting me here last night when I arrived from Luxor. I made the voyage down the

river on board Mr. Thurber's Dahabiyeh. You must remember the Thurbers in Paris? The oldest daughter married Bloomfield, you know. But if you could spend two weeks in such company, and hear the Egyptian myths and the heretic king discoursed upon by the two clever daughters and the learned father, I am sure you would be won over to Egyptology.

"Well, as I have written you several times, this is a great country, and they were a marvellous people who inhabited it a few thousand years ago. They were real architects, but their sculpture and drawing were simply childish, though sometimes unconsciously decorative. You have heard often of 'Cleopatra eyes,' and that the Egyptians were an 'almond-eyed' race. The fact is that they never attempted to draw other than the profile of a head, and then could not manage the eye in perspective, and consequently carved or painted the front view of an eye on the side of a face. But even compared with their great development of architecture, the amazing thing to contemplate in this people is their achievements in handling enormous stones. How in thunder did those old duffers do it? No one has offered a satisfactory theory. The subject greatly engrosses me. Consider, for instance, the fallen statue of Rameses II., at Thebes, a single block of red sienite, nearly sixty feet high. It is estimated to weigh nine hundred tons, and the stone was brought one hundred and fifty miles down the Nile.

"Yet they showed great lack of mechanical understanding in their building up of stone-work. In the great Pylons, there is an entire absence of a proper system of 'breaking joints' and of tying the whole mass together. But there are great stones everywhere; the higher up, the larger the stones. How then, lacking almost all of the mechanical aids and appliances now in use—primarily—any large metal construction—could the ancients do these great works which would stagger our engineers in this iron age?

"Another thing which occupies much of my attention is the possible meaning of a rare cartouche I can almost

claim to have discovered. It is this sign:  a circle, a straight line and a triangle, enclosed in the usual cartouche oval. This brings me to the real gist of my letter. Some day, when you have nothing better to do, can't you go to the Metropolitan Museum and the Historical Society's Rooms, and see if you can discover this hieroglyph upon any of the Egyptian relics?

"I have written you a long letter without one word in reply to yours! Well, I don't believe in answering letters, particularly at such long range. You write all about yourself, and I'll write all about myself, and I'm sure it will be satisfactory all around. But anyway, write soon.

"Yours as ever,

"THEODORE POPE."

Pope and I arranged to spend the summer of 1891 together in Europe. We were to meet at Gibraltar in the early spring, arriving there by steamers from opposite directions—he from Alexandria, and I from New York—and intended to go over to Morocco, then back to Cadiz, and so on through Spain and up to Paris in time for the Salon. I reached Gibraltar on March 7th, and found, by a letter awaiting me there, that Pope would not arrive for almost a week. But the time did not hang heavily on my hands in that nondescript picturesque little town that hangs on the side of the famous rock. At the hotel I became acquainted with Captain Percy Breeze, much spoken of lately on account of his book about Morocco. He gave me many thrilling accounts of his difficult journeys into that land which, though lying within two hours' voyage of European civilization, has not yet emerged from the darkness of the despotic and cruel Middle Ages. When Pope did arrive, I found him much changed from the Pope of a few years previous. He was as friendly as ever, save that he appeared extremely preoccupied and absent-minded, and I could but feel that there was something of moment on his mind of which I knew nothing.

Of the first few days that we spent at Gibraltar, I need say little. Only one incident must be noticed. Pope wore

a double watch-chain, carrying his watch in one pocket, and on the other side a bunch of trinkets. One morning I entered his room while he was dressing, and while carelessly fingering the charms attached to his chain as it lay upon the bureau, happened to notice a gold wire ring carrying a turquoise upon which was engraved the device which Pope had asked me to look for in the New York museum, and which, by the way, I had never found.

"Hello!" I exclaimed, "here's that cartouche of yours. Did you ever find out what it meant?"

Pope looked up quickly and with evident annoyance. After a rather unusual interval, he replied, slowly: "I have made a good many guesses."

"What is there about it?"

"A great deal," he answered, nervously, "but I can't tell you about it. It's too long a story."

This struck me as curious, but I saw plainly that Pope did not wish to be further questioned, and so I dropped the subject.

About a week after Pope's arrival at Gibraltar we were walking in the Alameda and encountered Captain Breeze, who was no longer living at the hotel. I was quite pleased to have Pope meet him, being sure they would have many interests in common. I did not suspect what a striking one they would come upon almost at once.

After some unimportant remarks, we all sat down upon a bench and Captain Breeze began to open a small package he was carrying.

"I have just found a most curious thing," he said, "and I am particularly glad to meet you at this time, Mr. Pope, as you, perhaps, can give me some light as to the meaning or origin of this inscription, for I have often thought it Egyptian. If so, it proves a most important fact in the history of northern Africa—that is, that the Egyptians travelled into Morocco at a very remote date."

All this time he was struggling with an obdurate knot, but finally opened the bundle and produced an old Moorish dagger of a common shape.

"I just got this of a Moor down at the market," continued Breeze. "The

dagger is ordinary enough, but this stone in the end of the handle is what took me."

I was seated between the other two, and as the Captain handed me the dagger, I observed in the hilt a blue stone, engraved with the same forms as were on Pope's ring. But Pope, after one glance at it, sprang to his feet and demanded, almost fiercely, "What do you mean? What do you know about that mark?"

He stood, glaring at the Captain, who, unruffled though evidently surprised, turned an inquiring glance toward me, and then deliberately answered:

"I once saw that same inscription on the face of a cliff in the Riff Mountains."

Pope's manner changed. He grew very pale and sat down, looking straight ahead of him and breathing hard.

"Is it an Egyptian hieroglyph?" asked the Captain.

"Yes, it is Egyptian." Then in a moment Pope added. "Just where is the cliff that bears this inscription?"

"Near a small town called Djebel Reh, in the heart of Morocco. I am probably the only white man who ever saw it."

"Can you tell me anything more about the place?" asked Pope, with ill-disguised excitement.

"Indeed I can. It is a most extraordinary spot, and the stories they tell about it are still more extraordinary. I had heard the legend many times and in various shapes before going into that part of the country, and could but believe that there was something quite unusual about this so-called Djebel Reh, or "Mountain of the Wind."

"Do tell me the legend!" exclaimed Pope, no longer attempting to conceal his agitation.

"They say that as one approaches the mountain from whatever direction the wind is always blowing toward it, and when I got nearest it there certainly was a wind blowing that way. But the story is that the wind increases in force as one ascends the mountain-side, and that finally it drags everything with it, and that any man venturing far enough is swept on and dropped into the mouth of hell, which is on the top of the mountain."

"And are they rendered sick and dizzy?" broke in Pope.

"Why, yes," said the Captain, "I forgot to mention that. Then you've heard the story?"

"No, I never did. Please go on."

The Captain looked at him with a puzzled expression, but continued, deliberately:

"Of course I imagined it would prove to be the crater of a volcano, but as I approached the mountain saw no signs of such a formation, and no one ever had spoken of smoke or fire arising from it. It was a precipitous granite formation, and could be ascended only with difficulty. It was on the smooth face of a cliff that I found this sign cut. The figure was several feet high and in a most inaccessible place. I had no opportunity to ascend the mountain, though I greatly desired to do so."

Pope jumped up and paced up and down in front of us. Presently he stopped and asked of Breeze:

"Will you tell me how to get to this place?"

"My dear sir, it is practically impossible. I barely got away from there with my life. The people are fanatical and savage, and even the Sultan of Morocco cannot subdue them or collect his taxes of them."

I admired the calm, civil way in which this English gentleman answered Pope's questions. He did not ask him to explain himself, and evidently considered my friend somewhat daft. After a little Pope seemed to realize how strange his own conduct had been, and said:

"I beg you will overlook my manner during this conversation. I have been taken entirely by surprise, and you cannot possibly realize the importance of what you have told me. You, sir, will have due credit for what you have found. The whole of mankind will be grateful to you. For myself, I probably would have spent the rest of my life in fruitless search for the clue that you have accidentally given me."

"But," exclaimed the Captain, "it cannot be of so much consequence whether the Egyptians got so far as Morocco or not."

"It is of the utmost consequence.

You must excuse me, I cannot explain any further. I must go to the Riff Mountains at any risk. If I find what I expect and return to tell of it we can go back there in the wake of an army. The world will consider the conquest of Morocco a small price to pay for what I verily believe these Riff Mountains contain. But this time I must go alone."

Neither of us replied to this extraordinary statement. It was so incomprehensible that there seemed nothing to be said. Breeze arose to go. Pope arranged with him for another interview, and we two walked back to our hotel, he silent but in great agitation, and I with the mournful conviction that my old friend was a madman.

In this opinion both Captain Breeze and myself wavered many times pro and con. Naturally, we both thought that Pope must have visions of finding whole mountains of gold or precious stones, but the utter contempt with which he received this suggestion obliged us to abandon it. There seemed nothing left but the idea of the Fountain of Life, or some such wild legend, and Pope was in all other ways so entirely himself that it was hard to imagine him bound to any such mad dream. He simply said that he would not disclose the secret until he had completed his discovery or was convinced that he never could do so. The Captain and I had many conversations about all this, but finally, seeing that Pope would not be dissuaded from his purpose, Captain Breeze undertook to advise him as to the most feasible method of accomplishing it.

After many meetings and consultations and careful preparations, he and I accompanied Pope to Tangier, where the captain rendered him invaluable service in obtaining reliable servants and in fitting out his little caravan. He had given him no end of detailed advice and information, all of which Pope had carefully noted down. To the last I had some little hope of dissuading my friend from making the rash attempt to reach Djebel Reh, even insisting that he was in honor bound to spend the summer with me as he had promised, but he seemed to have no patience with such remarks. So, on

April 13th, I watched his little train as it wound finally out of sight way down the sandy beach, on the way to Tetuan, and then returned to my hotel with a heavy and lonesome heart. Would I ever see my old friend again? And I contrasted the actual situation with the delightful anticipations I had had of this summer's travels and companionship.

That night I had but short and troubled sleep, haunted by visions of Pope with an unbalanced mind travelling on to his sure destruction. This old idea came back to me with increasing force, and I arose with the sudden determination to open his packet and, unless its contents gave some plausible and sufficient reason for Pope's rashness, to immediately follow him and in some way to force him to return. Breeze had left, and there was no one with whom I could consult, but it seemed very plainly my duty to act in this way, and I wondered that I had not sooner thought of it.

I dressed hastily, and sitting at a table near an open window opened the envelope and unfolded a number of closely written sheets of thin paper. The top one was a diagram or map, carefully executed, but before I could more than glance at it a knocking called me to my door. As I opened it a gust of wind blew in, and I heard the rustling of scattering papers behind me. When I returned and collected Pope's papers, three sheets were missing. They were not in the room, and, looking out of the window, I saw one caught in the railing of a balcony below me. That one—which was the beginning of Pope's story—I recovered; but of the other two—the invaluable map and the page which must have given the instructions about publishing his story—I never found any trace. I searched in every possible place, but with no real hope, for it soon became plain to me that the two priceless papers had blown out to sea. The hotel is on a precipitous high ground and almost overhangs the water, and a sharp breeze was blowing seaward.



I will not undertake to record my sensations when I finally read Pope's amazing and lucid statement, and realized

that he was as sane a man as I, and that in losing the map I had perhaps nullified a more important single discovery than history records.

The reader who peruses Pope's story to the end—not that anyone is likely to abandon it when he has once commenced—will not hold that I have exaggerated its moment.

Of my own subsequent movements I need say nothing. It only remains to here copy—with a couple of unimportant foot-notes which I have added—Pope's strange narrative.

THEODORE POPE'S STATEMENT.

Early in my Egyptian researches I came across an entirely unusual and irregular combination, or cartouche, which at once attracted my attention, though M. Maspero and Mr. Thurber considered it of little consequence. It was this figure:  with which you are already familiar.  Now the curious thing about it was this: The forms had no meaning in the hieroglyphic alphabet, and the cartouche form almost invariably contained the name of a king or queen, sometimes of a god. By good fortune and diligent research I found the monogram three times. The first one was cut in a stone in a confused heap among the endless ruins of Karnak. There was nothing else upon the stone, and, though it was impossible to be sure, I found another stone that seemed likely to have come next to it, bearing an inscription the translation of which would seem to be: "The Mantle of Osiris." But even if these stones did belong together, this reading explained nothing to me.

I saw the mark a second time on the walls of the tomb of Seti I. It seemed to be an inscription on a box or casket that was being conveyed from a ship. Did the monogram represent some object that was carried in a casket and was brought from somewhere in a ship? And was this object called the "Mantle of Osiris"? It might be so, and possibly the object was some religious talisman or relic.

The third recurrence of the puzzling sign was with more elaborate context, but again with little real elucidation.

Mr. Thurber, who knew the great interest I took in the matter, pointed it out to me in a roll of papyrus found in the mummy-case of a priest—one Nebseni—who lived in the time of Amenophis I. The inscription was a long one; made reference to Nebseni as Custodian of the Sacred $\text{\textcircled{\scriptsize \Delta}}$ and in another place I noted a record of his great journey to the "Land of the Narrow Water."

I cannot tell you how many hours I studied over these things. Now, however, I come to the account of the strange experience which befell me.

On January 27, 1889, I was wandering over the desolate, sandy hills of the great Necropolis of Sakkarah.* It was early in the day. I had left my donkey and boy in a sheltered place, and with umbrella and haversack was off for a day of roaming about. Being well known by the natives of that section, I could safely go about alone. After an hour or so of indefinite wandering and musing—sometimes stopping to pick up a bit of pottery or to observe, in the far distance, a long train of Cook tourists on donkeys crossing to the tomb of Thi—I came to a hillock, on which I had at other times noticed the remains of a small pyramid. The *débris* had fallen mostly on one side, where the hillock sloped away, and the stones had slid down and made a confused heap at the bottom of the slope.

I remembered the place well, but as I approached it saw that there had been some recent disturbance of the pile of stones. Probably the late high winds had taken some new course and had blown away the underlying sand, so that the stones had tumbled lower down in the little valley. Some of the stones were quite large—as much as six feet cube—and as I climbed upon one, I was surprised to see a low, square aperture in the masonry behind it. My heart gave a thump of excitement as I realized that I probably saw before me the entrance to a hitherto undiscovered tomb. I dodged quickly behind the large stone, and glanced hastily around the desert, in the sudden fear that I

might be observed, and be obliged to share my discovery. Reassured, I searched with trembling fingers in my bag for a candle, which—there being so many subterranean places to explore—I always carried, and was delighted to find three of good length.

There was a low passage-way encumbered only by some sand. It continued for some twenty feet on a level, then descended at a sharp angle for another dozen feet, and finally I found myself in a large, square room excavated in the solid rock of the hill.

The form and character of all this was familiar enough—there are many such tombs—but a glance at its contents revealed an entirely novel state of things. In the centre was a large stone sarcophagus, so large that I at once concluded that it must contain the mummy of a sacred Apis bull. About it was a chaos of timbers, ropes, and various tools. A platform or scaffolding, evidently for workmen to stand upon, still stood on two sides of the sarcophagus, and above it, besides the ruins of three others, was one solid-appearing framework, straddling the great stone box.

The situation instantly explained itself to me; the work of setting the cover on the sarcophagus had, in some way, been interrupted. Here, indeed, was a valuable and unique discovery—a chance to see, perhaps, the methods of these old giant-builders. I moved slowly around the chamber, stepping over the *débris* of timber and tools. Many of the latter were of entirely strange character; but I will not go into details now about them.

Coming to one corner of the room I observed a round object in the midst of a small heap of rubbish and, stooping over it, found a crumbling human skull. Possibly here was an explanation of the unfinished state of the work. Had the slave workmen killed their overseer, closed the entrance of the tomb, and fled? Here was the tragedy at any rate. Perhaps they had closed the tomb without first killing their master! I gave a little shudder, and glanced furtively to where a dull ray of daylight penetrated the passage-way through which I had entered.

* This Necropolis covers an area about four and one-half miles long and a mile wide.—W. B.

The rest of the skeleton was hardly to be made out; but I could trace the bones of an outstretched arm, and, looking at the fragments that had been a human hand, saw the glister of some small, bright object. I picked up a gold ring and sat down upon the ground, almost breathless, as I saw that the ring carried a blue scarab which bore on its face the mysterious cartouche of the triangle, the straight line, and the circle. That ring you noticed attached to my watch-chain.

With greatest care I overturned all the little heap of dust, and soon discovered a copper *Serem* or necklace of a high priest. There was nothing else but remnants of cloth and of a pair of sandals. In the intense stillness of that subterranean room I could almost hear the pounding of my own heart as I settled myself to the careful study of my surroundings. How I blessed those three candles which would light me, one at a time, for twice as many hours! There was nothing further to be made of the old priest's ashes, so I returned to the sarcophagus. There was the apparatus by which the cover had been lowered to its place. Bits of rope still hung from the timbers above it, and were attached to projecting points of the stone that would have been eventually chiselled off. But where were the means by which this enormous stone (it was about eight by twelve feet in dimensions, and a foot or more in thickness) had been gotten up to its place above the sarcophagus? There was nothing whatever to indicate this, for the overhanging apparatus would only have lifted it when directly above the sarcophagus. Then I observed that, underneath the cover-stone, and apparently held to it by a number of papyrus cords, were several sheets of metal, sometimes overlapping each other and projecting irregularly around the edges. I could not make out the metal. It was somewhat the color of lead, but was of a greener hue and was much harder.

On the whole, save for finding the ring, I was rather disappointed in the contents of the tomb. It amuses me now to recall my tranquil state of mind at that stage in my experiences and to

contrast it with that which soon followed.

By this time I was getting hungry and thought it as well to eat my luncheon and meditate for awhile. I took my haversack and sat down upon a timber. Then it occurred to me that to sit on the top of the sarcophagus would give me better chances for observation; and, as the surrounding scaffolds made the ascent easy, I clambered up.

I never ate that luncheon!—my donkey-boy afterward enjoyed it—but for the rest of that afternoon I had no further thought of hunger. I tossed my haversack on top of the cover-stone; it scarcely seemed to strike at all, but slid lightly across and dropped to the platform on the other side. This was curious, and I wondered if my nerves were so upset that I had not realized how violently I had thrown the bag. I tried to sit upon the edge of the stone, but immediately slid off, my legs seeming to pull me off by their weight. What had possessed me? I would take a drink of wine to steady my nerves. Taking the flask and cup from the bag, I set the cup down carefully, uncorked the flask, and commenced to pour out the wine. Instead of the limpid claret, a thick, tar-like substance slowly ran out of the bottle, stood—almost like a stick—for a moment, for an instant piled itself up in a little mound in the cup, then gradually levelled down. I lifted the cup with a quick, nervous motion: the wine shot straight out of it, struck the ceiling of the vault, spread itself out, and remained there. With a dazed notion that my wits were leaving me, I took my traps and hastily descended to the floor. In doing so I leaned suddenly against the cover of the sarcophagus. It seemed to tremble. Could that possibly be, when the stone weighed many tons? I climbed up again and gave it a push. It certainly moved. I put all my strength against it and pushed again. It slid quickly over a foot or so, the side nearest me flew up, and with a fearful crash and jar the great stone fell bottom upward against the farther wall of the room, broken in twain. The blow seemed to stun me; my candle was toppled over and extinguished. The next moment

there came another thunder-like noise of a falling body, apparently at the outer end of the passageway, and the streak of light that had penetrated to the tomb was suddenly blotted out. With a sickening sensation I at once realized what had happened; the loose stones at the entrance had been dislodged by the shaking of the earth when the cover-stone had fallen over, and had tumbled into, and perhaps entirely blocked the opening. I lighted a candle and made my way to the end of the passage; a great stone entirely blocked it.

I was entombed!

The desperateness of my position drove all consideration of the bewildering and inexplicable occurrence out of my mind. The chance of anyone wandering near enough to this spot to hear any outcry I could make was exceedingly small. But I forced myself to dismiss this thought from my mind and to try and contrive some means of escape. I will not tell you of all the things I thought of and of all the futile attempts I made to pry away or upset the stone that imprisoned me. I could not stir it.

After awhile, to rest myself in body and mind so as to be able to make further efforts, I wandered to the back of the chamber and tried to think of the things I saw there. My eyes rested on the ashes of the priest, and, I will confess, an uncanny feeling commenced to creep over me. Was his spirit here and bent on destroying me for having so ruthlessly disturbed his dust? Was I henceforth to keep him company after his lonely vigil of perhaps three thousand years? I shook these ideas from me, for it was too easy to believe that I was surrounded by the supernatural. Then I looked at the great cover-stone, broken and lying against the wall. How could I have moved and pushed over that ponderous mass? It was futile to puzzle over it.

Tumbled about, and torn from the cords that had held it to the under side of the stone, were the sheets of metal that I had already observed. I stepped upon one of these sheets in order to look at another which seemed to be inscribed. What a strange sensation

suddenly came over me! There was a qualm of dizziness and sickness, as if one were on a tossing ship. I lost my equilibrium and fell forward off of the piece of metal. The sickness immediately left me. I accidentally stepped onto the metal again with the same result. But the process of getting on the sheet and off it again was most peculiar. It was difficult to drag one's self upon it, and each time in getting off it I fell forward upon my outstretched hands. Candle in hand, I stooped over a large sheet of the metal, and on close scrutiny deciphered upon it a long, hieroglyphic inscription: "Lord of Abydos," "President of the Gods," "Head of the Corridor of the Tomb," "Mover of Pyramids and Mountains," etc. Before seeing the "throne and eye" that represent him, I recognized all these as titles of the god Osiris.

In looking back, I fail to recall the sequence of thought which, ere very long, with some slight experiments, brought me to the amazing solution of all these mysteries. It is difficult to comprehend how anything so utterly preposterous ever occurred to me. The evidence is conclusive enough when looked back upon, but evidence is only elucidating when applied to a preconceived theory.

When one looks at distant objects through an unfocussed telescope, there are seen but unrecognizable spots of blurred color and light; a turn of the tube, back or forth, and suddenly the whole view is revealed in clear and comprehensible exactness and detail. Thus, my own perceptions suddenly focussed.

I forgot my own extreme peril in the excitement of that sudden conviction.

I had found the Mantle of Osiris.

The sheets of metal spread out before me were of a substance—unknown and undreamt of by modern civilization—through which the power which draws everything toward the earth could but slightly penetrate.

As glass, rubber, and some other substances are almost impervious to magnetic attraction or repulsion, so this new metal nearly annihilated the attraction of gravitation, and thus—above it—the heaviest substance became practically weightless.

It was with this aid that the ancient builders moved and lifted the monstrous stones.

That thought was quickly followed by another of far greater moment to me: Could I not with this powerful help move the stone that imprisoned me?

The sheets were so large that I found much difficulty in getting one to the mouth of the passageway. There I found that the big stone was held up at one side by some small object, so that there was a clear space below it. I slid the metal under it, gave the great block a push. It readily yielded and toppled over, leaving ample room for me to climb out above it.

I rushed wildly out into the glorious light of day. My discovery had saved my life!

The sun was fast approaching the Libyan Hills, and I realized that I must hasten back to my boat and friends, so as not to alarm them by an absence already much longer than was my wont. But what to do about the tomb and its priceless contents? I re-entered it and tried to obtain a piece of the precious metal. The sheets were all too heavy for me to carry away, and I could neither break nor cut off a fragment. I brought my own traps and a sort of crow-bar out of the tomb, climbed up above the entrance, and succeeded in tumbling a large stone down in front of it. A mass of smaller stones and an avalanche of sand followed, and I saw, to my satisfaction, that nothing was visible to disclose the secret of that little mound. I hid the crow-bar in the sand and was soon galloping along on my four miles ride to the river. Long before reaching my dahabiyeh, however, I had very firmly decided to say nothing, for the present, of my day's experience. I wanted time to think what was to be done. The importance of what I had found impressed me each moment with more and more force, and my state of mind, by the time I had reached the boat, was almost chaotic. That night I found in my pocket the high priest's ring, and that served to convince me, when I woke next day, that my recollections were not of a dream.

Probably you will now explain for yourself without difficulty the various strange things that occurred, but I have since given the subject such a great amount of study, that—as I am sure some of my deductions will not occur to you—I will briefly state them all.

In lifting a heavy object, the only difficulty would be to raise it sufficiently to introduce the "Mantle of Osiris" between it and the earth, and finally to be able to remove the metal. In the tomb the situation was evident enough; protected by the sheet of—as I will now name it—*Osiris*, tied under its whole surface, the cover of the sarcophagus was easily lifted to its place. The framework erected above it was to lift it sufficiently to remove the sheets of *osiris* and then to lower the stone to its destination. Before this was accomplished the work had in some way been interrupted.

How the entrance to the tomb had been covered up, and why it was never reopened until accident had revealed it to me, is a matter only for conjecture, and in fact is not important.

The occurrences while I was in the tomb are easy to understand—since we have the wonderful key. I could not sit on the stone, above the *osiris*, for my body there had not weight enough to counterbalance my legs that were below. The wine, when poured out, had so little weight that it would scarcely leave the flask; and when I raised the cup—with a motion accelerated by its unexpected lightness—the wine continued its upward movement, struck the ceiling, spread itself out there, and adhered by capillary attraction, there being no power of gravitation sufficient to make it fall.

When I had pushed the cover-stone, it had easily moved until a part of it extending beyond the protecting metal which was no longer secured in its place by the cords, and regaining its normal weight, had overbalanced the protected portion, and the whole mass toppling over, had fallen, bottom up, the *osiris* then being above it and powerless. The sickening sensation I experienced when standing on the metal was like sea-sickness, caused by the or-

gans in the body not bearing firmly down as they normally do.*

But, what was the significance of the mysterious cartouche that I had for the fourth time found on the priest's ring? Why was it "The Mantle of Osiris?" It was many months before I deciphered it. It is ideographic, not hieroglyphic. The triangle represented a pyramid; the straight line under it was the "mantle" itself; but why the circle below? The conviction that I finally and firmly arrived at about this necessitated a most extraordinary premise; the circle was the earth above which the pyramid was lifted up by the sacred metal; but in that case, one must assume that the Egyptians at a very remote period knew that this earth was a sphere!

History records the Greek Thales, who lived about 640 B.C., as the first to suggest the sphericity of the earth.

I have come to no conclusion as to the antiquity of the use of osiris by the Egyptians.

For various reasons I am inclined to fix the time of the construction of the lost tomb in the nineteenth dynasty, about 1500 B.C.

One thing further regarding the triangle, the line, and the circle. I am convinced that their existence in the emblems of modern Freemasonry originated in their use by the great builders of Egypt as the insignia of their all-powerful ally.

All these things, however, were of little moment compared to the one great question which soon entirely engrossed my attention. Where was osiris to be found? Why had it not been discovered by later civilizations? When I had time to consider the matter carefully, I realized that the few pieces of the metal hidden in the tomb, though of enormous scientific interest, were quite inadequate to any material

service to mankind. This was the problem I set myself to solve, and I decided that so long as I could feel that there was the slightest chance of my accomplishing this, I would not disclose the secret of the tomb. I went again to look at the enchanted mound, and realized, with some dismay, that though there was practically no chance of anyone else discovering the entrance to the tomb, I had so fully covered it that it would require a gang of men to clear away the *débris*, and that consequently, I could never again enter it alone or secretly.

I think I almost drove myself insane with constant study of the probable origin of the sacred metal. In fact, at one period, I had to force myself to think of something else, as I had reached such a condition that I could scarcely eat or sleep. I worked myself to almost a skeleton in continued overhauling of all available Egyptian writings. I visited all the museums of Europe, and finally only put aside the subject from sheer exhaustion of body and mind.

I never met with the sought-for monogram save in the three instances, besides the priest's ring, to which I have alluded, and from them could gather but two possible facts of moment—that the sacred metal was brought from somewhere in a ship, and that Nebseni, its custodian, may have brought it from "the Land of the Narrow Water." This naturally suggested the upper Nile—in fact, I never considered anything else. But a journey up the river as far as was possible in the disturbed state of affairs in the Soudan revealed nothing. I had about concluded that, until the remote and unknown regions of the upper Nile were made entirely accessible, any further search on my part was useless.

In this state of mind I came to Gibraltar, and you can easily understand the effect that was produced upon me when Captain Breeze disclosed the fact that the all-significant cartouche was cut in a cliff of the "Haunted Mountain of the Wind."

All became clear at once. All the strange tales of the Djebel Reh—except that of the alleged mouth of hell being

* In reading this over, I note the omission of two facts that I demonstrated while in the tomb; osiris did not of course *entirely* do away with the weight of an object. If it had done so, the centrifugal force of the earth's revolution would have sent any such object flying off into space. I found that a stone, held over the metal, seemed to weigh about half as much as the same sized piece of cork ordinarily would. Another curious thing; a substance held over two layers of osiris was not rendered any lighter than over one sheet of it! The ancients apparently had found just what thickness was requisite. A bottle made of glass sufficiently thick to retain water, does not hold it any more effectively if made twice as thick. [T. P.]

on top of it—could be easily accounted for if the mountain contained a quantity of osiris; and the fact that the Moors avoided the place, and that foreigners never penetrated to it, showed why the metal had remained undiscovered.

Nothing is more certain, in my opinion, than that the Riff Mountains contain osiris in great quantity. That I wish to complete my discovery alone and reap the reward in the fame that will result, you can easily understand. It is worth the risk.

But, whether I live to see it or not, I look a few years ahead and try to realize what great changes the "Mantle of Osiris" will produce. I can almost imagine that Osiris himself will be worshipped for the sudden progress man will make by the aid of his "Sacred Mantle."

I see ships sailing in the air as easily as they now sail in the sea. The aerial ship, with inherent strength and motive-power that do not overcome its buoyancy, at once becomes practicable.

I see ships sailing over the water instead of through it; their load does not increase their draft; and engines and fuel being no burden, steamships can make almost unlimited speed.

I see war-ships carrying their armor and monstrous guns—all weightless.*

I see a lightning of half of the labors of man and of his beasts of burden. Every load of a car, a wagon, or even a hod becomes but a fraction of what it was.

I see the whole world richer because man with infinitely less labor controls the materials and forces of nature.

Even with my very limited inventiveness in such things, I see two new powers which will mark an era in mechanical development compared to which all former ones sink into insignificance.

The first is this: A stream of water

running down a short distance in an ordinary pipe would push the water up many times as far in a continuation of the same pipe, made of osiris—like a siphon reversed. Practically, then, water would run up hill.

Finally, and as far as I can now see, the most valuable of all uses of osiris is that by a simple application it creates a constant and practically unlimited moving power. A wheel hung vertically, with a weighted periphery and with half its diameter excluded from the attraction of gravitation by means of a sheet of osiris extending under one side of it as far as its axis, would constantly revolve, with a power only limited by the weight of its periphery. Like an "over-shot" water-wheel, one side would be always descending heavy and the other ascending light. I leave you to imagine the revolution that will be produced when steam and other powers are almost entirely superseded by this new force which will perpetually do man's work with absolutely no cost to him.

In the bewildering intricacy of Nature's phenomena there are few laws to which there are no variations or apparent contradictions. Though Kepler found the great fact of the elliptical track of each planet around the sun, Leverrier discovered aberrations in the motion of Uranus, and thence deduced the presence of the planet Neptune. Sir Isaac Newton, the giant among philosophers, promulgated the great law of gravitation. Even to this, a slight variation—like that in the apparently unswervable courses of the mighty planets—existed, unknown to him. Peace be to his ashes! I do not intend by the introduction here of these world-famed names to seem to class myself with them. Their conclusions were the result of intellectual research; my discovery was but an accident.

THEODORE POPE.

TANGIERS, April 10, 1891.

* Pope forgets that the weight of a gun is necessary to absorb the recoil of its discharge.—W. B.

A Primer of Imaginary Geography

by
Brander
Matthews

"Ship ahoy!"

There was an answer from our bark—for such it seemed to me by this time—but I could not make out the words.

"Where do you hail from?" was the next question.

I strained my ears to catch the response, being naturally anxious to know whence I had come.

"From the City of Destruction!" was what I thought I heard; and I confess that it surprised me not a little.

"Where are you bound?" was asked in turn.

Again I listened with intensest interest, and again did the reply astonish me greatly.

"Ultima Thule!" was the answer from our boat, and the voice of the man who answered was deep and melancholy.

Then I knew that I had set out strange countries for to see, and that I was all unequipped for so distant a voyage. Thule I knew, or at least I had heard of the king who reigned there once and who cast his goblet into the sea. But Ultima Thule! was not that beyond the uttermost borders of the earth?

"Any passengers?" was the next query, and I noted that the voice came now from the left and was almost abreast of us.

"One only," responded the captain of our boat.

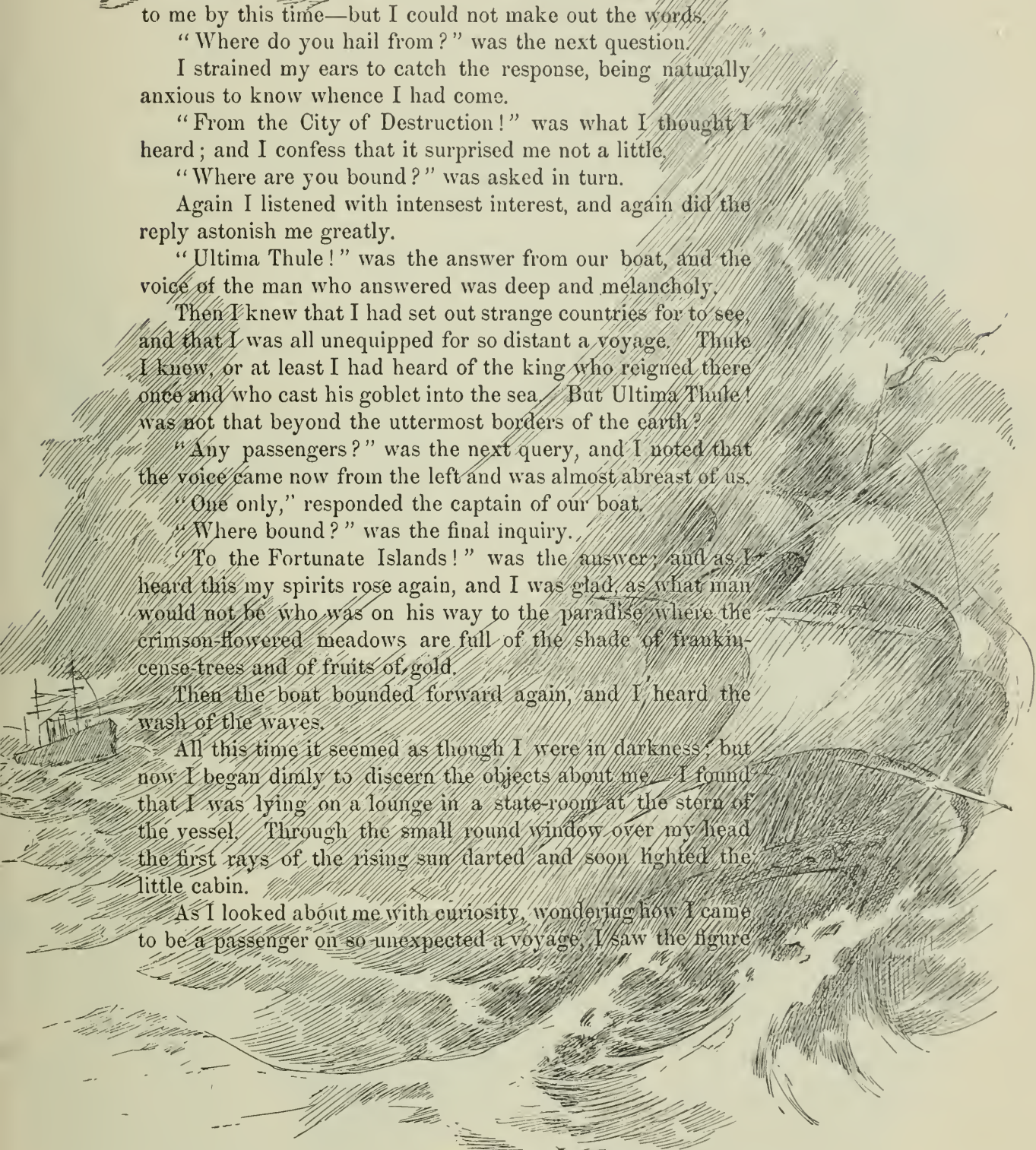
"Where bound?" was the final inquiry.

