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BEST THINGS
FROM AMERICAN LITERATURE



Irving Bacheller

BEST THINGS
FROM
AMERICAN
 LITERATURE

Edited by IRVING BACHELLER

With numerous unique and original Illustrations,
including fac-simile Reproductions of Authors' MSS.

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PREFACE

THE Editor of this volume has aimed to set forth in it the literary impulse of our own time, avoiding largely things that have gone stale in familiar anthologies. There are poems, there are speeches, there are chapters of fiction and of history that have a vital quality as infinite as God's truth, and are ever new, therefore, for all save the fool to whom there is nothing new. Many of these immortal things have succeeded from anthologer to anthologer by a sort of divine right, and some of them may be found herein. But this book also and largely reproduces the work of new writers—men and women who have not yet won the fame they merit. Inglorious obscurity now covers many a genius who shall write—nay, who may already have written—the novel or the poem that shall shortly go traveling from hand to hand around the earth and whose fame shall be everywhere. After all, they are the people of most importance always—they of the present who are making the things of the future. To them, and to many of greater fame whose courtesy has made this book possible, and to their publishers, the Editor makes grateful acknowledgment.

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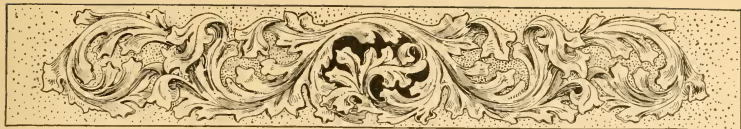


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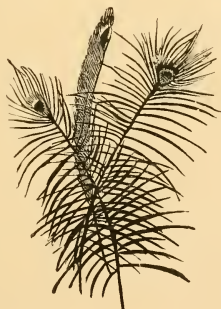
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RICHARD HARDING DAVIS



THE DEATH OF RODRIGUEZ

FROM "CUBA IN WAR TIME"

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

(Born at Philadelphia, Pa., April 18th, 1864)

ADOLFO RODRIGUEZ was the only son of a Cuban farmer, who lives nine miles outside of Santa Clara, beyond the hills that surround that city to the north.

When the revolution broke out young Rodriguez joined the insurgents, leaving his father and mother and two sisters at the farm. He was taken in December of 1896 by a force of the Guardia Civile, the corps d'elite of the Spanish army, and defended himself when they tried to capture him, wounding three of them with his machete.

He was tried by a military court for bearing arms against the government and sentenced to be shot by a fusillade some morning before sunrise.

Previous to execution he was confined in the military prison of Santa Clara with thirty other insurgents, all of whom were sentenced to be shot, one after the other, on mornings following the execution of Rodriguez.

His execution took place the morning of the nineteenth of January at a place a half-mile distant from the city, on the great plain that stretches from the forts out to the hills, beyond which Rodriguez had lived for nineteen years. At the time of his death he was twenty years old.

I witnessed his execution and what follows is an account of the way he went to death. The young man's friends could not be present, for it was impossible for them to show themselves in that crowd and that place with wisdom or without distress, and I like to think that, although Rodriguez could not know it, there was one person present when he died who felt keenly for him, and who was a sympathetic though unwilling spectator.

There had been a full moon the night preceding the execution, and when the squad of soldiers marched out from town it was still shining brightly through

the mists, although it was past five o'clock. It lighted a plain two miles in extent broken by ridges and gullies and covered with thick, high grass and with bunches of cactus and palmetto. In the hollow of the ridges the mist lay like broad lakes of water, and on one side of the plain stood the walls of the old town. On the other rose hills covered with royal palms that showed white in the moonlight, like hundreds of marble columns. A line of tiny camp fires that the sentries had built during the night stretched between the forts at regular intervals and burned brightly.

But as the light grew stronger and the moonlight faded these were stamped out, and when the soldiers came in force the moon was a white ball in the sky, without radiance, the fires had sunk to ashes, and the sun had not yet risen.

So, even when the men were formed into three sides of a hollow square, they were scarcely able to distinguish one another in the uncertain light of the morning.

There were about three hundred soldiers in the formation. They belonged to the Volunteers, and they deployed upon the plain with their band in front, playing a jaunty quickstep, while their officers galloped from one side to the other through the grass, seeking out a suitable place for the execution, while the band outside the line still played merrily.

A few men and boys, who had been dragged out of their beds by the music, moved about the ridges, behind the soldiers, half-clothed, unshaven, sleepy-eyed, yawning and stretching themselves nervously and shivering in the cool, damp air of the morning.

Either owing to discipline or on account of the nature of their errand, or because the men were still but half awake, there was no talking in the ranks, and the soldiers stood motionless, leaning on their rifles, with their backs turned to the town, looking out across the plain to the hills.

The men in the crowd behind them were also grimly silent. They knew that whatever they might say would be twisted into a word of sympathy for the condemned man or a protest against the government. So no one spoke; even the officers gave their orders in gruff whispers, and the men in the crowd did not mix together, but looked suspiciously at one another and kept apart.

As the light increased a mass of people came hurrying from the town with two black figures leading them, and the soldiers drew up at attention, and part of the double line fell back and left an opening in the square.

With us a condemned man walks only the short distance from his cell to the scaffold or the electric chair, shielded from sight by the prison walls; and it often occurs even then that the short journey is too much for his strength and courage.

But the merciful Spaniards on this morning made the prisoner walk for over a half-mile across the broken surface of the fields. I expected to find the

man, no matter what his strength at other times might be, stumbling and faltering on this cruel journey; but as he came nearer I saw that he led all the others, that the priests on either side of him were taking two steps to his one, and that they were tripping on their gowns and stumbling over the hollows, in their efforts to keep pace with him as he walked, erect and soldierly, at a quickstep in advance of them.

He had a handsome, gentle face of the peasant type; a light, pointed beard; great wistful eyes, and a mass of curly black hair. He was shockingly young for such a sacrifice, and looked more like a Neapolitan than a Cuban. You could imagine him sitting on the quay at Naples or Genoa, lolling in the sun and showing his white teeth when he laughed. He wore a new scapula around his neck, hanging outside his linen blouse.

It seems a petty thing to have been pleased with at such a time, but I confess to have felt a thrill of satisfaction when I saw, as the Cuban passed me, that he held a cigarette between his lips, not arrogantly nor with bravado, but with the nonchalance of a man who meets his punishment fearlessly, and who will let his enemies see that they can kill but cannot frighten him.

It was very quickly finished, with rough and, but for one frightful blunder, with merciful swiftness. The crowd fell back when it came to the square, and the condemned man, the priests and the firing squad of six young Volunteers passed in and the line closed behind them.

The officer who had held the cord that bound the Cuban's arms behind him and passed across his breast, let it fall on the grass and drew his sword, and Rodriguez dropped his cigarette from his lips and bent and kissed the cross which the priest held up before him.

The elder of the priests moved to one side and prayed rapidly in a loud whisper, while the other, a younger man, walked away behind the firing squad and covered his face with his hands and turned his back. They had both spent the last twelve hours with Rodriguez in the chapel of the prison.

The Cuban walked to where the officer directed him to stand, and turned his back to the square and faced the hills and the road across them which led to his father's farm.

As the officer gave the first command he straightened himself as far as the cords would allow, and held up his head and fixed his eyes immovably on the morning light which had just begun to show above the hills.

He made a picture of such pathetic helplessness, but of such courage and dignity, that he reminded me on the instant of that statue of Nathan Hale which stands in the City Hall Park, above the roar of Broadway, and teaches a lesson daily to the hurrying crowds of money-makers who pass beneath.

The Cuban's arms were bound, as are those of the statue, and he stood

firmly, with his weight resting on his heels like a soldier on parade, and with his face held up fearlessly, as is that of the statue. But there was this difference, that Rodriguez, while probably as willing to give six lives for his country as was the American rebel, being only a peasant, did not think to say so, and he will not, in consequence, live in bronze during the lives of many men, but will be remembered only as one of thirty Cubans, one of whom was shot at Santa Clara on each succeeding day at sunrise.

The officer had given the order, the men had raised their pieces, and the condemned man had heard the click of the triggers as they were pulled back, and he had not moved. And then happened one of the most cruelly refined, though unintentional, acts of torture that one can very well imagine. As the officer slowly raised his sword, preparatory to giving the signal, one of the mounted officers rode up to him and pointed out silently what I had already observed with some satisfaction, that the firing squad were so placed that when they fired they would shoot several of the soldiers stationed on the extreme end of the square.

Their captain motioned his men to lower their pieces, and then walked across the grass and laid his hand on the shoulder of the waiting prisoner.

It is not pleasant to think what that shock must have been. The man had steeled himself to receive a volley of bullets in his back. He believed that in the next instant he would be in another world; he had heard the command given, had heard the click of the Mausers as the locks caught, and then, at that supreme moment, a human hand had been laid upon his shoulder and a voice spoke in his ear.

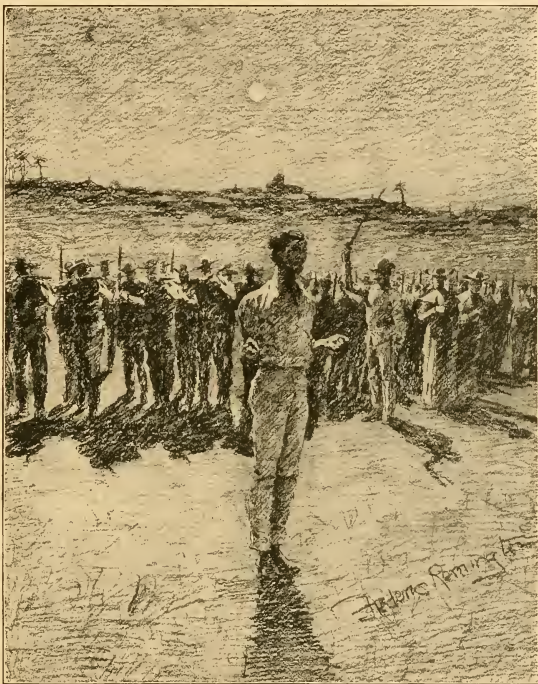
You would expect that any man who had been snatched back to life in such a fashion would start and tremble at the reprieve, or would break down altogether, but this boy turned his head steadily and followed with his eyes the direction of the officer's sword, then nodded his head gravely, and, with his shoulders squared, took up a new position, straightened his back again, and once more held himself erect.

As an exhibition of self-control this should surely rank above feats of heroism performed in battle, where there are thousands of comrades to give inspiration. This man was alone, in the sight of the hills he knew, with only enemies about him, with no source to draw on for strength but that which lay within himself.

The officer of the firing squad, mortified by his blunder, hastily whipped up his sword, the men once more leveled their rifles, the sword rose, dropped, and the men fired. At the report the Cuban's head snapped back almost between his shoulders, but his body fell slowly, as though some one had pushed him gently forward from behind and he had stumbled.

He sank on his side in the wet grass without a struggle or sound, and did not move again.

It was difficult to believe that he meant to lie there, that it could be ended so without a word, that the man in the linen suit would not get up on his feet



THE DEATH OF RODRIGUEZ

From "Cuba in War Time," by Richard Harding Davis. Copyright, 1898, by Robert Howard Russell

and continue to walk on over the hills, as he apparently had started to do, to his home; that there was not a mistake somewhere, or that at least some one would be sorry or say something or run to pick him up.

But, fortunately, he did not need help, and the priests returned—the younger one with the tears running down his face—and donned their vestments

and read a brief requiem for his soul, while the squad stood uncovered, and the men in hollow square shook their accoutrements into place, and shifted their pieces, and got ready for the order to march, and the band began again with the same quickstep which the fusillade had interrupted.

The figure lay still on the grass untouched, and no one seemed to remember that it had walked there itself, or noticed that the cigarette still burned, a tiny ring of living fire, at the place where the figure had first stood.

The figure was a thing of the past, and the squad shook itself like a great snake, and then broke into little pieces and started off jauntily, stumbling in the high grass and striving to keep step to the music.

The officers led it past the figure in the linen suit, and so close to it that the file closers had to part with the column to avoid treading on it. Each soldier as he passed turned and looked down on it, some craning their necks curiously, others giving a careless glance, and some without any interest at all, as they would have looked at a house by the roadside or a passing cart or a hole in the road.

One young soldier caught his foot in a trailing vine, and fell forward just opposite to it. He grew very red when his comrades giggled at him for his awkwardness. The crowd of sleepy spectators fell in on either side of the band. They had forgotten it, too, and the priests put their vestments back in the bag and wrapped their heavy cloaks about them, and hurried off after the others.

Every one seemed to have forgotten it except two men, who came slowly toward it from the town, driving a bullock cart that bore an unplanned coffin, each with a cigarette between his lips, and with his throat wrapped in a shawl to keep out the morning mists.

At that moment the sun, which had shown some promise of its coming in the glow above the hills, shot up suddenly from behind them in all the splendor of the tropics, a fierce, red disc of heat, and filled the air with warmth and light.

The bayonets of the retreating column flashed in it, and at the sight of it a rooster in a farmyard near by crowed vigorously and a dozen bugles answered the challenge with the brisk, cheery notes of the reveille, and from all parts of the city the church bells jangled out the call for early mass, and the whole world of Santa Clara seemed to stir and stretch itself and to wake to welcome the day just begun.

But as I fell in at the rear of the procession and looked back, the figure of the young Cuban, who was no longer a part of the world of Santa Clara, was asleep in the wet grass, with his motionless arms still tightly bound behind him, with the scapula twisted awry across his face and the blood from his breast sinking into the soil he had tried to free.

IN EVIDENCE

BY CHARLES KELSEY GAINES

(Born at Royalton, N. Y., October 21, 1854)

Yes, Judge, I'll try—
 I'll tell ye God's own truth; but 'tain't no use.
 I hain't got no defense, I can't make no excuse.
 I'm mighty nigh
 To breakin' down right here. O Judge, it's heli,
 Hell that I'm goin' through. I know I've got ter tell—
 An' Judge, I'll try.

That ain't the wust—
 The sentence an' the hangin' an' the rest.
 Ef dyin' means fergittin', dyin', Judge, is best.
 An' sence I must,
 I'll tell it straight. But, oh, my God! my eyes
 Sees bloody, night an' day, 'n' my ears is deaved with cries:
 An' that's the wust.

An' Judge, 'twa'n't drink—
 I'm desput rough, I know, but that ain't me:
 I don't drink tendin' switch, an' *never* takes a spree.
 Judge, ye sha'n't think
 I'd wreck a hundred souls fer a pot o' beer;
 'Tain't no excuse fer sleepin', but, 'fore God, I swear

I wa'n't in drink.
 She were so sick—
 My little gal; an' Vic were clean wore out—
 Vic, she's my wife, an' she ain't noway stout.
 I says to Vic,
 "You jest lay down, an' I'll set up ter-night."
 'Twa'n't right ter take the resk, but Vic were wild an' white,
 An' Sis so sick.



CHARLES KELSEY GAINES

Nex' night 'twere wuss.

The neighbors said they'd help, but none come nigh;
An' Sis were failin' fast, an' Vic did naught but cry—

I *had* ter nuss.

Come day, I scource could stan', an' axed the boss
Ter let me off jest onct; but he were jalous cross,

An' gi' me a cuss.

My eyes would shet—

I stomped an' tried ter count, but scource could think;
I'd glower an' stare an' start, an' still they'd daze an' blink.

I dassent set:

I danced an' prayed an' sweated in the cold,
An' cussed an' groun' my teeth; Jedge, I did wark ter hold,

But they would shet.

'Twere growin' dark—

That's 'arly 'long o' Chrismus, as ye know:

I thought I heered my pardner wadin' through the snow,
An' stopped ter hark.

Thinks I, "O God in Heaven! at larst he's come;

This orful day is ended; I kin steer fer hum.

Lord! ain't it dark!"

Then, fer a spell,

I kind o' los' myself—yit heered the train—

The whistle went a-screechin' through my whirlin' brain—

I heered the bell.

O Jedge, I jumped like mad an' set the 'switch:

I seen I set it wrong; the train were in the ditch,

An' I in hell.

Ther ain't no more—

'Cept Sis, she's dead, an' Vic's gone ravin' mad:

Ef I were one or t'other 'twouldn't seem so bad—

P'r'aps that's in store.

Manslaughter, did ye say, Jedge? Well, that's right:

The verdick's jest. But, Jedge, God's verdick ain't so light—

My sleepin's o'er.

THE SICKLE OF FIRE

BY CHARLES KELSEY GAINES



T is a fact not generally known, outside strictly scientific circles at least, that there exists an element (technically called Hydropyrogen, symbol Hp) possessing qualities of such a nature that its more abundant production, or any recklessness in use, might imperil the human race. Happily, in its pure state, in which alone it is dangerous, this substance is very rare; indeed, only one specimen is now known to exist, and that is kept hermetically sealed in thick glass. Its name never appears in the ordinary text-books—for prudential reasons.

There are more of these formidable secrets in the laboratories of our biologists and chemists than most people suspect. Few, until very recently, were aware that in a frail glass tube, not too scrupulously guarded, in the very heart of the great American metropolis, there are living, malignant germs of Asiatic cholera which, if set free, might cause an epidemic that would cost millions of lives. And there are other things in that lockless cabinet quite as bad. There exist, also, poisons, the formulæ for which are never published, and explosives that no chemist dare compound save in the minutest quantities. Many of these are altogether unknown to the ordinary student; only the well-tried specialist has knowledge of them.

But return to hydropyrogen. It is obtained, but only with the greatest difficulty, from the smoke products of a certain kind of sea-weed. Even in this the element is not always present. Out of a hundred specimens incinerated and analyzed, ninety-nine would probably show no trace of it; and when it does occur, few are the chemists able to detect, much less separate, it—a most fortunate circumstance.

Hydropyrogen, as developed from this sea-weed when burned under the action of an electric current (Tesla's) of the highest tension, is an almost impalpable gas, the lightest yet discovered. It diffuses rapidly, and easily permeates every known substance except indurated glass. When subjected to a process similar to that by which other gases are liquefied—a combination of tremendous pressure with extreme cold—it suddenly solidifies, falling in a heap of slender, needle-like crystals of a vivid ruby color. This experiment has been successfully carried through only three times. The crystals thus obtained may be preserved for almost any length of time, provided they are kept absolutely free from moisture; hence they are sealed in heavy tubes of indurated glass. In the darkness

these crystals gleam with a fiery, quivering phosphorescence, comparable only to the shifting colors sometimes seen in the aurora borealis. Indeed, it is probably of the same essential nature, being caused by induced currents streaming through the vacuum tubes in which this unstable and intensely energetic agent is encased.

I have said that hydropyrogen is dangerous to the safety of the world. This is due to its extraordinary effect in decomposing and inflaming water. Not that it is difficult to decompose water; that is done every day by familiar processes; but there is no other agent which exhibits so terrible a potency—no other which so defies control.

Its action may be explained by a familiar illustration. A child sets on end a line of dominoes, separated by spaces of about an inch. He pushes over the nearest, and the whole line goes down with a swift crash, each unbalancing the next till all are fallen. Just so with a series of molecules; the dissolution of one breaks up those next adjacent, when once the action is started. Such is the operation of all explosives, and of many poisons, e. g., snake venom. There seems to be scarcely any limit to the effect which may be produced by an infinitesimal portion of the disturbing agent, provided it has a continuous field of suitable material on which to act.

How fearful may be the effect of hydropyrogen if indiscreetly used, no living man can testify as I can. Why do I tell the story? Because some vague hints have already reached the public through certain Canadian papers; and if the matter is to be agitated at all, the warning lesson should be read in full.

It occurred only a few months ago. I had been studying for several years under Professor O. D. McKazy, the discoverer of hydropyrogen and the only man who has ever succeeded in producing the crystals. I had assisted him in his experiments—often a trying ordeal—and was deep in his confidence. We had already used the crystals on the contents of a large tank in an enclosed court, with startling results. The professor now wished to experiment on a much larger scale, which could be done with safety only in an uninhabited region. He had heard of a small lake suitable for the purpose, in British America, among the mountains near the Pacific Coast, and thither we proceeded.

Our journey, though not without hardship, was accomplished without mischance. We encamped, with our Indian guides, about two miles from the lake, which we first visited by day to make sure of the trail. Then at night, leaving our Indians—whom we never saw afterward—we stole with feverish eagerness through the black darkness of the evergreens, and at last emerged on the ledges that overhung the lake.

It lay at some depth below, banked with cliffs on every side, reflecting the black sky and the sparkling stars. Nearly opposite, a little white cascade drew a

broad chalk-mark down the dusky wall, and we could faintly hear its chilly dashings. The place was like a well, and it was said to have no outlet.

Dropping upon our hands and knees we crept out on a jutting bluff, and the professor tossed down a pebble. The splash shattered the reflected sky; then its stars returned, but waved and blinked as the ripples circled outward.

With great precaution the professor now broke the tube containing the crystals, and hastily cast it down after the pebble. As it reached the surface, along with the splash a faint hiss was audible. For an instant fiery worms wriggled and darted about. Then a little ruby cloud appeared in the water. It grew till it glowed like the sunset. A seething sound was heard, and we perceived that the hue was caused by an infinitude of little fiery bubbles; and as they rose and burst, a pale blue flame began to play above the water. Pale, but hot—horribly hot. We could feel its withering blast even where we stood. It mounted higher; it towered above us.

"Run! run!" screamed the professor. And we ran as if hell had opened at our feet.

Even so, our delay had wellnigh cost our lives. Breathless, scorched, shuddering, we reached the brow of the mountain. Here we lay flat, and shielding our faces peered back over the edge.

All the water was now red as sun-shot wine; the whole lake was seething like a caldron. The rocky walls shone ruddy with the reflection; or, was it possible that they were growing red with the heat? The blue flames united from all parts of the surface, and rose to the sky in a tall, faint, wavering column, much like the flame of an alcohol lamp, but half a mile high.

And the heat—oh! the heat was blinding. Our flesh was blistered; the very hair upon our heads was crinkling, burning. Crazy with pain and terror we rolled down the slope, leaped, ran, plunged, fell, and at last brought up in a deep ravine near the foot of the mountain, where a considerable stream gushed from a cavern. How cool and comforting its plashing seemed!

We now lay in the shadow of the hill; but just over our heads streamed the blue light and consuming ardor of that fiery column from which we had fled, glinting upon the rocks and withering the scanty vegetation for miles around. We saw acres of stunted evergreens below us, shrinking, crisping to tinder, in that inordinate glow; then the dry needles sparkled, and here and there a tree sprouted up a fountain of red flame. Soon the whole forest was ablaze beyond us, and our ravine was in shadow no longer.

Then we crept back into the cavern of the roaring stream, far under the mountain, finding precarious foothold by the margin of the water, till at last only a faint glow showed the opening by which we had entered. Here the rugged roof vaulted higher, and was lost in darkness. We sunk prone on a shelf of rock

beside the gurgling torrent; the spray dashed over our aching limbs, and we found relief.

But the place was full of noises. Not merely the voice of the pouring waters that moaned and echoed everywhere. More and more frequent came rumblings, followed by a sound like heavy thunder, and a tremor as if the mountain shuddered to its roots. Doubtless, the raging furnace above was cracking the cliffs that walled the lake; the overheated ledges were bursting.

I perspired under the raining spray; it seemed to me that the floor on which I lay was growing warmer. I laved my hand in the running water, but jerked it back with a cry; the stream was scalding hot! A ruddy sparkle seethed in its current; the vault above me was becoming faintly visible; as I gazed, the fantastic cavern dome grew rosy as the morning sky.

With a scream of terror I sprang toward the entrance; a great light flamed behind me; a strong gust of fire and wind swept me onward, till I found myself fallen on the bank of the ravine outside. A pale blue blow-pipe flame went hissing past me. With it came shrieks of agony more terrible than all the groanings of the tormented hill—shrieks of human anguish—and a strange apè-like figure was flung beside me and lay writhing. It was the professor, my friend, but seared and branded almost beyond recognition. His clothing was burned away; of his straggling locks and black silky beard not a hair remained. His long arms twitchèd, and his slender fingers clutched the parched, crumbling moss as he lay in pain inexpressible. Thus Science had rewarded her most gifted votary.

Yet even in that supreme moment he was not forgetful. "'Twas the outlet!" he gasped. "The ferment has worked through. Oh, my God! Run! Cut off the stream or the world is lost."

The situation was so tremendous that for an instant I could not grasp it. I stood motionless as if I had not heard.

He sprang up and pushed me. In the anguish of his soul the torment of his body was forgotten.

"The sea!" he wailed. "O God! O God! Cut it off from the sea!"

He was an atheist, but he called upon God. Many times in that awful hour he called upon God. It was not profanity; it was the elemental cry of the human soul in its despair. It is the cry that will be heard on the Day of Judgment! It is the cry of the damned.

The Day of Judgment! It was upon us. The last trump had sounded; the earth was to be consumed, and its oceans would be as oil in that mighty conflagration.

I leaped down the ravine. Already the upper waters of the stream were burned away, and its bed was dry and hot. Yet such speed did I make in that mad, desperate race that I almost overtook the fleeing torrent which flowed and

flamed before me. Then suddenly my strength gave way, my limbs sunk under me, and I fell like a stricken animal! For some moments I lay shrouded in deadly faintness, incapable of thought.

Then, with a wrench of effort, I sat up, giddy and weak. I found myself on the brink of a vast precipice—three steps more would have ended all—where the torrent had dropped its foaming waters through a sheer descent of more than a hundred feet.

But the torrent was gone. Only a little fire still dripped from the verge, and splashed in liquid flashes upon the rocks below. And the pale light and searing heat no longer streamed down from the mountain, though the red crater that an hour before had held the glimmering lake cast up a lurid, volcanic glow against the sky.

Before me lay a broad, dusky landscape, sloping toward the sea, buried in mist and shadow. But through it ran a flicker of light, as the envenomed stream sped on its deadly mission toward the deep, breaking at intervals into cascades of incandescent brightness, and sending far down its current the ruddy, sparkling spume that marked the first decomposition of the waters. Nearer and nearer to the sea the fiery line was creeping, stretching itself along like a glowing earth-worm.

And I, too, cried upon God in my extremity, for man was impotent and science vain. Science! Was it not the very life-blood of that red devil yonder, crawling on with unquenchable torch to make a molten ruin of the world? And I, that believed not in God, also prayed to God, and wept and prayed again.

In the midst of my crying I felt a touch, and clasped in my arms the limp body of my almost dying friend. Dying he surely was; yet, even then, his iron will—hardened by scientific training and ordeals such as ordinary men never dream of—so triumphed that, despite the intolerable suffering that dazed and blinded him, he had dragged himself down the rough gorge to see the end.

And the end was near. Already that distant tongue of vibrant flame was flickering at the margin of the sea. It was more than human nerves could bear. We shrieked out like men in nightmare terror. We shrieked, and shrieked again, and could not cease, for the end of the world was NOW.

The yeasty spume darted out against the surf. Then a long white-crested wave rolled in and buried it from view. A tall column of steam shot up, so ruddy that at first it seemed a jet of fire; and a sound began to fill the air, as when white-hot steel is quenched in the ice-bath.

The professor sprang to his feet. He stood lifted upon his toes, every muscle tense; his breath came and went in shrill sighs. Disfigured, naked, in that weird light, he was like a devil-hunted soul fleeing from its place of torment; on his face a wild agony of hope, as if one might indeed escape from hell. He strove to

speak, but the words gurgled like an obstructed brook. Then with supreme endeavor he trumpeted a cry: "The salt!"—if I heard aright, for indeed it was hardly articulate, and he fell like a figure of stone.

Meanwhile, as the wave receded on the beach a change was visible. The red had vanished; a wash of luminous green flowed down the sand; the surf was shot with sparkles and flashes of still more vivid hue. Then the red waters of the stream again prevailed, and pressed far out in the brine. Gushes of colored light bubbled up from depths, and all over the tossing surface fluttered flames of blue and green. It seemed as if the briny waters and the fresh were struggling for the mastery. Was it possible that the salt of the sea had power? I dared not think it.

The waters were now boiling with volcanic violence; the air above was thick with rolling clouds of tinted vapor; the many-hued gleams and flashes playing under the waves lit up the bottom of the ocean far and near. So intense was the illumination that I could see the scaly glitter of the frightened fishes as they sped away on every side, and the black slimy shapes of nameless monsters struggling in the scalding liquid.

I lifted my eyes to the black, unanswering heavens, and cried to the void above:

"O God—if thou art God—oh! cast me down for my sins, with this raging fire, into the abyss of hell; but save the fair world created by thy hand, its teeming cities, and the millions that are sleeping, thy children."

And at that moment I seemed to see all the peoples of the earth buried in slumber, the bride in the arms of her loved one, the mother beside her babe. And I saw, as in a vision, a conflagration mounting above the clouds, streaming far into airless space, sweeping on to the destruction of mankind.

The channel of the stream was now empty; the last crimson drops of ferment were drained into the deep. For an instant the surface darkened, and the ebullition almost ceased. Then, with an earthquake shudder, a blinding avalanche of liquid incandescence, the waters were lifted in a thousand fountains.

I lay staring at the sky; raindrops were falling on my face; it was very dark. Whether I had been stunned by the shock of the explosion, or whether human consciousness could no longer endure the strain, I do not know. Evidently some time had elapsed. My head was resting upon something cold and dead. I knew too well what it was; but at first I could not rise; my will was helpless, my body corpse-like. I tried to think, but sensation lapsed again.

At last I roused, and was able to turn a little. Slowly the power of sight came back to my glazed eyeballs. All the land was in shadow; the sea was dark and smooth. The virus of fire was quite burned out, the last spark extinguished in the quenching brine. The world was saved!



JAMES L. FORD

THE SOBER, INDUSTRIOUS POET, AND HOW HE FARED AT EASTER-TIME

BY JAMES L. FORD

(Born at St. Louis, Mo., July 25, 1854)



"ALAS, Mary!" exclaimed William Sonnet, as he entered his neat but humble tenement apartment a few days before the close of Lent, "I fear that our Pfingst holiday this year will be anything but a merry one. My employers have notified me that if they receive any more complaints of the goods from my department they will give me the sack."

William Sonnet was certainly playing in hard luck, although it would be difficult to find in the whole of Jersey City a more industrious, sober young poet, or a more devoted husband and father. For nine years he had been employed in the Empire Prose and Verse Foundry, the largest literary establishment on the banks of the Hackensack, where by sheer force of sobriety and industry he had risen from the humble position of cash-boy at the hexameter counter to that of foreman of the dialect floor, where forty-five hands were kept constantly employed on prose and verse. During these years his relations with his employers, Messrs. Rime & Reeson, had been of the pleasantest nature until about six weeks previous to the opening of this story, when they began—unjustly, as it seemed to him—to find fault with the goods turned out by his department. There were complaints received at the office every day, they said, of both the dialect stories and verses that bore the Empire brand.

The Century Magazine had returned a large invoice of hand-sewed negro dialect verses of the "Befoh de Wah" variety, and a syndicate which supplied the Western market had canceled all its Spring orders on the ground that the dialect goods had for some reason or other fallen far below the standard maintained by the other departments of the Empire Foundry. William was utterly unable to account for this change in the quality of the manuscript prepared on his floor, and as he sat with his bowed head resting on his toil-hardened hand, and the sweat and grime of honest labor on his brow, he looked, indeed, the very picture of dejection.

"William," said his wife, as she placed a caressing hand on his forehead, "you have enemies in the Foundry whom you do not suspect. You must know that when you wooed and won me a year ago I had been courted by no less than four different poets who at that time were employed at the Eagle Verse Works

in Newark, but have since found positions with Messrs. Rime & Reeson. I will not deny, William, that I toyed with the affections of those poets, but it was because I deemed them as frivolous as myself, and when they went from my presence with angry threats on their lips I laughed in merry glee. But when I saw them standing on street corners, with their heads together in earnest conversation, I grew sick at heart, for I knew it boded us no good. Be warned, William, by my words."

The next day, when the whistle blew at noon, William Sonnet ate his dinner from his tin pail as usual; but then, instead of going out into the street to play baseball with the poets from the adjacent factories, as the Empire Foundry employees generally did, he took a quiet stroll through the whole establishment, under the pretense of looking for an envoy that had been knocked off the end of a ballade.

In the packing department was a large consignment of goods from his floor ready for shipment, and he stopped to examine the burr of a Scotch magazine story to make sure that it had not been rubbed off by carelessness. What was his surprise to find that the dialect, which he himself had gone over with a cross-cut file that very morning, was now worn completely smooth by contact with an emery wheel. He replaced the story carefully in the fine sawdust in which it was packed, and then examined the other goods. They had not yet been touched, but it was evident to him that the miscreants fully intended to finish the destructive work which they had only had time to begin. Returning to his own bench, he passed two or three poets who were talking earnestly together, and by straining his ears he heard one of them whisper:

"We'll finish the job to-night. Meet me at ten."

That was enough for William Sonnet. He determined, without delay, what course to pursue.

At half-past nine that evening three mysterious figures, draped in black cloaks, entered the Empire Prose and Verse Foundry by a side door. William Sonnet was one of the three, and the others were his employers, Messrs. Rime & Reeson. He led them to a place of concealment which commanded a full view of the packing-room. Before long stealthy footsteps were heard, and the four conspirators entered.

"Listen," said the eldest of the quartet, as he threw the light from his dark lantern on the sullen faces of his companions; "you all know why we are here. This night will complete William Sonnet's ruin, and Easter Monday will find him hunting for work in Paterson and Newark, and hunting in vain. Why is he foreman of the dialect department, while we toil at the bench for a mere crust? Mary Birdseye is now his bride, but when we wooed her we were rejected, like our own poems."

"And that, too, although we enclosed no postage," retorted the second poet, bitterly.

"Now to work," continued the first speaker, as he stooped to examine some goods on the floor. "What have we here? A serial for the Atlantic Monthly? Well we'll soon fix that," and in another moment he had injected a quantity of ginger into the story, ruining it completely. Then the work of destruction went on, while Messrs. Rime & Reeson watched the vandals with horror depicted on their faces. A pan of sweepings from the humorous department, designed for Harper's "Editor's Drawer" and the Bazar, was thrown away, and real funny jokes substituted for them.

A page article for the Sunday supplement of a New York daily, entitled "Millionaires Who Have Gold Filling in Their Teeth," embellished with cuts of twenty different jaws, was thrown out, and an article on "Jerusalem the Golden," ordered by the White Sepulchre, substituted.

Messrs. Rime & Reeson could control themselves no longer. Stacked against the wall like a woodpile were the twelve instalments of a Century serial, which had been sawed into the proper lengths that afternoon. Seizing one of these apiece, the three men made a sudden onslaught on the miscreants and beat them into insensibility. Then they bound them securely and delivered them over to the tormentors.

As for honest William Sonnet, he was made foreman of the whole Foundry; and his wife, who was a fashion writer, and therefore never fit to be seen, received a present of two beautiful new tailor-made dresses, which fitted her so well that no one recognized her, and she opened a new line of credit at all the stores in the neighborhood.

It was a happy family that sat down to the Easter dinner in William Sonnet's modest home; and to make their joy complete, before the repast was ended an envelope arrived from William's grateful employers containing an appointment for his bedridden mother-in-law as reader for a large publishing house.

James L. Ford.



DONN PIATT

THE BLOOM WAS ON THE ALDER AND THE TASSEL ON THE CORN

BY DONN PIATT

(Born at Cincinnati, O., June 29, 1819; died at Cleveland, O., November 12, 1891)

I heard the bob-white whistle in the dewy breath of morn;
The bloom was on the alder and the tassel on the corn.
I stood with beating heart beside the babbling Mac-o-chee,
To see my love come down the glen to keep her tryst with me.

I saw her pace, with quiet grace, the shaded path along,
And pause to pluck a flower or to hear the thrush's song.
Denied by her proud father as a suitor to be seen,
She came to me, with loving trust, my gracious little queen.

Above my station, heaven knows, that gentle maiden shone,
For she was belle and wide beloved, and I a youth unknown.
The rich and great about her thronged, and sought on bended knee
For love this gracious princess gave, with all her heart, to me.

So like a startled fawn before my longing eyes she stood,
With all the freshness of a girl in flush of womanhood.
I trembled as I put my arm about her form divine,
And stammered, as in awkward speech, I begged her to be mine.

'Tis sweet to hear the pattering rain, that lulls a dimlit dream;
'Tis sweet to hear the song of birds, and sweet the rippling stream;
'Tis sweet amid the mountain pines to hear the south wind's sigh;
More sweet than these and all beside was the loving, low reply.

The little hand I held in mine held all I had of life
To mold its better destiny and soothe to sleep its strife.
'Tis said that angels watch o'er men, commissioned from above;
My angel walked with me on earth, and gave to me her love.

Ah! dearest wife, my heart is stirred, my eyes are dim with tears,
I think upon the loving faith of all these bygone years,
For now we stand upon this spot, as in that dewy morn,
With the bloom upon the alder and the tassel on the corn.



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

FATHER DAMON'S TEMPTATION

BEING A CHAPTER FROM "THE GOLDEN HOUSE"

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

(Born at Plainfield, Mass., September 12, 1829)

WITH a supreme effort of his iron will—is the will, after all, stronger than love?—Father Damon arose. He stretched out his hand to say farewell. She also stood, and she felt the hand tremble that held hers. "God bless you!" he said. "You are so good." He was going. He took her other hand, and was looking down upon her face. She looked up, and their eyes met. It was for an instant, a flash, glance for glance, as swift as the stab of daggers.

All the power of heaven and earth could not recall that glance nor undo its revelations. The man and woman stood face to face revealed.

He bent down toward her face. Affrighted by his passion, scarcely able to stand in her sudden emotion, she started back. The action, the instant of time, recalled him to himself. He dropped her hands, and was gone. And the woman, her knees refusing any longer to support her, sank into a chair, helpless, and saw him go, and knew in that moment the height of a woman's joy, the depth of a woman's despair.

It had come to her. Steeled by her science, shielded by her philanthropy, schooled in indifference to love, it had come to her! And it was hopeless. Hopeless? It was absurd. Her life was determined. In no event could it be in harmony with his opinions, with his religion, which was dearer to him than life. There was a great gulf between them which she could not pass unless she ceased to be herself. And he? A severe priest! Vowed and consecrated against human passion! What a government of the world—if there were any government—that could permit such a thing! It was terrible.

And yet she was loved! That sang in her heart with all the pain, with all the despair. And with it all was a great pity for him, alone, gone into the wilderness, as it would seem to him, to struggle with his fierce temptation.

It had come on darker as she sat there. The lamps were lighted, and she was reminded of some visits she must make. She went, mechanically, to her room to prepare for going. The old jacket, which she took up, did look rather rusty. She went to the press—it was not much of a wardrobe—and put on the

one that was reserved for holidays. And the hat? Her friends had often joked her about the hat, but now for the first time she seemed to see it as it might appear to others. As she held it in her hand, and then put it on before the mirror, she smiled a little, faintly, at its appearance. And then she laid it aside for her better hat. She never had been so long in dressing before. And in the evening, too, when it could make no difference! It might, after all, be a little more cheerful for her forlorn patients. Perhaps she was not conscious that she was making selections, that she was paying a little more attention to her toilet than usual. Perhaps it was only the woman who was conscious that she was loved.

It would be difficult to say what emotion was uppermost in the mind of Father Damon as he left the house—mortification, contempt of himself, or horror. But there was a sense of escape, of physical escape, and the imperative need of it, that quickened his steps almost to a run. In the increasing dark, at this hour, in this quarter of the town, there were comparatively few whose observation of him would recall him to himself. He thought only of escape, and of escape from that quarter of the city that was the witness of his labors and his failure. For the moment, to get away from this was the one necessity; and without reasoning in the matter, only feeling, he was hurrying, stumbling in his haste, northward. Before he went to the hospital he had been tired, physically weary. He was scarcely conscious of it now; indeed, his body, his hated body, seemed lighter, and the dominant spirit now awakened to contempt of it had a certain pleasure in testing it, in drawing upon its vitality, to the point of exhaustion if possible. It should be seen which was master.

His rapid pace presently brought him into one of the great avenues leading to Harlem. That was the direction he wished to go. That was where he knew, without making any decision, he must go, to the haven of the house of his order, on the heights beyond Harlem. A train was just clattering along the elevated road above him. He could see the faces at the windows, the black masses crowding the platforms. It went pounding by as if it were freight from another world. He was in haste, but haste to escape from himself. That way, bearing him along with other people, and in the moving world, was to bring him in touch with humanity again, and so with what was most hateful in himself. He must be alone. But there was a deeper psychological reason than that for walking, instead of availing himself of the swiftest method of escape. He was not fleeing from justice or pursuit. When the mind is in torture and the spirit is torn, the instinctive effort is to bodily activity, to force physical exertion, as if there must be compensation for the mental strain in the weariness of nature. The priest obeyed this instinct, as if it were possible to walk away from himself, and went on, at first with almost no sense of weariness.

And the shame! He could not bear to be observed. It seemed to him that

every one would see in his face that he was a recreant priest, perjured and forsworn. And so great had been his spiritual pride! So removed he had deemed himself from the weakness of humanity! And he had yielded at the first temptation, and the commonest of all temptations! Thank God! he had not quite yielded. He had fled. And yet, how would it have been if Ruth Leigh had not had a moment of reserve, of prudent repulsion! He groaned in anguish. The sin was in the intention. It was no merit of his that he had not with a kiss of passion broken his word to his Lord and lost his soul.

It was remorse that was driving him along the avenue; no room for any other thought yet, or feeling. Perhaps it is true in these days, that the old-fashioned torture known as remorse is rarely experienced except under the name of detection. But it was a reality with this highly sensitive nature, with this conscience educated to the finest edge of feeling. The world need never know his moment's weakness; Ruth Leigh he could trust as he would have trusted his own sister to guard his honor—that was all over; never, he was sure, would she even by a look recall the past; but he knew how he had fallen, and the awful measure of his lapse from loyalty to his Master. And how could he ever again stand before erring, sinful men and women and speak about that purity which he had violated? Could repentance, confession, penitence wipe away this stain?

As he went on, his mind in a whirl of humiliation, self-accusation, and contempt, at length he began to be conscious of physical weariness. Except the biscuit and the glass of wine at the hospital, he had taken nothing since his light luncheon. When he came to the Harlem Bridge he was compelled to rest. Leaning against one of the timbers and half seated, with the softened roar of the city in his ears, the lights gleaming on the heights, the river flowing dark and silent, he began to be conscious of his situation. Yes, he was very tired. It seemed difficult to go on without help of some sort. At length he crossed the bridge. Lights were gleaming from the saloons along the street. He paused in front of one, irresolute. Food he could not taste, but something he must have to carry him on. But no, that would not do; he could not enter in that priest's garb. He dragged himself along until he came to a drug-shop, the modern saloon of the respectably virtuous. That he entered, and sat down on a stool by the soda-water counter. The expectant clerk stared at him while waiting the order, his hand tentatively seeking one of the faucets of refreshment.

"I feel a little feverish," said the father. "You may give me five grains of quinine in whiskey."

"That'll put you all right," said the boy as he handed him the mixture. "It's all the go now."

It seemed to revive him, and he went out and walked on towards the heights. Somehow, seeing this boy, coming back to common life, perhaps the strong and

unaccustomed stimulant gave a new shade to his thoughts. He was safe. Presently he would be at the Retreat. He would rest, and then gird up his loins and face life again. The mood lasted for some time. And when the sense of physical weariness came back, that seemed to dull the acuteness of his spiritual torment. It was late when he reached the house and rang the night-bell. No one of the brothers was up except Father Monies, and it was he who came to the door.

"You! So late! Is anything the matter?"

"I needed to come," the father said, simply, and he grasped the door-post, steadying himself as he came in.

"You look like a ghost."

"Yes. I'm tired. I walked."

"Walked? From Rivington Street?"

"Nearly. I felt like it."

"It's most imprudent. You dined first?"

"I wasn't hungry."

"But you must have something at once." And Father Monies hurried away, heated some bouillon by a spirit-lamp, and brought it, with bread, and set it before his unexpected guest.

"There, eat that, and get to bed as soon as you can. It was great nonsense."

And Father Damon obeyed. Indeed, he was too exhausted to talk.




THE CARPENTER AND HIS SON

BEING CHAPTER VII. FROM "BEN-HUR"

BY GENERAL LEW WALLACE

(Born at Brookville, Ind., April 10, 1827)



EXT day a detachment of legionaries went to the desolated palace, and, closing the gates permanently, plastered the corners with wax, and at the sides nailed a notice in Latin: "This is the Property of The Emperor."

In the haughty Roman idea, the sententious announcement was thought sufficient for the purpose—and it was.

The day after that again, about noon, a decurion with his command of ten horsemen approached Nazareth from the south—that is, from the direction of Jerusalem. The place was then a straggling village, perched on a hill-side, and so insignificant that its one street was little more than a path well beaten by the coming and going of flocks and herds. The great plain of Esdraelon crept close to it on the south, and from the height on the west a view could be had of the shores of the Mediterranean, the region beyond the Jordan, and Hermon. The valley below, and the country on every side, were given to gardens, vineyards, orchards, and pasturage. Groves of palm-trees Orientalized the landscape. The houses, in irregular assemblage, were of the humbler class—square, one-story, flat-roofed, and covered with bright green vines. The drought that had burned the hills of Judea to a crisp, brown and lifeless, stopped at the boundary-line of Galilee.

A trumpet, sounded when the cavalcade drew near the village, had a magical effect upon the inhabitants. The gates and front doors cast forth groups eager to be the first to catch the meaning of a visitation so unusual.

Nazareth, it must be remembered, was not only aside from any great highway, but within the sway of Judas of Gamala; wherefore, it should not be hard to imagine the feelings with which the legionaries were received. But when they were up and traversing the street, the duty that occupied them became apparent, and then fear and hatred were lost in curiosity, under the impulse of which the people, knowing there must be a halt at the well in the northeastern part of the town, quit their gates and doors, and closed in after the procession.

A prisoner, whom the horsemen were guarding, was the object of curiosity.



GENERAL LEW WALLACE

He was afoot, bareheaded, half naked, his hands bound behind him. A thong fixed to his wrists was looped over the neck of a horse. The dust went with the party when in movement, wrapping him in yellow fog, sometimes in a dense cloud. He drooped forward, footsore and faint. The villagers could see he was young.

At the well the decurion halted, and, with most of the men, dismounted. The prisoner sank down in the dust of the road, stupefied, and asking nothing: apparently he was in the last stage of exhaustion. Seeing, when they came near, that he was but a boy, the villagers would have helped him had they dared.

In the midst of their perplexity, and while the pitchers were passing among the soldiers, a man was descried coming down the road from Sepphoris. At sight of him a woman cried out, "Look! Yonder comes the carpenter. Now we will hear something."

The person spoken of was quite venerable in appearance. Thin white locks fell below the edge of his full turban, and a mass of still whiter beard flowed down the front of his coarse gray gown. He came slowly, for, in addition to his age, he carried some tools—an axe, a saw, and a drawing-knife, all very rude and heavy—and had evidently traveled some distance without rest.

He stopped close by to survey the assemblage.

"O Rabbi, good Rabbi Joseph!" cried a woman, running to him. "Here is a prisoner; come ask the soldiers about him, that we may know who he is, and what he has done, and what they are going to do with him."

The rabbi's face remained stolid; he glanced at the prisoner, however, and presently went to the officer.

"The peace of the Lord be with you!" he said, with unbending gravity.

"And that of the gods with you," the decurion replied.

"Are you from Jerusalem?"

"Yes."

"Your prisoner is young."

"In years, yes."

"May I ask what he has done?"

"He is an assassin."

The people repeated the word in astonishment, but Rabbi Joseph pursued his inquest.

"Is he a son of Israel?"

"He is a Jew," said the Roman, dryly.

The wavering pity of the bystanders came back.

"I know nothing of your tribes, but can speak of his family," the speaker continued. "You may have heard of a prince of Jerusalem named Hur—Ben-Hur, they call him. He lived in Herod's day."

"I have seen him," Joseph said.

"Well, this is his son."

Exclamations became general, and the decurion hastened to stop them.

"In the streets of Jerusalem, day before yesterday, he nearly killed the noble Gratus by flinging a tile upon his head from the roof of a palace—his father's, I believe."

There was a pause in the conversation during which the Nazarenes gazed at the young Ben-Hur as at a wild beast.

"Did he kill him?" asked the rabbi.

"No."

"He is under sentence?"

"Yes—the galleys for life."

"The Lord help him!" said Joseph, for once moved out of his stolidity.

Thereupon a youth who came up with Joseph, but had stood behind him unobserved, laid down an axe he had been carrying, and, going to the great stone standing by the well, took from it a pitcher of water. The action was so quiet that before the guard could interfere, had they been disposed to do so, he was stooping over the prisoner, and offering him drink.

The hand laid kindly upon his shoulder awoke the unfortunate Judah, and, looking up, he saw a face he never forgot—the face of a boy about his own age, shaded by locks of yellowish bright chestnut hair; a face lighted by dark-blue eyes, at the time so soft, so appealing, so full of love and holy purpose, that they had all the power of command and will. The spirit of the Jew, hardened though it was by days and nights of suffering, and so embittered by wrong that its dreams of revenge took in all the world, melted under the stranger's look, and became as a child's. He put his lips to the pitcher, and drank long and deep. Not a word was said to him, nor did he say a word.

When the draught was finished, the hand that had been resting upon the sufferer's shoulder was placed upon his head, and stayed there in the dusty locks time enough to say a blessing; the stranger then returned the pitcher to its place on the stone, and, taking his axe again, went back to Rabbi Joseph. All eyes went with him, the decurion's as well as those of the villagers.

This was the end of the scene at the well. When the men had drunk, and the horses, the march was resumed. But the temper of the decurion was not as it had been; he himself raised the prisoner from the dust, and helped him on a horse behind a soldier. The Nazarenes went to their houses—among them Rabbi Joseph and his apprentice.

And so, for the first time, Judah and the son of Mary met and parted.

A SPECIMEN OF GENERAL LEW WALLACE'S MANUSCRIPT

The people arose, and leaped upon the benches, and shouted and screamed. Those who looked that way caught glimpses of Messala, now under the triumphing of the fours, now under the abandoned cars. He was still; they thought him dead; but far the greater number followed Ben-Hur in his career. They had not seen the cunning touch of the reins by which, turning a little to the left, he caught Messala's wheel with the iron-shod point of his axle, and crushed it; but they had seen the transformation of the man, and themselves felt the heat and glow of his spirit, the heroic resolution, the maddening energy of action with which, by look, word, and gesture, he so suddenly inspired his Arabs. And such running! It was rather the longleaping of lions in harness; but for the lumbering chariot, it seemed the four were flying. When the Byzantine and Corinthian were half-way down the course, Ben-Hur turned the first goal.

And the race was Won!

Lew. Wallace.



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

THE LAPHAMS' DILEMMA

BEING ONE CHAPTER FROM THE REMARKABLE NOVEL, ENTITLED
"THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM"

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

(Born at Martinsville, Belmont County, Ohio, March 1, 1837)



RS. LAPHAM went away to put on her bonnet and cloak, and she was waiting at the window when her husband drove up. She opened the door and ran down the steps. "Don't get out; I can help myself in," and she clambered to his side, while he kept the fidgeting mare still with voice and touch.

"Where do you want I should go?" he asked, turning the buggy.

"Oh, I don't care. Out Brookline way, I guess. I wish you hadn't brought this fool of a horse," she gave way petulantly. "I wanted to have a talk."

"When I can't drive this mare and talk, too, I'll sell out altogether," said Lapham. "She'll be quiet enough when she's had her spin."

"Well," said his wife; and while they were making their way across the city to the milldam she answered certain questions he asked about some point in the new house.

"I should have liked to have you stop there," he began; but she answered so quickly, "Not to-day," that he gave it up and turned his horse's head westward when they struck Beacon Street.

He let the mare out, and he did not pull her in till he left the Brighton road and struck off under the low boughs that met above one of the quiet streets of Brookline, where the stone cottages, with here and there a patch of determined ivy on their northern walls, did what they could to look English amid the glare of the autumnal foliage. The smooth earthen track under the mare's hoofs was scattered with flakes of the red and yellow gold that made the air luminous around them, and the perspective was gay with innumerable tints and tones.

"Pretty sightly," said Lapham, with a long sigh, letting the reins lie loose in his vigilant hand, to which he seemed to relegate the whole charge of the mare. "I want to talk with you about Rogers, Persis. He's been getting in deeper and deeper with me; and last night he pestered me half to death to go in with him in one of his schemes. I ain't going to blame anybody, but I hain't got very much confidence in Rogers. And I told him so last night."

"Oh, don't talk to me about Rogers," his wife broke in. "There's some

thing a good deal more important than Rogers in the world, and more important than your business. It seems as if you couldn't think of anything else—that and the new house. Did you suppose I wanted to ride so as to talk Rogers with you?" she demanded, yielding to the necessity a wife feels of making her husband pay for her suffering, even if he has not inflicted it. "I declare——"

"Well, hold on, now!" said Lapham. "What *do* you want to talk about? I'm listening."

His wife began, "Why, it's just this, Silas Lapham!" and then she broke off to say, "Well, you may wait, now—starting me wrong when it's hard enough, anyway."

Lapham silently turned his whip over and over in his hand and waited.

"Did you suppose," she asked at last, "that that young Corey had been coming to see Irene?"

"I don't know what I supposed," replied Lapham, sullenly. "You always said so." He looked sharply at her under his lowering brows.

"Well, he hasn't," said Mrs. Lapham, and she replied to the frown that blackened on her husband's face. "And I can tell you what, if you take it in that way I shan't speak another word."

"Who's takin' it what way?" retorted Lapham, savagely. "What are you drivin' at?"

"I want you should promise that you'll hear me out quietly."

"I'll hear you out if you'll give me a chance. I haven't said a word yet."

"Well, I'm not going to have you flying into forty furies, and looking like a perfect thundercloud at the very start. I've had to bear it, and you've got to bear it, too."

"Well, let me have a chance at it, then."

"It's nothing to blame anybody about, as I can see, and the only question is, what's the best thing to do about it. There's only one thing we can do; for if he don't care for the child, nobody wants to make him. If he hasn't been coming to see her, he hasn't, and that's all there is to it."

"No, it ain't!" exclaimed Lapham.

"There!" protested his wife.

"If he hasn't been coming to see her, what has he been coming for?"

"He's been coming to see Pen!" cried the wife. "Now are you satisfied?" Her tone implied that he had brought it all upon them; but at the sight of the swift passions working in his face to a perfect comprehension of the whole trouble, she fell to trembling, and her broken voice lost all the spurious indignation she had put into it. "Oh, Silas! what are we going to do about it? I'm afraid it'll kill Irene."

Lapham pulled off the loose driving-glove from his right hand with the

fingers of his left, in which the reins lay. He passed it over his forehead, and then flicked from it the moisture it had gathered there. He caught his breath once or twice, like a man who meditates a struggle with superior force and then remains passive in its grasp.

His wife felt the need of comforting him, as she had felt the need of afflicting him. "I don't say but what it can be made to come out all right in the end. All I say is, I don't see my way clear yet."

"What makes you think he likes Pen?" he asked, quietly.

"He told her so last night, and she told me this morning. Was he at the office to-day?"

"Yes, he was there. I haven't been there much myself. He didn't say anything to me. Does Irene know?"

"No; I left her getting ready to go out shopping. She wants to get a pin like the one Nanny Corey had on."

"O my Lord!" groaned Lapham.

"It's been Pen from the start, I guess, or almost from the start. I don't say but what he was attracted some by Irene at the *very* first; but I guess it's been Pen ever since he saw her; and we've taken up with a notion and blinded ourselves with it. Time and again I've had my doubts whether he cared for Irene any; but I declare to goodness, when he kept coming I never hardly thought of Pen, and I couldn't help believing at last he *did* care for Irene. Did it ever strike you he might be after Pen?"

"No. I took what you said. I supposed you knew."

"Do you blame me, Silas?" she asked, timidly.

"No. What's the use of blaming? We don't either of us want anything but the children's good. What's it all of it for, if it ain't for that? That's what we've both slaved for all our lives."

"Yes, I know. Plenty of people lose their children," she suggested.

"Yes, but that don't comfort me any. I never was one to feel good because another man felt bad. How would you have liked it if some one had taken comfort because his boy lived when ours died? No, I can't do it. And this is worse than death, someways. That comes and it goes; but this looks as if it was one of those things that had come to stay. The way I look at it, there ain't any hope for anybody. Suppose we don't want Pen to have him; will that help Irene any, if he don't want her? Suppose we don't want to let him have either, does that help either?"

"You talk," exclaimed Mrs. Lapham, "as if our say was going to settle it. Do you suppose that Penelope Lapham is a girl to take up with a fellow that her sister is in love with, and that she always thought was in love with her sister, and go off and be happy with him? Don't you believe but what it would come

back to her, as long as she breathed the breath of life, how she'd teased her about him, as I've heard Pen tease Irene, and helped to make her think he was in love with her, by showing that she thought so herself? It's ridiculous!"

Lapham seemed quite beaten down by this argument. His huge head hung forward over his breast; the reins lay loose in his moveless hand; the mare took her own way. At last he lifted his face and shut his heavy jaws.

"Well?" quavered his wife.

"Well," he answered, "if he wants her and she wants him, I don't see what that's got to do with it." He looked straight forward and not at his wife.