"To the Fortunate Islands!" was the answer; and as I heard this my spirits rose again, and I was glad, as what man would not be who was on his way to the paradise where the crimson-flowered meadows are full of the shade of frankincense-trees and of fruits of gold.

Then the boat bounded forward again, and I heard the wash of the waves.

All this time it seemed as though I were in darkness; but now I began dimly to discern the objects about me. I found that I was lying on a lounge in a state-room at the stern of the vessel. Through the small round window over my head the first rays of the rising sun darted and soon lighted the little cabin.

As I looked about me with curiosity, wondering how I came to be a passenger on so unexpected a voyage, I saw the figure



of a man framed in the doorway at the foot of the stairs leading to the deck above.

How it was I do not know, but I made sure at once that he was the captain of the ship, the man whose voice I had heard answering the hail.

He was tall and dark, with a scant beard and a fiery and piercing gaze, which penetrated me as I faced him. Yet the expression of his countenance was not unfriendly; nor could any man lay eyes upon him without a movement of pity for the sadness written on his visage.

I rose to my feet as he came forward.

"Well," he said, holding out his hand, "and how are you after your nap?"

He spoke our language with ease and yet with a foreign accent. Perhaps it was this which betrayed him to me.

"Are you not Captain Vanderdecken?" I asked as I took his hand heartily.

"So you know me?" he returned, with a mournful little laugh, as he motioned to me to sit down again.

Thus the ice was broken, and he took his seat by my side, and we were soon deep in talk.

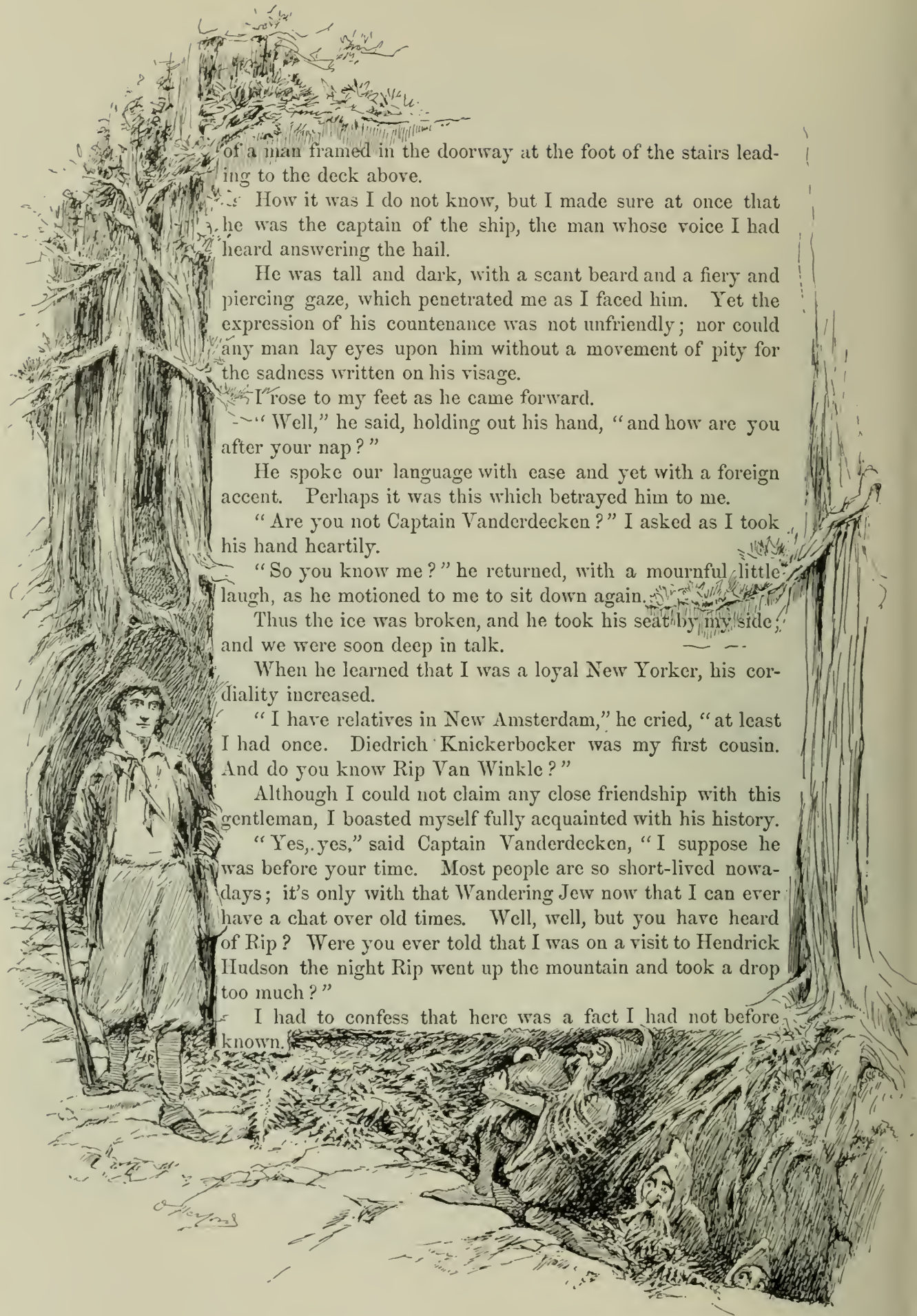
When he learned that I was a loyal New Yorker, his cordiality increased.

"I have relatives in New Amsterdam," he cried, "at least I had once. Diedrich Knickerbocker was my first cousin. And do you know Rip Van Winkle?"

Although I could not claim any close friendship with this gentleman, I boasted myself fully acquainted with his history.

"Yes, yes," said Captain Vanderdecken, "I suppose he was before your time. Most people are so short-lived nowadays; it's only with that Wandering Jew now that I can ever have a chat over old times. Well, well, but you have heard of Rip? Were you ever told that I was on a visit to Hendrick Hudson the night Rip went up the mountain and took a drop too much?"

I had to confess that here was a fact I had not before known.



"I ran up the river," said the Hollander, "to have a game of bowls with the Englishman and his crew, nearly all of them countrymen of mine;—and by the way, Hudson always insists that it was I who brought the storm with me that gave poor Rip Van Winkle the rheumatism as he slept off his intoxication on the hillside under the pines. He was a good fellow, Rip, and a very good judge of schnapps, too."

Seeing him smile with the pleasant memories of past companionship, I marvelled when the sorrowful expression swiftly covered his face again as a mask.

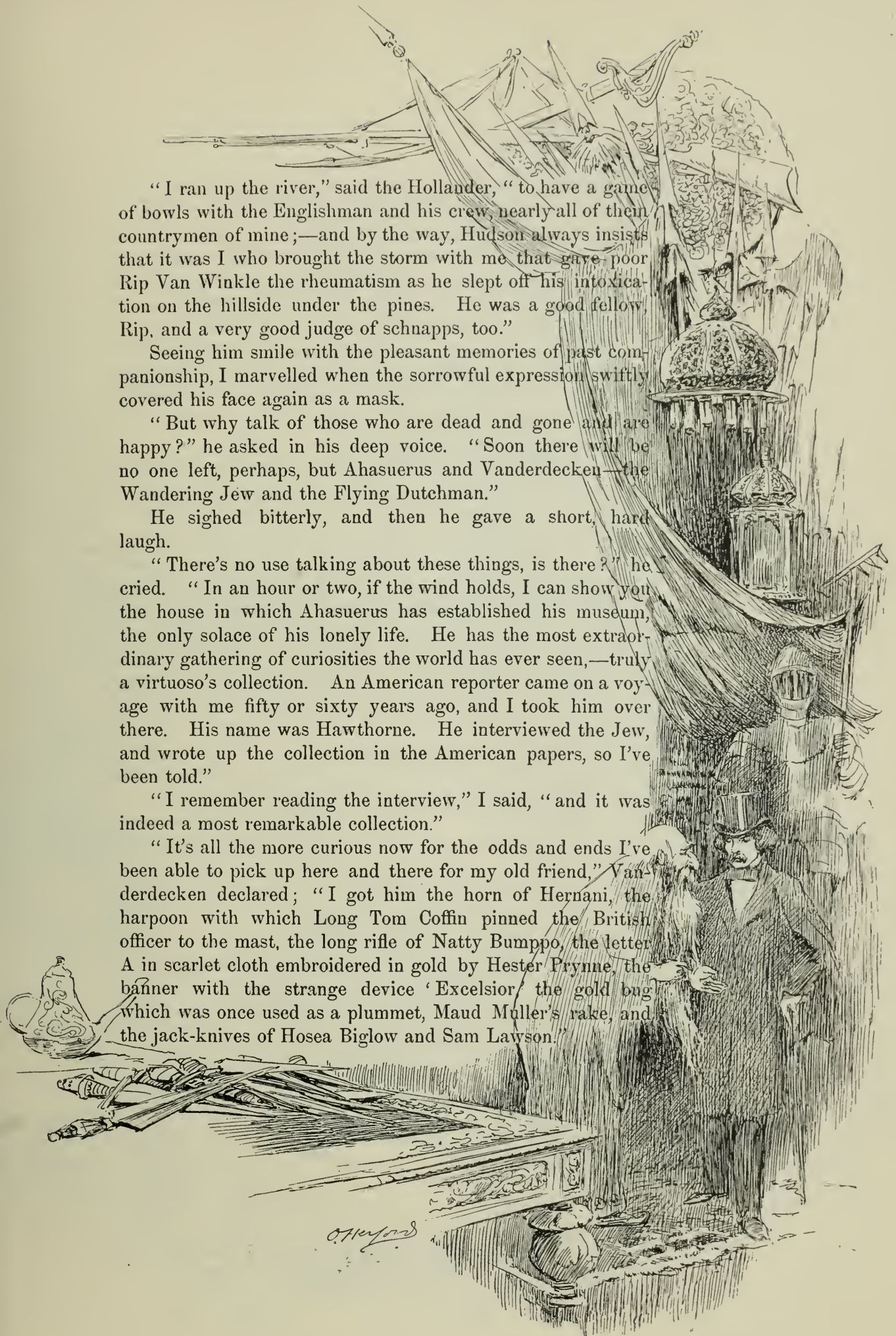
"But why talk of those who are dead and gone and are happy?" he asked in his deep voice. "Soon there will be no one left, perhaps, but Ahasuerus and Vanderdecken—the Wandering Jew and the Flying Dutchman."

He sighed bitterly, and then he gave a short, hard laugh.

"There's no use talking about these things, is there?" he cried. "In an hour or two, if the wind holds, I can show you the house in which Ahasuerus has established his museum, the only solace of his lonely life. He has the most extraordinary gathering of curiosities the world has ever seen,—truly a virtuoso's collection. An American reporter came on a voyage with me fifty or sixty years ago, and I took him over there. His name was Hawthorne. He interviewed the Jew, and wrote up the collection in the American papers, so I've been told."

"I remember reading the interview," I said, "and it was indeed a most remarkable collection."

"It's all the more curious now for the odds and ends I've been able to pick up here and there for my old friend," Vanderdecken declared; "I got him the horn of Hernani, the harpoon with which Long Tom Coffin pinned the British officer to the mast, the long rifle of Natty Bumppo, the letter A in scarlet cloth embroidered in gold by Hester Prynne, the banner with the strange device 'Excelsior' the gold bug which was once used as a plummet, Maud Muller's rake, and the jack-knives of Hosea Biglow and Sam Layson!"



"You must have seen extraordinary things yourself," I ventured to suggest.

"No man has seen stranger," he answered, promptly. "No man has ever been witness to more marvellous deeds than I—not even Ahasuerus, I verily believe, for he has only the land, and I have the boundless sea. I survey mankind from China to Peru. I have heard the horns of elfland blowing, and I could tell you the song the sirens sang. I have dropped anchor at No Man's Land, and off Lyonesse, and in Xanadu, where Alph the sacred river ran. I have sailed from the still-vexed Bermoothes to the New Atlantis, of which there is no mention even until the year 1629."

"In which year there was published an account of it written in the Latin tongue, but by an Englishman," I said, desirous to reveal my acquirements.

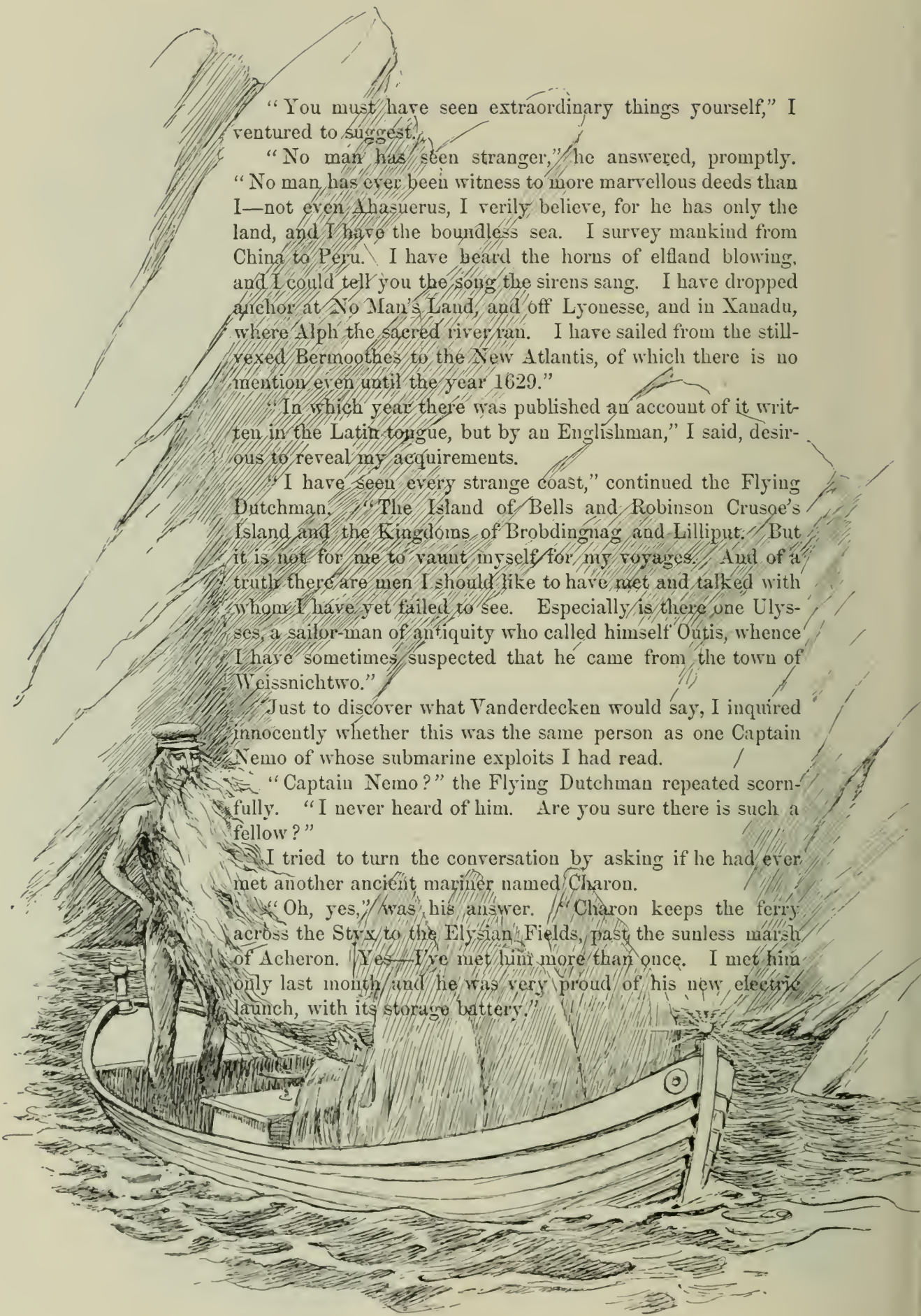
"I have seen every strange coast," continued the Flying Dutchman. "The Island of Bells and Robinson Crusoe's Island and the Kingdoms of Brobdingnag and Lilliput. But it is not for me to vaunt myself for my voyages. And of a truth there are men I should like to have met and talked with whom I have yet failed to see. Especially is there one Ulysses, a sailor-man of antiquity who called himself Outis, whence I have sometimes suspected that he came from the town of Weissnichtwo."

Just to discover what Vanderdecken would say, I inquired innocently whether this was the same person as one Captain Nemo of whose submarine exploits I had read.

"Captain Nemo?" the Flying Dutchman repeated scornfully. "I never heard of him. Are you sure there is such a fellow?"

I tried to turn the conversation by asking if he had ever met another ancient mariner named Charon.

"Oh, yes," was his answer. "Charon keeps the ferry across the Styx to the Elysian Fields, past the sunless marsh of Acheron. Yes—I've met him more than once. I met him only last month and he was very proud of his new electric launch, with its storage battery."



When I expressed my surprise at this, he asked me if I did not know that the under-world was now lighted by electricity, and that Pluto had put in all the modern improvements. Before I had time to answer, he rose from his seat and slapped me on the shoulder.

"Come up with me!—if you want to behold things for yourself," he cried. "So far, it seems to me, you have never seen the sights!"

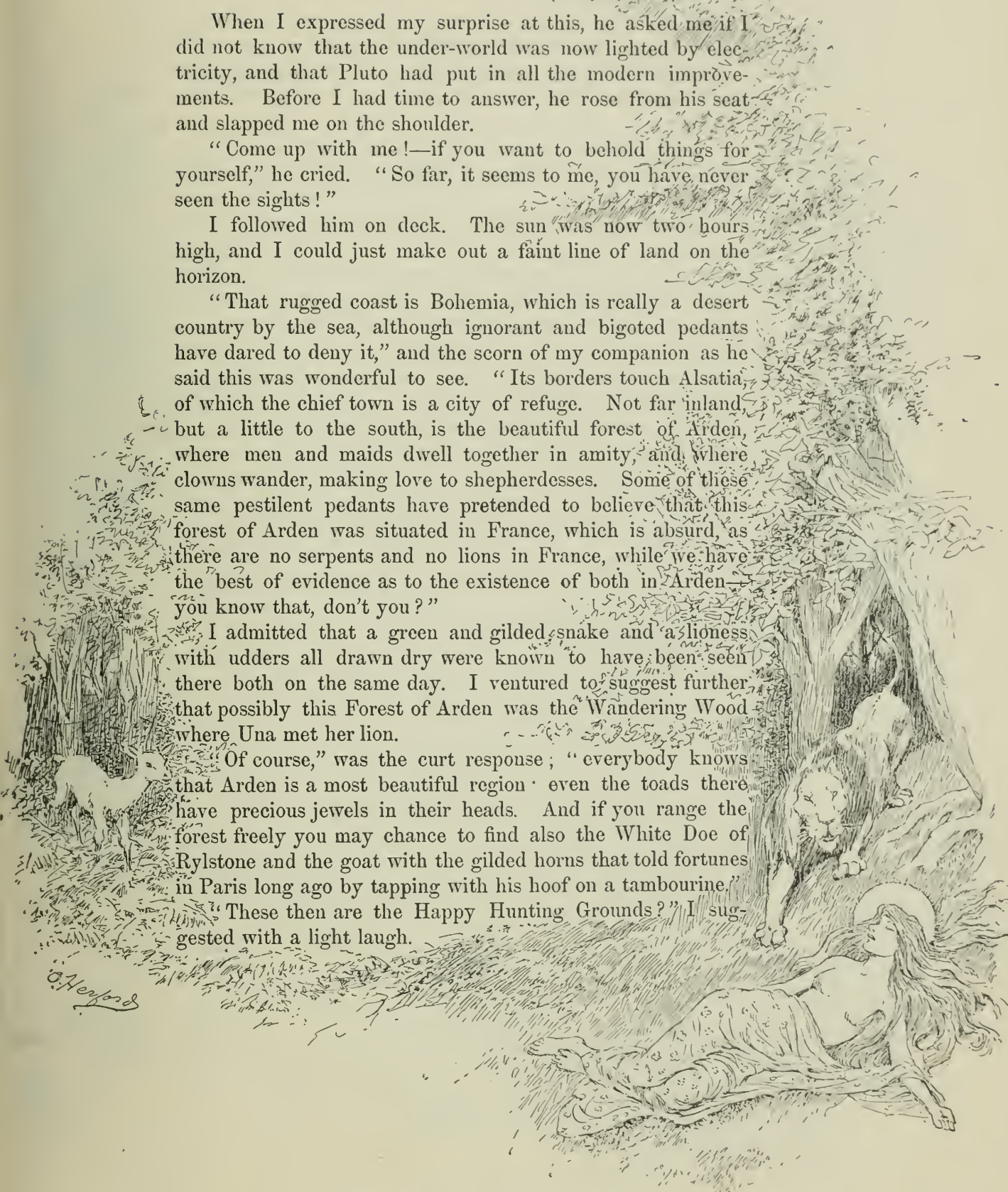
I followed him on deck. The sun was now two hours high, and I could just make out a faint line of land on the horizon.

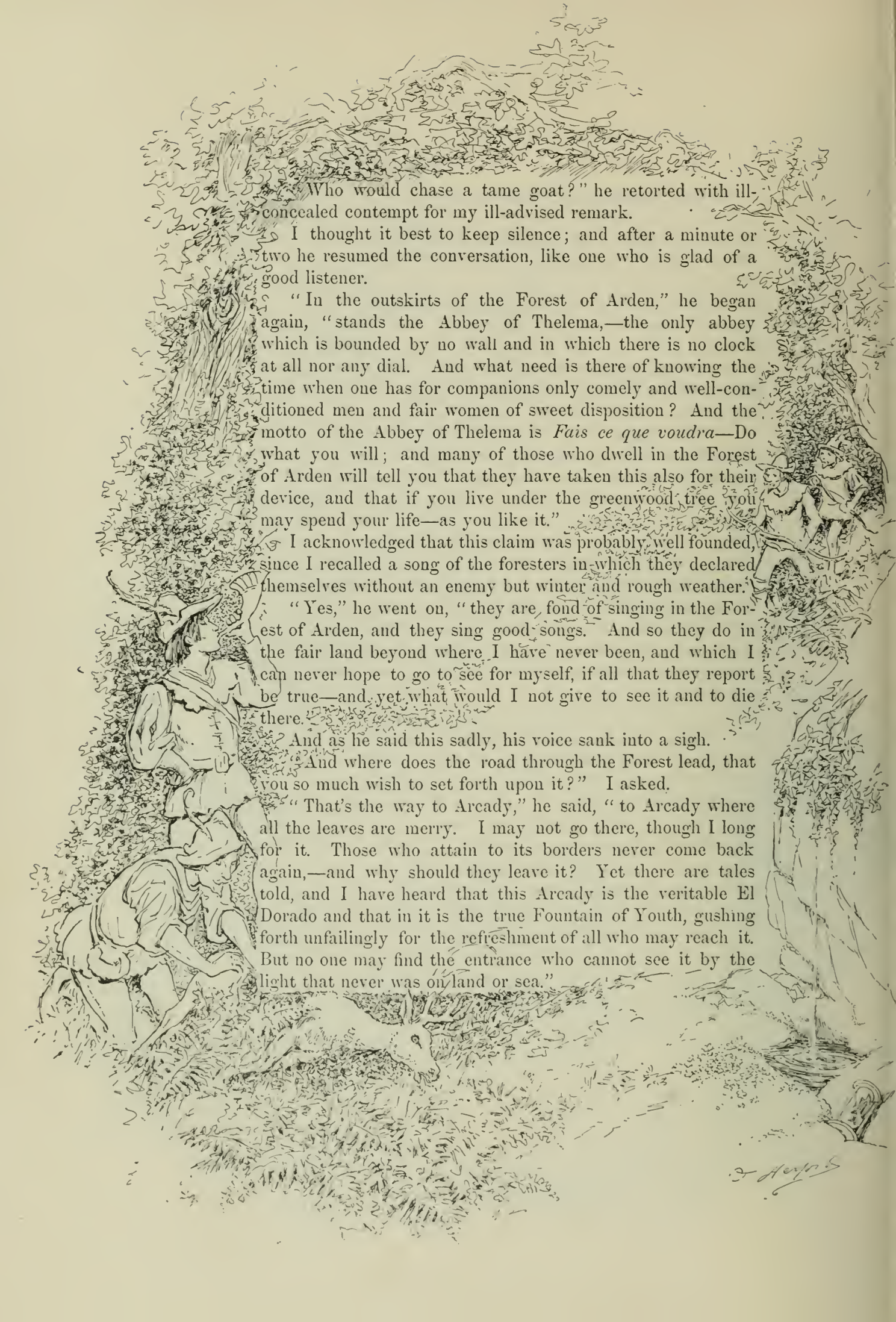
"That rugged coast is Bohemia, which is really a desert country by the sea, although ignorant and bigoted pedants have dared to deny it," and the scorn of my companion as he said this was wonderful to see. "Its borders touch Alsatia, of which the chief town is a city of refuge. Not far inland but a little to the south, is the beautiful forest of Arden, where men and maids dwell together in amity, and where clowns wander, making love to shepherdesses. Some of these same pestilent pedants have pretended to believe that this forest of Arden was situated in France, which is absurd, as there are no serpents and no lions in France, while we have the best of evidence as to the existence of both in Arden—you know that, don't you?"

I admitted that a green and gilded snake and a lioness with udders all drawn dry were known to have been seen there both on the same day. I ventured to suggest further that possibly this Forest of Arden was the Wandering Wood where Una met her lion.

"Of course," was the curt response; "everybody knows that Arden is a most beautiful region even the toads there have precious jewels in their heads. And if you range the forest freely you may chance to find also the White Doe of Rylstone and the goat with the gilded horns that told fortunes in Paris long ago by tapping with his hoof on a tambourine."

"These then are the Happy Hunting Grounds?" I suggested with a light laugh.





“Who would chase a tame goat?” he retorted with ill-concealed contempt for my ill-advised remark.

I thought it best to keep silence; and after a minute or two he resumed the conversation, like one who is glad of a good listener.

“In the outskirts of the Forest of Arden,” he began again, “stands the Abbey of Thelema,—the only abbey which is bounded by no wall and in which there is no clock at all nor any dial. And what need is there of knowing the time when one has for companions only comely and well-conditioned men and fair women of sweet disposition? And the motto of the Abbey of Thelema is *Fais ce que voudra*—Do what you will; and many of those who dwell in the Forest of Arden will tell you that they have taken this also for their device, and that if you live under the greenwood tree you may spend your life—as you like it.”

I acknowledged that this claim was probably well founded, since I recalled a song of the foresters in which they declared themselves without an enemy but winter and rough weather.


“Yes,” he went on, “they are fond of singing in the Forest of Arden, and they sing good songs. And so they do in the fair land beyond where I have never been, and which I can never hope to go to see for myself, if all that they report be true—and yet what would I not give to see it and to die there.”

And as he said this sadly, his voice sank into a sigh.

“And where does the road through the Forest lead, that you so much wish to set forth upon it?” I asked.

“That’s the way to Arcady,” he said, “to Arcady where all the leaves are merry. I may not go there, though I long for it. Those who attain to its borders never come back again,—and why should they leave it? Yet there are tales told, and I have heard that this Arcady is the veritable El Dorado and that in it is the true Fountain of Youth, gushing forth unfailingly for the refreshment of all who may reach it. But no one may find the entrance who cannot see it by the light that never was on land or sea.”

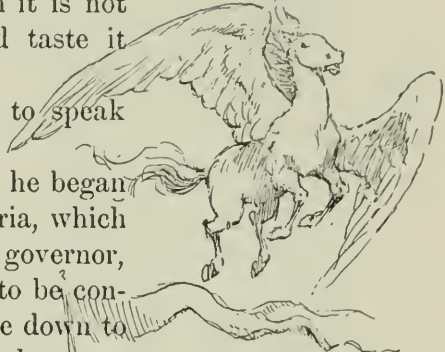
J. Hervey




"It must be a favored region," I remarked.

"Of a truth it is," he answered; "and on the way there is the orchard where grow the golden apples of Hesperides, and the dragon is dead now that used to guard them, and so any one may help himself to the beautiful fruit. And by the side of the orchard flows the river Lethe, of which it is not well for man to drink, though many men would taste it gladly." And again he sighed.

I knew not what to say, and so waited for him to speak once more.

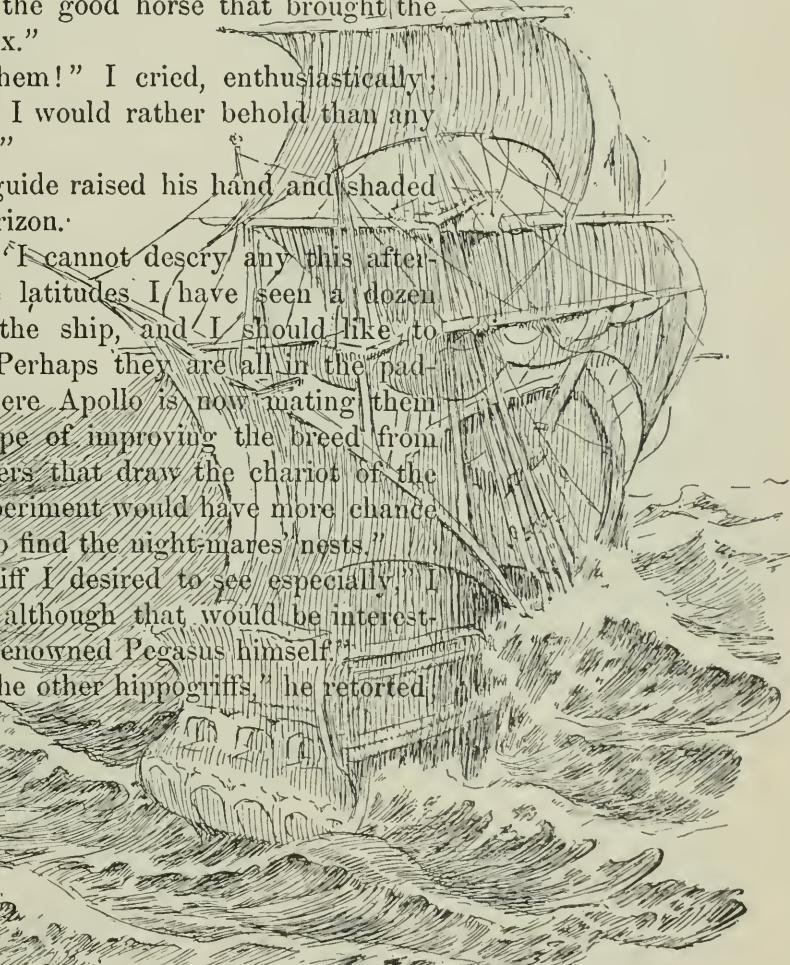


"That promontory there on the weather bow," he began again after a few moments' silence, "that is Barataria, which was long supposed to be an island by its former governor, Don Sancho Panza, but which is now known by all to be connected with the mainland. Pleasant pastures slope down to the water, and if we were closer in shore you might chance to see Rozinante, the famous charger of Don Quixote de la Mancha, grazing amicably with the good horse that brought the good news from Ghent to Aix."



"I wish I could see them!" I cried, enthusiastically; "but there is another horse I would rather behold than any—the winged steed Pegasus."

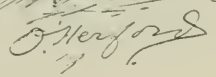
Before responding, my guide raised his hand and shaded his eyes and scanned the horizon.




"No," he said at last. "I cannot descry any this afternoon. Sometimes in these latitudes I have seen a dozen hippogriffs circling about the ship, and I should like to have shown them to you. Perhaps they are all in the paddock at the stock-farm, where Apollo is now mating them with night-mares in the hope of improving the breed from which he selects the coursers that draw the chariot of the sun. They say that the experiment would have more chance of success if it were easier to find the night-mares' nests."

"It was not a hippogriff I desired to see especially," I returned when he paused, "although that would be interesting, no doubt. It was the renowned Pegasus himself."

"Pegasus is much like the other hippogriffs," he retorted.





“although perhaps he has a little better record than any of them. But they say he has not won a single aërial handicap since that American professor of yours harnessed him to a one-hoss shay. That seemed to break his spirit, somehow; and I'm told he would shy now even at a broomstick train.”

“Even if he is out of condition,” I declared, “Pegasus is still the steed I desire to see above all.”

“I haven't set eyes on him for weeks,” was the answer, “so he is probably moulting; this is the time of year. He has a roomy box-stall in the new Augean stable at the foot of Mount Parnassus. You know they have turned the spring of Castaly so that it flows through the stable-yard now, and so it is easy enough to keep the place clean.”

“If I may not see Pegasus,” I asked, “is there any chance of my being taken to the Castle of the Sleeping Beauty?”

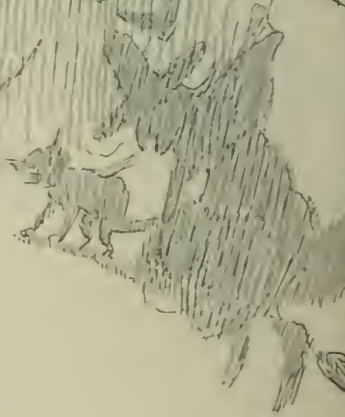
“I have never seen it myself,” he replied, “and so I cannot show it to you. Rarely indeed may I leave the deck of my ship to go ashore; and this castle that you ask about is very far inland. I am told that it is in a country which the French travellers call *La Scribie*, a curious land, wherein the scene is laid of many a play, because its laws and its customs are exactly what every playwright has need of; but no poet has visited it for many years. Yet the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein, whose domains lie partly within the boundaries of Scribia, is still a subscriber to the *Gazette de Hollande*—the only newspaper I take myself, by the way.”

This last remark of the Captain's explained how it was that he had been able to keep up with the news of the day, despite his constant wanderings over the waste of waters; and what more natural in fact than that the Flying Dutchman should be a regular reader of the *Holland Gazette*?

Vanderdecken went forward into the prow of the vessel, calling to me to follow.

“Do you see those peaks afar in the distance?” he asked, pointing over the starboard bow.

I could just make out a saw-like outline in the direction indicated.



"Those are the Delectable Mountains," he informed me; "and down in a hollow between the two ranges is the Happy Valley."

"Where Rasselas lived?"

"Yes," he replied, "and beyond the Delectable Mountains, on the far slope, lies Prester John's Kingdom, and there dwell anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders. At least, so they say. For my part, I have never seen any such. And I have now no desire to go to Prester John's Kingdom, since I have been told that he has lately married Pope Joan. Do you see that grove of trees there at the base of the mountains?"

I answered that I thought I could distinguish weirdly contorted branches and strangely shivering foliage.

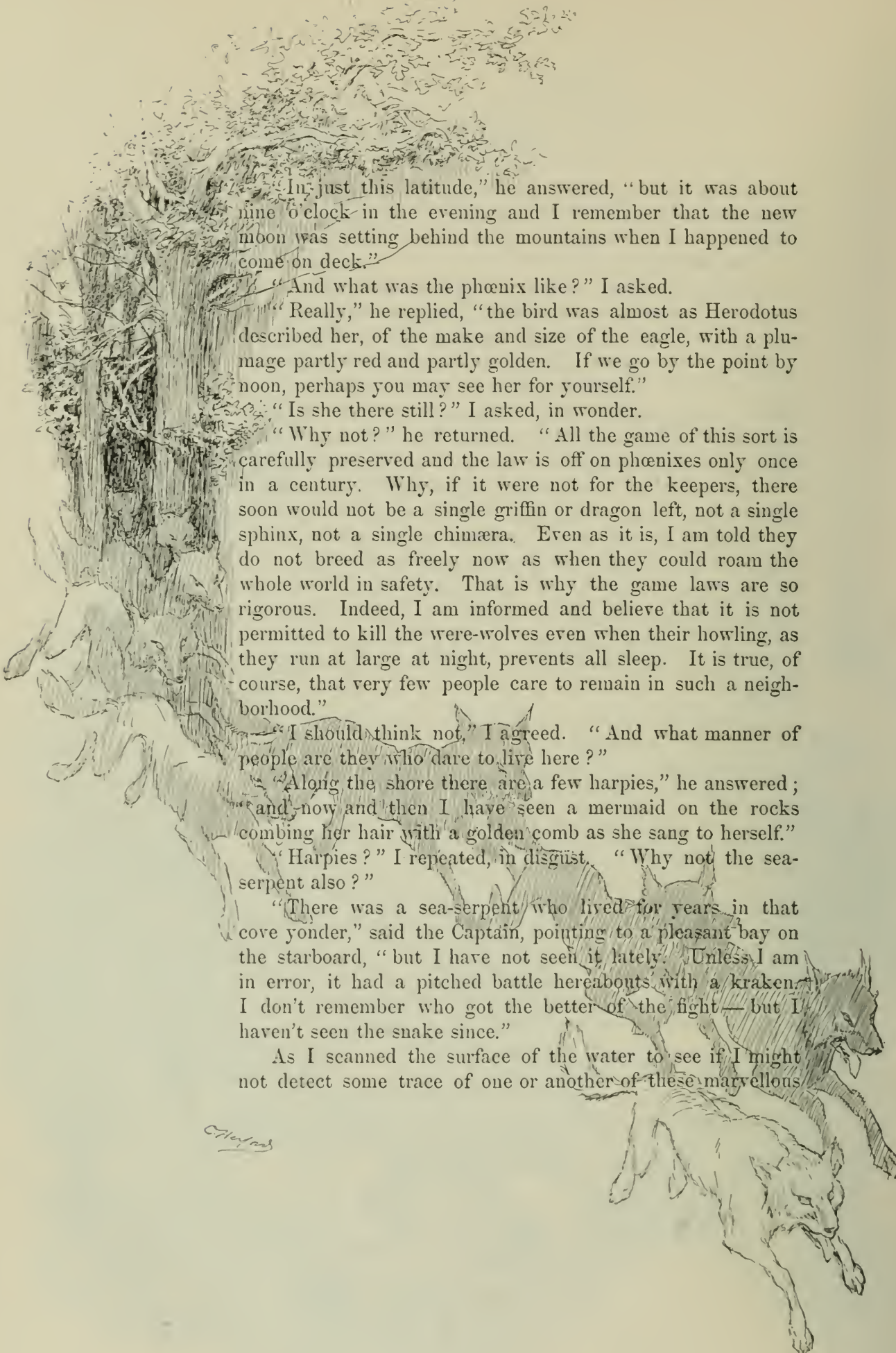
"That is the deadly upas-tree," he explained, "and it is as much as a man's life is worth to lie down in the shade of its twisted limbs. I slept there, on that point where the trees are the thickest, for a fortnight a century or so ago—but all I had for my pains was a headache. Still I should not advise you to adventure yourself under the shadow of those melancholy boughs."

I confess at once that I was little prompted to a visit so dangerous and so profitless.

"Profitless?" he repeated. "As to that I am not so certain, for if you have a mind to see the rarest animals in the world, you could there sate your curiosity. On the shore, between the foot-hills and the grove of upas, is a park of wild beasts, the like of which no man has looked upon elsewhere. Even from the deck of this ship I have seen more than once a drove of unicorns, or a herd of centaurs, come down to the water to drink; and sometimes I have caught a pleasant glimpse of satyrs and fauns dancing in the sunlight. And once indeed—I shall never forget that extraordinary spectacle—as I sped past with every sail set and a ten-knot breeze astern, I saw the phoenix blaze up in its new birth, while the little salamanders frisked in the intense flame."

"The phoenix?" I cried. "You have seen the phoenix?"





In just this latitude," he answered, "but it was about nine o'clock in the evening and I remember that the new moon was setting behind the mountains when I happened to come on deck."

"And what was the phœnix like?" I asked.

"Really," he replied, "the bird was almost as Herodotus described her, of the make and size of the eagle, with a plumage partly red and partly golden. If we go by the point by noon, perhaps you may see her for yourself."

"Is she there still?" I asked, in wonder.

"Why not?" he returned. "All the game of this sort is carefully preserved and the law is off on phœnixes only once in a century. Why, if it were not for the keepers, there soon would not be a single griffin or dragon left, not a single sphinx, not a single chimæra. Even as it is, I am told they do not breed as freely now as when they could roam the whole world in safety. That is why the game laws are so rigorous. Indeed, I am informed and believe that it is not permitted to kill the were-wolves even when their howling, as they run at large at night, prevents all sleep. It is true, of course, that very few people care to remain in such a neighborhood."

"I should think not," I agreed. "And what manner of people are they who dare to live here?"


"Along the shore there are a few harpies," he answered; "and now and then I have seen a mermaid on the rocks combing her hair with a golden comb as she sang to herself."

"Harpies?" I repeated, in disgust. "Why not the sea-serpent also?"

"There was a sea-serpent who lived for years in that cove yonder," said the Captain, pointing to a pleasant bay on the starboard, "but I have not seen it lately. Unless I am in error, it had a pitched battle hereabouts with a kraken. I don't remember who got the better of the fight — but I haven't seen the snake since."

As I scanned the surface of the water to see if I might not detect some trace of one or another of these marvellous

Chapman



beasts of the sea, I remarked a bank of fog lying across our course.

“And what is this that we are coming to?” I inquired.

“That?” Captain Vanderdecken responded, indicating the misty outline straight before us. “That is Altruria—at least it is so down in the charts, but I have never set eyes on it actually. It belongs to Utopia, you know; and they say that, although it is now on the level of the earth, it used once to be a flying island—the same which was formerly known as Laputa, and which was first visited and described by Captain Lemuel Gulliver about the year 1727, or a little earlier.”

“So that is Altruria,” I said, trying in vain to see it more clearly. “There was an Altrurian in New York not long ago, but I had no chance of speech with him.”

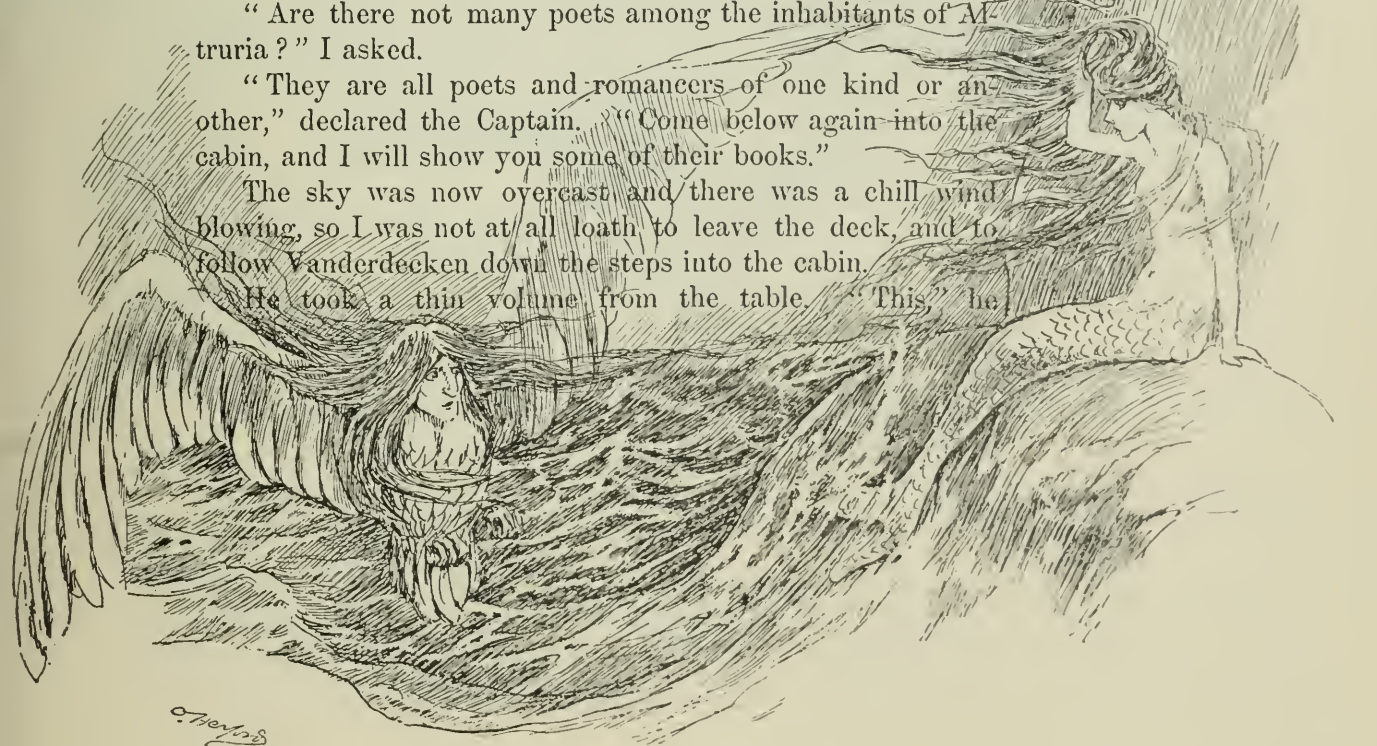
“They are pleasant folk, those Altrurians,” said the Captain, “although rather given to boasting. And they have really little enough to brag about, after all. Their climate is execrable—I find it ever windy hereabouts, and when I get in sight of that bank of fog, I always look out for squalls. I don’t know just what the population is now, but I doubt if it is growing. You see, people talk about moving there to live, but they are rarely in a hurry to do it, I notice. Nor are the manufactures of the Altrurians as many as they were said to be. Their chief export now is the famous Procrustean bed; although the old house of Damocles & Co. still does a good business in swords. Their tonnage is not what it used to be, and I’m told that they are issuing a good deal of paper money now to try and keep the balance of trade in their favor.”

“Are there not many poets among the inhabitants of Altruria?” I asked.

“They are all poets and romancers of one kind or another,” declared the Captain. “Come below again into the cabin, and I will show you some of their books.”

The sky was now overcast and there was a chill wind blowing, so I was not at all loath to leave the deck, and to follow Vanderdecken down the steps into the cabin.

He took a thin volume from the table. “This,” he

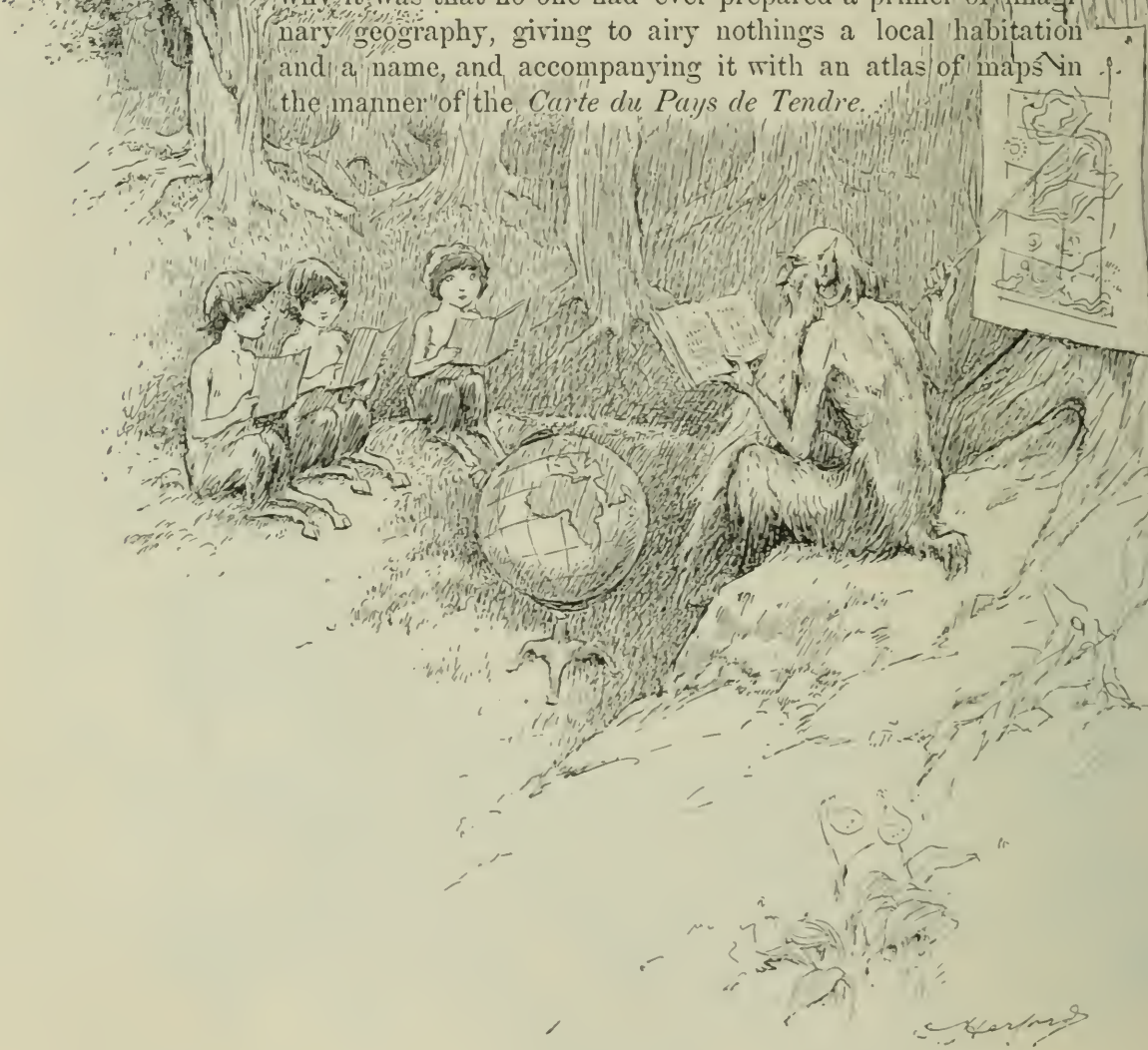


said, "is one of their books—'News from Nowhere,' it is called."

He extended it toward me, and I held out my hand for it, but it slipped through my fingers. I started forward in a vain effort to seize it.

As I did so, the walls and the floor of the cabin seemed to melt away and to dissolve in air, and beyond them and taking their place were the walls and the floor of my own house. Then suddenly the clock on the mantelpiece struck five, and I heard a bob-tail car rattling and clattering past the door on its way across town to Union Square, and thence to Greenwich Village, and so on down to the Hoboken Ferry.

Then I found myself on my own sofa, bending forward to pick up the volume of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, which lay on the carpet at my feet. I sat up erect and collected my thoughts as best I could after so strange a journey. And I wondered why it was that no one had ever prepared a primer of imaginary geography, giving to airy nothings a local habitation and a name, and accompanying it with an atlas of maps in the manner of the *Carte du Pays de Tendre*.





THE WOODCUTTER'S HUT

By Archibald Lampman

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK FRENCH

FAR up in the wild and wintery hills in the heart of the cliff-broken woods,
Where the mounded drifts lie soft and deep in the noiseless solitudes,
The hut of the lonely woodcutter stands, a few rough beams that show,
A blunted peak and a low black line, from the glittering waste of snow.
In the frost-still dawn from his roof goes up in the windless, motionless
air,

The thin, pink curl of leisurely smoke; through the forest white and bare
The woodcutter follows his narrow trail and the morning rings and cracks
With the rhythmic jet of his sharp-blown breath and the echoing shout of
his axe.

Only the waft of the wind besides, or the stir of some hardy bird—
The call of the friendly chickadee, or the pat of the nut-hatch—is heard;
Or a rustle comes from a dusky clump, where the busy siskins feed,
And scatter the dimpled sheet of the snow with the shells of the cedar-seed.
Day after day the woodcutter toils untiring with axe and wedge,
Till the jingling teams come up from the road that runs by the valley's
edge,

With plunging of horses, and hurling of snow, and many a shouted word,
And carry away the keen-scented fruit of his cutting, cord upon cord.
Not the sound of a living foot comes else, not a moving visitant there,
Save the delicate step of some halting doe, or the sniff of a prowling bear.
And only the stars are above him at night, and the trees that creak and groan,
And the frozen, hard-swept mountain-crests with their silent fronts of stone,
As he watches the sinking glow of his fire and the wavering flames upcaught,
Cleaning his rifle or mending his moccasins, sleepy and slow of thought.
Or when the fierce snow comes, with the rising wind, from the gray north-
east,

He lies through the leaguering hours in his bunk like a winter-hidden beast,
Or sits on the hard-packed earth, and smokes by his draught-blown gutter-
ing fire,

Without thought or remembrance, hardly awake, and waits for the storm to
tire.

Scarcely he hears from the rock-rimmed heights to the wild ravines below,
Near and far off, the limitless wings of the tempest hurl and go,
In roaring gusts that plunge through the cracking forest, and lull, and lift,





All day without stint and all night long with the sweep of the hissing drift.
But winter shall pass erelong with its hills of snow and its fettered dreams,
And the forest shall glimmer with living gold, and chime with the gushing
of streams,

Millions of little points of plants shall prick through its matted floor,
And the wind-flower lift and uncurl her silken buds by the woodman's door ;
The sparrow shall see and exult ; but lo ! as the spring draws gayly on,
The woodcutter's hut is empty and bare, and the master that made it is gone.
He is gone where the gathering of valley men another labor yields,
To handle the plough, and the harrow, and scythe, in the heat of the sum-
mer fields.

He is gone with his corded arms, and his ruddy face, and his moccasined feet,
The animal man in his warmth and vigor, sound, and hard, and complete.
And all summer long, round the lonely hut, the black earth burgeons and
breeds,



Till the spaces are filled with the tall-plumed ferns and the triumphant
 forest-weeds ;
 The thick wild raspberries hem its walls, and, stretching on either hand,
 The red-ribbed stems and the giant-leaves of the sovereign spikenard stand.
 So lonely and silent it is, so withered and warped with the sun and snow,
 You would think it the fruit of some dead man's toil a hundred years ago ;
 And he who finds it suddenly there, as he wanders far and alone,
 Is touched with a sweet and beautiful sense of something tender and gone,
 The sense of a struggling life in the waste, and the mark of a soul's command,
 The going and coming of vanished feet, the touch of a human hand.



AN OLD SORROW

By Dorothea Lummis

WHERE shall I hide, my grief and I,
 Until this pageant has passed by?
 How can I bear the coming spring,
 The tenderness in everything?

How watch the willows, pale and curled,
 Grow warm and brighten all the world?
 How see the sun's long lover kiss
 Burn on the purple fleur de lys?

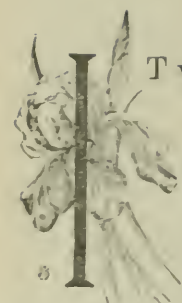
Endure the morning prophecies
 And evening triumphs of the skies,
 While smouldering longing and desire
 Blaze with the season's subtle fire?

How live and laugh and linger here,
 In this gold glowing atmosphere,
 When thou who so loved it and me
 Art mute in death's blind mystery.



BY SPECIAL INVITATION.

By Francis Lynde.



It was nine o'clock, and the orderly decorum of a well-regulated railway office reigned in Superintendent Elbert's quarters. The chief clerk's chair was still unoccupied, but the stenographer had been down for half an hour or more, and he had taken up the newspaper after arranging the pile of morning correspondence. The telegraph operator sat at the glass-partitioned table on the opposite side of the room, working off the last of a batch of telegrams, and the rapid clicking of the sounder snipped erratic little notches in the silence. When the message was sent, the operator hung it on the hook with the others and closed his key.

"Is Charlie coming down this morning?" he asked, turning to the stenographer.

"Of course he is," replied the other; "you don't suppose a little thing like a wedding would keep him away from the office, do you?"

"Didn't know but it might, as long as it's his own wedding."

"That doesn't cut any figure with him; he'll be here, and what's more, he'll time himself so as to just get to the church on the minute."

Roy laughed. "Charlie does stick pretty close to business," he replied, turning back to the table to answer his office call.

For a few minutes his flying pen kept pace with the tapping of the instrument, and then he swung around again with the message in his hand. "Here's a wire from President Mayhugh, Beard," he said; "he wants his car Argyle taken on number seven to-night to Mountain Junction, and an engine to take him special over the new line. He's going to inspect things right, this time, ain't he?"

"It looks like it, but then I suppose he can afford to when he doesn't come out here but once a year."

"Pretty tough country, where he's going to-morrow; there isn't a place on the whole two hundred miles where they can get a square meal."

"What of that?—the Argyle's got a cook and a kitchen."

"That's a fact. I tell you what, Beard, that's the way to travel; when I take my wedding trip, it'll be in a private car."

Beard laughed derisively. "Perhaps if you'd time it right the President would take you with him. Just imagine him asking Charlie!"

The operator seemed to be trying to imagine it, and then he asked: "Why not?—there's plenty of good people in this world that are strangers to one another just because they don't happen to be acquainted."

"There are enough good reasons why he shouldn't; it would be absurd and out of place, and Burwell would be the last man to expect such a thing."

"Think Burwell wouldn't accept the invitation if Mr. Mayhugh gave it?"

"Hardly that—he'd almost have to if it came from the President—but he wouldn't enjoy himself much if he did."

"Why not?"

"You never saw Mr. Mayhugh, did you?"

"No."

"Well, I have—just once. I think he has dyspepsia, or the gout, or something of that sort. He came in here one morning to ask why an engine wasn't ready to take him out to the shops, and I thought he would bite my head off before I could explain anything."

"Sort of a man-eater, eh?—I wish I'd been here," remarked Roy, meditatively.

"You'd ought to be glad you wasn't; you'd lose your job in about a minute if you tried any of your monkey-business on him."

"Think so?—perhaps I would, and then again—" the clicking instrument called him, and before the conversation

could be resumed Burwell came in. He nodded pleasantly to Beard, and, removing his coat and cuffs, sat down to his desk as calmly as if there were nothing of greater importance in life than the immediate reduction of the pile of letters and telegrams handed him by the stenographer.

He was a clean-cut young fellow of the alert type, smooth-shaven and well-groomed, with a certain air of precise energy about him. While he was rapidly sorting the mail and dictating to Beard, an elderly ranchman entered the office and lounged against the railing which fenced off a small space for the public on the side nearest the door. Burwell broke off in the middle of a letter and turned to the visitor with the abrupt question, "Well, what is it?"

"I thort I'd drop up to see what'd been done 'bout that cow you fellers killed for me," replied the farmer, trying to assume an easy attitude by the help of his elbows and the railing.

"What name?" asked Burwell, curtly.

"Hackthorn — Jabez Hackthorn; thort ye knowed me."

Burwell took a bundle of papers from a pigeonhole and ran hastily over the indorsements.

"Your claim's gone to head-quarters for investigation, Mr. Hackthorn; come in in about a week, and we may have it."

"I just thort I'd drop up an' ask," said the man, shifting uneasily from one elbow to the other, and evidently trying to devise some method of getting away without being quite able to compass it. The sight of the water-cooler at the farther end of the railing gave him an inspiration.

"I s'pose this here's drinkin'-water?" he queried, moving toward the tank.

"Yes, help yourself," replied Burwell, going back to his dictating.

The ranchman took up the cup and examined the stout brass chain by which it was attached to the tank. "Looks like ye was afeard somebody'd run off with yer tin-cup," he said; and no one venturing a reply, he experimented patiently with the spring faucet while Roy looked on with keen appreciation. When the farmer raised the cup to his lips the operator inserted the point of his pen between two bits of copper wire

fastened upon the table; a tiny spark snapped across the pen-point, the old man started, spilled the cup of water, and sank back against the railing, gasping.

"Oh, Lordy, Lordy, but I'm sick!" he panted. "Somebody run for a doctor; I'm struck with death, sure as daylight!"

Roy and Beard were both helpless, and Burwell went to the rescue. When he had reassured the victim of the practical joke and sent him away comforted, the chief clerk rebuked Roy sharply. "I don't object so much to your bit of fun," he said, incisively, "but you ought to be ashamed to play tricks on an old man like that. If you've got to do it, take someone who can get back at you."

"Thank you; I'll think about it," Roy said.

The chief clerk worked rapidly that morning, but the hands of the clock pointed to fifteen minutes past eleven when he finished dictating the last letter and took up the President's telegram. He glanced at his watch and called to Roy.

"Fred, slip down and get me a cab, will you? — I'm running a little short on time. John, take a letter to the train-despatcher:—

"You will please arrange to have special Pullman car Argyle, with President Mayhugh and party, now at Ute Springs, taken up by train number 7, this date, and set out at Mountain Junction. Also have an engine at Mountain Junction in readiness to proceed with car Argyle on Grand River Extension, subject to President Mayhugh's wire order."

"Now, a telegram to President Mayhugh:

"Your wire to-day. Have arranged for movement of car Argyle as instructed. Train 7 reaches Mountain Junction at 2 A.M. Is it your desire to proceed at once on the Grand River Extension?"

"When you get the answer to that, take it to the despatcher and tell him to arrange accordingly. I believe that's all," he added, closing his desk as Roy came back. "You can catch me any time this afternoon on 7. So long."

When he was gone, Roy executed a grotesque war-dance before the closed desk.

"What's the matter, Fred?" asked Beard, looking up from the typewriter.

"Oh, nothing much—I just thought of something. Give me those messages and I'll send them."

Train Number 7, headed westward, had been made up for half an hour when the gay wedding-party trooped through the waiting-room and gathered in a lively group around the platform of the rear sleeper. The newly minted husband handed the bride up the steps of the Pullman, excusing himself immediately to hurry up to the office for a final word with Beard.

Left to her own devices, the young wife awaited his return, her girlish face lighted by laughing brown eyes, and her trim figure set off by its modest wedding finery, making a winsome picture as she clung to the hand-rails and added her voice to the rippling tide of small-talk rising and falling in disjointed questions and answers, congratulations and hilarious nothings.

—"do hope you'll have a sweet time, Min."

—"and don't you really know where you're going?"

—"hear from you—"

—"bride the sun shines on—"

—"Charlie 'll get left if he doesn't look out, and then what *would* you do?"

The bride caught at the flying phrases and tossed back fragmentary replies. "Thank you, ever so much. Archie, the sun *does* shine good and hot—No, Charlie won't tell me yet where we're going—Yes, I'll drop you a postal, Jessie—What in the world *can* be keeping Charlie so long?"—and more of like import and less importance. Minnie Gaylord had been the pet of her class in the High School, and the guests were for the most part her classmates and school friends.

In the meanwhile Burwell was giving hurried instructions to Beard. "No, I haven't made up my mind yet whether we'll go beyond Ogden or not—I'm sorry Mr. Elbert had to go to New

York, but you must do the best you can till he gets back—yes, I'll keep you posted so you can reach me. Did you hear from the President?"

"Yes; he wants his car taken up the extension as soon as it reaches Mountain Junction."

"All right, fix it with the despatcher, and for heaven's sake don't fall down on it; Mr. Mayhugh isn't a patient man."

A brakeman opened the door and thrust his face into the office. "Time's up, Mr. Burwell," he said.

"All right—be down in a second"—and while he did not make his promise literally good, he did manage to reach the platform in time to swing up to the steps of the rear Pullman as Number 7 rolled out of the station.

Fred Roy stood at the window and watched the train sweep out of the yard; then he sat down at his table, thinking aloud:

"I hope the Argyle carries plenty of dishes, Charlie, my boy, and that you'll have a good appetite for breakfast—though perhaps that's asking too much."

"What did you say?" asked Beard.

"I say I hope Burwell 'll have a good appetite for his breakfast to-morrow morning."

"Why shouldn't he?"

"How should I know?" said Roy, absently, taking up the official timetable and following the course of train number 7 down the pages with the end of his pen. "Seven gets supper at Grand Butte, doesn't she?"

"Um-hm; six o'clock."

Business was dull in the superintendent's office that afternoon, and Roy spent much of his leisure experimenting with the telegraph switch-board on the wall, moving the split brass plugs about like the pieces in a curious game. The long line of telegraph poles which stakes out the pathway of the Colorado and Grand River Railway carries seven wires. Two of these, reserved for the transmission of the railway company's business, connect with every office on the line, as does at least one of the other five, which are used for the commercial business of the telegraph com-

pany. All of these wires were cut into the superintendent's office, and any one of them could be switched through the instruments on Roy's table by a proper setting of the plugs in the switch-board. Roy knew that one of the Western Union wires ran into the railway office at Ute Springs, and he was trying to ascertain which it was. When he found it, he spent half an hour trying to raise Ute Springs, writing "U" "U" "U" "U" in endless monotony, and signing the call with any fictitious signature that happened to occur to him. Receiving no reply, he cut in one of the railway wires and tried again, getting an answer immediately. This proved two things: that the operator at Ute Springs was in his office; and that, like most railway telegraphers, he was paying no attention whatever to his Western Union wire.

"That's about what I figured on," mused Roy. "Now, if I can raise that plug operator at Grand Butte over the commercial wire, I'm safe—they can't find out in a hundred years who did it."

He hastily switched the Western Union connection in again and called Grand Butte, signing the call "U," and pausing a moment after each effort to see if "U" office would challenge its own signature. There was no break, but the operator at the supper station seemed equally indifferent to Western Union business, and it was nearly six o'clock before Roy succeeded in raising him.

When the dilatory young man at Grand Butte finally concluded to see what was wanted over the commercial wire, he was shaken rudely out of his normal condition of indifference by the pertinent inquiry which came clicking through the instrument: "How long do you propose to keep President Mayhugh's business waiting?"

Knowing that Mr. Mayhugh's car was at Ute Springs, and having, as a matter of course, no suspicion that a call signed "U" came from the superintendent's office one hundred and thirty miles away in the opposite direction, the operator thought he was in for it and began to apologize. His explana-

tion was cut short by a break: "Never mind excuses; take this:

*"To Conductor Train Number Seven—
Grand Butte.*

"Mr. Mayhugh understands that you have Mr. Burwell, of Superintendent Elbert's office, on your train. Say to him that the President invites him and Mrs. Burwell to continue their wedding journey as members of our party in car Argyle.

"R. PENFIELD, *Private Secretary.*"

Number 7 was coming in as the operator clicked his "O. K." to this, and he ran out and met the Burwells as they were hurrying to the dining-room.

"Here's a message, Mr. Burwell," he said. "It's addressed to the conductor, but it's for you."

Burwell read it at the supper-table, and Minnie saw his look of perplexity. "What is it, Charlie?" she asked.

He handed it to her without comment, and was quite unprepared for her enthusiastic outburst of gratified approval. "Why, isn't that perfectly delightful!" she exclaimed. "And I have always wanted so much to take a trip in a private car! What a dear splendid old gentleman he must be!"

Burwell smiled grimly when he contrasted his wife's estimate of Mr. Mayhugh's amiability, based on the invitation, with his own, constructed upon two or three short and not altogether satisfactory business interviews with the gentleman in question. He read the telegram over again and put it in his pocket.

"I can't begin to understand it," he said. "It isn't at all like Mr. Mayhugh, as I know him. I wish the wire had fallen down before this blessed message ever got over it!"

"Why, Charlie Burwell, you are positively ungrateful! And after he sent such a nice invitation, too!"

"Yes, but don't you see, Minnie, how awkward it is? We don't know any of the party, socially, and—and I imagine that Mr. Mayhugh is quite capable of making people exceedingly uncomfortable if things don't go to suit him."

"But you've met him, haven't you, Charlie?"

"Not in the way that you mean; he has been in the office two or three times, and I have made some few arrangements for him in the way of business."

"Then there's all the more reason why you should appreciate his kindness; and as for the social difficulties"—she went on, with a fine Western indifference for such trivial matters—"you know that's all nonsense; we're not in England, and it isn't as if you had made the advances."

Few matters are open for discussion in the time allotted to a railway meal, and the question was allowed to rest until they were once more back in the Pullman. Then Burwell read the telegram for the third time. "I wish I knew of some way to dodge it," he said, with an air of hopeless resignation.

"But you can't very well do that, Charlie; what would he think?"

"No, I suppose I can't."

"Where is the Argyle?"

"At Ute Springs. And there's another pleasant thing—it'll be after eleven o'clock when we get there, and of course everybody 'll be in bed."

Minnie was quite anxious to have her husband accept the invitation, but her courage paled a little at the thought of a midnight introduction.

"Can't we go on and join them in the morning?" she asked.

"No, we can't; the Argyle is to be set out at Mountain Junction at two o'clock in the morning, and there's an engine waiting there to take her right up the extension."

"Then I suppose it can't be helped. Who is there in the party?"

"I don't know even that; I know Miss Bessie Mayhugh is along, and I believe she has her aunt and two or three young lady friends with her. Then there's this man Penfold, or Penfield, or whatever his name is."

There was little comfort to be got out of discussion, and after some futile attempts at further conversation, in which every subject left them stranded before the door of the private car, Burwell found a pillow for his wife, and telling her to try to get a nap, betook himself to the smoking-room, where he passed the remainder of the uncomfortable interval of waiting. When the

train pulled into Ute Springs he saw the Argyle standing on the side-track, the dim light filtering through the ground-glass deck transoms, confirming his fears that the President's party had gone to bed. While the train was standing at the station he ran up to the telegraph office.