She laid her hands on the reins. "Now, you stop right here, Silas Lapham! If I thought that—if I really believed you could be willing to break that poor child's heart, and let Pen disgrace herself by marrying a man that had as good as killed her sister, just because you wanted Bromfield Corey's son for a son-in-law——"

Lapham turned his face now, and gave her a look. "You had better not believe that, Persis! Get up!" he called to the mare, without glancing at her, and she sprang forward. "I see you've got past being any use to yourself on this subject."

"Hello!" shouted a voice in front of him. "Where the devil you goin' to?"

"Do you want to *kill* somebody?" shrieked his wife.

There was a light crash, and the mare recoiled her length, and separated their wheels from those of the open buggy in front, which Lapham had driven into. He made his excuses to the occupant, and the accident relieved the tension of their feelings, and left them far from the point of mutual injury which they had reached in their common trouble, and their unselfish will for their children's good.

It was Lapham who resumed the talk. "I'm afraid we can't either of us see this thing in the right light. We're too near to it. I wish to the Lord there was somebody to talk to about it."

"Yes," said his wife, "but there ain't anybody."

"Well, I dunno," suggested Lapham, after a moment; "why not talk to the minister of your church? Maybe he could see some way out of it."

Mrs. Lapham shook her head hopelessly. "It wouldn't do. I've never taken up my connection with the church, and I don't feel as if I'd got any claim on him."

"If he's anything of a man, or anything of a preacher, you *have* got a claim on him," urged Lapham; and he spoiled his argument by adding, "I've contributed enough *money* to his church."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Mrs. Lapham. "I ain't well enough acquainted with Dr. Langworthy, or else I'm *too* well. No; if I was to ask any one, I

should want to ask a total stranger. But what's the use, Si? Nobody could make us see it any different from what it is, and I don't know as I should want they should."

It blotted out the tender beauty of the day, and weighed down their hearts even more heavily within them. They ceased to talk of it a hundred times, and still came back to it. They drove on and on. It began to be late. "I guess we better go back, Si?" said his wife; and as he turned without speaking, she pulled her veil down and began to cry softly behind it, with low little broken sobs.

Lapham started the mare up and drove swiftly homeward. At last his wife stopped crying and began trying to find her pocket. "Here, take mine, Persis," he said, kindly, offering her his handkerchief, and she took it and dried her eyes with it. "There was one of those fellows there the other night," he spoke again, when his wife leaned back against the cushions in peaceful despair, "that I liked the looks of as well as any man I ever saw. I guess he was a pretty good man. It was that Mr. Sewall." He looked at his wife, but she did not say anything. "Persis," he resumed, "I can't bear to go back with nothing settled in our minds. I can't bear to let you."

"We must, Si," returned his wife, with gentle gratitude. Lapham groaned. "Where does he live?" she asked.

"On Bolingbroke Street. He gave me his number."

"Well, it wouldn't do any good. What could he say to us?"

"Oh, I don't know as he could say anything," said Lapham, hopelessly; and neither of them said anything more till they crossed the milldam and found themselves between the rows of city houses.

"Don't drive past the new house, Si," pleaded his wife. "I couldn't bear to see it. Drive—drive up Bolingbroke Street. We might as well see where he *does* live."

"Well," said Lapham. He drove along slowly. "That's the place," he said finally, stopping the mare and pointing with his whip.

"It wouldn't do any good," said his wife, in a tone which he understood as well as he understood her words. He turned the mare up to the curbstone.

"You take the reins a minute," he said, handing them to his wife.

He got down and rang the bell, and waited till the door opened; then he came back and lifted his wife out. "He's in," he said.

He got the hitching-weight from under the buggy seat and made it fast to the mare's bit.

"Do you think she'll stand with that?" asked Mrs. Lapham.

"I guess so. If she don't, no matter."

"Ain't you afraid she'll take cold?" she persisted, trying to make delay.

"Let her!" said Lapham. He took his wife's trembling hand under his arm and drew her to the door.

"He'll think we're crazy," she murmured, in her broken pride.

"Well, we *are*," said Lapham. "Tell him we'd like to see him alone a while," he said to the girl who was holding the door ajar for him, and she showed him into the reception-room, which had been the Protestant confessional for many burdened souls before their time, coming, as they did, with the belief that they were bowed down with the only misery like theirs in the universe; for each one of us must suffer long to himself before he can learn that he is but one in a great community of wretchedness, which has been pitilessly repeating itself from the foundation of the world.

They were as loath to touch their trouble when the minister came in as if it were their disgrace; but Lapham did so at last, and, with a simple dignity which he had wanted in his bungling and apologetic approaches, he laid the affair clearly before the minister's compassionate and reverent eye. He spared Corey's name, but he did not pretend that it was not himself and his wife and their daughters who were concerned.

"I don't know as I've got any right to trouble you with this thing," he said, in the moment while Sewall sat pondering the case, "and I don't know as I've got any warrant for doing it. But, as I told my wife, here, there was something about you—I don't know whether it was anything you *said* exactly—that made me feel as if you could help us. I guess I didn't say so much as that to her; but that's the way I felt. And here we are. And if it ain't all right——"

"Surely," said Sewall, "it's all right. I thank you for coming—for trusting your trouble to me. A time comes to every one of us when we can't help ourselves, and then we must get others to help us. If people turn to me at such a time, I feel sure that I was put into the world for something—if nothing more than to give my pity, my sympathy."

The brotherly words, so plain, so sincere, had a welcome in them that these poor outcasts of sorrow could not doubt.

"Yes," said Lapham, huskily, and his wife began to wipe the tears again under her veil.

Sewall remained silent, and they waited till he should speak. "We can be of use to one another here, because we can always be wiser for some one else than we can for ourselves. We can see another's sins and errors in a more merciful light—and that is always a fairer light—than we can our own; and we can look more sanely at other's afflictions." He had addressed these words to Lapham; now he turned to his wife. "If some one had come to you, Mrs. Lapham, in just this perplexity, what would you have thought?"

"I don't know as I understand you," faltered Mrs. Lapham.

Sewall repeated his words, and added, "I mean, what do you think *some* one else ought to do in your place?"

"Was there ever any poor creatures in such a strait before?" she asked, with pathetic incredulity.

"There's no new trouble under the sun," said the minister.

"Oh, if it was any one else, I should say—I should say—why, of course! I should say that their duty was to let——" She paused.

"One suffer instead of three, if none is to blame?" suggested Sewall. "That's sense, and that's justice. It's the economy of pain which naturally suggests itself, and which would insist upon itself, if we were not all perverted by traditions which are the figment of the shallowest sentimentality. Tell me, Mrs. Lapham, didn't this come into your mind when you first learned how matters stood?"

"Why, yes, it flashed across me. But I didn't think it would be right."

"And how was it with you, Mr. Lapham?"

"Why, that's what I thought, o' course. But I didn't see my way——"

"No," cried the minister, "we are all blinded, we are all weakened by a false ideal of self-sacrifice. It wraps us round with its meshes, and we can't fight our way out of it. Mrs. Lapham, what made you feel that it might be better for three to suffer than one?"

"Why, she did herself. I know she would die sooner than take him away from her."

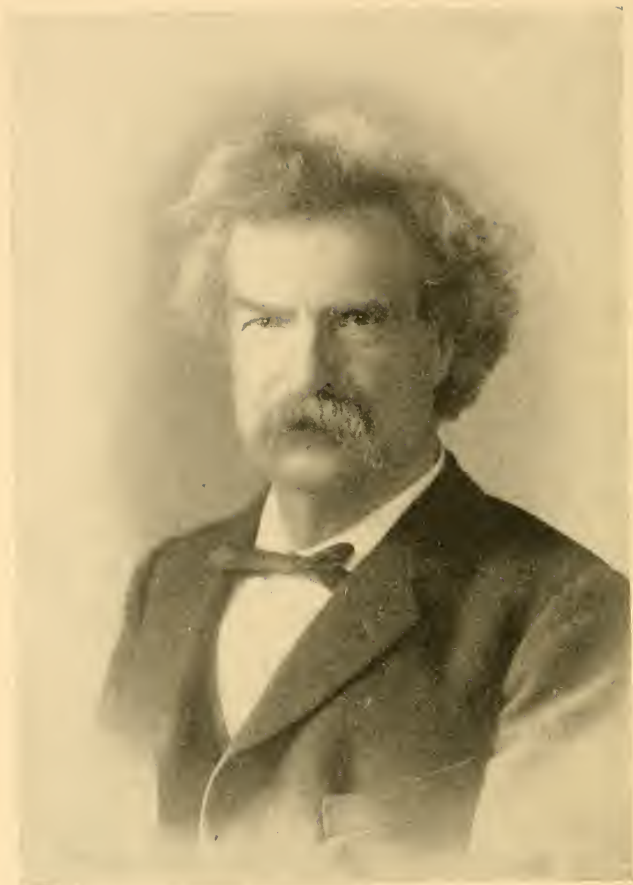
"I supposed so!" cried the minister, bitterly. "And yet she is a sensible girl, your daughter?"

"She has more common-sense——"

"Of course! But in such a case we somehow think it must be wrong to use our common-sense. I don't know where this false ideal comes from, unless it comes from the novels that befool and debauch almost every intelligence in some degree. It certainly doesn't come from Christianity, which instantly repudiates it when confronted with it. * * *"

The minister had grown quite heated and red in the face.

"I lose all patience!" he went on, vehemently. "This poor child of yours has somehow been brought to believe that it will kill her sister if her sister does not have what does not belong to her, and what it is not in the power of all the world, or any soul in the world, to give her. Her sister will suffer—yes, keenly!—in heart and in pride; but she will not die. You will suffer, too, in your tenderness for her; but you must do your duty. You must help her to give up. You would be guilty if you did less. Keep clearly in mind that you are doing right, and the only possible good. And God be with you!"



MARK TWAIN

THE INVALID'S STORY

BEING PART OF THE REMARKABLE TALE OF THAT TITLE.

BY MARK TWAIN

(Born at Florida, Mo., November 30, 1835)



BELONG in Cleveland, Ohio. One Winter's night, two years ago, I reached home just after dark, in a driving snow-storm, and the first thing I heard when I entered the house was that my dearest boyhood friend and schoolmate, John B. Hackett, had died the day before, and that his last utterance had been a desire that I would take his remains home to his poor old father and mother in Wisconsin. I was greatly shocked and grieved, but there was no time to waste in emotions; I must start at once. I took the card, marked "Deacon Levi Hackett, Bethlehem, Wisconsin," and hurried off through the whistling storm to the railway station. Arrived there, I found the long, white pine box which had been described to me; I fastened the card to it with some tacks, saw it put safely aboard the express car, and then ran into the eating-room to provide myself with a sandwich and some cigars. When I returned, presently, there was my coffin-box *back again*, apparently, and a young fellow examining around it, with a card in his hand and some tacks and a hammer! I was astonished and puzzled. He began to nail on his card, and I rushed out to the express car, in a good deal of a state of mind, to ask for an explanation. But no—there was my box all right, in the express car; it hadn't been disturbed.

The fact is, that without my suspecting it a prodigious mistake had been made. I was carrying off a box of *guns* which that young fellow had come to the station to ship to a rifle company in Peoria, Illinois, and *he* had got my corpse!

Just then the conductor sang out, "All aboard," and I jumped into the express car and got a comfortable seat on a bale of buckets. The expressman was there, hard at work—a plain man of fifty, with a simple, honest, good-natured face, and a breezy, practical heartiness in his general style. As the train moved off a stranger skipped into the car and set a package of peculiarly mature and capable Limburger cheese on one end of my coffin-box—I mean my box of guns. That is to say, I know now that it was Limburger cheese, but at that time I never had heard of the article in my life, and of course was wholly ignorant of

his character. Well, we sped through the wild night, the bitter storm raged on, a cheerless misery stole over me, my heart went down, down, down!

* * * * *

Presently, having got things arranged to his satisfaction, the expressman got some wood and made up a tremendous fire in his stove. This distressed me more than I can tell, for I could not but feel that it was a mistake. I was sure that the effect would be deleterious upon my poor departed friend. Thompson—the expressman's name was Thompson, as I found out in the course of the night—now went poking around his car, stopping up whatever stray cracks he could find, remarking that it didn't make any difference what kind of a night it was outside, he calculated to make *us* comfortable, anyway. I said nothing, but I believed he was not choosing the right way. Meantime he was humming to himself just as before; and meantime, too, the stove was getting hotter and hotter, and the place closer and closer. I felt myself growing pale and qualmish, but grieved in silence and said nothing. Soon I noticed that the "Sweet By and 'By" was gradually fading out; next it ceased altogether, and there was an ominous stillness. After a few moments Thompson said,—

"Pfew! I reckon it ain't no cinnamon 't I've loaded up thish-yer stove with!"

He gasped once or twice, then moved toward the cof—gun-box, stood over that Limburger cheese part of a moment, then came back and sat down near me, looking a good deal impressed. After a contemplative pause, he said, indicating the box with a gesture,—

"Friend of yourn?"

"Yes," I said, with a sigh.

"He's pretty ripe, *ain't* he?"

Nothing further was said for perhaps a couple of minutes, each being busy with his own thoughts; then Thompson said, in a low, awed voice,—

"Sometimes it's uncertain whether they're really gone or not—*scem* gone, you know; body warm, joints limber—and so, although you *think* they're gone, you don't really know. I've had cases in my car. It's perfectly awful, becuz you don't know what minute they'll rise up and look at you!" Then, after a pause, and slightly lifting his elbow toward the box—"But *he* ain't in no trance! No, sir; I go bail for *him*!"

We sat some time in meditative silence, listening to the wind and the roar of the train; then Thompson said, with a good deal of feeling,—

"Well-a-well, we've all got to go; they ain't no getting around it. Man that is born of woman is a few days and far between, as Scriptur' says. Yes, you look at it any way you want to, it's awful solemn and cur'us; they ain't *nobody* can git around it; *all's* got to go—just *everybody*, as you may say. One day

you're hearty and strong"—here he scrambled to his feet and broke a pane and stretched his nose out at it a minute or two, then sat down again while I struggled up and thrust my nose out at the same place, and this we kept on doing every now and then—"and next day he's cut down like the grass, and the place which knowed him then knows him no more forever, as Scriptur' says. Yes, indeedy, it's awful solemn and cur'us; but we've all got to go, one time or another; they ain't no getting around it."

There was another long pause; then,—

"What did he die of?"

I said I didn't know.

* * * * *

Thompson sat down and buried his face in his red silk handkerchief, and began to slowly sway and rock his body like one who is doing his best to endure the almost unendurable. By this time the fragrance—if you may call it fragrance—was just about suffocating, as near as you can come at it. Thompson's face was turning gray; I knew mine hadn't any color left in it. By and by Thompson rested his forehead in his left hand, with his elbow on his knee, and sort of waved his red handkerchief towards the box with his other hand, and said,—

"I've carried a many a one of 'em—some of 'em considerable overdue, too—but, lordy, he just lays over 'em all!—and does it *easy*. Cap., they was heliotrope to him!"

This recognition of my poor friend gratified me, in spite of the sad circumstances, because it had so much the sound of a compliment.

Pretty soon it was plain that something had to be done. I suggested cigars. Thompson thought it was a good idea. He said,—

"Likely it'll modify him some." We puffed gingerly along for a while, and tried hard to imagine that things were improved. But it wasn't any use. Before very long, and without any consultation, both cigars were quietly dropped from our nerveless fingers at the same moment. Thompson said, with a sigh,—

"No, Cap., it don't modify him worth a cent. Fact is, it makes him worse, becuz it appears to stir up his ambition. What do you reckon we better do now?"

I was not able to suggest anything; indeed, I had to be swallowing and swallowing all the time, and did not like to trust myself to speak.

* * * * *

Finally he said,—

"I've got an idea. Suppos'n we buckle down to it and give the Colonel a bit of a shove towards t'other end of the car—about ten foot, say? He wouldn't have so much influence then, don't you reckon?"

I said it was a good scheme. So we took in a good fresh breath at the

broken pane, calculating to hold it till we got through; then we went there and bent over that deadly cheese and took a grip on the box. Thompson nodded "All ready," and then we threw ourselves forward with all our might; but Thompson slipped and slumped down with his nose on the cheese, and his breath got loose. He gagged and gasped, and floundered up and made a break for the door, pawing the air and saying, hoarsely, "Don't hender me! Gimme the road! I'm a-dying! Gimme the road!" Out on the cold platform I sat down and held his head a while, and he revived. Presently he said,—

"Do you reckon we started the Gen'ral any?"

I said no—we hadn't budged him.

"Well, then, *that* idea's up the flume. We got to think up something else. He's suited wher' he is, I reckon; and if that's the way he feels about it, and has made up his mind that he don't wish to be disturbed, you bet he's a-going to have his own way in the business."

* * * * *

By and by, as we were starting away from a station where we had stopped a moment, Thompson pranced in cheerily, and exclaimed,—

"We're all right now! I reckon we've got the Commodore this time. I judge I've got the stuff here that'll take the tuck out of him."

It was carbolic acid. He had a carboy of it. He sprinkled it all around everywhere; in fact, he drenched everything with it—rifle-box, cheese and all. Then we sat down, feeling pretty hopeful. But it wasn't for long. You see, the two perfumes began to mix, and then—well, pretty soon we made a break for the door.

* * * * *

We went in again, after we were frozen pretty stiff; but, my! we couldn't *stay* in now. So we just waltzed back and forth, freezing and thawing and stifling by turns. In about an hour we stopped at another station, and as we left it Thompson came in with a bag and said,—

"Cap, I'm a-going to chance him once more—just this once; and if we don't fetch him this time, the thing for us to do is to just throw up the sponge and withdraw from the canvass. That's the way I put it up."

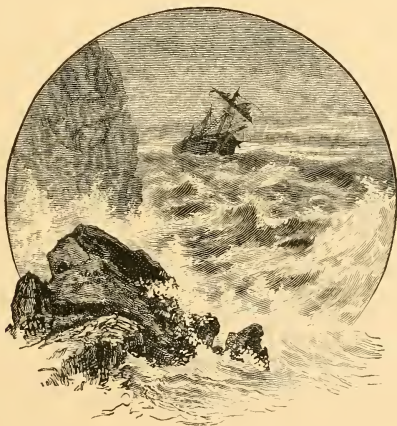
He had brought a lot of chicken feathers, and dried apples, and leaf tobacco, and rags, and old shoes, and sulphur, and assafœtida, and one thing or another; and he piled them on a breadth of sheet-iron in the middle of the floor, and set fire to them. When they got well started, I couldn't see, myself, how even the corpse could stand it. All that went before was just simply poetry to that smell; but, mind you, the original smell stood up out of it just as sublime as ever—fact is, these other smells just seemed to give it a better hold; and my! how rich it was! I didn't make these reflections there—there wasn't time—

made them on the platform. And, breaking for the platform, Thompson got suffocated and fell, and before I got him dragged out, which I did by the collar, I was mighty near gone myself. When we revived, Thompson said, dejectedly,—

“We got to stay out here, Cap. We got to do it. They ain’t no other way. The Governor wants to travel alone, and he’s fixed so he can outvote us.”

And presently he added, “This is my last trip; I am on my way home to die. And don’t you know, we’re *p’isoned*. It’s *our* last trip, you can make up your mind to it. Typhoid fever is what’s going to come of this. I feel it a-coming right now. Yes, sir, we’re elected, just as sure as you’re born.”

We were taken from the platform an hour later, frozen and insensible, at the next station, and I went straight off into a virulent fever, and never knew anything again for three weeks. I found out, then, that I had spent that awful night with a harmless box of rifles and a lot of innocent cheese; but the news was too late to save *me*; imagination had done its work, and my health was permanently shattered. Neither Bermuda nor any other land can ever bring it back to me.





EUGENE FIELD

THE 'JININ' FARMS

BY EUGENE FIELD

(Born at St. Louis, Mo., 1850; died at Chicago, Ill., November 4, 1894)



YOU see, Bill an' I wuz jest like brothers; wuz raised on 'jinin' farms; he wuz his folks' only child, an' I wuz my folks' only one. So nat'r'il like, we growed up together, lovin' an' sympathizin' with each other. What I knowed I told Bill, an' what Bill knowed he told me, an' what neither on us knowed—why, that warn't wuth knowin'!

If I hadn't got over my braggin' days, I'd allow that, in our time, Bill an' I wuz jest about the sparkinest beaus in the township, leastwise that's what the girls thought; but, to be honest about it, there wuz only two uv them girls we courted, Bill an' I, he courtin' one an' I t'other. You see, we sung in the choir, an' jest as our good luck would have it, we got sot on the sopranner an' the alto, an' bimeby—oh, well, after beauin' 'em 'round a spell—a year or so, for that matter—we up an' married 'em, an' the old folk gin us the farms, 'jinin' farms, where we boys had lived all our lives. Lizzie, my wife, had always been powerful friendly with Marthy, Bill's wife; them two girls never met but what they wuz huggin', an' kissin', an' carr'in' on, like girls does; for women ain't like men—they can't control theirselves an' their feelin's like the stronger sex does.

I tell you, it wuz happy times fur Lizzie an' me, an' Marthy an' Bill—happy times on the 'jinin' farms, with the pastures full uv fat cattle, an' the barns full uv grain an' hay, an' the twin cottages full uv love an' contentment! Then, when Cyrus come—our leetle boy, our first an' only one! Why, when he come, I wuz jest so happy an' so grateful that, if I hadn't been a man, I guess I'd have jest hollered—maybe cried—with joy. Wanted to call the leetle tyke Bill, but Bill wouldn't hear to nothin' but Cyrus. You see, he'd bought a cyclopeedy the Winter we wuz maar'ed, an' had been readin' in it uv a great foreign warrior named Cyrus that lived a long spell ago.

“Land uv Goshen, Bill!” sez I, “you don't reckon the baby 'll ever get to be a warrior?”

“Well, I don't know about that,” sez Bill. “There's no tellin'; at any rate, Cyrus Ketcham has an uncommon sound for a name; so Cyrus it must be; an' wen he's seven years old I'll gin him the finest Morgan colt in the deestrick.”

So we called him Cyrus, an' he grew up lovin' an' bein' loved by everybody.

Well, along about two years, or, say, eighteen months or so, after Cyrus come to us, a leetle baby girl come to Bill an' Marthy, and uv all the cunnin', sweet, leetle things you ever seen, that leetle girl baby wuz the cunnin'est an' sweetest! Looked jest like one uv them foreign crockery figgers you buy in city stores, all pink an' white, with big brown eyes here, an' a tieny, weeny mouth here, an' a nose an' ears you'd have bet they wuz wax, they wuz so small an' fragile. Never darst hold her for fear I'd break her; an' it like to skeered me to death to see the way Marthy an' Lizzie would kind uv toss her round an' trot her—so—on their knees, or pat her—so—on the back when she wuz colicky, like the winmin folks sez all healthy babies is afore they're three months old.

"You're going to have the namin' uv her," sez Bill to me.

"Yes," sez Marthy, "we made it up atween us long ago that you should have the namin' uv our baby like we had the namin' uv yourn."

Then, kind uv hectorin' like—for I wuz always a powerful tease—I sez:

"How would Cleopatry do for a name, or Venis? I have been readin' the cyclopeedy, myself, I'd have you know."

An' then I laffed one on them provokin' laffs uv mine. Oh, I tell you, I wuz the worst fellar for hectorin' folks you ever seen! But I meant it all in fun, for when I suspicioned they hadn't liked my funnin', I sez: "Bill," I sez, "an' Marthy, there's only one name I'd love above all the rest to call your leetle lamb-kin', an' that's the dearest name on earth to me, the name uv Lizzie, my wife!"

That jest suited them to a T, an' always after that she wuz called leetle Lizzie, an' it sot on her, that name did, like it wuz made for her, an' she for it. We made it up then—perhaps more in fun than anything else—that when the children growed up, Cyrus an' leetle Lizzie, they should get maar'ed together, an' have both the farms, an' be happy an' a blessin' to us in our old age. We made it up in fun, perhaps, but down in our hearts it was our prayer, jest the same, an' God heard the prayer an' granted it to be so.

They played together; they lived together; they 'tended the deestrick school an' went huckleberrin'; there wuz huskin's, an' spellin' bees, an' choir meetin's, an' skatin', and slidin' down hills. Oh, the happy times uv youth! An' all those happy times our boy Cyrus an' leetle Lizzie went lovin'ly together!

What made me start so—what made me ask uv Bill one time: "Are we a-gettin' old, Bill?" That wuz the 'Thanksgivin' night when, as we set round the fire in Bill's front room, Cyrus came to us, holdin' leetle Lizzie by the hand, an' they asked us could they get maar'ed come next 'Thanksgivin' time? Why, it seemed only yesterday that they wuz chicks together! God! how swift the years go by when they are happy years!

"Reuben," sez Bill to me, "let's go down cellar an' draw a pitcher uv cider."

You see that, bein' men, it wusn't for us to make a show uv ourselves.

Marthy an' Lizzie jest hugged each other, an' laffed an' cried—they wuz so glad. Then they hugged Cyrus an' leetle Lizzie, an' talked an' laffed. Well, it did beat all how them wimmin folks did talk an' laff all at one time! Cyrus laffed, too, an' then he said he'd go out an' throw some fodder in to the steers, an' Bill an' I—well, we went down cellar to draw that pitcher uv cider.

It ain't for me to tell uv the meller sweetness uv their courtin' time; I couldn't do it if I'd try. Oh, how we loved them both! Yet oncet in the early summer-time, our boy Cyrus, he come to me an' said: "Father, I want you to let me go away for a spell."

"Cyrus, my boy, go away?"

"Yes, father; President Linkern has called for soldiers. Father, you have always taught me to obey the voice uv duty. That voice summons me now."

"God in heaven," I thought, "you have given us this child only to take him from us!"

But then came the second thought: "Steady, Reuben; you are a man; be a man! Steady, Reuben; be a man!"

"Yer mother," sez I—"yer mother—it will break her heart!"

"She leaves it all to you, father."

"But—the other—the other, Cyrus—leetle Lizzie, ye know!"

"She is content," sez he.

A storm swep' through me like a cyclone. It wuz all Bill's fault; that warrior name had done it all—the cyclopeedy with its lies pizened Bill's mind to put this trouble on me an' mine.

No, no! a thousand times no! These were coward feelin's an' they misbecome me; the ache here in the heart uv mine had no business there. The better part uv me called to me an' said: "Pull yourself together, Reuben Ketcham, an' be a man!"

Well, after he went away, leetle Lizzie wuz more to us 'n ever before; wuz at our house all the time; called Lizzie "mother;" wuz contented in her woman's way, willin' to do her part, waitin' an' watchin', an' prayin' for him to come back. They sent him boxes uv good things every fortnight, mother an' leetle Lizzie did; there wuzn't a minute uv the day they wuzn't talkin' or thinkin' uv him.

Well, ye see, I must tell it my own way; he got killed. In the very first battle Cyrus got killed. The rest uv the soldiers turnt to retreat, because there wuz too many for 'em on the other side. But Cyrus stood right up; he wuz the warrior Bill allowed he wuz going to be; our boy wuzn't the kind to run. They tell me there wuz bullet holes here, an' here' an' here—all over his breast. We always knew our boy wuz a hero.

Ye can thank God ye wusn't at the 'jinin' farms when the news come that he got killed. The neighbors, they wuz there, of course, to kind uv hold us up an'

comfort us. Bill an' I sot all day in the woodshed, holdin' hands an' lookin' away from each other—so; never said a word, jest sot there, sympathizin' an' holdin' hands. If we'd been winmin, Bill an' I would have cried an' beat our forrids an' hung round each other's neck like the wimmen folks done. Bein' as we wuz men, we jest sot there in the woodshed, away from all the rest, holdin' hands an' sympathizin'.

From that time on leetle Lizzie wuz our daughter—our very daughter—all that wuz left to us uv our boy. She never shed a tear; crep' like a shadow round the house an' up the front walk an' through the garden. Her heart wuz broke. You could see it in the leetle lambkin's eyes an' hear it in her voice. Wanted to tell her sometimes, when she kissed me an' called me "father"—wanted to tell her, "Leetle Lizzie, let me help ye bear yer load. Speak out the sorrer that's in yer broken heart; speak it out, leetle one, an' let me help ye bear yer load."

But it isn't for man to have them feelin's; leastwise, it isn't for him to tell uv them; so I held my peace an' made no sign.

She jest drooped, an' pined, an' died. One mornin' in the Spring she wuz standin' in the garden, an' all at oncet she threw her arms up—so—an' fell upon her face, an' when they got to her all that wuz left to us uv leetle Lizzie wuz her lifeless body. I can't tell you what happened next—uv the funeral an' all that. I said this wuz in the Spring, an' so it wuz all round us, but it wuz cold and Winter here.

One day mother sez to me: "Reuben," sez she, soft like, "Marthy an' I is goin' to the buryin' ground for a spell. Don't you reckon it would be a good time for you to step over an' see Bill while we're gone?"

"Maybe so, mother," sez I.

It wuz a pretty day. Cuttin' across lots, I thought to myself what I'd say to Bill to kind uv comfort him. I made it up that I'd speak about the time when we wuz boys together; uv how we used to slide down the meetin'-house hill, an' go huckelberrin'; uv how I jumped into the pond one day an' saved him from bein' drowned; * * * * An' then—

No, no; I couldn't go on like that; I'd break down. A man can't be a man more 'n jest so far.

Why did mother send me over to see Bill? I'd better stay to home. I felt myself chokin' up; if I hadn't took a chew uv terbacker, I'd 'ave been cryin'.

The nearer I got to Bill's the worse I hated to go in. Standin' on the stoop, I could hear the tall clock tickin' solemnly inside—"tick-tock, tick-tock," jest as plain as if I wuz sittin' inside uv it. The door wuz shut, yet I knew jest what Bill wuz doin'; he wuz settin' in the old red easy-chair, lookin' down at the floor—like this. Strange, ain't it, how sometimes, when you love folks, you know jest what they're doin' without knowin' anything about it?

There wuzn't no use knockin', but I knocked three times—so. Didn't say a word; only jest knocked three times—that a-way. Didn't hear no answer—nothin' but the tick uv the tall clock, an' yet I knew that Bill heard me an' that down in his heart he wuz sayin' to me to come in. He never said a word, yet I knowed all the time that Bill wuz sayin' for me to come in.

I opened the door, keeful like, an' slipped in. There sot Bill, jest as I knowed he wuz sittin'; lonesome like, sad like, his head hangin' down; he never looked up at me; never said a word—knowed that I wuz there all the time, but never said a word an' never made a sign.

How changed Bill wuz—oh, Bill! how changed ye wuz. There wuz furrors in yer face an' yer hair wuz white—as white as—as white as mine! Looked small about the body, thin an' hump-shouldered.

Jest two ol' men, that's what we wuz, an' we had been boys together!

Well, I stood there a spell, kind uv hesitatin' like, neither uv us sayin' anything, until bimeby Bill he sort uv made a sign for me to set down. Didn't speak, didn't lift his eyes from the floor; only made a sign like this, in a weak, tremblin' way—that wuz all—an' I sot down, an' there we both sot, neither uv us sayin' a word, but both settin' there an' sympathizin' as hard as we could, for that is the way with men.

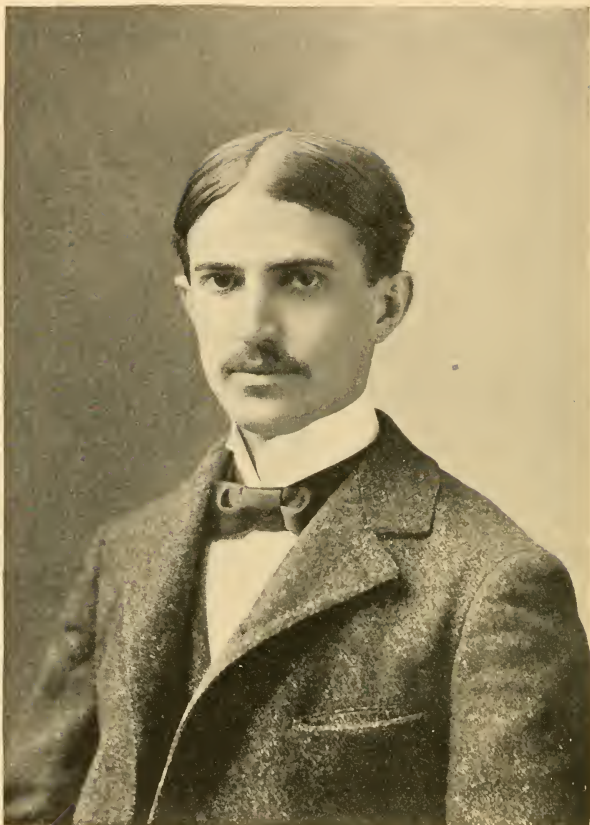
Bimeby, like we'd kind uv made it aforehand, we hitched over closer, for when folks is in sorer an' trouble they like to be clost together. But not a word all the time, an', hitchin' closer an' closer together, why, bimeby, we sot side by side. So we sot a spell longer, lovin' an' sympathizin', as men folks do, thinkin' uv old times, uv our boyhood; thinkin' uv the happiness uv the past an' uv the hopes them two children had brought us. The tall clock ticked, an' that wuz all the sound there wuz, except when Bill gin a sigh, an' I gin a sigh, too—to lighten the load, ye know.

Not a word come from either uv us; 'twuz all we could do to set there, lovin' each other an' sympathizin'.

All at oncet—for we couldn't stand it no longer—all at oncet we turned an' groped with our hand, this a-way, faces t' other way, an' reached out—so—an' groped with our hands, this a-way, till we found an' held each other fast in a clasp uv tender meanin'.

Then—God forgive me if I done a wrong—then I wisht I wuz a woman. For, bein' a woman, I could have cried: "Come, Bill, let me hold you in these arms; come, let us weep together; an' let this broken heart uv mine speak through these tremblin' lips to that broken heart uv yourn, Bill, tellin' ye how much I love ye an' sympathize with ye!"

But, no! I wuz not a woman; I wuz a man, an' bein' a man I must let my heart break; I must hold my peace, an' I must make no sound.



STEPHEN CRANE

A TALE OF MERE CHANCE

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE PURSUIT OF THE TILES, THE STATEMENT OF THE CLOCK, AND THE GRIP OF A COAT OF ORANGE SPOTS, TOGETHER WITH SOME CRITICISM OF A DETECTIVE SAID TO BE CARVED FROM AN OLD TABLE-LEG.

BY STEPHEN CRANE

(Born at Newark, N. J., November 1, 1871)

YES, my friend, I killed the man, but I would not have been detected in it were it not for some very extraordinary circumstances. I had long considered this deed, but I am a delicate or sensitive person, you understand, and I hesitated over it as the diver hesitates on the brink of a dark and icy mountain pool. A thought of the shock of the contact holds one back.

As I was passing his house one morning, I said to myself: "Well, at any rate, if she loves him, it will not be for long." And after that decision I was not myself, but a sort of machine.

I rang the bell and the servants admitted me to the drawing-room. I waited there while the old tall clock placidly ticked its speech of time. The rigid and austere chairs remained in possession of their singular imperturbability, although of course they were aware of my purpose, but the little white tiles of the floor whispered one to another and looked at me. Presently he entered the room, and I, drawing my revolver, shot him. He screamed—you know that scream—mostly amazement—and as he fell forward his blood was upon the little white tiles. They huddled and covered their eyes from this rain. It seemed to me that the old clock stopped ticking as a man may gasp in the middle of a sentence, and a chair threw itself in my way as I sprang toward the door.

A moment later, I was walking down the street, tranquil, you understand, and I said to myself: "It is done. Long years from this day I will say to her that it was I who killed him. After time has eaten the conscience of the thing, she will admire my courage."

I was elated that the affair had gone off so smoothly, and I felt like returning home and taking a long, full sleep, like a tired workingman. When people passed me, I contemplated their stupidity with a sense of satisfaction.

But those accursed little white tiles.

I heard a shrill crying and chattering behind me and, looking back, I saw them, blood-stained and impassioned, raising their little hands and screaming: "Murder! It was he!" I have said that they had little hands. I am not so

sure of it, but they had some means of indicating me as unerringly as pointing fingers. As for their movement, they swept along as easily as dry, light leaves are carried by the wind. Always they were shrilly piping their song of my guilt.

My friend, may it never be your fortune to be pursued by a crowd of little blood-stained tiles. I used a thousand means to be free from the clash-clash of these tiny feet. I ran through the world at my best speed, but it was no better than that of an ox, while they, my pursuers, were always fresh, eager, relentless.

I am an ingenious person, and I used every trick that a desperate, fertile man can invent. Hundreds of times I had almost evaded them when some smoldering, neglected spark would blaze up and discover me.

I felt that the eye of conviction would have no terrors for me, but the eyes of suspicion which I saw in city after city, on road after road, drove me to the verge of going forward and saying: "Yes, I have murdered."

People would see the following, clamorous troop of blood-stained tiles, and give me piercing glances so that these swords played continually at my heart. But we are a decorous race, thank God. It is very vulgar to apprehend murderers on the public streets. We have learned correct manners from the English. Besides, who can be sure of the meaning of clamoring tiles? It might be merely a trick in politics.

Detectives? What are detectives? Oh, yes, I have read of them and their deeds, when I come to think of it. The prehistoric races must have been remarkable. I have never been able to understand how the detective navigated in stone boats. Still, specimens of their pottery excavated in Taumalipas show a remarkable knowledge of mechanics. I remember the little hydraulic—what's that? Well, what you say may be true, my friend, but I think you dream.

The little stained tiles. My friend, I stopped in an inn at the ends of the earth, and in the morning they were there flying like birds and pecking at my window.

I should have escaped. Heavens, I should have escaped! What was more simple? I murdered and then walked into the world, which is wide and intricate.

Do you know that my own clock assisted in the hunt of me? They asked what time I left my home that morning, and it replied at once, "Half-after eight." The watch of a man I had chance to pass near the house of the crime told the people: "Seven minutes after nine." And, of course, the tall, old clock in the drawing-room went about day after day repeating: "Eighteen minutes after nine."

Do you say that the man who caught me was very clever? My friend, I have lived long, and he was the most incredible blockhead of my experience. An enslaved, dust-eating Mexican vaquero wouldn't hitch his pony to such a man. Do you think he deserves credit for my capture? If he had been as pervading as the

atmosphere, he would never have caught me. If he was a detective, as you say, I could carve a better one from an old table-leg. But the tiles! That is another matter. At night I think they flew in a long, high flock, like pigeons. In the day, little mad things, they murmured on my trail like frothy-mouthed weasels.

I see that you note these great, round, vividly orange spots on my coat. Of course, even if the detective were really carved from an old table-leg, he could hardly fail to apprehend a man thus badged. As sores come upon one in the plague, so came these spots upon my coat. When I discovered them I made effort to free myself of this coat. I tore, tugged, wrenched at it, but around my shoulders it was like the grip of a dead man's arms. Do you know that I have plunged into a thousand lakes? I have smeared this coat with a thousand paints. But day and night the spots burn like lights. I might walk from this jail to-day if I could rid myself of this coat, but it clings—clings—clings.

At any rate the person you call a detective was not so clever to discover a man in a coat of spotted orange, followed by shrieking, blood-stained tiles. Yes, that noise from the corridor is most peculiar. But they are always there, muttering and watching, clashing and jostling. It sounds as if the dishes of Hades were being washed. Yet I have become used to it. Once, indeed, in the night, I cried out to them: "In God's name, go away, little blood-stained tiles." But they goggledly answered: "It is the law."





JULIA WARD HOWE

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

BY JULIA WARD HOWE

(Born at New York, May 27, 1819)

Mine eye hath seen the glory of the coming of the Lord ;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored ;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword ;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps ;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps ;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps ;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in rows of burnished steel ;
"As ye deal with my contemnners, so with you my grace shall deal ;"
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat ;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that tranfigures you and me ;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.



HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

CAPTAIN MALLINGER

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

(Born at Calais, Me., April 3, 1835)



THE town was in an uproar. The grocer's boy had dashed back even more rapidly than that young Jehu usually drove, with his eyes starting out of his head and his hair erect beyond its wont, and the news that something had happened up at Captain Mallinger's.

"Wal, what is it?" demanded Mr. Peake, leaning across the counter, as if he would shake the boy stammering and gasping with fright and excitement.

"There ain't nobody there!" exclaimed Joe, with his returning breath. "The back door's bolted, an' I looked inter the winders an' everythin' was all up standin', an' the gravel was tore up roun' the door, an' there wa'n't a soul in the house, an' there was an axe with blood on it——"

"Whew! That's bad!" cried John Dark, jumping from his seat on the head of a flour barrel.

"Wal, an' w'at else did ye see?" urged Mr. Peake, feeling his feet as Ajax did, "bare on bright fire to use their speed."

"Nothin'. There wa'n't nothin' else ter see. They've made away with 'em an' gone off in the hoss an' wagon, I tell ye!"

"Made away with who? Who's made away with 'em?" exclaimed John Simpson, spilling the tobacco he was cutting and nearly upsetting the raisin boxes against which he was leaning. "You ain' meanin' ter say that Cap'n Mallinger's ben——"

"Yes, I be," said Joe, the chattering of his teeth not yet wholly subsiding, and even forgetting to kick out of sight the "Bloody Butcher of Big Bend," which had fallen from his pocket.

"But what for? Who's any grudge agin the Cap'n? W'y, he's the salt of the yarth!" appealing to John Dark, who stood staring, wide-eyed and open-mouthed. "'Twould take an escaped convict to do him a harm."

"There—there's ben two convicts broke loose over to Scadden prison," said John Dark, recovering his fallen jaw with a snap.

"My good Lord!" said Mr. Peake.

"An' Mrs. Mallinger, tew," said John Simpson. "W'y, I do'no' who'd 'a' had the heart—'ith the face o' hern—that smile—'twould melt a stun. My gra-

scious! The hull town depen's on her fer good works. Who could— Dretfle news!" he exclaimed, as Sam Beales sauntered in. "Joe's jes' come from the hill, an' Cap'n Mallinger an' his wife—I declare I don't seem ter sense it—the good old cap'n! What in thunder—who under heaven—an' what motive——"

"Money," said John Dark. "He allus kep' it about him. I useter tell him he'd be murdered for it some day——"

"Cap'n Mallinger murdered!"

"An' his wife," said Mr. Peake, with a solemn nod that spoke volumes.

"No!"

"Fact!" said John Dark. "Oh, my Lord, I'd ruther——"

"How'd you know?"

"Joe was up and seen it."

"Seen what?"

"He seen all the evidunce, an' he run roun' ter the front door an' it wa'n't locked, an' he went in an' there was the axe——"

"Then the murderers went out that way, depend on't. There's that much certing," said Sam.

"It jes' makes yer blood run cold," said John Dark. "A feller aint safe in his bed these days. It's terrible!"

"Turrrible!" said Mr. Peake.

"That's so," said the tramp who had done Mr. Peake a "hand's turn of work" that morning, and was eating off the top of a soap box the lunch of hard tack and red herring Mr. Peake had given him.

"I suppose there'll be a reward," said Sam.

"Don't talk of rewards!" cried John Simpson. "I don't need no reward for tryin' to lay han's on them black-hearted villains——"

"They'll be suspicionin' every loafer in the county," said Sam, looking at the tramp, who was hurrying with his hard tack.

"Specially if he shows a dollar more'n they can account fur," said John Dark. At which Sam crammed back in his pocket the money with which he meant to pay off his long-standing score.

"George! I s'pose we'd orter be noterfyin' folks, 'stid er stan'in' roun' flabbergasted!" said John Simpson. "There's Lawyer Parker, he's a jestic, an' Dr. Jones——"

"An' the minister," said Mr. Peake, pulling a straw from the dates, and sucking the end of it.

"Yes," said John Dark, cutting himself a thin slice of cheese inadvertently. "Cap'n Mallinger was a piller of the church, an' a real sustainin' piller, tew."

"An' the constable."

"You go 'long fer all yer wuth, Joe," said John Simpson, "an' summon 'em

all here. Seem's ef we'd be charged 'ith doin' of it ef we kep' it to ourselves a durin' minute."

"That's so," said Mr. Peake, carefully setting the forgotten glass over the cheese, and dusting off the counter, from force of habit.

"T'll upset the hull neighborhood. Cap'n Mallinger was about's near ter every man in town as own folks. Paid full half the town an' county tax ter boot."

"One o' the Lord's picked men," said Sam. "An' ef that's wot's come to him, murdered in his bed, it don't pay a feller ter walk stret, an' thet's a fac'. Was the bodies——"

"Wa'n't no bodies," said John Dark. "Didn't Joe say the gravel was all upset roun' the door? There'll hev ter be a s'arch."

"Certing," said Mr. Peake.

"There can't no inquest set 'thout bodies ter set on," said Sam. "The cap'n! Ef anybody'd 'a' told me—Wal, I never. An' his wife, tew. There wa'n't a bet-ter woman 'n Mis' Mallinger in the hull o' Queens!"

"W'at's all this?" cried John Watkins, bursting in like a thunder-clap. "W'at's this cock-an'-bull story, Peake, your Joe's a-tellin' all over town? Cap'n Mallinger—Wal," as he looked round at the white and horrified faces. "W'at nex'? W'at'd anybody want— 'T must 'a' ben his money. Blamed fool! W'at'd he keep his money in his house fer? An' go ter bed 'ith the front door open! Trustin' folks an' temptin' Providence! I aint no patience. By mighty, it's dretfle!"

"Dretfle!" said Mr. Peake; and this time he added, "Have suthin'?" And they proceeded then to fortify themselves, holding the glasses to the light, shaking their heads, and swallowing as if it were a solemn act of sacrament.

Meanwhile, as Joe was speeding along to the doctor's and the minister's, he had met Miss Mayne, after leaving John Watson, staying long enough to give the intelligence hurriedly, and she had made all haste into the Medders' house. "Don't speak ter me!" she said, breathlessly. "Jes' give me a dipper o' water or some cold tea. I'm all in a tremble. Oh, I declare, my heart's shakin' inside o' me! Oh, Mis' Mallinger! Mis' Mallinger!"

"Ann Mari' Mayne, what ails ye?" cried Mrs Medders, wiping her suddy arms on her apron. "Hes anythin' happened. W'at—w'at's the matter? W'y in the name o' goodness don't yer speak?"

"Hes anythin' happened? Everythin's happened! Oh, Jane Medders, you deserve ter hear the wust! Cap'n Mallinger an' his wife's ben killed and buried in the garding!"

"I don't believe a word of it!"

"You've no call to be doubtin' my word. I wisht you hed. Joe Simmons was up there an' he seen it. An' Mr. Peake, an' John Simpson, an' Sam Beale,

an' John Dark has gone up an' sent for Lawyer Parker, an' the inquest's goin'—"

"I'll go right up myself," said Mrs. Medders. "'Tis the least I can do fer Mrs. Mallinger. W'y, Ann Mari', I can't take it in! Don't seem no way possible. W'y, we aint never hed a murder roun' here— There's Mis' Lawyer Parker now! Let's call her in—I do'no' az we'd best, though. She's awfle strung-up, an' 'll hev a highsterick or suthin', an' keep us ter home w'en we'd orter be goin'—"

But Ann Mari' had already beckoned Mrs. Parker in and had broken the news over her head; and Mrs. Parker had not disappointed Mrs. Medder's expectations. "In our midst!" she cried. "A murder in our midst! In this innocent hamlet!"

"There's nobody safe," said Miss Mayne, grimly. "They'll be suspectin' of all of us."

"Oh, who could have done it?" cried Mrs. Parker, a flood of tears and a burst of laughter coming together.

"There she is, keeled over on ter the sofy, an' we've got ter stay an' see to her," said Ann Mari'. "'Taint no place for woman anyway, up there now."

"You can stay ef you're a mind ter; I'm goin' along," said Mrs. Medders. "It's my bounden duty an' no less. I allus could see inter a grin'stone's fur ez any one—"

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried a little woman, rushing in like an Autumn gust. "Have you heard? Do you believe it can be true? Aint there nothin' ter do? Oh, I must do suthin'! It seems ez ef I couldn't leave a straw unturned ter bring sech a wretch ter the gallers. Oh, I won't go fer to say I'd rather it 'd' 'a' ben me—but I'd most as lives—leastwise—" and her words failing her, the little woman began to cry hot, hearty, honest tears.

"Why, Caddy, Caddy!" they exclaimed, diverted a moment from Mrs. Parker's efforts.

"He never done no harm to a mortal soul!" Caddy cried, from the depths of her shawl. "He ses to me, 'You shan't never want fur nothin' so long's I live, Caddy,' ses he. An' he aint never took a day's rent since I've been in the house. An' Mis' Mallinger! Oh, Mis' Mallinger! Oh, my, my!"

"Wal, I wa'n't goin' ter say nothin'," said Mrs. Medders. "But the dead deserve their due. An' 'twuz he give me the money to send my Danny ter the 'cademy, an' I aint ashamed ter tell it. An' I'll never forgit, w'en he had the dipthery, how Mis' Mallinger—"

"Oh!" murmured Mrs. Parker, growing calmer. "We made our profession together, an' she's lived up to it—"

"I aint got nothink to say agin Mis' Mallinger."

"And that's great praise from you, Ann Mari! An' ef we're goin' ter be any good at all we'd orter be goin'. You better now, dear?" to Mrs. Parker.

"If you wouldn't mind leaving me here—at least—oh, I can't be left alone with this horror happening! Oh, Caddy, if you wouldn't mind staying—oh, there's Amelia—"

"It's Mis' Dr. Jones!" cried Mrs. Medders, her horror, her curiosity, her hospitality, all working together excitedly with her tears. "Oh, Mis' Jones, did you ever hear anythin' like it?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Jones, taking the rocking chair, puffing, and untying her bonnet, "how there was anything human that could be so cruel! I would as soon have thought of any one's killing a baby. It's come near giving me a shock. But I said to the doctor, 'Don't mind me,' I said. 'Go right along to that suffering angel,' said I. 'Suffering!' says he. 'She's dead and buried,' says he. 'Than she's a saint in heaven!' says I. And that's what she is. Oh, to think I should ever see the day!" And she rocked herself to and fro, in a luxury of woe.

"Come and sit by me, Amelia," said Mrs. Parker, feebly. "I like to feel you near. It's—it's—oh, it's awful. Who do you think it could have been?" And she began to shudder again as the door opened and the minister's wife joined them.

"You'll excuse me, Mrs. Medders," Mrs. Brown said. "But I saw Mrs. Jones come in, and it's such a visitation!"

"Oh, we're all struck of a heap, Mis' Brown!"

"I cannot altogether believe it now. Mr. Brown has gone on, without staying to inquire. What could any one——"

"He kep' his money in the house."

"But he'd have given it to any one that asked for it. He was Mr. Brown's mainstay in the parish; his hand was always open. I can't see into such a dark Providence——"

"The doctor always said Captain Mallinger was his right-hand man. If there was anybody needed medicines they couldn't afford; if there was anybody ought to be sent to the city for an operation he couldn't do himself—though I think that was all nonsense, and the doctor could do it just as well as them that Captain Mallinger paid for doing it——"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Brown. "I suppose people are sure of what they are talking about; but as for me, I simply can't believe it!"

"If Mrs. Brown would lead in prayer," sighed Mrs. Parker, from the sofa.

"I think we'd better be prayin' ez we go 'long," said Mrs. Medders, with determination. And then Mrs. Parker struggled to her feet, and they all sallied forth together.

"I don't feel's we've any call ter let the men go fust," said Miss Mayne.

"No, I guess we're as much the community as they be," said Mrs Medders; and they took the short cut which brought them out on the highway at the same time with Mr. Peake, and the constables, and the fence-viewer, and the rest, who were following the doctor with the minister in his gig, joined by Lawyer Parker, and Mrs. Peake with a shawl over her head and her voice sounding volubly, and half the frightened village in their train; Mrs. Parker now nearly fainting, and Mrs. Brown and Amelia on either side supporting her.

It was just as they turned the corner at the foot of the lane leading up the long hill that they met young Martin rattling along in the old buggy in which he picked up the news of a half dozen neighboring townships for his report to the city newspapers.

Young Martin pulled up briskly as the doctor's gig came along. "Going up the hill?"

"Aint you pointed the wrong way?" said John Dark, solemnly.

"No," said he. "Going home to write my story. Axe in kitchen, house all upset, earth turned up new in the yard—take the scare-heads just as well as if it hadn't been a tussle with the big gobbler, and the captain hadn't come in, in the middle of house-cleaning, and taken his wife the back way over to Lortonville to spend the night with his sister, who'd sent over word she was sick——"

"May I ask," said the minister, "how you know all this?"

"Saw the captain. Saw the captain himself, five minutes ago, alive and hearty, driving in the yard."

"If that aint a dum shame!" said Mr. Peake.




BUD ZUNTS'S MAIL

BEING PART OF A SHORT STORY OF THAT TITLE

BY RUTH McENERY STUART

(Born in Avoyelles Parish, La.)



OTHIN' for you, Bud Zunts.' Seems like I ought to've heered that often enough to know it by this time; but I don't. I don't even to say half b'lieve it when I do hear it—no, I don't."

Bud Zunts had just come out of the Simpkinsville post-office, and, mounting the seat of his wagon, he turned his oxen's heavy heads slowly homeward.

"Th'ain't been a night sence she's been a-sayin' it," he continued, as the ponderous beasts made a lunge out of the deep ruts, "th'ain't been a night in three year sence she's been a-sayin' it but I've mo'n half expected to see her han' out a letter, an' I c'n see the purty blue veins in 'er han's when she'd be handin' it out." He chuckled. "'N' I c'n see 'er smile like's ef she was tickled to see me paid at last for stoppin' every night in all these year t' inquire. 'Tis purty tiresome—some nights—but of co'se when a man's a-co'tin' he can't expect—he can't expect—tell the truth, I reckon I dunno nothin' 'bout co'tin'. I wusht I did know. Seem like ma tried to teach me a little bit of every kind o' learnin' she knew about, but don't seem like she could've knew much about co'tin', nohow.

"Th'ain't never been a time, turn my min' free ez I can, thet I c'n understan' how in creation pa ever co'ted ma—th'ain't for a fac'. I've 'maged it every way I c'n twis' things, an' I've made 'er young an' purty, 'n' I've plumped 'er out—pore ma was awful thin an' rawboned, jest like me, ever sence I c'n ricollec'—but I've plumped 'er out in my min', 'n' I've frizzed 'er hair, 'n' smoothed down 'er cowlick, but even then I aint been able to see 'er bein' co'ted 'thout fussin'—noways. Pore ma. She cert'n'y was the best an' most worrisome woman thet God ever made.

"I won't say she was *the* best, neither, for I've been a-co'tin' Miss C'delia now three year an' six mont's an' three nights to-night, 'n' watchin' 'er constant, an' I *b'lieve* she's ez good a woman ez ma was—ever' bit—'thout 'er worrisome ways, too—pore ma."

Bud Zunts mused here a few moments, but presently he chuckled again:

"Here I set a-talkin' 'bout co'tin', 's er everybody knowed it, 'n' I dunno' ez



RUTH MCENERY STUART

anybody do *but* me. Wonder ef Miss C'delia think I'd stop every night fo' four year—goin' on—'n' ast for letters 'n' never git a one, 'n' wait tell the las' person goes out every night, 'n' stop an' lock the gate 'n' climb over the pickets (she thinks I lock the gate on the outside 'n' fling the key back—she mus' think I take a mighty good aim to hit the aidge o' the door-sill every time). Wonder ef she do think I do that-a-way ever' night, th' way I do, jest to be a-doin'?' 'N' I wonder ef she ever heerd me a-tryin' the winder-shetters to make shore nobody'd bother 'er du'in' the night?"

He laughed softly.

"Move on, Bute! Bute 'n' Fairy 's about ez down-hearted a pair o' oxen to-night ez I ever see."

The roads were heavy and wet, and man, beasts, and wagon were old, so the equipage moved slowly, bogging and spluttering occasionally in soft spots—like the soliloquy.

"Yas," he resumed presently, "I been a-co'tin' Miss C'delia for fo' year—goin' on—'n' I ain't never spoke yet—many nights ez I've laid off to. Ef she didn't keep the post-office, so's I c'n see 'er ever' evenin' an' a Sund'y mornin's thoo the little winder, 'n' get my daily incur'gements 'n' *discour'gements*, I'd 've spoke long ago—'n' maybe stid o' me an' Bute 'n' Fairy trudgin' along so slow in the mud to-night, not keerin' much whether or when we git home, I might be—we might be—she might—"

"I do declare, the way I do set up here 'n' giggle is *redic'lous*!

"W'o, Bute! These here slushy ruts is awful—mud clean up to the hub!"

So Bud Zunts proceeded on his lonely way, until he finally reached his own gate—the humble entrance to the two-roomed cabin that dignified his meagre little farm, lying on the edge of Simpkinsville.

After the front door closed to-night, Miss Cordelia Cummins, the post-mistress, stood for a long time behind her pigeon-hole barrier, looking over the remaining mail.

"Here's mo' letters 'n enough for Kate Clark—'n' papers, too," she said, audibly. "Some o' the papers got 'er po'try printed in 'em, an' some ain't. Here's one o' her's now, 'A Midnight Monody'; wonder what that means? It's hers, I'm shore, 'cause it's signed by her pen-nandy-plume, 'Silver Sheen.'

"I s'pose that *is* mo' suited fo' a po'try writer's name 'n Kate Clark 'd be; but seem to me I wouldn't deny my name, noways—po'try or no po'try!