"My name's Burwell, of Mr. Elbert's office," he said. "Did Mr. Mayhugh leave any word for me?"

"Not that I know of," replied the operator. "They've been down at the coal mines all day, and I haven't seen any of them since I came on."

"Did you send this?" asked the chief clerk, handing the invitation through the grating of the operator's window.

"No; that must have been Johnson. It was sent at 5.52, and I don't come on till seven. Wonder why he sent it Western Union?"

The train began to move, and Burwell shoved the telegram into his pocket and swung up the steps of the Pullman. A gust of wind made him catch at his hat, and he did not see the square of yellow paper escape from his pocket and flutter lightly away in the darkness. When the train steamed out with the Argyle in tow he went forward to tell his wife.

"We're in for it," he said, ruefully, gathering up the hand-baggage; "the car is as dark as a pocket, and I suppose everybody's gone to bed long ago."

An obsequious but immovable porter met them at the door of the Argyle. "Dis is a private cyal, sah," said he, barring the way.

"I know that," replied Burwell, "but we are invited guests. Mr. Mayhugh telegraphed us to join him here."

The man still hesitated. "Does you b'long to de railroad?" he inquired.

"Yes, I'm chief clerk of the First Division—Mr. Elbert's office."

"Oh, yes, sah; I 'members you puffickly—done been in yo' office many a time. Des come right in, sah—I's tek yo' baggage."

"Did—did Mr. Mayhugh leave any word for us?" asked Burwell, seeking instinctively for some prop with which to steady his wavering resolution.

"Not to me, sah, no sah; but dat's all right—I'll des give you de little state-room an' you all can go to yo' res' widout 'sturbin' anybody. I reckon you all doesn't care p'tic'larly to see de Gen'ral to-night, does you?"

"Certainly not," replied Burwell, and they followed the man through the car to a diminutive compartment opening out of the large central space used for a dining- and sitting-room, where he left them and went back to his watch at the forward end of the car.

The morning sun was shining in at the window, and the Argyle was lurching heavily over the uneven track of the extension, when Burwell opened the state-room door and told Minnie how to reach the dressing-room. He caught a glimpse of three ladies reclining in easy-chairs in the central apartment, and held his breath when he saw his wife cannon helplessly against one of them in her efforts to reach the opposite aisle. The lady was portly and severe-looking, and Burwell saw her frown as she put up her eye-glasses and stared after the retreating figure of the offender.

"That's a cheerful beginning," he muttered, making his way back to the smoking-compartment. The small room was already occupied by a stout elderly gentleman in slippers, trousers, and undershirt, who was sluicing his face in the single basin and growling out moist imprecations at the roughness of the track.

Burwell stepped back into a corner and awaited his turn. The gentleman appeared to be in no hurry, and while Burwell glanced at him furtively, a violent lunge sent the bather against the side of the car; he straightened up with the water dripping from his bushy eyebrows and fierce-looking mustache, and glared at Burwell with one eye while he felt mechanically for the towels in the rack. The chief clerk saw that it was the President, but he was wholly unprepared for the wrathful question that was hurled at him.

"Who the devil are you?"

For a brief moment Burwell actually forgot his own name, then he stammered, "I—I'm Burwell, of Mr. Elbert's office."

"Oh, you are"—with fine irony—"and what are you doing here?"

Burwell's helpless consternation made him take things very literally, and he said: "I'm waiting to get a chance to wash my face."

The President seemed about to have a fit of apoplexy; when he got his breath he shouted: "I want to know what you're doing in this car; who told you to bring your infernal impudence here?"

The question settled it, and Burwell saw the grim cruelty of the joke; nevertheless, he attempted to explain. "I got a telegram from your private secretary last night, saying that you desired my wife and me to continue our wedding journey as your guests; I——"

"Your wife!" roared the irate official, sawing his neck with the towel as if he meant to strangle himself; "how many of you are there?—why didn't you bring your mother-in-law and your sisters and a few more of your female relatives, while you were about it? And what's this gammon about a telegram? I didn't send any telegram, and I haven't any secretary. I don't believe a word of it!"

Burwell had long since learned the lesson of respectful deference to unreasonable superiors, but he had never been quite so severely tested. "I'm sorry you don't believe me," he said, quietly. "I'll show you the telegram when you are good enough to allow me to wash my face and hands."

Mr. Mayhugh flung down the towel and left the compartment without speaking again, and Burwell made his toilet with the methodical carefulness of a man about to be hanged. When he went back to the sitting-room the scene was anything but reassuring. The severe-looking lady in the stiff black silk was looking steadfastly out of the window; the President was sitting in an easy-chair in the farther corner, surrounded by three young women who seemed to be expostulating with him; and the poor young bride of a day was cowering in the smallest possible corner of the most uncomfortable seat in the compartment. Her eyes were suspiciously bright when

Burwell sat down beside her, and she turned to him appealingly.

"Oh, Charlie, dear, what *have* we done?" she murmured.

"Committed murder in the first degree, I should think," he said, desperately. "What did you do with that telegram last night?"

"The telegram?—I didn't have it; oh, Charlie, *don't* say you have lost it!"

"I'm afraid I have," he said, remorsefully, going through his pockets for the twentieth time. "I showed it to the operator at Ute Springs last night, and I haven't seen it since."

"Oh, oh," she said, wringing her hands pathetically, "isn't this perfectly dreadful! I'd faint if it would do any good!"

"Don't do that, whatever you do; the thing's got to be faced out some way or other, and I'm going to begin it right now."

He rose and went toward the group in the corner, but before he had taken two steps she was at his side with her arm linked in his. "I'll help you," she whispered.

The three young women saw the movement and met them half-way; one of them, whom Burwell recognized as Bessie Mayhugh, slipped her arm about Minnie's waist. "We know all about it," she said, "and you're to have nothing whatever to do with it; you are *our* guest," and the trio surrounded the young wife and hurried her out of the compartment. Burwell gave a sigh of relief, and registered a mental vow of fealty to all Boston womankind for the sake of the kindly diversion; then he turned to Mr. Mayhugh and tried to assume a dignified attitude which was promptly made ridiculous and impossible by the plunging of the car.

"Sit down," said the President, abruptly, indicating a chair in front of him. "Now, what was it about that telegram?"

Burwell gave the facts in the case as clearly and tersely as possible.

"Where is the message?"

"I don't know; I showed it to the operator at Ute Springs last night, and asked him if you had left any word for

me. While I was talking to him the train pulled out and I had to run to catch it; I suppose I must have lost the telegram then, for I haven't been able to find it since."

The President frowned and looked at his watch as the porter came in to lay the cloth for breakfast. "Tell the cook we don't want to wait all day for something to eat," he said, irritably—and then to Burwell—"You say the message was sent by my secretary; what was the name?"

"R. Penfield or Penfold, I couldn't make out which."

"That ought to have shown you that it was a hoax; my secretary's name is Harrington, and he went home sick two days ago."

"It would have done so, doubtless, had I known either of the facts you mention."

Mr. Mayhugh stared gloomily out of the window for a few minutes and then asked: "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"I'm afraid we're entirely at your mercy, Mr. Mayhugh. As you are aware, there are no trains running on the extension, but it is your privilege to put us off at the first station, if you please. I presume we can make our way back to civilization in time."

The President smiled grimly. "That would be a romantic ending to your wedding journey, wouldn't it? Who the devil hates you badly enough to play such a trick on you?"

Burwell thought of Roy at once, but he was much too generous to implicate the operator. "I can't say," he replied, "but my own stupidity is mainly answerable; I ought to have known better than to pay any attention to such a message."

While he was speaking breakfast was announced, and the three girls came in with Minnie. Miss Mayhugh looked inquiringly at her father and Burwell.

"I hope you gentlemen have arranged your differences so that we may eat in peace," she said, pleasantly. "Father—Auntie, this is Mrs. Charles Burwell; Mrs. Burwell, my father, and my aunt, Mrs. Prendergast."

Minnie rose bravely to the emergency and presented her husband, first to Miss

Mayhugh and to the two Misses Brandon, and then, with some embarrassment, to the stately lady in the black silk, and they all sat down to breakfast.

After the meal, which, despite the hospitable efforts of Miss Mayhugh and her two young guests, was not too cheerful, the President shoved one of the easy-chairs into a corner and lighted a dubious-looking cigar, throwing it away with an execration after two or three whiffs. Burwell noticed the incident and extended a handful of his own cigars. The President examined them with the air of a connoisseur and lighted one.

"What business have you got with such good cigars as these?" he asked.

Burwell smiled. "The box was one of my wedding gifts; do you like them?"

"Very fair cigar. Now, if it wasn't for that cursed correspondence, I could be comfortable."

Burwell saw the handle of another opportunity passing him and he grasped at it without hesitation.

"Have you some letters to write?" he asked.

"Yes, a hundred or two."

"I don't wish to be officious, but I am a stenographer, and if I can be of any service to you——"

"The devil you are! Why didn't you say so at first? Come along into the state-room."

A few minutes later Mr. Mayhugh was seated at his desk with a huge accumulation of letters before him, and Burwell's pencil was flying rapidly over the blank pages of his predecessor's note-book. When he had taken two or three of the replies at top speed, the gratified President handed him one of his own cigars. "Better light up," he said. "You beat Harrington two to one; can you run a typewriter?"

"I can."

After that the work went on steadily, and Burwell fancied he could see the index of Mr. Mayhugh's mental barometer travel slowly around from "Stormy" to "Set Fair" as the pile of letters diminished. In addition to being a rapid and accurate amanuensis, the chief clerk had all the details of the railway company's business at his fingers' ends, and

the President was quick to discover and to utilize this opportune fund of information.

When the last letter was written it was nearly noon, and the Argyle was approaching the end of the uncompleted extension. Dropping the letter into the mail-box, Burwell excused himself and took his wife to the rear platform to show her the view of the distant Uintah Mountains. The scene was grand and awe-inspiring, but Minnie deliberately turned her back on it to say, feverishly: "Tell me all about it, quick, Charlie! What did he say to you?—what have you been doing all morning?—how in the world did you ever explain things?"

Burwell smiled at her eagerness. "It's all right now, I guess; he wanted a shorthand man and we've been writing letters all the forenoon. How have you been getting along?"

"Oh, I've just been having a splendid time! The girls have fairly tried themselves to make me feel at home, and Kate Brandon wants us to visit them in Boston when we go East. Even Mrs. Prendergast thawed out after a while, and she laughed till she cried when I told her how we'd been victimized."

A shrill whistle from the engine announced their arrival at the engineer's camp, and a bearded colossus in rough tweeds and slouch hat, and answering to the name of Kirkpatrick, climbed to the rear platform and asked for Mr. Mayhugh. Burwell had speech with the new-comer while showing him to the private state-room; and a little later, when the two men came back to the sitting-room, the chief clerk spoke to the President while the engineer was spreading his maps upon the large table.

"I can get your messages off through Mr. Kirkpatrick's office," he said; "have you any others to send?"

"Not now."

Burwell hesitated a moment and then looked up frankly. "Mr. Mayhugh, you know how sorry I am that this thing happened, and I believe you understand that we didn't mean to be intruders. The material-train goes down to Mountain Junction this afternoon, and we can go back on that. I hope you will——"

The President interrupted him with a genial laugh. "No, you don't, my boy," he said; "I know a good thing when I see it. Get your note-book and take another telegram."

When Burwell was ready Mr. Mayhugh dictated:

"To Superintendent Elbert:

"I have your chief clerk with me in car Argyle and intend to keep him through the entire inspection. Make your arrangements accordingly."

"Just sign my name to that and send it with the others."

When Burwell handed the bunch of telegrams to Mr. Kirkpatrick's operator he had added still another to which he had signed his own name. It read:

"To Fred Roy:— Superintendent's office.

"Much obliged for your thoughtfulness. We are having a royal time. Until further notice, you can reach me care car Argyle."

THE STORY OF A PATH

By H. C. Bunner

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST

IN one of his engaging essays Mr. John Burroughs tells of meeting an English lady in Holyoke, Mass., who complained to him that there were no foot-paths for her to walk on, whereupon the poet-naturalist was moved to an eloquent expression of his grief over America's inferiority in the foot-path line to the "mellow England" which in one brief month had won him for her own. Now I know very little of Holyoke, Mass., of my own knowledge. As a lecture-town I can say of it that its people are polite, but extremely undemonstrative, and that the lecturer is expected to furnish the refreshments. It is quite likely that the English lady was right, and that there are no foot-paths there.

I wish to say, however, that I know the English lady. I know her—many, many of her—and I have met her a-many times. I know the enchanted fairyland in which her wistful memory loves to linger. Often and often have I watched her father's wardian-case grow into "papa's hot-houses;" the plain brick house that he leases, out Notting Hill way, swell into "our family mansion," and the cottage that her family once occupied at Stoke Wigglesworth change itself into "the country place that papa had to give up because it took so much of his time



to see that it was properly kept up." And long experience in this direction enables me to take that little remark

about the foot-paths, and to derive from it a large amount of knowledge about Holyoke and its surroundings that I should not have had of my own getting, for I have never seen Holyoke except by night, nor am I like to see it again.

From that brief remark I know these things about Holyoke : It is surrounded by a beautiful country, with rolling hills and a generally diversified landscape. There are beautiful green fields, I am sure. There is a fine river somewhere about, and I think there must be waterfalls and a pretty little creek. The timber must be very fine, and probably there are some superb New England elms. The roads must be good, uncommonly good ; and there must be unusual facilities for getting around and picnicking and finding charming views and all that sort of thing.

Nor does it require much art to learn all this from that pathetic plaint about the foot-paths. For the game of the Briton in a foreign land is ever the same. It changes not from generation unto generation. Bid him to the feast and set before him all your wealth of cellar and garner. Spread before him the meat, heap up for him the fruits of the season. Weigh down the board with every vegetable that the gardener's art can bring to perfection in or out of its time—white-potatoes, sweet-potatoes, lima-beans, string-beans, fresh peas, sweet-corn, lettuce, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, tomatoes, musk-melons and water-melons—all you will—no word will you hear from him till he has looked over the whole assortment and discovered that you have not the vegetable marrow, and that you do not raise it. Then will he break forth and cry out for his vegetable marrow. All these things are as naught to him if he cannot have his vegetable marrow, and he will tell you about the exceeding goodness and rarity of the vegetable marrow, until you will figure it in your mind like unto the famous mangosteen fruit of the Malay Peninsula, he who once eats whereof tastes never again any other fruit of the earth, finding them all as dust and ashes by the side of the mangosteen.

That is to say, this will happen unless you have eaten of the vegetable marrow, and have the presence of mind to recall



to the Briton's memory the fact that it is nothing but a second choice summer squash ; after which the meal will proceed in silence. Just so might Mr. Burroughs have brought about a sudden change in the topic of conversation by telling the English lady that where the American treads out a path he builds a road by the side of it.

To tell the truth, I think that the English foot-path is something pathetic beyond description. The better it is, the older, the better worn, the more it speaks with a sad significance of the long established inequalities of old-world society. It means too often the one poor, pitiful right of a poor man, the man who must walk all his life, to go hither and thither through the rich man's country. The lady may walk it for pleasure if she likes, but the man who walks it because he must, turns up a little by-path leading from it to a cottage that no industry or thrift will make his own ; and for him to aspire to a roadway to his front-door would be a gross piece of impertinence in a man of his station. It is the remembrance of just such right-of-way foot-paths as the English lady's sad heart yearned after that reconciles me to a

great many hundreds of houses that have recently been built in the State of New Jersey after designs out of books that cost all the way from twenty-five cents to a dollar. Architecturally these are very much inferior to the English cottager's home, and they occasionally waken thoughts of incendiarism. But the people who live in them are people who insist on having roads right to their front-doors, and I have heard them do some mighty interesting talking in town-meeting about the way those roads shall be laid and who shall do the laying.

As I have before remarked, I am quite willing to believe that Holyoke is a pathless wilderness, in the English lady's sense. But when Mr. Burroughs makes the generalization that there are no foot-paths in this country, it seems to me he must be letting his boyhood get too far away from him.

For there are foot-paths enough, certainly. Of course an old foot-path in this country always serves to mark the line of a new road when the people who had worn it take to keeping horses. But there are thousands of miles of paths criss-crossing the country-side in all of our older States that will never see the dirt-cart or the stone-crusher in the lifetime of any man alive to-day.

Mr. Burroughs—especially when he is published in the dainty little Douglas duodecimos—is one of the authors whose books a busy man reserves for a pocket-luxury of travel. So it was that, a belated reader, I came across his lament over our pathlessness, some years after my having had a hand—or a foot, as you might say—in the making of a certain cross-lots foot-way which led me to study the wind-



ings and turnings of the longer country-side walks until I got the idea of writing "The Story of a Path." I am sorry to

contradict Mr. Burroughs, but, if there are no foot-paths in America, what becomes of the many good golden hours that I have spent in well-tracked woodland ways and in narrow foot-lanes through the wind-swept meadow grass? I cannot give these up: I can only wish that Mr. Burroughs had been my companion in them.

A foot-path is the most human thing in inanimate nature. Even as the print of his thumb reveals the old of-



fender to the detectives, so the path tells you the sort of feet that wore it. Like the human nature that created it, it starts out to go straight when strength and determination shape its course, and it goes crooked when weakness lays it out. Until you begin to study them you can have no notion of the differences of character that exist among foot-paths. One line of trodden earth seems to you the same as another. But look! Is the path you are walking on fairly straight from point to point, yet deflected to avoid short rises and falls, *and is it worn to grade?* That is, does it plough a deep way through little humps and hillocks something as a street is cut down to grade? If you see this path before you, you may be sure that it is made by the heavy shuffle of workingmen's feet. A path that wavers from side

to side, especially if the turns be from one bush to another, and that is only a light trail making an even line of wear over the inequalities of the ground—that is a path that children make. The path made by the business man—the man who is anxious to get to his work at one end of the day, and anxious to get to his home at the other—is generally a good piece of engineering. This type of man makes more paths in this country than he does in any other. He carries his intelligence and his energy into every act of life, and even in the half-unconscious business of making his own private trail he generally manages to find the line of least resistance in getting from one given point to another.



This is the story of a path :

It is called Reub Levi's Path, because Reuben Levi Dodd is supposed to have made it, some time in 1830 or thereabout, when he built his house on the hill. But it is much older than Reuben Levi. He probably thought he was telling the truth when, forty

years ago, he swore to having broken the path himself twenty years before, through the Jacobus woods, down the hill and across the flat lands that then belonged to the Onderdoncks, and again through the Ogden woods to the county road; but he forgot that on the bright June day when he first started to find a convenient way through the woods and over the broad lowland fields from his own front-door to that of his father-in-law, Evert Ogden, and then through Mr. Ogden's patch of woods to the lit-

tle town on the bank of the Passaic—he forgot that for a little part of the way he had had the help of a man whose feet had long before done with walking the paths of earth.

The forest, for it was a forest then, was full of heavy underwood and brush, and he had no choice but to dodge his way between the clumps. But when he got out to the broad open space on the brow of the hill, where no trees had ever grown, he found an almost tropical growth of wild grass and azalea, with bull-brier twining over everything in every direction. He found it worse than the dense woods.

"Drat the pesky stuff," he said to himself, "ain't there no way through it?"



Then as he looked about he spied a line no broader than his hand at the bottom, that opened clean through the bull-brier and the bushes across the open to where the trees began again on the down-slope of the hill. Grass was growing in it, but he knew it for an old trail.

"'Twas Pelatiah Jinks made that, I'll bet a shilling," he said to himself, remembering the lonely old trapper who had dwelt on that mountain in his father's time. He had once seen old man Jinks's powder-horn, with its elaborate carving, done in the long solitary hours when the old man sat weather-bound in his lofty hermitage.

"Jest like the old critter to make a bee-line track like that. But what in thunder did he want to go that way across the clearing for? I'm much obleeged to him for his trail, but it ain't headed right for town."

No, it was not. But young Dodd did not remember that the trees whose tops he saw just peeping over the hill were young things of forty years' growth that had taken the place of a line of

ninety-year old chestnuts that had died down from the top and been broken down by the wind shortly after old Pelatiah died. The line that the old man had made for himself took him straight to the one little hillock where he could look over this tall screen and get his bearings afresh by the glint of the Passaic's water in the woody valley below, for at no other spot along that ridge was the Passaic visible.

Now in this one act of Reuben Levi Dodd you can see the human nature that lies at the bottom of all path-making. He turned aside from his straight course to walk in the easy way made by another man, and then fetched a compass, as they used to say in the Apostle Paul's time, to get back to his straight bearings. Old Pelatiah had a good reason for deviating from his straight line to the town; young Dodd had none, except that it was easier to go two yards around than to go one yard straight through the bull-brier. Young Dodd had a powder-horn slung from his shoulder that morning, and the powder-horn had some carving on it, but it was not like the carving on old Pelatiah's horn. There was a letter R, cut with many flourishes, a letter L cut but want-



ing most of its flourishes, and a letter D half finished, and crooked at that, and without the first trace of a flourish. That was the way his powder-horn looked that day, for that was the way it looked when he died, and his son sold it to a dealer in antiquities.

Young Dodd and his wife found it lonely living up there on the hill-top. They were the first who had pushed so far back from the river and the town. Mrs. Dodd, who had an active and ambitious spirit in her, often reproached her husband for his neglect to make their home more accessible to her old friends in the distant town.

"If you'd take a bill-hook," she would say, "and clean up that snake-fence path

ise, and once he did take his hook and chop out a hundred yards or so. But things did not mend until Big Bill Turnbull, known all over the county as the Hard Job Man, married a widow with five children, bought a little patch of five or six acres next to Dodd's big farm, built a log-cabin for himself and his family, and settled down there.

Now Turnbull's log-cabin was so situated that the line of old Pelatiah's path through the bull-brier, extended about an eighth of a mile, would just reach the front-door. Turnbull saw this, and it was at that point that he tapped Reub Levi's foot-path to the town. But he did his tapping after his own fashion. He took his wife's red flannel



of yours a little, may be folks would climb up here to see us once in a blue moon. It's all well enough for you with your breeches, but how are women-folks to trail their frocks through that brush?"

Reub Levi would promise and prom-

petticoat and tied it to a sapling on the top of the mound that the old hunter used to climb, and then with bill-hook and axe he cut a straight swath through the woods. He even cut down through the roots and took out the larger stones.

"That's what you'd ought to have

done long ago, Reuben Levi Dodd," said his wife, as she watched this manifestation of energy.

"Guess I didn't lose much by waiting," Reub Levi answered, with a smile that did not look as self-satisfied as he tried to make it. "I'd a-had to do it myself, and now the other fellow's done it for me."

And thereafter he took Bill Turnbull's path just where it touched the corner of his own cleared land. But Malvina Dodd, to the day of her death, never once walked that way, but, going and coming, took the winding track that her husband had laid out for her when their home was built.

The next maker of the path was a boy not ten years old. His name was Philip Wessler, and he was a charity boy of German parentage, who had been adopted by an eccentric old man in the town, an herb doctor. This calling was in more repute in those days than it is now. Old Dr. Van Wagener was growing feeble, and he relied on the boy, who was grateful and faithful, to search for his stock of simples. When the weather was favorable they would go together through the Ogden woods, and across the meadows to where the other woods began at the bottom of the hill. Here the old man would sit down and wait, while the boy climbed the steep hill-side, and ranged hither and thither in his search for sassafras and liverwort, and a hundred and one plants, flowers, and herbs, in which the doctor found virtue. When he had collected his bundle he came running down the path to where the doctor sat, and left them for the old man to pick and choose from, while he darted off after another load.

He did a boy's work with the path. Steep grades were only a delight to him,

and so in the course of a year or two he trod out, or jumped out, a series of break-neck short-cuts. William Turnbull—people called him William now, since he had built a clap-board house, and was using the log-cabin for a barn—William Turnbull, observing these short cuts, approved of their purpose, but not of their method. He went through the woods once or twice on odd days after his hay was in, and did a little grading with a mattock. Here and there he made steps out of flat stones. He told his wife he thought it would be some handier for her, and she told him—they were both from Connecticut—that it was quite some handier, and that it was real thoughtful of him; and that she didn't want to speak no ill of the dead, but if her first man had been that considerate he wouldn't never have got himself drowned going pickerel fishing in March, when the ice



was so soft you'd suppose rational folks would keep off of it.

This path was a path of slow formation. It was a path that was never destined to become a road. It is only in mathematics that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. The grade through the Jacobus woods was so steep that no wagon could have been hauled up it over the mud roads of that day and generation. Lumber, groceries, and all heavy truck were taken around by the road, that made a clean sweep around the hill, and was connected with the Dodd and Turnbull farms by a steep but short lane which the workmen had made when they built the Dodd house. The road was six miles to the path's three, but the drive was shorter than the walk.

There was a time when it looked as though the path might really develop into a road. That was the time when the township, having outgrown the county roads, began to build roads for itself. But, curiously enough, two subjects of Great Britain settled the fate of that New Jersey path. The controversy between Telford and Macadam was settled so long ago in Macadam's favor, that few remember the point of difference between those two noted engineers. Briefly stated, it was this: Mr. Telford said it *was*, and Mr. Macadam said it was *not*, necessary to put a foundation of large flat stones, set on end, under a broken-stone road. Reuben Levi's township, like many other New Jersey townships, sided with Mr. Telford, and made a mistake that cost thousands of dollars directly, and millions indirectly. To-day New Jersey can show the way to all her sister States in road-building and road-keeping. But the money she wasted on costly Telford pavements is only just beginning to come back to her, as she spreads out mile after mile of the economical Macadam. Reuben Levi's township squandered money on a few miles of Telford, raised the tax-rate higher than it had ever been before, and opened not one inch of new road for fifteen years thereafter. And within that fifteen years the canal came up on one side, opening a way to the great manufacturing town, ten miles down

the river; and then the town at the end of the path was no longer the sole base of supplies. Then the railroad came around on the other side of the hill, and put a flag-station just at the bottom of what had come to be known as Dodd's Lane. And thus by the magic of nineteenth-century science New York and Newark were brought nearer to the hill-side farm than the town three miles away.

But year by year new feet trod the path. The laborers who cut the canal found it and took it when they left their shanty camp to go to town for Saturday-night frolics. Then William Turnbull, who had enlarged his own farm as far as he found it paid, took to buying land and building houses in the valley beyond. Reub Levi laughed at him, but he prospered after a way he had, and built up a thriving little settlement just over the canal. The people of this little settlement soon made a path that connected with Reuben Levi's, by way of William Turnbull's, and whenever business or old association took them to town they helped to make the path longer and broader.

By and by the regular wayfarers found it out—the peddlers, the colporteurs, the wandering portrait-painters, the tinkers and clock-menders, the runaway apprentices, and all the rest of the old-time gentry of the road. And they carried the path on still farther—down the river to Newark.

It is not wholly to be told, "The Story of the Path." So many people had to do with its making in so many ways that no chronicle could tell all the meanings of its twists and turns and straight lines. There is one little jog in its course to-day, where it went around a tree, the stump of which rotted down into the ground a quarter of a century ago. Why do we walk around that useless bend to-day? Because it is a path, and because we walk in the way of human nature.

The life of a tree may be a hundred years or two hundred years and yet be long life. But the days of the age of a man are threescore and ten, and though some be so strong that they come to fourscore, yet the strong man may be stricken down in the flower

of his strength, if it be the will of the Lord.

When William Turnbull came to die he was but twoscore years and five, but for all he was so young the people of the township gathered from far and near, for he had been a helpful man all his days, and those whom he had helped remembered that he would help them no more. Four men and four women sat up with the dead, twice as many as the old custom called for. One of the men was a Judge, two had been Chosen Freeholders, and the fourth was his hired man. There was no cemetery in the township, and his tomb had been built at the bottom of the hill, looking out on the meadows which he had just made his own—the last purchase of his life.

There were two other pall-bearers to carry him on their shoulders to the place beyond which no man goes. These two, when they left the house on the night before the funeral, walked slowly and thoughtfully down the path together. They looked over every step of the way with to-morrow's slow and toilsome march in their minds. When they came to the turn by Pelatiah's mound they paused.

"We can't never get him round that bend," said one. "That ain't no way to start down the hill. Best is I come here first thing in the morning and cut a way through this bull-brier straight across the angle, then we can see ahead where we're going. Put them two light men behind, and you and me at the head, and we can manage it. My! what a man *he* was, though! Why, I seen him take the head of a coffin all by himself once."

This man was a near neighbor of the

Turnbells, for now they had a number of neighbors; Reuben Levi Dodd had been selling small farms off his big farm—somehow he had never made the big farm a success. There are many services of men to man that country neighbors make little of, though to the dwellers in great cities they might seem strange burdens. At five o'clock the next morning Warren Freeman, the pall-bearer, went out and mowed and hacked a path through the tangled field from midway of old Pelatiah's trail down to a short-cut made by the doctor's charity-boy, who was to-day a Judge. This Judge came out of the silent house, released by the waking hour, from his vigil with the dead. He watched his fellow pall-bearer at work.

"I used to go down that path on the dead run twenty years ago," said he, "when I was working for Dr. Van Wagener and he used to send me up here gathering herbs."

"You'll go down it on the dead walk to-morrow, Jedge," said the other, pausing in his work, "and you want to step mighty careful, or one fun'l will breed another."

Life, death, wedlock, the lingering of lovers, the waywardness of childish feet, the tread of weary toil, the slow, swaying walk of the mother, with her babe in her arms, the measured steps of the bearer of the dead, the light march of youth and strength and health—all, all have helped to beat out the strange, wandering line of the old path; and to me, who love to find and to tread its turns, the current of their human life flows still along its course, in the dim spaces under the trees, or out where the sunshine and the wind are at play upon the broad, bright meadows.



MINNEHAHA

By *Eva Wilder McGlasson*



HE came out on the porch of the small, trim-looking house, and stood restlessly fumbling with the broad gold band on her fore-finger. Her middle-aged face exhibited a sort of stolid distress. The lips were purple and puckered. The wide, pale cheeks were streaked with dull red. In her cold blue eyes, as they took acrimonious stock of the medium's poor, weather-beaten house over the way, a perturbed spark flickered.

"I guess they won't hev much of a crowd to-night," she muttered; "it looks like rain was blowing up." Then she turned about and, lifting her voice, said, "Jane! aw Jane! you ain't thinking of going across the way to-night, are you? I wouldn't feel safe about you if a storm came."

There was a step in the small, neat hallway. Another woman, tall and lean, with a sallow, nervous face, appeared in the doorway. She wore a black alpaca gown with a deep fall of crocheted lace about the neck. Her hair was screwed back in a grayish knob. It was amazingly sleek, but the crop of tiny curls, which displayed their lace foundation over the woman's shining, yellowish forehead, was strangely crinkled, like gray moss.

"The paper never spoke of rain," she demurred, glancing critically out.

It was almost dark, and from every street-corner long strands of natural gas were already flaming high. Sometimes the sweeping redness flaunted low, turbaning the iron standard heads in silky vermilion. Again the fiery masses were spun out in long threads which twisted about the heavy rod like gay ribbons about a May-pole. Mill-stacks and the skeleton outworks of several gas-wells lifted blackly upon the horizon. Everywhere were little dwellings, new, insufficient of build, mere

shells hastily put together for the occupancy of those whom the gas had so suddenly drawn to the old Indiana town.

The house of the Werner girls was the only house on the square which had a look of respectable age and use. Lilac bushes made rich flecks of verdancy in the front yard. An apple-tree bent a gnarled hand of blessing over the porch end. Through the open door a precise, small parlor revealed itself, with fading Brussels carpeting, hair-cloth chairs of an antique fashion of frame, marble centre-table, and a corner what-not.

"You can't always go by them weather reports," declared the elder Miss Werner, surveying her sister. "I say there's a storm coming. You best stay right home, Jane." She gave the younger woman an anxious glance. Jane's lips drew together.

"I'm thinking of looking in at Mrs. Furber's," she said, simply.

Her sister drew a gasping breath.

"You're killing me," she broke forth; "that's what you're doing, Jane Werner! Only us two and our family always as much looked up to as any in town! I'm glad that mother ain't alive to witness your doin's—you that was sent to Sunday-school before you could talk plain! Oh, my goodness me!"

Jane wheeled round, with an air of impatience.

"Liza," she said, "you better be reasonable. I'm old enough to know what I'm doing. There's no harm in my going to Mrs. Furber's of Tuesday nights. I ain't a believer; I'm only investigatin'."

"They all say that!" moaned Liza; "they're all investigatin'!" Her voice rang out with a hysterical note. Some people passing looked over the fence. Little throngs of twos and threes were coming up the badly paved street, under the lurid pulsing of the numerous gas-jets. They slackened pace at the

gate of the rickety cottage of the medium. As they mounted the single door-step the inner light disclosed them generally as elderly persons in common attire.

A slight, childish figure in a frock of some light color stood in the embrasure of the door. The folk who entered seemed to touch lightly the slim-wristed hand this little figure held motionlessly toward them. In the variance of the streaming gas a silver coin, slipping into the palm of the girl on the threshold, caught a transient flash of white. She seemed to be taking an admission fee. The Werners could see her small, pale face, her spare ankles, her serious expression, the fluff of light hair on her forehead.

Then the door was shut rather suddenly. A man's arm, reaching from the window, drew the shutters close. Presently a quavering voice lifted up the rhythm of a familiar hymn. A stranger passing might have thought that the slant roof of the medium's house sheltered a meeting of devout souls at prayer and praise.

With a checked shawl about her shoulders, the younger Miss Werner reappeared in the doorway. Her sister, huddling on the step, lifted a face of interdiction.

"All I hope is that lightnin' won't strike that house yonder," she said. "Though I ain't sure but I as lief see you laid out in your grave fixin's as sitting alive onder Mrs. Furber's hoodoin'. Don't tell me! She hain't no more power to summon dead folks to talk through a trumpet than I hev, so she ain't. Pore Mr. Furber! I d'know but I pity him more than anyone. He's the worst deceived of the hull lot—thinks his wife's got a gift from heaven—pore old soul! Well, he'll soon find out what a evil creature he's been trusting, for he's not long for this world. He's pointedly dying day by day—got the rale old style consumption, if ever I see it. Oh, law me! and the only sister I got in the world a-payin' out money to mix in with folks that lets theirselves be befooled and bewheedled!"

Jane's face wore a look of resigned exasperation. Across the street they

had begun the second stanza of the hymn. She lifted her skirts and went resolutely down the steps.

The knob of the medium's door turned easily in her hand, disclosing a poor room, spectrally lighted by a lamp with a green shade. Numbers of men and women, with knees rigidly squared, sat in a circle, in the centre of which a woman stood arranging on a small table a bowl of red geraniums and a tall tin trumpet.

She was thin and worn, with lightish hair twisting back from her high cheekbones. Her lips were set close, but her gray eyes had a furtive sort of uneasiness as she glanced round the room. Her eyes lingered an instant on a well-dressed young man hard by.

"You are a stranger?" she asked, with a certain suspicious accent. The man nodded.

"Yes'm. I paid same as the rest," he remarked, with a sharp note in his voice. The medium regarded him with cold dignity. Then her gaze ranged again about the gathering, resting for an instant on that part of the circle where her daughter sat, holding the hand of an old man whose face, even in the dim light, wore a look of eager expectancy. He was tall, with a bent frame, the joints of which were sadly evident in the threadbare clothes he had on. His long silvery beard shelved alertly over his narrow breast. Locks of gray hair bestrung his ears and fringed over a wide, benevolent brow, in which, from deep hollows, shone a pair of great, credulous, enthusiastic eyes.

"I kind of look for good success to-night," he broke out, catching his wife's eye. "Somehow I feel like the conditions were about right. It's just a mite cool this evening. Minnehaha always does best on cool evenings. Haven't you noticed it, Emma?"

The medium bent over the bowl of flowers.

"Yes," she murmured, a little heavily. "Yes, Henry, I believe so."

She sat down beside the table, closing her eyes. A sharp rap sounded somewhere near her. She started and twitched.

"She's going under control," whis-

pered Miss Werner, in an explanatory tone, to the strange man by whom she sat. Someone rose and blew out the light. A stifling sort of darkness fell upon the place. The lack of air, the absolute gloom, perhaps some physical force transmitted through the clasped hands of those who sat about—these conditions always gave Miss Jane a strangeness of feeling which made her credulous of occult forces, and more than at other times inclined to put confidence in the wan woman sitting so silently in the centre of the room.

Miss Jane was not sure as to the veracity of the manifestations which Mrs. Furber evoked. The queerness, however, fascinated the younger Miss Werner, and she assured herself that, even if she were being deceived, she was acting a worthy part in contributing to the support of the Furber family. For though Mrs. Furber might be a woman of iniquitous devices, there was no doubt that she was a good wife and mother. Everyone knew how hard she had worked to support the feeble old husband and delicate little daughter. Everyone knew, also, that her health had failed under the stress of doing tailor's work on a heavy machine. It was along in winter that she herself realized definitely her inability to go on. It was winter and bleak. Things went hard in the Furber house. One morning a neighbor woman observed an odd feature in the landscape opposite her window. From the chimney of the Werner house a half-scared-looking thread of smoke rose, veining the sky with tremulous blue. Not another chimney in sight but was breathless in indication of gas used for fuel.

"They're burning wood," said the woman. "I reckon the town's cut off their gas. Things must be at a low ebb with the Furbers."

This judgment had scarcely been detailed in the neighborhood when it was ousted by a more thrilling bit of intelligence. It was whispered that Mrs. Furber had a gift for "foreseein'." The wives of the workmen in the various factories about began to go to her for what they called "settings." These trysts with the esoteric took place in a dark corner of Mrs. Furber's front

room. The awed searcher for fate-withheld knowledge, sitting in the shadows of the improvised cabinet, would observe the face of the medium convulsed in the initiatory stages of "going off." The trance condition following these alarming spasms was presided over by an entity speaking from Mrs. Furber's lips in a dialect that was of German suggestiveness, interlarded with such idioms as a half-breed Indian might be supposed to use.

"The pale-faced squaw" would be greeted to the wigwam of Minnehaha, the Indian maiden who was Mrs. Furber's control. Any questions the pale-faced squaw might ask would be cheerfully, if not definitely, answered, for Minnehaha was as obliging as she was incoherent. Her replies were absolutely Delphic in their ambiguity, and however the questioner's affairs turned out, it could never be said that Minnehaha had prophesied falsely.

In addition to private "settings," Minnehaha engagingly exhibited her powers in what Mrs. Furber's *clientèle* called dark circles. These were held once a week and excited deep interest from "believers," amiable curiosity from "investigators," and scoffing ridicule from those who were neither. The frequenters of the mysterious rites which Mrs. Furber celebrated were not given to criticism. They had not even an elementary belief in the biological law that no human being can possibly possess any quality different in nature from those which belong to the race in general. They went blind in a mist of credulity, grasping at the dark skirts of any vision which seemed to float above the common, wholesome facts of life.

By these simple folk Mrs. Furber came to be regarded with veneration. She held converse with their lost Willy and Maria, could see these blessed children amusing themselves with celestial toys on the steps of the temple, and even bring badly constructed messages of good-will from their angelic lips.

But of all those who believed Mrs. Furber miraculously endowed, none regarded her with a confidence so implicit as her husband felt. All the simple faith of his nature concentrated itself

upon this late revelation of her sublime endowment. She had always been the one woman of his heart. But now she had become, as it were, the reed through which the spiritual world breathed its inspired utterances to the dull ear of mortality, and old Furber felt for her that superstitious veneration one feels for river water which a priest has blest in the font.

As darkness settled in the low room, he gave a sigh of ecstasy. Everything was intensely still. Suddenly a succession of sharp raps sounded, stirring the heavy gloom with echoes to make the most prosaic blood leap.

"It's Minnehaha!" said someone. Then a guttural voice came in an odd gurgle of laughter from the midst of the room.

"Me here again," it said; "me bring word from little angel—yellow scalp—blue eyes, name Bobby." A thin cry rang out.

"Oh, it's from my baby! my Bobby! Ah, thank you, Minnehaha! Is he here in the room?"

Minnehaha freely scattered messages around the circle.

Sometimes other spirits seemed anxious for the relaxation of brief talk with their mortal acquaintances. These spoke through the trumpet in husky whispers. Then the voices ceased. There was a deep breath from the medium. Someone lighted the lamp, thus revealing her pale, dazed face.

"Was — Minnehaha here?" she asked.

"Yes, Emma! yes, dear!" cried her husband. "Such a bounteous evening! The air was full of moving wings. I am sure, quite sure, that I felt a hand on my forehead—a cold, soft hand." His tone was tremulous with emotion. A sort of easy sympathy mirrored itself in the faces about. Suddenly a sharp laugh rang out. The strange man sitting by Miss Jane was shaking with mirth.

"Say!" he exclaimed, "you folks ain't all taken in by this business, are you? I've been around considerable—I'm a travelling man—and I've seen these things before. I've seen pretty poor outfits, but I never see anything quite so bad as this *séance* to-night.

That Choctaw girl must have learned to talk in Prussia! And by the hot breath that came in my face out of the trumpet, I should say some of these spirits have pretty good lungs. I'm not complaining. I've had my money's worth of fun watching you folks taken in so easy! If I'd wanted to make a row—which I didn't—I could have showed you the angel that's been walking round this circle whispering messages through a tin horn!"

He paused, laughing. There was a moment's silence. Mrs. Furber crouched in her chair, white, gasping for breath, with a piteously wandering look in her eyes as if she sought some escape from the glances bent upon her. Furber himself sat staring at the stranger with an air of dull bewilderment, as of one who has been smitten mortally. Suddenly a flash leaped to his face. He sprang to his feet and dashed forward. Someone laid restraining fingers upon him, and thus held he lifted a shaking hand toward the man who had spoken.

"Go," he cried, hoarsely, "go from this house. Dog!—you have slandered—you have slandered—" he faltered and sank back upon the shoulder of the stalwart fellow who had laid hold of him. They carried him upstairs to the small bed-chamber under the eaves. The stranger departed, and the rest remained to assure Mrs. Furber of their unbroken belief in her.

The story travelled round such parts of the town as had any interest in the spiritual pretensions of Mrs. Furber. It was generally conceded that his outburst of indignation had not done Furber himself any good. He had never risen, though several weeks passed on, from the bed where they laid him on the night of the strange man's half-jocular denunciation. The circles went on as usual, but though Mrs. Furber's adherents had declared their belief in her, it was noticeable that the Tuesday night gatherings were pervaded with a new spirit. People were constantly asking Minnehaha for "tests." They seemed less sure of the Indian girl's veracity, and even went so far as to ask her to explain her somewhat nebulous statements. In these trying times Minnehaha displayed great sweetness

of disposition. She deplored the fact of her inability to speak, as her earth friends spoke, the beautiful language of the pale-faces. She could only stammer out the tidings given her by spirits in every way superior to her, except that, unlike her, they possessed no medium of communication with the visible universe.

Minnehaha was amiable, but unhappily she seemed more and more liable to merely mortal errors. She made many mistakes. She spoke of a house as a house instead of a wigwam. She confused the dates of the deaths of Mrs. James Gray's two children, and committed various other sins which her friends found hard to pardon.

As to the medium herself, it was noted that Minnehaha's lapses or her husband's illness seemed to be wearing upon her. She looked white and broken-spirited, and there was in her eyes a look of apprehension and pain. After a peculiarly unsuccessful circle Miss Jane Werner lingered for a word with her hostess.

"You're looking poorly," she said. "Can I do anything for you?" Mrs. Furber looked quickly into the kind, old-maidish face. Some subtle understanding seemed to pass between them as they stood in the festival brilliancy of the over-lighted street.

Mrs. Furber moaned. Then she buried her face in her hands.

"No one can help me," she said. Miss Jane's nervous, shining brows knotted themselves and her lips shook.

"No matter what anyone says, I'm your friend!" she cried.

The other lifted a scared face.

"What—do they say?" she panted.

"Well, there's been some dissatisfaction lately—in the circle," admitted Miss Jane, guiltily.

On the following Tuesday night, however, there was a good gathering in the medium's carpetless front room. The medium came downstairs looking herself more like a disquiet shade than a woman. She took her place, made the usual contortions, and went "under control." Minnehaha's voice gurgled forth; but those who listened were aware of a change in it. Now the Indian jargon rang out briskly; again

it was Mrs. Furber herself stumbling through some incoherency of statement. Presently the voice faltered and broke.

"Will someone light the lamp?" said Mrs. Furber, in her usual tone. And when this was done the people saw her sitting before them with a look of deathly illness upon her.

"There will be no manifestations to-night," she said. "I find I am too tired. I—haven't the strength." She rose precipitately and stumbled up the staircase.

It was almost dark in the upper room where old Furber lay in bed, looking out at the pale sprinkling of stars in the purple sky. Street gas-lamps loomed along the cross-street like a range of low red moons. The old man's face was wasted to a pure aspect of modelling. The slightest vesture of flesh covered his long hands. He turned at his wife's step.

"You haven't left our good friends, Emma?" he asked, in a thin, rattling voice.

She fell on her knees beside him.

"I want to be with you!" she sobbed. "I want to be with you!"

He touched her hair tenderly.

"I am not lonely," he said. "I can spare you, dear. Remember how many hearts wait to be comforted by you. You belong to two worlds. Your gift is divine. Oh, my wife! I must not keep you from using it divinely!" He paused, disturbed by a tumult of voices in the room below.

"I guess that travelling man was about right," someone was saying loudly. "We've all let ourselves be fooled. Minnehaha! I guess her and Mrs. Furber are one and the same! None of us has ever seen Minnehaha, hev we?—good reason why. Well, I let it pass. I want my money back; that's all."

A clamor of approval rose upon this outbreak. "Tell her to give us back our money! we've been deceived just as long as we mean to. Our money!"

There was a hasty step on the stairs. Miss Jane Werner's head rose above the rail. She looked excitedly about the upper room, at the kneeling figure by the bed, and at the wasted face on the pillow.

"Mrs. Furber," she said, "may I speak to you just a second? I——" she paused, startled by the strangeness of the two faces on which she looked.

The old man had lifted himself on one elbow and was gazing into the appalled eyes of the woman beside him.

"Emma," he said, "do not heed them. Do not heed them." There was a peculiar light stealing over his countenance, a light so strange that his wife, regarding it, gave a cry.

"Henry!" she gasped. "Oh, he is dying! Henry, listen to me! listen! I can't let you die, believing—Henry, do you hear me? I—I am all that man said. Those spirits—they were false. There is no Minnehaha! I did it—I did it all myself—because we were starving!" She dropped her shaken face

on his breast, as if not daring to meet the anger in his dying vision.

On the stair Miss Jane stood rooted with amazement and awe. The old man's eyes took her in in their strangely rolling glance. He laid one arm across his wife's prostrate form, still gazing fixedly at the scared figure on the staircase.

"My wife is not well," he said, with difficult utterance. "She does not know what she is saying. Her husband is dying. Miss Jane, Miss Jane, will you tell those people below that they're wrong, all wrong?"

He shot out a sudden, pointing finger. "Tell them," he cried, in a voice which flagged low on the last word; "tell them that I saw her!—that just as I passed over, I saw—Minnehaha."

JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER

By George W. Cable

LXXIX

COMPLETE COLLAPSE OF A PERFECT UNDERSTANDING



THE door closed and Barbara noiselessly mounted the stairs. At its top an elm-shaded window allowed a view of some fifty yards or more down the street, and as she reached it now the pleasantness of the outer day furnished impulse enough, if there had been no other, for her to glance out. She stopped sharply, with her eyes fixed where they had fallen. For there stood John March and Henry Fair in the first bright elation of their encounter busily exchanging their manly acknowledgments and explanations. Lost to herself she stayed, an arm bent high and a knuckle at her parted teeth, comparing the two men and noting the matchless bearing of her Southerner. In it she read again for the hundredth time all the energy and intrepidity which in her knowledge it stood for; his boy-

ish openness and simplicity, his tender belief in his mother, his high-hearted devotion to the fulfilment of his father's aspirations, and the impetuous force and native skill with which at mortal risks and in so short a time he had ranked himself among the masters of public fortune. She recalled, as she was prone to do, what Charlie Champion had once meditatively said to her on seeing him approach: "Here comes the only man in Dixie Jeff-Jack Ravenel's afraid of."

After an instant the manner of the two young men became more serious, and March showed a yellow paper—"a telegram," thought their on-looker. "He's coming here, no doubt; possibly to tell me its news; more likely just to say good-by again; but certainly with nothing—nothing—O nothing! to ask." For a moment her hand pressed hard against her lips, and then her maiden self-regard quietly, but strenuously, definitely, rebelled.

The telegram seemed to bring its readers grave disappointment. March made indignant gestures in obvious allusion to distant absentees. Now they

began to move apart ; Fair stepped farther away, March drew nearer the house, still making gestures as if he might be saying—Barbara resentfully guessed—

“You might walk slow ; I sha’n’t stop more than a minute !”

She left the window with silent speed, saying, in her heart, “You needn’t ! You sha’n’t !”

As March, with clouded brow, was lifting his hand toward a tortuous brass knocker the door opened and Barbara, carrying a book and pencil in one hand, while the other held down her hat-brim, tripped across the doorstep.

The cloud vanished. “Miss Barb—good-morning !”

“O !—Mr.—March.” Her manner so lacked both surprise and pleasure that he colored. He had counted on a sweet Southern hand-shake, but she kept hold of the hat-brim, let her dry smile of inquiry fade into a formal deference, and took comfort in his disconcertion.

“I was just coming,” he said, “I—thought you’d let me come back just to say good-by—but I see you’re on your way to a recitation—I—” Her smile was cruel.

“Why, my recitations are not so serious as that,” she drawled. “Just to say good-by ought not to constitute any serious de-ten-tion.”

John’s heart sank like a stone. Scarcely could he believe his senses. Yet this was she ; that new queen of his ambitions whose heavenly friendship had lifted first love—boy love—from its grave, and clad it in the shining white of humility and abnegation to worship her sweet dignity, purity, and tenderness, asking for nothing, not even for hope, in return. This was she who at every new encounter had opened to him a higher revelation of woman’s worth and loveliness than the world had ever shown him ; she to whom he had been writing letters half last night and all this morning, tearing each to bits before he had finished it because he could see no life ahead which an unselfish love could ask her to live, and as he read the result of each fresh effort hearing the voice of his father saying to him as in childhood days, “I’d be proud faw you to have the kitt’n, son. but. you know, she wouldn’t suit yo’ dear mothel’s high-

strung natu’e. You couldn’t ever be happy with anything that was a constant tawment to her, could you ?”

These thoughts filled but a moment, and before the lovely presence confronting him could fully note the depth of his quick distress a wave of self-condemnation brought what seemed to him the answer of the riddle : that this was *rightly* she, the same angelic incarnation of wisdom and rectitude, as of gentleness and beauty, to whom in yesterday’s sunset hour of surprise and ecstatic yearning he had implied things so contrary to their “perfect understanding,” and who now, not for herself selfishly, but in the name and defence of all blameless womanhood, was punishing him for his wild presumption. O but if she would only accuse him—here—this instant, so that contrition might try its value ! But under the shade of her hat her eyes merely waited with a beautiful sort of patient urgency for his parting word. The moment’s silence seemed an hour, but no word did he find. One after another almost came, but failed, and at last, just as he took in his breath to say he knew not what—anything so it were something—he saw her smile melt with sudden kindness, while her lips parted for speech, and to his immeasurable confusion and terror heard himself ask her, with cheerful cordiality, “Won’t you walk in ?”

It would have been hard to tell which of the two turned the redder.

“Why, Mr. March, you in-ti-ma-ted that you had no ti-i-ime !”

They stood still. “Time and bad news are about the only things I have got, Miss Barb. Wrapped up in your father’s interests as you are, I reckon I ought to show you this.” He handed her the telegram doubled small. “Let me hold your book.”

Barbara unfolded and read the despatch. It was from Springfield, repeated at New York, and notified Mr. John March that owing to a failure of Gamble to come to terms with certain much larger railroad owners for the reception of his road into their “system,” intelligence of which had just reached them, it would be “useless for him,” March, “to come up,” as there was “nothing more to say or hear.” She read it twice.

Her notions of its consequences were dim, but she saw it was a door politely closed in his face; and yet she lingered over it. There was a bliss in these business confidences, which each one thought was her or his own exclusive and unsuspected theft, and which was all the sweeter for the confidences' practical worthlessness. As she looked up she uttered a troubled "O!" to find him smiling unconsciously into her book where she had written, "I stole this book from Barbara Garnet." It seemed as if fate were always showing her very worst sides to him at the very worst times! She took the volume with hurried thanks and returned the telegram.

"It would have been better on every account if you hadn't come up at all, wouldn't it?" she asked, bent on self-cruelty; but he accepted the cruelty as meant for him.

"Yes," he meekly replied. "I—I reckon it would." Then more bravely: "We've got to give up here and try the West. Your father's advised it strongly these last three weeks."

"Has he?" she pensively asked. Here was a new vexation. Obviously March, in writing him, had mentioned the rapid and happy growth of their acquaintance!

"Yes," he replied, betraying fresh pain under an effort to speak lightly. "It may be a right smart while before I see you again, Miss Barb. I take the next express to Chicago, and next month I sail for Europe to——"

"Why, Mr. March!" said Barbara with a nervous laugh.

"Yes," responded John once more, thinking that if she was going to treat the thing as a joke he had better do the same, "immigrants for Widewood have got to be got, and they're not to be got on this side the big water."

"Why, Mr. March!"—her laugh grew—"How long shall you stay?"

"Stay! Gracious knows! I must just stay till I get them!—as your father says."

"Why, Mr. March! When did—the questioner's eyes dropped sedately to the ground—"when did you decide to go? Since—since—yesterday?"

"Yes, it was!" The answer came as though it were a whole heart-load.

The maiden's color rose, but she lifted her quiet, characteristic gaze to his and said, "You're glad you're going, are you not?"

"O—I—why, yes! If I'm not I know I ought to be! To see Europe and all that is great, of course. It's beyond my dreams. And yet I know it really isn't as much what I'm going to as what I'm going from that I ought to—to be g-glad of! I hope I'll come back with a little more sense. I'm going to try. I promise you, Miss Barb. It's only right I *should* promise—you!"

"Why, Mr. Mar—" Her voice was low, but her color increased.

"Miss Barb—O Miss Barb, I didn't come just to say good-by. I hope I know what I owe you better than that. I—Miss Barb, I came to acknowledge that I said too much yesterday!—and to—ask your pardon."

Barbara was crimson. "Mr. March!" she said, half choking, "as long as I was simple enough to let it pass unrebuked you might at least have spared me your apologies! No, I can't stay! No, not one instant! Those girls are coming to speak to me—that man"—it was the drummer—"wants to speak to you. Good-by."

Their intruders were upon them. John could only give a heart-broken look as she faltered an instant in the open door. For reply she called back, in poor mockery of a sprightly tone:

"I hope you'll have ever so pleasant a voyage!" and shut the door.

So it goes with all of us through all the ungraceful, inartistic realisms of our lives; the high poetry is ever there, the kingdom of romance is at hand; the only trouble is to find the rhymes—O! if we could only find the rhymes!

LXXX

A YEAR'S VICISSITUDES

It was during the year spent by John March in Europe that Suez first began to be so widely famous. It was then, too, that the *Suez Courier* emerged into universal notice. The average newspaper reader, from Maine to Oregon, spoke familiarly of Colonel Ravenel as

the writer of its much-quoted leaders, a fact which gave no little disgust to Garnet, their author.

Ravenel never let his paper theorize on the causes of Suez's renown or the *Courier's* vogue.

"It's the luck of the times," he said, and pleasantly smiled to see the nation's eyes turned on Dixie and her near sisters, hardly in faith, yet with a certain highly commercial hope and charity. The lighting of every new coke furnace, the setting fire to any local rubbish-heap of dead traditions, seemed just then to Northern longings the blush of a new economic and political dawn over the whole South.

"You say you're going South? Well, now if you want to see a very small but most encouraging example of the changes going on down there, just stop over a day in Suez!" Such remarks were common—in the clubs—in the cars.

"Now, for instance, Suez! I know something of Suez myself." So said a certain railway passenger one day when this fame had entered its second year and the more knowing journals had begun to neglect it. "I was an officer in the Union army and was left down there on duty after the surrender a short while; then I went out West and fought Indians. But Suez—I pledge you my word I wouldn't 'a' given a horseshoe-nail for the whole layout! Now!—well, you'd e'en a'most think you was in a Western town! The way they're a slap-pin' money, b' Jinks, into improvements and enterprises—quarries, roads, bridges, schools, mills—'t would make a Western town's head swim!"

"What kind of mills?" asked his listener, a young man, but careworn.

"O, eh, saw-mills—tanbark mills—to start with. Was you ever there?"

"Yes, I—before the changes you speak of I—"

"Before! Hoh! then you've never seen Lover's Leap coal mine, or Bridal Veil coal mine, or Sleeping Giant iron mine, or Devil's Garden coke furnaces! They're putting up smelting works right opposite the steamboat landing! You say you're going South—just stop over a day in Suez. It'll pay you! You could write it up!—call it 'What a man

just back f'm Europe saw in Dixie'—only, you don't want to wave the Bloody Shirt, and don't forget we're dead tired hearing about the 'illiterate South.' I say, let us have peace; my son's in love with a Southern girl! Why, at Suez you'll see school-houses only five miles apart, from Wildcat Ridge—where the niggers and mountaineers had that skirmish last fall—clean down to Leggetts-town! School-houses, why,"—the speaker chuckled at what was coming—"one of 'em stands on the very spot where in '65 I found a little freckled boy trying to poke a rabbit out of a log with an old bayonet—"

"No!" exclaimed the careworn listener, in one smile from his hat to his handsome boots.

He would have said more, but the story-teller lifted a finger to intimate that the bayonet was not the main point—there was better laughing ahead. "Handsome little chap he was—brave eyes—sweet mouth. Thinks I right there, 'This's going to be somebody some day.' He reminded me of my own son at home. Well, he clum up behind my saddle and rode with me to the edge of Suez, where we met his father with a team of mules and a wagon of provisions. Talk about the Old South, I'll say this: I *never* see so fine a gentleman look so *techingly* poor. Hold up, let me—now, let me—just wait till I tell you. That little rat—if it hadn't been for that little barefooted rat with his scalp-lock a-stickin' up through a tear in his hat, most likely you'd never so much as heard—of Suez! For that little chap was John March!"

The speaker clapped his hands upon his knees, opened his mouth, and waited for his hearer's laughter and wonder; but the hearer merely smiled, and with a queer look of frolic in the depths of his handsome eyes, asked,

"How lately were you in Suez?"

"Me? O—not since '65; but my son's a commercial tourist—rattling smart fellow—you've probably met him—I never see anybody that hadn't—last year he was in New England—this year he's tryin' Dixie. He sells this celebrated 'Hoptonica' for the great Cincinnati house of Pretzels & Bier. Funny thing—he's been mistaken for

John March. A young lady—Southern girl—up in New England about a year ago—it was just for an instant—O of course—Must you go? Well, look here! Try to stop over a day in Suez—That's right; it'll pay you!"

The two travellers parted. The Union veteran went on westward, while the other—March by name—John March—was ticketed, of course, for Suez.

Some ten days before, in London, having just ended a four weeks circuit through a region of the Continent where news of Suez was even scarcer than emigrants for Widewood, he had, to his astonishment, met Proudfit. The colonel had just arrived across. He was tipsy, as usual, and a sad wreck, but bound for Carlsbad, bright in the faith that when he had stayed there two months he would go home cured for life of his "only bad habit." March was troubled, and did not become less so when Proudfit explained that his presence was due to the "kind pressu' of Garnet and othe's." He knew that Garnet, months before, had swapped his Land Company stock to Proudfit for the Colonel's much better stock in the Construction Company, and succeeded him as president of the latter concern.

"As a matteh of fawm—tempora'ily—du'ing my ill-health," said the Carlsbad pilgrim, adding, in an unfragrant stage whisper, that there was a secret off setting sale of both stocks back again, the papers of which were in Mrs. Proudfit's custody. Mrs. Proudfit was not with her husband; she was at home, in Blackland.

John knew also how nearly down to nothing the price of his own company's first-mortgage bonds had declined; but the Colonel's tidings of a later fate fell upon him like a thunderbolt. He stood before his informant in the populous street, now too sick at heart for speech, and now throbbing with too resolute a resentment for outward show, but drawn up rigidly with a scowl of indignant attention under his locks that made him the observed of every quick eye. The matter—not to follow Proudfit too closely—was this:

The Construction Company, paid in

advance, and in the Land Company's second-mortgage bonds, for its many expensive and recklessly immature works, had promptly sold those bonds to a multitude of ready takers near and far, but principally far. When the promised inpour of millers and miners, manufacturers and operatives, so nearly failed that the Land Company could not pay, nor half pay, the interest on its first-mortgage bonds and they "tumbled," these second mortgage bonds were, of course, unsalable at any figure. The smallest child will understand this—and worse to follow—at a glance; but if he doesn't he needn't. At this point Ravenel, who had kept his paper very still, "persuaded" Gamble and Bulger to buy, at the prices their holders had paid for them, all that smaller portion of these second mortgage bonds, as well as all small lots of the Land Company's stock, held in the three counties. "The *Courier*," he said, with his effectual smile, "couldn't afford to see home folks suffer," and he presently had them all well out of it, Parson Tombs among them.

"Thank God!" rumbled March. "And then what?"

Then Ravenel, as trustee for the three counties—Uncle Jimmie Rankin was the other, but shrewdly let Jeff Jack speak and act for him—privately combined with the Construction Company, which, Proudfit pathetically reminded John, was a loser by the Land Company in the discounts at which it had sold that Company's second mortgage bonds. They went on a still hunt after the first-mortgage bonds, "bought," said Proudfit, "the whole bilin' faw a song," foreclosed the mortgage, and at the sale of the Land Company's assets were the only bidders, except Senator Halliday and Captain Shotwell, whom they easily outbid.

"Right smart of us, suspicioned they were bidding faw you, John."

March, who was staring aside in fierce abstraction, started. "I reckon not," he said, and stared in the other direction. "So, then, Widewood and all its costly improvements, belong half to the three counties and half to Garnet's construc——"

"John"—the Colonel lifted his pal-

lid hand with an air of amiable greatness—"my construc', seel view play! Not Garnet's. I—Proudfit—am still the invisible head of that comp'ny. Garnet acknowledges it privately to me. He and I have what you may call a per perfect und-und unde'standing!"

"Perfect und'—O me!" interrupted March, with a broken laugh and a frown. Proudfit liked his air and tried to reproduce it, but got his features tangled, rubbed his mouth, and closed his eyes. March stared into vacancy again.

The tippler interposed with moist emotion. "John, we're landless! My plantation b'longs t' my wife. I can sympathize with you, John. As old song says, 'we're landless! landless!' We are landless, John. But you have price—priceless 'dvant'ge over me in one thing, Vice-president; you've still got yo' motheh!"

"O!" groaned March, blazing up and starting away; but Proudfit clung.

"My dea' boy! let me tell you, that tendeh little motheh's been a perfect hero! When I told her—in—in t-tears—how sorry I—and Garnet—and all of us—was,—'O Curl Proudfit,' says she—with that ca'm, sweet, dizda-ainful smile of hers, you know—'it's no supprise to me; it's what I've expected from the beginning.'"

LXXXI

AGAINST OVERWHELMING NUMBERS

DURING the boom Tom Hersey's Swanee Hotel—repaired, enlarged, repainted—had become Hotel Swanee. At the corner of the two streets on which it fronted he had added a square tower or "observatory." But neither guests nor "residents" had made use of it as he had designed. Its low top was too high to be reached with that Southern ease which Northern sojourners like, and, besides, you couldn't see more than half the earth anyhow when you got up there.

Early, therefore, it had been turned into an airy bedchamber for Bulger. He, however, was gone. He had left Suez for good and all on the same day on which John March arrived from abroad, being so advised to do by Captains

Champion and Shotwell, who loved a good joke with a good fat coward to saddle it on, and who had got enough of Bulger on the day of the skirmish mentioned a page or two back. The tower room he left came to be looked upon as specially adapted for the sick, and here, some eleven or twelve months after the wreck of the Three Counties Land and Improvement Company, Limited, John March lay on his bed by night and sat on it by day, wasted, bright-eyed, and pale, with a corded frown forever between his brows save in the best moments of his unquiet sleep.

On the hither side of one of the two streets close under him, his office—the old, first one, reopened on his return—stood closed, the sign renovated and tacked up once more, and the early addendum, *Gentleman*, still asserting itself, firmly though modestly, beneath the new surface of repair. In and from that office he had, for these many months, waged a bloodless but aggressive and indomitable war on the men who, he felt, had robbed, not merely him, but his mother, and the grave of his father, under the forms and cover of commerce and law; yet from whom he had not been able to take their outermost entrenchment—the slothful connivance of a community which had let itself be made a passive sharer of their spoils. Now, in that office his desk was covered with ten days' dust. "If you don't shut this thing up straight off and go, say to Chalybeate Springs," the doctor had one day exclaimed, "you'll not last half through the summer." March had answered with jesting obduracy, and two nights later had fainted on the stairs of Tom Hersey's hotel. For twenty-four hours afterward he had been "not expected to live." During which time Suez had entirely reconsidered him—conduct, character, capacity—and had given him, at the expense of his adversaries, a higher value and regard than ever, and a wholly new affection. It would have been worth all the apothecary's arsenic and iron for someone just to have told him so.

A Suez physician once said to me—I was struck with the originality of the remark—that one man's cure is another's poison. Not even to himself would March confess that this room, so speci-

ally adapted for the average sick man, was for him the worst that could have been picked out. It showed him, constantly, all Suez. Poor little sweating and fanning Suez, grown fat, and already getting lean again, on the carcass of one man's unsalable estate!

"Come here," said Fannie Ravenel behind the blinds of her highest window, to one who loved her still, but rarely had time to visit her now, "look. That's John March's room. O sweet, how's he ever again to match himself to our littleness and sterility without shrivelling down to it himself? And yet that, and not the catching of scamps or recovery of lands, is going to be his big task. For I don't think he'll ever go 'way from here; he's just the kind that'll always feel too many obligations to stay; and I think his sickness will be a blessing straight from God, to him and to all of us who love him, if it will only give him time to see what his true work is—God bless him!" The two stood in loose embrace looking opposite ways, until the speaker asked, "Don't you believe it?"

"I don't know," said the other, gently drawing her away from the window.

Fannie yielded a step or two and then as gently resisted. "Sweetheart," she cried, with a melting gaze, "you don't suppose—just because I choose to remember what he is and what he is suffering—you can't imagine—O if *you* mistake me I shall simply perish!"

"I know you too well, dear," caressingly murmured the guest, and they talked of other things—"gusset and band and seam"—for it was Saturday and there was to be a small occasion on the morrow. But that same night, long after the house's last light was out, the guest said her prayers at that window.

The windows of March's chamber, albeit his bed's head was against the one to the east, opened four ways. The one on the west looked down over the courthouse square and up the verdant avenue which became the pike. Here on the right stood the *Courier* building! There was Captain Champion going by it; honest ex-treasurer of the defunct Land Company. His modest yet sturdy self-regard would not even yet let him see that he had been only a cover for the underground doublings of shrewder men.

Yonder was the tree from which Enos had been shot by his own brother—who was dead himself now, killed, with many others, in that "skirmish" which John could never cease thinking that he, had he but been here, might have averted. Over there were the two churches, and one window of Ravenel's house. March had not been in that house a fourth as many times as he had been prettily upbraided for not coming.

"Fannie's grea-atly cha-anged!" Parson Tombs said, with solemn triumph.

John had dreamily assented. The change he had noticed most was that the old zest of living was gone from her still beautiful black eyes, and that her freckles had augmented. He had met her oftenest in church. She had the Suez Sunday-school's primary class, and more than filled the wide vacancy caused by Miss Mary Salter's marriage to the other pastor. These two wives had grown to be close friends. On the Sunday to which we have alluded they had their infants baptized together. Fannie's was a girl and did not cry. Johanna, in the gallery, did, when Father Tombs, with dripping hand, said,

"Rose, I baptize thee."

Tears had started also in the eyes of at least one other; Fannie's guest, as we say, whose presence was unusual and had not escaped remark. "The wonder is," Miss Martha had said, "that she has time, or any strength left, to ever come in to town-church at all, with that whole overgrown Rosemont on her hands the way it is! If I had a sister no older than she is—with that look in her face every time she falls into a study"—she stopped; then, sharply—"I tell you, that man Garnet"—and stopped again.

From the town's south window there was a wide view up and down the Swanee and across the bridge, into Blackland. But March never looked that way but he found himself staring at those unfinished smelting works. Smart saplings were growing inside the roofless walls, and you could buy the whole plant for the cost of its brick and stone.

The north window view hurt still worse. The middle distance was dotted with half a dozen "follies" "for sale," each with its small bunch of workmen's

cottages, some empty, some full, alas! and all treeless and grassless under the blazing sun. Far beyond to the right, shading away from green to blue, rose the hills of Widewood—lost Widewood!—hiding other “tied-up capital” and more stranded labor. For scattered through those lovely forests were scores, hundreds, of peasants from across seas, to every separate one of whom the scowling patient in this room, with fierce tears perpetually in his throat, believed he owed explanation and restitution.

Garnet!—owned half of Widewood! March’s confinement here dated from the night when he had at length unearthed the well-hid truth of how the stately Major had acquired it. No sooner had Ravenel and Garnet got the Land Company into its living grave, than Gamble and Bulger, with Leggett looming mysteriously in their large shadows, forced the Construction Company into liquidation by a kind demand upon Mattox, Crickwater, and Pettigrew for certain call loans of two years standing, accepted in settlement their shares of the Widewood lands wrested from the Land Company, and then somehow privately induced Garnet to take those cumbersome assets off their hands at a round cash price. That was the day before March had got home and Bulger had cleared out. Gamble had departed much more leisurely. Whenever money was at stake Gamble had the courage of a bear with whelps. Whenever he said, “I can’t afford to stay here,” it meant that his milk-pail was full and the cow empty. This time it meant he had, as Shotwell put it, “broken the record of the three counties—pulled the wool over Jeff-Jack’s eyes;” for he had sold his railroad to a system hostile to the fortunes of Suez.