"These paper-wrappers stick mighty tight. I 'mos' split this'n gettin' it back on.

"I see she's got two letters from the telegraph station. Funny how thin an' fine that young man does write—like he craved to whisper. He writes

precizely like a lady. Ef ever I did get a letter from a male person, I'd choose for 'im to have a mannish handwrit—'clare I would.

"Two f'om 'im to-day an' one to him. Well, I'm proud to see Kate's a-keepin' 'im where he b'longs. I dunno', either; come to feel 'em, I b'lieve her one letter's heavier 'n both o' his'n; 'n' it's writ on pink paper, too; 'n' it's got smellin' stuff in it—shore's I've got a nose!

"I do wonder ef Kate writes love verses to 'im? I hardly b'lieve it of 'er—though I dunno'.

"Here's at least fo' love letters in a row, 'n' I don't doubt the last one of 'em is so sweet inside thet ef they was lef' open in the sun the honey-bees 'd light on 'em.

"Sometimes I do wush't I'd get a letter myself—jest a reel out-'n'-out love letter, same ez ef I wasn't pos'mistress—not thet I'd b'lieve any written-out foolishness, of co'se, but jest fo' the fun of it. Maybe ef I didn't handle so many I wouldn't think about it.

"I do hones' b'lieve thet th'ain't another person a-livin' in the country—that is, no grown-up person—black nor white, but's got a letter some time 'r other—less'n, of co'se, Bud Zunts.

"But I'm jest a *lectle* bit ahead o' you, Bud, on that. I *know* you ain't never got noñe, 'n' you don't know how many I get.

"Sometimes I do hate to tell 'im th'ain't nothin' for 'im, pore boy! Lis'n at me a-callin' 'im boy, 'n' he a month an' three days older'n me, an' I'm—jest to think, I'm purty nigh ez ole ez Bud Zunts, an' he gray ez a rat! But I reckon his ma worreted 'im all but gray.

"Pore Mis' Zunts! She was a good woman, Mis' Zunts was, but I've seen some worse ones I'd a heap ruther live with.

"She cert'n'y was worrisome—but I don't doubt Bud is the best-trained young man in the country to-day. He turned out 'is toes, 'n' said 'ma'am' an' 'sir,' when he warn't no mo'n knee-high to a toad-frog. An' he knew the whole Shorter Catechism 'fore he could pernounce a half o' the words; but as for understandin' it—well, I often think maybe that's reserved for heaven, anyway.

"I do wonder what pore Bud does when he goes home of nights? It mus' be awful lonesome for 'im when the lamp's lit—ef he lights a lamp. You never can tell jest how low down a man lef' to hissself will get. Pore Bud! They's jest one thing his ma didn't teach him—an' that's cour'ge. Sometimes the most c'rageous person a-goin' 'ill seem to squench all the cour'ge out of another person, 'n' not mean to do it, neither.

"I did start one night to say, '*I'm sorry th' ain't nothin' fo' you to-night, Bud Zunts,*' 'n' then I wouldn't—*an' I won't!* I won't have it said that I give 'im that much encour'gement.

"Ef he's a womanish man, I won't match 'im by being a mannish woman. But I do wush't I knew ef he was wearing' woolen next to 'is skin or not." She sighed. "Ef—ef Bud was to take the pneumony to-morrow—well, I dunno' what I'd do, but I reckon, knowin' what's on 'is min' an' what's on mine, it'd be my aboundin' duty to go, 'thout sayin' a word, an' nurse 'im thoo it—to sort o' finish out the pantomime he's done started. But it'd pleg me awful—'deed it would.

* * * * * * *

Rising, she went back to the perch, and said, slowly and distinctly, "They's a love-letter for you, Bud Zunts."

"Nothin' for you, Bud Zunts," answered Polly.

"A love-letter for you, Bud Zunts," repeated Miss Cordelia, calmly.

"Nothin' for you Bud Zunts," insists Poll again; and while he laughs, Miss Cordelia, raising her voice, reiterates:

"A love-letter for you, Bud Zunts!"

"Nothin' for you——"

"A love-letter——"

"Nothin'——"

"A love-letter——"

Miss Cordelia, in her growing excitement, raised her voice higher and higher, until it was a shrill scream, while Poll, not to be outdone, screeched his loudest. It was a fierce argument dramatically sustained on both sides, and there, in the blazing light, woman and bird appeared at their best.

* * * * * * *

There is no telling just how long the contest might have continued or how it would have resulted had not a sudden swishing sound just behind her told Miss Cordelia that somebody was dropping a letter in the box. There was some one, of course, just outside the door. Would he notice the blazing light? Had he heard? Starting suddenly, she quickly turned down the lamp and blew out both candles. Then she hurriedly got into bed. She did not even say her prayers. She did not even look at the letter in the box. She was too much frightened.

Poll, awe-stricken into silence by the sudden darkness, made no sound for some minutes, and then, in a somewhat querulous voice, he ventured, "Nothin' for you, Bud Zunts." And Miss Cordelia did not contradict him.

But when, after a prolonged silence, Poll said, "Good-night Cordelia," she answered, feebly, "Good-night, Polly."

"Happy dreams!" continued Poll.

"Happy dreams," responded a weak voice from under the covers.

"God bless you!" said the bird. But Miss Cordelia could not answer. She was crying.

MR. RABBIT, MR. FOX, AND MR. BUZZARD

FROM "UNCLE REMUS"

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

(Born at Eatonton, Ga., December 8, 1848)



ONE evening when the little boy whose nights with Uncle Remus are as entertaining as those Arabian ones of blessed memory had finished supper and hurried out to sit with his venerable patron, he found the old man in great glee. Indeed, Uncle Remus was talking and laughing to himself at such a rate that the little boy was afraid he had company. The truth is, Uncle Remus had heard the child coming, and when the rosy-cheeked chap put his head in at the door, was engaged in a monologue, the burden of which seemed to be—

“Ole Molly Har’,
W’at you doin’ dar,
Settin’ in de cornder
Smokin’ yo’ seegyar?”

As a matter of course this vague illusion reminded the little boy of the fact that the wicked Fox was still in pursuit of the Rabbit, and he immediately put his curiosity in the shape of a question.

“Uncle Remus, did the Rabbit have to go clean away when he got loose from the Tar-Baby?”

“Bless grashus, honey, dat he didn’t. Who? Him? You dunno’ nuthin’ ’tall ’bout Brer Rabbit ef dat’s de way you puttin’ ’im down. W’at he gwine ’way fer? He mouter stayed sorter close twel the pitch rub off’n his ha’r, but ’twern’t menny days ’fo’ he wuz loping up en’ down de naberhood same as ever, en’ I dunno’ ef he wern’t mo’ sassier dan befo’.

“Seem like dat tale ’bout how he got mixt up wid de Tar-Baby got ’roun’ ’mongst de nabers. Leas’ways, Miss Meadows en’ de girls got win’ un it, en de nex’ time Brer Rabbit paid ’um a visit, Miss Meadows tackled ’im ’bout it, en’ de gals sot up a monst’us gigglement. Brer Rabbit, he sot up des’ ez cool ez a cowcumber, he did, en’ let ’em run on.”

“Who was Miss Meadows, Uncle Remus?” inquired the little boy.

“Don’t ax me, honey. She wuz in de tale, Miss Meadows en’ de gals wuz, en’ de tale I give you like hit wer’ gun ter me. Brer Rabbit, he sot dar, he did,

sorter lam-like, en' den bimeby he cross his legs, he did, and wink his eye slow, 'en up en' say, sezee:

"'Ladies, Brer Fox wuz my daddy's ridin'-hoss for thirty year, maybe mo', but thirty year dat I knows un,' sezee; en' den he paid 'um his specks, en' tip his beaver, en' march off, he did, des' ez stiff en' ez stuck up ez a fire-stick.

"Nex' day, Brer Fox cum a callin,' and w'en he 'gun fer to laff 'bout Brer Rabbit, Miss Meadows en' de gals, dey ups and tells 'im 'bout w'at Brer Rabbit say. Den Brer Fox grit his toof sho' 'nuff, he did, en' he look mighty dumpy, but when he riz fer to go he up en' say, sezee:

"'Ladies, I ain't 'sputin' w'at you say, but I'll make Brer Rabbit chaw up his words en' spit 'um out right yer whare you kin see 'im,' sezee, en' wid dat off Brer Fox marcht.

"En' w'en he got in de big road, he shuck de dew off'n his tail, en' made a straight shoot fer Brer Rabbit's house. W'en he got dar, Brer Rabbit wuz 'spectin' un him, en' de do' wuz shut fas'. Brer Fox knock. Nobody ain't ans'er. Brer Fox knock. Nobody ans'er. Den he knock ag'in—blam! blam! Den Brer Rabbit holler out, mighty weak:

"'Is dat you, Brer Fox? I want you ter run en' fetch de doctor. Dat bit er parsley w'at I e't dis mawnin' is gittin' 'way wid me. Do, please, Brer Fox, run quick,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"'I come atter you, Brer Rabbit,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'Dere's gwinter be a party up at Miss Meadows,' sezee. 'All de gals 'll be dere, en' I promus' dat I'd fetch you. De gals, dey 'lowed dat hit wouldn't be no party 'cep'in' I fotch you,' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"Den Brer Rabbit say he wuz too sick, en' Brer Fox say he wuzzent, en' dar dey had it up and down, 'sputin' en' contendin'. Brer Rabbit say he can't walk. Brer Fox say he tote 'im. Brer Rabbit say how? Brer Fox say in his arms. Brer Rabbit say he drap 'im. Brer Fox 'low he won't. Bimeby Brer Rabbit say he go ef Brer Fox tote 'im on his back. Brer Fox say he would. Brer Rabbit say he can't ride widout a saddle. Brer Fox say he git de saddle. Brer Rabbit say he can't set in saddle 'less he have a bridle for to hol' by. Brer Fox say he git de bridle. Brer Rabbit say he can't ride widout bline bridle, kaze Brer Fox be shyin' at stumps 'long de road, en' fling 'im off. Brer Fox say he git bline bridle. Den Brer Rabbit say he go. Den Brer Fox say he ride Brer Rabbit mos' up to Miss Meadows's, en' den he could git down en' walk de balance ob de way. Brer Rabbit 'greed, en' den Brer Fox lit out atter de saddle en' de bridle.

"Co'se Brer Rabbit know de game dat Brer Fox wuz fixin' fer ter play, en' he 'termin' fer ter out-do 'im; en' by de time he koam his ha'r en' twis' his mustarsh, en' sorter rig up, yer come Brer Fox, saddle and bridle on, en' lookin' ez

peart ez a circus pony. He trot up ter de do' en' stan' dar pawin' de ground en' chompin' de bit same like sho' nuff hoss, en' Brer Rabbit he mount, he did, en' day amble off. Brer Fox can't see behine wid de bline bridle on, but bimeby he feel Brer Rabbit raise one er his foots.

"'W'at you doin' now, Brer Rabbit?' sezee.

"'Short'nin' de lef' stir'p, Brer Fox,' sezee.

"Bimeby Brer Rabbit raise de udder foot.

"'W'at you doin' now, Brer Rabbit?' sezee.

"'Pullin' down my pants, Brer Fox,' sezee.

"All de time, bless grashus, honey, Brer Rabbit was puttin' on his spurrers, en' w'en day got close to Miss Meadows's, whar Brer Rabbit wuz to git off, en' Brer Fox made a motion fer ter stan' still, Brer Rabbit slap de spurrers inter Brer Fox flanks, en' you better b'lieve he got over groun'. W'en dey got ter de house, Miss Meadows en' all de girls wuz settin' on de peazzer, en' stidder stoppin' at de gate Brer Rabbit rid on by, he did, en' den come gallopin' down de road en' up ter de hoss-rack, w'ich he hitch Brer Fox at, en' den he sa'nter inter de house, he did, en' shake han's wid de gals, en' set dar, smokin' his seegyar same ez a town man. Bimeby he draw in long puff, en' den let hit out in a cloud, en' squar' hisse'f back, en' holler out, he did:

"'Ladies, ain't I done tell you Brer Fox wuz de ridin'-hoss fer our fambly? He sorter losin' his gait now, but I 'speck I kin fetch 'im all right in a mont' or so,' sezee.

"'En' den Brer Rabbit sorter grin, he did, en' de gals giggle, en' Miss Meadows, she praise up de pony, en' dar wuz Brer Fox hitch fas' ter de rack, en' couldn't he'p hisse'f."

"Is that all, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy, as the old man paused.

"Dat ain't all, honey, but 'twon't do fer to give out too much cloff for ter cut one pa'r pants," replied the old man, sententiously.

When "Miss Sally's" little boy went to Uncle Remus the next night, he found the old man in a bad humor.

"I ain't tellin' no tales ter bad chilluns," said Uncle Remus, curtly.

"But, Uncle Remus, I ain't bad," said the little boy, plaintively.

"Who dat chunkin' dem chickens dis mawnin'? Who dat knockin' out fokes's eyes wid dat Yallerbammer sling des' 'fo' dinner? Who dat sickin' dat p'inter puppy atter my pig? Who dat scatterin' my ingun sets? Who dat flingin' rocks on top er my house, w'ich a little mo' en' one un 'em would er drap spang on my head?"

"Well, now, Uncle Remus, I didn't go to do it. I won't do so any more. Please, Uncle Remus, if you will tell me, I'll run to the house and bring you some teacakes."

"Seein' 'um's better'n hearin' tell un 'um," replied the old man, the severity of his countenance relaxing somewhat; but the little boy darted out, and in a few minutes came running back with his pockets full and his hands full.

"I lay yo' mammy 'll 'spishun dat de rats' stummucks is widenin' in dis naberhood w'en sh. come fer ter count up 'er cakes," said Uncle Remus, with a chuckle.

"Lemme see. I mos' dis'member whar'bouts Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit wuz."

"The rabbit rode the fox to Miss Meadows's and hitched him to the horse-rack," said the little boy.



HOME OF JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

"Why, co'se he did," said Uncle Remus. "Co'se he did. Well, Brer Rabbit rid Brer Fox up, he did, en' tied 'im to de rack, en' den sot out in the peazzer wid de gals, a-smokin' er his seegyar wid mo' proudness dan w'at you mos' ever see. Dey talk, en' dey sing, en' dey play on de peanner, de gals did, twel bimeby hit come time for Brer Rabbit ter to be gwine, en' he tell 'um all good-by, en' strut out to de hoss-rack same's ef he was de king er der patter-rollers, en den he mount Brer Fox en' ride off.

"Brer Fox ain't sayin' nuthin' 'tall. He des' rack off, he did, en' keep his mouf shet, en' Brer Rabbit know'd der wuz bizness cookin' up fer him, en' he felt

monst'ous skittish. Brer Fox amble on twel he git in de long lane, outer sight er Miss Meadows's house, en' den he tu'n loose, he did. He rip en' he r'ar, en' he cuss en' he sw'ar; he snort en' he cavort."

"What was he doing that for, Uncle Remus?" the little boy inquired.

"He wuz tryin' fer ter fling Brer Rabbit off'n his back, bless yo' soul! But he des' might ez well er rastle wid his own shadder. Every time he hump hisse'f Brer Rabbit slap de spurrers in 'im, en' dar day had it up en' down. Brer Fox fa'rly to' up de groun', he did, en' he jump so high en' he jump so quick dat he mighty nigh snatch his own tail off. Dey kep' on gwine on dis way twel bimeby Brer Fox lay down en' roll over, he did, en' dis sorter unsettle Brer Rabbit, but by de time Brer Fox got on his footses ag'in, Brer Rabbit wuz gwine thoo de underbresh mo' samer dan a race-hoss. Brer Fox, he lit out atter 'im, he did, en' he push Brer Rabbit so close dat it wuz 'bout all he could do fer ter git in a holler tree. Hole too little fer Brer Fox fer ter git in, en' he hatter lay down en' res' en' gadder his mine tergedder.

"While he wuz layin' dar, Mr. Buzzard come floppin' 'long, en' seein' Brer Fox stretch out on de groun', he lit en' view de premusses. Den Mr. Buzzard sorter shake his wing, en' put his head on one side, en' say to hisse'f like, sezee:

"'Brer Fox dead, en' I so sorry,' sezee.

"'No I ain't dead, nudder,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'I got ole man Rabbit pent up in yer,' sezee, 'en' I'm gwine git 'im dis time, ef it take twel Chris'mus,' sezee.

"Den, atter some mo' palaver, Brer Fox make a bargain dat Mr. Buzzard wuz ter watch de hole, en' keep Brer Rabbit dar w'iles Brer Fox went atter his axe. Den Brer Fox, he lope off, he did, en' Mr. Buzzard, he tuck up his stan' at de hole. Bimeby, w'en all get still, Brer Rabbit sorter scramble down close ter de hole, he did, en' holler out:

"'Brer Fox! Oh, Brer Fox!'

"Brer Fox done gone, en' nobody say nuthin'. Den Brer Rabbit squall out like he wuz mad:

"'You needn't talk 'less you wanten,' sezee; 'I know youer dar, an' I ain't keerin',' sezee. 'I des' wanten tell you dat I wish mighty bad Brer Tukkey Buzzard was here,' sezee.

"Den Mr. Buzzard try to talk like Brer Fox:

"'W'at you want wid Mr. Buzzard?' sezee.

"'Oh, nuthin' in 'tick'ler, 'cep' dere's de fattes' gray squir'l in yer dat ever I see,' sezee, 'en' ef Brer Tukkey Buzzard was 'roun' he'd be mighty glad fer ter git 'im,' sezee.

"'How Mr. Buzzard gwine ter git him?' sez de buzzard, sezee.

"'Well, dar's a little hole, 'roun' on de udder side er de tree,' sez Brer Rab-

bit, sezee, 'en' ef Brer 'Tukkey Buzzard was here so he could take up his stan' dar,' sezee, 'I'd drive dat squir'l out,' sezee.

" 'Drive 'im out, den,' sez Mr. Buzzard, sezee, 'en' I'll see dat Brer 'Tukkey Buzzard gits 'im,' sezee.

"Den Brer Rabbit kick up a racket, like he wer' drivin' sumpin' out, en Mr. Buzzard he rush 'roun' fer ter ketch de squir'l, en' Brer Rabbit, he dash out, he did, en' he des' fly fer home.

"Well, Mr. Buzzard he feel mighty lonesome, he did, but he done prommust Brer Fox dat he'd stay, en' he 'termin' fer ter sorter hang 'roun' en' jine in de joke. En' he ain't hatter wait long, nudder, kase bimeby yer come Brer Fox gallopin' thoo de woods wid his axe on his shoulder.

" 'How you 'speck Brer Rabbit gittin' on, Brer Buzzard?' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

" 'Oh, he in dar,' sez Brer Buzzard, sezee. 'He mighty still, dough. I 'speck he takin' a nap,' sezee.

" 'Den I'm des' in time fer ter wake 'im up,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. En' wid dat he fling off his coat, en' spit on his han's, en' grab de axe. Den he draw back en' come down on de tree—pow! En' eve'y time he come down wid de axe—pow!—Mr. Buzzard, he step high, he did, en' hollar out:

" 'Oh, he in dar, Brer Fox. He in dar, sho'!

" 'En' eve'y time a chip 'u'd fly off, Mr. Buzzard he'd jump, en' dodge, en' hol' his head sideways, he would, en' holler:

" 'He in dar, Brer Fox. I done heerd 'im. He in dar, sho'!

" 'En' Brer Fox, he lammed away at dat holler tree, he did, like a man maulin' rails, twel bimeby, atter he done got de tree mos' cut thoo, he stop fer ter ketch his bref, en' he seed Mr. Buzzard laffin' behind his back, he did, en' right den en' dar, widout gwine enny fudder, Brer Fox he smelt a rat. But Mr. Buzzard he keep on holler'n:

" 'He in dar, Brer Fox; he in dar, sho'. I done seed 'im.'

"Den Brer Fox, he made like he peepin' up de holler, en' he say, sezee:

" 'Run yer, Brer Buzzard, en' look ef dis ain't Brer Rabbit's foot hangin' down yer.'

" 'En' Mr. Buzzard, he come steppin' up, he did, same ez ef he were treddin' on kurkle-burrs, en' he stick his head in de hole; en' no sooner did he done dat dan Brer Fox grab 'im. Mr. Buzzard flap his wings, en' scramble 'roun' right smartually, he did, but 'twan' no use. Brer Fox had de 'vantage er de grip, he did, en' he hilt 'im right down ter de groun'. Den Mr. Buzzard squall out, sezee:

" 'Lemme 'lone, Brer Fox. Tu'n me loose,' sezee. 'Brer Rabbit 'll git out. Youer gittin' close at 'im,' sezee, en' leb'm mo' licks 'll fetch 'im,' sezee.

“‘I’m nigher ter you, Brer Buzzard,’ sez Brer Fox, sezee, ‘dan I’ll be ter Brer Rabbit dis day,’ sezee. ‘W’at you fool me fer?’ sezee.

“‘Lemme ‘lone, Brer Fox,’ sez Mr. Buzzard, sezee; ‘my ole ‘oman waitin’ fer me. Brer Rabbit in dar,’ sezee.

“‘Dar’s a bunch er his fur on dat blackbe’y bush,’ sez Brer Fox, sezee, ‘en’ dat ain’t de way he come,’ sezee.

“Den Mr. Buzzard up’n tell Brer Fox how ‘twuz, en’ he ‘low’d, Mr. Buzzard did, dat Brer Rabbit wuz de low-downest w’atsizname w’at he ever run up wid. Den Brer Fox say, sezee:

“‘Dat’s needer here ner dar, Brer Buzzard,’ sezee. ‘I lef’ you ter watch dis yer hole, en’ I lef’ Brer Rabbit in dar. I comes back en’ I fines you at de hole, en’ Brer Rabbit ain’t in dar,’ sezee. ‘I’m gwinter make you pay fer ‘t. I done bin tampered wid twel plum down ter de sapsucker ‘ll set on a log en’ sassy me. I’m gwinter fling you in a bresh-heap en’ burn you up,’ sezee.

“‘Ef you fling me on der fire, Brer Fox, I’ll fly ‘way,’ sez Mr. Buzzard, sezee.

“‘Well, den, I’ll settle yo’ hash right now,’ sez Brer Fox, sezee, en’ wid dat he grab Mr. Buzzard by de tail, he did, en’ make fer ter dash ‘im ‘g’in de groun’, but des’ ‘bout dat time de tail fedders come out, en’ Mr. Buzzard sail off like wunner dese yer berloons, en’ ez he riz he holler back:

“‘You gimme good start, Brer Fox,’ sezee, en’ Brer Fox sot dar en’ watch ‘im fly outer sight.”



THE SONG OF THE CAMP

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

(Born at Kennett Square, Pa., January 11, 1825; died at Berlin, Germany, December 19, 1878)

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.



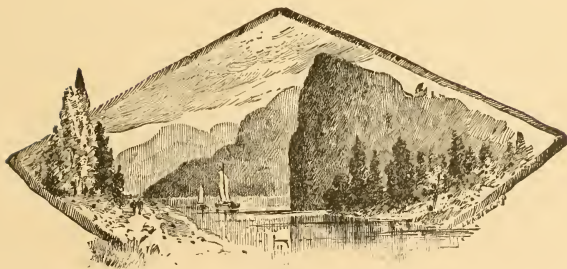
BAYARD TAYLOR

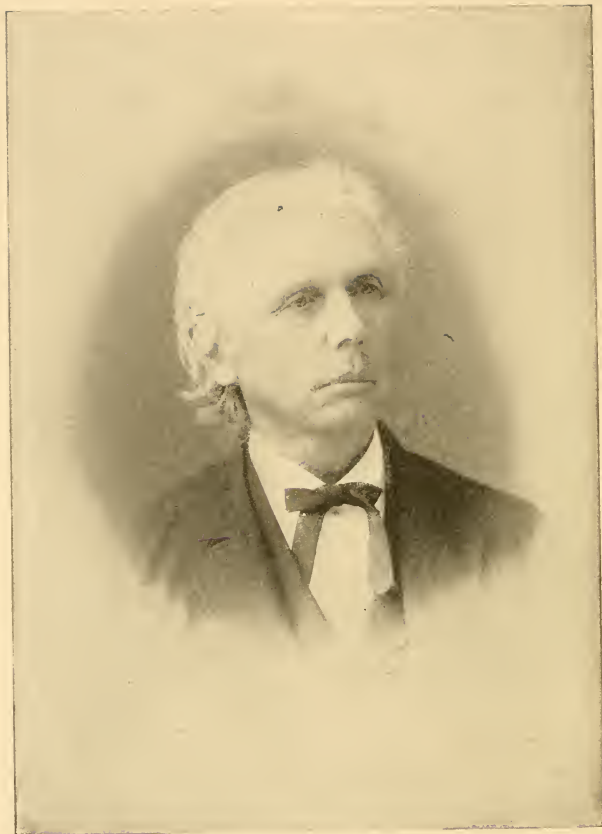
Beyond the darkening ocean buried
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory ;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing :
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.





PHILANDER DEMING

JOHN'S TRIAL

BY PHILANDER DEMING

(Born at Carlisle, N. Y., February 6, 1829)

JUST where the Wilderness road of the Adirondack Highlands strikes the edge of the great Champlain Valley, in a little clearing, is a lonely log house. On the tenth day of July, 1852, a muscular, gaunt woman stood at the door of the house, overlooking the vast extent of the valley. From her standpoint, ten miles of green forest swept down to the lake's winding shore. She saw the indentation made in the shore line by "the bay," and beyond, the wide waters gleaming in the fervid brightness of Summer. Specks were here and there discernible in the light, flashed back from the blue, mirror-like surface, and by long watching it could be seen that these specks were moving to and fro.

The woman knew that these distant moving atoms were boats freighting lumber through Lake Champlain. She knew there was but one boat that would be likely to turn aside and come into the little bay, and that this boat would be her son John's sloop.

That was why she watched so anxiously a speck that neared the bay, and at length entered it. To make doubly sure, she brought to bear an old spyglass, whose principal lens was cracked entirely through. It gave her a smoky view of the famous sloop, "The Dolly Ann," John's property; and then she was entirely certain that her son, who had been three weeks absent on his voyage, was coming home.

Jupiter, the house-dog, who had been watching her, seemed to know it, too, perfectly well; for, as she turned from her survey through the glass, his canine nature developed a degree of wriggling friskiness, of which the grave old dog seemed half ashamed. He whined, and walked about the door-yard for a few moments, then gave his mistress a long, steady look, and, seeming satisfied with what he read in her face, jumped over the fence, and started down the road into the valley at a full run.

The woman knew that three or four hours must yet elapse before John and Jupiter would come along the path together, tired by their long tramp up the mountain side. She thought and waited, as lonely mothers think and wait for absent sons.

At about four o'clock a young, dark-eyed man and the dog came up the road

and to the house. "Heigho, mother, all well?" was the man's greeting. The woman's greeting was only "How do you do, John?" There was no show of sentiment, not even a hand-shake; but a bright look in the man's face, and a tremor in the voice of the woman conveyed the impression that these plain people felt a great deal more than they expressed.

Two hours passed away; and, after supper, the neighbors, who had seen John and the dog come up the road, dropped in for a talk with "the captain," as John was called by his friends.

Soon the inquiry was made, "Where did you leave your cousin William?"

John had taken his cousin William, who lived upon the lake shore, with him upon this last trip, and hence the question.

But John did not answer the question directly. He seemed troubled and unhappy about it. He finally acknowledged that he and William had not agreed, and that high words and blows had passed between them, and added that his cousin had finally left the boat and gone away in a huff, he knew not where, but somewhere into the pineries of Canada. He declared, getting warm in his recollection of the quarrel, that he "didn't care a darn" where Will went, anyway.

A month passed: it was August. Cousin Will did not return. But certain strange stories came up the lake from Canada, and reached the dwellers along the Adirondack Wilderness road. No Cousin William had been seen in the pineries; but just across the Canada line, at the mouth of Fish River, where the sloops were moored to receive their lading of lumber, a bruised, swollen, festering corpse had risen and floated in the glare of a hot August day. The boatmen rescued it, and buried it upon the shore. They described it as the body of a hale, vigorous young man, agreeing in height, size and appearance with Cousin William.

And there was another story told by the captain of a sloop which had been moored at the mouth of Fish River, nearby John's sloop, on the fatal voyage from which Cousin William had not returned.

The captain said that, upon the fourth of July, he had heard quarreling upon John's sloop all the afternoon, and had noticed that only two men were there. He thought the men had been drinking. At nightfall there was a little lull; but soon after dark the noise broke out again. He could see nothing through the gloom; but he heard high and angry words, and at length blows, and then a dull, crushing thud, followed by a plunge into the water; and then there was entire silence. He listened for an hour, in the stillness of the Summer night, but heard no further sound from the boat. In the early gray of the next morning, the captain, looking across the intervening space to John's sloop, which he described as hardly a stone's-throw from his own, saw a hat lying upon the deck, and, using his glass, was confident that he saw "spatters of blood."

He thought it "none of his business," and, taking advantage of a light breeze, sailed away and said nothing. But, when the floating corpse was found, he felt sure there had been a murder, and, as he expressed it, felt bound to tell his story like an honest man, and so told it.

Putting these things together, it soon grew to be the current opinion upon the lake that Captain John had murdered his cousin William. The dwellers upon the Wilderness road also came, by slow degrees and unwillingly, to the same conclusion. It was felt and said that John ought to be arrested.

Accordingly, on a dreary day in November, two officers from the county town, twenty miles away from the lake shore, came and climbed the steep road to the lonely log house, and arrested John. It was undoubtedly a dreadful blow to those two lonely people living isolated in a wilderness. Perhaps there ought to have been some crying and a scene; but there was no such thing. The officers testified that neither John nor his mother made any fuss about it. There was a slight twitching of the strong muscles of her face as she talked with the officers, but no other outward sign.

John gave more evidence of the wound he felt. He was white and quivering; yet he silently, and without objection, made ready to go with the officers. He was soon prepared, and they started. John, as he went out of the door, turned and said, "Good-by; it will all be made right, mother." She simply answered, "Yes, good-by; I know it, my son."

The trio went on foot down the road to the next house, where the officers had left their team. Jupiter, standing up with his forepaws upon the top of the fence, gazed wistfully after them. When they passed around the bend of the road, out of sight, Jupiter went into the house. The strong woman was there about her work, as usual; but the heavy tears would now and then fall upon the hard pine floor. She knew that her own boy would spend the coming night in the county jail.

At twelve o'clock of that chill November night, the woman and the dog went out of the house; she fastened the door, and then they went together down the dark mountain road, while the Autumn winds swept dismally through the great wilderness, and the midnight voice of the pines mourned the dying year. The next day, at noon, a very weary woman on foot, with a small bundle and a large dog, put up at the village hotel hard by the county jail.

Another day passed, and then the preliminary examination came on before a Justice, to determine whether there was sufficient evidence to hold John in custody until a grand jury of the county should be assembled for the next Court of Oyer and Terminer.

Three days were spent in this examination before the Justice. The captain of the sloop who had overheard the quarrel in the night told his story, and the

boatmen who had found the body told theirs. Two men who had been the crew of John's little vessel were also called; but they could tell little more than that they were absent on shore upon the Fourth of July, and when they returned to the vessel William had gone, they knew not where nor why.

The evidence against John seemed to the Magistrate clear and conclusive. But the counsel for the accused (employed by John's mother) took the ground that, as the offence was committed in Canada, a Justice in the United States had no jurisdiction in the matter.

This view prevailed, and after five days the accused was set at liberty. But that voice of the people, which the ancient proverb says is like the voice of God, had decided that John was guilty. It was under this crushing condemnation that John and his mother left the county town on a cold December day, turning their steps homeward; and at evening they climbed the acclivity so familiar to them, and reached the lonely log house upon the mountain. Their neighbors were glad to see them back again, but were plain to say that "it appeared like as if John was guilty." These dwellers in the solitudes were accustomed to speak truly what they thought. John and his mother, too, spoke openly of this matter. It was only of showing affection and love that these people were ashamed and shy. They both admitted to their neighbors that the evidence was very strong; but John added quietly that he was not guilty, as if that settled the whole matter.

But the voice of the people, and a sense of justice, would not let this crime rest. It came to be very generally known that a man guilty of murder was living near the shore of Lake Champlain unmolested. Arrangements were effected by which it came to pass that the Canadian authorities made a formal application to the United States for the delivery of one John Wilson, believed to be guilty of the murder of his cousin, William Wilson.

And so again two officers, this time United States officials, climbed up to the little log house upon the edge of the great valley. Through a drifting, blinding storm of snow they were piloted by a neighbor to the lonely house. They made known their errand; and, in course of half an hour, the officers and their prisoner were out in the storm *en route* for the distant city of Montreal.

It was many days before the woman saw her son again. For four months John was imprisoned, awaiting his trial before the Canadian courts. Doubtless those four months seemed long to the solitary woman. She had not much opportunity to indulge in melancholy fancies; she spent much of her time in pulling brush and wood out of the snow and breaking it up with an axe, so as to adapt it to the size of her stove.

The neighbors tried to be kind, and often took commissions from her to the store and the grist-mill in the valley. "But, after all," said Pete Searles, one of John's friends, in speaking of the matter afterward, "what could neighbors amount

to, when the nearest of them lived a mile away, and all of them were plain to say that they believed she was the mother of a murderer?"

But the neighbors said the woman did not seem to mind the solitude and the rough work. Morning, noon and night she was out in the snow or the storm at the little hovel of a barn back of the house, taking care of two cows and a few sheep which were hers and John's. At other times travelers upon the Wilderness road would see her gaunt, angular figure clambering down a rocky ridge, dragging poles to the house to be cut up for fuel.

She received two letters from John in the course of the Winter. The first told her that he was imprisoned, and awaiting his trial in Montreal; and the next one said that his trial had been set down for an early day in March.

This correspondence was all the information the mother had of her son; for the lake was frozen during the Winter, so that the boats did not run, and no news could come from Canada by the boatmen.

When March came and passed away without intelligence from John, it was taken by the dwellers upon the lake shore and along the Wilderness road as a sure indication that he had been convicted of the crime. A letter or newspaper announcing the fact was confidently looked for by the neighbors whenever they went to the distant post-office for their weekly mail.

As March went out, and Spring days and sunshine came, it was noticed that the face of John's mother looked sharp and white; but she went about the same daily duties as before, without seeming to feel ill or weak.

On a splashy April day, full of sunshine, she stood on the rocky ridge back of the house, looking down upon the lake. A few early birds had come back, and were twittering about the clearing. Although the snow still lingered in patches upon the highlands, the valley looked warm below, and the first boats of the season were dotting the wide, distant mirror of "Old Champlain." A man came slowly up the muddy line of road, through the gate, and around the house; then first the woman saw him. A slight spasm passed over her face. There was a little pitiful quiver of the muscles about the mouth, and then she walked slowly down the ridge to where the man stood. She struggled a little with herself before she said, "Well, John, I am glad to see you back."

John tried to be cool also; but nature was too much for him. He could not raise his eyes to hers; and his simple response, "Yes, mother," was chokingly uttered.

The two walked into the house together in the old familiar way. The woman, without a word, began to spread the table; and her son went out and prepared fuel, and, bringing it in, replenished the fire. Then he sat down in his accustomed place by the stove, with a pleasant remark about how well the fire

burned, and how good it seemed to be home again. And the woman spoke a few kind, motherly words.

It was the way they had always done when John came back; but now there was a great sadness in it, for he had come "from prison." Jupiter seemed fully to realize the situation. He exhibited none of that friskiness which characterized the welcome he had usually given; but, when John was seated, the old dog came slowly up to him, laid his forepaws and his head in his master's lap, and looked sadly in his face.

As they sat down to supper, John began to tell of his fare in the jail at Montreal, and to speak freely of his life there. "Will you have to go back?" said his mother, with that quiver about the mouth again. "No, mother," said John; "it is finished, and I am discharged."

After supper the story was told over, how well John's counsel had worked for him, and how the Judge had said there was not sufficient evidence to convict of so great a crime.

John continued from this time on, through the Spring, to live at home. He allowed his sloop to float idly in the bay, while, as he said, he himself rested. The truth was, he saw, as others did not, that his mother had carried a fearful weight, and now, when it was lifted by his return, that the resources of her life were exhausted. The change, not yet apparent to other eyes, was clear to his vision. So it is that these silent spirits read each other.

As the warm weather advanced, the strong woman became weak; and, as the June flowers began to bloom, she ceased to move about much, and sat the most of each day in a chair by the open door. John managed the house, and talked with his mother. Her mind changed with the relaxation of her physical frame. She no longer strove to hide her tears, but, like a tired infant, would weep, without restraint or concealment, as she told her son of the early loves and romance of her girlhood life in a warm valley of the West. He learned more of his mother's heart in those June days than he had surmised from all he had known of her before. And he understood what this predicted. He felt that the heart nearest his own was counting over the treasures of life ere it surrendered them forever.

There was no great scene when the woman died. It was at evening, just as the July fervors were coming on. She had wept much in the morning. As the day grew warm she became very weak and faint, and about noon was moved by her son from her chair to her bed, and so died as the sun went down.

John was alone in the house when she died. Since his return from Montreal, he had been made to feel that he had but one friend besides his mother. Only one neighbor had called upon him, and that was Pete Searles. He had ever proved true. But John did not like to trouble his one friend, who lived

two miles away, to come and stay with him during the night; so he lighted a candle, took down from a shelf a little Bible and hymn book that he and his mother had carried on an average about four times a year to a school-house used as a church, some six miles away; and so, alone with the dead, he spent the hours in reading and tears and meditation.

In the morning he locked the door of his home, and walked "over to Pete's." As he met his friend, he said in a clear voice, but with eyes averted, "She has gone, Pete. If you will just take the key and go over there, I'll go down to the lake and get the things, and tell Downer, and we'll have the funeral, say on Thursday."

Pete hesitated a moment; then took the key John offered him, and said, "Yes, John; I will tell my woman, and we will go over and fix it, and be there when you come back." And so John went on his way. "Downer" was the minister, and "the things" were a coffin and a shroud.

On Thursday was the funeral. Pete took care to have all the people of the neighborhood there, although it hardly seemed as if John desired it. The popular voice, having once decided it, still held John as a murderer, and claimed that he was cleared from the charge only by the tricks of his lawyer. John knew of this decision. At the funeral he was stern, cold, white and statue-like. While others wept, but few tears fell from his eyes; and even these seemed wrung from him by an anguish for the most part suppressed or concealed.

He chose that his mother should be buried, not in the "burying-ground" at the settlement, but upon their own little farm where she had lived. And so, in a spot below the rocky ridge, where wild violets grew, she was laid to rest.

John spent the night following the funeral at Pete's house, then returned to his own home, and from that time his solitary life began. He took his cattle and his sheep over to Pete's, made all fast about his home, and resumed his boating upon Lake Champlain. He fully realized that he was a marked man. He was advised, it was said, even by his own legal counsel, to leave the country, and to leave his name behind him; but no words influenced him. Firm and steady in his course, strictly temperate and just, he won respect where he could not gain confidence.

Ten years rolled by. Captain John still was a boatman, and still kept his home at the lonely log house on the edge of the great valley. From each voyage he returned and spent a day and night at the old place; and it was noticed that a strong, high paling was built around his mother's grave, and a marble headstone was placed there, and other flowers grew with the wild violets. Even in Winter, when there was no boating, and he boarded down by the lake, he made many visits to the old homestead. His figure, which, though youthful, was now growing gaunt and thin, as his mother's had been, was often seen by Pete at

nightfall upon the top of a certain rocky ridge, standing out clear and sharp against the cold blue steel of the Winter sky.

John had no companions, and sought none. The young men and women of his set had married and settled in life; he was still the same.

But there came a change. Eleven years had passed since the mother died, and it was June again. John was spending a day at the old place once more. He sat in the door, looking out on the magnificent landscape—the broad lake and the dim line of mountains away across the valley. The lovely day seemed to cheer this stern, lonely man.

Three persons came up the road; they advanced straight to where John was sitting. One of them stepped forward, looked John steadily in the face, held out his hand to him, and said, "John, do you know me?"

The voice seemed to strike him with a sharp, stunning shock. He quivered, held his breath, stared into the eyes of the questioner, and then, suddenly becoming unnaturally cool and collected, said, "Is it you, William?"

The two who stood back had once been John's warmest friends. They now came forward, and, with such words as they could command, told the story of William's sudden return, and sought for themselves forgiveness for the cruel and false suspicion which had so long estranged them from their friend.

John seemed to hear this as one in a dream. He talked with William and the men, in a manner that seemed strangely cold and indifferent, about where William had been voyaging so long in distant seas and of his strange absence. A quarter of an hour passed away. The men proposed that John should go with them to their homes, and said there would be a gathering of friends there. They pressed the invitation with warmth, and such true feeling as our voices express when a dear friend has been greatly wronged, and we humbly acknowledge it.

John said absently, in reply, that he did not know. He looked uneasily around as if in search of something—perhaps his hat. He essayed to rise from his chair, but could not, and in a moment he fell back, ashy pale, fainting and breathless. The men had not looked for this; but, accustomed as they were to the rough life of the Wilderness, they were not alarmed. They fanned the fainting man with their straw hats, and, as soon as water could be found, applied it to his hands and face. He soon partially recovered, and, looking up, said in a broken voice, "Give me a little time, boys." At this hint the two old friends, who were now crying, stepped out of the door, and Cousin William sat down out upon the doorstep.

John found that a little time was not enough. He had traveled too long and far in that fearful desert of loneliness easily or quickly to return. A nervous fever followed the shock he received, and for two months he did not leave the homestead, and was confined to his bed. But the old house was not lonely; the

men and women came, both his old friends and some new-comers, and tried to make up to him in some degree the love and sympathy he had so long missed. But for many days it was evident that their kindness pained and oppressed him.

"It appears like," said Pete, "that a rough word don't hurt him; but a kind one he can't stand." And this was true. His soul was fortified against hatred and contempt; but a kind voice, or a gentle caress, seemed to wound him so that he would sob like an infant.

As he recovered from his illness, he continued gentle, kind and shrinking to a fault. By the operation of some spiritual law that I do not fully comprehend, he was, after his recovery, one of those who win a strange affection from others. His influence seemed like a mild fascination. It was said of him in after years that he was more truly loved, and by more people, than any other man or woman in all the settlements round. Children loved him with a passionate attachment, and the woman of child-like nature, whom he made his wife, is said to have died of grief at his death. He departed this life at the age of thirty-eight years; and he sleeps on the edge of the great valley, with his mother and his wife beside him.



ACROSS THE JUMPING SAND HILLS

BY GILBERT PARKER

(Born in Canada, November 23, 1862)



HERE, now, trader, aisy, aisy; quicksands I've seen along the sayshore, and up to me halfway I've been in wan, wid a double and twist in the rope to pull me out; but a suckin' sand in the open plain—aw, trader, aw, the like o' that, no, niver a bit, aw!" So said Macavoy, the giant, when the thing was discussed in his presence.

"Well, I tell you it's true, and they're not three miles from Fort O'Glory. The company's men don't talk about it; what's the use? Travelers are few that way, and you can't get the Indians within miles of them. Pretty Pierre knows all about them, better than any one else, almost. He'll stand by me in it—eh, Pierre?" Pierre took no notice, and was silent for a time, intent on his cigarette, and in the pause Mowley, the trapper, said:

"Pierre's gone back on you, trader. Perhaps you haven't paid him for the last lie. I go one better, you stand by me—my treat—that's the game!"

"Aw, the like o' that," added Macavoy, reproachfully. "Aw, yer tongue to the roof o' yer mouth, Mowley! Liars all men may be, but that's wid wimmin or landlords. But, Pierre, off another man's bat like that! Aw, Mowley, fill your mouth wid the bowl o' yer pipe."

Pierre now looked up at the three men, rolling another cigarette as he did so, but he seemed to be thinking of a distant matter. Meeting the three pairs of eyes fixed on him, his own held them for a moment musingly; then he lit his cigarette, and, half reclining on the bench where he sat, he began to speak, talking into the fire, as it were:

"I was at Guidon Hill, at the company's post there. It was the fall of the year, when you feel that there is nothing so good as life and the air drinks like wine. You think that sounds like a woman or a priest? Mais, no. The seasons are strange. In the Spring I am lazy and sad; in the Fall I am gay; I am for the big things to do. This matter was in the Fall. I felt that I must move; yet, what to do? There was the thing. Cards? Of course; but that's only for times, not for all seasons. So I was like a wild dog on a chain. I had a good horse, Tophet, black as a coal, all raw bones and joint, and a reach like a moose. His legs worked like piston rods. But, as I said, I did not know where to go or what to do. So we used to sit at the post loafing; in the daytime watching the

plains, all panting for travelers, like a young bride waiting her husband for the first time."

Macavoy regarded Pierre with rich delight. He had an unctuous spirit and his heart was soft for women, so soft that he never had one on his conscience, though he had brushed gay smiles off the lips of many with his own. But that was an amiable weakness in a strong man.

"Aw, Pierre," he said, coaxingly, "kape it down; aisy, aisy, me heart's goin' like a trip-hammer at thought av it. Aw, yis; aw, yis, Pierre."

"Well, it was like that to me—all sun and a sweet sting in the air. At night, to sit and tell tales and such things, and perhaps a little brown brandy, a look at the stars, a half-hour with the cattle—the same old game. Of course, there was the wife of Hilton, the factor—fine, always fine to see, but deaf and dumb. We were good friends, Ida and me. I had a hand in her wedding. Holy! I knew her when she was a little girl. We could talk together by signs. She was a good woman; she had never guessed at evil. She was quick, too, like a flash, to read and understand without words. A face was a book to her.

"Very good. One afternoon we were all standing outside the post, when we saw some one ride over the Long Divide. It was good for the eyes. I cannot tell quite how; but horse and rider were so sharp and clear-cut against the sky that they looked very large and peculiar; there was something in the air to magnify. They paused for a moment on the top of the Divide, and it seemed like a messenger, out of the Strange Country at the farthest North, the place of legends. But, of course, it was only a traveler, like ourselves, for in a half-hour she was with us.

"Yes, it was a girl dressed as a man. She did not try to hide it; she had dressed so for ease. She would make a man's heart leap in his mouth—if he was like Macavoy, or the pious Mowley there."

Pierre's last three words had a touch of irony, for he knew that the trapper had a precious tongue for Scripture when a missionary passed that way, and a bad name with women to give it point. Mowley smiled sourly, but Macavoy laughed outright, and smacked his lips on his pipe-stem luxuriously.

"Aw, now, Pierre, all me little failin's—aw!" he said.

Pierre swung round on the bench, leaning upon the other elbow, and cherishing his cigarette, presently continued:

"She had come far, and was tired to death, so stiff that she could hardly get from her horse; and the horse, too, was ready to drop. Handsome enough she looked for all that, in man's clothes and a peaked cap, with a pistol in her belt. She wasn't big built—just a feathery kind of sapling—but she was set fair on her legs like a man, and a hand that was as good as I have seen, so strong and fine, and like silk and iron with a horse. Well, what was the trouble? for I saw

that there was trouble. Her eyes had a hunted look and her nose breathed like a deer's in the chase. All at once, when she saw Hilton's wife, a cry came from her and she reached out her hands. What would women of that sort do? They were both of a kind. They got into each other's arms. After that there was nothing for us men but to wait. All women are the same, and Hilton's wife was like the rest. She must get the secret first, then the men should know. We had to wait an hour. Then Hilton's wife beckoned to us. We went inside. The girl was asleep. There was something in the touch of Hilton's wife like sleep itself—like music. It was her voice—that touch. She could not speak with her tongue, but her hands and face were language and music. *Bien*, there was the girl asleep, all clear of dust and stain; and that fine hand, it lay loose on her breast, so quiet—so quiet. *Enfin*, the real story, for how she lay there does not matter, but still it was good to see, when we knew the story."

The trapper was laughing silently to himself, to hear Pierre in this romantic mood. A woman's hand; it was the game for a boy, not an adventurer, for the trapper's only creed was that women were like deer—spoils for the hunter. Pierre saw it, but he was above petty anger. He merely said:

"If a man have an eye to see behind the face, he understands the foolish laugh of a man, or the hand of a good woman; that is much. So Hilton's wife told us all. She had ridden two hundred miles from the southwest, and was making for Fort Micah, sixty miles further north. For what? She had loved a man against the will of her people. There had been a feud, and Garrison—that was the lover's name—was the last on his own side. There was trouble at a Hudson's Bay Company's post, and Garrison shot a half-breed. Men say he was right to shoot him, for a woman's name must be safe up here, besides the half-breed drew first. Well, Garrison was tried and must go to jail for a year. At the end of that time he would be free. The girl, Janie, knew the day. Word had come to her. She made everything ready. She knew her brothers were watching—her three brothers and two other men who had tried to get her love. She knew, also, that the five would carry on the feud against the one man. So, one night she took the best horse on the ranch, and started away towards Fort Micah. Alors, you know how she got there, after two days' hard riding, enough to kill a man, and over fifty yet to do. She was sure her brothers were on her track. But if she could get to Fort Micah, and be married to Garrison before they came, she wanted no more. There were only two horses of use at Hilton's post then; all the rest were away or not fit for hard travel. There was my *To-phet*, and a lean chestnut with a long propelling gait, and not an ounce of loose skin on him. There was but one way; the girl must get there. *Allons*, what is the good! What is life without these things? The girl loves the man; she must have him in spite of all. There was only Hilton and his wife and me at the post,

and Hilton was lame from a fall, and one arm in a sling. If the brothers followed—well, Hilton could not interfere; he was a company's man, but for myself, as I said, I was hungry for adventure. I had an ache in my blood for something. I was tingling to my toes; my heart was thumping in my throat. All the cords of my legs were straightening, like I was in the saddle."

Pierre sat up. It seemed absurd for him to speak as one who could be hot and shivering with excitement, for his movements were always quiet and precise as a hammer. But in his eyes there was a furnace burning, and his small, iron hand caught the air with a snap. Macavoy had seen Pierre when dangers crowded round them both, and he knew that the little man was worth three of himself, in spite of his own great height. For the others, they did not know, and if they had lived with Pierre all their lives they would never have understood him.

"Aw, Pierre," said Macavoy, admiringly—"aw, the ache in yer blood—that's it. Aw, yis, yis, an' yer thighs are bendin' like wire, and the prairie beyant, an' the lady there, asleep wid the hand fallin' soft where the heart beats up like the swell of a tide. Aw, yis, the like o' that—swate, swate, an' you wid the ache in yer blood, and the long chestnut pawin' the ground—aw, yis."

Pierre nodded at Macavoy pleasantly, for after his fashion he cared for the giant as he had once cared for Shon McGann, and a little man loves the admiration of a large man, as Pierre himself had said more than once—he knew man's vanity and his own weaknesses. But he turned his looks on the trapper now, for it was his way to conquer at the points of great disadvantage; not by many wonders showing, but by a deep persistence and a singular personal force.

"She slept for three hours. I got the two horses saddled. Who could tell but she might need help? I had nothing to do. I knew the shortest way to Fort Micah, every foot, and then it is good to be ready for all things. I told Hilton's wife what I had done. She was glad. She made a gesture at me as to a brother, and then began to put things in a bag for us to carry. She had settled all how it was to be. She had told the girl. You see, a man may be—what is it they call me—a plunderer—and yet, a woman will trust him, comme ca!"

"Aw, yis; aw, yis, Pierre; but she knew yer hand and yer tongue niver wint ag'in a woman, Pierre. Naw, niver a wan—aw, swate, swate she was, wid a heart—a heart, Hilton's wife; aw, yis!"

Pierre waved Macavoy into silence.

"The girl waked after three hours with a start. Her hand caught at her heart. 'Oh!' she said, still staring at us, 'I thought they had come!' A little later she and Tilton's wife went into another room. All at once there was a sound of horses without, and then a knock at the door, and four men entered. They were the girl's hunters. It was hard to tell

what to do all in a minute, but I saw at once the best thing was to act for all and to get all the men inside the house. So I whispered to Hilton, and then pretended that I was a great man in the company. I ordered Hilton to have the horses cared for, and, not giving the men time to speak, I fetched out the old brown brandy, wondering what could be done. There was no sound from the other room, though I thought I heard a door open once. Hilton played the game well, and showed nothing when I ordered him about, and lied with me when I said no girl had come, laughing when they told why they were after her. More than one did not believe at first, but pshaw! what have I been doing all my life to let such fellows doubt me? So the end of it was that I got them all inside the house. There was one thing, their horses were all fresh, as Hilton whispered to me. They had only ridden them a few miles; they had stolen or bought them at a ranch to the west of us. I could not make up my mind what to do; but it was clear I must keep them quiet till something shaped.

"They were all drinking brandy when Hilton's wife entered the room. Her face was, *mon dieu!* so innocent, so child-like! She stared at the men and then I told them she was deaf and dumb, and I told her why they had come. *Voilà*, it was beautiful! She shook her head so innocently, and then told them like a child that they were wicked to chase a girl. I could have kissed her feet. *Tonere*, how she fooled them! She said, would they not search the house? She said all through me, on her fingers and by signs. And I told them at once. But she told me something else, that the girl had slipped out as the last man came in, had mounted the chestnut and would wait for me by the spring, a quarter of a mile away. There was the danger that some one of the men knew the finger-language, so she told me this thing in signs mixed up with other sentences.

"Good! There was now but one thing to do—for me to get away. So I said, laughing, to one of the men: 'Come, and we will look after the horses and the others can search the place with Hilton.' So we went out to where the horses were tied to the railing and led them away to the corral.

"Of course you will understand how I did it. I clapped a hand on his mouth, put a pistol at his head, gagged and tied him. Then I got my Tophet and away I went to the spring. The girl was waiting. There were few words. I gripped her hand, gave her another pistol, and then we got away on a fine moonlit trail. We had not gone a mile when I heard a faint yell far behind. My game had been found out. There was nothing to do but to ride for it now and to fight if necessary. But fighting was not good, for I might be killed and then the girl would be caught just the same. We rode on—such a ride—the horses neck and neck, their feet pounding the prairie like piston rods, rawbone to rawbone, ding-dong gait. I knew they were after us, though I saw them but once on the crest of a divide, about three miles behind. Hour after hour like that, with ten minutes'

rest now and then at a spring, or to stretch our legs. We hardly spoke to each other; but God of Love! my heart was warm to this girl who had ridden one hundred and fifty miles in twenty-four hours.

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"Dawn was just breaking oozy and gray at the swell of the prairie, over the Jumping Sand Hills. They lay quiet and shining in the green-brown plain, but I knew that beneath there was a churn which could set those swells of sand in motion and make deadly sport of an army. Who could tell what it is? A flood under the surface, a tidal river—what? No man knows. But they are sea monsters on the land. Every morning at sunrise they begin to eddy and roll, and no man ever saw a stranger sight. Bien, I looked back. There were four horsemen coming on, about three miles away. What was there to do? The girl and myself on my tired horse were too much. They saw also and hurried on. There came to me a great idea. I must reach and cross the Jumping Sand Hills before sunrise. It was all a deadly chance.

"When we got to the edge of the sand they were almost a mile behind. I was all sick to my teeth as my poor Tophet stepped into the sand. God, how I watched the dawn! Slow, slow, we toiled over that velvet powder. As we reached the further side I felt that it was beginning to move. The sun was showing like the lid of an eye along the plain. I looked back. All four horsemen were in the sand, plunging on toward us. By the time we touched the brown-green prairie on the further side the sand was rolling behind us. The girl had not looked back. She seemed too dazed. I jumped from the horse and told her that she must push on alone to the fort; that Tophet could not carry both; that I should be in no danger. She looked at me, I cannot tell how, then stooped and kissed me between the eyes. I have never forgotten. I struck Tophet, and she was gone to her happiness, for she reached the fort and her lover's arms.

"But I stood looking back upon the Jumping Sand Hills. So, was there ever a sight like that—those hills gone like a smelting floor, the sunrise spotting it with rose and yellow, and three horses and their riders fighting what cannot be fought? What could I do? They would have got the girl if I had not led them across, and they would have killed me if they could. Only one cried out, and then but once, in a long shriek. But, after, all three were quiet as they fought, until they were gone where no man could see, where none cries out so we can hear."

There was a long pause, painful to bear. The trader sat with eyes fixed humbly as a dog's on Pierre. At last Macavoy said: "She kissed ye, Pierre—aw, yis, she did that! Jist betune the eyes. Do yees iver see her now, Pierre?"

But Pierre, though looking at him, made no answer.

THE FLYING MARCH

BY W. L. ALDEN

(Born at Williamstown, Mass., October 9, 1837)



ONE day Professor Van Wagener and I were walking together on our way to the post-office, when we met a regiment of infantry. Of course we stopped to look at them, for I don't suppose there is a man living who doesn't like to look at soldiers. The professor looked at the men in the critical sort of way that everybody puts on in such circumstances, and presently he said:

"Colonel, isn't it your opinion that a regiment that could march two hundred miles a day would be much more efficient than one that could only march twenty miles?"

"All other things being equal, it certainly would," I replied; "but the soldier who can march a hundred miles a day, not to speak of two hundred, isn't born yet."

"I think you are mistaken, Colonel!" said he. "It's my idea that by the use of proper means it can be made just as easy to march at the rate of twenty miles an hour as it is now to march at the rate of four miles an hour."