The other half of Widewood was public domain.

“Thank Heaven for that!” said March, lying dressed on his bed.

“Suez thanks Mr. Ravenel,” melodiously responded his mother. Parson Tombs had brought her up here and slipped out again on creaking tiptoe.

“Why, mother, it was I made it so in my original plan!”

“O my beloved boy, it was in Mr. Ravenel’s original plan when he lent

your poor father the money to send you to school. I have it on good authority.”

The son gave a vexed laugh. “O, as to that, why, Cornelius Leggett suggested it when——”

“John! forbear!” Mrs. March was not prejudiced. She could admit the name of a colored person in a discussion; but *that* miscreant had lured her trusted Jane to the altar and written back that she was one of the best wives he had had for years.

John forbore. He was profoundly distressed, but tried to speak more lightly. “Law! mother, one reason urged by Major Garnet for our privately reserving that trifling scrap of sixty acres on the west side of the creek was so’s to make each half of the company’s tract an even fifty thousand acres, one for the three counties and the other—O! there’s another thing. I never thought to tell you because it was hardly worth remembering. On Major Garnet’s suggestion, and so’s to never get it mixed up with the Company’s lands—you know how carelessly our county records are kept—I made a relinquishment to you of my half of your and my joint interest in those sixty acres. I never supposed I was going to make it one day the only piece of Widewood left you.”

“Ah!” sighed the hearer, “half as many dollars would be far better for a helpless widow.”

John was scowling in another direction and did not see her pretty blush. His voice deepened with indignation. “I’ll give you double—right here—now—cash!”

“Will you write the receipt for me to sign?” she sweetly asked.

He started up, wrote, paid, and smiled as he shut his empty purse. His mother sighed in amiable pensiveness, saying, “This is a mystery to me, my son.”

“No more than it is to me,” dryly responded John, angered by this new sting from his old knowledge of her ways. It was her policy always to mystify those who had the best right to understand her. “I shall try to solve it,” he added.

“I should rather not have you speak of it at once,” she replied, almost hur-

riedly. "You'll know why in a few days." Her blush came again. This time John saw it and marvelled anew. He tossed himself back on his bed, feverish with irritation.

"Mother"—he fiercely shifted his pillows and looked at the ceiling—"the chief mystery to me is that you seem to care so little for the loss of our lands!"

"I thought you told me that Major Garnet considered those sixty acres as almost worthless."

"I believe he does."

Her voice became faint. "I would gladly explain, son, if you were only well enough to hear me—patiently."

He lay rigidly still, with every nerve aching. His hands, locked under his head, grew tight as he heard her rise and draw near. He shut his eyes hard as she laid on his wrinkling forehead a cold kiss moistened with a tear and melted from the room.

"Mother!" he called, appeasingly, as the door was closing; but it clicked to; she floated down the stairs. He turned his face into the pillow and clenched his hands. By and by he turned again and exclaimed, as from some long train of thought, "'Better off without the land than with it,' am I? On my soul! I begin to believe it. But if you can see that so clearly, O! my poor little unsuspecting mother, why can't you even now understand that they were thieves and robbed us? Who—who—*what*—can have so blinded you? If"—a name came to his lips, but he kept it back.

He left the bed and moved to his most frequent seat, the north window. Thence, in the western half of the view, he could see the three counties' "mother of learning and useful arts," fair, large-grown Rosemont, glistening on her green hills in each day's setting sun, a lovely frontispiece to the ever pleasant story of her master's redundant prosperity. Her June fledglings were but just gone and she was in the earliest days of her summer rest. "Enlarged and superbly equipped and embellished," the newspapers said of her in laudatory headlines, and it was true that "no expense had been spared." Not any other institution in Dixie spread

such royal feasts of reason and information for her children, at lavish cost to herself, low price to them, and queenly remuneration to the numerous members of the State Legislature who came to discourse on Agriculture, Mining, Banking, Trade, Journalism, Jurisprudence, Taxation, and Government.

How envied was Garnet! Gamble and Bulger were thrifty and successful, but Gamble and Bulger had fled and envy follows not the fleeing. Halliday had attained his ambition; was in the United States Senate; but the boom had sent him there "regardless of politics," to plead for a deeper channel in the Swanee, a move that was only part of one of Ravenel's amusing "deals," whereby he had procured at last the political extinction of Cornelius Leggett. Moreover, for all the old General's activities he had kept himself poor; almost as poor as he was incorruptible; who could envy him? And Ravenel; Ravenel was still the arbiter of political fortune, but it was part of his unostentatious wisdom never to let himself be envied. But Garnet, amid all this business depression upon which March looked down from his sick-room, wore envy on his broad breast like a decoration. There were spots of tarnish on his heavy gilding; not merely the elder Miss Kinsington, but Martha Salter as well, had refused to say good-by to Mademoiselle Eglantine on the eve of her final return to France; Fanny Ravenel had, with cutting playfulness asked Mrs. Proudfit, as that sister was extolling the Major's vast public value, if she did not know perfectly well that Rosemont was a political "barrel." And yet it was Garnet who stood popularly as the incarnation of praiseworthy success.

John March begrudged him none of his triumphs—at their price. Yet it was before *this* window-picture his heart sunk under the heaviest and cruellest of his aspirations. Other bafflements tormented him; here, alone, stood the visible, beautiful emblem of absolute discomfiture. For here was the silent, lifted hand which forbade him pursue his defrauders. Follow their manœuvres as he might, always somewhere short of the end of their windings he found this man's fortune and reputation

lying square across the way like a smooth, new fortification under a neutral flag. Seven times he had halted before them disarmed and dumb, and turned away with a chagrin that burnt his brain and gnawed his very bones.

There came a footstep, a rap at the door, and Parson Tombs entered, radiant with tidings. "John!" he began, but his countenance and voice fell to an anxious tenderness; "why, Brother March, I—I didn't suspicion you was this po'ly, seh. Why, John, you hadn't ought to try to sit up until yo' bet-teh!"

"It rests me to get out of bed a little while off and on. How are you, these days, sir? How's Mrs. Tombs?"

"Oh, we keep a-goin', thank the Lawd. Brother March, I've got pow'ful good news."

"Is it something about my mother? She was here about an hour ago."

"Yaas, it is! The minute she got back to ow house—and O, John, it jest seems to me like her livin' with us ever since Widewood was divided up has been a plumb Providence!—I says, s'I, 'Wha'd John say?' and when she said she hadn't so much as told you, 'cause you wa'n't well enough, we both of us, Mother Tombs and me, we says, s'I, 'Why, the sicker he is the mo' it'll help him! Besides, he's sho' to hear it; the ve'y wind'll carry it; which he oughtn't never to find it out in that hilta-skilta wa-ay! Sister March,' s'I, 'let me go tell him!' A s'she, jestingly, 'Go—if you think it's safe.' So here I am!" The old man laughed timorously.

"Well?" John kept his hands in his lap, where each was trying to wrench the fingers off the other. "What is it?"

"Why, John, the Lawd has provided! For one thing, and evm that the smallest, Sister March's Widewood lands air as good as her's again!"

"What has happened?" cried the pale youth.

"O, John, the best that ever could! What Mother Tombs and I and the Sextons and the Coffins and the Graves and sco'es o' lovin' friends and relations have been a hopin' faw all this year an' last! Sister March has engaged her hand to Brother Garnet!"

"I think I'll lie down," said John, beginning to rise. The frightened Parson clutched him awkwardly, he reeled a step or two, said, "Don't—trouble"—and fell across the bed with a slam that jarred the floor. The old man moaned a helpless compassion.

"It's nothing," said March, waiving him back. "Only my foot slipped." He dragged himself to his pillow. "Good-by, sir. I prefer—good-by!" He waived his visitor to the door. As it closed one of his hands crept under the pillow. There it seemed to find and rest on some small thing, and then a single throe wrenched his frame as of an anguish beyond all tears.

At Rosemont, as night was falling, Doctor Coffin, March's physician, the same who had attended him in boyhood when he was shot, stood up before the new Rose of Rosemont, in the greatly changed reception-room where in former years Buonaparte had tried so persistently to cross the Alps. She had left the room and returned and was speaking of Johanna, as she said, "She'll go with you. Have your seat, Doctor; she's getting ready and will be here in a few minutes."

The Doctor made a glad gesture. "I know how hard it must be for you to do without her," he said, "but if you can get along somehow for three or four days, why—you know she's away yonder the best nurse in the three counties—it'll make a world of difference to my patient."

"I hope he'll like her ways," replied the young mistress. "There's so much in that."

"Don't fear!" laughed the Doctor. "He hasn't looked so pleased since he first took sick as he did when I told him I was going to fetch her. By the by, how do you sleep since I changed yo' medicine this last time; no better? Ain't yo' appetite improved any? I still think the secret of all yo' trouble is malaria; I haven't a doubt you brought it with you from the North! I wish I could find as good an explanation of yo' father's condition.—I just declare it's an outrage on the rights of a plain old family chills-and-fever doctor, for a lot of you folks to be havin' these here sneakin' nerve and brain things that

calomel an' quinine can't—O! here's Johanna."

On his way through town again, with the black maid beside him in his battered top buggy, he paused at the Tombs's gate, hailed by the fond old Parson. "You haven't got her? Why, so you have!—'Howdy, Johanna, you're a bless'n' here to night,' as the hymn says. Doctor, I hope an' trust an' pray Sister Proudfit's attack won't turn out serious——?"

The Doctor was surprised. "I ain't been called to her; didn't know she was sick."

"Well, I say!" exclaimed the Parson. "Why, it's all over town that you *wuz*, and that you found her so prostrated with relaxation of the nerves that her husband couldn't hold her still! You've heard, of co'se, that he's got back at last? Isn't it pathetic? I've been talkin' about it to Brother Garnet—you passed him just now, didn't you?—and as he says, her husband goes off, a walkin' ruin, to be gone three months, stays twelve, and arrives back totally unexpected on this mawnin's six-o'clock train, a-callin' himself *cu'ud*! Brother Coffin, you don't believe that, do you? Why, as Brother Garnet says, the drinkin' habit is as much a moral as a physical sickness, and the man that can make common talk of it in his own case to ev'ry Tom, Dick, and Harry, evm down to the niggelhs, ain't so much as tetched the deepest root uv his trouble, much less *cu-ud*! Why, Doctor, Brother Garnet see him, himself!—a-tellin' that C'nelius Leggett!—and pulled him away! Po' Brother Garnet! Johanna, I wish, betwixt the Doctor an' you, you could make him look betteh. His load of usefulness is too great. I declare, Brother Coffin, he was that tiud this evenin' that evm here, where you'd expect him to seem fresh and happy in his new joy, he looked as if, if it wa'n't faw the wrong of the thing, he'd almost be willin' to call upon the rocks and the mountains to fall on him and hide him.—But I mustn't detain you!"

The physician drove on, and by and by was leaving directions with Johanna and her protectors, Tom Hersey and his wife. "And, Tom, mind you, *no visitors*. It's his own wish. Good-

night.—O!—that young Mr. Fair. March tells me he's expected him any time within the next few days, to help lay the corner-stone of this new building up at the colored college; Fair Hall, yes. Whenever he comes take him right up to see March. I promised John you would!"

LXXXII

"LINES OF LIGHT ON A SULLEN SEA"

FROM the first hour of Johanna's attendance March began to mend. Whence she came, whither she went, as she moved in and out so pleasantly, he never thought to ask, and never found out that her bed was a pallet laid on the stair-landing just at his door.

The young bloods down in the street were keenly amused. "Doctor, if he was anybody but John March, aw she anybody but Johanna"—the rest was too funny for words. "How is he today, anyhow? Improving rap'—well! good fo' that! Come, gentlemen, let's—Come, Shot. Doctor, won't you——" And as they went they all agreed that the dark maiden's invincible modesty was like some "subtle emana-tion," as Shotwell expressed it, which charmed all evil out of the grossest eye.

True it was, in the convalescent's case, that while Johanna's mere doings had their curative value, her simple presence had more. Yet her greatest healing was in her words; in what she told him. She only answered questions; but these he lightly plied on any and every trivial matter that promised to lead up—or around—to one subject which seemed to allure him without cessation. Yet always at her first pause after entering upon any phase of this topic, he would say, "But that's not what—hem!—I was speaking of," and, starting once more, at any distance away, would begin to steal yet another approach toward the same enticing theme.

So the brief time of her appointed service came to its end, neither the Doctor, nor the convalescent, nor even her young mistress, for one moment

imagining what dear delight, yet withal what saintly martyrdom to Johanna this three days' task had been.

In its last hour, when she, to end all well, prepared and brought up the captive's evening meal, she found him sitting up in bed talking to Henry Fair.

"Doctor thinks I can go down to my office Monday. Yes, I knew what ailed me better than he did. I began to recover the moment I quit trying to convince the Lord that He ought to run this world in my private interest. Ah! Johanna, so this is the last, is it? I'm pow'ful sorry! Mr. Fair, you remember Johanna, don't you?"

Mr. Fair remembered, the maid courted, and March, a trifle unduly animated, ran on—"Johanna's the salt of the earth, Mr. Fair. Don't often see the best salt of that color, do you?" Then more seriously, dropping his tone—"O! you know, if my chief concern were still, as it was at first, to recover my fortunes, or even to vindicate my abilities, I reckon I could make out to accept defeat—almost. For, really, I'm just about the only sufferer—outwardly, at least. Of course, there's an awful shrinkage here, but all our home people have made net gains—unless it is Proudfit; I—eh—Johanna, you needn't stay in here; don't go beyond call."

The maid closed the door after her, took her accustomed rocking-chair and needle on the stair-landing, and, being quite as human as if she had been white, listened. Fair's words were very indistinct, but March's came through the thin door-panels as clean as rifle-balls. "O! yes," was one of his replies, "I know that with even nothing left but the experiences, I'm a whole world richer, in things that make a real manhood and life, than when I was land-poor with my hundred thousand acres. As far as I am concerned, I can afford to deny myself all the reprisals, and revenges too, that litigations could ever give me. I've got sixty acres of Wide-wood to begin over with—By Jo! He let go a feverish laugh—Garnet, himself, began with less!"

"If I come to that," he added, "I've got, besides, a love of study and a talent for teaching, two things that he never had." Fair asked a question and he

laughed again. "O! no, it was only a passing thought. If anybody 'busts Rosemont wide open' it'll have to be Leggett. O! no, I——" He played with his spoon.

Fair's response must have been complimentary. "Thank you," said March; "why, thank you!" Then the visitor spoke again and the convalescent replied:

"Ah! a 'diligent and vigilant patience'—yes, I don't doubt it would serve me best—provided, my dear sir, it didn't turn out to be simply a virtue of impotency; or, worse yet, what I once heard called 'the thrifty discretion of a short-winded courage!'"

When Fair responded this time March let him speak long. Johanna bent her ear anxiously. Her patient seemed to be neglecting his food; but as he began to reply she resumed her needle.

"Fair," she heard him say, "—why—why, Fair, that's a mighty handsome offer to come from such a prudent business man as you. My George! sir, men don't often put such valuable freight into a boat that's aground. Why—why, you spoil my talk; I positively don't know what—what to say!" There was a choke in his voice. Fair made some answer which March gratefully cut short.

"O! I wish I could! It hurts me all over and through to decline it. But I must; I've got to! 'Think it over'—O! I've thought it over probably before you ever thought of it at all! I know my capabilities. I'm not in such a fierce hurry for things as I used to be, but I've got what brains I ever had—and spine, too—and I know that even without your offer there's a better chance for me North than here. But—O! it's no use, Fair, I just can't go! I mustn't! Yes. Yes. O! yes, I know all that, but, my dear sir, I can't afford—You know, this Suez soil isn't something I can shake off my shoes as you might. George! I'm part of it! I'm not Quixotic—not a bit! I'm only choosing between two sorts of selfishness, one not quite so narrow as the other; but—I've got to stay here."

Fair, after a short silence, asked if that was his only reason.

"Only reason? Why—why, yes,

that's my only reason! To be sure, there's a sense in which—why, conscience! isn't it enough? O! of course, I could *think up* other considerations, but they're not reasons—I don't allow them to bias me at all! Fact is, I was never before quite so foot-free. Why did you ask? Did you fancy I might be contemplating marriage? O, go 'long! why, my good gracious, Fair, I—it's an honest fact—I haven't even *been to see* one marriageable girl since I came back from Europe! No, the reason I give is *the* reason. It covers everything else.

"O! if you are thinking of debts, I could cancel them at least as fast if I went as if I stayed. They're not large, the money debts. O! no; it's—Fair—I spent a year in Europe coaxing men to leave their mother-country for better wages in this. Of course, that was all right. But it brought one thing to my notice: that when our value is not mere—wages, it isn't every man who's got the unqualified right to pick up and put out just whenever he gets ready. Look out that window. There's the college where for five years I got my education—at half price!—and with money borrowed here in Suez! Look out this one. Mr. Fair, right down there in those streets truth and justice are lying wounded and half-dead, and the public conscience is being drugged! We Southerners, Fair, don't believe one man's as good as another; we think one man in his right place is worth a thousand who can't fill it. My place is here!—No! let me finish; I'm not fatigued at all! How I'm to meet this issue God only knows, but who'll even try to do it if I don't? Halliday's too far off. Ravenel looks on as silent as a gallows! Proudfit—poor old Proudfit hasn't been sober since the day he got home. Father Tombs has grown timid and slow-sighted, and the whole people, Fair, the whole people! have let themselves be seduced in the purse and are this day betrayed as foully in their fortunes as in their souls!" The speaker ended in a high key. He was trembling with nervous exhaustion. In an effort to jerk higher in the pillow his knee struck the tray, the crockery slid and crashed, and Johanna found him in

the middle of the room, fiercely shaking the skirt of his dressing-gown.

"O! never mind me; get the milk out of the bed!"

She saw how over-wrought he was, yet turned to obey. Fair, to aid her, snatched away the pillows. A small thing from under them fluttered out upon the carpet and lay before the three. With a despairing murmur the invalid picked it up, and the two men stood facing each other. Fair colored slightly, March slowly crimsoned. Then Fair smiled. March smiled too, but foolishly. Johanna made herself very busy with the bed, but she saw all. Fair pushed forward a rocking-chair, into which March sank. With gentle insistence Fair drew from March's hand the worn photograph—for such it was—leaned against a window and gazed on it, while March turned his brow into the cushioned back of his chair and wept as comfortably as any girl.

Johanna took out the tray and its wreck, and in a moment was back with fresh sheets. March had lain down on the bare mattress and, with his cheek on a pillow, was smiling in mild amusement at Fair's account of a brief talk had with Leggett while the train waited at Pulaski City.

"Yes," said March, moving enough to let the bed be made, "he pretends to keep a restaurant there now; but where he gets all the money he spends is more than I can make out, unless it's from men who can't afford to let him tell what he knows."

A servant of the house tapped at the door and said Major Garnet was in the office, waiting for Johanna. March rose to his elbow and gave her a hand.

"Why, I sha'n't ever know how to be sick without you any mo'!" he said, as her dark fingers slipped timidly from his friendly hold. "Johanna!—now—now, don't you go tellin' things you'd oughtn't to; will you?"

"No, seh," came from the maid slowly, yet with a suspicious readiness quite out of keeping with the limp diffidence of her attitude.

"Hold on a moment, Johanna," he called, as she turned to go. "Just wait an instant—sounds like——" He rose higher. Fair stepped to the west win-

dow. Loud words were coming from the sidewalk under it. March started eagerly. "That's Proudfit's——" Before he could finish the bang of a pistol rang, evidently in the office door, another, farther within, roared up through the house, and a third and fourth re-echoed it amid the wailings of Johanna as she flew down the stairs, crying :

"Mahs John Wesley! O Lawdy, Lawdy! Mahs John Wesley! Mahs John Wesley!"

At the same instant came Tom Hersey's voice, remote, but clear :

"Stop! Great God! Stop! don't you see he's dying?"

Fair was already on the staircase and March was whipping on his boots, when Shotwell, coming up by leaps, waived them back into the room. "It's all ova, Mr. Fair. Po' Proud's gone, John. He fi-ud an' missed, an' got Garnet's first bullet in his heart an' the othe's close to it. Garnet's locked himself into Tom Hersey's private room an' sent for Fatheh Tombs, to——"

"Fair!" interrupted March, "go! Go tell her he's safe and will not be—interfered with! I'll make your word good; go, Fair, go!"

But Fair answered with hardly less emotion, "I cannot, March! It isn't a man's errand! It isn't a man's errand!"

"Take Mrs. Ravenel!" cried March, and read quick assent in his friend's face. "But make her go dressed as she is; you've got to outrun rumor! Captain, go tell Tom to give him Firefly, won't you? She's mine, Fair," he continued, following to the stairs; "she's the mare I cured for Bulger; perfectly gentle, only—Fair!—don't touch her with the whip!"

"If you do," drawled Shotwell to Fair, as they hurried down into the lamplight, "you'll think the devil's inside of her with the jimjams. Still, she's lovely as long as you don't. Ah me! this is no time to jest! Po' Proudfit! He leaves a spotless characteh!"

Through the unnatural bustle amid which Crickwater at the door of the closed office stood answering or ignoring questions and showing his intimates where Proudfit's wild shot had chopped out a large lock of his hair, they went

to Hersey's door and so on to the stable. "Garnet's the man to pity, Mr. Fair. I couldn't say it befo' March, who's got family reasons—through his motheh—faw savin' Garnet whateveh he can of his splendid reputa-ation, but I'm mighty 'fraid they won't be a rag of it left, seh, big enough faw a gun-wad! Mr. Fair, you've got a hahd drive befo' you, seh, an' if you'll allow me to suggest it, seh, I think it would be only wise, befo' you staht, faw us to take a drink, seh."

"Thank you," said the Northerner, "I hardly think— Do you suppose Major Garnet's firing those last two shots after ——"

"Will ruin him? O Lawd, not that! We all know, and always have, that he's perfectly cra-azy when he's enra-aged. No, my deah seh, Miz Proudfit has confessed! She says——"

"Are you not surprised that Major Garnet was armed?" Fair interrupted.

"O! no, seh, Colonel Proudfit was too much of a gentleman to be lookin' faw a man, with a gun, an' not send him word! And, besides, Miz Proudfit's revela-tions——"

But the horse and buggy were ready, and at last March—to whom, as he stood at his window fully dressed, the few moments had seemed an hour—saw Fair drive swiftly by and fade into the gloom. Charlie Champion came toward the hotel, bringing Parson Tombs. March put on his hat, but for many minutes only paced the darkening room. Finally he started for the stairs, and half-way down them met the Doctor.

"Why, bless my soul, John," he good-naturedly cried, "this is quite *too fast*."

"I reckon not, Doctor; I believe I'm well. I don't understand it, but it's so." He endured the Doctor's hand for a moment on his wrist and temples.

"Why, I declare!" laughed the physician with noisy pleasure, "I believe yo' right!" As they descended he explained how such recoveries are possible and why they are so rare; citing from medical annals a case or two whose mention John thought very unflattering.

"I should like to know what's become of Johanna," said March at the foot of the stairs.

"Johanna? O they say she ran all the way to Fannie Ravenel's, and they

harnessed up the fast colt and put off for Rosemont, Johanna driving!"

"Why, of course! I might have known it! But"—John stopped—"Why, then, where's Fair?"

"O I saw him. He drove on to overtake 'em. He'll have a job of it!"

"He can do it," said March, picturing the chase to himself. "But I—I wonder what—This is no time—Why—why, what did he want to do it for?"

"O he may have had the best of reasons," said the amiable Doctor, and departed.

Outside a certain door—"Why, John March!" murmured Tom Hersey. The voices of Garnet and Parson Tombs could be heard within. They ceased as the landlord modestly rattled the knob, and when he gave the visitor's name Garnet's voice said:

"Ask him in."

As March entered, only Parson Tombs rose to meet him. He had a large handkerchief in his fingers, his eyes were very red, and he gave his hand in silence. Garnet, too, had been weeping. He shaded his downcast eyes from the lamp. March had determined to give himself no time for feelings, but his voice was suddenly not his own as he began, "Major Garnet," and stopped, while Garnet slowly lifted his face until the light shone on it. March stood still and felt his heart heave between loathing and compassion: for on that lamp-lit face one hour of public shame had written more guilt than years of secret perfidy and sin, and the question rushed upon the young man's mind, Can this be the author of all my misfortunes and the father of?—he quenched the thought and driving back a host of memories said:

"Major, Doctor Sexton has just pronounced me well. I am at your disposal, sir, for anything that ought to be done."

Garnet shaded his eyes again. "Thank you, John," was his subdued reply. "It's such a clear case of self-defense—I hear there will be no arrest. Still, I shall remain here to-night. Johanna's gone home, I believe. There's only one thing, the deepest yearning of my heart, John; but before I ask that boon, I want you to know, John, that I acknowledge

my sin! my awful, awful sin of years! O my God! my God! why did I do it?"

Parson Tombs wept again. "He's confessed everything, John," he said with eager tenderness.

"God knows," responded Garnet "God knows I never concealed it but to save others from misery! and while I concealed it I could not master it! Now I have purged my sin-blackened soul of all its hideous secret and evil purpose! The thorn in my flesh is plucked out and I cast myself on the mercy of God and the charity of His people!"

"Pra-aise Gawd!" murmured Parson Tombs, "no sinneh eveh done that in va-ain!"

"O John," moaned Garnet, "God only knows what I've suffered and must suffer! But it's all right! all right! I pray He may lop off every unfruitful branch of my life—honors, possessions—till nothing is left but Rosemont, the lowly work He called me to Himself! Let Him make me as one of his hired servants! But, John," he continued while March stood dumb with wonder at his swift loss of subtlety, "I want you to know also that I feel no resentment—I cannot—O I cannot—against her who shares my guilt and shame!"

"Great Heaven!" murmured March, with a start as if to turn away.

"No, thank God! her vanity and jealousy can drive me to no more misdeeds! She made me send Mademoiselle Eglantine to Europe, when she knew I had to sell her husband's stock in both companies to bribe the woman to go! John, the cause of her betraying me to him at last was my faithful refusal to break off my engagement with your mother!"

"Major Garnet, I prefer——"

"Will you tell your mother that, John? It's the one thing you can do for me! Tell her I beseech her in the name of a love——"

"Stop!" murmured March in a voice that quivered with repulsion.

"—A love that has dared all, and lost all, for hers——"

"Stop!" said John again, and Garnet turned a beseeching eye upon the Pastor.

"John," tearfully said the old man,

“let us not yield to ow feelings when the cry of a scul in shipwreck”—he stopped to swallow his emotions. “Ow penitent brother o’ny asks you to bear his message. It’s natu’al he should cling to the one pyo tie that holds him to us. O John, ‘in wrath remembh mercy!’ An’ yet you may be the nearest right, God knows! O brethren, let’s kneel and ask him faw equal love an’ wisdom!”

Garnet rose to kneel, but March put out a protesting hand. “I wouldn’t do that, sir.” The tone was gentle, almost compassionate. “I don’t suppose God would strike you dead, but—I wouldn’t do it, sir.” He turned to go, and, glancing back unexpectedly, saw on Garnet’s face a look so evil that it haunted him for years.

LXXXIII

BARBARA FINDS THE RHYME

BARBARA walked along the slender road in front of Rosemont’s grove. The sun was gone. Her father had not arrived yet with Johanna, but she questioned every stir of the air for the sound of their coming. A yearning which commonly lay very still in her bosom and ought in these two long years to have got reconciled to its lovely prison, was up once more in silent mutiny.

With slow self-compulsion she turned toward the house. The dim, vacated dormitories grew large against the fading after-glow. The thrush’s song ceased. Remotely from the falling slope beyond the unlighted house the voices of a negro boy and girl, belated in the milking-pen, came to her ear more lightly than the gurgle of the shallow creek so near her feet. Suddenly the cry of the whip-Will’s-widow filled the grove—“whip-Will’s-widow! whip-Will’s-widow! whip-Will’s-widow!”—in headlong importunity until the whole air sobbed and quivered with the overcharge of its melancholy passion. Then as abruptly it was hushed, the echoes died, and Barbara, at the grove gate, recalled the other twilight hour, a counterpart of this in all but its sadness, when, on this spot, she had bidden John March come

the next day to show Widewood to Henry Fair.

And now Henry Fair, “some day soon” his unexpected letter said, was to come again. And she was letting him come. One of his sweet mother’s letters—always so welcome—had ever so delicately hinted a hope that she would do so, the fond mother affectionately imputing to the father’s wisdom the feeling that Henry’s present life contained more uncertainties than were good for his, or anyone’s, future. He was coming at last for her final word, and in her meditations, his patient constancy, like a great ambassador, pleaded mightily in advance.

Henry Fair, gentle, strong, and true, will come; *the other* never comes. The explanation is very simple: she has made it to Johanna twice within the year; a strained relation—it happens among the best of men—between him and Rosemont’s master. Besides, Mr. March, she says, visits nowhere. He is, as Fannie herself testifies, more completely out of all Suez’s little social eddies than even the overtasked young mistress of Rosemont, and does nothing day or night but buffet the flood of his adversities. As she reminds herself of these things now, she recalls Fannie’s praise of his “indomitable pluck,” and feels a new, warm courage around her own heart. For as long as men can show valor, she gravely reflects, surely women can have fortitude. How small a right, at best—how little honest room—there is in this huge world of strifes and sorrows for a young girl’s heart to go breaking itself with its own grief and longing.

The right thing is, of course, to forget. She should! She must! But—she has said so every evening and morning for two years. Old man! old woman! do you remember what two years meant when you were in the early twenties? Even yet, with the two years gone, by hard crowding of the hours with cares, as a ship crowds sail or steam, it seems at times as if her forgetting were about to make headway; but just then the unexpected happens—merely the unexpected. O why not the romantic? She hears him praised or blamed; or, as now, he is ill; or she meets him in a

dream; or between midnight and dawn she cannot sleep; or, worst of all, by some sad mischance she sees him, close by, in a throng or in a public way—for an instant—and, when it is too late, knows by his remembered look that he wanted to speak; and the flood lifts and sweeps her back, and she must begin again. The daylight hours are the easiest; there is so much to do and see done, and just the dear, lost, silent-hearted mother's ways to follow. One can manage everything but the twilights with their death of day, their hush of birds, the mind gazing back into the past and the heart asking unanswerable questions of the future. For the evenings there are books—though not all; especially not Herrick, any more; nor Tennyson, for it opens of itself at "Mariana," who wept, "I am weary, weary. Oh, God, that I were dead!"

Barbara walked again. Moving at a slow pace, so, one can more soberly—She heard wheels. A quarter of a mile away they rumbled on a small bridge and were unheard again, and while she still listened to hear them on the ground others sounded on the bridge. She hurried back to the steps of the house and had hardly reached them when Johanna drove into the grove and Fannie's voice called,

"Is that you, Barb?"

"Yes. Where's pop-a? Has anything happened?"

"He's got to stay in town to-night. Barb," said the visitor, springing to the ground, "Mr. Fair's just behind. He's only come so's to take me back to my baby."

"Fannie, something's happened!"

"Yes, Barb, dear, come into the house."

About midnight—"Doctor, her head hasn't stopped that motion since it touched the pillow," murmured Fannie. Fair had gone back and brought the physician. But the patient was soon drugged to slumber, and Fannie and Fair started for town to return early in the morning. The Doctor and Johanna watched out the night. At dawn Fair rose from a sleepless couch.

At sunrise he could hear no sound through March's door; but as he left the hotel he saw Leggett come up from the train, tap at Garnet's door and go in.

Barbara awoke in a still bliss of brain, yet wholly aware of what had befallen.

"Johanna"—the maid showed herself—"Has Miss Fannie gone home?"

"Yass'm. But she comin' back. She be here ve'y soon now, I reckon."

Barbara accepted a small cup of very black coffee. When it was drunk, "Johanna," she said, with slow voice and gentle gaze, "were you in the hotel?"

"Yass'm," murmured the maid. "I uz in Mr. March's room. He uz talkin' wid Mr. Fair, an' knock' his suppel on accident onto de flo', an'"—she withdrew into herself, consulted her conscience, and returned. "Miss Barb——"

"What, Johanna?"

Johanna told.

Long after she was done her mistress lay perfectly still gazing into vacancy. But the moment Fannie was alone with her, she dragged the kind visitor's neck down to her lips and with unaccountable blushes mingled her tears with bitter moanings.

By and by—"And, Fannie, dear, *make* them stay to breakfast. And thank Mr. Fair for me as sweetly as you can. I don't know how I can ever repay him!"

"Don't you?" dryly ventured Fannie; but her friend's smile was so sad that she went no farther. Tears sprang to her eyes, as Barbara, slowly taking her hand, said,

"Of course pop-a can't keep Rosemont now. If he tries to begin a new life, Fannie, wherever it is, I shall stay with him."

Fair gave the day mainly to the annual meeting of the trustees at Suez University. The corner-stone was not to be laid until the morrow. March re-opened his office, but did almost no work, owing to the steady stream of callers from all round the square coming to wish him well with handshake and laugh, and with jests which more or less subtly implied their conviction that he was somehow master of the hour. When Ravenel came others slipped out, although he pleasantly remarked that they need not, and those who looked in later and saw the two men sitting face to face drew back. "That thing last night," said Weed to Usher, going to the door of their store to throw his

quid into the street, "givn the *Courier* about the hahdest kick in the ribs she evva got." But no one divined Ravenel's errand, unless Garnet darkly suspected it as he waited beside Jeff-Jack's desk for its owner's return, to ask him for ten thousand dollars on a mortgage of his half of Widewood, with which to quiet, he serenely explained, any momentary alarm among holders of his obligations. And even Garnet did not guess that Ravenel would not have telegraphed, as he did, to a bank in Pulaski City in which he was director, to grant the loan, had not John March just declined his offer of a third interest in the *Courier*.

At evening March and Fair dined together in Hotel Swanee. They took a table at a window and talked but little, and then softly, with a placid gravity, on trivial topics, keeping serious ones for a better privacy, though all other guests had eaten and gone. Only Shotwell, unaware of their presence, lingered over his pie and discussed Garnet's affair with the head waitress, an American lady. He read to her, on the all-absorbing theme, from the *Pulaski City Clarion*; whose editor, while mingling solemn reprobations with amazed regrets, admitted that a sin less dark than David's had been confessed from the depths of David's repentance. In return she would have read him the *Suez Courier's* much fuller history of the whole matter; but he had read it, and with a kindly smile condemned it as "suspended in a circumambient air of editorial silence."

"I know not what co'se othe's may take, my dea' madam, but as faw me, give me neither poverty naw riches; give me political indispensibility; the pa-papers have drawn the mantle of charity ove' 'im, till it covers him like a circus tent."

"Ah! but what'll his church do?" The lady bent from her chair and tied her slipper.

"My dea' madam, what *can* she do? She th'ows up—excuse the figgeh—she th'ows up, I say, her foot to kick him out; he tearfully ketches it in his ha-and an' retains it with the remahk, 'I repent!' What *can* his church do? She can do jest one thing!"