"There you are again!" said I. "You're thinking of some invention that is going to revolutionize the art of warfare! My dear professor! You've been revolutionizing warfare ever since I knew you, but I haven't noticed that it has been revolutionized to any great extent."

Well, nothing more was said on the subject at that time, but about a month later Van Wagener came over to my house one morning with a big basketful of machinery and chemicals on his arm and asked me to lend him the use of my backyard for an hour or two, while he revolutionized the art of warfare. Of course, I told him he could do anything in my backyard that he might want to do, provided he didn't do it with dynamite or any other explosive, and he assured me that this time there was nothing in the slightest degree dangerous in what he meant to do.

"I will explain the whole matter to you," he said, sitting down on a bench in my backyard, and wiping his forehead with a cloth stained with chemicals, for the basket was heavy, and the day was hot. "You remember we were speaking the other day about the marching abilities of infantry regiments. Now, let me ask you what it is that makes it hard for a soldier to march, or for any man to

walk. Isn't it the force of gravitation, which holds him down to the ground, and prevents him from lifting his foot except by a muscular effort?"

"I suppose it is," said I.

"Very good," said Van Wagener. "Now if you could reduce the force of gravitation one-half, or, say, two-thirds, it would be just that much easier for a man to walk than it is in existing circumstances, wouldn't it?"

"I admit it," said I. For it was always necessary to admit Van Wagener's premises, provided you wanted to carry on a conversation with him.

"You are really an intelligent man, Colonel!" said he, "although at times you are rather slow to perceive the merits of any valuable invention. As I was saying, the thing to do if you want to make walking or marching easier, is to reduce the force of gravitation.

"Please to look at my shirt for a moment," continued the professor. "As you see, it is made of very thin cloth coated with a coating of india rubber. Also, you will perceive, that it is made of two thicknesses of rubber cloth, joined together at the neck and the waist, and that just where the collar button would ordinarily come at the back of my neck, is a small valve. Now this shirt will hold just as many cubic feet of hydrogen gas as would be sufficient to lift a man of my weight, together with eighty pounds of arms and accoutrements."

"Then you mean a soldier shall fly instead of march?" I said.

"Not at all," said Van Wagener. "I simply propose to make him so light that he will be able to take steps thirty or forty feet long, and to jump over hedges and streams with perfect ease."

I wanted to remind the professor of a jumping machine that he had once invented, and that had nearly killed him when he tried to use it, but I kept quiet.

"Now," said my friend, taking off his coat and waistcoat, and wiping away the perspiration that was streaming down his face, "I will proceed to give you a practical illustration of the value of my invention. This is the first time I have actually experimented with it, but I have absolute confidence in its practicability."

With that Van Wagener opened his basket, and took out a sort of tin knapsack with a rubber tube attached to it.

"This," said he, "is the generator. I fasten this on my back, and you will understand that if I were a soldier I should carry it outside my knapsack. I connect this tube with the shirt-valve, and turn this little stop-cock. The moment the stop-cock is turned the gas begins to generate and flows through the tube into the shirt. When I have gas enough to reduce my weight one-half, I shut off the supply, and march on my way, taking steps twenty feet long, and feeling almost as light as a bird. But first, I must fasten these leaden soles to my boots, so that I can be sure of preserving an upright attitude. You see, I

shall be in just the same condition as a diver, the weight of whose body is reduced as he sinks in the water. He is obliged to wear shoes weighted with lead, for without them he might go down head first."

Van Wagener carefully tied his lead soles to his feet, and then he buckled the generator on his back, and tried to turn the stop-cock of which he had spoken. He had so much difficulty in finding it that he asked me to turn it for him, which, of course, I did.

Presently the gas began to hiss as it was generated, and the professor began to swell as his shirt gradually filled. When it was apparently about half full he asked me to turn off the gas, and then he started to walk across my back yard. There is no denying that the gas got in its work fairly well. Van Wagener went across that yard taking steps that were about ten feet long and bounding gently into the air every time his feet touched the ground. Still, his walk was to all appearance the drunkenest walk that has ever been seen since the days when Noah made his great invention of drunkenness. The professor's body was swinging forwards and backwards and sideways, and was mostly at an angle of, say, fifty degrees with the ground. It was clear that if it hadn't been for the lead soles fastened to his boots he would have done a good deal of walking on his head. I followed pretty close after him, and he evidently enjoyed himself immensely, for he kept calling out to me to notice how light he was, and demanded to know whether he hadn't knocked gravitation endways with his gas machine. Even when he came down with both feet in a briar bush, and stuck there until I pulled him out by main force, leaving a large proportion of his trousers in the bush, he never lost his spirits. He had walked twice round the yard when a little accident happened which interrupted his experiment. He came down with both feet on my cat's tail. Now Tommie was one of the best-tempered cats I ever knew, that is to say so long as you treated him with proper respect.

Being mad all over, Tommie frees his mind with a few remarks, and then he makes a jump for the professor's shoulder, where he stopped long enough to give him a couple of good ones on the cheek that drew the blood, and then he went over the fence in search of a quiet spot where he could make repairs to his tail. I came up to the professor to sympathize with him while he was wiping the blood from his face, but he sang out to me not to bring my cigar anywhere near him, for the gas was leaking, and an explosion might be brought about. I could see that his size was rapidly growing less, and in a little while the gas had all escaped through half-a-dozen holes that the cat's claws had made in the shirt, and the professor was able to walk like an ordinary Christian.

"I can't do anything more," said Van Wagener, "until I have mended the leaks in my shirt. You'll admit, I think, that my experiment was a great success?"

"I'll admit," said I, "that any army in the world would run away from an enemy approaching in the same style as you circulated round my yard."

"Wait till I have had a little more experience," said the professor. "Tomorrow, at about this hour, I will come back here with my shirt repaired, and everything ready for a final and conclusive experiment. I hope you will have the goodness to lock up that abominable cat, for I can't promise to succeed in my experiment if that beast is on hand."

"All right," said I, "the cat shall be locked up. But I ask you what will happen when your army marches across country with their shirts inflated with gas? Cats are awfully common, and if the army treads on a cat's tail there'll be a panic that will be worse than a defeat."

Van Wagener didn't condescend to answer me, but he marched out of my yard with his basket on his arm, and a glow of triumph in his face, which struck me as being a little previous, in view of all the facts.

Well, the next day the professor turned up at the same hour in the very best of spirits.

This time he had extra heavy lead weights to his feet, and when everything was ready, I turned on the supply of gas for him, until he judged that his weight had been reduced to about one-third of what it ordinarily was. Then he gave me the word to turn off the gas, and he started to walk across the yard. His walk was only a little drunker in appearance than it had been the day before, but he certainly did get over the ground at a tremendous rate. Every time his feet touched the earth he bounded about ten feet into the air, and came down again a good thirty feet from where he had started. He went the length of the yard, which was fully five hundred feet, in no time at all, and as he passed me on the way back, he was so excited that he tried to clap his feet together, and to crow like a rooster. I don't say this was quite worthy of a respectable scientific man, but allowances must be made for an inventor who finds that his invention works. But the professor made the biggest mistake in his life when he tried to clap his feet together. In so doing, one of his lead soles, which had been tied on by the professor himself, with a sort of knot that was of no manner of use, dropped off, and Van Wagener went up into the air like a shot. I saw him trying to reach the stop-cock that shuts off the gas from his shirt, but he could not find it, and it would have done him no good if he had found it. What that shirt needed was some sort of safety valve for letting the gas escape in case of accident, but Van Wagener had omitted to furnish it with any such valve. Without his lead sole he was considerably lighter than the atmosphere, and consequently there was nothing to prevent him from going up. There was a gentle breeze from the southward, and as Van Wagener rose slowly and seemed to be drifting towards a thickly-built part of the town I was in hopes that he would be able to catch

hold of some building and hold on till some one could come to his aid. He never said a word as he sailed upwards, but I'm ready to bet that he would have given a good deal if the cat could have jumped on him from the roof of the house and punctured his shirt. I sang out to him to keep cool, which is the easiest thing to say to a man who is in difficulties, but he simply smiled a resigned sort of smile, and disappeared behind the house.

I ran out of the front door and chased the professor, keeping my eye on him just as a sailor keeps his eye on a man who falls overboard, though there wasn't any chance of sending a life boat, or, for that matter, a life balloon, after him. He drifted along at an elevation of perhaps fifty feet, and presently I saw he was heading directly for the Presbyterian church. The church itself was only about thirty feet high from the ground to the roof, but it had a steeple that was a good hundred feet in height, though it didn't look it. Van Wagener drifted along amid the general enthusiasm of the inhabitants, who all rushed out-of-doors to see him, and imagined that he had contrived some new way of navigating the air, and was making a big success of it.

By rare good luck, he happened to hit the very top of the Presbyterian steeple, and he caught hold of it and held on for all he was worth. There wasn't much to hold on to, except the lightning-rod, for, of course, there wasn't any cross there, and in the place where a cross ought to have been there was a big gilt pineapple, which was too big to put one's arms round.

By the time I got alongside of the church there were about two thousand people—men, women and children—there, waiting to see the professor fall, and be smashed to pieces by the time he should strike the ground. They were all in the best of spirits, as folks generally are when they are admitted free to some attractive show. Deacon White was the only exception; he disapproved strongly of Van Wagener's conduct, and said that it was little better than sacrilege. Of course I knew that the professor was in no danger of falling down. What he wanted to do was to avoid falling up, whenever it should become necessary for him to let go his hold. I saw that the thing to do was to get a rope to him as soon as possible, calculating that he would have sense enough to know how to use it. The difficulty was how to get the rope to him, for the steeple was perfectly smooth on the outside, so that nobody could possibly climb it, and there was no ladder in the town that would reach half-way up to the pineapple. Pretty soon I saw my way. I sent a man to get two hundred feet of stout line, and then I found a boy who was flying a kite, and bought out his whole stock for fifty cents. I used to be a middling good kite flyer when I was a boy, and it didn't take me very long to manoeuvre that kite so that the string fell across Van Wagener's shoulder, and I saw him seize it with one hand. Then I bent the two hundred feet of line to the kiting, and shook it as a signal to the

professor to haul away. He did so, and in a little while he had one end of the line in his possession, and he cast the kite adrift, string and all.

Any man who wasn't a scientific person would have known that I expected Van Wagener to tie the line to his ankles, and let me pull him gently down. But the professor never thought of that. He tied the line fast to the lightning-rod, and started to slide down it. Naturally, his inflated shirt made that impossible. We could see him hanging on to the line with both hands, and with his body swinging out at right angles, but in spite of all he could do he couldn't manage to climb down the line a single foot. The public got more excited than ever, and the betting on the professor's ultimate fate was lively. But after a time he came to the conclusion that he had made a mistake, and I was never more relieved in my life than when I saw him climb back to his perch on the pineapple and begin to unfasten the line. He kept me on the anxious seat for the next ten minutes while he waited to rest, and then I was delighted to see him make the line fast to both his ankles.

It was a beautiful spectacle, the way in which the professor came down as I hauled in on the line. He kept perfectly erect, but he also kept slowly revolving on his axis, as you might say. His arms were stretched out at right angles to his body in order to steady himself a little, and the general effect of him was that of an angel without wings in the act of blessing the public. When he reached the ground, I got a good hold of him and slit his inflated shirt with my penknife. Then, when the gas had all escaped, I untied his legs, and, giving him my arm, for he was more or less weak with the excitement of his adventure, I took him home, followed by a cheering and enthusiastic crowd composed of all the leading citizens of the place, without distinction of creed or politics.

For my part, I consider that Van Wagener's invention was a success, but, curiously enough, he never made any further experiments with it. You see, he had got a pretty big scare when he was drifting over the town and clinging to the Presbyterian steeple, and the result was that he weakened, as you might say, on his invention. Now that Van Wagener is dead, it is open to any one to take up his invention and make a practical success of it.

A STORY FOR A CHILD

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

I.

Little one, come to my knee!
Hark how the rain is pouring
Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,
And the wind in the woods a-roaring!

II.

Hush, my darling, and listen,
Then pay for the story with kisses:
Father was lost in the pitch-black night,
In just such a storm as this is!

III.

High up on the lonely mountains,
Where the wild men watched and waited;
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,
And I on my path belated.

IV.

The rain and the night together
Came down, and the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,
And snapping many a rafter.

V.

I crept along in the darkness,
Stunned and bruised and blinded—
Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,
And a sheltering rock behind it.

VI.

There, from the blowing and raining
Crouching, I sought to hide me:
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,
And a wolf lay down beside me.

VII.

Little one, be not frightened ;
I and the wolf together,
Side by side, through the long, long night,
Hid from the awful weather.

VIII.

His wet fur pressed against me ;
Each of us warmed the other :
Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,
That beast and man was brother.

IX.

And when the falling forest
No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding-place
Forth in the wild, wet morning.

X.

Darling, kiss me payment !
Hark how the wind is roaring :
Father's house is a better place
When the stormy rain is pouring !



SPELLING DOWN THE MASTER

FROM "THE HOOSIER SCHOOL-MASTER"

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON

(Born at Vevay, Ind., December 10, 1837)



"LOW," said Mrs. Means, as she stuffed the tobacco into her cob pipe after supper on that eventful Wednesday evening: "I 'low they'll app'int the Squire to gin out the words to-night. They mos' always do, you see, kase he's the peartest *ole* man in this deestrick; and I 'low some of the young fellers would have to git up and dust ef they would keep up to him. And he uses sech remarkable smart words.

He speaks so polite, too. But laws! don't I remember when he was poarer nor Job's turkey? Twenty year ago, when he come to these 'ere diggin's, that air Squire Hawkins was a poar Yankee school-master, that said 'pail' instead of bucket, and that called a cow a 'caow,' and that couldn't tell to save his gizzard what we meant by *low* and by *right smart*. But he's larnt our ways now, an' he's jest as civilized as the rest of us. You wouldn't know he'd ever been a Yankee. He didn't stay poar long. Not he. He jest married a right rich girl! He! He!" And the old woman grinned at Ralph, and then at Mirandy, and then at the rest, until Ralph shuddered. Nothing was so frightful to him as to be fawnd on by this grinning ogre, whose few lonesome, blackish teeth seemed ready to devour him. "He didn't stay poar, you bet a hoss!" and with this the coal was deposited on the pipe and the lips began to crack like parchment as each puff of smoke escaped. "He married rich, you see," and here another significant look at the young master and another fond look at Mirandy as she puffed away reflectively. "His wife hadn't no book-larin'. She'd been through the spellin' book wunst and had got as fur as 'asperity' on it a second time. But she couldn't read a word when she was married and never could. She warn't overly smart. She hadn't hardly got the sense the law allows. But schools was skase in them air days, and besides, book-larin' don't do no good to a woman. Makes her stuck up. I never knowed but one gal in my life as had ciphered into fractions and she was so dog-on stuck up that she turned up her nose one night at a apple-peelin' bekase I tuck a sheet off the bed to splice out the table-cloth, which was ruther short."

* * * * *

Every family furnished a candle. There were yellow dips and white dips, burning, smoking and flaring. There was laughing and talking and giggling

and simpering and ogling and flirting and courting. What a full-dress party is to Fifth Avenue, a spelling-school is to Hoopole County. It is an occasion which is metaphorically inscribed with this legend: "Choose your partners." Spelling is only a blind in Hoopole County, as is dancing on Fifth Avenue. But as there are some in society who love dancing for its own sake, so in Flat Creek district there were those who loved spelling for its own sake, and who, smelling the battle from afar, had come to try their skill in this tournament, hoping to freshen the laurels they had won in their school-days.

"I 'low," said Mr. Means, speaking as the principal school trustee, "I 'low our friend the Square is jest the man to boss this 'ere consarn to-night. Ef nobody objects I'll app'int him. Come, Square, don't be bashful. Walk up to the trough, fodder or no fodder, as the man said to his donkey."

There was a general giggle at this, and many of the young swains took occasion to nudge the girls alongside them, ostensibly for the purpose of making them see the joke, but really for the pure pleasure of nudging. The Greeks figured Cupid as naked, probably because he wears so many disguises that they could not select a costume for him.

The Squire came to the front. Ralph made an inventory of the agglomeration which bore the name of Squire Hawkins, as follows:

1. A swallow-tail coat of indefinite age, worn only on state occasions, when its owner was called to figure in his public capacity. Either the Squire had grown too large or the coat too small.

2. A pair of black gloves, the most phenomenal, abnormal, and unexpected apparition conceivable in Flat Creek district, where the preachers wore no coats in the Summer, and where a black glove was never seen except on the hands of the Squire.

3. A wig of that dirty, waxen color so common to wigs. This one showed a continual inclination to slip off the owner's smooth, bald pate, and the Squire had frequently to adjust it. As his hair had been red, the wig did not accord with his face, and the hair ungrayed was doubly discordant with a countenance shriveled by age.

4. A semicircular row of whiskers hedging the edge of the jaw and chin. These were dyed a frightful dead-black, such a color as belonged to no natural hair or beard that ever existed. At the roots there was a quarter of an inch of white, giving the whiskers the appearance of having been stuck on.

5. A pair of spectacles "with tortoise-shell rim." Wont to slip off.

6. A glass eye, purchased of a pedlar, and differing in color from its natural mate, perpetually getting out of focus by turning in or out.

7. A set of false teeth, badly fitted, and given to bobbing up and down.

8. The Squire proper, to whom these patches were loosely attached.

It is an old story that a boy wrote home to his father begging him to come West, because "mighty mean men get into office out here." But Ralph concluded that some Yankees had taught school in Hoopole County who would not have held a high place in the educational institutions of Massachusetts. Hawkins had some New England idioms, but they were well overlaid by a Western pronunciation.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, shoving up his spectacles, and sucking his lips over his white teeth to keep them in place, "ladies and gentlemen, young men and maidens, raley I'm obleeged to Mr. Means fer this honor," and the Squire took both hands and turned the top of his head round half an inch. Then he adjusted his spectacles. Whether he was obliged to Mr. Means for the honor of being compared to a donkey was not clear. "I feel in the inmost compartments of my animal spirits a most happifying sense of the success and futility of all my endeavors to sarve the people of Flat Creek deestrick, and the people of Tomkins township, in my weak way and manner." This burst of eloquence was delivered with a constrained air and an apparent sense of a danger that he, Squire Hawkins, might fall to pieces in his weak way and manner, and of the success and futility of all attempts at reconstruction. For by this time the ghastly pupil of the left eye, which was black, was looking away round to the left, while the little blue one on the right twinkled cheerfully toward the front. The front teeth would drop down so that the Squire's mouth was kept nearly closed, and his words whistled through.

"I feel as if I could be grandiloquent on this interesting occasion"—twisting his scalp round—"but raley I must forego any such exertions. It is spelling you want. Spelling is the corner-stone, the grand, underlying subterfuge of a good eddication. I put the spellin'-book prepared by the great Daniel Webster alongside the Bible. I do, raley. I think I may put it ahead of the Bible; for if it wurn't fer spellin'-books and sich occasions as these, where would the Bible be? I should like to know. The man who got up, who compounded this work of inextricable valoo, was a benufactor to the whole human race or any other." Here the spectacles fell off. The Squire replaced them in some confusion, gave the top of his head another twist, and felt of his glass eye, while poor Shocky stared in wonder, and Betsey Short rolled from side to side in the effort to suppress her giggle. Mrs. Means and the other old ladies looked the applause they could not speak.

"I app'int Larkin Lanham and Jeems Buchanan fer captings," said the Squire. And the two young men thus named took a stick and tossed it from hand to hand to decide which should have the "first choice." One tossed the stick to the other, who held it fast just where he happened to catch it. Then the first placed his hand above the second, and so on the hands were alternately

changed to the top. The one who held the stick last without room for the other to take hold had gained the lot. This was tried three times. As Larkin held the stick twice out of three times, he had the choice. He hesitated a moment. Everybody looked toward tall Jim Phillips. But Larkin was fond of a venture on unknown seas, and so he said, "I take the master," while a buzz of surprise ran round the room, and the captain of the other side, as if afraid his opponent would withdraw his choice, retorted quickly, and with a little smack of exultation and defiance in his voice, "And *I* take Jeems Phillips."

And soon all present, except a few of the old folks, found themselves ranged in opposing hosts, the poor spellers lagging in, with what grace they could, at the foot of the two divisions. The Squire opened his spelling-book and began to give out the words to the two captains, who stood up and spelled against each other. It was not long until Larkin spelled "really" with one *l*, and had to sit down in confusion, while a murmur of satisfaction ran through the ranks of the opposing forces. His own side bit their lips. The slender figure of the young teacher took the place of the fallen leader, and the excitement made the house very quiet. Ralph dreaded the loss of prestige he would suffer if he should be easily spelled down. And at the moment of rising he saw in the darkest corner the figure of a well-dressed young man sitting in the shadow. Why should his evil genius haunt him? But by a strong effort he turned his attention away from Dr. Small, and listened carefully to the words which the Squire did not pronounce very distinctly, spelling them with extreme deliberation. This gave him an air of hesitation which disappointed those on his own side. They wanted him to spell with a dashing assurance. But he did not begin a word until he had mentally felt his way through it. After ten minutes of spelling hard words, Jeems Buchanan, the captain on the other side, spelled "atrocious" with an *s* instead of a *c*, and subsided, his first choice, Jeems Phillips, coming up against the teacher. This brought the excitement to fever-heat. For though Ralph was chosen first, it was entirely on trust, and most of the company were disappointed. The champion who now stood up against the school-master was a famous speller.

Jim Phillips was a tall, lank, stoop-shouldered fellow who had never distinguished himself in any other pursuit than spelling. Except in this one art of spelling he was of no account. He could not catch well or bat well in ball. He could not throw well enough to make his mark in that famous Western game of bullpen. He did not succeed well in any study but that of Webster's Elementary. But in that he was—to use the usual Flat Creek locution—in that he was a "hoss." This genius for spelling is in some people a sixth sense, a matter of intuition. Some spellers are born, and not made, and their facility reminds one of the mathematical prodigies that crop out every now and then

to bewilder the world. Bud Means, foreseeing that Ralph would be pitted against Jim Phillips, had warned his friend that Jim could "spell like thunder and lightning," and that it "took a powerful smart speller" to beat him, for he knew "a heap of spelling-book." To have "spelled down the master" is next thing to having whipped the biggest bully in Hoopole County, and Jim had "spelled down" the last three masters. He divided the hero-worship of the district with Bud Means.

For half an hour the Squire gave out hard words. What a blessed thing our crooked orthography is! Without it there could be no spelling-schools. As Ralph discovered his opponent's mettle he became more and more cautious. He was now satisfied that Jim would eventually beat him. The fellow evidently knew more about the spelling-book than old Noah Webster himself. As he stood there, with his dull face and long, sharp nose, his hands behind his back and his voice spelling infallibly, it seemed to Hartsook that his superiority must lie in his nose. Ralph's cautiousness answered a double purpose; it enabled him to tread surely, and it was mistaken by Jim for weakness. Phillips was now confident that he should carry off the scalp of the fourth school-master before the evening was over. He spelled eagerly, confidently, brilliantly. Stoop-shouldered as he was, he began to straighten up. In the minds of all the company the odds were in his favor. He saw this, and became ambitious to distinguish himself by spelling without giving the matter any thought.

"Theodolite," said the Squire.

"T-h-e, the, o-d, od, theod; o, theod δ ; l-y-t-e, theodolite," spelled the champion.

"Nex'," said the Squire, nearly losing his teeth in his excitement. Ralph spelled the word slowly and correctly, and the conquered champion sat down in confusion. The excitement was so great for some minutes that the spelling was suspended. Everybody in the house had shown sympathy with one or the other of the combatants, except the silent shadow in the corner. It had not moved during the contest, and did not show any interest now in the result.

"Gewhilliky crickets! Thunder and lightning! Licked him all to smash!" said Bud, rubbing his hands on his knees. "That beats my time all holler!"

And Betsey Short giggled until her tuck-comb fell out, though she was on the defeated side.

Shocky got up and danced with pleasure.

But one suffocating look from the aqueous eyes of Mirandy destroyed the last spark of Ralph's pleasure in his triumph, and sent that awful below-zero feeling all through him.

"He's powerful smart, is the master," said old Jack to Mr. Pete Jones.

"He'll beat the whole kit and tuck of 'em afore he's through. I know'd he was smart. That's the reason I tuck him," proceeded Mr. Means.

"Yaas, but he don't lick enough. Not nigh," answered Pete Jones. "No lickin', no larnin', says I."

It was now not so hard. The other spellers on the opposite side went down quickly under the hard words which the Squire gave out. The master had mowed down all but a few, his opponents had given up the battle, and all had lost their keen interest in a contest to which there could be but one conclusion, for there were only the poor spellers left. But Ralph Hartsook ran against a stump where he was least expecting it. It was the Squire's custom, when one of the smaller scholars or poorer spellers rose to spell against the master, to give out eight or ten easy words, that they might have some breathing-spell before being slaughtered, and then to give a poser or two which soon settled them. He let them run a little, as a cat does a doomed mouse. There was now but one person left on the opposite side, and, as she rose in her blue calico dress, Ralph recognized Hannah, the bound girl at old Jack Means'. She had not attended school in the district and had never spelled in spelling-school before, and she was chosen last as an uncertain quantity. The Squire began with easy words of two syllables, from that page of Webster so well known to all who ever thumbed it as "baker," from the word that stands at the top of the page. She spelled these words in an absent and uninterested manner. As everybody knew that she would have to go down as soon as this preliminary skirmishing was over, everybody began to get ready to go home, and already there was the buzz of preparation. Young men were timidly asking girls if "they could see them safe home," which was the approved formula, and were trembling in mortal fear of "the mitten." Presently the Squire, thinking it time to close the contest, pulled his scalp forward, adjusted his glass eye, which had been examining his nose long enough, and turned over the leaves of the book to the great words at the place known to spellers as "incomprehensibility," and began to give out those "words of eight syllables with the accent on the sixth." Listless scholars now turned round, and ceased to whisper, in order to be in at the master's final triumph. But to their surprise, "old Miss Means's white nigger," as some of them called her in allusion to her slavish life, spelled these great words with as perfect ease as the master. Still not doubting the result, the Squire turned from place to place and selected all the hard words he could find. The school became utterly quiet, the excitement was too great for the ordinary buzz. Would "Means's-Hanner" beat the master—beat the master that had laid out Jim Phillips? Everybody's sympathy was now turned to Hannah. Ralph noticed that even Shocky had deserted him, and that his face grew brilliant every time Hannah spelled a word. In fact, Ralph deserted himself. As he saw the fine, timid

face of the girl so long oppressed flush and shine with interest; as he looked at the rather low but broad and intelligent brow and the fresh, white complexion, and saw the rich, womanly nature coming to the surface under the influence of applause and sympathy, he did not want to beat. If he had not felt that a victory given would insult her, he would have missed intentionally. The bulldog, the stern, relentless setting of the will had gone, he knew not whither. And there had come in its place, as he looked in that face, a something which he did not understand. You did not, gentle reader, the first time it came to you.

The Squire was puzzled. He had given out all the hard words in the book. He again pulled the top of his head forward. Then wiped his spectacles and put them on. Then out of the depths of his pocket he fished up a list of words just coming into use in those days—words not in the spelling-book. He regarded the paper attentively with his blue right eye. His black left eye meanwhile fixed itself in such a stare on Mirandy Means that she shuddered and hid her eyes in her red silk handkerchief.

"Daguerreotype," sniffed the Squire. It was Ralph's turn.

"D-a-u, dau——"

"Next."

And Hannah spelled it right.

Such a buzz followed that Betsey Short's giggle could not be heard, but Shocky shouted: "Hanner beat! My Hanner spelled down the master!" And Ralph went over and congratulated her.

And Dr. Small sat perfectly still in the corner.

And then the Squire called them to order, and said: "As our friend Hanner Thompson is the only one left on her side, she will have to spell against nearly all on t'other side. I shall therefore take the liberty of procrastinating the completion of this interesting and exacting contest until to-morrow evening. I hope our friend Hanner may again carry off the cypress crown of glory. There is nothing better for us than healthful and kindly simulation."

Dr. Small; who knew the road to practice, escorted Mirandy, and Bud went home with something else. The others of the Means family hurried on, while Hannah, the champion, stayed behind a minute to speak to Shocky. Perhaps it was because Ralph saw that Hannah must go alone that he suddenly remembered having left something which was of no consequence, and resolved to go round by Mr. Means's and get it.

Tom. Egerton,

THE NIGHT BEFORE THANKSGIVING

BEING A TALE REPRODUCED IN FAC SIMILE FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT

(Born at South Berwick, Me., Sept. 3, 1849)

There was a sad heart in the low-storied dark little house that stood humbly by the roadside under some tall elms. Small as her house was old Mrs. Robb found it too large for herself alone, she only needed the kitchen and a tiny bedroom that led out of it, and there still remained the best room and a bedroom, with the low garret overhead.

There had been a time, after she was left alone, when Mrs. Robb could help those who were poorer than herself. She owned a pig, and was strong enough not only to do a woman's work inside her house but almost a man's work outside in her piece of garden ground. At last sickness and age had come hand in hand, those two relentless enemies of the poor, and together they ^{had} wasted her strength and substance. She had always been looked up to by her neighbors



SARAH ORNE JEWETT

as being independent, but now she was left, lame-footed and lame-shouldered, with a debt to carry, and her bare land, and the house ill provisioned to stand the siege of time.

For a while she managed to get on but at last it began to be whispered about that it was no use for ^{any one} to be so proud; it was easier for the whole town to care for her than for a few neighbours, and she had better go to the poor-house before winter and be done with it. At this terrible suggestion her brave heart seemed to stand still, the people whom she cared most for happened to be poor and she could no longer go into their households to make herself of use. The very elms overhead seemed to say no as they groaned in the ~~northward~~ ~~and~~ late autumn winds, and there was something appealing even to strange passers-by in the look of the little gray house, with Mrs. Robb's pale, worried face at the window.

I I

Some one has said that anniversaries are days to make other people happy in, but sometimes, when they come they seem to be full of shadows, and the power of giving joy to others, that inalienable right which ought to lighten the saddest heart, the most indifferent sympathy, sometimes even this seems to be withheld.

So poor old Mary Ann Robb sat at her window on the afternoon before Thanksgiving and felt herself to be poor and sorrowful indeed. Across the frozen road she looked eastward over a great stretch of cold meadow land brown and wind swept and crossed by icy ditches. It seemed to her as if in all the troubles that she had known and carried before this, there had always been some hope to hold, as if she had never looked poverty full in the face and seen its cold and pitiless look before. She looked anxiously down the

road with a horrible shuddering and dread at the thought of being asked, out of pity, to join in some Thanksgiving feast, but there was nobody coming with gifts in hand. Once she had been full of love for such days whether at home or abroad, but something had chilled her very heart now, poor old woman.

Her nearest neighbour had been foremost of those who wished her to go to the town-farm and he had said more than once that it was the only sensible thing. But John Mander was waiting ^{impatently} to get her tiny farm into his own hands, he had advanced some money upon it in her extremity, and pretended that there was still a debt, after he had cleared her woodlot to pay himself back. He would plough over the graves in the field corner and fell the great elms, and waited for his poor prey like a spider.

He had often reproached her for being too generous to worthless people in the past and coming to be a charge to others now. Oh, if she could only die in her own home and not suffer the pain of homelessness and dependence!

It was just at sunset and as she looked out hopelessly across the gray fields, there was a sudden gleam of light far away on the low hills beyond. The clouds opened in the west and let the sunshine through. One lonely gleam shot swift as an arrow and brightened a far cold hillside where it fell, and at the same moment a sudden gleam of hope brightened the winter landscape of her heart.

"That was Johnny Harris," said Mary Ann softly, "he was a soldier's son, left ^{an} orphan and distressed. Old John Mander scolded, but I couldn't see the

poor boy want, I kep' him that year after he got hurt, spite o' what any body said an' he helped me what little he could; he said I was the only mother he'd ever had. 'I'm goin' out west mother Robb says he 'I shant come back till I get rich' an' then he'd look at me an' laugh, so pleasant an' boyish. He want one that liked to write, I dont think he was doin' ^{very} well when I heard; there it's years ago now. I always thought if he got sick or anythin' I should have a ^{good} home for him. There was Ezra Blake the deaf one, too. he want have ^{any} place to come to —"

The light had faded out of doors, and again Mrs. Robb's troubles stood before her, yet it was not so dark as it had been in her sad heart. She still sat by the window hoping now in spite of herself, instead of fearing, and a curious feeling of nearness and expectancy made her feel not so much light-hearted as light-headed. "I feel jist as if somethin' was goin' to happen." She said. "Poor Johnny Harris, perhaps he's thinkin' o' me, if he's alive."

It was dark now out of doors and there were
 tiny clicks against the window. It was beginning
 to snow and the great elms creaked in the
 rising wind overhead

[[[

A dead limb of one of the old trees had fallen
 that autumn and poor firewood as it had been, it
 was Mrs. Robb's own and she had burnt it most
 thankfully. There was ^{only} a small amount left, but
 at least she could have the luxury of a fire. She
 had a feeling that it was her last night at home,
 and with strange xchlemes, she began to fill the
 stove as she used in better days. "I'll get me
 good an' warm," she said still talking to herself
 as lonely people do, "an' I'll go to bed early. 'K.
 comin' on to storm."

The snow clicked faster and faster against
 the window, and she sat alone thinking, in the
 dark. "There's lots o' folks I love," she said
 once "they'd be sorry I aint got nobody to
 come, an' no saffer the night afore Thanksgiving."

I'm dreadful glad they don't know - and she drew a little nearer to the fire, and laid her head back drowsily in the old rocking chair.

It seemed only a moment before there was a loud knocking, and somebody lifted the latch of the door. The fire shone bright through the front of the old stove and made a little light in the room, but Mary Ann Robb waked up frightened and bewildered.

"Who's there?" she called as she found her entree and went ~~nearer~~ to the door. She was conscious of only her one great fear. "They've come to take me to the poor-house!" she said, and burst into tears.

There was a tall man, not John Mauder, who seemed to fill the narrow doorway. "Come, let me in," he said gaily "it's a cold night. You didn't expect me, did you, mother Robb?"

"Dear me, what is it!" she faltered stepping,

back as he came in, and droppin' her crutch. Be I dreamin'? — I was a dreamin' about — Oh there! Ah, what was I a sayin'; 'tain't true, no I've made some kind of a mistake."

Yes, this was the man who kept the poorhouse and she would go in to get complaint; they might have given her notice, but she must not fret.

"Sit down sir," she said, turning toward him with touching patience. "You'll have to give me a little time. If I'd been notified I wouldn't have kept you ^{waitin'} a minute this cold night."

It was not the keeper: the man by the door took one step forward and put his arms round her and kissed her.

"What are you talkin' about?" said John Harris. "You aint goin' to make me feel like a stranger. I've come all the way from Dakota to spend Thanksgiving."

There's all sorts o' things out here on the wagon, an' a man to help get 'em in. Why, don't you cry so Mother Robb, I thought you'd have a great laugh if I come an' surprised you! Don't you ~~remember~~ remember I said I should!"

It was John Harris indeed. The poor soul ~~felt~~ could say nothing, she felt now as if her heart was going to break with joy. He left her in the rocking chair and came and went in his old bony way bringing in his store of gifts and provisions, it was better than any dream. He laughed and talked, and went out to send away the man to bring a wagon full of wood from John Mander's and came in ^{himself} laden with pieces of the nearest fence to keep the fire going in the meantime. They must cook the steak for supper right away, they must find the package of tea among all the other bundles. They must get good feds

started in both the bed rooms; why, mother Robb didn't seem to be ready for company from out west! The great cheerful fellow hurried about the tiny house and the ~~little~~ little old woman limped after him: forgetting everything but hospitality. Had not she a house for John to come to? Were not her old chairs and tables in their places still, and he remembered everything and kissed her as they stood before the ~~fire~~ fire as if she were a girl!

He had found plenty of hard times, but luck had come at last, he had struck luck and this was the end of a great year.

"No, I could not seem to write letters, no use to complain o' the worst an' I wanted to tell you the best when I came," and he told it while she cooked the supper.

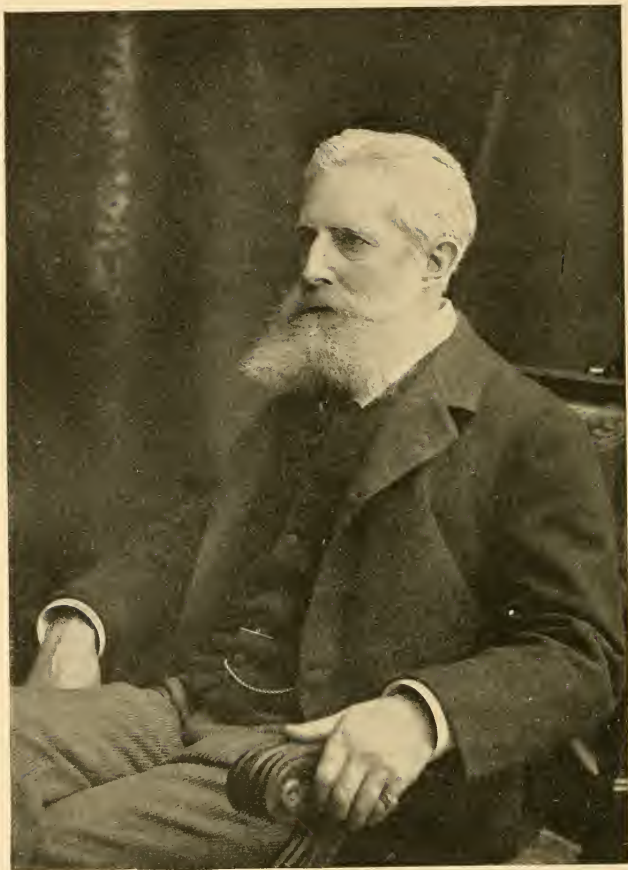
"No, I want you to write no foolish letters," she repeated; he was afraid he should cry himself when he found out how bad things had been, and they sat

down to suffer together just as they used when he was a homeless orphan boy whom nobody else wanted in winter weather while he was crippled and could not work. She could not be kinder now than she was then, but she looked so poor and old. He saw her taste her cup of tea and set it down again with a trembling hand and look at him.

'No, I wanted to come myself,' he muttered wiping his eyes and trying to laugh. 'And you're going to have everything you need to make you comfortable long's you live, Mother Robb!'

She looked at him again and nodded, but she did not even try to speak. There was a good hot supper ready and plenty of wood, and her own folks had come; it was the night before Thanksgiving.

Sarah Orne Jewett



EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

THE OLD ADMIRAL

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

Gone at last,
That brave old hero of the past!
His spirit has a second birth,
 An unknown, grander life;
All of him that was earth
 Lies mute and cold,
 Like a wrinkled sheath and old
Thrown off forever from the shimmering blade
That has good entrance made
 Upon some distant, glorious strife.

From another generation,
 A simpler age, to ours Old Ironsides came;
The morn and noontide of the nation
 Alike he knew, nor yet outlived his fame—
 Oh, not outlived his fame!
The dauntless men whose service guards our shore
 Lengthen still their glory-roll
 With his name to lead the scroll,
As a flagship at her fore
 Carries the Union, with its azure and the stars,
Symbol of times that are no more
 And the old heroic wars.

He was the one
Whom Death had spared alone
 Of all the captains of that lusty age,
Who sought the foeman where he lay,
On sea or sheltering bay,
 Nor till the prize was theirs repressed their rage.
They are gone—all gone:
 They rest with glory and the undying powers;
 Only their name and fame and what they saved are ours!

It was fifty years ago,
Upon the Gallic Sea,
He bore the banner of the free,
And fought the fight whereof our children know.
The dreadful, desperate fight!—
Under the fair moon's light
The frigate squared, and yawed to left and right.
Every broadside swept to death a score!
Roundly played her guns and well, till their fiery ensigns fell,
Neither foe replying more.

All in silence, when the night-breeze cleared the air,
Old Ironsides rested there,
Locked in between the twain, and drenched with blood.
Then homeward, like an eagle with her prey!
Oh, it was a gallant fray,
That fight at Biscay Bay!
Fearless the Captain stood, in his youthful hardihood;
He was the boldest of them all,
Our brave old Admiral!

And still our heroes bleed,
Taught by that olden deed.
Whether of iron or of oak
The ships we marshal at our country's need,
Still speak their cannon now as then they spoke;
Still floats our unstruck banner from the mast
As in the stormy past.

Lay him in the ground:
Let him rest where the ancient river rolls;
Let him sleep beneath the shadow and the sound
Of the bell whose proclamation, as it tolls,
Is of Freedom and the gift our fathers gave.
Lay him gently down:
The clamor of the town
Will not break the slumbers deep, the beautiful ripe sleep
Of this lion of the wave,
Will not trouble the old Admiral in his grave.

Earth to earth his dust is laid.
Methinks his stately shade
 On the shadow of a great ship leaves the shore ;
Over cloudless western seas
Seeks the far Hesperides,
 The islands of the blest,
Where no turbulent billows roar—
 Where is rest.

His ghost upon the shadowy quarter stands
Nearing the deathless lands.
 There all his martial mates, renewed and strong,
 Await his coming long.
I see the happy Heroes rise
With gratulation in their eyes :

“Welcome, old comrade,” Lawrence cries ;
“Ah, Stewart, tell us of the wars !
Who win the glory and the scars ?
How floats the skyey flag ? how many stars ?
 Still speak they of Decatur’s name ?
 Of Bainbridge’s and Perry’s fame ?
 Of me, who earliest came ?
 Make ready, all :
 Room for the Admiral !
Come, Stewart, tell us of the wars !”



PHOTO BY HOLLINGER & CO., N. Y.

PAUL L. FORD

“GATHER YE ROSEBUDS WHILE YE MAY”

A PART OF ONE CHAPTER FROM THE HONORABLE PETER STERLING

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD

(Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., 1865)



FEW days later Peter again went up the steps of the Fifty-seventh Street house. This practice was becoming habitual with Peter; in fact, so habitual that his cabby had said to him this very day, "The old place, sir?" Where Peter got the time it is difficult to understand, considering that his law practice was said to be large, and his political occupations just at present not small. But that is immaterial. The simple fact that Peter went up the steps is the essential truth.

From the steps he passed into a door; from the door he passed into a hall; from a hall he passed into a room; from a room he passed into a pair of arms.

"Thank the Lord, you've come," Watts remarked. "Leonore has up and down refused to make the tea till you arrived."

"I was at headquarters, and they would talk, talk, talk," said Peter. "I get out of patience with them. One would think the destinies of the human race depended on this campaign!"

"So the Growley should have his tea," said a vision, now seated on the lounge at the tea-table. "Then Growley will feel better."

"I'm doing that already," said Growley, sitting down on the delightfully short lounge, now such a fashionable and deservedly popular drawing-room article. "May I tell you how you can make me absolutely contented?"

"I suppose that will mean some favor from me," said Leonore. "I don't like children who want to be bribed out of their bad temper. Nice little boys are never bad-tempered."

"I was only bad-tempered," whispered Peter, "because I was kept from being with you. That's cause enough to make the best-tempered man in the universe murderous."

"Well?" said Leonore, mollifying, "what is it this time?"

"I want you all to come down to my quarters this evening after dinner. I've received warning that I'm to be serenaded about nine o'clock, and I thought you would like to hear it."

"What fun!" cried Leonore. "Of course we'll go. Shall you speak?"

"No. We'll sit in my window-seats merely, and listen."

"How many will be there?"

"It depends on the paper you read. The 'World' will probably say ten thousand, the 'Tribune' three thousand, and the 'Voice of Labor' 'a handful.' Oh! by the way, I brought you a 'Voice'."

He handed Leonore a paper, which he took from his pocket.

Now this was simply shameful of him! Peter had found, whenever the papers really abused him, that Leonore was doubly tender to him, the more, if he pretended that the attacks and abuse pained him. So he brought her regularly now that organ of the Labor Party which was most vituperative of him, and looked sad over it just as long as was possible, considering that Leonore was trying to comfort him.

"Oh, dear!" said Leonore. "That dreadful paper. I can't bear to read it. Is it very bad to-day?"

"I haven't read it," said Peter, smiling. "I never read—" then Peter coughed, suddenly looked sad, and continued—"the parts that do not speak of me." "That isn't a lie," he told himself, "I don't read them." But he felt guilty. Clearly Peter was losing his old-time straightforwardness.

"After its saying that you had deceived your clients into settling those suits against Mr. Bohlmann, upon his promise to help you in politics, I don't believe they can say anything worse," said Leonore, putting two lumps of sugar (with her fingers) into a cup of tea. Then she stirred the tea, and tasted it. Then she touched the edge of the cup with her lips. "Is that right?" she asked, as she passed it to Peter.

"Absolutely," said Peter, looking the picture of bliss. But then he remembered that this wasn't his role, so he looked sad and said: "That hurt me, I confess. It is so unkind."

"Poor dear," whispered a voice. "You shall have an extra one to-day, and you shall take just as long as you want!"

Now, how could mortal man look grieved, even over an American newspaper, with that prospect in view? It is true that "one" is a very indefinite thing. Perhaps Leonore merely meant another cup of tea. Whatever she meant, Peter never learned, for, barely had he tasted his tea when the girl on the lounge beside him gave a cry. She rose, and as she did so, some of the tea-things fell to the floor with a crash.

"Leonore!" cried Peter. "What—"

"Peter!" cried Leonore. "Say it isn't so?" It was terrible to see the suffering in her face and to hear the appeal in her voice.

"My darling," cried the mother, "what is the matter?"

"It can't be," cried Leonore. "Mamma! Papa! Say it isn't so?"

"What, my darling?" said Peter, supporting the swaying figure.

"This," said Leonore, huskily, holding out the newspaper.

Mrs. D'Alloi snatched it. One glance she gave it. "Oh, my poor darling!" she cried. "I ought not to have allowed it. Peter! Peter! Was not the stain great enough but you must make my poor child suffer for it?" She shoved Peter away, and clasped Leonore wildly in her arms.

"Mamma!" cried Leonore. "Don't talk so! Don't! I know he didn't! He couldn't!"

Peter caught up the paper. There in big head-lines was:

SPEAK UP, STIRLING!

WHO IS THIS BOY?

Detective Pelter Finds a Ward Unknown to the Courts, and Explanations Are in Order From

PURITY STIRLING.

The rest of the article it is needless to quote. What it said was so worded as to convey everything vile by innuendo and inference, yet in truth saying nothing.

"Oh, my darling!" continued Mrs. D'Alloi. "You have a right to kill me for letting him come here after he had confessed it to me. But I—oh, don't tremble so. Oh, Watts! We have killed her."

Peter held the paper for a moment. Then he handed it to Watts. He only said "Watts?" but it was a cry for help and mercy as terrible as Leonore's had been the moment before.

"Of course, chum," cried Watts. "Leonore, dear, it's all right. You mustn't mind. Peter's a good man. Better than most of us. You mustn't mind."

"Don't," cried Leonore. "Let me speak. Mamma, did Peter tell you it was so?"

All were silent.

"Mamma! Say something? Papa! Peter! Will nobody speak?"

"Leonore," said Peter, "do not doubt me. Trust me and I will—"

"Tell me," cried Leonore, interrupting, "was this why you didn't come to see us? Oh! I see it all! This is what mamma knew. This is what pained you. And I thought it was your love—!" Leonore screamed.

"My darling," cried Peter, wildly, "don't look so. Don't speak—"

"Don't touch me," cried Leonore. "Don't. Only go away." Leonore threw herself upon the rug weeping. It was fearful the way those sobs shook her.

"It can't be," said Peter. "Watts! She is killing herself."

But Watts had disappeared from the room.

"Only go away," cried Leonore. "That's all you can do now. There's nothing to be done."

Peter leaned over and picked up the prostrate figure, and laid it tenderly on the sofa. Then he kissed the edge of her skirt. "Yes. That's all I can do," he said, quietly. "Good-bye, sweetheart. I'll go away." He looked about as if bewildered, then passed from the room to the hall, from the hall to the door, from the door to the steps. He went down them, staggering a little as if dizzy, and tried to walk towards the avenue. Presently he ran into something. "Clumsy," said a lady's voice. "I beg your pardon," said Peter, mechanically. A moment later he ran into something again. "I beg your pardon," said Peter, and two well-dressed girls laughed to see a bareheaded man apologize to a lamp-post. He walked on once more, but had not gone ten paces, when a hand was rested on his shoulder.

"Now, then, my beauty," said a voice. "You want to get a cab, or I shall have to run you in. Where do you want to go?"

"I beg your pardon," said Peter.

"Come," said the policeman, shaking him; "where do you belong? My God! It's Mr. Stirling. Why, sir; what's the matter?"

"I think I've killed her," said Peter.

"He's awfully screwed," ejaculated the policeman. "And him of all men! Nobody shall know." He hailed a passing cab, and put Peter into it. Then he gave Peter's office address, and also got in. He was fined the next day for being off his beat "without adequate reasons," but he never told where he had been. When they reached the building, he helped Peter into the elevator. From there he helped him to his door. He rang the bell, but no answer came. It was past office-hours, and Jenifer having been told that Peter would dine up-town, had departed on his leave of absence. The policeman had already gone through Peter's pockets to get money for cabby, and now he repeated the operation, taking possession of Peter's keys. He opened the door and, putting him into a deep chair in the study, laid the purse and keys on Peter's desk, writing on a scrap of paper with much difficulty: "mr. stirling \$2.50 I took to pay the carriage. John Motty policeman 22 precinct," he laid it beside the keys and purse. Then he went back to his beat.

And what was Peter doing all this time? Just what he now did. He tried to think, though each eye felt as if a red hot needle was burning in it. Presently he rose, and began to pace the floor, but he kept stumbling over the desk and chairs. As he stumbled he thought, sometimes to himself, sometimes aloud: "If I could only think! I can't see. What was it Dr. Pilcere said about her

eyes? Or was it my eyes? Did he give me some medicine? I can't remember. And it wouldn't help her. Why can't I think? What is this pain in her head and eyes? Why does everything look so dark, except when those pains go through her head? They feel like flashes of lightning, and then I can see. Why can't I think? Her eyes get in the way. He gave me something to put on them. But I can't give it to her. She told me to go away. To stop this agony! How she suffers. It's getting worse every moment. I can't remember about the medicine. There it comes again. Now I know. It's not lightning. It's the petroleum! Be quick, boys. Can't you hear my darling scream? It's terrible. If I could only think. What was it the French doctor said to do, if it came back? No. We want to get some rails." Peter dashed himself against the window. "Once more, men, together. Can't you hear her scream? Break down the door!" Peter caught up and hurled a pot of flowers at the window, and the glass shattered and fell to the floor and street. "If I could see. But it's all dark. Are those lights? No. It's too late. I can't save her from it."

So he wandered physically and mentally. Wandered till sounds of martial music came up through the broken window. "Fall in," cried Peter. "The Anarchists are after her. It's dynamite, not lightning. Podds, don't let them hurt her. Save her. Oh! save her! Why can't I get to her? Don't try to hold me," he cried, as he came in contact with a chair. He caught it up and hurled it across the room, so that it crashed into the picture-frames, smashing chair and frames into fragments. "I can't be the one to throw it," he cried, in an agonized voice. "She's all I have. For years I've been so lonely. Don't. I can't throw it. It kills me to see her suffer. It wouldn't be so horrible if I hadn't done it myself. If I didn't love her so. But to blow her up myself. I can't. Men, will you stand by me, and help me to save her?"

The band of music stopped. A moment's silence fell, and then up from the street came the air of: "Marching Through Georgia," five thousand voices singing:

Hurrah, hurrah, for Stirling, brave and strong;
Hurrah, hurrah, for Stirling, never wrong.
And roll the voters up in line,
Two hundred thousand strong;
Voting for freedom and Stirling.

* * * * *

Leonore knelt in front of Peter, and, drenching her fingers with the wash, began rubbing it softly over his eyes. It has always been a problem whether it was the remedy or the ends of those fingers which took those lines of suffering

out of Peter's face and made him sit quietly in that chair. Those having little faith in medicines, and much faith in a woman's hands, will opine the latter. Doctors will not.

Sufficeth it to say, after ten minutes of this treatment, during which Peter's face had slowly changed, first to a look of rest, and then to one which denoted eagerness, doubt and anxiety, but not pain, that he finally put out his hands and took Leonore's.

"You have come to me," he said. "Has he told you?"

"Who? What?" asked Leonore.

"You still think I could?" cried Peter. "Then why are you here?" He opened his eyes wildly and would have risen, only Leonore was kneeling in front of the chair still.

"Don't excite yourself, Peter," begged Leonore. "We'll not talk of that now. Not till you are better."

"What are you here for?" cried Peter. "Why did you come——"

"Oh, please, Peter, be quiet."

"Tell me, I will have it." Peter was exciting himself, more from Leonore's look than by what she said.

"Oh, Peter. I made papa bring me—because—oh! I wanted to ask you to do something. For my sake!"

"What is it?"

"I wanted to ask you," sobbed Leonore, "to marry her. Then I shall always think you were what I—I—have been loving, and not——" Leonore laid her head down on his knee, and sobbed bitterly.

Peter raised Leonore in his arms, and laid the little head on his shoulder.

"Dear one," he said, "do you love me?"

"Yes," sobbed Leonore.

"And do you think I love you?"

"Yes."

"Now look into your heart. Could you tell me a lie?"

"No."

"Nor can I you. I am not the father of that boy, and I never wronged his mother."

"But you told——" sobbed Leonore.

"I lied to your mother, dear."

"For what?" Leonore had lifted her head and there was a look of hope in her eyes, as well as of doubt.

"Because it was better at that time than the truth. But Watts will tell you that I lied."

"Papa?"

"Yes, Dot. Dear old Peter speaks the truth."

"But if you lied to her, why not to me?"

"I can't lie to you, Leonore. I am telling you the truth. Won't you believe me?"

"I do," cried Leonore. "I know you speak the truth. It's in your face and voice." And the next moment her arms were about Peter's neck, and her lips were on his.

Just then some one in the "torchlight" shouted: "What's the matter wid Stirling?"

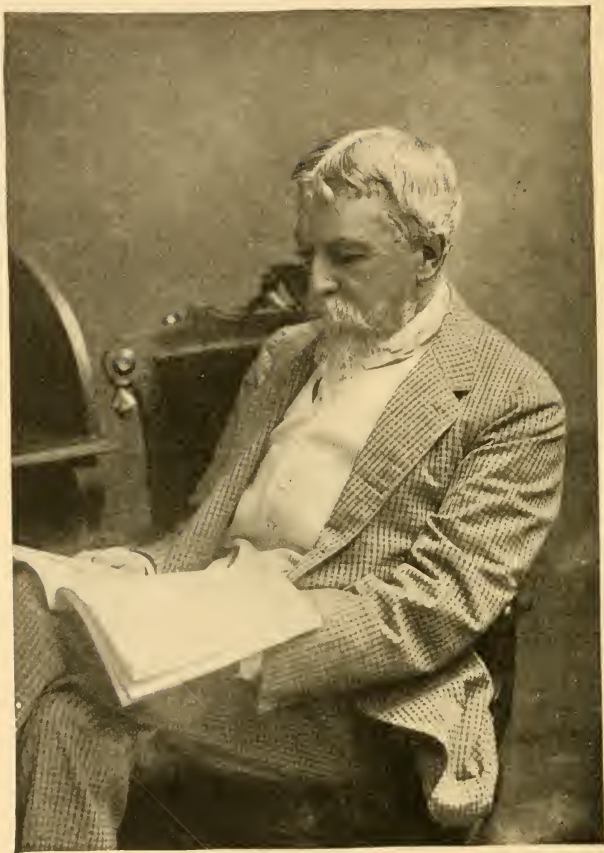
And a thousand voices joyfully yelled:

"He's all right."

And so was the crowd.

P. L. Ford





DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL

A NIGHT BATTLE OF THE REVOLUTION

BEING A PART OF ONE CHAPTER FROM HUGH WYNNE

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL

(Born Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 15, 1830)



ON the night of the 9th of October His Excellency put a match to the first gun, and for four days and nights a furious cannonade went on from both sides.

Late on the night of the 10th Jack came to my tent, and we walked out to see this terrible spectacle, climbing a little hill which lay well away from our lines. For a time we were quite alone.

A monstrous dome of smoke hung over the town. Now and then a gust of sea wind tore it apart, and through the rifts we saw the silver cup of the moon and the host of stars. We lay long on the hillock. I suppose the hour and the mighty fates involved made us serious and silent. Far away seventy cannon thundered from our works, and the enemy's batteries roared their incessant fury of reply.

Presently I said, "Jack, how still the heavens are, and under them this rage of war! How strange!"

"Yes," said Jack; "once I said something of this tranquillity in the skies to our great Dr. Franklin. He is very patient with young fellows, but he said to me: 'Yes, it is a pleasing thing, even to be wrong about it. It is only to the eye of man that there is calm and peace in the heavens; no shot of cannon can fly as these worlds fly, and comets whirl, and suns blaze; and if there is yonder, as with us, war and murder and ravage, none can say.' It all comes back to me now," said Jack, "and I thought to tell you."

"It is a terrible sight," said I, as the great tumult of sound grew louder. "Let us thank God the cause is a just one."

"And there are the stars again," said Jack, "and the moon." And we were silent once more, watching the death-struggle of a failing cause.

Our own mad world was far other than at peace. The great bombs rose in vast curves overhead, with trails of light, and, seeming to hesitate in mid-air, exploded, or fell on town or ship or in the stream between. As we looked, awestruck, hot shot set fire to the "Charon," a forty-four-gun ship, nigh to Gloucester, and soon a red rush of fire twining about mast and spar rose in air, lighting

the sublime spectacle, amid the crash of guns, the rattle of musketry and multitudinous inexplicable noises, through which we heard now and then the wild howl of a dog from some distant farm-yard.

At last the warship blew up, and a wonderful strong light lighted the town, the river, and the camp. As it fell the dog bayed again, a long, sharp, wavering cry.

This seemed to me to impress Jack Warder more than anything else in this din of war. He said now and again, "There is that dog," and wondered what the beast thought of it all. It is curious upon what the minds of men fix on grave occasions. I meant to ask Jack why he spoke over and over of the dog when before us was the bloody close of a great historic tragedy, a king humbled; a young republic at sword-point with an ancient monarchy.

It seemed to me a man's mind must grow in the presence of such might of events. The hill, a half-mile from the lines, was a good vantage-ground whence to see and hear. Jack and I smoked many pipes, and, as he was not for duty in the trenches, lay here most of that cool October night, wrapped in our cloaks. Sometimes we talked; more often we were silent, and ever the great cannon roared from trench and bastion, or were quiet awhile to let their hot lips cool.

Once Jack fell to talk of how he and I were changed from the quiet Quaker lads we had been, and did I remember our first fight, and Colonel Rupert Forest, and Master Dove? That greater master, War, since then had educated and broadened us. He was more philosophic than I, and liked thus to speculate; but of Darthea he said never a word, though we spoke of many things that memorable night.

At last, when it was near to dawn, Jack jumped up, crying, "Oh, confound that dog!" He had what I never had, some remnant of the superstitions of our ancestors, and I suspect that the howl of the poor beast troubled him. I guessed at this when he said presently, "I suppose we shall have to carry the place by storm."

"Now, don't tell me you will get hit," said I. "You always say that. There are enough dead men to set every dog in Virginia a-howling."

* * * * * * *

Then a rocket rose high in air over our camp. "Ready, men!" said Hamilton, while I drew my long Hessian blade.

Six bombs in quick succession rose and went over us. I heard the marquis cry out, "*En avant!* Forward!"

"Forward, sappers!" cried a voice in front.

"Come along, boys!" cried Jack. And not giving the sappers more than time to scramble up, we were off in a swift rush through the darkness. The

quickly formed line broke irregularly as we ran over the space between us and the abatis, the sappers vainly trying to keep ahead.

As we rushed forward, my legs serving me well, I saw that they in the redoubt knew what was coming. A dozen rockets went up, Bengal fires of a sudden lighted their works, a cannon-shot went close to my head, and all pandemonium seemed to break loose.

At the stockade, a hundred feet from their works, our men pushed aside the sappers, and tore down the rude barrier, or tumbled over it. They were used to fences. Here Gimat was hurt, and Kirkpatrick, of the pioneers, and a moment later Colonel Barber.

The hundred feet beyond were passed at a run, and the men with fascines cast them into the ditch. It was already half full of the wreck the cannon had made in the earthwork. We jumped in, and out; it was all mud and water. Ladders were set against the parapet, but the slope was now not abrupt, having been crumbled away by our guns, so that most of us scrambled up without delay. I saw Captain Hunt fall, the enemy firing wildly. If Sergeant Brown of the Fourth Connecticut, or Mansfield of the Forlorn Hope, were first on the parapet, I do not know. Hamilton got by me, and I saw him set a foot on the shoulder of a man and jump onto the top of the redoubt. Why more or all were not killed seems to me a wonder. I think if the enemy had been cooler we had been easily disposed of. I saw the girl-boy leap down among the bayonets, and we were at once in a hurly-burly of redcoats, our men with and after us.

For a little there was fierce resistance and a furious struggle, of which I recall only a remembrance of smoke, red flashes, yells, and a confusion of men striking and thrusting. A big Hessian caught me a smart thrust in the left leg --no great hurt. Another with his butt pretty nearly broke my left arm, as I put it up to save my head. I ran him through and felt that they were giving way.

To the left and right was still a mad struggle, and what with the Bengal fires still blazing, and a heap of brush in flames at one side of the redoubt, there was light enough to see. Near about me was a clear space, and a pause such as occurs now and then in such a scrimmage. There were still men who held back, and to whom, as I pushed on, I called, "Come on! We have them!" A great wind from the sea blew the smoke away, so that it was easy to see. As I called out to the men who hesitated on the outer slope, as some will, I heard before me a voice cry, "This way, men!" and, turning, caught sight of the face of Arthur Wynne. He, too, saw and knew me. He uttered an oath, I remember, crying out, "At last!" as I dashed at him.

I heard ahead of me cries for "Quarter! quarter!" The mass of striving men had fallen back, and in fact the business was at an end. I saw Jack run

from my left toward me, but he stood still when he saw what was happening, and instantly, as he came, Arthur and I crossed swords. What else chanced or who else came near I knew not. I saw for the time only that one face I so hated, for the heap of brush in the work was still blazing.

As is true of every Wynne I ever knew, when in danger I became cool at once. I lost no time, but pressed him hard with a glad sense that he was no longer my master at the game. I meant to kill him, and as he fell back I knew that at last his hour had come. I think he too knew it. He fenced with caution, and was as cool as I. Just as I touched him in the right shoulder I felt a wounded Hessian clutch my leg. I fell squarely backward, my cousin lunging savagely as I dropped. I had been done for had not Jack struck up his blade as I lay, calling out:

“Coward!”

I was up in a moment, pretty savage, and caught sight of my Jack fencing with my man, as calm as if we were in old Pike’s gallery. As I stood panting—it was but a moment—I saw Jack’s blade whip viciously round Arthur’s and pass through his breast, nearly to the guard.

My cousin cried I know not what, fell to one side, and then in a heap across a dead grenadier.

“Better I than thou,” cried Jack, blowing hard. “He will play no more tricks. Come on!”

With a glance at my enemy, I hurried past him over dead and wounded men, a cannon upset, muskets cast away, and what not.

“This way, Wynne,” said the marquis. “C’est fini! Get those fellows together, gentlemen.”

Our men were huddling the prisoners in a corner and collecting their arms. A red-faced New Hampshire captain was angrily threatening Major Campbell, the commander of the redoubt, who had just surrendered. Colonel Hamilton struck up the captain’s blade, or I do believe he would have killed the major. He was furious over the death of Colonel Scammel, who was greatly beloved, and had been killed by Hessians after having given up his sword.

It was over, and I went back to see what had become of Arthur. He was alive, and having dragged himself to the inner wall of the redoubt, was now seated against it. Jack soon found a lantern, and by its light we looked at Arthur. He was covered with blood, but was conscious, and stared at me with dull eyes, without power to say a word.

“Take care of him, Jack,” said I, and went away down the crumbled slope and through the broken abatis, while overhead the bombs howled with unearthly noises and the cannonry broke out anew.

UNDER THE LION'S PAW

BEING ONE CHAPTER FROM THE TALE OF THAT TITLE IN "MAIN TRAVELLED ROADS"

BY HAMLIN GARLAND

(Born at West Salem, Wis., September 16, 1860)

III.



HASKINS worked like a fiend, and his wife, like the heroic woman she was, bore also uncomplainingly the most terrible burdens. They rose early and toiled without intermission till the darkness fell on the plain, then tumbled into bed, every bone and muscle aching with fatigue, to rise with the sun next morning to the same round of the same ferocity of labor.

The eldest boy drove a team all through the Spring, ploughing and seeding, milked the cows, and did chores innumerable, in most ways taking the place of a man.

An infinitely pathetic but common figure—this boy on the American farm, where there is no law against child labor. To see him in his coarse clothing, his huge boots, and his ragged cap, as he staggered with a pail of water from the well, or trudged in the cold and cheerless dawn out into the frosty field behind his team, gave the city-bred visitor a sharp pang of sympathetic pain. Yet Haskins loved his boy, and would have saved him from this if he could, but he could not.

By June the first year the result of such Herculean toil began to show on the farm. The yard was cleaned up and sown to grass, the garden ploughed and planted, and the house mended.

Council had given them four of his cows.

"Take 'em an' run 'em on shares. I don't want a milk s' many. Ike's away s' much now, Sat'd'ys an' Sund'ys, I can't stand the bother, anyhow."

Other men, seeing the confidence of Council in the new-comer, had sold him tools on time; and as he was really an able farmer, he soon had round him many evidences of his care and thrift. At the advice of Council, he had taken the farm for three years, with the privilege of re-renting or buying at the end of the term.

"It's a good bargain, an' y' want o' nail it," said Council. "If you have any kind ov a crop, you c'n pay y'r debts, an' keep seen an' bread."

The new hope which now sprang up in the heart of Haskins and his wife

grew great almost as a pain by the time the wide field of wheat began to wave and rustle and swirl in the winds of July. Day after day he would snatch a few moments after supper to go and look at it.

"Have ye seen the wheat t'-day, Nettie?" he asked one night as he rose from supper.

"No, Tim, I ain't had time."

"Well, take time now. Let's go look at it."

She threw an old hat on her head—Tommy's hat—and looking almost pretty in her thin sad way, went out with her husband to the hedge.

"Ain't it grand, Nettie? Just look at it."

It was grand. Level, russet here and there, heavy-headed, wide as a lake, and full of multitudinous whispers and gleams of wealth, it stretched away before the gazers like the fabled field of the cloth of gold.

"Oh, I think—I *hope* we'll have a good crop, Tim; and oh, how good the people have been to us!"

"Yes; I don't know where we'd be t'-day if it hadn't been f'r Council and his wife."

"They're the best people in the world," said the little woman, with a great sob of gratitude.

"We'll be in the field on Monday, sure," said Haskins, griping the rail on the fence as if already at the work of the harvest.

The harvest came, bounteous, glorious, but the winds came and blew it into tangles, and the rain matted it here and there close to the ground, increasing the work of gathering it threefold.

Oh, how they toiled in those glorious days! Clothing dripping with sweat, arms aching, filled with briers, fingers raw and bleeding, backs broken with the weight of heavy bundles, Haskins and his man toiled on. Tommy drove the harvester, while his father and a hired man bound on the machine. In this way they cut ten acres every day, and almost every night after supper, when the hand went to bed, Haskins returned to the field, shocking the bound grain in the light of the moon. Many a night he worked till his anxious wife came out at ten o'clock to call him in to rest and lunch.

At the same time she cooked for the men, took care of the children, washed and ironed, milked the cows at night, made the butter, and sometimes fed the horses and watered them while her husband kept at the shocking.

No slave in the Roman galleys could have toiled so frightfully and lived, for this man thought himself a free man, and that he was working for his wife and babes.

When he sank into his bed with a deep groan of relief, too tired to change

his grimy, dripping clothing, he felt that he was getting nearer and nearer to a home of his own, and pushing the wolf of want a little farther from his door.

There is no despair so deep as the despair of a homeless man or woman. To roam the roads of the country or the streets of the city, to feel there is no rood of ground on which the feet can rest, to halt weary and hungry outside lighted windows and hear laughter and song within—these are the hungers and rebellions that drive men to crime and women to shame.

It was the memory of this hopelessness, and the fear of its coming again, that spurred Timothy Haskins and Nettie, his wife, to such ferocious labor during that first year.

IV.

"M, yes; 'm, yes; first-rate," said Butler, as his eye took in the neat garden, the pig-pen, and the well-filled barn-yard. "You're git'n' quite a stock around yeh. Done well, eh?"

Haskins was showing Butler around the place. He had not seen it for a year, having spent the year in Washington and Boston with Ashley, his brother-in-law, who had been elected to Congress.

"Yes, I've laid out a good deal of money during the last three years. I've paid out three hundred dollars f'r fencin'."

"Um—h'm! I see, I see," said Butler, while Haskins went on:

"The kitchen there cost two hundred; the barn ain't cost much in money, but I've put in a lot o' time on it. I've dug a new well, and I——"

"Yes, yes. I see! You've done well. Stawk worth a thousand dollars," said Butler, picking his teeth with a straw.

"About that," said Haskins, modestly. "We begin to feel 's if we was git'n a home f'r ourselves; but we've worked hard. I tell you, we begin to feel it, Mr. Butler, and we're goin' t' begin to ease up purty soon. We've been kind o' plan-nin' a trip back t' *her* folks after the fall ploughin's done."

"Eggs-actly!" said Butler, who was evidently thinking of something else. "I suppose you've kind o' cal'clated on stayin' here three years more?"

"Well, yes. Fact is, I think I c'n buy the farm this fall, if you'll give me a reasonable show."

"Um—m! What do you call a reasonable show?"

"Wal, say a quarter down and three years' time."

Butler looked at the huge stacks of wheat, which filled the yard, over which the chickens were fluttering and crawling, catching grasshoppers, and out of which the crickets were singing innumera- bly. He smiled in a peculiar way as he said, "Oh, I won't be hard on yeh. But what did you expect to pay for the place?"

"Why, about what you offered it before, two thousand five hundred, or possibly three thousand dollars," he added quickly, as he saw the owner shake his head.

"This farm is worth five thousand an' five hundred dollars," said Butler, in a careless and decided voice.

"*What!*" almost shrieked the astounded Haskins. "What's that? Five thousand? Why, that's double what you offered it for three years ago."

"Of course; and it's worth it. It was all run down then; now it's in good shape. You've laid out fifteen hundred dollars in improvements, according to your own story."

"But *you* had nothin' t' do about that. It's my work an' my money."

"You bet it was; but it's my land."

"But what's to pay me for all my——"

"Ain't you had the use of 'em?" replied Butler, smiling calmly into his face.

Haskins was like a man struck on the head with a sandbag; he couldn't think; he stammered as he tried to say: "But—I never'd git the use—you'd rob me! More'n that—you agreed—you promised that I could buy or rent at the end of three years at——"

"That's all right. But I didn't say I'd let you carry off the improvements, nor that I'd go on renting the farm at two-fifty. The land is double in value, it don't matter how; it don't enter into the question; an' now you can pay me five hundred dollars a year rent, or take it on your own terms at fifty-five hundred, or—git out."

He was turning away when Haskins, the sweat pouring from his face, fronted him, saying again:

"But *you've* done nothing to make it so. You hain't added a cent. I put it all there myself, exceptin' to buy. I worked an' sweat to improve it. I was workin' for myself an' babes——"

"Well, why didn't you buy when I offered to sell? What y' kickin' about?"

"I'm kickin' about payin' you twice f'r my own things—my own fences, my own kitchen, my own garden."

Butler laughed. "You're too green t'eat, young feller. *Your* improvements! The law will sing another tune."

"But I trusted your word."

"Never trust anybody, my friend. Besides, I didn't promise not to do this thing. Why, man, don't look at me like that. Don't take me for a thief. It's the law. The reg'lar thing. Everybody does it."

"I don't care if they do. It's stealin' jest the same. You take three thousand dollars of my money—the work o' my hands and my wife's." He broke

down at this point. He was not a strong man mentally. He could face hardship, ceaseless toil, but he could not face the cold and sneering face of Butler.

"But I don't take it," said Butler, coolly. "All you've got to do is to go on just as you've been a-doin', or give me a thousand dollars down, and a mortgage at ten per cent. on the rest."

Haskins sat down blindly on a bundle of oats nearby, and with staring eyes and drooping head went over the situation. He was under the lion's paw. He felt a horrible numbness in his heart and limbs. He was hid in a mist, and there was no path out.

Butler walked about, looking at the huge stacks of grain, and pulling now and again a few handfuls out, shelling the heads in his hands and blowing the chaff away. He hummed a little tune as he did so. He had an accommodating air of waiting.

Haskins was in the midst of the terrible toil of the last year. He was walking again in the rain and the mud behind his plough; he felt the dust and dirt of the threshing. The ferocious husking-time, with its cutting wind and biting, clinging snows, lay hard upon him. Then he thought of his wife, how she had cheerfully cooked and baked, without holiday and without rest.

"Well, what do you think of it?" inquired the cool, mocking, insinuating voice of Butler.

"I think you're a thief and a liar!" shouted Haskins, leaping up. "A black-hearted houn'!" Butler's smile maddened him; with a sudden leap he caught a fork in his hands and whirled it in the air. "You'll never rob another man, damn ye!" he grated through his teeth, a look of pitiless ferocity in his accusing eyes.

Butler shrank and quivered, expecting the blow; stood, held hypnotized by the eyes of the man he had a moment before despised—a man transformed into an avenging demon. But in the deadly hush between the lift of the weapon and its fall there came a gush of faint, childish laughter and then across the range of his vision, far away and dim, he saw the sun-bright head of his baby girl, as, with the pretty tottering run of a two-year-old, she moved across the grass of the door-yard. His hands relaxed; the fork fell to the ground; his head lowered.

"Make out y'r deed an' mor'gage, an' git off'n my land, an' don't ye never cross my line ag'in; if y' do, I'll kill ye."

Butler backed away from the man in wild haste, and, climbing into his buggy with trembling limbs, drove off down the road, leaving Haskins seated dumbly on the sunny pile of sheaves, his head sunk into his hands.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Hamlin Garland". The signature is written in dark ink and is underlined with a single horizontal stroke.



WILLIS BROOKS HAWKINS

LANGUAGE THAT NEEDS A REST

BY WILLIS BROOKS HAWKINS

(Born in Aurora, Ill., 1852)



WAS awakened in the middle of the night by a disturbance in the library. It did not seem to be the noise of burglars. It was more like the murmuring sound of many tongues engaged in a spirited debate. I listened closely and concluded it must be some sort of a discussion being held by the words in my big unabridged dictionary. Creeping softly to the door, I stood and listened.

"I don't care," said the little word *Of*. "I may not be very big, but that is no reason why everybody should take advantage of me. I am the most mercilessly overworked word in the dictionary, and there is no earthly reason for it, either. People say they 'consider of' and 'approve of' and 'accept of' and 'admit of' all sorts of things. Then they say 'all of us,' and 'both of them,' and 'first of all,' and tell about 'looking out of' the window, or cutting a piece of bread 'off of' the loaf, until I am utterly tired out."

"Pshaw!" said the word *Up*, "I am not much bigger than you, and I do twice as much work, and a good deal of it needlessly, too. People 'wake up' in the morning and 'get up' and 'shake up' their beds and 'dress up' and 'wash up' and 'draw up' to the table, and 'eat up' and 'drink up' their breakfast. Then they 'jump up' from the table and 'hurry up' to the corner, where the street-car driver 'pulls up' his horses and the passengers 'ascend up' the steps and 'go up' into the front seats, and the conductor 'takes up' the tickets. All this is done even before people 'get up' town and 'take up' their day's work. From that time until they 'put up' their books and 'shut up' their offices I do more work than any two words in this book; and even after business hours I am worked until people 'lock up' their homes and 'go up' to bed and 'cover themselves up' and 'shut up' their eyes for the night. It would take a week to tell what I have to 'put up' with in a day, and I am a good deal 'worked up' over it."

"I agree that both *Up* and *Of* are very much overworked," said the word *Stated*, "but I think I, myself, deserve a little sympathy. I am doing not only my own legitimate work, but also that which ought to be done by my friend *Said*. Nobody 'says' anything nowadays; he always 'states it.'"

"Yes," chipped in the funny little word *Pun*, "these are very *stately* times."
Some of the words laughed at this, but *Humor* said: "*Pun* is a simpleton."

"No," answered *Hit*; "he is a fellow of duplicities."

"He makes me tired," said *Slang*.

Then the discussion was resumed.

"I do a great deal of needless work," said the word *But*. "People say they have no doubt 'but that' it will rain, and that they shouldn't wonder 'but what' it would snow, until I don't know 'but' I shall strike."

"What I have most to complain about," said the word *As*, "is that I am forced to associate so much with the word *Equally*. Only yesterday a man said he could 'see equally as well as' another man. I don't see what business *Equally* had in that sentence."

"Well," retorted *Equally*, "men every day say that something is 'equally as good' as something else, and I don't see what business *As* has in that sentence."

"I think," said *Propriety*, "you two should be divorced by mutual consent."

There was a fluttering sound and a clamor of voices.

"We, too, ought to be granted divorce," was the substance of what they said; and among the voices I recognized those of the following-named couples: *Cover Over, Enter In, From Thence, Go Fetch, Have Got, Latter End, Continue On, Converse Together, New Beginner, Old Veteran, Return Back, Rise Up, Sink Down, They Both, Try And, More Perfect, Seldom Ever, Almost Never, Feel Badly, United Together, Two First, An One, Over Again, Repeat Again*, and many others.

When quietude had been restored, the word *Rest* said: "You words all talk of being overworked as if that were the worst thing that could happen to a fellow, but I tell you it is much worse to be cut out of your own work. Now, look at me. Here I am ready and willing to perform my part in the speech of the day, but almost everybody passes by me and employs my awkward friend, *Balance*. It is the commonest thing in the world to hear people say they will pay the 'balance' of a debt or will sleep the 'balance' of the night."

"I suffer considerably from this same kind of neglect," said the word *Deem*. "Nobody ever 'deems' a thing beautiful any more; it is always 'considered' beautiful, when in fact it is not considered at all."

"True," said *Irritate*; "and people talk of being 'aggravated' when they ought instead to give me work."

"And me," said *Purpose*; "look at me. I get hardly anything to do because people are always 'proposing' to do this or that when no idea of a proposition is involved. Why, I read the other day of a man who had 'proposed' to murder another, when really he had never said a word about it to a living being. Of course he only purposed to commit murder."

"If it is my turn," said the word *Among*, "I should like to protest against *Mr. Between* doing my work. The idea of people saying a man divided an orange 'between' his three children! It humiliates me."

"It is no worse," said the word *Fewer*, "than to have people say there were 'less' men in one army than in another."

"No," added *More Than*; "and no worse than to have them say there were 'over' one hundred thousand men."

"It seems to me," said the word *Likely*, "that nobody has more reason for complaint than I have. My friend *Liable* is doing nearly all my work. They say a man is 'liable' to be sick or 'liable' to be out of town, when the question of liability does not enter into the matter at all."

"You're no worse off than I am," said the little word *So*. "That fellow *Such* is doing all my work. People say there never was 'such' a glorious country as this, when, of course, they mean there never was 'so' glorious a country elsewhere."

I saw that there was likely to be no end to this discussion, since half the words in the dictionary were making efforts to put in their complaints, so I returned to my couch; and I will leave it to any person who has read this account whether I had not already heard enough to make me or anybody else sleepy.

Willis B. Hawkins





HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE RAINY DAY

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

(Born at Portland, Me., Feb. 27, 1807; died at Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882)

The day is cold and dark and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
 And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold and dark and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
 And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;
Thy fate is the common fate of all—
Into each life some rain must fall,
 Some days must be dark and dreary.



CLINTON ROSS

THE DECOY DESPATCH

BY CLINTON ROSS

(Born at Binghamton, N. Y., July 31, 1861)



I CAN remember it so well that the whole scene is before me as vividly as if it were now, and I can go over my own questionings as the matter was put. It was, indeed, the Jersey prison-ship, the Sugar House, or this. It was to be tied, when I, who always had been, again might be free. And more, I should gain some comfort of riches, when I and mine always had slaved to poverty. Around me in the place I had left was filth, scurvy; and now, as Ratham put it, I could be done with this and be free to go as I wished.

"Why, man, it's as easy for you as walking. Do you suppose I should hesitate? Not I."

And he gave me from under his beetling brows a smile of good-will that I knew was but cunning show; for it was only his eyes that smiled, his face fixed.

"It may be easy for you," said I, bitterly. "You are of the other side."

"Yes, frankly," said he, "I am for the King, and I should not be asking you this if I were not. Yet——"

"Yet?" said I, grasping at any excuse.

"I am a man of property; you, abominably poor. If I were in your place I would think twice, for it means a hundred pounds. A hundred pounds is not to be had easily—in peace or war."

"No," said I, reflecting. With that hundred pounds I might ask Peggy. What, after all, was all this question to me personally? I was sergeant, but the pay was poor; had no particular prospect, whichever side won, for I ever had small wit at trading or saving, and I might—with that hundred pounds—I might start a "public" somewhere, and I might have the reason for asking Peggy; and then, besides, it meant freedom. I, who liked the woods and fields, could not bear being cooped. Why shouldn't I take the chance?

"Why shouldn't you?" asked Ratham, reading my thought.

Ah, why shouldn't I? If I were rich or influential I should be exchanged, but as it was I might rot. But could I do this thing? My friends were with Congress.

"Equally your friends are loyalists," Ratham said, again reading me, although I had said nothing.

Yes, that might be. Half of New York was Tory, and I had been brought up on Ratham's land. I knew him, but not as well as he me—his cleverness, how hard he ever had been with his tenants, how strong he was, how determined for the King.

"Well, shall I take you to Sir William?"

The chance beckoned.

"Yes," said I sullenly; and then gladly, "I'll take it."

"But what," said he, eyeing me curiously, "if you betray us?"

"I have given my word," said I—"to the devil."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Philip," said he. "I know you." Yes, he knew me, heart and soul, as he knew all men. "Come; we'll to Sir William."

And I followed him out onto Broadway, where the sun was bright and the street gay with the crowd. Only the blackened ruins of Trinity showed what war had done. These gay London and New York gentlemen, these Tory ladies, were as contemptuous of the war with their festivities as if the land were not suffering.

And I breathed the air, glad of my decision. I should have money, be free. And the service was easy—but to carry a decoy despatch! And what, indeed, did it matter? Must not every man aid himself? Is not the first rule self-preservation? It's a sorry struggle with the world at the best; a sorry fight to keep one's probity. Everything is fair when the world is against one.

We found Sir William writing. I felt awe of the great man, who looked me over as he might, in a good humor, a soldier in the ranks.

"This is our friend?" he asked. "He is trustworthy?"

At this I liked not my mission so well; to be trustworthy to them meant being untrustworthy to the others. Therein is the whole complex definition of untrustworthiness.

"Listen," said the general, as if he were convinced: "This letter is addressed to General Burgoyne. It reads: 'If, according to my expectations, we may succeed in getting possession of Boston, I shall without loss of time proceed to cooperate with you in the defeat of the rebel army opposed to you. Clinton is sufficiently strong to amuse Washington and Putnam. I am now making demonstrations to the southward, which, I think, will make the full effect in carrying our plan into execution.' I read it, because you would better know its purport, which is to deceive the rebels as to our plans. It's to fall into General Putnam's hands—do you understand?"

"He does, Your Excellency," Ratham said for me, when I answered, like a pop-parrot, "I understand." Sir William watched me a moment, and then, with a gesture, dismissed us.

"Here's the money," said Ratham, outside, counting a hundred sovereigns

bearing King George's likeness. "You never will earn money so easily." I looked at the gold and at him, whom I loathed.

Yet, with the glitter of those pieces my last compunction vanished. What is there about gold that the yellow of it burns into the brain? I suddenly held Ratham not in such poor esteem. And then I was started, thinking of these things.

And exactly according to programme, I fell in with General Putnam's outposts, when I was taken to the general himself, who chanced to be at that point. He had known me. Now I thought he would read my soul.

"You are turned honest, Philip?"

"I always was," said I, bridling; and, carrying on the show of the thing, I added, "but Your Excellency knows that I could not but hand you that dispatch—although I was bribed to the contrary."

"You are one of the men who, God helping, will win this fight," the general continued. I could not face his simple directness. He added, "I'll send it to General Washington."

Outside, where I went as free as the air, I sickened of it all. And then, in the village, I saw Peggy. What she was like I can't say, save that she was, and is, the girl for me.

When we had talked, I boasted: "I have money, Peggy. Now we can be married."

"How did you come by it, John Philip?"

I could lie glibly before General Putnam, but not before her eyes. I stammered.

"Had it anything to do with the despatch?" said she, "anything at all, John Philip?"

"Yes," said I; and I could not lie to her, strangely enough. "Yes."

She drew back with horror on her face. "Talk not to me—spy!" said she.

I thought she called to me, but I could not turn back.

Spy! The word rang in my ears. Yes, I was, plainly enough. She was right. And suddenly I detested myself. I was traitor. I could not help being traitor to one or the other. But which? I felt in my pocket, where the sovereigns jingled. One I took and flung far away from me. And then I paused, laughing. 'Twas equally sin to throw away good money. I searched in the road for the piece. But it had gone, and then I sighed at my impulsiveness.

But there were other considerations than these of money in this affair. Clearly there was that of honor, which I had lost, whichever way I might turn. There was only one way, after all—I could not disguise it—and that was the way Peggy's scorn made imperative.

"I wish to see the general," I asked of General Putnam's orderly, and in a

few minutes I was again in the general's presence. He regarded me with surprise, I think, which I understood only too well.

"What is it, Philip?"

"The letter!" said I, faintly.

"It's gone to General Washington," said he, his voice not unkind.

"General," said I, "that was a decoy letter."

"What d'ye mean, man?"

"It was intended to fall into your hands."

He looked as if he thought me mad.

"D'ye know that you risk death as a spy?"

"I know it," said I, and then I fumbled in my pocket and counted out the sovereigns. "These are properly yours. They gave them to me to carry the letter and to be arrested with it. One I threw away." For a moment he paused; for a moment looked me over from head to toe. "It's this," said I, answering his look in kind, and finding I could face him unflinchingly. "I'm a poor man, General Putnam. The money—and freedom—were temptations. I have been prisoner with them so long I wished freedom. I was tempted—thought I could carry this thing through. But I can't, General Putnam; I have told you everything."

I wondered what he would do then. I knew he was a decided man, to whom I could talk more easily than to some of the fine gentlemen in our service. I don't believe I should have had the heart before another; but to him it was different. He was more of our Northern farmer class—could feel my temptation.

Now he did a queer thing, for he advanced after looking me over narrowly.

"Philip, you have been tempted. I understand. I suspected the color of the despatch, which on its face was unreasonable, but I shall have to have you put under arrest. I'm sorry, man, but I honor your confession—your attempt to atone for what you have done."

I bowed my head, for I could not answer. Again I was under arrest, and for the moment I regretted it, and then regret passed. The girl who had scorned me would hear of this. She would know that at least I had made a sacrifice to atone for what I had done. And it seemed that my conscience approved. I had been unfaithful to my employer, Ratham; but I had turned over the money, my price, to General Putnam. The general had not mentioned—simply had taken it. I supposed that it was contraband of war on my confession.

And here was I prisoner again, on my own confession, with death after the court martial before. I could not imagine it turning out differently.

And so six days passed, and on the morning of the seventh the sentinel came.

"You are free, Philip."

"Free?"

"Yes," said he; "here's the order. The court martial decided your confession made up for your deed. You are dismissed the service."

I could not understand it as I stumbled out. Free! Could it be? But dismissed the service in dishonor!

Outside was the girl Peggy. Would she turn from me?

"John Philip," said she, and her voice was timid.

"Can you speak to me?" said I.

"Yes, John Philip."

"You forgive me?"

But I had no need to talk.

"And General Putnam gave me this for you."

And she showed me a bag with the sovereigns Ratham had obtained for me—from Sir William Howe—lacking the one.

"How did you know—" I began.

"I went to General Putnam," said she.

"You pleaded for me?"

"Yes," said she, softly.

And then I took the bag of gold.

"I must return this to Ratham. I have not earned it."

"I like to hear you say that, John Philip."

"Oh, if I were not a dishonored man!"

"You have won back honor, John Philip—and me, if you will have me."

"But—I cannot—" I began.

"You would not have me unhappy?" she began.

But I sent the gold to Ratham. The piece that was lacking I borrowed.

After a time came his answer:

"Fool, you must have had a higher price."

I did, I am free to confess—Peggy, and some approval of my own conscience, on a little farm in the Catskills. But among men I am known still as "Philip, the spy," for such a thing you cannot live down.

But I have found that some self-approval and the approval of those you hold dearest are more than the world's. Still, I was cowardly. My repute has been hard for her. For her I was selfish. And I believe now I have been punished, because it was really not so much my wish for self-approval that led to my confession as the wish for her.

And it's for my children, too, to bear. I wonder how God's way is? Yet I know I have not earned peace, because I should have borne my sin alone.



ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

LE BOURGET

BEING A REMARKABLE PICTURE OF THE STORMING OF A SUBURB OF PARIS IN THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR, FROM THE "ASHES OF EMPIRE"

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

(Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., May 26, 1865)



At daylight it began to snow again; an hour later torrents of rain swept the deserted streets of the village. The roar of the wind awoke Harewood. A sickly twilight stole through the church, where, rolled in his blanket, he had slept under the altar among a dozen drenched officers.

A cavalry bugler, swathed to the chin in his dripping cloak, stood inside the chancel, strapping his shako chain with numb fingers. He had hung his bugle over the arm of the crucifix, and now, as his pinched, sick face turned to the sunken face on the cross, he paused, hand outstretched. After a second's silence he crossed himself, unhooked the bugle, and, setting it stiffly to his shrunken lips, blew the reveille. A hundred forms stumbled up in the gloom; the vibrating shock of steel filled the church. An artillery officer, sabre clashing on the stone floor, left the church on a run, pulling on his astrakhan jacket as he passed out into the storm.

Harewood stood up, aching in every bone. He shook his blanket, opened his despatch pouch, counted the papers, snapped back the lock and yawned.

An officer beside him began to shiver and shake, a thin, lantern-jawed fellow, yellow with jaundice and covered from cap to boot with half dry mud.

Somebody said: "Go to the hospital." The officer turned a ravaged face to Harewood and smiled.

Outside the church the infantry bugles were sounding; their thin, strident call set Harewood's teeth on edge. He rolled and strapped his blanket, slung the despatch pouch from shoulder to hip, and stumbled out to the church door, where a dozen horses stood, heads hanging dejectedly in the pouring rain. A mounted hussar, with a lance in his stirrup boots, looked sullenly at Harewood, who called to him: "Whose escort is that?"

"General Bellemare's," replied the trooper.

"Is he going to Paris?"

"Yes, monsieur, in half an hour."

Harewood glanced down the dismal street. The low stone houses, shabby

and deserted, loomed dark and misty through the storm; everywhere closed shutters, closed doors, dismantled street lamps, stark trees, rusty railings on balcony and porch; everywhere the downpour, fiercer when the wind swept the rain-spears, rank on rank, against the house fronts. And now, down the street, through the roaring wind and slanting sheets of rain, marched a regiment—a spectral regiment, gaunt drummers ahead, lining the flooded pavement from gutter to gutter, sloppy drums vibrating like the death rattle of an army. It was the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth of the line—the relief for the Grand Guard. After it, one by one, rumbled four cannon and a mitrailleuse, escorted by Mobiles—the Twelfth Battalion of the Seine.

The hussar backed his horses on to the sidewalk while the infantry were passing. Harewood leaned from the church steps and touched him on the shoulder. "Will you deliver a letter in Paris for me?" he asked.

The hussar nodded sulkily and said: "Are you going to stay here with the troops?"

"Yes," replied Harewood, sitting down under the porch and beginning to write on a pad with a stump of red pencil.

"Then you'll not need an answer to your letter," observed the hussar.

Harewood raised his eyes.

"Because," continued the trooper, with an oath, "that damned Trochu won't send you any cannon, and you'll all die like rats—that's why."

Harewood thought a moment, then went on writing to Bourke:

"The sortie was no sortie after all; it was a raid on Le Bourget by Bellemare. Trochu isn't inclined to back him up, and here we are wedged into the German lines, able to pierce them if supported from Paris, but in a bad mess if Paris abandons us. Bellemare starts for Paris in half an hour to urge personally the direction of a supporting column. If the Germans come at us while he's gone I don't know how it will end.

"In case of accident you will find duplicâtes of all despatches in my washstand drawer. I would go back to Paris if it were not such a shame to risk losing this chance to get through the lines. If worst comes to worst, I think I can get back safely. But in case you don't hear from me——"

He started to add something about Hilde, but crossed it out. Instead he wrote: "God bless you all;" then scratched that out, for he had a horror of battlefield sentiment and doleful messages "from the front."

He raised his head and watched the storm. Swifter and swifter came the rain, dashing itself to smoking mist on the glistening slate roofs. A shutter hanging from one twisted hinge swung like an inn sign across the facade of a cottage opposite.

He wrote again a message to Hilde, cheerful and optimistic—a gay pleas-

antry untinged with doubt or foreboding—and signed his name, “James Harewood.”

When he had sealed and directed the letter, he handed it to the hussar, saying cheerfully:

“Thank you, comrade, for your trouble.”

The trooper thrust the letter into the breast of his tunic, pocketed the silver piece that Harewood held out to him, and nodded his thanks.

A few moments later General Bellemare came out of the house next the church and climbed into his saddle, calling sharply to his escort, and off they tore into the teeth of the storm, the hussar’s lance flying a crimson guidon that snapped like a wet whiplash in the tempest.

Harewood prowled around the church, picking up scraps of information from officers and men, until he found that he knew quite as much about the situation as anybody did, which was really nothing.

He leaned against the Gothic column that supported the west choir, eating a bit of bread and drinking from time to time the mixture of wine and rain-water that stood in a great stone font, where once the good people of Le Bourget had found holy water. The church swarmed with soldiers at breakfast, some eating ravenously, some walking about listlessly, nibbling bits of crust, some sitting cross-legged on the stone-slabbed floors, faces vacant, a morsel of bread untasted in their hands. They came to dip their little tin cups into the basin where the wine and water stood; one, forgetful, touched the crimson liquid with his fingers and crossed himself. Nobody laughed.

About seven o’clock, without the slightest warning, a violent explosion shook the street in front of the church. Before Harewood could reach the door three shells fell, one after the other, and exploded in the street, sending cobblestones and pavements into the air.

“Keep back!” shouted an officer. “Close the doors!” Harewood ran out into the street. Far away toward Pont-Iblon the smoke of the Prussian guns hung heavily in the air.

“Are you coming back?” bawled a soldier. “We’re going to close the church doors.”

Harewood came back, calling out to an officer: “It’s the batteries behind Pont Iblon!”

Some soldiers piled pews and chairs into heaps under the stained-glass windows. On each of these heaps an officer climbed, field-glasses leveled. The men lay down on the floor. Many of them slept.

The cannonade now raged furiously; for an hour the wretched village was covered with bursting shells. Suddenly the tumult ceased, and Harewood, clinging to a shattered window, heard from the plain to the northward the long roll

of volley firing. A moment later he was in the street, running beside a column of Mobiles. Everywhere the French bugles were ringing; the cobblestones echoed with the clatter of artillery dashing past, summoned from Drancy by rocket signal.

Harewood, perched astride a stucco wall, looked across the plain and saw dark masses of the Prussian Guard advancing in silence through the rain. The French shells went sailing out over the plain, dropping between the Prussian skirmishers and the line of battle; the Prussian cannon were silent.

It seemed to him that, after a while, the dark lines ceased to advance, but were swinging obliquely toward Blanc-Mesnil. Presently he saw that the Germans were actually retiring and he wondered, while the troops along the wall muttered their misgivings as the Prussian lines faded away in retreat, accompanied by shotted salutes from the Fortress of the East and the unseen batteries of Aubervilliers.

All day he roamed about the village, trying to form some idea of its defensive possibilities, and at night he returned to the church. The rain had ceased again, but, through the fog, a fine drizzle still descended, freezing as it fell, until the streets glistened with greasy slush. There were fires lighted along the main street; across the red glare silhouettes passed and repassed.

Harewood looked up at the Gothic portal of the church, all crimsoned in the firelight. Above it the rose-window glittered with splendid hues, dyed deep in the flames' glow, and still, above the rose-window, the cross of stone, dark and wet, absorbed the ruddy light till it gleamed like a live cinder. Somewhere in the village a battalion was marching to quarters; he heard the trample of the men, the short, hoarse commands of the officers, the clatter of a mitrailleuse dragged along by hand.

All day he had driven thoughts of Hilde from him, but now, at midnight, when the lamp of life burns lowest and the eyes close, and death seems very near, he thought of her; and lying down in the street beside the fire, he questioned his soul. At night, too, the soul, stirring in the body—perhaps at the nearness of God—awakens conscience.

He had never before thought seriously of death. Its arrival to himself he had never pictured in concrete form. In the abstract he had often risked it, never fearing it, because mentally too inert, too lazy, to apply such a contingency to his own familiar body.

Now, for the first time in his life, he closed his eyes and saw himself just as he lay, but still, wet, muddy and horribly silent. He opened his eyes and looked soberly at the fire. After a little he closed his eyes again, and again he saw himself lying as he lay, wet, muddy, motionless, as only the dead can lie. He had known fear, but never before the dull foreboding that now crept into his heart.

To open his eyes and see the fire was to live; to shut his eyes was to reflect the image of death upon his closed lids. At first he disdained to shake it off—this mental shadow that passed across his sense. What if it were true? He had lived. It was the old selfishness stifling the sense of responsibility—his responsibility to the world, to himself, to Hilde. To Hilde?

He sat up in his blanket and stared into the fire. Slowly the comprehension of his responsibility came to him, his duty, all that was due to her from him, all that he owed her, all that she should claim, one day, claim in life or in the life to come. Die? He couldn't die—yet. There was something to do first! Who spoke of death? There was too much to do; there were matters of honor to arrange first; there was a debt to pay that neither death, nor hell, nor hope of paradise could cancel. Was death about to prevent him from paying that debt?

He was walking now, moving aimlessly to and fro under the porch of the church. A sentry, huddled against a column, regarded him apathetically as he passed out into the street. And always his thoughts ran on:

“If I have this debt to pay, what am I doing here? What right have I to risk death until it is paid? And if I die—if I die—”

His thoughts carried him no further. Hilde's pale face rose before him. He read terrible accusation in her eyes. And he repeated aloud again and again: “I must go back.” For he understood now that his life was no longer his own to risk—that it belonged to Hilde. Nor would he ever again have the right to imperil his life until they had risen together from their knees, before the altar, as man and wife. He looked out into the mist, ruddy with the camp-fire glow. Would morning ever come? Why should he wait for morning? At the thought he caught up his pouch and blanket, rolled, strapped and adjusted them, and stole out into the darkness.

Almost at once he heard somebody following him, but at first he scarcely noticed it. Down the main street he passed, over the slippery cobblestones, eyes fixed on a distant fire that marked the last bivouac in the village before the street ends at the ruined bridge across the Mollette. It was as he approached this camp-fire that he realized somebody had been following him. He paused a moment in the circle of firelight and turned around. Nothing stirred in the darkness beyond. He waited, then started on again, crossing the Lille highway to the line of bushes that marked the water's edge. No sentinel challenged him; he waded the ford below the wrecked stone bridge, climbed the bank opposite, and started across a wet meadow, beyond which lay the muddy road to Paris. Half-way through the meadow he halted again to listen. The unseen person was wading the ford; he could hear him in the water; now he was climbing the bank; the bushes crackled; a footstep fell on the gravel.

Harewood waited, peering through the gloom. He could see nothing; the

silence was absolute. Whoever was following him had stopped out there somewhere in the darkness.

A little unmoved, Harewood turned again and hastened through the meadow to the highway. When he reached the road he could scarcely see it, but he felt the mud and gravel beneath his feet, and started on. In a moment he heard the footsteps of his follower, not behind, now, but in front—between him and Paris. He stopped abruptly and drew his revolver. A minute passed in utter silence; then there came a soft footfall close in front, a whining voice:

"Monsieur!"

"Who are you?" said Harewood, sharply.

"The Mouse, monsieur."

The wretched creature was nearly starved. Harewood drew him into the thicket beside the road and gave him his last morsel of bread and meat.

"Imbecile!" he whispered, while the Mouse gnawed the crust, squatting on his muddy haunches, "there may be Prussian pickets anywhere along the fields. Didn't you know it?"

"Yes," said the Mouse, tranquilly; "there's a picket of Uhlans just ahead."

This was startling news for Harewood.

"Where?" he demanded under his breath.

"About a kilometre over that way," replied the Mouse, jerking his thumb toward the southeast. He was going to add something more when the sudden tingle of a horse's shod foot striking stones broke out in the night. They crouched low in the thicket listening. The road was lighter now; a gray shadow passed, a horseman trailing a lance. Others rode up, mounted on wiry little horses, all carrying tall lances that rattled in their saddle-boots.

As Harewood strained his eyes, the moon broke out overhead, a battered, defamed moon, across whose pale disk the flying sand whirled like shredded smoke.

A guttural voice began in German: "Where are the scouts—eh?"

Then in the moonlight Harewood saw Speyer and Stauffer, clad in the uniform of the carbiniers, salute the Uhlan officer and hand him a thin packet of papers. The Mouse beside him trembled like a terrier at a rat hole; Harewood clutched his arm and stared at the group in the road.

There was a brief parley, a word of caution, then the Uhlans wheeled their horses and galloped back toward Paris, and the two traitorous carbiniers struck off across the meadow toward Le Bourget, then made a demi-tour and followed the bank of the river. Very cautiously Harewood crept out to the road when the gallop of the Uhlans had died away.

The Mouse stood beside him, an open clasp-knife in his fist, nostrils quivering in the freshening wind.

Harewood glanced at the knife and said: "What are you going to do? Cut your way to Paris? Come back to Le Bourget, you fool!"

Half-way back across the wet meadow the Mouse asked: "And if we overtake Speyer?"

"Are you the public executioner?" said Harewood, sharply. "Put up that knife, I tell you."

The Mouse closed his knife and plodded on in silence.

After a while Harewood asked him about Bourke and Hilde and Tolette, but he knew little more than Harewood did, for he had left the house on the ramparts the morning after Harewood's departure, and since then had been following him up.

Morning was breaking as they forded the Mollette, and answered the sentry's challenge from the ruined highway. It was Sunday, the 13th of October—a desolate Sunday in a desolate land. They hurried through the main street, where sleepy reliefs were marching to replace the pickets along the river, and at last they reached the church, where a group of officers stood on the steps in attitudes of dejection.

"Colonel Martin," cried Harewood, "send a file of men to arrest two captains of the carbiniers, Speyer and Stauffer. I charge them with treason! Here is my witness!" He dragged the Mouse up the steps and led him forward. In half a dozen sentences he told what he had seen; the Mouse nodded his corroboration, stealing cunning glances about him and shuffling his muddy shoes, partly to inspire self-confidence, partly because he appreciated the importance of his present position.

Colonel Martin, now ranking officer in the village, turned quickly to Harewood and said:

"If I live to get out of this I'll have the carbiniers before a drum-head court martial. Are you going back to Paris?"

"If I can," said Harewood.

"If you get there have these carbinier officers arrested by the first patrol."

Harewood started again toward the river, calling impatiently for the Mouse to follow.

The bombardment from the Prussian guns had suddenly become violent; shells fell everywhere, exploding on slate roofs, in court-yards, in the middle of the street.

The Mouse, half dead with terror, shrieked as he ran, ducking his head at every crash, one hand twisted in Harewood's coat, one shielding his face.

"This won't do," cried Harewood, dragging the Mouse into a hallway; "we've got to wait until the bombardment stops. Here, break in this door! Quick!"

Together they forced the door and entered. The house was dark and empty. Harewood climbed the stairs, groped about, unfastened the scuttle and raised himself to the roof. North, east and west the smoke of the Prussian guns curled up from the plain. In the north, vast masses of troops were moving toward Le Bourget, cannonaded by the Fortress of the East at long range.

There was no chance to reach Paris; he saw that at the first glance. He saw, too, the French pickets being chased back into Le Bourget by Uhlans, and he heard the drumming of a mitrailleuse in the west end of the village, where columns of smoke arose from a burning house. Far away in the gray morning light the Fortress of the East towered, circled with floating mist, through which the sheeted flashes of the cannon played like lightning behind a thunder cloud.

As for the miserable village of Le Bourget, it was already doomed. Black masses of the Prussian Guard gathered like a tempest in the north, and swept across the plain in three columns. From Dugney, from Pont Iblon, from Blanc-Mesnil, they poured down upon Le Bourget, firing as they came on. Right through the main street they burst, hurling back the Mobs, sweeping the barricade, and turning again to batter down doors and windows, where, through the blinds, the soldiers of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth of the Line were firing frenziedly. From the slate roof where he crouched Harewood saw the Mobs give way and run. In a minute the interior of the village swarmed with panic-stricken soldiers. The Prussians shot them as they ran. Shells tore through them, and whirled them about as winds whirl gaily-tinted Autumn leaves.

Harewood, on the roof, was a mark now for the German riflemen. Bullet after bullet thwacked against the chimney behind which he clung. He waited his chance, then crawled along the slates and dropped into the scuttle, where the Mouse stood speechless with terror.

It was time that he left. A shell, bursting in the cellar, had ignited some stored fagots, and the first floor of the house had already begun to burn fiercely.

"Come," he said; "we must make a dash for the church." And he seized the Mouse, dragged him down the smoking stairs to the street door, and out over the cobblestones, where a group of officers and a couple of dozen Voltigeurs of the Guard were running toward the church, pursued by Uhlans.

Up the steps and into the dark church they stumbled pellmell, Harewood and the Mouse among them. They closed the great doors, bolted and barricaded them with benches, pews and heavy stone slabs from the floor. Already the Voltigeurs were firing through the stained glass across the street; the officers climbed beside them and emptied their revolvers into the masses of Prussians that surged around the church in a delirium of fury.

Harewood, looking over the shoulder of an officer, saw the Prussian pioneers digging through the walls of the houses across the street, saw the German sol-

diers pour into the breach, saw them at the windows bayonetting the remnants of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth, and flinging the wounded from the windows. From house to house the pioneers opened the walls. It was necessary to exterminate the garrison of each separate cottage, for none of them surrendered.

The houses that adjoined the church were swarming with Prussian infantry. They fired into the church windows, shouting "Hourra! Hourra! Preussen! No quarter!"

The officer next to Harewood was killed outright; two others fell back to the stone floor below. At the next volley five Voltigeurs were killed or wounded; a blast of flame entered the church as a grenade exploded outside a window.

The Mouse, in an agony of fright, was running round and round the church like a caged creature looking for some chink or cranny of escape. A soldier was shot dead beside him, and the Mouse stumbled over the dead man with a shriek. That stumble, however, almost pitched him through the back of the east confessional, which, in reality, was a concealed door leading directly to the rear of the church. The Mouse thrust his muzzle out, saw a garden, a dismantled arbor, and no Prussians. His first instinct drove him to immediate flight; he crawled through the door on hands and knees and wriggled into the arbor. Then came a second instinct—to tell Harewood. Why it was that the Mouse crept back into the church at the risk of his miserable life nobody perhaps can tell. It is true that frightened animals, when unmolested, often return to a companion in trouble.

Harewood was standing by a high stained-glass window, doing a thing that meant death if captured; he was firing a rifle at the Germans.

How he, a non-combatant, a cool-headed youth, who seldom needlessly risked his skin, could do such a thing, might only be explained by himself. In case of capture he would not have been harmed had he minded his own business; but he knew very well that a swift and merciless justice was served out for those civilians who fired on German troops. Yet there he stood, firing with the rest—a mere handful left now out of the thirty-two or three officers still kept their feet, half a dozen soldiers were yet firing into the second division of the Prussian Guard Royal, numbering nearly 15,000 men. Outside the shattered windows, dirty fingers clutched the stone coping; already helmeted heads bobbed up here and there; inflamed Teutonic faces leered into the church; there came the scrape of scaling ladders against the wall; worse still, the rumble of artillery in the street close at hand.

One of the half dozen survivors glanced around the church. It was a butcher's shambles. Then from the street came a shout, "Our cannon are here! Surrender!"

"Surrender?" repeated Harewood, vacantly. Then, as he saw a wounded

creature stagger up from the floor holding out a white handkerchief, he realized what he had done. Stunned, he stepped back to the altar as the firing died away. He saw the great doors open; he saw the streets outside, wet and muddy, choked with throngs of helmeted soldiers, all staring up at the door; he saw a cannon limbered up and dragged away, the mounted cannoniers looking back at the portal where three dozen French soldiers had held in check 15,000 Germans.

A soldier, streaming with blood, rose from the floor of the church and stumbled blindly out to the steps; two more carried a wounded officer between them on a chair.

Then, as the German troops parted, and the wounded man was borne out and down the steps, Harewood felt a tug at his elbow and heard a whine:

"Monsieur—there's a hole!"

The next instant he stepped behind the confessional, crawled through the dwarf door, and ran for his life.

Robert Chambers



THE CONSPIRACY

FROM "COFFEE AND REPARTEE"

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

(Born at Yonkers, N. Y., May 27, 1862)



HERE was a conspiracy in hand to embarrass the Idiot. The School-master and the Bibliomaniac had combined forces to give him a taste of his own medicine. The time had not yet arrived which showed the Idiot at a disadvantage; and the two boarders, the one proud of his learning, and the other not wholly unconscious of a bookish life, were distinctly tired of the triumphant manner in which the Idiot always left the breakfast-table to their invariable discomfiture.

It was the School-master's suggestion to put their tormentor into the pit he had heretofore digged for them. The worthy instructor of youth had of late come to see that while he was still a prime favorite with his landlady, he had, nevertheless, suffered somewhat in her estimation because of the apparent ease with which the Idiot had got the better of him on all points. It was necessary, he thought, to rehabilitate himself, and a deep-laid plot, to which the Bibliomaniac readily lent ear, was the result of his reflections. They twain were to indulge in a discussion of the great story of "Robert Elsmere," which both were confident the Idiot had not read, and concerning which they felt assured he could not have an intelligent opinion if he had read it.

So it happened upon this bright Sunday morning that as the boarders sat them down to partake of the usual "restful breakfast," as the Idiot termed it, the Bibliomaniac observed:

"I have just finished reading 'Robert Elsmere.'"

"Have you, indeed?" returned the School-master, with apparent interest. "I trust you profited by it?"

"On the contrary," observed the Bibliomaniac. "My views are much unsettled by it."

"I prefer the breast of the chicken, Mrs. Smithers," observed the Idiot, sending his plate back to the presiding genius of the table. "The neck of a chicken is graceful, but not too full of sustenance."

"He fights shy," whispered the Bibliomaniac, gleefully.

"Never mind," returned the School-master, confidently, "we'll land him yet."

Then he added, aloud: "Unsettled by it? I fail to see how any man with beliefs that are at all the result of mature convictions can be unsettled by the story of 'Elsmere.' For my part, I believe, and I have always said——"

"I never could understand why the neck of a chicken should be allowed on a respectable table anyhow," continued the Idiot, ignoring the controversy in which his neighbors were engaged, "unless for the purpose of showing that the deceased fowl met with an accidental rather than a natural death."

"In what way does the neck demonstrate that point?" queried the Bibliomaniac, forgetting the conspiracy for a moment.

"By its twist or by its length, of course," returned the Idiot. "A chicken that dies a natural death does not have its neck wrung; nor when the head is removed by the use of a hatchet, is it likely that it will be cut off so close behind the ears that those who eat the chicken are confronted with four inches of neck."

"Very entertaining, indeed," interposed the School-master; "but we are wandering from the point the Bibliomaniac and I were discussing. Is or is not the story of 'Robert Elsmere' unsettling to one's beliefs? Perhaps you can help us to decide that question."

"Perhaps I can," returned the Idiot, "and perhaps not. It did not unsettle my beliefs."

"But don't you think," observed the Bibliomaniac, "that to certain minds the book is more or less unsettling?"

"To that I can confidently say no. The certain mind knows no uncertainty," replied the Idiot, calmly.

"Very pretty, indeed," said the School-master, coldly. "But what was your opinion of Mrs. Ward's handling of the subject? Do you think she was sufficiently realistic? And if so, and Elsmere weakened under the stress of circumstances, do you think—or don't you think—the production of such a book harmful, because—being real—it must of necessity be unsettling to some minds?"

"I prefer not to express an opinion on that subject," returned the Idiot, "because I never read 'Robert Els——'"

"Never read it?" ejaculated the School-master, a look of triumph in his eyes.

"Why, everybody has read 'Elsmere' that pretends to have read anything," asserted the Bibliomaniac.

"Of course," put in the landlady, with a scornful laugh.

"Well, I didn't," said the Idiot, nonchalantly. "The same ground was gone over two years before in Burrows's great story, 'Is It, or Is It Not?' and anybody who ever read Clink's books on the 'Non-Existent as Opposed to What Is,' knows where Burrows got his points. Burrows's story was a perfect marvel. I don't know how many editions it went through in England, and when it was translated into French by Madame Tournay, it simply set the French wild."

"Great Scott!" whispered the Bibliomaniac, desperately, "I'm afraid we've been barking up the wrong tree."

"You've read Clink, I suppose?" asked the Idiot, turning to the School-master.

"Y—yes," returned the School-master, blushing deeply.

The Idiot looked surprised, and tried to conceal a smile by sipping his coffee from a spoon.

"And Burrows?"

"No," returned the School-master, humbly. "I never read Burrows."

"Well you ought to. It's a great book, and it's the one 'Robert Elsmere' is taken from—same ideas all through, I'm told; that's why I didn't read 'Elsmere.' Waste of time, you know. But you noticed yourself, I suppose, that Clink's ground is the same as that covered in 'Elsmere?'"

"No; I only dipped lightly into Clink," returned the School-master, with some embarrassment.

"But you couldn't help noticing a similarity of ideas?" insisted the Idiot, calmly.

The School-master looked beseechingly at the Bibliomaniac, who would have been glad to fly to his co-conspirator's assistance had he known how, but never having heard of Clink, or Burrows either, for that matter, he made up his mind that it was best for his reputation for him to stay out of the controversy.

"Very slight similarity, however," said the School-master, in despair.