"What's that?" asked the lady, gathering his dishes without rising.

"Why, she can make him marry Miz Proudfit!"

The lady got very red. "Capm Shotwell, I'll thaynk you not to allude to that person to me again, seh!" She jerked one knee over the other and folded her arms.

"My dea' madam! I was thoughtless! Fawgive me!" The Captain stood up. "I'm not myself to-day. Not but what I'm sobeh; but I—oh, I'm in trouble! But what's that to you?" He pulled his soft hat picturesquely over his eyes, and starting out, discovered March and Fair. He looked sadly mortified as he saluted them, but quickly lighted up again and called March aside.

"John, do you know what Charlie Champion's been doin'? He's been tryin' to get up a sort o' syndicate to buy Rosemont and make you its pres—O now, now, ca'm yo'self, he's give it up; we all wish it, but you know, John, how ow young men always ah; dead broke, you know. An' besides, anyhow, Garnet may ruin Rosemont, but, as Jeff-Jack says, he'll neveh sell it. It's his tail-holt. Eh—eh—one moment, John, I want to tell you anotheh thing. You've always been sich a good friend—John, I've p'posed to Miss Mahtha-r again, an' she's rejected me, as usual. I knew you'd be glad to hear it." He smiled through his starting tears. "But she cried, John, she did!—said she'd neveh ma' anybody else!"

"Ah, Shot, you're making a pretty bad flummux of it!"

"Yes, John, I know I am—p'posin' by da-aylight! It don't work! But, you know, when I wait until evenin' I ain't in any condition. Still, I'll neveh p'pose to her by da-aylight again! I don't believe Eve would 'a' ma'd Adam if he'd p'posed by da-aylight."

The kind Captain passed out. He spent the night in his room with our friend the commercial traveller, who, at one in the morning, was saying to him for the tenth time,

"I came isstantly! For whareverss Garness' troubl'ss my trouble! I can't tell you why; thass my secret; I say thass my secret! Fill up again; this

shocksh too much for me! Capm—want to ask you one thing: *Muss* I be carried to the skies on flowry bedge of ease while Garnet *fighss* to win the prize 'n' sails through bloody seas? Sing that, Capm! I'll line it! You sing it!" Shotwell sang; his companion wept. So they closed their sad festivities; not going to bed, but sleeping on their arms, like the stern heroes they were.

"Why, look at the droves of ow own people!" laughed Captain Champion at the laying of the corner-stone. And after it, "Yes, Mr. Fair's address was fi-ine! But faw me, Miz Ravenel, do you know I liked just those few words of John March evn betteh?"

"They wa'n't so few," drawled Lazarus Graves, "but what they put John on the shelf."

The hot Captain flashed. "Politically, yes, seh! On the *top* shelf, where we sa-ave up ow best men faw ow worst needs, seh!"

Fair asked March to take a walk. They went without a word until they sat down on the edge of a wood. Then Fair said,

"March, I have a question to ask you.—Why don't you try?"

"Fair, she won't ever let me! She's as good as told me, up and down, I mustn't. And *now* I can't! I'm penniless, and part of her inheritance will be my lost lands. I can't ignore that; I haven't got the moral courage! Besides, Fair, I know that if she takes you, there's an end of all her troubles and a future worthy of her—as far as any future can be. What sort of a fellow would I be—Oh, mind you! if I had the faintest reason to think she'd rather have me than you, I George! sir—" He sprang up and began to spurn the bark off a stump with a strength of leg that made it fly. "Fair, tell me! Are you going to offer yourself, notwithstanding all?"

"Yes. Yes; if the letter I expect from home to-morrow, and which I telegraphed them to write, is what I make no doubt it will be; yes."

March gazed at his companion and slowly and soberly smiled. "Fair," he softly exclaimed, "I wish I had your head! Lord! Fair, I wish I had your chance!"

"Ah! no," was the gentle reply, "I wish one or the other were far better."

A third sun had set before Barbara walked again at the edge of the grove. Two or three hours earlier her father had at last come home, and as she saw the awful change in his face and the vindictive gleam with which he met her recognition of it, she knew they were no longer father and daughter. The knowledge pierced like a slow knife, and yet brought a sense of relief—of release—that shamed her until she finally fled into the open air as if from suffocation. There she watched the west grow dark and the stars fill the sky while thoughts shone, vanished, and shone again in soft confusion like the fireflies in the grove. Only one continued—that now she might choose her future. Her father had said so with an icy venom which flashed fire as he added, "But if you quit Rosemont now, so help me God, you shall never own it, if I have to put it to the torch on my dying bed!"

She heard something and stepped into hiding. What rider could be coming at this hour? John March? Henry Fair? It was neither. As he passed in at the gate she shrank, gasped, and presently followed. Warily she rose up the front steps, stole to the parlor blinds, and, peering in, saw her father pay five crisp thousand dollar bills to Cornelius Leggett.

In her bed Barbara thought out the truth; that Cornelius still held some secret of her father's; that in smaller degree he had been drawing hush money for years; and that he had concluded that any more he could hope to plunder from the blazing ruin of his living treasury must be got quickly, and in one levy, ere it fell. But what that secret might be she strove in vain to divine. One lurking memory, that would neither show its shape nor withdraw its shadow, haunted her ringing brain. The clock struck twelve; then one; then two; and then she slept.

And then, naturally and easily, without a jar between true cause and effect, the romantic happened! The memory took form in a dream and the dream became a key to revelation. When Johanna brought her mistress's coffee she

found her sitting up in bed. On her white lap lay an old reticule of fawnskin. She had broken the clasp of its inner pocket, and held in her hand a rudely scrawled paper whose blue ink and strutting signature the unlettered maid knew at a glance was from her old-time persecutor, Cornelius. It was the letter her father had dropped under the chair when she was a child. Across its face were still the bold figures of his own pencil, and from its blue lines stared out the *secret*.

Garnet breakfasted alone and rode off to town. The moment he was fairly gone Johanna was in the saddle, charged by her mistress with the delivery of a letter which she was "on no account to show or mention to anyone but ——"

"Yass'm," meekly said Johanna, and rode straight to the office of John March.

A kind greeting met her as she entered, but it was from Henry Fair, and he was alone. He, too, had been reading a letter, a long one in a lady's writing, and seemed full of a busy satisfaction. Mr. March, he said, had ridden out across the river, but would be back very shortly. "Johanna, I may have to go to-night. I wonder if it's too early in the day for me to call on Miss Garnet?"

"No-o, seh," drawled the conscientious maid, longing to say it was, "H-it's early but I don't reckon it's *too* early," and was presently waiting for Mr. March, alone.

Hours passed. He did not come. She got starving hungry, yet waited on. Men would open the door, look in, see or not see her sitting in the nearest corner, and close it again. About two o'clock she slipped out to the Hotel Swanee, thinking she might find him at dinner. They said he had just dined and gone to his office. She hurried back, found it empty, and sat down again to wait. Another hour passed, and suddenly the door swung in and to again, and John March halted before his desk. He did not see her. His attitude was as if he might wheel and retrace his steps.

Mrs. March had broken off her engagement promptly. But when Garnet, by mail, still flattered and begged, the poetess, with no notion of relenting, but

in her love of dramatic values and the gentle joy of perpetuating a harrowing suspense, had parleyed; and only just now had her tyrannical son forced a conclusion unfavorable to the unfortunate suitor. So here in his office March smote his brow and exclaimed,

"O my dear mother! that what is best for you should be so bad for me! Ahem! Why—why, howdy, Johanna. Hmnn!"

With silent prayers and tremors the girl watched him read the letter. At the first line he sank into his chair, amazed and pale. "My Lord!" he murmured, and read on. "O my Lord! it can't be! Why, how?—why—O it sha'n't be! —O—hem! Johanna, you can go 'long home, there's no answer; I'll be there before you."

At the post-office March reined in his horse while Deacon Usher brought out a drop letter from Henry Fair. But he galloped as he read it, and did not again slacken speed till he turned into the campus—except once. At the far edge of the battle-field, on that ridge where in childhood he had first met Garnet, he overtook and passed him now. As he went by he slowed to a trot, but would not have spoken had Garnet not glared on him like a captured hawk. The young man's blood boiled. He stood up in his stirrups.

"Don't look at me that way, sir; I've just learned your whole miserable little secret and expect to keep it for you." He galloped on. When, presently, he looked behind, Garnet had turned back—to find Leggett. That search was vain. Cornelius and his "Delijah," kissing their hands to their creditors, were already well on their way into that most exhilarating of all conundrums, the wide, wide world.

Before Barbara came down-stairs to see Mr. March she sent him Leggett's letter. Cornelius had caught scent of the facts in it from Uncle Leviticus's traditions and had found them in the county archives, which he had early learned the trick of exploring. The two Ezra Jaspers, cousins, one the grantee of Wide-wood, the other of Suez, had had, each, a generous ambition to found a college. He of Suez—the town that was to be—selected for his prospective seat of learning

a parcel of sixty acres close against the western line of Widewood. Whereupon the grantee of Widewood good-naturedly, as well as more wisely, "took up" near the Suez tract the sixty acres which eventually became Rosemont. Both pieces lay on the same side of the same creek and were both in Clearwater County, as was much, though not the most, of Widewood. Moreover, both were in the same "section" and "range," and in their whole description differed scarcely more than by an N and an S, one being in the northwest and the other in the southwest corner of the same township. On the ill-kept county records these twin college sites early got mixed. When Garnet founded Rosemont his friends in office promised to tax that public benefaction as gently as they dared, and he was only grateful and silent, not surprised, when his tax-bill showed no increase at all. But while Rosemont was still small and poor and he seriously embarrassed by the costs of an unsuccessful election, came this letter of Leggett's to open his eyes and complete his despair. There across it were his own pencillings of volume and page to show that he had seen the record. In one of his mad moments and in the hopeful conviction that the mulatto would soon get himself shot or hung, he paid him to keep still. From that time on, making Leggett's silence just a little more golden than his speech, he had, "in bad faith," as the lawyers say, been pouring all his gains, not worse spent, into property built on land belonging to the Widewood estate. When Judge March found his Clearwater taxes high, he was only glad to see any of his lands growing in value. When John came into possession, Garnet, his party being once more in power, had cunningly arranged for Rosemont not to be taxed on its improvements, but only on its land, and March discovered nothing. In the land boom Garnet kept the odd sixty acres, generally supposed to be a part of Widewood, out of sight, and induced John to deed it to his mother. But when John came back from Europe landless, there arose the new risk that he might persuade her to sell the odd sixty acres, and, on looking into the records to get its description, find himself

and his mother the legal owners of Rosemont.

"That's why the villain was so anxious to marry her!" said John to himself audibly as he paced up and down in the Rosemont parlor.

"Mr. March," said Barbara's slow voice. She had entered as he spoke.

"Miss—Miss Garnet!"

"Please be seated." There was a tempest in her heart, but her words were measured and low. "You were very kind to come." She dragged her short sentences and at the same time crowded them upon each other as if afraid to let him speak. He sat, a goodly picture of deferential attention, starving to see again her old-time gaze; but she kept her eyes on the floor. "Mr. March, of course—of course, this is terrible to—me. I only say it because I don't want to seem heartless to—others—when I tell you I thank God—O please don't speak yet, sir"—her hands trembled—"I thank God this thing has come to light. For my dear father's own sake I am glad, gladder than I can tell, that he has lost Rosemont. The loss may save him. But I'm glad, too, Mr. March, that it's come to you—please hear me—and to your mother. Of course I know your lost Widewood isn't all here; but so much of it is. I wish——"

March stopped her with a gesture. "I will not—O I cannot—hear any more! I'm ashamed to have let you say so much! Rosemont is yours and shall stay yours! That's what I came to say. Two properties were exchanged by accident when each was about as near worthless as the other, and your mother's family and my father's have lived up to the mistake and have stood by it for three generations. I will not take it! My mother will not! She renounced it this morning! Do you understand?"

Barbara gave a start of pain and murmured, "I do." Her heart burned with the knowledge that he was waiting for her uplifted glance. He began again.

"The true value of Rosemont never came out of Widewood. It's the coined wealth of your mother's character and yours!" He ceased in a sudden rage of love as he saw the colors of the rose deepen slowly on the beautiful half-

averted face, and then, for very trepidation, hurried on. "O understand me, I will not be robbed! Major Garnet cannot have Rosemont. But no one shall ever know I have not bought it of him. And it shall first be yours; yours in law and trade as it is now in right. Then, if you will, you who have been its spirit and soul shall be so still. But if you will not, then we, my mother and I, will buy it of you at a fair price. For, Miss—Miss——"

"Barb—" she murmured.

"O thank you!" cried he. "A thousand times! And a thousand times I promise you I'll never misunderstand you again! But—hem!—to return to the subject; Miss Barb—I—O well, I was going to add merely that—that, eh—I—hem!—that, eh—O—However!" She raised her eyes and he turned crimson as he stammered, "I—I—I've forgotten what I was going to say!"

"I can neither keep Rosemont nor sell it, Mr. March. It's yours. It's yours every way. It's yours in the public wish; my father told me so last night. And there's a poetic justice——"

"Poetic—O!"

"Mr. March, didn't we once agree that God gives us our lives in the rough for us to shape them into poetry—that it's poetry, whether sad or gay, that makes alive—and that it's only the prose that kills?"

"Oh! do you remember that?"

"Yes." Her eyes fell again. "It was the time you asked me to use your first name."

"Oh! Miss Barb, are you still going to hold that against me?"

"Rosemont should be yours, Mr. March. It rhymes." She rose.

"No! No, no! I give it to you!" he said, springing to his feet.

"Will you, really, Mr. March?" She moved a step toward the door.

"O Miss Barb, I do! I do!"

"But your mother's consent——"

A pang of incertitude troubled his brave face for an instant, but then he said, "Oh, there can be no doubt! Let me go and get it!" He started.

"No," she falteringly said, "don't do it."

"Yes! Yes! Say yes! Tell me to go!" He caught her hand beseechingly. As their eyes gazed into each other's, hers suddenly filled and fell.

"Go," was her one soft word. But as he reached the door another stopped him:

"John——"

He turned and stood trembling from head to foot, his brow fretted with an agony of doubt. "Oh, Barbara Garnet!" he cried, "why did you say that?"

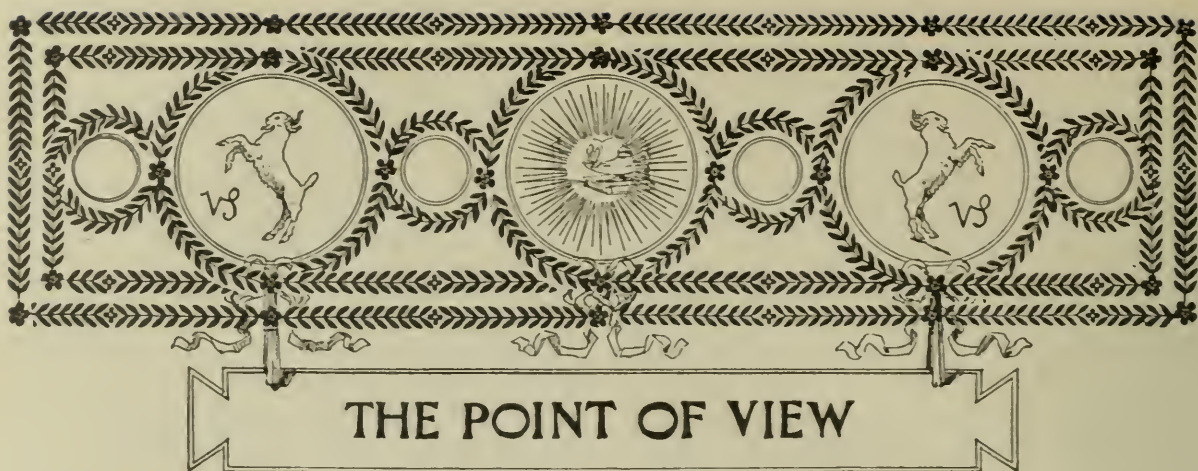
"Johanna told me," she murmured, smiling through her tears.

He started with half-lifted arms, but stopped, turned, and with a hand on his brow, sighed, "My mother!"

But a touch rested on his arm and a voice that was never in life to be strange to him again said, "If you don't say 'our mother,' I won't call you John any——"

Oh! Oh! Oh! men are so rough sometimes!





WHEN I spoke to my Uncle Joseph about the approach of Christmas, he admitted that the Christmas spirit was not as lively in him this year as he could wish. Upon probing him for the reason, I found that the house Aunt Maria took for last summer was engaged early in the spring when there was promise of a prompt improvement in business. But the tariff discussion delayed the improvement, and left my uncle with a good deal bigger summer establishment on his hands than he found consistent with the state of trade. The ensuing four months of violence done to his thrift, followed by efforts at retrenchment since his return to town, had brought him to the holidays with a spirit not a little harassed, and inclined to be impatient of Father Christmas himself as an expensive old person who comes around without regard to the times and frustrates the economies of people who want to save. My uncle will feel better presently, and I trust it will be soon, for he is a worthy man and of a benevolent nature, and it grieves me to think that his Christmas may be lost to him. For whatever else Christmas may bring to anyone, lost it is unless it brings the Christmas spirit. Without peace and good-will in one's heart there can be no Christmas that is worth mentioning; so that it behooves anyone who finds himself in danger of going to bed on Christmas-eve without Christmas feelings to hold an inquest on himself betimes and find out what is the matter.

It can be stated on authority that no Christmas-keeping person will be inclined to dispute that the necessary elements of the Christmas spirit are peace and good-

will. It is essential to anyone's Christmas comfort that he should have a fair measure of peace of mind. If he lacks that he should find out why. If, as in my Uncle Joseph's case, his disquiet has a fiscal basis, he should call a meeting of himself and firmly resolve to procure a proper relation between his incomings and his outgoings at the cost of whatever sacrifice of pomps and vanities may be necessary. He may not be able to do that actually in a day, or in a week, but he can plan and he can resolve, and if he has a tolerably firm mind he ought to be able to resolve with sufficient vigor to bring his spirit the necessary relief. To lose one's enjoyment of Christmas because one has spent too much money in a bad year is intolerable. To repent is good; to save and scrape and pinch is good if need be; to deny one's self even the happiness of making gifts is praiseworthy if the case is bad enough; but to worry and be miserable is to misuse the season.

Come to terms with yourself, brother, betimes, and whatever the situation is get on top of it before Christmas. If it is not a fiscal difficulty, but something else; if your conscience pricks you for laziness, or for wasting your time, or for neglecting your family, or for flirting, or for reading too many newspapers, or for gossiping, or for drinking too many cocktails, or for whatever species of misbehavior you may last have fallen into, attend to its admonitions and stop its noise. Gain your Christmas peace of mind even if you have to seek it with some resolution. Indulge yourself in that, even if you have to forego some other indulgences. Whatever the year's shortcomings may have been, and whether

they have resulted in an empty heart, an empty head, or merely an empty pocket, so much peace of mind as is essential to a tolerable Christmas spirit must surely be within the reach of any sinner who really repents and is ready to do his best.

As for the other constituent element, the good-will toward men, that would seem to spring naturally from a state of inward peace. There may be men who can be at peace with their own souls and still not be kindly disposed toward their neighbors; but if so they must be unfortunates whose souls are deformed, and the best Christmas acquisition that one could wish for them would be such a disturbance of their self-complacency as would bring it to their notice that there is something radically wrong with them, and stir them up to bring about a readjustment. Folks who know they lack the Christmas spirit, and know why and grieve therefor, are in a comparatively hopeful state; but folks who haven't got it, and are not even conscious of their own destitution, are in a bad way indeed. Such a case is not one where ignorance is bliss. Not to have the Christmas spirit is not to love one's neighbor, and to live without love for one's neighbor is to live without the greatest luxury in life. Get that, brother. If you have lost it, get it back. If you have never had it, search for it. It is the one thing indispensable, without which Christmas is an empty name.

AMONG the titles of Dr. Holmes to gratitude and enduring remembrance, which recall themselves to us so numerous and forcibly at the moment of his death, there is one which I hope no one will lose sight of, and which perhaps ought to be called his influence as a civilizer. He not only showed us, it seems to me—and I am thinking of some of his more didactic poems, of the opening chapters of "Elsie Venner," of countless passages in the "Autocrat" and the "Professor"—what a fine foundation we Americans have to build upon, but he was the means of inciting directly a multitude of readers to work toward ideals of real and sincere culture (not the sham article) which have never in our literature been put into such sane and comprehensive form. I should like to see a muster, and I am sure

it would be a large one, of the men now in middle age whose mental tone has been, consciously or unconsciously, considerably influenced by the kindly castigation, until they seemed intolerable, of shams and half-baked pretences that otherwise they might have gone on tolerating; by the flashes of unmalignant wit in which even small boorishnesses and meannesses were suddenly shown up in so unmistakable a light that it seemed impossible ever to commit them again; by the numberless cumulative touches by which an ideal of the gentleman was built up, wholesome, sensible, unpriggish, attainable by every sincere sham-hating man, yet also full of quiet high things, charity, consideration for others—a "man of gentle will."

I doubt if any writer ever preached (or practised) much more effectively what are in the very best sense the amenities of life and thought. There was the fullest virility and force in what he did; nobody who recalls his work will be in danger of misinterpreting the word "amenities." But before all things he produced the effect of sweetening and mellowing what he touched; of holding it so that you looked at it in a finer, more charitable light, and saw sides which diminished your prejudices and would not let them keep any malignity. The things he showed up to laughter or contempt somehow did not leave a bitter impression, but only the idea that I mentioned before—that they were repugnant to the finer civilized man he was and assumed you to be. His sharpest wit had a curious quality of tolerance; and all his trenchant bits of criticism and pretended dogmatism had attached to them, like a corollary, a little hint that the cure for it all was charity—the understanding other men better.

This is what I mean by his civilizing influence—that he had the gift of making every man who read him feel like a more civilized being; which I take to be not only a more refined, better informed, more enlightened being, but also one better disposed and more intelligently minded toward the rest of his race.

In little and great things it was the same. Do you remember "Urania, a rhymed Lesson," away back in his younger days—with what skilful good-humor it picked out all the little solecisms of dress, manners, and talk,

and yet left the perpetrators, while entirely cured, feeling as though they were laughed with and not at? From that trifle up to the best things in the "Autocrat," there is the same indefinable attitude of taking into counsel, of looking at these matters *together*—always with the same result, a feeling of being a little more ripened and (once more) a little more highly civilized when you came out of the talk than when you went in.

All this does not touch the higher aspects of his poetry; it does not touch things like "The Story of Iris" in the "Professor;" but surely it is not the least of his titles to be remembered among American men of letters.

DR. HOLMES was not one of those men of whom one feels that they should have lived to read their own obituaries, so as to have the satisfaction of knowing how greatly they were esteemed. He has been so widely and cordially appreciated for so many decades that all the columns of matter the newspapers printed about him could scarcely have told him anything he did not know before. Whether poets find a personal pleasure in the appreciation of remote posterity is somewhat uncertain; but there is no doubt that the clamor of palm smiting palm is one of the most agreeable sounds that can fall upon a poet's living ear. Dr. Holmes was one of the most intelligently applauded poets that ever lived. If his poems of occasion are unmatched in felicity, it is largely because they had the great good fortune to be addressed in almost every instance to audiences of most exceptional ability to detect a hit. Boston has lost the dearest and most loyal of her old friends. Give her credit for what she did for him. She was loyal as well as he. What he had the wit to write and to say she had the discernment to appreciate. If Boston had not been Boston, Holmes could not have been Holmes. A Milton blind and solitary could write "Paradise Lost" and find the rapture of his own imagination a sufficient incentive. An Edwards in a rural village scarcely emerged from the primeval woods could meditate upon the nature and purposes of the Creator, and find the nature of his

theme sustain his efforts. But a poet who writes to please must have an audience that is worth pleasing. Dr. Holmes was a poet of that sort, and it was one of his greatest felicities that from early youth he never had to seek for fit and friendly hearers. His thoughts never went unuttered for want of ears that invited their disclosure. He never had a good thought but that there was a good man within reach to share it with.

It is a matter of accepted tradition that poets are born not made; but not all the born poets are developed. Holmes beyond question was a born poet, but Boston may fairly be said to have raised him. He grew up under her wing. He was educated at her door. His first fame was won by verses first published in a Boston newspaper. He left her for a little while in early manhood, but she hastened to call him back, and provided him with a congenial task that suited his own needs as well as hers and kept him by her ever afterward. It is not surprising that he loved her or that she loved him. They were admirably mated. She made him happy and he made her famous, and incidentally made himself famous at the same time. Her occasions were his opportunities, and he met them with a continuing flow of felicitous response such as no poet of modern times has rivalled. Wherever Holmes is known Boston is known too. Her debt to him is fit to be compared to Scotland's debt to Walter Scott. If the long walk in her Common and the gilded dome of her State House are landmarks in literature it is because he made them so. No other American city ever had such a laureate; even Boston herself is not likely to have such another. The material for laureates is scarce nowadays; the inspirations are scarcer still, and Boston is not a family of New Englanders any more. She has outgrown that phase of her existence and is a great American city, too big and rich and overgrown and spread out and with too miscellaneous a population to inspire again the sort of affection that old Boston stirred in Dr. Holmes. But she is entitled to the comfort of remembering that she recognized the laureate she did have, and that if his constancy never wavered neither did her appreciation ever wane.



THE HISTORY OF A PUBLISHING HOUSE

1846-1894



NO business establishment, perhaps, comes to have for most people as distinct a personality and personal history, apart from those of its members, as a publishing-house. Its imprint is stamped upon the most highly individualized products in the world; and their selection expresses an individuality which is direct and definite. Such a house comes to be thought of not merely as an organization for buying and selling, but as an entity with a character and personal attributes, which grow more pronounced as the association of its books and authors gather around it.

During the past summer the publishing-house of Charles Scribner's Sons, after nearly fifty years of such associations, has marked an important point in its history by moving from the site with which its friends have been familiar and establishing itself in a new building, its own property, planned and built for its purposes, and entirely occupied by the different departments of its business. If the time is not exactly that of its semi-centennial anniversary, it is certainly an appropriate one to recall something of its past; and if the personal part of its history can be naturally no more than briefly summarized here in a record of the names of its members, there is much in its undertakings and experiences that may be properly and pleasurably preserved in its own Magazine.

THE house was founded in 1846 by Charles Scribner, Senior, the impetus of whose powers and tastes it still strongly feels, as it still fittingly perpetuates his name. He was then a man of twenty-five, a graduate of Princeton, who had studied law in the offices of Charles King and Benjamin F. Butler of New York, but had given up the practice of his profession because of temporary ill-health. His grandfather had been a Congregational minister, graduated at Yale, and his father a prosperous New York merchant. He himself was a lover of books, had strong literary tastes, had travelled in Europe, and took up the new pursuit with a special liking for it, which was the best index of success. He first associated himself with Isaac D. Baker, under the firm name of Baker & Scribner; but Mr. Baker retired after a few years, and he continued under the style of Charles Scribner, still occupying the original quarters of the firm—a part of the chapel of the old Brick Church at the corner of Nassau Street and Park Row, now the site of the *Times* Building, for which in those days he paid six hundred dollars rent, as shown by the original lease still in the possession of the firm. In 1856 he moved to 377 and 379 Broadway, in 1858 to 124 Grand Street, and later to 654 Broadway. It was not until 1874, after Mr. Scribner's death, that the house occupied the building at 743 Broadway, with which it was so long identified.

In 1857 Mr. Scribner took into partnership



Mr. Charles Welford, the son of a London bookseller, but long resident here, and formerly of the book-importing firm of Bartlett & Welford and the book-auction firm of Bangs Brothers & Co. This partnership was organized for the business of importing books only, under the name of Scribner & Welford, the main house continuing the publishing business under the name of Charles Scribner as before; and from this time until shortly after the death of Mr. Welford, in 1885, the two departments were carried on separately in their details. In 1864 Mr. Scribner admitted to partnership Mr. Andrew C. Armstrong, who had been engaged in the business from its earliest days. In 1869 Mr. Edward Seymour, a graduate of Yale, who had been for some time an assistant editor of the *New York Times* and the correspondent of the *London Daily News*, was also admitted to the firm.

Mr. Scribner died in the year 1871, twenty-five years from the foundation of the house, and was succeeded as its head by his oldest son, Mr. John Blair Scribner, the style of the main firm becoming Scribner, Armstrong & Co., and that of the importing house, Scribner, Welford & Armstrong. Mr. Seymour died in 1877; and in the next year Messrs. John Blair Scribner and Charles Scribner, his younger brother, bought out the interest of

Mr. Armstrong in the house, which thus reverted again entirely to the family of its founder and then assumed the name by which it is still known. The death of Mr. John Blair Scribner in the next year left Mr. Charles Scribner for a time the only partner; but a few years after, in 1884, his brother, Arthur H., became associated with him; and from this time there has been only one further change of moment, which occurred, as has been mentioned, on the death of Mr. Welford in 1885—the absorption into the main house of the business of Scribner & Welford, so that the whole is now conducted as a single organization.

THE story of the earliest successes of the house is familiar to those who are interested in the history of publishing, and a part of it to the wider public which cares for the origins of books that have taken a permanent place in our literature. J. T. Headley's books, "Napoleon and his Marshals," "Washington and his Generals," and "The Sacred Mountains," all published in the firm's first year, were great business successes—their sales together passing 500,000 copies. N. P. Willis was already a popular writer; the publication of "People I have Met" added him to the Scribner list, and the house successfully issued a collected edition of his works. The popular qualities of these first ventures may be said to have been to a great extent obvious (though it is proverbially easy to see this after the fact); but when a year or two later Mr. Scribner persevered in publishing "The Reveries of a Bachelor" (1850) and "Dream Life" (1851), by Donald G. Mitchell, though his "Battle Summer" (1849) had not been a success, he began to show beyond mistake the discrimination and faith in his judgments which mark the first rank in his profession. There is certainly no need now, either on commercial or literary grounds, to justify these two selections. Still more characteristically discriminating was his attaching to his growing list the books of Dr. Holland, beginning in 1858 with "Timothy Titcomb's Letters." For a long series of years Dr. Holland's successive works, with their aggregate sales of many hundreds of thousands, proved the soundness of Mr. Scribner's judgment; while Dr. Holland's own repeated testimony to the justice and wisdom of his publisher through all this time has been an especially pleasant memory to the house.



Charles Scribner, Senior

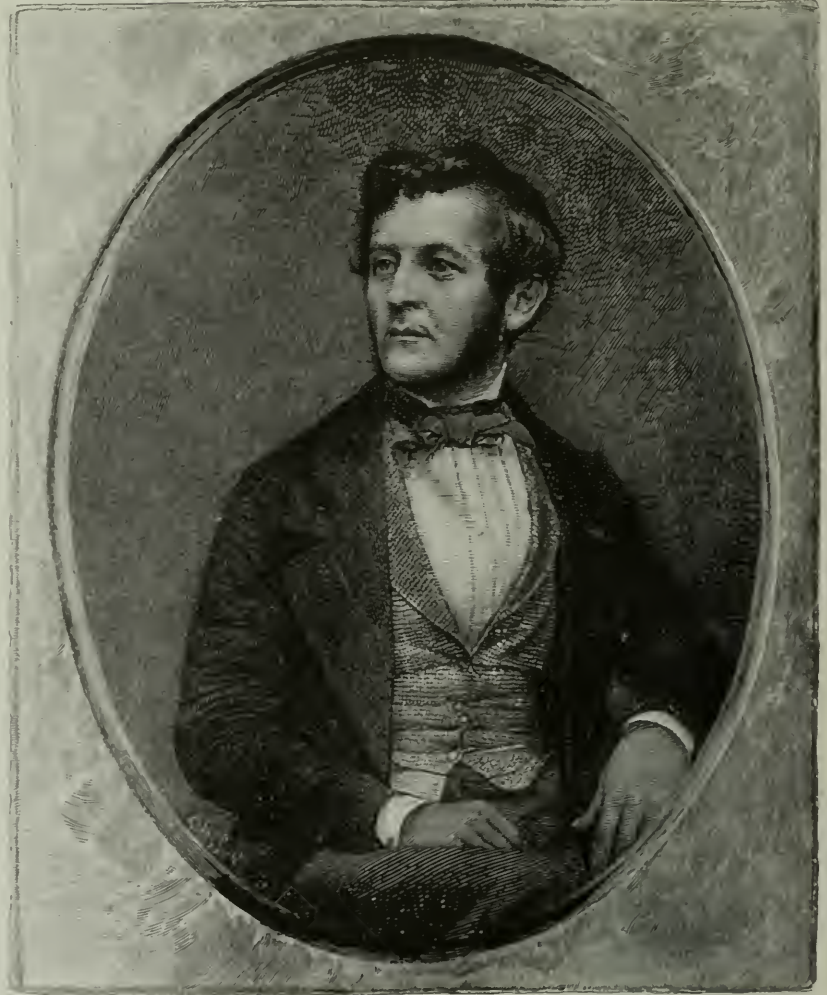
An important part of the work of the firm early began to take a direction in which Mr. Scribner was keenly and thoughtfully interested both by conviction and taste—the publication of theological and philosophical works, particularly of writers in his own (the Presbyterian) Church, but not by any means of these alone. He brought to the house during the fifties the first of the long list which has since included an array certainly remarkable in the history of a single publishing establishment—the works of the Alexanders, of Dr. Bushnell, Dr. Hodge, Dr. H. B. Smith, among the older theologians; of Dr. McCosh, Presidents Woolsey and Porter of Yale, President Mark Hopkins, Dr. Shedd,

Dr. George Park Fisher, Professor Phelps, Professor Shields, Professor Harris, Dr. Charles A. Briggs, President Schurman of Cornell, Dr. Newman Smyth, Dr. Marvin R. Vincent, President Harper of Chicago, and so many more who have illustrated the theology and scholarship of the Evangelical churches in America, that their enumeration would reach the dimensions of a catalogue. This direction led logically to one of the most important undertakings of the firm (in 1864) in the publication of the great “Lange’s Commentary,” extending over several years and reaching finally the total of twenty-six volumes, which enlisted in their preparation and revision the best biblical scholarship of the

world. This Commentary, which though based on the German of Lange and bearing his name, was practically a new work under the editorship of Dr. Philip Schaff (some of its volumes being absolutely new contributions), was probably the largest undertaking, with the exception of one Encyclopædia, entered upon up to that time by an American publisher; and its extraordinary success is a notable passage in the house's annals. Dr. Schaff, whose long friendship is, like Dr. Holland's, one of its pleasant recollections, was, beside his scholarship, a man of tireless energy both in initiative and in actual labor; and the long list of his individual works upon its catalogue was ended only a few months before his death in 1893. At the time there was already in progress the latest of a long line of undertakings in this field, successors of the great Commentary, in the "International Theological Library," undertaken in conjunction with Messrs. Clark of Edinburgh, and edited by Professor Charles A. Briggs and Professor Salmund.