"Where can I find Clink's books?" put in Mr. Whitechoker, very much interested.

The Idiot conveniently had his mouth full of chicken at the moment, and it was to the School-master who had also read him that they all—the landlady included—looked for an answer.

"Oh, I think," returned that worthy, hesitatingly—"I think you will find Clink in any of the public libraries."

"What is his full name?" persisted Mr. Whitechoker, taking out a memorandum book.

"Horace J. Clink," said the Idiot.

"Yes; that's it—Horace J. Clink," echoed the School-master. "Very virile writer and a clear thinker," he added, with some nervousness.

"What, if any, of his books would you specially recommend?" asked the Minister again.

The Idiot had by this time risen from the table, and was leaving the room with the genial gentleman who occasionally imbibed.

The School-master's reply was not audible.

"I say," said the genial gentleman to the Idiot, as they passed out into the

hall, "they didn't get much the best of you in that matter. But, tell me, who was Clink, anyhow?"

"Never heard of him before," returned the Idiot.

"And Burrows?"

"Same as Clink."

"Know anything about 'Elsmere?'" chuckled the genial gentleman.

"Nothing, except that it and 'Pigs in Clover' came out at the same time, and I stuck to the Pigs."

And the genial gentleman who occasionally imbibed was so pleased at the plight of the School-master and of the Bibliomaniac that he invited the Idiot up to his room, where the private stock was kept for just such occasions, and they put in a very pleasant morning together.

John Kendrick Bangs



AN IVORY MINIATURE

BY ARTHUR GRISSOM

If Karl Huth wrought of old with greater grace,
Or with a skill more marvelous and rare,
'Twas not because inspired by one more fair,
Or one of more divinity of face.
Some cunning master hand that thrilled to trace
The beauty of Dubarry and Valliere,
When Watteau reigned and France had not a care,
By this may well have won immortal place.


Within its dainty frame of fleur-de-lys,
The crossed white lilies of the Bourbon lance,
It seems to speak, with dreaming eyes, to me
Of all the vanished glories of romance,
Of days when kings held court beneath a tree,
And nights when Love was conqueror of France!

Arthur Grissom.

THE MOVEMENT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE

(Born at Greensborough, Pa., June 30, 1844)



ONE day, not a great while ago, Mr. Middlerib read in his favorite paper a paragraph copied from the *Praeger Landwirthschaftliches Wochenblatt*, a German paper, which is an accepted authority on such points, stating that the sting of a bee was a sure cure for rheumatism, and citing several remarkable instances in which people had been perfectly cured by this abrupt remedy. Mr. Middlerib did not stop to reflect that a paper with such a name as that would be very apt to say anything; he only thought of the rheumatic twinges that grappled his knees once in a while and made life a burden to him.

He read the article several times and pondered over it. He understood that the stinging must be done scientifically and thoroughly. The bee, as he understood the article, was to be gripped by the ears and set down upon the rheumatic joint and held there until it stung itself stingless. He had some misgivings about the matter. He knew it would hurt. He hardly thought it could hurt any worse than the rheumatism, and it had been so many years since he was stung by a bee that he had almost forgotten what it felt like. He had, however, a general feeling that it would hurt some. But desperate diseases required desperate remedies, and Mr. Middlerib was willing to undergo any amount of suffering if it would cure his rheumatism.

He contracted with Master Middlerib for a limited supply of bees. There were bees and bees, humming and buzzing about in the summer air, but Mr. Middlerib did not know how to get them. He felt, however, that he could depend upon the instincts and methods of boyhood. He knew that if there was any way in heaven or earth whereby the shyest bee that ever lifted a two-hundred-pound man off the clover, could be induced to enter a wide-mouthed glass bottle, his son knew that way.

For the small sum of one dime Master Middlerib agreed to procure several, to wit: Six bees, age not specified; but as Mr. Middlerib was left in uncertainty as to the race, it was made obligatory upon the contractor to have three of them honey and three humble, or in the generally accepted vernacular, bumble bees. Mr. Middlerib did not tell his son what he wanted those bees for and the boy went off on his mission with his head so full of astonishment that it fairly whirled.

Evening brings all home, and the last rays of the declining sun fell upon Master Middlerib with a short, wide-mouthed bottle comfortably populated with hot, ill-natured bees, and Mr. Middlerib and a dime. The dime and the bottle changed hands and the boy was happy.

Mr. Middlerib put the bottle in his coat pocket and went into the house, eyeing everybody he met very suspiciously, as though he had made up his mind to sting to death the first person that said "bee" to him. He confided his guilty secret to none of his family. He hid his bees in his bedroom; and as he looked at them just before putting them away, he half wished the experiment was safely over. He wished the imprisoned bees didn't look so hot and cross. With exquisite care, he submerged the bottle in a basin of water, and let a few drops in on the heated inmates, to cool them off.

At the tea-table he had a great fight. Miss Middlerib, in the artless simplicity of her romantic nature, said: "I smell bees. How the odor brings up——"

But her father glared at her, and said, with superfluous harshness and execrable grammar:

"Hush up! You don't smell nothing."

Whereupon Mrs. Middlerib asked him if he had eaten anything that disagreed with him, and Miss Middlerib said: "Why, pa!" and Master Middlerib smiled as he wondered.

Bedtime came at last, and the night was warm and sultry. Under various false pretenses, Mr. Middlerib strolled about the house until everybody else was in bed, and then he sought his room. He turned the night-lamp down until its feeble rays shone dimly as a death-light.

Mr. Middlerib disrobed slowly—very slowly. When at last he was ready to go lumbering into his peaceful couch, he heaved a profound sigh, so full of apprehension and grief that Mrs. Middlerib, who was awakened by it, said if it gave him so much pain to come to bed, perhaps he had better sit up all night. Mr. Middlerib checked another sigh, but said nothing and crept into bed. After lying still a few moments he reached out and got his bottle of bees.

It is not an easy thing to do to pick one bee out of a bottleful with his fingers and not get into trouble. The first bee Mr. Middlerib got was a little brown honey-bee that wouldn't weigh half an ounce if you picked him up by the ears, but if you lifted him by the hind legs as Mr. Middlerib did, would weigh as much as the last end of a bay mule. Mr. Middlerib could not repress a groan.

"What's the matter with you?" sleepily asked his wife.

It was very hard for Mr. Middlerib to say; he only knew his temperature had risen to eighty-six all over and to one hundred and ninety-seven on the end

of his thumb. He reversed the bee and pressed the warlike terminus of it firmly against his rheumatic knee.

It didn't hurt so badly as he thought it would.

It didn't hurt at all!

Then Mr. Middlerib remembered that when the honey-bee stabs a human foe it generally leaves its harpoon in the wound, and the invalid knew then the only thing the bee had to sting with was doing its work at the end of his thumb.

He reached his arm out from under the sheet and dropped this disabled atom of rheumatism liniment on the carpet. Then, after a second of blank wonder, he began to feel around for the bottle and wished he knew what he had done with it.

In the meantime, strange things had been going on. When he caught hold of the first bee, Mr. Middlerib, for reasons, drew it out in such haste that for the time he forgot all about the bottle and its remedial contents, and left it lying uncorked in the bed. In the darkness there had been a quiet but general emigration from that bottle. The bees, their wings clogged with the water Mr. Middlerib had poured upon them to cool and tranquillize them, were crawling aimlessly about over the sheet. While Mr. Middlerib was feeling around for it, his ears were suddenly thrilled and his heart frozen by a wild, piercing scream from his wife.

"Murder!" she screamed, "murder! Oh, help me! Help! Help!"

Mr. Middlerib sat bold upright in bed. His hair stood on end. The night was very warm, but he turned to ice in a minute.

"Where, oh, where," he said, with pallid lips, as he felt all over the bed in frenzied haste—"where in the world are those infernal bees?"

And a large "bumble," with a sting as pitiless as the finger of scorn, just then lighted between Mr. Middlerib's shoulders and went for his marrow and said calmly: "Here is one of them."

And Mrs. Middlerib felt ashamed of her feeble screams when Mr. Middlerib threw up both arms, and, with a howl that made the windows rattle, roared:

"Take him off! Oh, land of Scott, somebody take him off!"

And when a little honey-bee began tickling the sole of Mrs. Middlerib's foot she shrieked that the house was bewitched and immediately went into spasms.

The household was aroused by this time. Miss Middlerib and Master Middlerib and the servants were pouring into the room, adding to the general confusion by howling at random and asking irrelevant questions, while they gazed at the figure of a man a little on in years pawing fiercely at the unattainable spot in the middle of his back, while he danced an unnatural, weird, wicked-looking jig by the dim religious light of the night lamp.

And while he danced and howled and while they gazed and shouted a navy-blue wasp that Master Middlerib had put in the bottle for good measure and

variety, and to keep the menagerie stirred up, had dried his legs and wings with a corner of the sheet, after a preliminary circle or two around the bed to get up his motion and settle down to a working gait, fired himself across the room, and to his dying day Mr. Middlerib will always believe that one of the servants mistook him for a burglar and shot him.

No one, not even Mr. Middlerib himself, could doubt that he was, at least for the time, most thoroughly cured of rheumatism. His own son could not have carried himself more lightly or with greater agility. But the cure was not permanent and Mr. Middlerib does not like to talk about it.

Robert J. Burdette.





HOWARD FIELDING (CHARLES W. HOOKE)

A MATTER OF INSTINCT

BY HOWARD FIELDING

(Born at Castine, Me., Dec. 23, 1861)



FATE was a cat and Leonard Herrick was a mouse. There had been some rare sport, but Herrick was of the opinion that it could not last much longer. He had run this way and that way, and a thousand times he had fancied that he was going to escape. But always the velvet paws with the long, sharp claws springing out of them, had caught him just in time. So at last he lay still, panting, not knowing

which way to turn.

He was in a big city, all alone. The people who rushed by him were like the thoughts that whirled through his brain; they were shadows, and the everlasting train of them had no beginning nor end. He could not distinguish the real men and women whom he saw from those whom he merely remembered. Now and again there appeared in the throng the faces of the dead; he did not mind those, but there were others that he shrank from.

He stood with his back against the iron fence in front of Trinity Church. There was just light enough in the western sky to give the pile of stone a shadow which fell upon hurrying thousands who did not notice it.

Herrick's hands were in his pockets. He crumpled a crackling piece of paper which meant that he could live several days longer, if he cared to do so. As to a more extended future, he could not picture it. All the lines of his life seemed to end in a knot which could by no means be untied, but must merely be dropped. He remembered that there were miracles, but he could not think of one to wish for.

From three o'clock till four the crowd in that part of Broadway is rich and prosperous; from four till five it boasts of wealthy connections and takes a strong interest in life; after five, it loses caste rapidly, and by six it is a lot of weary people going home to supper. Herrick felt the degeneracy of the throng without really seeing it. If a whole street full of people could get shabby in an hour, was it any wonder that he had done it in five years?

He crossed Broadway and walked down Wall Street, slowly and with hesitation, for he had no errand. A voice cried: "Cab, sir!" almost in his ear. He turned and looked up at the man on the box.

"Is it possible," he said to himself, "that I still look like a gentleman?"

He felt toward the cabman as toward one who had given him a helping hand. Why not pay the debt? To do so would cost him only a day of his life. He had a five-dollar bill in his pocket.

"Yes," he said; "take me up to the Fifth Avenue Hotel."

It was the first place that had come into his mind. He got into the cab and snapped the door. The cushioned seat and the comfortable support for his head were very refreshing. A fancy came to him that he would dine decently and then go to a theatre. The extravagance would be trifling, for it was really of small importance whether he starved to death on Sunday or the following Wednesday. He was in a mood to make a jest of it all.

A strong glare from an electric light struck down into the carriage, and made visible to him a package in brown paper that looked as if it might be a sandwich. The object protruded from under the seat. He thought it must be the cabman's supper which had been hidden in some small locker and had fallen upon the floor. The idea that the food should be spoiled was disagreeable to Herrick, and so he picked up the little brown bundle.

It was smaller than he had supposed, and it did not feel like bread. But had it been food, and he at the last pang of starvation, the touch of it would not have sent such a thrill through all his frame.

He knew that the contents of that package was money. It felt like a mass of bills, folded; awkwardly wrapped up and fastened with elastic bands. Through the brown covering Herrick could feel the crispness of the government paper. The amount might be a poor man's monthly wages, or a rich man's profit on a great transaction.

As to his own conduct in this matter, Herrick had no doubt whatever. Fate had thrown this money into his hands, and fate might take it away, but not if he could hold on tightly enough. His fingers trembled as he picked at the elastic bands. Suddenly, and without his knowing why, the rubber strings vanished with a loud snap that startled him; and the package sprang open on his knees. He caught a flash of green color, and then the cab rolled out of light into shadow.

It seemed a long time before another light struck in upon him. At the moment when it did so he saw a face close to the cab door and he dodged back, covering the bills with his hands. But the chance passenger on the street saw nothing; he was thinking of his own affairs, no doubt, and had no inkling of the strange thing that passed so close to his eyes.

Herrick was himself again in a moment, and he bent forward, eagerly scanning the bills in his hands and counting them feverishly. There were forty of them, and each was of the denomination of one thousand.

Throughout the latter period of the young man's misfortunes, he had had substantially but one wish—to rest. Rest has many forms, suited to a vast

variety of individual tastes. To Herrick in his day-dreams it had always taken the form of travel without care. All paths lie open for a man who has forty thousand dollars, and there is no reason why care should sit behind him as he rides.

Herrick had only the most shadowy thought for the person who had lost this money. He did not even speculate upon the manner of its loss. It had passed into the control of one who needed it, and that was enough.

He disposed the notes in his pockets, in the best interests of comfort and safety. Then he folded up the brown paper and pocketed that also, with a dim consciousness that if it were left in the cab it might get the driver into trouble. The fellow was honest, no doubt, and Herrick did not wish that he should suffer a wrong. He preferred to keep the wrapper himself and take the risk until he could find some means of disposing of it that should be safer than chrowing it out of the cab window.

How he himself should leave the cab was a question which concerned him nearly. He did not wish to confront the driver again, for there might be an investigation and a question of identification might arise, in which case it would be well to have the man know as little as possible of Herrick's personal appearance. He reflected with satisfaction that the spot on Wall Street where he had entered the carriage had been rather dark.

The cab stopped suddenly, its path being blocked by a tangle of vehicles. Herrick softly put his hand upon the catch of the door. It yielded noiselessly; the door swung open.

Herrick stepped out. Turning back for an instant he perceived the cabman sitting upon his box in entire unconsciousness of the fraud that was being practised upon him. He was a poor man and doubtless worked hard for all the money that he received. Still, it was reckless to attract his attention again; especially so, after having left the cab in that strange manner.

There was a way to the sidewalk through the press of vehicles. Herrick saw it from the corner of his eye, and was about to take advantage of it. Instead, to his surprise, he found himself turning toward the cabman, and immediately he heard his own voice saying:

"I have decided to get out here. How much do I owe you?"

The cabman named his price and Herrick paid him with the five dollar bill which had been the sum of his wealth, and the end of it, so far as he could see, so short a time before. He counted his change carefully, remembering that he would probably have to wait until the next day before he could break one of the thousands. Enough remained to him from the bill for a supper, a bed and a breakfast.

When he had found a restaurant he ordered a meal and ate it with relish. It was enchanted food. It was the fare of an Atlantic liner, the delicacies of Euro-

pean hotels and the fruits of the tropics. His drink was the wine of all the cafes in the world where there are lights and laughter and pretty women.

He cared little for his bed. It would be no more than a place where he might lie and think of the future. It was many a night since he had really slept. Certainly with so much upon his mind he would not sleep this night even if he should try. So when he had been shown to his room in a hotel he piled his pillows against the headboard of the bed and reclined upon them fully dressed. He was very happy. No question of right or wrong in what he had done or what he expected to do, came to torment him. For a long time he had borne his life like a tremendous burden. It had suddenly slipped from his shoulders, leaving his natural powers benumbed.

In the midst of his first vision of a new life he was aroused by a knocking at the door. He started up; his legs would hardly support him; he had no voice with which to ask who was there. But one explanation was possible; he must have been watched by the police.

He tottered to the door and gave utterance to a hoarse, inarticulate sound. "Eight o'clock, sir," cried a voice without. "You asked to be called, sir."

He rushed to the window and flung open the shutters. Day streamed in, strong and beautiful. The gas flame paled. He knew that he had slept as not before in years. In the mysterious depths of his life he felt a new strength stirring, but it was only nascent as yet.

A bath and a breakfast revived him still more. He felt the exhilaration of a busy day upon which he was entering. He scanned the papers, but so far as he could see they had no news of the money that had been lost. He was not conscious of any excitement in searching for that news. The fear of detection had quite left him. Of all stolen goods money is the hardest to recover.

Presently he found himself riding downtown in an elevated railroad train. He was going to a steamship office to arrange for his journey; then to a banker's for a traveler's check book.

His pockets were bulging with money, but there was something in one of them that he could not remember to have put there. He pulled it out and found it to be the brown paper wrapper that had inclosed the money. As he held it in his hand it was concealed by his newspaper. No fellow-passenger could see it; and that was doubly fortunate because in plain sight upon the paper was a name and address: "Herbert L. Graham, 40 Wall street."

The train was just stopping at Rector street. That was the station nearest to the steamship office. Thrusting the brown paper back into his pocket he left the car and went with the throng down to the street. He was thinking about the accommodations he would choose on the steamer. He continued to think of that and kindred subjects, yet he turned north on Broadway instead of south. Pres-

ently he was conscious of asking an elevator boy in a big building if he knew where Mr. Graham's office was.

Mr. Graham happened to be in his outer office when Herrick entered. He was pouring a story into the ear of another gray-haired Wall Street man and Herrick heard a few words of it—how Mr. Graham was sure he didn't do this and positive he didn't do that; in fact, like other men in the same situation, he was able to prove that the obvious truth was an impossibility.

"I have found the money that you lost," said Herrick. "Here it is."

"Zion!" cried the banker, clutching the bills in his fingers. "My dear fellow, tell me all about it."

"There's nothing to tell," replied the young man. "I merely found it in the cab."

Mr. Graham eyed him a moment in surprise.

"You take it coolly," he said.

"I couldn't take it at all," responded Herrick with a feeble smile. "I don't know why. It was instinct, I suppose. My ancestors must have been honest men."

"Upon my word, you must take one of these notes," said the banker. "I've offered it in an ad. and——"

"I can't do it," said Herrick. "I don't feel it to be right."

"But, my dear boy!" exclaimed the old man, kindly. "I must do something for you. I want to; believe me. At least come back and take lunch with me. Shall we say one o'clock?"

"It will give me great pleasure," said Herrick; and, bowing, he turned away and walked out of the office.



THE HEART OF NEW ENGLAND

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

(Born at Hartford, Conn., Oct. 8, 1833)

Oh! long are years of waiting, when lovers' hearts are bound
 By words that hold in life and death, and last the half-world round;
 Long, long for him who wanders far and strives with all his main,
 But crueller yet for her who bides at home and hides her pain!—
 And lone are the homes of New England.

'Twas in the mellow Summer I heard her sweet reply;
 The barefoot lads and lasses a-berrying went by;
 The locust dimmed amid the trees; the fields were high with corn;
 The white-sailed clouds against the sky like ships were onward borne—
 And blue are the skies of New England.

Her lips were like the raspberries; her cheek was soft and fair,
 And little breezes stopped to lift the tangle of her hair;
 A light was in her hazel eyes, and she was nothing loath
 To hear the words her lover spoke, and pledged me there her troth—
 And true is the word of New England.

When September brought the golden-rod, and maples burned like fire,
 And bluer than in August rose the village smoke and higher,
 And large and red among the stacks the ripened pumpkins shone,
 One hour, in which to say farewell, was left to us alone—
 And sweet are the lanes of New England.

We loved each other truly! Hard, hard it was to part;
 But my ring was on her finger, and her hair lay next my heart.
 "'Tis but a year, my darling," I said; "in one short year,
 When my Western home is ready, I shall seek my Katie here—"
 And brave is the hope of New England.

I went to gain a home for her, and in the Golden State
 With head and hand I planned and toiled, and early worked and late;

But luck was all against me, and sickness on me lay,
And ere I got my strength again 'twas many a weary day—
And long are the thoughts of New England.

And many a day, and many a month, and thrice the rolling year,
I bravely strove, and still the goal seemed never yet more near.
My Katie's letters told me that she kept her promise true,
But now, for very hopelessness, my own to her were few—
And stern is the pride of New England.

But still she trusted me, though sick with hope deferred ;
No more among the village choir her voice was sweetest heard ;
For when the wild northeaster of the fourth long Winter blew,
So thin her frame with pining, the cold wind pierced her through—
And chill are the blasts of New England.

At last my fortunes bettered, on the far Pacific shore,
And I thought to see old Windham and my patient love once more ;
When a kinsman's letter reached me : "Come at once, or come too late !
Your Katie's strength is failing ; if you love her, do not wait—
Come back to the elms of New England."

Oh, it wrung my heart with sorrow ! I left all else behind,
And straight for dear New England I speeded like the wind.
The day and night were blended till I reached my boyhood's home,
And the old cliffs seemed to mock me that I had not sooner come—
And gray are the rocks of New England.

I could not think 'twas Katie who sat before me there
Reading her Bible—'twas my gift—and pillowed in her chair.
A ring, with all my letters, lay on a little stand—
She could no longer wear it, so frail her poor, white hand !—
But strong is the love of New England.

Her hair had lost its tangle and was parted off her brow ;
She used to be a joyous girl ; but seemed an angel now,
Heaven's darling, mine no longer ; yet in her hazel eyes
The same dear love-light glistened, as she soothed my bitter cries—
And pure is the faith of New England.

A month I watched her dying, pale, pale as any rose
That drops its petals one by one and sweetens as it goes.
My life was darkened when at last her large eyes closed in death,
And I heard my own name whispered as she drew her parting breath—
Still, still was the heart of New England.

It was a woful funeral the coming Sabbath day ;
We bore her to the barren hill on which the graveyard lay,
And when the narrow grave was filled, and what we might was done,
Of all the stricken group around I was the loneliest one—
And drear are the hills of New England.

I gazed upon the stunted pines, the bleak November sky,
And knew that buried deep with her my heart henceforth would lie ;
And waking in the solemn nights my thoughts still thither go
To Katie, lying in her grave beneath the Winter snow—
And cold are the snows of New England.



A NEW ENGLAND SUNDAY

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER

(Born at Litchfield, Conn., June 24, 1813; died at Brooklyn, N. Y., March 8, 1887)



TIME waits for no man, and least of all for story writers. Our readers must move six years forward at a step, and rest for one Sunday in Norwood, where traveling on Sunday is yet against the law.

It is worth all the inconveniences arising from the occasional overaction of New England Sabbath observance to obtain the full flavor of a New England Sunday. But, for this, one should have been born there; should have found Sunday already waiting for him, and accepted it with implicit and absolute conviction, as if it were a law of Nature, in the same way that night and day, Summer and Winter, are parts of Nature. He should have been brought up by parents who had done the same thing, as *they* were by parents even more strict, if that were possible; until not religious persons peculiarly, but everybody, not churches alone, but society itself and all its population—those who broke it as much as those who kept it—were stained through with the color of Sunday; nay, until Nature had adopted it, and laid its commands on all birds and beasts, on the sun and winds, and upon the whole atmosphere; so that, without much imagination, one might imagine in a genuine New England Sunday of the Connecticut river valley stamp that God was still on that day resting from all the work which he had created and made, and that all his work rested with him.

Over all the town rested the Lord's peace. The saw was ripping away yesterday in the carpenter's shop, and the hammer was noisy enough; to-day there is not a sign of life there. The anvil makes no music to-day. Tommy Taft's buckets and barrels give forth no hollow, thumping sound. The mill is silent: only the brook continues noisy. Listen! In yonder pine-woods, what a cawing of crows! Like an echo in a wood still more remote, other crows are answering. But even a crow's throat to-day is musical. Do they think, because they have black coats on, that they are parsons, and have a right to play pulpit with all the pine-trees? Nay, the birds will not have any such monopoly: they are all singing, and singing all together; and no one cares whether his song rushes across another's or not. Larks and robins, blackbirds and orioles, sparrows and bluebirds, mocking catbirds and wrens, were furrowing the air with such mixtures as no other day but Sunday, when all artificial and human sounds cease, could ever hear. Every now and then, a bobolink seemed impressed with the duty of bring-



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ing these jangling birds into more regularity; and, like a country singing-master, he flew down the ranks, singing all the parts himself in snatches, as if to stimulate and help the laggards. In vain. Sunday is the birds' day, and they will have their own democratic worship.

There was no sound in the village street. Look either way, not a vehicle, not a human being. The smoke rose up soberly and quietly, as if it said, "It is Sunday." The leaves on the great elms hung motionless, glittering in dew, as if they too, like the people who dwelt under their shadow, were waiting for the bell to ring for meeting. Bees sung and flew as usual; but honey-bees have a Sunday way with them all the week, and could scarcely change for the better on the seventh day.

But, oh, the sun! It had sent before, and cleared every stain out of the sky. The blue heaven was not dim and low as on secular days, but curved and deep, as if on Sunday it shook off all encumbrance which during the week had lowered and flattened it, and sprang back to the arch and symmetry of a dome. All ordinary sounds caught the spirit of the day. The shutting of a door sounded twice as far as usual. The rattle of a bucket in a neighbor's yard, no longer mixed with heterogeneous noises, seemed a new sound. The hens went silently about, and roosters crowed in psalm-tunes. And, when the first bell rang, Nature seemed overjoyed to find something that it might do without breaking Sunday, and rolled the sound over and over, and pushed it through the air, and raced with it over field and hill twice as far as on week-days. There were no less than seven steeples in sight from the belfry: and the sexton said, "On still Sundays I've heard the bell, at one time and another, when the day was fair, and the air moving in the right way, from every one of them steeples; and I guess likely they've all heard our'n."

"Come, Rose," said Agate Bissell, at an even earlier hour than when Rose usually awakened,—“come, Rose, it is the Sabbath. We must not be late Sunday morning of all days in the week. It is the Lord's day.”

There was little preparation required for the day. Saturday night, in some parts of New England, was considered almost as sacred as Sunday itself. After sundown on Saturday night, no play, and no work, except such as is immediately preparatory to the Sabbath, were deemed becoming in good Christians. The clothes had been laid out the night before. Nothing was forgotten. The best frock was ready; the hose and shoes were waiting. Every article of linen, every ruffle and ribbon, were selected on Saturday night. Every one in the house walked mildly; every one spoke in a low tone: yet all were cheerful. The mother had on her kindest face, and nobody laughed; but everybody made it up in smiling. The nurse smiled, and the children held on to keep down a giggle within the lawful bounds of a smile; and the doctor looked rounder and calmer

than ever; and the dog flapped his tail on the floor with a softened sound, as if he had fresh wrapped it in hair for that very day. Aunt Toodie, the cook (so the children had changed Mrs. Sarah Good's name), was blacker than ever and shinier than ever, and the coffee better, and the cream richer, and the broiled chickens juicier and more tender, and the biscuit whiter, and the cornbread more brittle and sweet.

When the good doctor read the Scriptures at family prayer, the infection of silence had subdued everything except the clock. Out of the wide hall could be heard in the stillness the old clock, that now lifted up its voice with unwonted emphasis, as if, unnoticed through the bustling week, Sunday was its vantage-ground to proclaim to mortals the swift flight of time; and, if the old pedant performed the task with something of an ostentatious precision, it was because in that house nothing else put on official airs, and the clock felt the responsibility of doing it for the whole mansion.

And now came mother and catechism; for Mrs. Wentworth followed the old custom, and declared that no child of hers should grow up without catechism. Secretly, the doctor was quite willing; though openly he played off upon the practice a world of good-natured discouragement, and declared that there should be an opposition set up—a catechism of nature, with natural laws for decrees, and seasons for Providence, and flowers for graces. The younger children were taught in simple catechism; but Rose, having reached the mature age of twelve, was now manifesting her power over the Westminster Shorter Catechism; and as it was simply an achievement of memory, and not of the understanding, she had the book at great advantage, and soon subdued every question and answer in it. As much as possible, the doctor was kept aloof on such occasions. His grave questions were not to edification; and often they caused Rose to stumble, and brought down sorely the exultation with which she rolled forth, "They that are effectually called do in this life partake of justification, adoption, sanctification, and the several benefits which in this life do either accompany or flow from them."

"What do those words mean, Rose?"

"Which words, pa?"

"Adoption, sanctification, and justification."

Rose hesitated, and looked at her mother for rescue.

"Doctor, why do you trouble the child? Of course, she don't know yet all the meaning; but that will come to her when she grows older."

"You make a nest of her memory, then, and put words there, like eggs, for future hatching?"

"Yes, that is it exactly. Birds do not hatch their eggs the minute they lay them: they wait."

"Laying eggs at twelve to be hatched at twenty is subjecting them to some risk, is it not?"

"It might be so with eggs, but not with catechism. That will keep, without spoiling, a hundred years."

"Because it is so dry?"

"Because it is so good. But do, dear husband, go away, and not put notions in the children's heads. It's hard enough already to get them through their tasks. Here's poor Arthur, who has been two Sundays on one question, and has not got it yet."

Arthur, aforesaid, was sharp and bright in anything addressed to his reason: but he had no verbal memory, and he was therefore wading painfully through the catechism like a man in a deep, muddy road; with this difference, that the man carries too much clay with him, while nothing stuck to poor Arthur. Great was the lad's pride and exultation on a former occasion when his mother advanced him from the Smaller Catechism to the dignity of the Westminster Catechism. He could hardly wait for Sunday to begin his conquests. He was never known after the first Sunday to show any further impatience. He had been four weeks in reaching the fourth question; and two weeks already had he laid before that luminous answer, beating on it like a ship too deeply laden, and unable to cross the bar.

"What is God, Arthur?" said his mother.

"God is—is a—God is—and God—God is a——"

Having got safely so far, the mother suggests "spirit"; at which he gasps eagerly, "God is a spirit."

"Infinite," says the mother.

"Infinite," says Arthur.

And then blushing, and twisting in his chair, he seemed unable to extract anything more.

"Eternal," says the mother.

"Eternal," says the boy.

"Well, go on. 'God is a spirit, infinite, eternal': what else?"

"God is a spirit, eternal, infinite: what else?"

"Nonsense!" says the startled mother.

"Nonsense!" goes on the boy, supposing it to be a part of the regular answer.

"Arthur, stop! What work you are making!"

To stop was the very exercise in catechism at which he was most proficient; and he stopped so fully and firmly, that nothing more could be got out of him or into him during the exercise. But his sorrow soon fled; for the second bell had rung, and it was just time to walk; and "everybody was going," the servant

reported. The doctor had been called away; and his wife and the children moved down the yard—Rose with demure propriety, and Arthur and his eight-year-old brother, Charles, with less piety manifest in deportment, but, on the whole, with decent demeanor. The beauty of the day, the genial season of the year, brought forth every one—old men and their feebler old wives, young and hearty men and their plump and ruddy companions. Young men and girls and children, thick as punctuation points in Hebrew text, filled the street. In a low voice, they spoke to each other in single sentences.

* * * * *

There was something striking in the outflow of people into the street that till now had seemed utterly deserted. There was no fevered hurry, no negligent or poorly-dressed people. Every family came in groups, old folks and young children; and every member blossomed forth in his best apparel, like a rose-bush in June. Do you know that man in a silk hat and new black coat? Probably it is some stranger. No: it is the carpenter, Mr. Baggs, who was racing about yesterday with his sleeves rolled up, and a dust-and-business look in his face. I knew you would not know him. Adams Gardner, the blacksmith—does he not look every inch a Judge, now that he is clean-washed, shaved, and dressed? His eyes are as bright as the sparks that fly from his anvil.

Are not the folks proud of their children? See what groups of them! How ruddy and plump are most! Some are roguish, and cut clandestine capers at every chance. Others seem like wax figures, so perfectly proper are they. Little hands go slyly through the pickets to pluck a tempting flower. Other hands carry hymn-books or Bibles. But carry what they may, dressed as each parent can afford, is there anything the sun shines upon more beautiful than these troops of Sunday children?

The old bell had it all its own way up in the steeple. It was the licensed noise of the day. In a long shed behind the church stood a score and half-score of wagons and chaises and carryalls—the horses already beginning the forenoon's work of stamping, and whisking the flies. More were coming. Hiram Beers had "hitched up," and brought two loads with his new hack; and now, having secured the team, he stood with a few admiring young fellows about him, remarking on the people as they came up.

"There's Trowbridge; he'll git asleep afore the first prayer's over. I don't b'lieve he's heerd a sermon in ten years. I've seen him asleep standin' up in singin'.

"Here comes Deacon Marble! Smart old feller, ain't he? Wouldn't think it jest to look at him! Face looks like an ear of last summer's sweet-corn—all dried up; but I tell ye he's got the juice in him yit! Aunt Polly's gittin' old, ain't she? They say she can't walk half the time; lost the use of her limbs; but it's

all gone to her tongue. That's as good as a razor, and a sight better'n mine, for it never needs sharpenin'.

"Stand away, boys! ther's 'Biah Cathcart. Good horses; not fast, but mighty strong—just like the owner."

And with that Hiram touched his new Sunday hat to Mrs. Cathcart and Alice; and, as he took the horses by the bits, he dropped his head, and gave the Cathcart boys a look of such awful solemnity, all except one eye, that they lost their sobriety. Barton alone remained sober as a judge.

"Here comes 'Dot-and-Go-One' and his wife. They're my kind o' Christians. She is a saint, at any rate.

"How is it with you, Tommy Taft?"

"Fair to middlin', thankee. Such weather would make a handspike blossom, Hiram."

"Don't you think that's a leetle strong, Tommy, for Sunday? P'r'aps you mean afore it's cut?"

"Sartin: that's what I mean. But you mustn't stop me, Hiram. Parson Buell 'll be lookin' for me. He never begins till I git there."

"You mean you always git there 'fore he begins?"

Next Hiram's prying eyes saw Mr. Turfmould, the sexton and undertaker, who seemed to be in a pensive meditation upon all the dead that he ever buried. He looked upon men in a mild and pitying manner, as if he forgave them for being in good health. You could not help feeling that he gazed upon you with a professional eye, and saw just how you would look in the condition which was to him the most interesting period of a man's earthly state. He walked with a soft tread, as if he was always at a funeral; and, when he shook your hand, his left hand followed his right, as if he were about beginning to lay you out. He was one of the few men absorbed by his business, and who unconsciously measured all things from its standpoint.

"Good morning, Mr. Turfmould! How's your health? How's business with you?"

"Good, the Lord be praised! I've no reason to complain."

And he glided silently and smoothly into the church.

"There comes Judge Bacon, white and ugly," said the critical Hiram. "I wonder what he comes to meetin' for. Lord knows he needs it—sly, slippery old sinner! Face's as white as a lily: his heart's as black as a chimney-flue afore it's cleaned. He'll get his flue burned out if he don't repent, that's certain. He don't believe the Bible: they say he don't believe in God. Wal, I guess it's pretty even between 'em. Shouldn't wonder if God didn't believe in him, neither."

Hiram's prejudices were perhaps a little too severe. The Judge was very

selfish, but not otherwise bad. He would not do a positively bad deed if he could help it; but he neglected to do a great many good ones which other men with warm hearts would have done. But he made up in manner whatever he lacked in feeling. Dressed with unexceptionable propriety, his whole bearing was dignified and kind. No man in the village spoke more musically and gently; no one met you with a greater cordiality. His expressions of kind wishes, and his anxiety to serve you, needed only a single instance of hearty fulfillment to make Judge Bacon seem sincerely and unusually kind. But those who had most to do with him found that he was cold and selfish at heart, inflexible and unfeeling when seeking his rights or interests; and his selfishness was the more ghastly as it clothed itself in the language and manners of gentle good-will.

"He talks to you," said Hiram, "just as Black Sam lathers you. A kind of smooth rubbing goes on, and you feel soft and satisfied with yourself, and sort o' lean to him, when he takes you by the nose, and shaves and shaves and shaves; and it's so smooth that you don't feel the razor. But I tell you, when you git away, your skin smarts. You've been shaved.

"Here come the Bages and the Weekses, and a whole raft from Hardscrabble," said Hiram, as five or six one-horse wagons drove up. At a glance, one could see that these were farmers who lived to work. They were spare in figure, brown in complexion—everything worn off but bone and muscle—like ships with iron masts and wire rigging. They drove little nubbins of horses, tough and rough, that had never felt a blanket in Winter, or known a leisure day in Summer.

"Them fellers," said Hiram, "is just like stones. I don't believe there's any blood or innards in 'em more'n in a crowbar. They work early, and work all day, and in the night, and keep workin'; and never seem to get tired except Sunday, when they've nothin' to do. You know, when Fat Porter was buried, they couldn't get him into the hearse, and had to carry him with poles; and Weeks was one of the bearers. And they had a pretty heavy time of it, nigh about three hours, what with liftin' and fixin' him at the house, and fetchin' him to the church door, and then carryin' him to the graveyard; and Weeks said he hadn't enjoyed a Sunday so much he couldn't tell when.

"'Hiram,' sez he, 'I should like Sunday as well as week-days if I could work on it; but I git awful tired doin' nothin'.'

"They say," said Hiram, "that they never do exactly die up in Hardscrabble. They work up and up, and grow thinner and thinner like a knife-blade, till they git so small, that some day they accidentally git misplaced or dropped, and nobody misses 'em: so that they die off in a general way like pins, without any one of 'em making a particular fuss about it. But I guess that ain't so," added Hiram with a grave air, as if fearing that he might mislead the young folks about

him. Then, with demure authority, he said, "Boys, go in: the bell's done tollin', and meetin's goin' to begin. Go in, and don't make a noise; and see you tell me where the text is. I've got to look after these horses, or they'll get mixed up."

This remark was called forth by a squeal and a rattle and backing of wagons, which showed that mischief was already brewing.

Having got the people all safely into church, Hiram bestowed his attention to the horses. The whole green was lined with horses. Every hitching-post, and the railing along the sidewalk and at the fronts of the stores were closely occupied.

Seeing Pete leaning on Dr. Wentworth's gate, Hiram beckoned him over, and employed him in his general tour of inspection, as a bishop might employ his chaplain. Here the reins had been pulled under a horse's feet; next a horse had got his bridle off; another had backed and filled till the wagon-wheels were cramped; and at each position Hiram issued orders to Pete, who good-naturedly, and as a matter indisputable, did as he was ordered. If Hiram had told Pete to shoulder one of the horses, he would have made the attempt.

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It was curious to see Pete's superiority to Hiram in the matter of dogs. In several wagons lay the master's dog; and Hiram was not permitted to approach without dispute: but there was not a dog, big or little, cross or affectionate, that did not own the mysterious power that Pete had over animals. Even dogs in whom a sound conscience was bottomed on an ugly temper practised a surly submission to Pete's familiarity.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when Dr. Wentworth, returning from his round of visits, found Hiram sitting on the fence, his labors over, and waiting for Dr. Buell to finish.

"Not in church, Hiram? I'm afraid you've not been a good boy."

"Don't know. Somebody must take care of the outside as well as inside of church. Dr. Buell rubs down the folks, and I rub the horses: he sees that their tacklin' is all right in there, and I do the same out here. Folks and animals are pretty much of a muchness; and they'll bear a sight o' takin' care of."

"Whose nag is that one, Hiram—the roan?"

"That's Deacon Marble's!"

"Why, he seems to sweat standing still."

Hiram's eye twinkled.

"You needn't say nothin', doctor; but I thought it a pity so many horses shouldn't be doin' anything. Of course, they don't know anything about Sunday (it ain't like workin' a creatur' that reads the Bible): so I just slipped over to Skiddy's widdler (she ain't been outdoors this two months, and I knew she ought

to have the air), and I gave her about a mile. She was afraid 'twould be breakin' Sunday. 'Not a bit,' says I. 'Didn't the Lord go out Sundays, and set folks off with their beds on their backs? and didn't he pull oxen and sheep out of ditches, and do all that sort of thing?' If she'd knew that I took the deacon's team, she'd been worse afraid. But I knew the deacon would like it; and if Polly didn't, so much the better. I like to spite those folks that's too particular! There, doctor, there's the last hymn."

It rose upon the air, softened by distance and the inclosure of the building—rose and fell in regular movement. Even Hiram's tongue ceased. The vireo in the tops of the elm hushed its shrill snatches. Again the hymn rose, and this time fuller and louder, as if the whole congregation had caught the spirit. Men's and women's voices, and little children's, were in it. Hiram said, without any of his usual pertness:

"Doctor, there's somethin' in folks' singin' when you are outside the church that makes you feel as though you ought to be inside. Mebbe a fellow will be left outside up there when they're singin', if he don't look out."

When the last verse had ended, a pause and silence ensued. Then came a gentle bustle, a sound of pattering feet. Out shot a boy, and then two or three; and close upon them a bunch of men. The doors were wide open and thronged. The whole green was covered with people, and the sidewalks were crowded. Tommy Taft met the minister at the door, and put out his great rough hand to shake.

"Thankee, doctor; thankee: very well done. Couldn't do it better myself. It'll do good—know it. Feel better myself. I need just such preachin'—moldy old sinner—need a scourin' about once a week. Drefful wicked to hev such doctrine, and not be no better; ain't it, doctor?"




SMOKE—SIGNIFYING DOUBT

FROM THE "REVERIES OF A BACHELOR"

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL

(Born at Norwich, Conn., April, 1822)


 WIFE?—thought I;—yes, a wife!

And why?

And pray, my dear sir, why not—why? Why not doubt; why not hesitate; why not tremble?

Does a man buy a ticket in a lottery—a poor man, whose whole earnings go in to secure the ticket—without trembling, hesitating, and doubting?

Can a man stake his bachelor respectability, his independence and comfort, upon the die of absorbing, unchanging, relentless marriage, without trembling at the venture?

Shall a man who has been free to chase his fancies over the wide world, without let or hindrance, shut himself up to marriageship, within four walls called Home, that are to claim him, his time, his trouble, and his thought, thenceforward forevermore, without doubts thick, and thick-coming as smoke?

Shall he who has been hitherto a mere observer of other men's cares and business—moving off where they made him sick at heart, approaching whenever and wherever they made him gleeful—shall he now undertake administration of just such cares and business without qualms? Shall he, whose whole life has been but a nimble succession of escapes from trifling difficulties, now broach without doubtings—that matrimony where if difficulty beset him, there is no escape? Shall this brain of mine, careless-working, never tired with idleness, feeding on long vagaries and high gigantic castles, dreaming out beatitudes hour by hour—turn itself at length to such dull task-work as thinking out a livelihood for wife and children?

Where thenceforward will be those sunny dreams in which I have warmed my fancies and my heart, and lighted my eye with crystal? This very marriage, which a brilliant working imagination has invested time and again with brightness and delight, can serve no longer as a mine for teeming fancy; all, alas! will be gone—reduced to the dull standard of the actual. No more room for intrepid forays of imagination—no more gorgeous realm-making—all will be over!

Why not, I thought, go on dreaming?



DONALD G. MITCHELL

Can any wife be prettier than an after-dinner fancy, idle and yet vivid, can paint for you? Can any children make less noise than the little, rosy-cheeked ones, who have no existence except in the *omnium gatherum* of your own brain? Can any housewife be more unexceptionable than she who goes sweeping daintily the cobwebs that gather in your dreams? Can any domestic larder be better stocked than the private larder of your head dozing on a cushioned chair-back at Delmonico's? Can any family purse be better filled than the exceeding plump one you dream of, after reading such pleasant books as Munchausen, or Typee?

But if, after all, it must be—duty, or what-not, making provocation—what then? And I clapped my feet hard against the fire-dogs, and leaned back, and turned my face to the ceiling, as much as to say—And where on earth, then, shall a poor devil look for a wife?

Somebody says—Lyttleton or Shaftesbury, I think—that “marriages would be happier if they were all arranged by the Lord Chancellor.” Unfortunately, we have no Lord Chancellor to make this commutation of our misery.

Shall a man then scour the country on a mule's back, like Honest Gil Blas of Santillane? or shall he make application to some such intervening providence as Madame St. Marc, who, as I see by the *Presse*, manages these matters to one's hand for some five per cent. on the fortunes of the parties?

I have trouted, when the brook was so low, and the sky so hot, that I might as well have thrown my fly upon the turnpike; and I have hunted hare at noon, and woodcock in snow-time, never despairing, scarce doubting; but for a poor hunter of his kind, without traps or snares, or any aid of police or constabulary, to traverse the world, where are swarming, on a moderate computation, some three hundred and odd millions of unmarried women, for a single capture—irremediable, unchangeable—and yet a capture which, by strange metonymy not laid down in the books, is very apt to turn captor into captive, and make game of hunter—all this, surely, surely may make a man shrug with doubt!

Then, again—there are the plaguey wife's relations. Who knows how many third, fourth, or fifth cousins will appear at careless complimentary intervals, long after you had settled into the placid belief that all congratulatory visits were at an end? How many twisted-headed brothers will be putting in their advice, as a friend to Peggy?

How many maiden aunts will come to spend a month or two with their “dear Peggy,” and want to know every tea-time “if she isn't a dear love of a wife?” Then, dear father-in-law will beg (taking dear Peggy's hand in his) to give a little wholesome counsel; and will be very sure to advise just the contrary of what you had determined to undertake. And dear mamma-in-law must set her nose into Peggy's cupboard, and insist upon having the key to your own private locker in the wainscot.

Then, perhaps, there is a little bevy of dirty-nosed nephews who come to spend the holidays, and eat up your East India sweetmeats; and who are forever tramping over your head, or raising the old Harry below, while you are busy with your clients. Last, and worst, is some fidgety old uncle, forever too cold or too hot, who vexes you with his patronizing airs, and impudently kisses his little Peggy!

—That could be borne, however; for perhaps he has promised his fortune to Peggy. Peggy, then, will be rich (and the thought made me rub my shins, which were now getting comfortably warm, upon the fire-dogs). Then, she will be forever talking of *her* fortune; and pleasantly reminding you, on occasion of a favorite purchase, how **lucky that she** had the means; and dropping hints about economy; and buying very extravagant Paisleys.

She will annoy you by looking over the stock-list at breakfast-time; and mention quite carelessly to your clients that she is interested in such or such a speculation.

She will be provokingly silent when you hint to a tradesman that you have not the money by you for his small bill; in short, she will tear the life out of you, making you pay in righteous retribution of annoyance, grief, vexation, shame, and sickness of heart, for the superlative folly of "marrying rich."

—But if not rich, then poor. Bah! the thought made me stir the coals; but there was still no blaze. The paltry earnings you are able to wring out of clients by the sweat of your brow will now be all *our* income; you will be pestered for pin-money, and pestered with your poor wife's relations. Ten to one she will stickle about taste—"Sir Visto's"—and want to make this so pretty, and that so charming, if she *only* had the means; and is sure Paul (a kiss) can't deny his little Peggy such a trifling sum, and all for the common benefit.

Then she, for one, means that *her* children sha'n't go a-begging for clothes—and another pull at the purse. Trust a poor mother to dress her children in finery!

Perhaps she is ugly; not noticeable at first, but growing on her, and (what is worse) growing faster on you. You wonder why you didn't see that vulgar nose long ago; and that lip—it is very strange, you think, that you ever thought it pretty. And then, to come to breakfast with her hair looking as it does, and you not so much as daring to say, "Peggy, *do* brush your hair!" Her foot, too—not very bad when decently *chaussé*—but now since she's married she does wear such infernal slippers! And yet, for all this, to be priggish up for an hour when any of my old chums come to dine with me!

"Bless your kind hearts, my dear fellows," said I, thrusting the tongs into the coals, and speaking out loud, as if my voice could reach from Virginia to Paris, "not married yet!"

Perhaps Peggy is pretty enough, only shrewish.

—No matter for cold coffee; you should have been up before.

What sad, thin, poorly cooked chops to eat with your rolls!

—She thinks they are very good, and wonders how you can set such an example to your children.

The butter is nauseating.

—She has no other, and hopes you'll not raise a storm about butter a little turned. I think I see myself, ruminated I, sitting meekly at table, scarce daring to lift up my eyes, utterly fagged out with some quarrel of yesterday, choking down detestably sour muffins, that my wife thinks are "delicious," slipping in dried mouthfuls of burnt ham off the side of my fork tines, slipping off my chair sideways at the end, and slipping out, with my hat between my knees, to business, and never feeling myself a competent, sound-minded man till the oak door is between me and Peggy.

—"Ha, ha! not yet," said I; and in so earnest a tone that my dog started to his feet, cocked his eye to have a good look into my face, met my smile of triumph with an amiable wag of the tail, and curled up again in the corner.

Again, Peggy is rich enough, mild enough, only she doesn't care a fig for you. She has married you because father or grandfather thought the match eligible, and because she didn't wish to disoblige them. Besides, she didn't positively hate you, and thought you were a respectable enough young person; she has told you so repeatedly at dinner. She wonders you like to read poetry; she wishes you would buy her a good cook book, and insists upon your making your will at the birth of the first baby.

She thinks Captain So-and-So a splendid looking fellow, and wishes you would trim up a little, were it only for appearance's sake.

You need not hurry up from the office so early at night; she, bless her dear heart! does not feel lonely. You read to her a love-tale; she interrupts the pathetic parts with directions to her seamstress. You read of marriages; she sighs, and asks if Captain So-and-So has left town. She hates to be mewed up in a cottage, or between brick walls; she does so love the Springs!

But, again, Peggy loves you; at least she swears it, with her hand on the "Sorrows of Werther." She has pin-money which she spends for the "Literary World" and the "Friends in Council." She is not bad-looking, save a bit too much of forehead; nor is she sluttish, unless a negligé till three o'clock and an ink stain on the forefinger be sluttish; but then she is such a sad blue!

You never fancied, when you saw her buried in a three-volume novel, that it was anything more than a girlish vagary; and when she quoted Latin, you thought innocently that she had a capital memory for samplers.

But to be bored eternally about divine Dante and funny Goldoni, is too bad.

Your copy of Tasso, a treasure print of 1680, is all bethumbed and dog's-eared, and spotted with baby gruel. Even your Seneca—an Elzevir—is all sweaty with handling. She adores La Fontaine, reads Balzac with a kind of artist scowl, and will not let Greek alone.

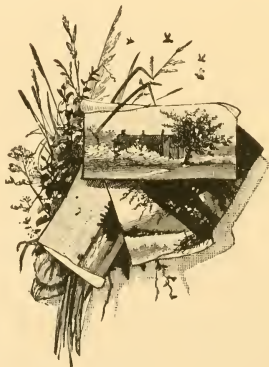
You hint at broken rest and an aching head at breakfast, and she will fling you a scrap of Anthology in lieu of the camphor-bottle, or chant the *aiai, aiai* of the tragic chorus.

—The nurse is getting dinner; you are holding the baby; Peggy is reading Bruyere.

The fire smoked thick as pitch, and puffed out little clouds over the chimney-piece. I gave the fore-stick a kick at the thought of Peggy, baby, and Bruyere.

—Suddenly the flame flickered bluey athwart the smoke, caught at a twig below, rolled round the mossy oak stick, twined among the crackling tree-limbs, mounted, lit up the whole body of Smoke, and blazed out cheerily and bright. Doubt vanished with Smoke, and Hope began with Flame.

Donald Mitchell



RUDGIS AND GRIM

BY MAURICE THOMPSON

(Born at Fairfield, Ind., September 9, 1844)



THE Rudgis farm was the only one in Lone Ridge Pocket, a secluded nook of the North Georgia mountain region, and its owner, Eli Rudgis, was, in the ante-bellum time, a man among the simple and honest people who dwelt beside the little crooked highway leading down the valley of the Pine-log Creek. He owned but one negro, as was often the case with them, and he had neither wife nor children. His slave was his sole companion of the human kind, sharing with certain dogs, pigs, horses and oxen a rude, democratic distribution of favors and frowns. As a man this negro was an interesting specimen of the genuine African—short, strongly built, but ill-shapen, with a large head firmly braced by a thick, muscular neck on broad, stooping shoulders; a skin as black as night; small deep-set eyes; a protruding, resolute jaw, and a nose as flat as the head of an adder. As a slave he was, perhaps, valuable enough in his way; but both as man and thrall he did no discredit to his name, which was Grim. He, too, was a familiar figure along the Pine-log road, as he drove an old creaking ox-cart to and from the village.

When the war broke out, master and slave had reached the beginning of the downward slope of life, and, having spent many years together in their lonely retreat at the Pocket, had grown to love each other after the surly, taciturn fashion of men who have few thoughts and a meagre gift of expression.

Eli Rudgis was tall, slim, cadaverous, slow of movement, and sallow; but he had a will of his own, and plenty of muscle to enforce it withal.

"Grim," said he one day, "them derved Northerners air a-goin' ter set ye free."

The negro looked up from the hickory-bark basket he was mending, and scowled savagely at his master.

"W'at yo' say, Mars Rudgis?" he presently inquired.

"Them Yankees air a-goin' ter gi' ye yer freedom poorty soon."

Grim's face took on an expression of dogged determination, his shoulders rose almost to the level of his protruding ears, and his small, wolfish eyes gleamed fiercely.

"Who say dey gwine ter do dat?" he demanded, with slow, emphatic enunciation.



MAURICE THOMPSON

"I say hit, an' w'en I says hit," began the master; but Grim broke in with: "Dey cayn't do nuffin' wid me. I done made up my mind; dis chil' cayn't be fo'ced. Yo' yah dat, Mars Rudgis?"

Rudgis grinned dryly, and walked away, smoking his cob-pipe with the air of a philosopher who bides his time.

The Rudgis cabin was a low, nondescript log structure of three or four rooms and a wide entry hall, set in the midst of a thick, luxuriant orchard of peach, plum and apple trees crowning a small conical foothill, which, seen from a little distance, appeared to rest against the rocky breast of the mountain that stood over against the mounth of the Pocket. From the rickety veranda, where Rudgis now sought a seat, there was a fine view of the little farm, whose angular but rolling patches of tillable land straggled away to the foothills on the other side of the Pocket, beyond which the wall of cliffs rose, gray and brown, to a great height.

Recently Eli Rudgis had been thinking a good deal about Grim; for, as the war continued, it grew in his mind that the South was going to lose the fight. He had only recently heard of President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation; and with the far-seeing prudence characteristic of a certain order of provincial intellect, he was considering how best to forestall the effect of freedom if it should come, as he feared it would. Grim was his property, valued at about eight hundred dollars in "good money," or in Confederate script at perhaps two or three thousand dollars, more or less. He shrank from selling the negro, for in his dry, peculiar way he was fond of him; but, on the other hand, he could not consent to lose so much money on the outcome of an issue not of his own making. It can readily be imagined how, with ample leisure for reflection, and with no other problem to share his attention, Rudgis gradually buried himself, so to speak, in this desire to circumvent and nullify emancipation (insofar as it would affect his ownership of Grim) when it should come.

Grim was far more knowing, far better informed, and much more of a philosopher than his master gave him credit for being. By some means, as occult as reliable, he had kept perfectly abreast of the progress of the great weltering, thundering, death-dealing tempest of the war, and in his heart he felt the coming of deliverance, the jubilee of eternal freedom for his race. Incapable, perhaps, of seeing clearly the true aspect of what was probably in store for him, he yet experienced a change of prospect that affected every fibre of his imagination, and opened wide every pore of his sensibility. Naturally wary, suspicious, and quick to observe signs, he had been aware that his master was revolving some scheme, which in all probability would effect a change in their domestic relations, to the extent, possibly, of severing the tie which for so long had bound together the lord and the thrall of Lone Ridge Pocket.

"He studyin' 'bout er-sellin' me," he soliloquized, as he lingered over his

task of basket-mending after Rudgis had gone, "an' he fink he er-gwine ter fool dis ol' coon. Well, 'fore de Lor', mebbe he will."

"What ye mutterin' 'bout, Grim?" called the master from his seat on the veranda. "What ye growlin' 'bout, lak er pup over er ham-bone?"

"Nuffin', sah; I jes' tryin' fo' ter ketch dat chune w'at I be'n er-l'arnin'." Then to clench the false statement, Grim began humming:

" De coon he hab er eejit wife,
 Hoe yo' co'n, honey;
 De coon he hab er eejit wife,
 An' she nebber comb her bah in 'er life,
 Keep er-hoein' yo' co'n, honey.

" An' de coon say: 'I knows w'at I'll do',
 Hoe yo' co'n, honey;
 An' his wife she squall out, 'I does too!'
 An' she snatch 'im poorty nigh in two,
 Keep er-hoein' yo' co'n, honey.

" So dat coon he allus ricollee',
 Hoe yo' co'n, honey;
 Ef he talk too loud he mus' expec'
 She scratch he eyes an' wring he neck;
 Keep er-hoein' yo' co'n, honey."

Rudgis listened stoically enough, so far as facial expression went; but when the low, softly melodious song was done, he shook his head, and smiled aridly.

"Got more sense 'an er Philadelphly lawyer," he muttered under his breath, "an' he's got some undertakin' inter that noggin er his'n. S'pect I hev ter do somethin' er nother wi' him, er he's er-goin' ter git the best o' me."

He drew away at his wheezing pipe, leaning his chin, thinly fringed with grizzled beard, in his left hand, and propping that arm with his knee. His typical mountain face wore a puzzled, half-worried, half-amused expression.

"Dern 'is black pictur'," he continued, inaudibly, though his lips moved; "he air a-considerin' freedom right now."

" Whi' man tuk me fer er fool,
 Hoe yo' co'n, honey;
 Wo'k me like er yellor mule,
 An' never gi' me time ter cool;
 Keep er-hoein' yo' co'n, honey."

hummed Grim in that tender falsetto of his. There was a haze in the air, a May-time shimmer over the Pocket and up the terraced slopes of the mountains. Suddenly a heavy booming, like distant thunder, tumbled as if in long, throbbing waves across the peaks, and fell into the little drowsy cove.

"W'at dat, Mars Rudgis? 'Fore de Lor', w'at dat?" cried the negro, leaping to his feet, and staring stupidly, his great mouth open, his long arms akimbo.

Eli Rudgis took his pipe-stem from his mouth, and sat in a hearkening attitude. "Hit's thet air war er-comin'," he presently said, and resumed his smoking and reflections.

"De good Lor', Mars Rudgis, w'at we gwine ter do?" stammered Grim, his heavy countenance growing strangely ashen over his corrugated blackness.

"Shet erp, an' mend that ther' basket," growled the master. "Goin' ter mek ye wo'k like the devil er-beatin' tan-bark while I kin, fer thet's yer frien's er-comin' ter free ye, Grim, shore's shootin'."

The African bowed his head over his light task, and remained thoughtfully silent, while the dull pounding in the far distance increased to an incessant roar, vague, wavering, suggestive, awful.

Rudgis thought little of the wider significance accompanying that slowly rolling tempest of destruction; his mental vision was narrowed to the compass of the one subject which lately had demanded all his powers of consideration. Was it possible for him to hold Grim as his slave despite the Proclamation of Emancipation, and notwithstanding the triumph of the Federal armies?

"Ef I try ter take 'im down the country ter sell 'im, they'll conscrip' me inter the war," he argued to himself, "an' ef I stays yer them 'fernal Yankees'll set 'im free. Seem lak it air pow'ful close rubbin', an' dern ef I know what ter do. I air kind o' twixt the skillet an' the coals."

Day after day he sat smoking and cogitating, while Grim potted at this or that bit of labor. He had an unconquerable aversion to going into the army, a thing he had avoided, partly by reason of his age and partly by one personal shift or another, after the exigencies of the Confederacy had led to the conscription of "able-bodied men" regardless of age. He felt that things were growing to desperate straits in the low country, and he feared to show himself outside his mountain fastness lest a conscript officer might nab him and send him to the front. Not that he was a coward; but in the high, dry atmosphere of the hill country there lingered a sweet and inextinguishable sense of loyalty to the old flag, which touched the minds of many mountaineers with a vague intimation of the enormity of rebellion against the Government of Washington and Jackson. And yet they were Southerners, good fighters, Yankee-haters, and clung to the right of property in their negroes with a tenacity as tough as the sinews of their hardy limbs. They were, indeed, far more stubborn in this last regard than any of the great

slave owners of the low country, owing, no doubt, to their narrow, provincial notions of personal independence, which felt no need for aid, or for the interference of the law in their private concerns.

Grim was not a typical slave, but he was a legitimate instance of the slavery known in the secluded region of the Southern mountain country. He was as free, in all but name, as were most illiterate laborers of that day, barring that his skin and the Southern traditions set him on a plane far below and quite detached from that of the lowest white men. He had no bonds that galled him personally; plenty to eat, just enough work to keep him robust, a good bed, sufficient clothing, and unlimited tobacco—what more could he want?

His master, however, observed that he was doing a great deal of thinking; that lately he was busying his mind with some absorbing problem, and from certain signs and indications the fact appeared plain that Grim was making ready to meet the day of freedom. Rudgis saw this with a dull, deep-seated sentimental pang mixed with anger and resentment. Years of companionship in that lonely place had engendered a fondness for his slave of which he was not fully aware, and out of which was now issuing a sort of bewilderment of mind and soul. Would Grim indeed forsake him, desert him to go away to try the doubtful chances of a new order of things? This question was supplemented by another on a different stratum of human selfishness. Rudgis, like all mountain men, had a narrow eye to profit and loss. The money represented by Grim as his slave possessed a powerful influence; it was the larger part of his fortune.

Grim, on his part, watched his master as the tide of war flowed on through the mountain gaps far to the west of the Pocket; his calculations were simpler and more directly personal than those of his master. Of course things could not remain in this situation very long. Grim was the first to speak straight to the subject.

"Mars Rudgis," said he one day, "yo' be'n 'siderin' erbout sellin' me."

This direct accusation took the master unawares.

"Wha—wha—what's that air ye air er-sayin', ye ol' whelp?" he spluttered, almost dropping his pipe.

"Yo' be'n er-finkin' 'at I's gittin' close onter de freedom line, an' ye s'pose yo' 'd better git w'at ye kin fo' me, yah-yah-yah-ee-oorp!" and the black rascal broke forth with a mighty guffaw, bending himself almost double, and slapping his hands vigorously. "But yo' 's feared dey git ye an' mek yo' tote er gun, an' 'at yo' 'd git de stuffin' shot outen yo' ef yo' try take me down de country, yah-yah-yah-ee-oorp!"

"Shet erp! What ye mean? Stop thet air sq'allin', er I'll—"

"Yah-yah-yah-ee-eep! I done cotch onter yo' ca'c'lation, Mars Rudgis, 'fo' de Lor' I has, oh! Yah-yah-yah-yah-ha-eep! An' yo' fink I'se er cejit all dis

time, yah-yah-yah! Oh, gi' 'long, Mars Rudgis, yo' cayn't fool dis chicken, yah-ha-yah-ha-ha-ee-ee-poo!"

Rudgis tried several times to stop this flow of accusative mirth, but at last, quite confused, he stood tall and gaunt, with a sheepish grin on his dry, wrinkled face, gazing at the writhing negro as he almost screamed out his sententious but fluent revelation.

"I done be'n er-watchin' yo' like er sparrer-hawk watchin' er peewee, Mars Rudgis, an' I say ter myself: 'Jes' see 'im er-figerin' how much I's wo'f, an' how much he gwine ter lose w'en I goes free. An' I done be'n jes' er-bustin' over it all dis time, yah-yah-yah-ee-ee!"

"Grim," said Rudgis, presently, with slow, emphatic expression, "I air er-goin' 'mejitly ter give ye one whirpin' 'at ye'll ricomember es long es they's breath in yer scurby ol' body."

They were standing on the veranda at the time. Rudgis turned into the entry, and immediately came out with a ramrod in his hand.

"Now fer yer sass ye air er-goin' ter ketch hit," he said, in that cold, rasping tone which means so much. "Stan' erp yer an' take yer med'cine."

Grim went down on his knees and began to beg; his mirth had vanished; he was trembling violently. Rudgis had never whipped him.

"Fo' de Lor' sake, Mars Eli, don' w'irp de po' ol' chil'! I war jes' funnin', Mars Rudgis; I jes' want ter see w'at yo' gwine say. I—"

At that moment there was a great clatter of iron-shod hoofs at the little yard gate; the next, three or four horses bounded over the low fence and dashed up to the veranda.

"Please, Mars Rudgis, don' w'irp me! I didn' mean no harm, Mars Rudgis; 'deed I didn'! Oh, fo' de Lor' sake!"

"Ha! there! stop that!" commanded a loud, positive voice. "What the devil do you mean?"

Rudgis had already looked that way. He saw some mounted soldiers, wearing blue uniforms and bearing bright guns, glaring at him.

"Oh, Mars Rudgis, I never gwine do so no mo'; don' w'irp me! don' w'irp me!" continued Grim, paying no heed to the soldiers. "Le' me off dis yer time, fo' de goo' Lor' sake!" And he held up his hands in dramatic beseechment.

"If you strike that negro one blow, I'll shoot a hole through you quicker than lightning!" roared one of the men, who appeared to be an officer, at the same time leveling his pistol.

Rudgis dropped the ramrod as if he had been suddenly paralyzed. Grim sprang to his feet with the agility of a black cat.

"What does this mean?" demanded the officer, showing a gleam of anger in his eyes, his voice indicating no parleying mood.

Rudgis stood there, pale, stolid, silent, his mouth open, his arms akimbo.

"Lor', sah, we jes' er-foolin'," said Grim, seeing that his master could find not a word to say. "We's er-playin' hoky-poky."

The officer leaned over his saddle-bow, and looked from one to the other of the culprits.

"Yes, sah, it war hony-hokus 'at we's er-playin'."

"Playing what?" grimly inquired the officer.

"Rokus-pokus, sah."

"You lying old scamp," cried the officer, glaring at him, "you're trying to deceive me!"

"Ax Mars Rudgis, now; ax him, sah."

"Humph!" and the Federal officer turned to the master. "What do you say, sir?"

"Tell 'im, Mars Rudgis, 'bout w'at we's er-playin'," pleaded Grim.

Rudgis moved his lips as if to speak, but they were dry and made no sound. He licked them with his furred, feverish tongue. Never before had he been so thoroughly frightened.

"Are you dumb?" stormed the officer, again handling his weapon. "Can't you speak?"

"Hit were hoky-poky," gasped Rudgis.

"Dah, now! Mebbe yo's sat'sfied, sah. W'a' 'd I tol' you?" cried Grim, wagging his head and gesticulating. "We's jes' er-playin' dat leetle game."

The officer wanted some information about a road over the mountain, so he made Grim saddle a mule and go with him to show the way. As he rode off he called back to Rudgis:

"This man's as free as you are, and he needn't come back if he don't want to."

When they were quite gone, and the last sound of their horses' feet had died away down in the straggling fringe of trees at the foot of the hill, Rudgis picked up his ramrod and looked at it quizzically, as if he expected it to speak. Slowly his face relaxed, and a queer smile drew it into leathery wrinkles.

"Hit were hoky-poky, by gum!" he muttered. "The dern ol' scamp!"

Presently he filled his pipe, and lighted it, grinning all the while, and saying: "The triflin' ol' rooster, he hed half er dozen dif'ent names fer it; but hit were hoky-poky jes' the same. The dern old coon!"

The day passed, likewise the night, but Grim did not return. A week, a month, six months; no Grim, no mule. Sherman had swept through Georgia, and on up through the Carolinas; Johnston and Lee had surrendered. Peace had fallen like a vast silence after the awful din of war. The worn and weary soldiers of the South were straggling back to their long-neglected homes to resume as best they could the broken threads of their peaceful lives.

Rudgis missed Grim more as a companion than as a slave. He mourned for him, in a way, recalling his peculiarities, and musing over that one superb stroke of wit by which, perhaps, his life had been saved. Never did he fail, at the end of such reverie, to repeat, more sadly and tenderly each time, "Hit war hoky-poky, blame his ol' hide!" The humor of this verbal reference was invariably indicated by a peculiar rising inflection in pronouncing "were," by which he meant to accentuate lovingly Grim's prompt prevarication.

Early one morning Rudgis was smoking in his accustomed seat on the veranda. In his shirt-sleeves, bareheaded and barefooted, his cotton shirt open wide at throat and bosom, he looked like a bronze statue of Emancipation, so collapsed, wrinkled and sear was he. His Roman nose was the only vigorous feature of his unkempt and retrospective face.

The sound of mule's feet trotting up the little stony road did not attract his curiosity, albeit few riders passed that way; but when Grim came suddenly in sight, it was an apparition that relaxed every fibre of Rudgis's frame. He dropped lower in the old armchair, his arms fell limp, and his mouth opened wide, letting fall the cob-pipe. He stared helplessly.

"Yah I is, Mars Rudgis; got back at las'. How ye do, Mars Rudgis?"

There was a ring of genuine delight in the negro's voice, the timber of loyal sentiment too sweet for expression in written language. He slid from the mule's back—not the same mule that he had ridden away, but an older and poorer one—and scrambled through the lopsided gate.

"Well, by dad!" was all Rudgis could say; "well, by dad!" His lower jaw wobbled and sagged.

"Tol' yo' dey couldn't sot dis niggah free, didn' I?" cried Grim, as he made a dive for both his old master's hands. "I's come back ter 'long ter yo' same lak I allus did. Yah, sah; yah, sah."

Rudgis arose slowly from his seat and straightened up his long, lean form so that he towered above the short, sturdy negro. He looked down at him in silence for some moments, his face twitching strangely. Slowly the old-time expression began to appear around his mouth and eyes. With a quick step he went into the house, and returned almost instantly, bearing a ramrod in his hand.

"Well, Grim," he said, with peculiar emphasis, "cf ye air still my prop'ty, an' ye don't objec', s'posin' we jes' finish up that air leetle game er hoky-poky what we was er playin' w'en them Yankees kem an' bothered us."

Maurice Thompson



EDWARD W. TOWNSEND

THE DOG ON THE ROOF

BY EDWARD W. TOWNSEND

(Born at Cleveland, O., February 10, 1855)



YES, I stole the dog. Maybe it's the only thing I ever stole, and maybe it isn't. That's nothing to you, is it? You asked me for the story and I'll tell it to you. I don't suppose you're a Headquarters detective. I know you are not. Why? Perhaps I know them all. Perhaps it comes handy in my graft to know them. That's nothing to you, is it?

"I had a friend—Marty. He was dead square. He was educated, too, and had the brains to turn a trick that would make the town talk about him for a month, but he wouldn't do it. He was just square all the way through, but he was my friend.

"You asked me for the story, and I'll tell it to you if you'll print his name right and say that he was square. Never mind me; it was him I was thinking of—always thinking of. Whether I had all I wanted to eat or not, or whether I had a place to sleep or not, it wasn't myself I was thinking of; it was him.

"Well, you saw the dog on the roof, you say. You know he was well bred, eh? You know a thing about dogs, then. He took first prize in his class up at Madison Square Garden. That's right. He sold for a thousand the next day, and I stole him.

"My friend's name was Marty—Martin Borden. We went to school together on Broome street. Yes, they call that part of town Poverty Hollow, and that's right, too, I guess. He went longer than me; he was educated. He went up to fractions; but I left when my mother died and my father was sent away. I guess I was about eight, something like eight, but I'm not quite sure. They've got it at Headquarters with my picture. You can look there, if you like.

"Marty's father earned good wages in a foundry down by Corlears Hook, and Marty was kept in school until he was twelve, I think.

"He was always looking me up and taking me home with him for grub and a place to sleep, and even when he was a little kid, was always giving me straight tips and telling me I'd do better if I was square. But what could I do? I had to live. I had a right to live, even if I couldn't get work. Isn't that right?

"Well, when Marty's old man died, Marty got work down in the foundry doing little jobs a kid could do.

"One day—he'd been there a few years while I was doing time—an iron

beam fell on him and did something queer to his back. No, I don't know what it was. The doctors at Bellevue had a lot of long names for it, but they didn't do Marty's back any good. I was calling on him every day and fetching him things what I could get, until they said Marty should go to the Island.

"That near broke his heart, 'cause he knew it meant he never was to be cured, and was to live there in the hospital all his life. I saw him crying one day when I went to Bellevue, and it near set me crazy.

"Well, I went to the boss doctor of the hospital and asks why had Marty to go to the Island, and he says because he had no home to go to. That set me thinking. I got something that day—never mind how—and I rented a room and went to the boss and said I'd take Marty home with me. I showed him the room-rent receipt, and showed him the money to hire a carriage to take Marty home in, and they let me have him.

"It was a little room just under the roof, with a step-ladder running up to a glass skylight which had a sliding window.

"I told Marty I was working, and lied about what my job was, and all about it. If he knew how it was it would have made him feel terrible bad, 'cause, you see, he was so square. The worst of it was, that even when I had money I couldn't stay home with him, 'cause then he'd see I wasn't working, and that would make him feel terrible bad. I wanted to stay home, too, 'cause I knew he was lonely, laying there on his back all day, so weak he couldn't hold up a book or paper to read.

"I was on Fifth Avenue one day, away up by the Park, kind of looking round to see if anything would come my way, when a young swell comes along with a bull terrier. The dog was a beauty. I saw the swell hadn't owned him long, for the dog wasn't friendly with him. I don't know just how it was, but all of a sudden it strikes me what good company the dog would be for Marty, and I sneaks up and grabs it. I made the chase all right, for I don't think the swell missed the dog until I was out of sight.

"I waited until it was time for me to be home from 'work,' and I goes to our room and puts the dog on Marty's bed.

"Of course, dogs are better than most men, but Marty was as good as a dog, and those two took to each other from the time they looked straight into each other's eyes. Honest, it is a wonder the way they were chums from the first minute I put the dog on the bed. I told Marty I'd found the dog and would look out for an advertisement for it, and return it. Well, the advertisement came all right, and there were pieces in the paper about the prize winner the swell had paid a thousand for, being lost. The reward kept jumping up every day until it was '\$250 and no questions.'

"The day that happened, I only had enough money to get the cheapest kind

of food for Marty and the dog, and I made up my mind I'd return the dog and get a lot of nice things for Marty.

"I'll tell you why I didn't. When I went to our room I thought first Marty had gone crazy, for he was laughing like nothing was the matter with his back, and there was no pains in his head.

"Comfort—that was the name Marty give the dog, for Marty was educated and knew a lot of words—Comfort was on the bed doing all the tricks you ever heard of. Marty told me Comfort could climb the ladder, slide back the window and go on the roof.

"Honest, while Marty was telling this the dog was looking at him with his head on one side and his eyes cocked up knowing, and when Marty stopped, the dog ran up the ladder and was doing all his stunts on the skylight. Every once in a while Comfort would stop his tricks and stand with his fore feet on the edge of the skylight, grinning, and his ears cocked, like he was saying: 'How do you like that, Marty?'

"Then he'd dance all over the tin roof and make a noise like it was raining. When it was terrible hot up there, Marty would say: 'Let's have a rainstorm, Comfort,' and the dog would go up on the roof and patter around with his claws on the tin till Marty would call him down.

"So I didn't take the dog back for the reward.

"That was the way it was till Marty—till the end.

"When I could get the money I'd have a paid doctor, but Marty said not to. He knew it was coming, but he never showed he was getting punishment. Comfort seemed to know, too, and I guess he stopped sleeping at all, for if Marty would make a move at night that wouldn't frighten a fly, Comfort would be at his side as quick as me; kind of kissing his hand and making little talks to him, you know, the way dogs do.

"Well, Marty quit one night; one hand in mine and one on Comfort's neck. The wagon came for him—I hadn't any money that time for a hearse—and when the men took him out of the room Comfort went up on the roof. I was standing on the sidewalk while they were putting Marty in the wagon, when some people said: 'Look at the dog!'

"Comfort was on the edge of the roof looking down, and as the men shut the door of the wagon on Marty the dog jumped. I broke my arm here trying to catch him, but he struck the sidewalk. He licked my hand when I picked him up, and tried to tell me he did it on purpose to die—and then he died.

"The officer who came up for the crowd recognized the dog, and I'll get six months to-day for stealing him. Well, I did steal him, and I'll say so now; for Marty's gone and he never knew."

THE NIGHT ELEVATOR MAN'S STORY

BY E. W. TOWNSEND

YOU seen her here, eh? She was a pretty kid, too, for sure. Lots of people asked me why I had her in the elevator here with me. No, not lots, you know, 'cause there ain't lots what ride in this elevator; but nearly every one what did wanted to know all about the kid. I didn't tell them, mostly, 'cause when she was asleep I didn't like to talk and wake her up, so I just didn't say nothing.

"It was like this that I first fetched her in the elevator: I was passing by her floor and heard her cry. Well, I took my passenger up to the floor above, and coming down I heard her cry again. It wasn't a cry like the kid was hurted, or I'd gone in the room right away. It was, you know, like the kid was scared, see? Well, I came down to the ground floor landing and tried to read my paper, but all I could do was just to hear that kid a-crying. I couldn't hear it for fair, you know; I couldn't hear it right, I mean, but I could hear it just the same. Kind of in my mind I could hear it, you know.

"Well, I kept making a bluff at reading my paper, but all the time I wasn't doing a thing but just hearing in my mind that kid up there on the fifth floor, crying like it was scared—frightened, you know.

"After a bit I couldn't stand for it no longer, as I just pulled up to the fifth and listened, and there was the kid crying—sobbing, you know—and for sure, just as I heard it in my mind, see?

"Say, it wasn't my business all right, but I just let myself in with the pass-key, and I goes to the crib where the kid was, and I gives it a jolly, see? 'What's the matter with us, kiddie?' says I; and say, she catches my hand with one of her soft little hands, and says, you know, with her little kid kind of talk, she says that the bogy man was after her.

"So I says, 'What bogy man?' and she says the bogy man her manma told her would catch her if she wasn't a good little girl, and kept still all the time her mamma was away.

"I had to leave her then, for some one was ringing up the elevator; but when I'd took the passenger to his floor I goes back to the kid, and she was crying worse than before, so I grabs her up with a blanket and takes her out in the elevator with me.

"Say, she liked that up to the limit. We talked with each other to beat the band, and I told her stories till she went to sleep on the long seat there.

"I got her to bed and all tucked in before her mother come home, and it wasn't very early at that.

"People in this kind of apartment house don't always come home early, and there ain't much talk about it when they do—particular the women.

"Well, the next night I heard the kid crying again and, say, honest, she was calling my name.

"'Dannie,' she was saying; 'Dannie, tum take me, Dannie.' Say, you know, that fetches me quick. It was the same story again—her mother had told her the bogy man would come and bite her hands off ef she made any noise, and she was crying because she thought the bogy man was there.

"I took her out in the elevator again, wrapped up in the blanket, and then she says, comfy as a bull-pup on a fur rug, 'Tell me a story, Dannie,' says she.

"Well, I never thought I could make up so many yarns as I did for that kid. You know, yarns about fairies what are in books printed for kids. I never read any of these books myself until I bought one for her; and she never had none until I bought that one. I read the stories all day until I knew them for fair, and they were not so bad, even for me, at that. Then I'd tell her the stories and make up others about the mugs—the folks, I mean—what were in the book.

"That was because I got to taking her out to the elevator every night. The housekeeper told me that the mother mostly slept all day, and, to keep the kid quiet, the mother would make her dozey in the daytime, and that was the reason she couldn't sleep at night.

"I wasn't minding it, 'cause I got to want the kid with me as much as the kid wanted to come.

"We was getting great chums. We near wore out that fairy book, and she knew all the stories in it for fair, as well as me; and every night in the long hours when nobody, almost, used the elevator, I'd make up new yarns till she'd go to sleep as quiet as a kitten, there on the seat where you seen her.

"One night I showed her a picture in a paper, and it was about a little kid what was playing with a doll—you know, a little kid about her size. She looks at the picture a long time, and when I'd told her about a hundred stories about it she says, 'Dannie, what's a doll?'

"Honest, that breaks me all up. I wasn't brought up too fine myself, but for sure I seen plenty of dolls, even in our tenement, which this house would buy twenty of them.

"Well, the next day I bought a doll, and some dresses for it, and, say, you should seen the kid that night! She wouldn't go to sleep, and my stories wasn't

in it a little bit. She dressed and undressed that doll a million times, and loved it till it was near bu'sted to pieces.

"That kind of fetches me, you know—kind of fetches me silly. I wondered what kind of woman the kid's mother could be, but I never found out. She skipped—but left the kid behind.

"I was for taking the kid home with me, 'cause, you see, she didn't seem to care about her mother being gone, so long as she could ride up and down—up and down the elevator with Dannie, and play with the doll, and hear my stories—you know, the games I'd make up for her about the fairy folks in the book.

"But the cop on this beat heard of the case and reported it to the Society. A Gerry agent came and took the kid. He had a paper—you know, a paper from the Court House, so I had to let her go.

"She cried a good bit, but I gave her the raggy doll and the worn book, and—and—say, it's kind of lonesome riding up and down here at night without her, 'cause I can hear her cry—not for fair, you know, but my mind can hear her when I tries to read my paper—and can't."



IT IS NOT DEATH TO DIE

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON BETHUNE

(Born in New York, N. Y., 1805; died in Florence, Italy, 1862)

It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And, midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon-chair, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.

Jesus, thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die!
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

Geo. W. Bethune



GEORGE WASHINGTON BETHUNE

JOHN BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE

HIS LAST SPEECH IN THE COURT HOUSE OF CHARLESTOWN, VA., NOVEMBER 2d, 1850

(Born in Torrington, Conn., 1800; executed at Charlestown, Va., 1859)



HAVE, may it please the Court, a few words to say.

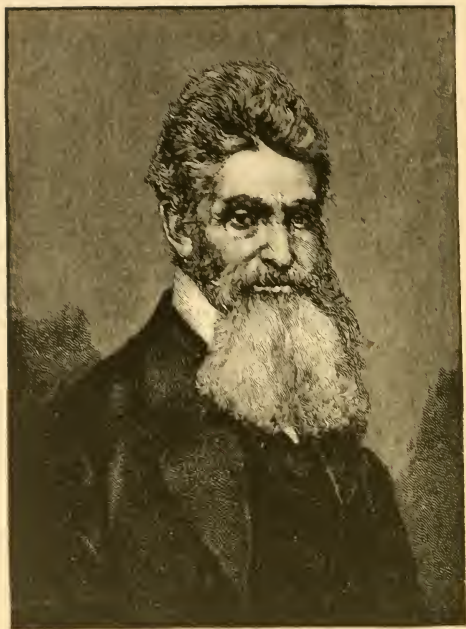
In the first place, I deny everything but what all along was admitted—the design on my part to free the slaves. I intended certainly to have made a clean thing of that matter, as I did last Winter when I went into Missouri and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moved them through the country, and finally left them in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing on a larger scale. That was all I intended. I never did intend murder, or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection.

I have another objection; and that is, it is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered in the manner which I admit, and which I admit has been fairly proved (for I admire the truthfulness and candor of the greater portion of the witnesses who have testified in this case)—had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends—either father, mother, brother, sister, wife or children, or any of that class—and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right; and every man in this court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment.

This court acknowledges, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed here which I suppose to be a Bible, or at least the New Testament. That teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them. It teaches me, further, “to remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them.” I endeavor to act up to that instruction. I say, I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done—as I have always freely admitted I have done—in behalf of His despised poor, was not wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel and unjust enactments, I submit; so let it be done.

Let me say one word further.

I feel entirely satisfied with the treatment I have received on my trial. Con-

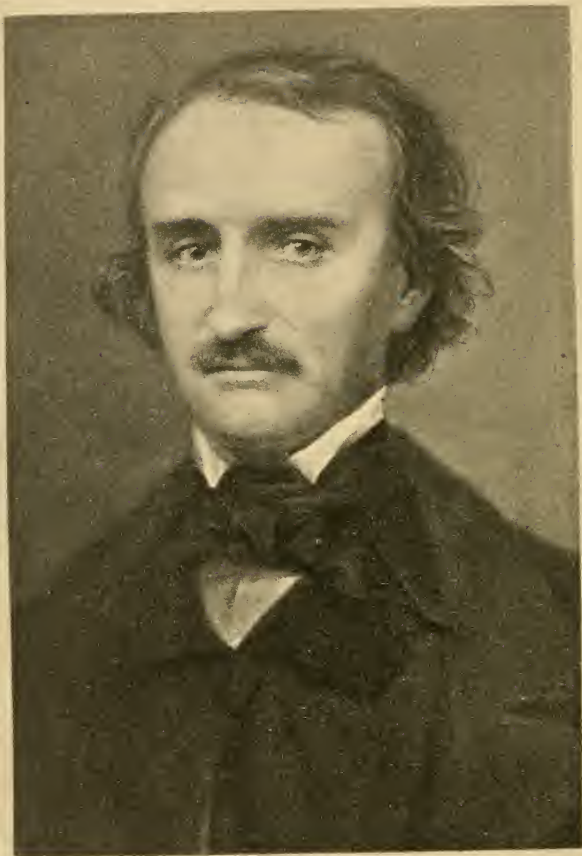


JOHN BROWN

sidering all the circumstances, it has been more generous than I expected. But I feel no consciousness of guilt. I have stated from the first what was my intention and what was not. I never had any design against the life of any person, nor any disposition to commit treason, or excite slaves to rebel, or make any general insurrection. I never encouraged any man to do so, but always discouraged any idea of that kind.

Let me say, also, a word in regard to the statements made by some of those connected with me. I hear it has been stated by some of them that I have induced them to join me. But the contrary is true. I do not say this to injure them, but as regretting their weakness. There is not one of them but joined me of his own accord, and the greater part of them at their own expense. A number of them I never saw, and never had a word of conversation with, till the day they came to me, and that was for the purpose I have stated.





EDGAR ALLAN POE

IN THE MOUTH OF THE SEA

BEING A PART OF THE THRILLING TALE ENTITLED "A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM"

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

(Born at Boston, Mass., Feb. 19, 1809; died at Baltimore, Md., Oct. 7, 1849)

BY this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or perhaps we did not feel it so much as we scudded before it, but at all events the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind and lay flat and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. A singular change, too, had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch, but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky—as clear as I ever saw, and of a deep bright blue—and through it there blazed forth the full moon, with a lustre that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness—but, O God, what a scene it was to light up!

"I now made one or two attempts to speak to my brother, but in some manner which I could not understand, the din had so increased that I could not make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looking as pale as death, and held up one of his fingers as if to say, '*Listen!*'"

"At first I could not make out what he meant; but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob. It was not going. I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then burst into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean. *It had run down at seven o'clock! We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the 'Strom was in full fury!*

"When a boat is well built, properly trimmed, and not deep laden, the waves in a strong gale, when she is going large, seem always to slip from beneath her—which appears very strange to a landsman—and this is what is called *riding*, in sea-phrase. Well, so far we had ridden the swells very cleverly, but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us with it as it rose up—up—as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge, that made me feel sick and dizzy, as if I was falling from some lofty mountain-top in a dream. But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around—and that one glance was all-sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant. The Moskoe-strom whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead, but no more

like the every-day Moskoe-strom than the whirl as you now see it is like a mill-race. If I had not known where we were, and what we had to expect, I should not have recognized the place at all. As it was, I involuntarily closed my eyes in horror. The lids clenched themselves together as if in a spasm.

"It could not have been more than two minutes afterward until we suddenly felt the waves subside, and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp half-turn to larboard, and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned in a kind of shrill shriek—such a sound as you might imagine given out by the waste-pipes of many thousand steam vessels letting off their steam all together. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss, down which we could only see indistinctly on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim like an air-bubble upon the surface of the surge. Her starboard side was next the whirl, and on the larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge writhing wall between us and the horizon.

"It may appear strange, but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves. * * * *

"It may look like boasting, but what I tell you is truth. I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God's power. * * * *

"There was another circumstance which tended to restore my self-possession, and this was the cessation of the wind, which could not reach us in our present situation—for, as you saw yourself, the belt of surf is considerably lower than the general bed of the ocean, and this latter now towered above us, a high, black, mountainous ridge. If you have never been at sea in a heavy gale you can form no idea of the confusion of mind occasioned by the wind and spray together. They blind, deafen and strangle you, and take away all power of action or reflection. But we were now, in a great measure, rid of these annoyances—just as death-condemned felons in prison are allowed petty indulgences, forbidden them while their doom is yet uncertain.

"How often we made the circuit of the belt, it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. All this time I had never let go of the ring-bolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water-cask,

which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit he let go his hold upon this, and made for the ring, from which, in the agony of his terror, he endeavored to force my hands, as it was not large enough to afford us both a secure grasp. I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act—although I knew he was a madman when he did it—a raving maniac through sheer fright. I did not care, however, to contest the point with him. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all, so I let him have the bolt, and went astern to the cask. This there was no great difficulty in doing, for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel, only swaying to and fro with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position when we gave a wild lurch to starboard, and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

“As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel, and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them, while I expected instant destruction, and I wondered that I was not already in my death-struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased, and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before while in the belt of foam, with the exception that she now lay more along. I took courage, and looked once again upon the scene.

“Never shall I forget the sensations of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls, and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

“At first I was too much confused to observe anything accurately. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downward. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool. She was quite upon an even keel—that is to say, her deck lay in a plane parallel with that of the water—but this latter sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying upon our beam-ends. I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold and footing in this situation

than if we had been upon a dead level, and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved.

"The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly, on account of a thick mist in which everything there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Mussulmans say is the only pathway between Time and Eternity. This mist or spray was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel as they all met together at the bottom, but the yell that went up to the heavens from out of that mist I dare not attempt to describe.

"Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us a great distance down the slope, but our farther descent was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept—not with any uniform movement, but in dizzying swings and jerks, that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards, sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward at each revolution was slow, but very perceptible.

"Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house furniture, broken boxes, barrels, and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors. It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company. I *must* have been delirious, for I even sought *amusement* in speculating upon the relative velocities of their several descents toward the foam below. 'This fir-tree,' I found myself at one time saying, 'will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears,' and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant ship overtook it and went down before. At length, after making several guesses of this nature and being deceived in all, this fact—the fact of my invariable miscalculation—set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs again tremble and my heart beat heavily once more.

"It was not a new terror that thus affected me, but the dawn of a more exciting *hope*. This hope arose partly from memory and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-strom. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way—so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters—but then I distinctly recollected that there were *some* of them which

were not disfigured at all. Now I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been *completely absorbed*—that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or, for some reason, had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, or of the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might thus be whirled up again to the level of the ocean, without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early, or absorbed more rapidly. I made also three important observations. The first was that, as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent; the second that, between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical and the other of any other shape, the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere; the third, that, between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed more slowly. Since my escape I have had several conversations on this subject with an old schoolmaster of the district, and it was from him that I learned the use of the words 'cylinder' and 'sphere.' He explained to me—although I have forgotten the explanation—how what I observed was in fact the natural consequence of the forms of the floating fragments, and showed me how it happened that a cylinder swimming in a vortex offered more resistance to its suction, and was drawn in with greater difficulty than an equally bulky body of any form whatever.

"There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations and rendering me anxious to turn them to account, and this was that at every revolution we passed something like a barrel, or else the yard or the mast of a vessel, while many of these things which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool, were now high up above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station.

"I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water-cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought at length that he comprehended my design, but, whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly and refused to move from his station by the ring-bolt. It was impossible to reach him—the emergency admitted of no delay—and so, with a bitter struggle, I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea without another moment's hesitation.

"The result was precisely what I had hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tell you this tale—as you see that I *did* escape—and as you are already

in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate all that I have further to say, I will bring my story quickly to a conclusion. It might have been an hour or thereabout after my quitting the smack when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and, bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong and forever into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sunk very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became momentarily less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew gradually less and less violent. By degrees the froth and the rainbow disappeared, and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoe-strom *had been*. It was the hour of the slack, but the sea still heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I was borne violently into the channel of the Strom, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the 'grounds' of the fishermen. A boat picked me up, exhausted from the fatigue and (now that the danger was removed) speechless from the memory of its horror. Those who drew me on board were my old mates and daily companions, but they knew me no more than they would have known a traveler from the spirit-land. My hair, which had been raven-black the day before, was as white as you see it now. They say, too, that the whole expression of my countenance had changed. I told them my story; they did not believe it. I now tell it to *you*, and I can scarcely expect you to put more faith in it than did the merry fishermen of Lofoden."

Edgar Allan Poe.



BUST OF
EDGAR ALLAN POE

THE TELL-TALE HEART

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE



TRUE! nervous, very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why *will* you say that I am mad? The disease has sharpened my senses, not destroyed, not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Harken! and observe how healthily, how calmly, I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain, but, once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! Yes, it was this! One of his eyes resembled that of a vulture—a pale blue eye with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me my blood ran cold, and so by degrees, very gradually, I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen *me*. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded—with what caution, with what foresight, with what dissimulation I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night about midnight I turned the latch of his door and opened it—oh, so gently! And then when I had made an opening sufficient for my head I put in a dark lantern all closed, closed so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly, very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha! would a madman have been so wise as this? And then when my head was well in the room I undid the lantern cautiously—oh, so cautiously—cautiously (for the hinges creaked). I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights, every night just at midnight; but I found the eye always closed, and so it was impossible to do the work, for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his evil eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into the chamber and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had passed the night. So you see he would have been a

very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute-hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never before that night had I *felt* the extent of my own powers, of my sagacity. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was opening the door little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea, and perhaps he heard me, for he moved on the bed suddenly as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back—but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness (for the shutters were close fastened through fear of robbers), and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily, steadily.

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in bed, crying out, "Who's there?"

I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in bed, listening—just as I have done night after night hearkening to the death watches in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain or of grief—oh, no! It was the low stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me. I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself, "It is nothing but the wind in the chimney, it is only a mouse crossing the floor," or "It is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp." Yes, he has been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions; but he had found all in vain. All in vain, because Death in approaching him had stalked with his black shadow before him and enveloped the victim. And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel—although he neither saw nor heard—to *feel* the presence of my head within the room.

When I had waited a long time very patiently without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little—a very, very little—crevice in the lantern. So I opened it—you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily—until at length a single dim

ray like the thread of the spider shot out from the crevice and fell upon the vulture eye.

It was open, wide, wide open, and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness—all a dull blue with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones, but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or form, for I had directed the ray as if by instinct precisely upon the damned spot.

And now have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over-acuteness of the senses? Now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew *that* sound well, too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier to courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder, every instant. The old man's terror *must* have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment!—do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous: so I am. And now at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet, for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me—the sound would be heard by a neighbor! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once—once only. In that instant I dragged him to the floor and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily to find the deed so far done. But for many minutes the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precaution I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. I took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye—not even *his*—could have detected anything wrong. There was nothing to wash out—no stain of any kind, no blood spot whatever. I had been too wary for that.

When I had made an end of these labors it was four o'clock—still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street

door. I went down to open it with a light heart—for what had I *now* to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity, as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled—for *what* had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search—search *well*. I led them, at length, to *his* chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them *here* to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My *manner* had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat and while I answered cheerily they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears; but still they sat, and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct; it continued and became more distinct; I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling; but it continued and gained definiteness—until, at length, I found that the noise was *not* within my ears.

No doubt I now grew *very* pale; but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased—and what could I do? It was a *low, dull, quick sound—much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton*. I gasped for breath—and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly, more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations; but the noise steadily increased. Why *would* they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men; but the noise steadily increased. O God! what *could* I do? I foamed, I raved, I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder, louder, *louder!* And still the men chatted pleasantly and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God!—no, no! They heard! they suspected! they *knew!* they were making a mockery of my horror!—this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die! and now—again!—hark! louder! louder! louder! *louder!*

“Villains!” I shrieked, “dissemble no more! I admit the deed! Tear up the planks!—here, here! It is the beating of his hideous heart!”



RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

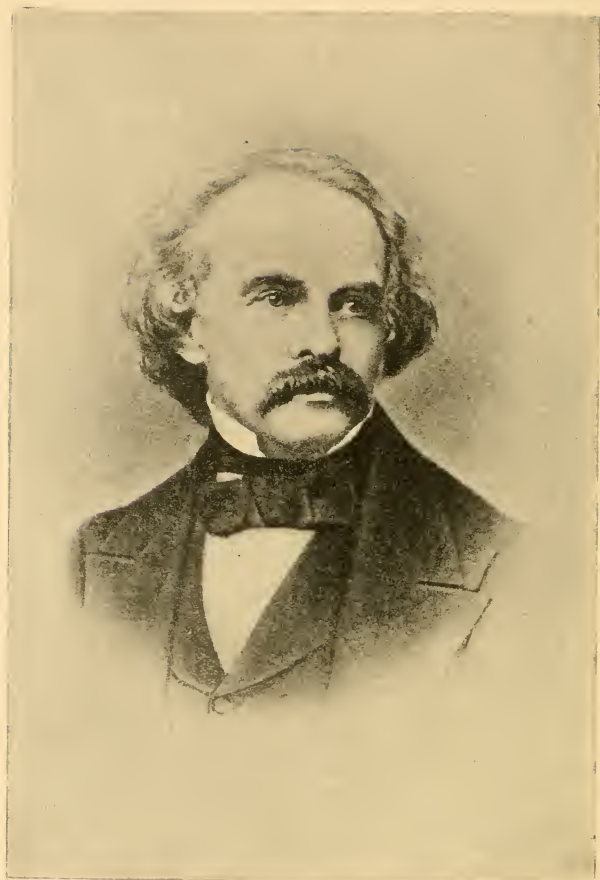
THE SKY

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

(Born at Hingham, Mass., July 2, 1825)

The sky is a drinking cup
That was overturned of old,
And it pours in the eyes of men
Its wine of airy gold.
We drink that wine all day,
Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted to our bed
By the jewels in the cup.

R. H. Stoddard



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

THE REVELATION

FROM "THE SCARLET LETTER"

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

(Born at Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804; died at Plymouth, N. H., May 18, 1864)

BY this time the preliminary prayer had been offered in the meeting-house, and the accents of the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale were heard commencing his discourse. An irresistible feeling kept Hester near the spot. As the sacred edifice was too much thronged to admit another auditor, she took up her position close beside the scaffold of the pillory. It was in sufficient proximity to bring the whole sermon to her ears, in the shape of an indistinct but varied murmur and flow of the minister's very peculiar voice.

This vocal organ was in itself a rich endowment; insomuch that a listener, comprehending nothing of the language in which the preacher spoke, might still have been swayed to and fro by the mere tone and cadence. Like all other music, it breathed passion and pathos, and emotions high or tender, in a tongue native to the human heart, wherever educated. Muffled as the sound was by its passage through the church walls; Hester Prynne listened with such intentness, and sympathized so intimately, that the sermon had throughout a meaning for her, entirely apart from its indistinguishable words. These, perhaps, if more distinctly heard, might have been only a grosser medium, and have clogged the spiritual sense. Now she caught the low undertone, as of the wind sinking down to repose itself; then ascended with it, as it rose through progressive gradations of sweetness and power, until its volume seemed to envelope her with an atmosphere of awe and solemn grandeur. And yet, majestic as the voice sometimes became, there was forever in it an essential character of plaintiveness. A loud or low expression of anguish, the whisper, or the shriek, as it might be conceived, of suffering humanity, that touched a sensibility in every bosom! At times this deep strain of pathos was all that could be heard, and scarcely heard, sighing amid a desolate silence. But even when the minister's voice grew high and commanding; when it gushed irrepressibly upward; when it assumed its utmost breadth and power, so overflowing the church as to burst its way through the solid walls and diffuse itself in the open air, still, if the auditor listened intently, and for the purpose, he could detect the same cry of pain. What was it? The complaint of a human heart, sorrow-laden, perchance guilty, telling its secret, whether of guilt

or sorrow, to the great heart of mankind, beseeching its sympathy or forgiveness, at every moment, in each accent, and never in vain! It was this profound and continual undertone that gave the clergyman his most appropriate power.

During all this time Hester stood, statue-like, at the foot of the scaffold. If the minister's voice had not kept her there, there would nevertheless have been an inevitable magnetism on that spot, whence she dated the first hour of her life of ignominy. There was a sense within her—too ill-defined to be made a thought, but weighing heavily on her mind—that her whole orb of life, both before and after, was connected with this spot, as with the one point that gave it unity.

Little Pearl, meanwhile, had quitted her mother's side, and was playing at her own will about the market-place. She made the sombre crowd cheerful by her erratic and glistening ray; even as a bird of bright plumage illuminates a whole tree of dusky foliage by darting to and fro, half seen and half concealed amid the twilight of the clustering leaves. She had an undulating, but, oftentimes, a sharp and irregular movement. It indicated the restless vivacity of her spirit, which to-day was doubly indefatigable in its tiptoe dance, because it was played upon and vibrated with her mother's disquietude. Whenever Pearl saw anything to excite her ever-active and wandering curiosity, she flew thitherward, and, as we might say, seized upon that man or thing as her own property, so far as she desired it, but without yielding the minutest degree of control over her motions in requital. The Puritans looked on, and, if they smiled, were none the less inclined to pronounce the child a demon offspring, from the indescribable charm of beauty and eccentricity that shone through her little figure, and sparkled with its activity. She ran and looked the wild Indian in the face, and he grew conscious of a nature wilder than his own. Thence, with native audacity, but still with a reserve as characteristic, she flew into the midst of a group of mariners, the swarthy-cheeked wild men of the ocean, as the Indians were of the land; and they gazed wonderingly and admiringly at Pearl, as if a flake of the sea-foam had taken the shape of a little maid, and were gifted with a soul of the sea-fire, that flashes beneath the prow in the night-time.

One of these seafaring men—the shipmaster, indeed, who had spoken to Hester Prynne—was so smitten with Pearl's aspect that he attempted to lay hands upon her, with purpose to snatch a kiss. Finding it as impossible to touch her as to catch a humming-bird in the air, he took from his hat the gold chain that was twisted about it, and threw it to the child. Pearl immediately twined it around her neck and waist with such happy skill that, once seen there, it became a part of her, and it was difficult to imagine her without it.

"Thy mother is yonder woman with the scarlet letter," said the seaman. "Wilt thou carry a message from me?"

"If the message pleases me I will," answered Pearl.

"Then tell her," rejoined he, "that I spake again with the black-a-visaged, hump-shouldered old doctor, and he engages to bring his friend, the gentleman she wots of, aboard with him. So let thy mother take no thought, save for herself and thee. Wilt thou tell her this, thou witch-baby?"

"Mistress Hibbins says my father is the Prince of the Air!" cried Pearl, with a naughty smile. "If thou callest me that ill name I shall tell him of thee, and he will chase thy ship with a tempest!"

Pursuing a zigzag course across the market-place, the child returned to her



HAWTHORNE'S BIRTHPLACE

mother, and communicated what the mariner had said. Hester's strong, calm, steadfastly enduring spirit almost sank at last on beholding this dark and grim countenance of an inevitable doom, which—at the moment when a passage seemed to open for the minister and herself out of their labyrinth of misery—showed itself, with an unrelenting smile, right in the midst of their path.

With her mind harassed by the terrible perplexity in which the shipmaster's intelligence involved her, she was also subjected to another trial. There were

many people present, from the country round about, who had often heard of the scarlet letter, and to whom it had been made terrific by a hundred false or exaggerated rumors, but who had never beheld it with their own bodily eyes. These, after exhausting other modes of amusement, now thronged about Hester Prynne with rude and boorish intrusiveness. Unscrupulous as it was, however, it could not bring them nearer than a circuit of several yards. At that distance they accordingly stood, fixed there by centrifugal force of the repugnance which the mystic symbol inspired. The whole gang of sailors, likewise, observing the press of spectators, and learning the purport of the scarlet letter, came and thrust their sunburnt and desperado-looking faces into the ring. Even the Indians were affected by a sort of cold shadow of the white man's curiosity, and, gliding through the crowd, fastened their snake-like eyes on Hester's bosom, conceiving, perhaps, that the wearer of this brilliantly embroidered badge must needs be a personage of high dignity among her people. Lastly, the inhabitants of the town (their own interest in this worn-out subject languidly reviving itself, by sympathy with what they saw others feel) lounged idly to the same quarter, and tormented Hester Prynne, perhaps more than all the rest, with their cool, well-acquainted gaze at her familiar shame. Hester saw and recognized the self-same faces of that group of matrons, who had awaited her forthcoming from the prison-door, seven years ago; all save one, the youngest and only compassionate among them, whose burial robe she had since made. At the final hour, when she was so soon to fling aside the burning letter, it had strangely become the centre of more remark and excitement, and was thus made to sear her breast more painfully than any time since the first day she put it on.

While Hester stood in that magic circle of ignominy, where the cunning cruelty of her sentence seemed to have fixed her forever, the admirable preacher was looking down from the sacred pulpit upon an audience whose very inmost spirits had yielded to his control. The sainted minister in the church! The woman of the scarlet letter in the market-place! What imagination would have been irreverent enough to surmise that the same scorching stigma was on them both!

* * * * *

The eloquent voice, on which the souls of the listening audience had been borne aloft as on the swelling waves of the sea, at length came to a pause. There was a momentary silence, profound as what should follow the utterance of oracles. Then ensued a murmur and half-hushed tumult, as if the auditors, released from the high spell that had transported them into the region of another's mind, were returning into themselves, with all their awe and wonder still heavy on them. In a moment more the crowd began to gush forth from the doors of the church. Now that there was an end, they needed other breath, more fit to support the

gross and earthly life into which they relapsed, than that atmosphere which the preacher had converted into words of flame, and had burdened with the rich fragrance of his thought.

In the open air their rapture broke into speech. The street and the market-place absolutely babbled, from side to side, with applauses of the minister. His hearers could not rest until they had told one another of what each knew better than he could tell or hear. According to their united testimony, never had man spoken in so wise, so high and so holy a spirit as he that spake this day; nor had inspiration ever breathed through mortal lips more evidently than it did through his. Its influence could be seen, as it were, descending upon him, and possessing him, and continually lifting him out of the written discourse that lay before him, and filling him with ideas that must have been as marvelous to himself as to his audience. His subject, it appeared, had been the relation between the Deity and the communities of mankind, with a special reference to the New England which they were here planting in the wilderness. And, as he drew towards the close, a spirit as of prophecy had come upon him, constraining him to its purpose as mightily as the old prophets of Israel were constrained, only with this difference that, whereas the Jewish seers had denounced judgments and ruin on their country, it was his mission to foretell a high and glorious destiny for the newly gathered people of the Lord. But, throughout it all, and through the whole discourse, there had been a deep, sad undertone of pathos, which could not be interpreted otherwise than as the natural regret of one soon to pass away. Yes, their minister whom they so loved—and who so loved them all that he could not depart heavenward without a sigh—had the foreboding of untimely death upon him, and would soon leave them in their tears! This idea of his transitory stay on earth gave the last emphasis to the effect which the preacher had produced; it was as if an angel, in his passage to the skies, had shaken his bright wings over the people for an instant, and had shed down a shower of golden truths upon them.

Thus, there had come to the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale—as to most men, in their various spheres, though seldom recognized until they see it far behind them—an epoch of life more brilliant and full of triumph than any previous one, or than any which could hereafter be. He stood, at this moment, on the very proudest eminence of superiority, to which the gifts of intellect, rich lore, prevailing eloquence, and a reputation of whitest sanctity, could exalt a clergyman in New England's earliest days, when the professional character was of itself a lofty pedestal. Such was the position which the minister occupied, as he bowed his head forward on the cushions of the pulpit, at the close of his Election Sermon. Meanwhile Hester Prynne was standing beside the scaffold of the pillory, with the scarlet letter still burning on her breast!

Now was heard again the clangor of music, and the measured tramp of the

military escort, issuing from the church door. The procession was to be marshalled thence to the town-hall, where a solemn banquet would complete the ceremonies of the day.

Once more, therefore, the train of venerable and majestic fathers was seen moving through a broad pathway of the people, who drew back reverently, on either side, as the Governor and magistrates, the old and wise men, the holy ministers, and all that were eminent and renowned advanced into the midst of them. When they were fairly in the market-place, their presence was greeted by a shout. This—though doubtless it might acquire additional force and volume from the childlike loyalty which the age rewarded to its rulers—was felt to be an irrepressible outburst of enthusiasm kindled in the auditors by that high strain of eloquence which was yet reverberating in their ears. Each felt the impulse in himself and, in the same breath, caught it from his neighbor. Within the church it had hardly been kept down; beneath the sky it pealed upward to the zenith. There were human beings enough, and enough of highly-wrought and symphonious feeling, to produce that more impressive sound than the organ tones of the blast, or the thunder, or the roar of the sea; even that mighty swell of many voices, blended into one great voice by the universal impulse which makes likewise one vast heart out of the many. Never, from the soil of New England, had gone up such a shout! Never, on New England soil, had stood the man honored by his mortal brethren as the preacher!

How fared it with him then? Were there not the brilliant particles of a halo in the air about his head? So etherealized by spirit as he was, and so apotheosized by worshipping admirers, did his footsteps, in the procession, really tread upon the dust of earth?

As the ranks of military men and civil fathers moved onward all eyes were turned towards the point where the minister was seen to approach among them. The shout died into a murmur, as one portion of the crowd after another obtained a glimpse of him. How feeble and pale he looked, amid all his triumph! The energy—or say, rather, the inspiration which had held him up until he should have delivered the sacred message that brought its own strength along with it from Heaven—was withdrawn, now that it had so faithfully performed its office. The glow, which they had just before beheld burning on his cheek, was extinguished, like a flame that sinks down hopelessly among the late-decaying embers. It seemed hardly the face of a man alive, with such a deathlike hue; it was hardly a man with life in him that tottered on his path so nervelessly, yet tottered, and did not fall.

One of his clerical brethren—it was the venerable John Wilson—observing the state in which Mr. Dimmesdale was left by the retiring wave of intellect and sensibility, stepped forward hastily to offer his support. The minister tremu-

lously, but decidedly, repelled the old man's arm. He still walked onward, if that movement could be so described, which rather resembled the wavering effort of an infant with its mother's arms in view, outstretched to tempt him forward. And now, almost imperceptible as were the latter steps of his progress, he had come opposite the well-remembered and weather-darkened scaffold, where, long since, with all that dreary lapse of time between, Hester Prynne had encountered the world's ignominious stare. There stood Hester, holding little Pearl by the hand! And there was the scarlet letter on her breast! The minister here made



THE MANSE

a pause, although the music still played the stately and rejoicing march to which the procession moved. It summoned him onward—onward to the festival!—but here he made a pause.

Bellingham for the last few moments had kept an anxious eye upon him. He now left his own place in the procession, and advanced to give assistance, judging, from Mr. Dimmesdale's aspect, that he must otherwise inevitably fall. But there was something in the latter's expression that warned back the magistrate, although a man not readily obeying the vague intimations that pass from

one spirit to another. The crowd, meanwhile, looked on with awe and wonder. This earthly faintness was, in their view, only another phase of the minister's celestial strength; nor would it have seemed a miracle too high to be wrought for one so holy, had he ascended before their eyes, waxing dimmer and brighter, and fading at last into the light of heaven.

He turned towards the scaffold, and stretched forth his arms.

"Hester," said he, "come hither! Come, my little Pearl!"

It was a ghastly look with which he regarded them; but there was something at once tender and strangely triumphant in it. The child, with the bird-like motion which was one of her characteristics flew to him, and clasped her arms about his knees. Hester Prynne slowly, as if impelled by inevitable fate, and against her strongest will, likewise drew near, but paused before she reached him. At this instant old Roger Chillingworth thrust himself through the crowd—or, perhaps, so dark, disturbed, and evil, was his look, he rose up out of some nether region—to snatch back his victim from what he sought to do! Be that as it might, the old man rushed forward and caught the minister by the arm.

"Madman, hold! What is your purpose?" whispered he. "Wave back that woman! Cast off this child! All shall be well! Do not blacken your fame, and perish in dishonor! I can yet save you! Would you bring infamy on your sacred profession?"

"Ha, tempter! Methinks thou art too late!" answered the minister, encountering his eye, fearfully, but firmly. "Thy power is not what it was! With God's help, I shall escape thee now!"

He again extended his hand to the woman of the scarlet letter.

"Hester Prynne," cried he, with a piercing earnestness, "in the name of Him, so terrible and so merciful, who gives me grace at this last moment to do what, for my own heavy sin and miserable agony, I withheld myself from doing seven years ago—come hither now and twine thy strength about me! Thy strength, Hester, but let it be guided by the will which God hath granted me! This wretched and wronged old man is opposing it with all his might!—with all his own might and the fiend's. Come, Hester, come! Support me up yonder scaffold!"

The crowd was in a tumult. The men of rank and dignity, who stood more immediately around the clergyman, were so taken by surprise, and so perplexed as to the purport of what they saw—unable to receive the explanation which most readily presented itself, or to imagine any other—that they remained silent and inactive spectators of the judgment which Providence seemed about to work. They beheld the minister, leaning on Hester's shoulder, and supported by her arm around him, approach the scaffold, and ascend its steps, while still the little hand of the sin-born child was clasped in his. Old Roger Chillingworth fol-

lowed, as one intimately connected with the drama of guilt and sorrow in which they had all been actors, and well entitled, therefore, to be present at its closing scene.

"Hadst thou sought the whole earth over," said he, looking darkly at the clergyman, "there was no place so secret, no high place nor lowly place, where thou couldst have escaped me, save on this very scaffold!"

"Thanks be to Him who hath led me thither!" answered the minister.

Yet he trembled and turned to Hester with an expression of doubt and anxiety in his eyes, not the less evidently betrayed, that there was a feeble smile upon his lips.

"Is not this better," murmured he, "than what we dreamed of in the forest?"

"I know not! I know not!" she hurriedly replied. "Better? Yea; so we may both die, and little Pearl die with us!"

"For thee and Pearl, be it as God shall order," said the minister; "and God is merciful! Let me now do the will which He hath made plain before my sight. For, Hester, I am a dying man. So let me make haste to take my shame upon me!"

Partly supported by Hester Prynne, and holding one hand of little Pearl's, the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale turned to the dignified and venerable rulers; to the holy ministers, who were his brethren; to the people, whose great heart was thoroughly appalled, yet overflowing with tearful sympathy, as knowing that some deep life-matter—which, if full of sin, was full of anguish and repentance likewise—was now to be laid open to them. The sun, but little past its meridian, shone down upon the clergyman, and gave a distinctness to his figure, as he stood out from all the earth, to put in his plea of guilty at the bar of Eternal Justice.