Some of the earlier relations formed by the firm with foreign authors—relations which have since multiplied until they form a very important part of its business—grew up in this direction of religious and philosophical works. The scholarship of Edinburgh and Glasgow not only contributed to several of the larger undertakings, but was represented in increasing numbers on its list by individual works; the great centres of German higher criticism have been also represented; the house has been the American publisher of the long course of Hibbert Lectures, and of a long series of the books of English writers in kindred fields. But with the majority of its English authors in general literature, its connection has been the growth of the last twenty-five years—a time long enough to have given it some of its most interesting associations. During nearly that time it has published here the works of Mr. Froude, of Dean Stanley, and of Professor Max Müller; it published Mr. Gladstone's seven volumes of collected essays fifteen years ago; and constantly through the quarter of a century the books of men like Rawlinson, Sayce, Jowett,

Jevons, George Smith, Forsyth (of "Cicero"), and many more, so that no small number of the notable single English contributions to the scholarship of this period appear upon its catalogue. The histories of Mommsen and Curtius were the principal continental



Charles Scribner, Senior—from a daguerreotype.

additions to its works of this class during the same years; though many others of less scope might be recalled. The predilection for books of this order—what may be called classics of scholarship in the more serious fields—has been a direct legacy from the early members of the house, and is still especially noticeable in its list, however it has extended in other directions. As a consequence the number of its books in use as college text-books and in all the departments of higher education has always been very large, and has made up an important element in its business. For a number of years—from the later fifties until 1883—an Educational Department, fully organized under expert heads, was maintained also for school text-books, and was very successful with some of the best school-books in the

country, such as Guyot's Geographies, Sheldon's Readers, Cooley's Physics, and the like ; but in view of the rapid specialization of this branch of publishing, the separate methods required in it, and the preference of the firm for devoting all its energies to the other

thing very different. Dr. Holland, whose capacities as the editor of a popular magazine he recognized, was consulted as to taking its editorship with a view to such changes ; but discussion and the growth of the ideas in the minds of both finally led to the decision to

establish an entirely new periodical. Mr. Roswell Smith, whom Dr. Holland had met in Europe while the matter was under consideration, and who had become greatly interested in the enterprise, joined in it with added capital, and in August, 1870, the firm of Charles Scribner & Co. announced in a circular, dated from the office of *Hours at Home*, that they had "organized the Magazine Department of their business into a separate company, with Dr. J. G. Holland and Roswell C. Smith as part owners, under the name of Scribner & Co.," and that with November the publication of *Scribner's Monthly* would be begun. The history of the Magazine which followed this announcement is well known. From the beginning it set a virtually new standard for the illustrated popular periodical ; it brought together a multitude of new writers whose influence has been very wide in American literature ; through its artistic side especially it had the chief part in the great progress in American illustration and wood-engraving which has been one of the notable things of our last quarter of a century ; and the way in which it revolutionized all former ideas of the possibilities of magazine

circulation was epoch-making, as the Germans say, in this field of literature.

The Magazine had already shown the promise of its success at the time of Mr. Scribner's death, in 1871 ; it continued steadily to increase in prosperity through the changes in the firm which followed. In the main business of the house, too, these were years of great activity in carrying out other enterprises which its founder had begun or which he had in view. About the middle of the seventies the Subscription Book Department of the business began to grow into prominence—a department whose history is one of large undertakings. The American edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," undertaken in co-operation with Messrs. Black of Edinburgh, the original publishers, and printed by them there to be furnished in



John Blair Scribner.

lines of its business, the school-book list was sold in 1883 to Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., and the Educational Department of the Scribners concerned itself only with the higher text-books, which still include such classics as the works of Whitney, Marsh, Perry, and many others.

Of the undertakings which rapidly followed the Commentary, the establishment in 1865 of a small monthly magazine, *Hours at Home*, is a point to be noted in the history of the house, as the small beginning of the enterprises in periodical literature with which it was to become so closely identified. *Hours at Home* was "a family magazine," primitive and limited, judged by any later standard, and a very modest venture indeed ; but it led Mr. Scribner to think of the possibilities of its enlargement and change into some-

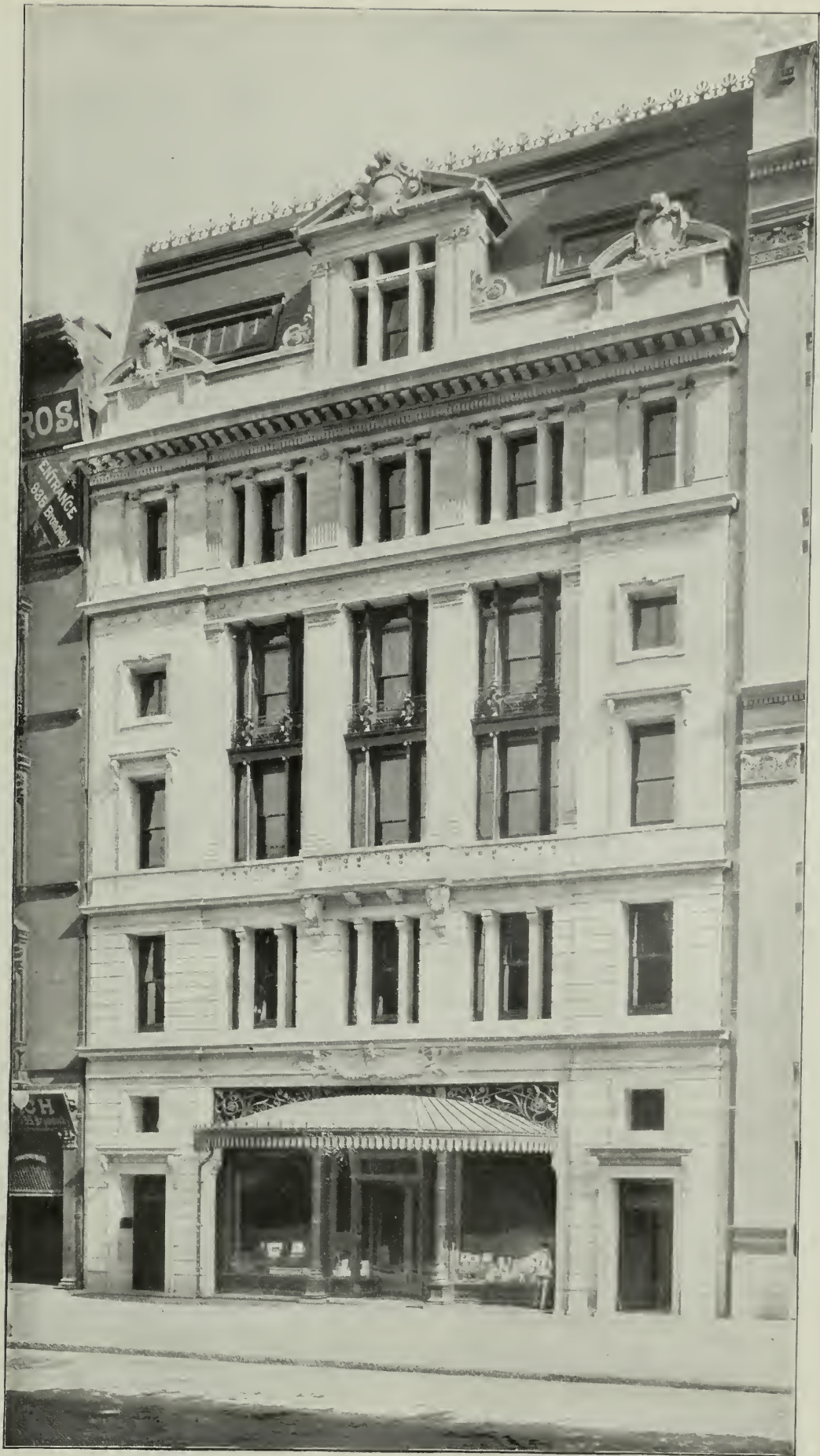
sheets to the American firm, was one of these, which proved to surpass in importance anything of the kind hitherto attempted. The sales of the edition—in twenty-four volumes, the least expensive form of which cost \$125 per set—have been more than 70,000 sets, so that their proceeds must be reckoned in the millions—a sufficiently rare thing with the accounts of a single book. The whole history of this undertaking is of great interest to those who know it; the conflicts with pirated editions, the influence of the American demand upon the work itself in increased attention to American needs (fuller maps, etc.), and many other points, making up a story which might be well worth the telling. Not the least interesting aspect of it was shown by the figures given for total sales by Mr. Adam Black, in his speech at the dinner to the contributors to the Encyclopædia in London, on the completion of the Ninth Edition—indicating clearly that the authorized sales of the Encyclopædia in America must have been not far from four times those in Great Britain itself.

To the successful books published through the Subscription Book Department belong also the illustrated "Popular History of the United States," begun under the editorship of William Cullen Bryant, and written by Sydney Howard Gay, with a body of assistants who were engaged upon it four years or

more—a book of which the preparation and illustration alone meant an investment of considerably more than \$100,000, but which amply justified its conception; the "Scribner-Black Atlas of the World" and the "Statistical Atlas;" the many series of colored plates now so familiar, like the "Game Fishes and the Upland Game Birds and Water-Fowl of the United State," the "American Yachts," the "Trouvelot Astronomical Drawings," etc.; books of art, like "The Arts of Japan," "Contemporary American Artists," and others; the "Cyclopædia of Painters and Paintings," and the "Cyclopædia of Music and Musicians." Greely's "Three Years of Arctic Service" was another book first published by subscription; and most notable of all among later works, Stanley's "In Darkest Africa." This latter, like so many other books, has an interesting personal history. The Scribners had published Stanley's first great book, "How I Found Livingstone:" and in the rooms of the Aldine Club hangs framed among other papers of curious interest the last letter written to Mr. John Blair Scribner by Stanley on the eve of his starting on the Livingstone expedition. When the later expedition to relieve Emin Pasha was undertaken, the book which it was known would result was naturally regarded as a prize in the publishing world, and it was eagerly competed for, many proposals awaiting Stanley at Zanzibar when



General View of the Store 743 Broadway.



THE NEW BUILDING, 153-157 FIFTH AVENUE.



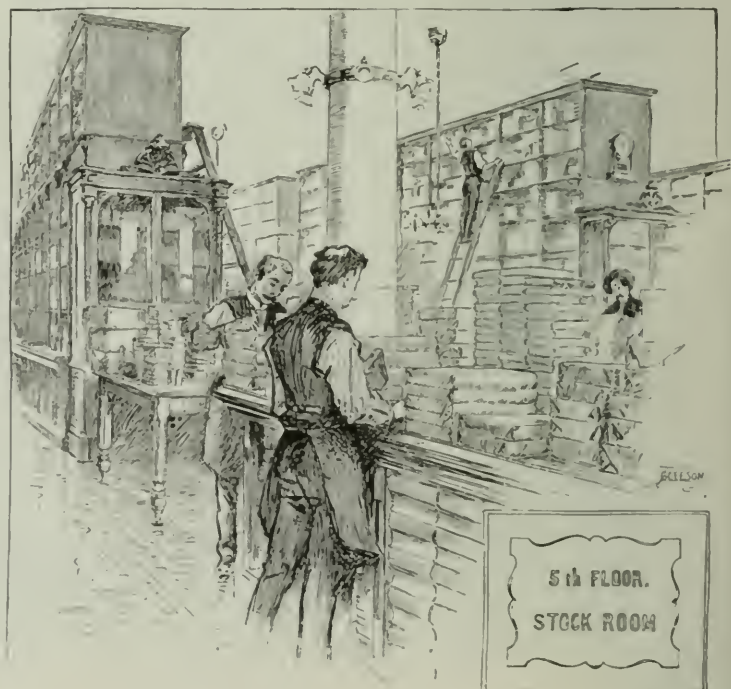
the time ; many volumes of memoirs and biography—the *Memoirs of Metternich* and *Miot de Melito*, the *Reminiscences of Carlyle* and *Froude's Life of him*, the *Lives of Kingsley* by his wife, of *Frederic Maurice* by his nephew, of *Lord Lawrence*, of *Dean Stanley* by *Dean Bradley* ; *Keats's Letters to Fanny Brawne* ; some important and highly successful libraries and collections like the *Library of Travel*, edited by *Bayard Taylor* ; the *Bric-a-brac Series*, edited by *R. H. Stoddard*, whose collected poems were also published at this time, and a list, in fact, that might be indefinitely prolonged. It was a time, too, when the accession began of a larger number of younger fiction-writers to the list of the house—a company which has since included *Thomas Nelson Page*, *Joel Chandler Harris*, *H. C. Bun-*

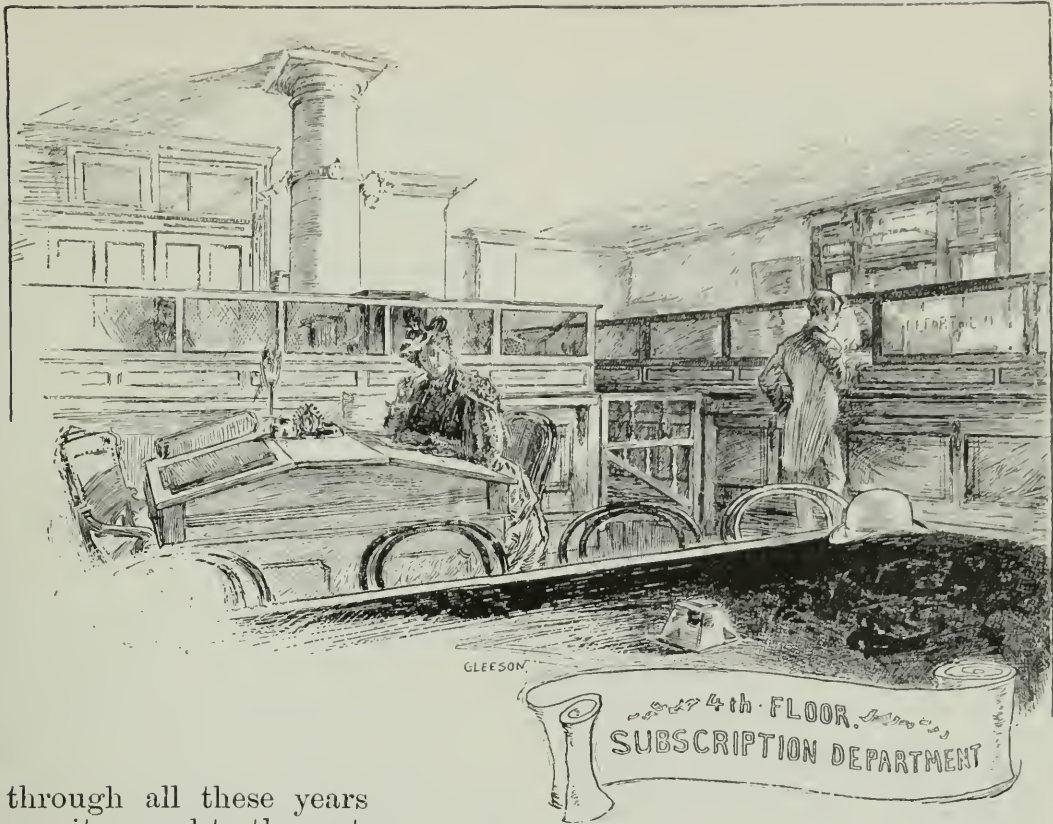
ner, *Robert Grant*, *Richard Harding Davis*, *Harold Frederic*, *Brander Matthews*, *F. J. Stimson*, *G. P. Lathrop*, *H. H. Boyeson*, *George A. Hibbard*, *Octave Thanet*, and many more.

That side of the firm's business which was devoted to the importation of books had

he came out again into civilization. Among these was an offer from the Scribners, which was instantly accepted. The preparation of the volumes was at once pushed forward ; a member of the firm made a rapid journey to Cairo to sign the contracts, and with *Mr. Edward Marston*, of *Sampson Low & Co.* (the English publishers), to supervise certain necessary details ; and the book was published within six months, to find at once an enormous sale.

During the later seventies and early eighties some works were issued through the regular main publishing department of the house which deserve special notice even among its multitudes of standard publications during those years. "The Campaigns of the Civil War," a series of ten volumes by prominent participants and military critics, which was the first attempt at a great military history of the war, and involved in its preparation an immense labor, and a great deal of willingly rendered assistance by government and military authorities to both authors and publishers ; the works of *Sidney Lanier* ; of *Cable*, *Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett*, *Stockton*, *Eggleston*—almost the whole new group of writers of fiction of





gone on through all these years with a prosperity equal to the rest.

Probably few men with a greater fund of knowledge or skill in choice have ever been connected with such a house than Mr. Charles Welford, who, living in London, conducted the business of buying there in a way which led book collectors, of whom some of the foremost have been valued clients of the house almost from its beginning, to learn to look to it for valuable prizes, and book-lovers to deal with it for fine editions and the standards of foreign publication. By the time of his death, in 1885, his traditions and knowledge, in addition to the years of experience of others in that department, had become a capital which this portion of the business is never likely to lose; and Mr. L. W. Bangs, for many years manager of the Importation Department in New York, has, since Mr. Welford's death, carried on the work in London with the same success.

IN 1881, circumstances arising which it seemed might hamper the firm in its entire independence in the conduct of the Magazine of which it had been a founder, it decided to sell its interest in the Monthly to a new corporation; and the sale was made under a stipulation that the Scribner name should be withdrawn from the periodical, which then became the *Century Magazine* and its publishers the Century Company, the Scribners agree-

ing to abstain for five years from the publication of any magazine that should be a competitor in the same field. Thus it was not until January, 1887, after an interval a year longer than the agreement provided, that the present Magazine was established, under the editorship of Mr. Edward L. Burlingame—a new publication in every sense, in no way a revival of any part of the past, but filling once more the whole complement of the departments of the business of the house, and adding again to the lines of its activity one with which it had so long been identified.

The new venture, like the old, was successful from the beginning; and in its own pages may perhaps be most fitly left to speak for itself. It has carried on the traditions of the house both in making itself a magazine of general literature, and, it is believed, in the character of that literature; and it is fortunate in having won a place for its own individuality which it owes to these things.

In the sixteen volumes now ended there is a sufficient proportion of the good literature which during the last eight years has found publication through periodicals, to gratify its conductors and in their belief to furnish a favorable augury for the future. To recall any large part in this space would be impossible unless by a bare list of names; but two

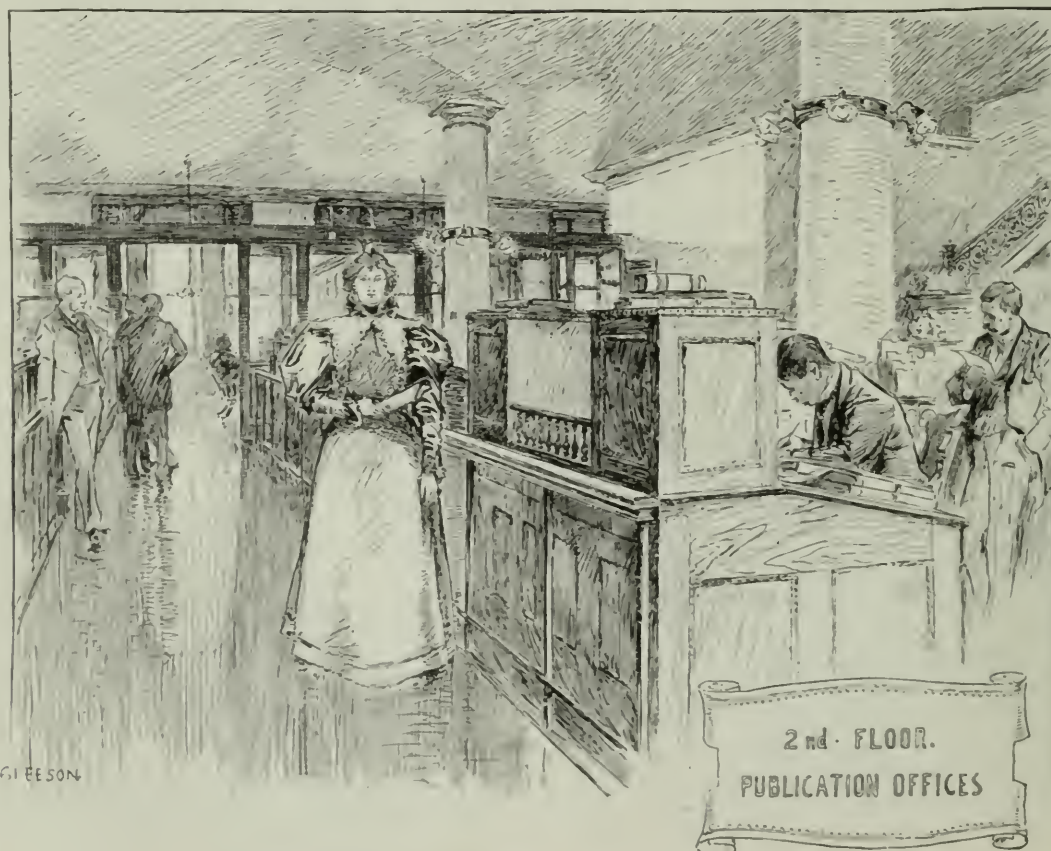
or three matters which have been literary events may be cited—such certainly as the hitherto unpublished Letters of Thackeray, edited by Mr. James Russell Lowell, one of the Magazine's first publications, which added, as a critic said, "a new classic to English literature;" passages from the remarkable Diaries of Gouverneur Morris (now forming part of the two volumes published by his granddaughter); the long series of reminiscences and personal relations of many notable men—Sheridan, Stanley, Minister Washburne, Lester Wallack, Hugh McCulloch, Archibald Forbes, and many others, which have given to the Magazine perhaps a special prominence in this field of autobiography and personal narrative; the great groups of articles on three of the most important factors in modern progress, widely known as the "Railway Articles," the "Electric Articles," and the "Steamship Articles," probably the most successful series ever published by a periodical in satisfying popular interest upon these subjects by the work of men of the highest authority; the novels and essays of Robert Louis Stevenson, and the short stories which have included many of those most notable in the whole history of American short-story writing. The number of new writers now widely popular whose work the Magazine was the first to publish has been very great; but it has not outnum-

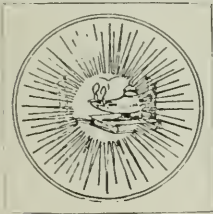
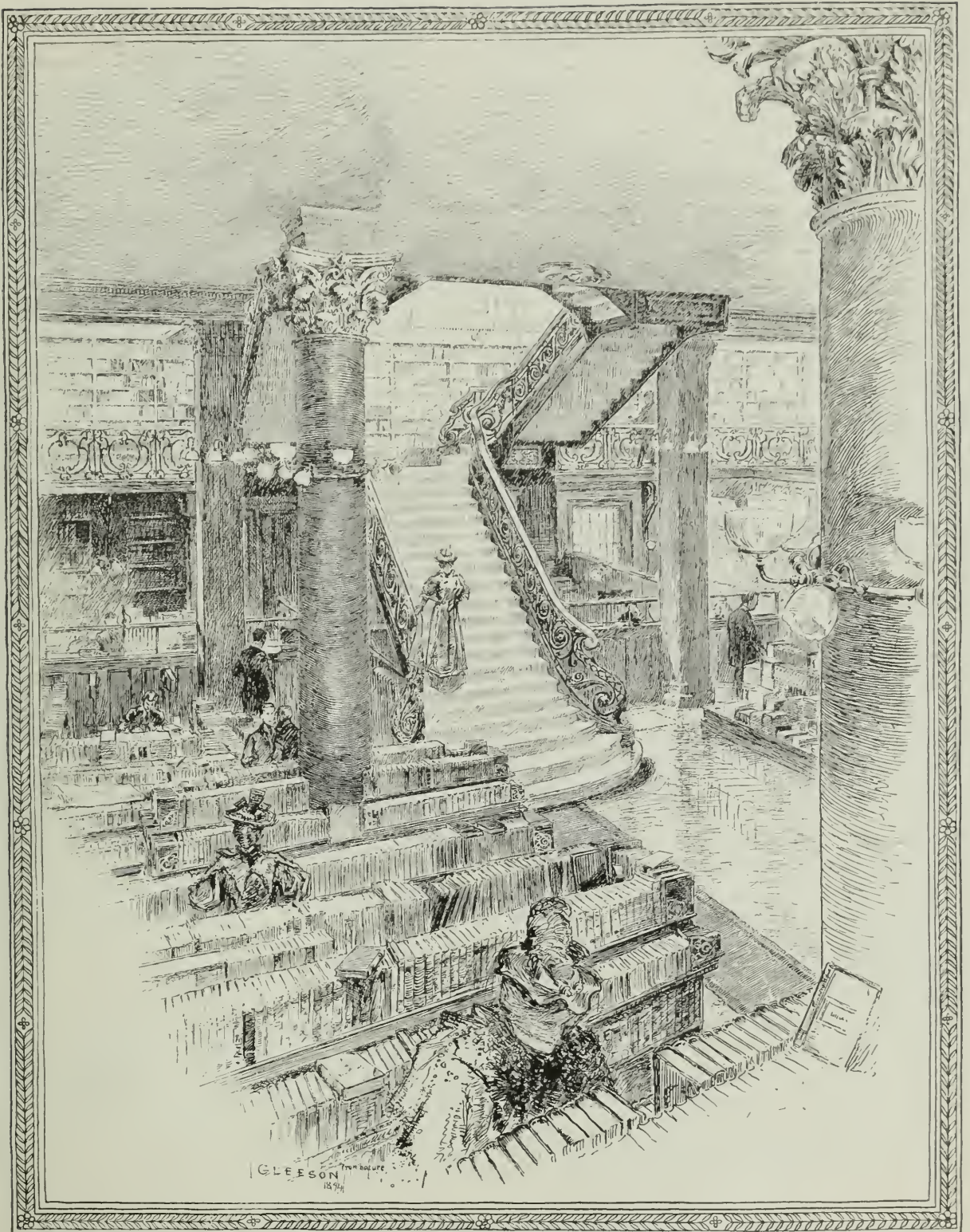
bered the list of older and already well-known names which it counts among its contributors.

The mention of the Magazine brings the history of the house down to the present. It goes into its new quarters holding the pleasantest relations with a very large number of the foremost contemporary writers, with a list of books upon its catalogue to which several hundreds are added each year, and with continually widening lines of activity. It has a natural pride in its record; and there is probably no house in the country in which a heartier *esprit de corps* prevails throughout its staff. Its prosperity has been gained not by the perfunctory but by the cordial and interested co-operation of many men, chosen originally for their competence and forming a picked body with exceptional capacities and experience, possessing and reciprocating the confidence of their chiefs.



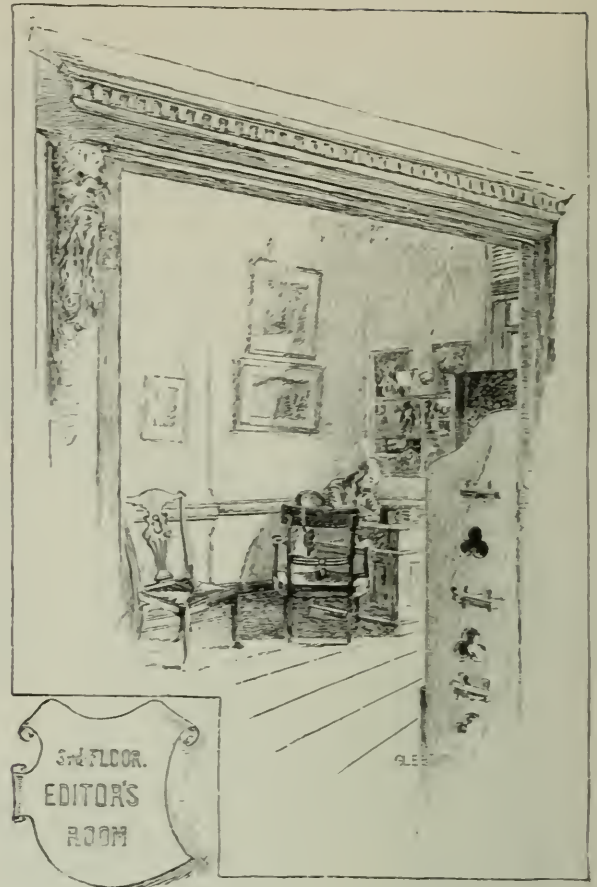
IN the new building, which was built for the firm by Mr. Ernest Flagg, the architect of the new St. Luke's Hospital and many other public buildings, and of which the dignified and striking façade is already familiar to passers on Fifth Avenue, the ground floor is entirely occupied by the bookstore, which differs in





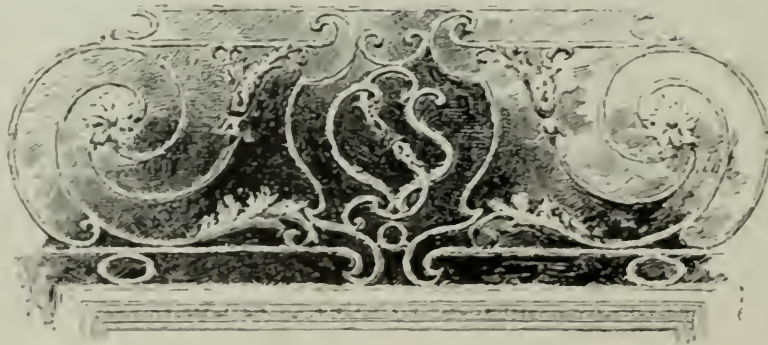
THE STAIRWAY IN THE NEW STORE AS SEEN FROM
THE GALLERY.

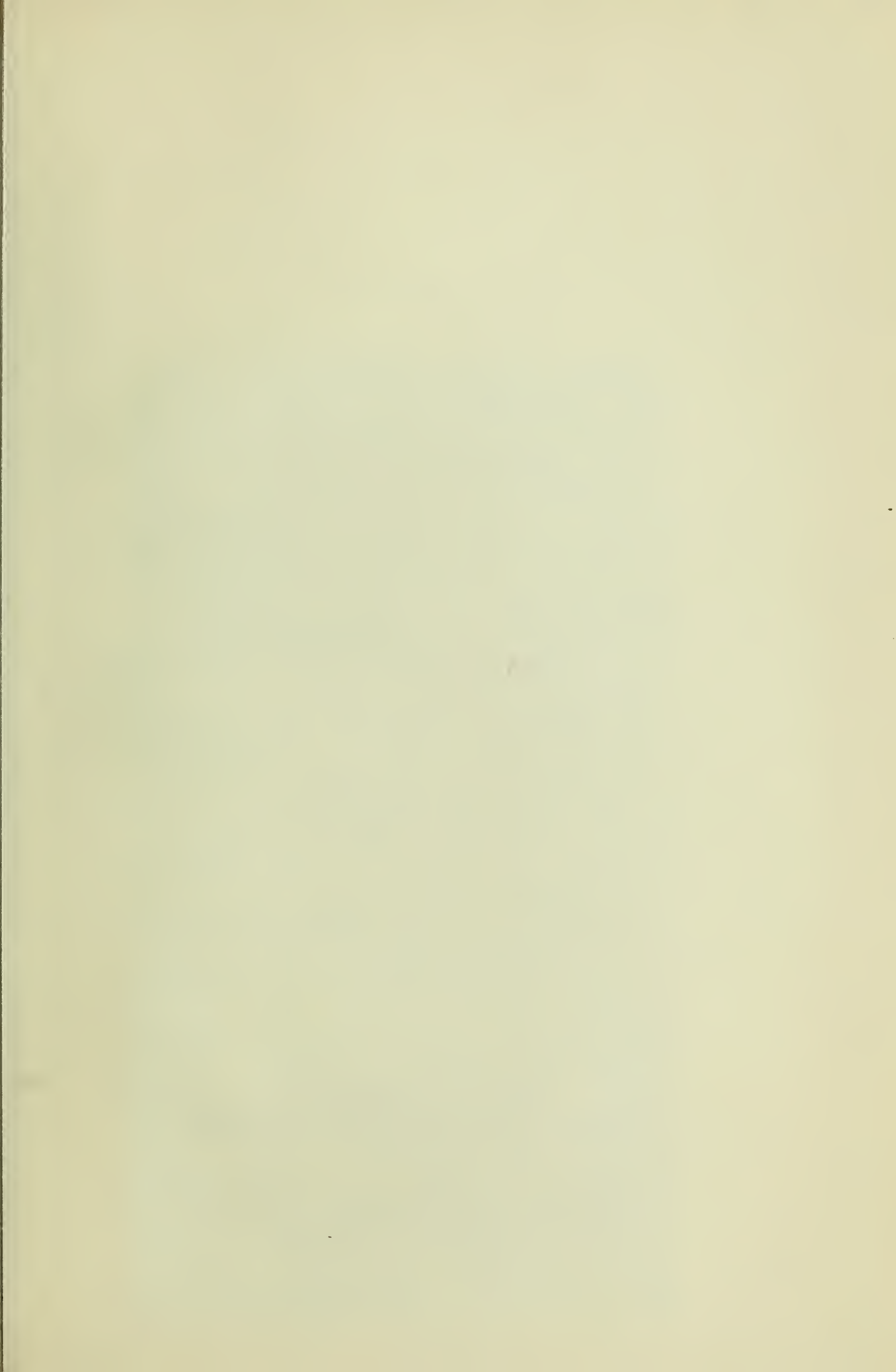
many ways from the conception of a bookstore derived from past examples. Instead of a confused and crowded space with counters and low bookcases, the whole room resembles a particularly well-cared-for library in some great private house, or in some of the quieter public institutions. The walls, wainscoted to the ceiling in quartered oak, are for the most part covered by bookcases with glass shelves, on which the finer-bound and illustrated books are ranged from floor to ceiling—a gallery midway around the room aiding the access to them and still further heightening the library appearance. On the floor of wood blocks, laid in asphalt—so that a curious feeling of firmness meets the step like that of a sidewalk rather than a floor—stand large oak tables, upon which are ranged books for the inspection of buyers; and stands and chairs for reading are placed conveniently among these larger tables. Supported by four high columns, but otherwise having its great space quite clear, this ground-floor room is altogether free from offices (excepting at the back those necessary for the manager of this department and his immediate assistants); and with its Indian red decoration and the plentiful sunlight which pours in from the high windows at back and front it is a spacious, airy, and pleasant place. From the back a broad flight of stairs of white marble, dividing half-way up to the left and right, leads to the second floor, where are all the offices of the firm, of the Financial and Manufacturing Departments, the Wholesale Department, the Educational Department, the Book Buyer, and many more. The third floor is occupied altogether by the Magazine, with its different departments—the Editorial, Artistic, Publishing, etc. On the fourth floor is the Subscription Department. The fifth floor is given up to the storage of stock, but in an orderly way;—one may walk with almost as much pleasure through the neat aisles between the many groups of bookcases here as below in the main shop itself. The sixth story is occupied by mailing-rooms, ar-



rangements for the printing of circulars, and the other miscellany of a great business. The whole building is unique in being perhaps the first in America built from ground to top distinctly for the uses of a publishing-house; everyone having contributed to the original planning the experience of years as to the needs in his own department, and the consequence being an almost perfect adjustment of means to ends.

SO housed and so equipped, the firm in a little more than a year will enter upon its second half-century, with opportunities which it means to use fully in the advance of every department of its work.





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