"People of New England!" cried he, with a voice that rose over them, high, solemn and majestic, yet had always a tremor through it, and sometimes a shriek, struggling up out of a fathomless depth of remorse and woe, "ye that have loved me!—ye that have deemed me holy!—behold me here the one sinner of the world! At last! at last! I stand upon the spot where, seven years since, I should have stood; here, with this woman, whose arm, more than the little strength wherewith I have crept hitherward, sustains me, at this dreadful moment, from grovelling down upon my face! Lo, the scarlet letter which Hester wears! Ye have all shuddered at it! Wherever her walk hath been—wherever, so miserably burdened, she may have hoped to find repose—it hath cast a lurid gleam of awe and horrible repugnance round about her. But there stood one in the midst of you, at whose brand of sin and infamy ye have not shuddered!"

It seemed at this point as if the minister must leave the remainder of his secret undisclosed, but he fought back the bodily weakness, and, still more, the faintness of heart that was striving for the mastery with him. He threw off all

assistance, and stepped passionately forward a pace before the woman and the child.

"It was on him!" he continued, with a kind of fierceness, so determined was he to speak out the whole. "God's eye beheld it! The angels were forever pointing at it! The devil knew it well, and fretted it continually with the touch of his burning finger! But he hid it cunningly from men, and walked among you with the mien of a spirit; mournful, because so pure in a sinful world! and sad, because he missed his heavenly kindred! Now, at the death-hour, he stands up before you! He bids you look again at Hester's scarlet letter! He tells you that, with all its mysterious horror, it is but the shadow of what he bears on his own breast, and that even this, his own red stigma, is no more than the type of what has seared his inmost heart! Stand any here that question God's judgment on a sinner? Behold! Behold a dreadful witness of it!"

With a convulsive motion, he tore away the ministerial band from before his breast. It was revealed! But it were irreverent to describe that revelation. For an instant the gaze of the horror-stricken multitude was concentrated on the ghastly miracle, while the minister stood, with a flush of triumph in his face, as one who, in the crisis of acutest pain, had won a victory. Then, down he sank upon the scaffold. Hester partly raised him, and supported his head against her bosom. Old Roger Chillingworth knelt down beside him, with a blank, dull countenance, out of which the life seemed to have departed.

"Thou hast escaped me!" he repeated more than once. "Thou hast escaped me!"

"May God forgive thee!" said the minister. "Thou, too, hast deeply sinned!"

He withdrew his dying eyes from the old man, and fixed them on the woman and the child.

"My little Pearl," said he, feebly, and there was a sweet and gentle smile over his face, as of a spirit sinking into deep repose; nay, now that the burden was removed, it seemed almost as if he would be sportive with the child, "dear little Pearl, wilt thou kiss me now? Thou wouldst not, yonder, in the forest, but now thou wilt?"

Pearl kissed his lips. A spell was broken. The great scene of grief, in which the wild infant bore a part, had developed all her sympathies; and as her tears fell upon her father's cheek, they were the pledge that she would grow up amid human joy and sorrow, nor forever do battle with the world, but be a woman in it. Towards her mother, too, Pearl's errand as a messenger of anguish was all fulfilled.

"Hester," said the clergyman, "farewell!"

"Shall we not meet again?" whispered she, bending her face close to his. "Shall we not spend our immortal life together? Surely, surely, we have ran-

somed one another, with all this woe? Thou lookest far into eternity, with those bright dying eyes! Then tell me what thou seest."

"Hush, Hester, hush!" said he, with tremulous solemnity. "The law we broke! the sin here so awfully revealed! Let these alone be in thy thoughts! I fear! I fear! It may be that, when we forgot our God, when we violated our reverence each for the other's soul, it was thenceforth vain to hope that we could meet hereafter in an everlasting and pure reunion. God knows, and He is merciful! He hath proved His mercy, most of all, in my afflictions. By giving me this burning torture to bear upon my breast! By sending yonder dark and terrible old man, to keep the torture always at red-heat! By bringing me hither, to die this death of triumphant ignominy before the people! Had either of these agonies been wanting I had been lost forever! Praised be His name! His will be done! Farewell!"

That final word came forth with the minister's expiring breath. The multitude, silent till then, broke out in a strange, deep voice of awe and wonder, which could not as yet find utterance, save in this murmur that rolled so heavily after the departed spirit.





F. HOPKINSON SMITH

A BOARD FENCE LOSES A PLANK

BEING CHAPTER II. FROM "TOM GROGAN"

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

(Born at Baltimore, Md., October 23, 1838)



HE work on the sea-wall progressed. The coffer-dam which had been built by driving into the mud of the bottom a double row of heavy tongued and grooved planking in two parallel rows, bulk-heading each one, had been filled with concrete to low-water mark, absorbing not only the contents of the delayed scow, but two subsequent cargoes, both of which had been unloaded by Tom Grogan.

To keep out the leakage, steam-pumps were kept going night and day.

By dint of hard work the upper masonry of the wall had been laid to the top course, ready for the coping-stone, and there was now every prospect that the last stone would be lowered into place before the winter storms set in.

The shanty—a temporary structure, good only for the life of the work—rested on a set of stringers laid on extra piles driven outside of the working-platform. When the sub-marine work lies miles from shore, a shanty is the only shelter for the men, its interior being fitted up with sleeping-bunks, with one end partitioned off for a kitchen and a storage-room. This is filled with extra blocks, Manila rope, portable forges, tools, shovels, barrows—all perishable property.

For this present sea-wall—an amphibious sort of structure, with one foot on land and the other in the water—the shanty was of light pine boards, roofed over, and made water-tight by tarred paper. The bunks had been omitted, for most of the men boarded in the village. This gave increased space for the storage of tools, besides room for a desk containing the Government working-drawings and specifications, pay-rolls, etc. In addition to its door, fastened at night with a padlock, and its one glass window, secured by a tenpenny nail, it had a flap window, hinged at the bottom. When this was propped up with a barrel stave it made a counter from which to pay the men, the paymaster standing inside.

Babcock was sitting on a keg of dock spikes inside this working shanty some days after he had discovered Tom's identity, watching his bookkeeper preparing the pay-roll, when a face was thrust through the square of the window. It was not a prepossessing face, rather pudgy and sleek, with uncertain, drooping mouth, and eyes that always looked over one's head when he talked. It was the property of Mr. Peter Lathers, the yardmaster of the depot.

"When you're done payin' off maybe you'll step outside, sir," he said, in a confiding tone. "I got a friend of mine who wants to know you. He's a stevedore, and does the work to the fort. He's never done nothin' for you, but I told him next time you come down I'd fetch him over. Say, Dan," beckoning with his head over his shoulder; then, turning to Babcock, "I make you acquainted, sir, with Mr. Daniel McGaw."

Two faces now filled the window—Lather's and that of a red-headed man in a straw hat.

"All right. I'll attend to you in a moment. Glad to see you, Mr. McGaw," said Babcock, rising from the keg and looking out over his bookkeeper's shoulder.

Lather's friend proved to be a short, big-boned, square-shouldered Irishman, about forty years of age, dressed in a once black broadcloth suit with frayed buttonholes, the lapels and vest covered with grease spots. Around his collar, which had done service for several days, was twisted a red tie decorated with a glass pin. His face was spattered with blue powder marks, as if from some quarry explosion. A lump of a mustache dyed dark brown concealed his upper lip, making all the more conspicuous the bushy, sandy-colored eyebrows that shaded a pair of treacherous eyes. His mouth was coarse and filled with teeth half worn off, like those of an old horse. When he smiled these opened slowly like a vise. Whatever of humor played about this opening lost its life instantly when these jaws clicked together again.

The hands were big and strong, wrinkled and seamed, their rough backs spotted like a toad's, the wrist covered with long spidery hairs.

Babcock noticed particularly his low, flat forehead when he removed his hat, and the dry, red hair growing close to the eyebrows.

"I wuz a-sp'akin' to me fri'nd Mislter Lathers about doin' yer wurruk," began McGaw, resting one foot on a pile of barrow-planks, his elbow on his knee. "I does all the haulin' to the foort. Surgint Duffy knows me. I wuz along here las' week, an' see ye wuz put back fer stone. If I'd had the job, I'd had her unloaded two days befoore."

"You're dead right, Dan," said Lathers, with an expression of disgust. "This woman business aint no good, nohow. She ought to be over her tubs."

"She does her work, though," Babcock said, beginning to see the drift of things.

"Oh, I don't be sayin' she don't. She's a dacent woman enough; but thim b'ys as is a-runnin' her carts is raisin' — all the toime."

"And then look at the teams," chimed in Lathers, with a jerk of his thumb toward the dock—"a lot of staggerin' horse-car wrecks you couldn't sell to a glue

factory. That big gray she had a-hoistin' is blind of an eye and sprung so forrard he can't hardly stand."

At this moment the refrain of a song from somewhere near the board fence came wafting through the air:

"An' he wiped up the floor wid McGeechy."

McGaw turned his head in search of the singer.

"What are your rates per ton?" asked Babcock.

"We're a-chargin' forty cints," said McGaw, deferring to Lathers, as if for confirmation.

"Who's we?"

"The Stevedores Union."

"But Mrs. Grogan is doing it for thirty," said Babcock, looking straight into McGaw's eyes, and speaking slowly and deliberately.

"Yis, I heared she wuz a-cuttin' rates; but she can't live at it. If I does it, it'll be done roight, an' no throuble."

"I'll think it over," said Babcock, quietly, turning on his heel. The meanness of the whole affair offended him—two big, strong men fighting a woman with no protector but her two hands. McGaw should never lift a shovel for him. Again the song floated out; this time it seemed nearer:

" * * * wid McGeechy—
McGeechy of the Fourth."

"Dan McGaw's givin it to you straight," said Lathers, stopping for a last word, his face thrust through the window again. "He's rigged for this business, and Grogan aint in it with him. If she wants her work done right, she ought to send down something with a mustache."

Here the song subsided in a prolonged chuckle. McGaw turned, and caught sight of a boy's head—a mop of black hair thrust through a crownless hat—leaning over a cement barrel. Lathers turned, too, and instantly lowered his voice. The head ducked out of sight. In the flash glance Babcock caught of the face he recognized the boy Cully, driver of the big gray. It was evident to Babcock that Cully at that moment was bubbling over with fun. Indeed, this waif of the streets, sometimes called James Finnegan, was seldom known to be otherwise.

"Thet's the wurst rat in the stables," said McGaw, his face reddening with anger. "What kin ye do whin ye're a-buckin' ag'in a lot uv divils loike him?" speaking through the window to Babcock. "Come out uv thet," he called to Cully, "or I'll bu'st yer jaw, ye sneakin' rat."

Cully came out, but not in obedience to McGaw or Lathers. Indeed, he paid no more attention to either of those distinguished diplomats than if they had been two cement barrels standing on end. His face, too, had lost its irradiating smile; not a wrinkle or a pucker ruffled its calm surface. His clay-soiled hat was in his hand—a very dirty hand, by the way, with the torn cuff of his shirt hanging loosely over it. His trousers bagged all over—knees, seat and waist. On his stockingless feet were a pair of sun-baked, brick-colored shoes. His ankles were as dark as mahogany. His throat and chest were bare, the skin being tanned to leather wherever the sun could work its way through the holes in his garments. From out of this combination of dust and rags shone a pair of piercing black eyes, snapping with fun.

"I come up fer de mont's pay," he said coolly to Babcock, the corner of his eye glued to Lathers. "De ole woman said ye'd hev it ready."

"Mrs. Grogan's?" asked the bookkeeper, shuffling over his envelopes.

"Yep. Tom Grogan."

"Can you sign the pay-roll?"

"You bet," with an eye still out for Lathers. It was this flea-like alertness that always saved Mr. Finnegan's scalp.

"Where did you learn to write—at school?" asked Babcock, noting the boy's fearless independence with undisguised pleasure.

"Naw. Patsy an' me studies nights. Pop Mullins teaches us; he's de ole woman's farder what she brung out from Ireland. He's a-livin' up ter de she-bang; dey're all livin' dere—Jinnie an' de ole woman an' Patsy—all 'cept me an' Carl. I bunks in wid de big gray. Say, mister, ye'd oughter git onter Patsy; he's the little kid wid de crutch. He's a corker, he is; reads po'try an' everythin'. Where'll I sign? Oh, yes, I see; in dis 'ere square hole right alongside de ole woman's name," spreading his elbows, pen in hand, and affixing "James Finnegan" to the collection of autographs. The next moment he was running along the dock, the money envelope tight in his hand, sticking out his tongue at McGaw, and calling to Lathers as he disappeared through the door in the fence: "Somp'n wid a mus-tache, somp'n wid a mus-tache," like a newsboy calling an extra. Then a stone grazed Lathers' ear.

Lathers sprang through the gate, but the boy was halfway through the yard.

Once out of Lathers' reach, Cully bounded up the road like a careering letter X, with arms and legs in the air. If there was any one thing that delighted the boy's soul, it was, to quote from his own picturesque vocabulary, "to set up a job on de ole woman." Here was his chance. Before he reached the stable he had planned the whole scene, even to the exact intonation of Lathers' voice when he referred to the dearth of mustaches in the Grogan household. Within a few minutes of his arrival the details of the whole occurrence, word for word, with such

picturesque additions as his own fertile imagination could invent, were common talk about the yard.

Meanwhile Lathers had been called upon to direct a gang of laborers who were moving an enormous iron buoy-float down the cinder-covered path to the dock. Two of the men walked beside the buoy, steadying it with their hands. Lathers was leaning against the board fence of the shop whittling a stick, while the others worked.

Suddenly there was an angry cry, and every man stood still. So did the buoy and the moving truck.

"Where's the yardmaster—where's Pete Lathers?"

It was Tom Grogan's voice. The next instant she broke through the crowd, brushing the men out of her way, and came straight toward him, head up, eyes blazing, her silk hood pushed back from her face, as if to give her air, her gray ulster open to her waist, her right hand bare of a glove.

"Pete Lathers," she said, stopping in front of him, "why do ye want to be takin' the bread out of me children's mouths?"

Lathers pulled himself together, the stick dropping from his hand: "Well, who said I did? What have I got to do with your——"

"You've got enough to do with 'em to want 'em to starve—you and your friend McGaw. Have I ever hurt ye that ye should try an' sneak me business away from me? Ye know the fight I've made, standin' out on this dock many a day an' night in the cold an' wet, with nobody between Tom's children an' the street but these two hands, an' yet ye'd slink in like a dog to get me——"

"Here, now, I ain't a-goin' to have no row. It's against orders, an' I'll call the yard-watch and throw you out if you make any fuss."

"The yard-watch," with a look of supreme contempt, crowding him so closely that Lathers hugged the fence out of reach of her fist. "I can handle any two of 'em, an' you, too, an' ye know it."

By this time the gang had abandoned the buoy and were standing aghast, watching the fury of the Amazon.

"When ye were out of a job yerself, an' discharged, didn't Tom go to the fort and get ye on the pay-roll ag'in, when——"

"Well, who said he didn't? Now, see here, don't make a muss; the commandant 'll be down here in a minute." Lathers' tone was changing.

"Let him come; he's the one I want to see. If he knew he had a man in his pay that would do as dirty a trick to a woman as ye've done, his name would be Dinnis. I'll see him meself this very day, and——"

Here Lathers interrupted with an angry gesture.

"Don't ye lift yer arm at me," she blazed out, "or I'll break it at the wrist!"

Lathers' hand dropped. All the color was out of his face, his lip quivering.

"Whoever said I said a word against you, Mrs. Grogan, is a — liar." It was the last resort of a cowardly nature.

"Don't ye lie to me, Pete Lathers! If there's anythin' in this world I hate, it's a liar. Ye said it, and ye know ye said it. Ye want that drunken loafer, Dan McGaw, to get me work. Ye've been at it all Summer, an' ye think I haven't watched ye; but I have. And ye say I don't pay full wages, and have got a lot of boys to do men's work, an' oughter be over me tubs. Now let me tell ye"—she faced him squarely, with her fists clenched; Lathers shrank back against the fence—"if ever I hear ye openin' yer head about me, or me teams, or me work, I'll make ye swallow every tooth in yer head. Send down somethin' with a mustache, will I? There's not a man in the yard that's a match for me, an' ye know it. Try that!"

There was a quick blow, a crash of breaking timber, and a flood of daylight broke in behind Lathers. With one blow of her fist she had knocked the fence plank close beside his head clear of its fastenings.

"Now, the next time I come, Pete Lathers, I'll miss the fence and take yer face, and don't ye forgit it!"

Then she turned and stalked out of the yard, the men falling back in silence to let her pass.



DOUBLE HEAD AND SINGLE HEART

BY ELISABETH PULLEN

(Born at Portland, Me.)



SHADOW fell across the page that the local editor was writing. He looked up. A man stood at the other side of the desk—a man with lively eyes, a reddish mustache, his hat set a little backward, and his hands in his pockets.

“Good-day, sir,” said the intruder. “I have been in the counting-room to see about an ad. And now here I am, to ask if you want

a ‘story.’”

“Editors are always in want of a ‘story,’ provided that it be a good one and inside of a couple of thousand words—or, if it was the autobiography of Napoleon, with his views about ‘Trilby,’ we couldn’t take it to-day.”

The visitor nodded to show that he understood the pressure of the columns.

“It is a remarkable case, sir. Likely to attract the attention of scientists and equally of the great North American public. But I rather think that I can give it to you inside of two thousand words. You may take it down as I tell it, and blue-pencil it later. See?”

“Well, sir, I will introduce myself. Raymond Dooley, advance agent of Purington’s Aggregation of Talent. Will show here next Monday. Admission, ten cents; children, half price. A good, clean show, sir, and one to make the hair curl with wonder at the Works of Nature and of the Human Mind. We are engaged with a circus in the Summer; in the Winter we travel, rent a vacant shop for a few days, then move on. We hope to stay some time in your beautiful city. Our Aggregation, sir, at present, consists of the Fat Lady, who should be mentioned first on account of her admirable qualities, and who acts like an own mother to our two sweet young ladies, the Circassian Girl and the Snake Queen. We also have among us the Living Skeleton, the Sword Swallower, and the Two-Headed Man—all of them perfect gentlemen. My story is about the Two-Headed Man. His name is Daniel Nathaniel Briggs. His right-hand head was baptized Daniel and his left-hand head Nathaniel. For some years, while he was a boy, his peculiarity did not trouble him much. He could eat two pieces of pie at once; and at school, while one head was reciting the other could peep at the book and prompt him. Then he could study two lessons together, say mental arithmetic and spelling, and save time to play marbles. And if he could not

find another boy to play with him his right head would play against his left. There were ever so many ways that he could see wherein his blessings lay, until he left home and joined the Aggregation.

"Then it was that he found two heads are an over-supply for one heart; because Daniel fell in love with the Circassian Girl, while Nathaniel was charmed with the Snake Queen. His place in the show was between the two, so that whichever way he looked, or both ways, there was the idol of his heart. Daniel preferred a blonde, and our Circassian is the prettiest albino that you ever saw; eyes pink as a rabbit's, and lovely white hair that stands out a yard from her head in a circle. And she has a beautiful disposition; sits there selling her photographs and telling fortunes all day long, like a lamb. But Nathaniel preferred a brunette; and our Snake Queen is that, and a beauty. Fine figure, black braids down to her waist, little hands that play with those snakes as if they were no more than pond-lily stems; and there is not a snake in the bunch that can move swifter or more flexibly than that girl. Disposition lively, but you have to have decision of character to handle snakes.

"At first poor Briggs did not know what was the matter with him. He said that he felt queer in the chest, as if his heart was being pulled two ways, and a stiffness in his neck. The Fat Woman thought that he had taken cold and advised him to drink hot lemonade and put a mustard plaster on his chest. That did him no good. Then he found that when Daniel and Nathaniel both looked at the same young lady, he felt better in the chest, but one head or the other would ache. Finally, he narrowed it down to facts; he had two heads, each in love with a charming and respectable young lady—and only one heart. And the heart was getting strained. Then he began to pay marked attention to the girls, hoping that he should find that he cared more for one of them than for the other, or that one would have him and the other would not. In which case the matter would settle itself. But the young ladies, being such, and very refined, were both as nice as could be to him, so that he could not make up his mind.

"Also, to let you see what elegant people ours are, Daniel and Nathaniel were kind enough to agree among themselves that whichever of the two was engaged in courting, the other would shut his eyes and go to sleep in order not to intrude. But one day when Nathaniel was dozing and Daniel was talking to the Circassian Girl, Dan says: 'Excuse me a moment, Light of the Orient, while I speak a word to Nat, though I know that it is bad manners to whisper in company.' So he stirred Nathaniel up with the news that the Sword Swallower was flirting with the Snake Queen. Another time Nat warned Dan that the Living Skeleton was snipping off a lock of the Circassian Girl's hair. So they had to keep awake to look out for rivals. And Briggs's chest felt so badly that he feared that he should be obliged to give up work and go to the hospital.

"Then the manager talked it all over with the Fat Woman, and the motherly old soul advised him to change the places of the young ladies, putting the Snake Queen next to Daniel and the Circassian Girl at the side of Nathaniel. But poor Briggs got his necks so twisted around each other trying to look at their girls that the Snake Queen herself had to come to straighten him out. And the Nathaniel head smiled until it looked fairly silly, while the Daniel head muttered, 'Oh, get out!' The Sword Swallower inquired what Mr. Briggs meant by such language to a lady, saying that he could swallow eighteen inches of cold steel, but no cold insolence. Briggs said that what he meant was, get out his neck straight; and the Sword Swallower was obliged to accept the apology, because heated discussions are against the rules in our Aggregation. You may call our people freaks, or you may call them artists, but they are perfect ladies and gentlemen every time. And don't you blue-pencil that.

"One day Daniel and Nathaniel tried to talk the matter out between himself. Dan proposed that Nat should cease his attentions to the Serpent Queen and turn his thoughts instead to the Circassian Girl. To which Nat objected that Dan would be jealous, and Dan allowed that it would be so. Then Nat suggested that they should offer the hand and name of Mr. Briggs, each to his particular idol of their common heart; but Dan pointed out that it would be awkward if both were accepted. Nat could only say that he wished that there were a Solomon in our Aggregation, for his great judgment act in the case of the baby with two mothers was only a dress rehearsal to what he might do with this difficulty. Dan said that the Fat Woman was a real Solomon in petticoats, and he, for his part, was willing to let her umpire this game. Nat agreed, and they went and put it to her.

"What does she say? Says she: 'Mr. Briggs, I don't think that you are exactly suited to matrimonial life, because you have too much head for your heart; and domestic felicity calls for the opposite make-up. Two heads, the saying is, are better than one; and with a double brain like yours, Mr. Briggs, you would much better choose fame instead of happiness. Moreover, whichever young lady you might marry, either Daniel or Nathaniel is bound to be dissatisfied all the time, and both of them some of the time. I should advise you to cultivate your intellects, Mr. Briggs.'

"Which he did, because that very day the Sword Swallower told him that the Snake Queen had promised to be Mrs. S. S., and the next day the Living Skeleton invited Mr. Briggs to be best man at his wedding with the Circassian Girl. The marriages came off, and you would not wish to see more happy and united couples. And the same applies to Mr. Briggs's two heads. He, sir, following the further advice of the Fat Woman, has studied to be a Lightning Calculator. In which he succeeded and got his salary doubled. A salary, as you may say, per

head. Having two mouths, he is able to eat, and now can pay for double meals. Mr. Briggs, sir, is growing very stout. But the Fat Woman says that she does not fear a rival, because nobody would care to look at a man freak in that line. It is because the public does not expect lovely woman to weigh over 350 pounds that she is so popular.

"If you will accept these tickets, sir, and bring your good lady and family to see our Aggregation, or, if you are not a family man, escort the object of your fondest hopes, I shall be pleased to make you acquainted with our artists, and especially with Mr. Briggs."

Then the editor spoke: "Pardon me, Mr. Dooley, but the story sounds improbable."

"It is not improbable, sir," retorted the Advance Agent. "It is simply impossible. It is, in short, a lie. I made it all up myself for advertising purposes. But I think that your readers will be interested in it, if you will print it, and I shall be glad, sir, to set up the beer."

Elizabeth Pullen



THE WRECK OF "THE ARIEL"

BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

(Born at Burlington, N. J., Sept. 15, 1789; died at Cooperstown, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1851)

GO, my boys, go!" said Barnstable, as the moment of dreadful uncertainty passed; "you have still the whaleboat; and she, at least, will take you nigh the shore. Go into her, my boys! God bless you, God bless you all! You have been faithful and honest fellows; and I believe He will not yet desert you. Go, my friends, while there is a lull!"

The seamen threw themselves in a mass of human bodies into the light vessel, which nearly sunk under the unusual burden; but, when they looked around them, Barnstable and Merry, Dillon and the cockswain, were yet to be seen on the decks of "The Ariel." The former was pacing, in deep and perhaps bitter melancholy, the wet planks of the schooner; while the boy hung unheeded on his arm, uttering disregarded petitions to his commander to desert the wreck. Dillon approached the side where the boat lay, again and again; but the threatening countenances of the seamen as often drove him back in despair. Tom had seated himself on the heel of the bowsprit, where he continued in an attitude of quiet resignation, returning no answers to the loud and repeated calls of his shipmates than by waving his hand towards the shore.

"Now, hear me," said the boy, urging his request to tears; "if not for my sake or for your own sake, Mr. Barnstable, or for the hopes of God's mercy, go into the boat for the love of my cousin Katherine."

The young lieutenant paused in his troubled walk; and for a moment he cast a glance of hesitation at the cliffs; but at the next instant his eyes fell on the ruin of his vessel; and he answered:

"Never, boy, never! If my hour has come, I will not shrink from my fate."

"Listen to the men, dear sir; the boat will be swamped alongside the wreck; and their cry is, that, without you, they will not let her go."

Barnstable motioned to the boat to bid the boy enter it, and turned away in silence.

"Well," said Merry, with firmness, "if it be right that a lieutenant shall stay by the wreck, it must be right for a midshipman. Shove off; neither Mr. Barnstable nor myself will quit the vessel."

"Boy, your life has been intrusted to my keeping, and at my hands will it be required," said his commander, lifting the struggling youth, and tossing him into



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

the arms of the seamen. "Away with ye! and God be with you! There is more weight in you now than can go safe to land."

Still the seamen hesitated; for they perceived the cockswain moving with a steady tread along the deck; and they hoped he had relented, and would yet persuade the lieutenant to join his crew. But Tom, imitating the example of his commander, seized the latter suddenly in his powerful grasp, and threw him over the bulwarks with an irresistible force. At the same moment, he cast the fast of the boat from the pin that held it; and, lifting his broad hands high into the air, his voice was heard in the tempest.

"God's will be done with me!" he cried. "I saw the first timber of 'The Ariel' laid, and shall live just long enough to see it turn out of her bottom; after which I wish to live no longer."

But his shipmates were swept far beyond the sounds of his voice before half these words were uttered. All command of the boat was rendered impossible by the numbers it contained, as well as the raging of the surf; and, as it rose on the white crest of a wave, Tom saw his beloved little craft for the last time. It fell into a trough of the sea; in a few moments more its fragments were ground into splinters on the adjacent rocks. The cockswain still remained where he had cast off the rope, and beheld the numerous heads and arms that appeared rising at short intervals on the waves; some making powerful and well-directed efforts to gain the sands, that were becoming visible as the tide fell; and others wildly tossed in the frantic movements of helpless despair. The honest old seaman gave a cry of joy as he saw Barnstable issue from the surf, bearing the form of Merry in safety to the sands, where, one by one, several seamen soon appeared also, dripping and exhausted. Many others of the crew were carried in a similar manner to places of safety; though, as Tom returned to his seat on the bowsprit, he could not conceal from his reluctant eyes the lifeless forms that were, in other spots, driven against the rocks with a fury that soon left them but few of the outward vestiges of humanity.

Dillon and the cockswain were now the sole occupants of their dreadful station. The former stood in a kind of stupid despair, a witness of the scene we have related; but, as his curdled blood began again to flow more warmly through his heart, he crept close to the side of Tom with that sort of selfish feeling that makes even hopeless misery more tolerable when endured in participation with another.

"When the tide falls," he said, in a voice that betrayed the agony of fear, though his words expressed the renewal of hope, "we shall be able to walk to land."

"There was One, and only One, to whose feet the waters were the same as a dry dock," returned the cockswain; "and none but such as have this power will

ever be able to walk from these rocks to the sands." The old seaman paused; and turning his eyes, which exhibited a mingled expression of disgust and compassion, on his companion, he added with reverence: "Had you thought more of Him in fair weather, your case would be less to be pitied in this tempest."

"Do you still think there is much danger?" asked Dillon.

"To them that have reason to fear death. Listen! Do you hear that hollow noise beneath ye?"

"'Tis the wind driving by the vessel."

"'Tis the poor thing herself," said the affected cockswain, "giving her last groans. The water is breaking up her decks; and, in a few minutes more, the handsomest model that ever cut a wave will be like the chips that fell from her timbers in framing."

"Why, then, did you remain here?" cried Dillon, wildly.

"To die in my coffin, if it should be the will of God," returned Tom. "These waves to me are what the land is to you; I was born on them, and I have always meant that they should be my grave."

"But I—I," shrieked Dillon—"I am not ready to die!—I can not die!—I will not die!"

"Poor wretch!" muttered his companion. "You must go, like the rest of us. When the death-watch is called, none can skulk from the muster."

"I can swim," Dillon continued, rushing with frantic eagerness to the side of the wreck. "Is there no billet of wood, no rope, that I can take with me?"

"None; every thing has been cut away, or carried off by the sea. If ye are about to strive for your life, take with ye a stout heart and a clear conscience, and trust the rest to God."

"God!" echoed Dillon in the madness of his frenzy; "I know no God! There is no God that knows me!"

"Peace!" said the deep tones of the cockswain in a voice that seemed to speak in the elements; "blasphemer, peace!"

The heavy groaning produced by the water in the timbers of "The Ariel" at that moment added its impulse to the raging feelings of Dillon; and he cast himself headlong into the sea.

The water thrown by the rolling of the surf on the beach was necessarily returned to the ocean in eddies, in different places favorable to such an action of the element. Into the edge of one of these counter-currents, that was produced by the very rocks on which the schooner lay, and which the watermen call the "under-tow," Dillon had, unknowingly, thrown his person; and, when the waves had driven him a short distance from the wreck, he was met by a stream that his most desperate efforts could not overcome. He was a light and powerful swimmer; and the struggle was hard and protracted. With the shore immediately before

his eyes, and at no great distance, he was led, as by a false phantom, to continue his efforts, although they did not advance him a foot. The old seaman, who at first had watched his motions with careless indifference, understood the danger of his situation at a glance; and, forgetful of his own fate, he shouted aloud, in a voice that was driven over the struggling victim to the ears of his shipmates on the sands:

“Sheer to port, and clear the under-tow!—sheer to the southward!”

Dillon heard the sounds; but his faculties were too much obscured by terror to distinguish their object; he, however, blindly yielded to the call, and gradually changed his direction, until his face was once more turned toward the vessel. The current swept him diagonally by the rocks; and he was forced into an eddy, where he had nothing to contend against but the waves, whose violence was much broken by the wreck. In this state he continued still to struggle, but with a force that was too much weakened to overcome the resistance he met. Tom looked around him for a rope; but not one presented itself to his hands; all had gone over with the spars, or been swept away by the waves. At this moment of disappointment, his eyes met those of the desperate Dillon. Calm, and inured to horrors, as was the veteran seaman, he involuntarily passed his hand before his brow as if to exclude the look of despair he encountered; and when, a moment afterwards, he removed the rigid member, he beheld the sinking form of the victim as it gradually settled in the ocean, still struggling, with regular but impotent strokes of the arms and feet, to gain the wreck, and to preserve an existence that had been so much abused in its hour of allotted probation.

“He will soon know his God, and learn that his God knows him,” murmured the cockswain to himself. As he yet spoke, the wreck of “The Ariel” yielded to an overwhelming sea; and, after a universal shudder, her timbers and planks gave way, and were swept towards the cliffs, bearing the body of the simple-minded cockswain among the ruins.



GENERAL CHARLES KING

WAUNA, THE WITCH-MAIDEN

FROM THE TALE OF THAT TITLE

BY GENERAL CHARLES KING

(Born at Albany, N. Y., 1844)

AN ACCOUNT OF A HIGHLY INTERESTING CEREMONY THAT PRECEDED THE MIGRATION
OF THE DAKOTA TRIBES AND THE CUSTER MASSACRE

THE Peak of the Clouds was buried in the blackness of a stormy night. Heavy masses of dense vapor, carried by the wind, were discharging their thunderbolts against it, shattering the giant firs and tumbling the rocks in avalanches down the steep sides. Under the fallen trees and in the sheltered corners of the ravines the panthers crouched, trembling with fear. Torrents of rain, washing downward from the steep slopes, choked the water-ways of the canons, and hurled heavy logs against the curves of the rugged banks like projectiles from a catapult.

In her cave, half-way up the mountain-side, dwelt Wauna, the witch-maiden. As a cure for the chill and dampness of the air, she had piled heavy fagots deep upon the fire that burned in the depths of the cavern, and had set up on each side of the entrance a huge blazing knot of pitch-pine. The yellow light emblazoned the shining points of the walls, bringing them into sharper relief, relegating the depressions to obscurest blackness. The smoke of the burning fagots, borne by the draft from the entrance, disappeared into the throat of the dark recess which pierced the interior of the mountain.

Scattered promiscuously over the triangular-shaped floor were heaps of relics of the hunt and war-trail. Piles of dried meat, implements of stone, horn, and bone, saddles, moccasins, bead ornaments, bear, buffalo, and panther skins lay upon the floor without effort at arrangement; while from poles that rested against the rocky sides dangled scalps of human hair and strings and festoons of elks' teeth and grizzly bears' claws. A raven perched near the entrance upon a pole laid horizontally between two uprights; and below, two coyotes, a prairie-dog, and a red fox tugged fretfully at their leashes. There was abundant evidence that the profession of sorceress, oracle, and general manager of human destinies was a profitable one.

The witch-maiden passed beyond the blazing pine-knots, and, pushing back the tangled masses of her wiry hair, looked out through the mouth of the cave into the seething tempest that swept down the sides of the mountain. Each flash

of lightning that lit the slanting forest with its vivid radiance was followed by rolling thunder that shook the very rocks. It was not likely that human beings could be abroad in such a storm. She shuffled back into the cave.

"The Great Spirit speaks in the clouds—he is very near," she muttered. "I will discover his will for the Crow people—the Absaraki."

She seized the thong which bound the leg of the raven and drew it struggling down from the perch. In front of the fire stood a flat slab of yellow stone. She knelt before it, and drew from her belt a sharp, round-edged knife of flint. Then holding the bird back downward on the rock, she deftly cut out its entrails, taking care not to sever them. The raven flapped its wings violently and uttered harsh, painful croaks. Spreading the entrails over the surface of the rock, she watched them twist and turn, first into one figure, then into another.

"The omen is good," she exclaimed. Then drawing an arrow from a quiver on the floor, she spitted the bird upon it and held it in the flames of the fire. The flesh caught and burned quickly in the bright blaze.

"It is good, good. The Crows will go upon the hunting trail and will find much game. They will never fight again with the white men." She threw the shaft of the arrow after the burned carcass into the fire. "The Great Spirit speaks well in the thunder."

She was still peering into the fire, watching the dissolving remnant of the raven, when there was a sound of footsteps at the entrance of the cavern. She rose quickly from her knees and turned her small beady eyes upon the intruder.

"Back, back!" she screamed; "come not here! Back, back—or die!" She seized a bow and fitted a poisoned arrow to the cord.

"Stay thy hand, great Wauna," answered the dark figure in the mouth of the cavern. "It is thy servant, Sitting Bull. Peace be between us."

"Why come ye here at such an evil hour?" asked the witch, in quieter tones, throwing the bow and arrow back upon the floor. "Where are thy gifts and the offering?"

"The squaw brings from the valley two ponies laden with gifts. I left her far behind, for I must return before the moon is full. I come to seek the will of the Great Spirit for my people, the Dakotas. I must lead them to the hunting-ground where the cow buffalo is plenty.

* * * * *

"Aid thy servant, great Wauna, that no evil may befall the tribes. If the mission be successful, then shall Sitting Bull become the war chief of all the Dakotas, and thou, Wauna, shall become great among all the people."

The woman fastened her snaky eyes upon him as if to divine his thoughts. "He who would be war chief must endure pain and affliction without shrinking backward," she said. "Show me the scars of the sun-dance."

"I have none. Because I am a medicine-man I have not sought fame on the war-trail."

"He who would lead his people in battle must prove himself worthy. Come—and flinch not."

The witch-maiden took two long plaits of sinew having hooks at each end and threw them over the horizontal pole that crossed the entrance. By means of a sliding noose she fastened them so that the four hooks hung down, near together.

"Come! Prepare thyself! He who aspires to lead his people on the war-trail must prove himself worthy."

He cast his robe on the floor of the cave and stood under the hooks. His features hardened and his muscles grew tense. The woman skilfully cut the skin of his back and breast—two vertical slits over each—and slipped the hooks under the ribbons of flesh that were released.

"Now, free thyself!" she commanded. "Tear thyself loose from the bondage of fear or thou art no better than a squaw. He who would lead his people must be brave."

The huge savage dropped his full weight upon the hooks and drew up his knees until they touched his chest. Then he extended them downward and raised himself, dropping again and again. The lines of his face contracted and his muscles stood out like bands of iron. One by one the hooks tore loose until at length he fell exhausted at the feet of the Wauna. Not a sound had passed his lips to tell of the agony of the self-imposed torture.

"Well done, my son. Well art thou fit to lead thy people in battle. But thou desirest to become a great medicine-chief. Those who would heal their people must prove themselves worthy. Canst thou heal the bite of the snake enemy? Canst thou defy Natakis?"

She retreated into the recess of the cave, and returned bearing in one hand a huge rattlesnake and in the other several tufts of herbs bound together with thongs.

"Come, come," she said. "Give thy finger to Natakis. Then from these herbs choose the one which will heal thee."

The medicine-man took the herbs and drew forth a bunch having long leafless stems and a thorny button on the end. He placed one in his mouth and chewed it to a paste. Then extending his left forefinger he vexed the snake until it buried its fangs in the fleshy part. Instantly he placed the wound in his mouth and sucked the poison into the pulp of the herb. After a time he withdrew it and held it before the Wauna. There was no sign of the poison left, not even a swelling.

"Well done, my son," chuckled the hag. "Thou art both brave and skilful. Having proved thyself worthy, thou art permitted to talk with the Great Spirit."

She seized a cup made from the horn of a mountain sheep, filled it with a curious green liquid, and placed it in his hand.

"Now drink," she said, "and lay thyself to sleep upon these skins. In thy dreams the Great Spirit will appear unto thee."

* * * * *

At last the medicine-man awoke and sat upright.

"What hast thou dreamed?" asked the witch-maiden, eagerly.

"Oh, Wauna, prophetess of the storms," he answered, "worthy art thou of thine office! In my dream I saw wonderful things. I saw the horsemen of the white men rushing among the lodges of my people. They were many, and my people were frightened and would have fled, but I bore among them the skin of the white wolf and commanded them to turn and fight. Their hearts were strengthened at the sight. They charged upon the white men, and drove them back, and slew them to a man."

"The omen is good, my son. Now art thou rewarded for toiling through the forests, and across the streams, and up the mountain-side to seek the aid of the Wauna. Return now to thy people, and lead them to victory and the hunting ground. Thou shalt drive back the white men and lead the Dakotas into the great valley beyond the Yellowstone."

She darted back into the recesses of the cave, and returned with a gaunt bald eagle bound and hooded with a piece of buckskin. "Take with thee the war eagle," she said. "Under its wings shalt thou find victory for thy people. Go, and let not the waters hinder thy flight. The full moon is near at hand."

He seized the bird by the talons, and, throwing his robe around him, sped out of the cave and disappeared from sight among the firs that covered the mountain-side. The sorceress peered after him, shading her eyes from the brightness of the morning sun.

"He must hasten or be too late. The moon is growing—it shows in the east when the sun is high. Leader of men, may the deer run slowly compared with thee."

In the valley of the Greasy Grass a thousand cone-shaped lodges lifted their tattered shapes out of the flowering border of willow and wild-rose that marked its winding course. Twenty herds of ponies browsed and chased one another on the slope that ascended toward the foot-hills of the Big Horn range, wandering impulsively this way and that under the watchful eyes of their naked guardians. Groups of dirty, ragged children were tumbling about in the shade of the bushes or mischievously running and hiding to escape capture by their anxious squaw mothers. Many of the braves were pensively smoking in the shade of the lodges.

Others, more industrious, were sharpening spear and arrow heads or mending their bows and quivers. The camp could not have presented a more lazy or improvident appearance had it remained scattered still among the Winter sites in the fastnesses of the mountains. The scarcely perceptible breeze that moved the leaves of the bushes was ineffectual against the enervating warmth of the June sun. Six thousand savages, ignorant of the reason for the mighty assemblage, were indifferently awaiting the command of the great war chief to move, they knew not whither.

Such was the camp of the Dakotas when a lone horseman appeared galloping over the crest of the low hills that descended from the Rosebud divide in the east. One by one the curious eyes of the camp were turned upon him, watching him as he dashed rapidly down the slope and swam the stream. He galloped furiously, shouting inquiries to those he passed on his way, until he reached the lodge of Gall, the war chief, where he stopped and quickly entered. Almost immediately they saw him leap again upon his tired pony and continue his frantic career down the stream among the lodges of the lower villages.

"To arms! To arms! The white soldiers! Arm for your lives!" he cried as he swept on.

Instantly the signals were given to the herders. The bands of ponies began to circle and close in upon their leaders; a moment later they were galloping madly each in the direction of its respective village.

The attack by the white soldiers was a complete surprise. Until the cry of the messenger rang out over the lazy camp not a living soul in all the mighty assembly had dreamed of the dread presence. So rapidly had they moved to the attack that even the messenger had not succeeded in distancing them by more than an hour's ride. The braves had barely time to swing their quivers and array themselves for the fight when a cloud of dust, rising behind a curve in the banks of the stream, announced the near approach of the enemy. At the sight the war-cry rose, and was caught up from village to village until the air was filled with an agony of demoniacal yells. Activity and confusion prevailed where only a moment before all had been dreamy quietness. It was like the change wrought by an earthquake.

A cavalry column defiled out of a break in the north border of hills that flanked the Greasy Grass, and plunging into the stream, crossed rapidly, scarcely breaking the trot. Soon they swung into line of battle athwart the valley, upstream from the Indian village, in plain view of all, the guidons fluttering, and the sabres and bright metal trappings flashing in the sunlight. The braves, each mounted on his fleetest pony, armed with rifle, or lance, or bow and arrow, as chance provided, awaited the charge in the edge of the willows that skirted the

village. Straight upon them came the battalion of horse, a long unbroken line swinging steadily toward them. It was time to meet the charge.

The chiefs led out, and wheeling swiftly parallel to the line, discharged their weapons. The warriors followed, and the sally produced its effect. The line of cavalry halted; the soldiers dismounted and opened fire with their carbines. A storm of arrows was the reply. The commander's heart failed him. The line mounted and fell back, halted once more, and opened fire. The bullets of the whites were deadly. Already many braves had fallen, and were being borne to the rear by their comrades. This time the whites held their ground; it seemed impossible to turn them. In the camp was a wild chaos of confusion. The aged men with the squaws and papooses were flying to the hills, driving the spare ponies before them. The sharp report of rifles, screams and yells, the neighing of horses, and, more piercing than all, the shrill war-cry, rose out of the circling, struggling mass in the valley.

Gall, the war chief, looked down from an eminence upon the waning fortunes of his braves. They could see him sitting there like a statue on his long-tailed white pony. On his left a frightened rout of women and children was crowding up into the bluffs; in front, the smoke and dust of the battle; on the right, in the distance, a rising cloud of dust gave warning of the approach of another column of the white enemy. It seemed as if the hour had come for him to dash down and lead his yielding people, but still he sat, silent and grim, scrutinizing the strife below, his war-bonnet trailing to the ground, his rifle resting across the pony's withers.

He alone saw the single horseman that emerged from the opening in the hills and dashed down the slope towards the scene of the struggle. It was the medicine-man of the Uncapapas, Sitting Bull, horned like a demon with the buffalo skull which proclaimed his intercourse with the spirits. The white wolf-skin flowed from his shoulder, shining out against the black robe that covered his huge frame like an ermine shield. High above his head he bore the pinioned war eagle, the talisman of victory. Into the thick of the fight, among the astonished braves, he plunged.

"Death to the Mineaska! Kill! Kill!" he cried.

The effect was like magic. The war-cry rose again from a thousand savage throats, and the braves bore down upon the cavalry like vultures upon the dead. There was no resisting the fury of the charge. The remaining horsemen turned and fled across the stream, leaving a wake of killed and wounded. Upon each fallen body leaped a dozen warriors to strip it of clothing and scalp. The cry of victory rose like a wail from Gehenna. From every drop of blood spilt on that field has sprung a thousand pages of history.

Down the valley, among the lower villages, rushed the medicine-chief, bear-

ing aloft the living eagle. The war-cry followed the passage of the mighty emblem, and echoed again from village to village. The old men and women, frenzied at the change of fortune, turned back from the hills to join their braves and united in the plunder and torture. Never was defeat of the whites more unexpected and depressing; never victory of the Dakotas more complete and thrilling.

The sun was reddening in the west when Gall, the war chief, turned his white pony up the trail that leads to the highest bluff that overlooks the scene of the battle. At the summit he saw the tall figure of the medicine-man calmly surveying the terrible rejoicings of the valley. He still bore the emblems which had spurred the warriors to success. His attitude was that of the workman who surveys a well-finished task.

Gall dismounted at his side, and removing his war-bonnet, placed it, together with the trail-rope of the white pony, in the hands of the medicine-chief.

"Sitting Bull," he said, haughtily, "this day thou hast led thy people to a great victory. Henceforth thou shalt lead them in peace, as well as in war. Henceforth thou shalt be known as chief of all the Dakotas. Let this spot receive its name from thee. Release the war eagle, that it may tell the sun that a chief has arisen who meets the white man and leaves his bones to whiten upon the prairie. Surely the Great Spirit speaks in thee."

"Thou hast spoken well, war chief," answered Sitting Bull. "It is the day of the full moon. This night shall I command the tribes to move forth into the great valley beyond the Yellowstone. The Great Spirit has spoken."

From that day until his death Sitting Bull guided the destinies of the Sioux. A recluse medicine-squaw who dwelt in a remote cavern of the Big Horn range near Cloud's Peak suggested to him the idea of leadership, by interpreting a dream for him. His own cunning and address accomplished the rest. The story of his visit to the sorceress was related to me by one of his own relatives.





LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

OLD JONES IS DEAD

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

(Born at Pomfret, Conn., April 10, 1835)

I sat in my window, high overhead,
And heard them say, below in the street,
"I suppose you know that old Jones is dead?"
Then the speakers passed, and I heard their feet
Heedlessly walking their onward way.
"Dead!" What more could there be to say?

But I sat and pondered what it might mean
Thus to be dead while the world went by:
Did Jones see farther than we have seen?
Was he one with the stars in the watching sky?
Or down there under the growing grass
Did he hear the feet of the daylight pass?

Were daytime and night-time as one to him now,
And grieving and hoping a tale that is told?
A kiss on his lips, or a hand on his brow,
Could he feel them under the churchyard mold,
As he surely had felt them his whole life long,
Though they passed with his youth-time, hot and strong?

They called him "Old Jones" when at last he died;
"Old Jones" he had been for many a year;
Yet his faithful memory Time defied,
And dwelt in the days so distant and dear,
When first he had found that love was sweet,
And recked not the speed of its hurrying feet.

Does he brood, in the long night under the sod,
On the joys and sorrows he used to know?
Or far in some wonderful world of God,
Where the shining seraphs stand, row on row,

Does he wake like a child at the daylight's gleam,
And know that the past was a night's short dream?

Is he dead, and a clod there, down below ;
Or dead and wiser than any alive—
Which? Ah, who of us all may know,
Or who can say how the dead folk thrive?—
But the Summer morning is cool and sweet,
And I hear the live folk laugh in the street.



CORNER OF LIBRARY OF LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

A MOTHER'S INTUITION

FROM "HOSPITAL SKETCHES"

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT

(Born at Germantown, Pa., Nov. 29, 1822; died at Boston, Mass., March 6, 1888)



HERE'S the paper, and Fisher to read it for us, boys. Hush, there, and let's hear what's up!"

An instant silence reigned through the crowded ward as the chief attendant entered with the morning sheet that daily went the rounds. The convalescents gathered about him; the least disabled propped themselves upon their arms to listen; even the weakest turned wistful eyes that way, and ceased their moaning that they might hear as Fisher slowly read out the brief despatches, and then the mournful lists of wounded, dead, and missing.

Among the many faces in the room, one female appeared—a strong, calm face, with steadfast eyes, and lips grown infinitely tender with the daily gospel of patience, hope, and consolation which they preached in words of motherly compassion. Still bathing and binding up the shattered limb, she listened to the reading, though her heart stood still to hear, and her face flushed and paled with the rapid alternations of hope and fear. Presently the one audible voice paused suddenly, and a little stir ran through the group as the reader stole an anxious glance at the woman. She saw it, divined its meaning, and in an instant seemed to have nerved herself for anything. Sponge and bandage dropped from her hands, a quick breath escaped her, and an expression of sharp anguish for a moment marred the composure of her countenance; but she fixed a tearless eye on Fisher, asking, steadily—

"Are my boys' names there?"

"Only one, ma'am—only one, I do assure you; and he's merely lost an arm. That's better luck than half of 'em have; and now it's got to be a kind of an honor to wear an empty sleeve, you know," replied the old man, with a half-encouraging, half-remorseful look, as he considerably omitted to add the words, "and seriously wounded in the right," to the line, "R. Stirling, left arm gone."

A long sigh of thanksgiving left the mother's lips; then, with one of the natural impulses of a strong character, which found relief in action, she took up the roller and resumed her work more tenderly than ever—for in her sight that shattered arm was her boy's arm now—only saying, with a face of pale expectancy:



LOUISA M. ALCOTT

"Read on, Fisher; I have another son to keep or lose."

So swift, so subtle, is the magnetism of human sympathy, that not a man in all that room but instantly forgot himself, his own anxieties, hopes, fears, and waited breathlessly for the utterance of that other name. Several sat upright in their beds to catch the good or evil tidings in the reader's face; one dying man sighed softly, from the depths of a homesick heart, "Lord, keep him for his mother!" and the standing group drew close about Fisher, peering over his shoulder, that younger, keener eyes might read the words, and warn him lest they left his lips too suddenly for one listener's ear.

Slowly name after name was read, and the long list drew near its end. A look of relief already settled upon some countenances, and one friendly fellow had turned to nod reassuringly at the mother, when a hand clutched Fisher's shoulder, and with a start he stopped short in the middle of a word. Mrs. Stirling rose up to receive the coming blow, and stood there mute and motionless, a figure so full of pathetic dignity that many eyes grew very dim. A gesture signified her wish, and, with choked voice and trembling lips, poor Fisher softly read the brief record that one word made so terrible—

"R. Stirling, dead."

"Give me the paper."

A dozen hands were outstretched to serve her; and, as she took it, trying to teach herself that the heavy tidings were not false, several caps were silently swept off—an involuntary tribute of respect to that great grief from rough yet tender-hearted men who had no words to offer.

The hurried entrance of a surgeon broke the heavy silence; and his brisk voice jarred on every ear, as he exclaimed:

"Good-by, boys! I'm off to the front. God bless me, what's the matter?"

"Bad news for Mrs. Stirling, sir. Do speak to her. I can't," whispered Fisher, with two great tears running down his waistcoat.

There was no time to speak; three words had roused her from the first stupor to her sorrow, and down the long room she went, steady and strong again, straight to the surgeon, saying, briefly:

"To the front? When do you go?"

"In half an hour. What can I do for you?"

"Take me with you."

"Mrs. Stirling, it is impossible," began the astonished gentleman.

"Nothing is impossible to me. I must find my boys—one living and one dead. For God's sake don't deny me this!"

She stretched her hands to him imploringly; she made as though she would kneel down before him; and her stricken face pleaded for her more eloquently than her broken words.

Dr. Hyde was an army surgeon; but a man's heart beat warm behind his bright buttons, unhardened by all the scenes of suffering, want, and woe through which he had been passing for three memorable years. Now it yearned over this poor mother with an almost filial pity and affection, as he took the trembling hands into his own and answered, earnestly:

"Heaven knows I would not deny you if it were safe and wise to grant your wish. My dear lady, you have no conception of the horrors of a battlefield, or the awful scenes you must witness in going to the front. These hasty lists are not to be relied upon. Wait a little, and let me look for your sons. On my soul, I promise to do it as faithfully as a brother."

"I cannot wait. Another week of such suspense would kill me. You never saw my boys. I do not even know which is living and which is dead. Then how can you look for them as well as I? You would not know the poor dead face among a hundred; you would not recognize the familiar voice even in the ravings of pain or the din and darkness of those dreadful transports. I can bear anything, do anything, go anywhere, to find my boys. Oh, sir, by the love you bear your mother, I implore you to let me go!"

The look, the tone, the agony of supplication, made her appeal irresistible.

"You shall," replied the doctor, decidedly, putting all objections, obstacles and dangers out of sight. "I'll delay one hour for you, Mrs. Stirling."

Up she sprang, as if endowed with the spirit and activity of a girl; hope, courage, gratitude shone in her eyes, flushed warm across her face, and sounded in her eager voice, as she said, hurrying from the room:

"Not an instant for me. Go as you first proposed. I shall be ready long before the time."

She was: for all her thought, her care, was for her boys, not for herself; and when Dr. Hyde went to seek her in the matron's room, that busy woman looked up from the case of stores she was unpacking, and answered, with a sob:

"Poor soul! she's waiting for you in the hall."

News of her loss and her departure had flown through the house; for no nurse there was so beloved and honored as "Madam Stirling," as the stately old lady was called among the boys; and when the doctor led her to the ambulance, it was through a crowd of wan and crippled creatures gathered there to see her off. Many eyes followed her, many lips blessed her, many hands were outstretched for a farewell grasp; and, as the ambulance went clattering away, old Fisher gave expression to the general feeling when he said, with an air of solemn conviction in almost ludicrous contrast to the emotional contortions of his brown countenance:

"She'll find 'em! It's borne in upon me uncommon strong that the Lord

won't rob such a woman of her sons—bless her stout heart! So give her a cheer, boys, and then clear the way!"

They did give her a cheer, a right hearty one—though the voices were none of the strongest, and nearly as many crutches as caps were waved in answer to the smile she sent them as she passed from sight.

It was not a long journey that lay before her, yet to Mrs. Stirling it seemed interminable; for a heavy heart went with her, and through all the hopeful or despondent thoughts that haunted her one unanswerable question continually sounded, like a sorrowful refrain—"One killed, one wounded. Which is living? Which is dead?"

They came at last, with much difficulty and many delays, to the little town in and along which lay nine thousand dead, and nearly twenty thousand wounded men. Although a week had not yet passed since the thunder of the cannon ceased, the place already looked like the vast cemetery which it was soon to become; for in groves and fields, by the roadside and along the slopes, wherever they fell, lay loyal and rebel soldiers in the shallow graves that now are green. The long labor of interment was just begun; for the living appealed more urgently to both friend and stranger, and no heart was closed, no hand grew weary, while strength and power to aid remained. All day supply wagons and cars came full and departed empty; all day ambulances rolled to and fro, bringing the wounded from remoter parts of the wide battlefield, to the railroad for removal to fixed hospitals elsewhere; all day the relief-stations, bearing the blessed sign, "U. S. San. Com.," received hundreds of sufferers into the shelter of their tents, who must else have laid waiting their turn for transportation in the burning July sun; all day, and far into the night, red-banded surgeons stood at the rude tables, heart-sick and weary with their hard yet merciful labors, as shattered body after body was laid before them, while many more patiently, even cheerfully, awaited their turn; and all day mothers, wives and widows, fathers, friends and lovers roamed the hills and valleys, or haunted the field-hospitals, searching for the loved and lost.

Dr. Hyde was under orders; but for many hours he neglected everything but Mrs. Stirling, going with her from houses, tents and churches, to barns, streets and crowded yards; for everywhere the wounded lay thick as Autumn leaves: some on bloody blankets, some on scattered straw, a few in cleanly beds, many on the bare ground!—and if anything could have added to the bitter pain of hope deferred, it would have been the wistful glances turned on the newcomers from eyes that, seeing no familiar face, closed again with a pathetic patience that wrung the heart. All day they searched; but nowhere did the mother find her boys, nor any tidings of them; and, as night fell, her companion besought her to rest from the vain search, and accept the hospitality of a friendly citizen.

"Dear Mrs. Stirling, wait here till morning," the doctor said. "I must go to my work, but will not till I know that you are safe; for you can never wander here alone. I will send a faithful messenger far and wide, to make inquiries through the night, and hope to greet you in the morning with the happiest news."

She scarcely seemed to hear him, so intent was her mind upon the one hope that absorbed it.

"Go to your work, kind friend," she said; "the poor souls need you more than I. Have no fears for me. I want neither rest nor food; I only want my boys; and I must look for them both day and night, lest one hour of idleness should make my coming one hour too late. I shall go back to the station. A constant stream of wounded men is passing there; and, while I help and comfort them, I can see that my boys are not hurried away while I am waiting for them here."

He let her have her will, well knowing that for such as she there was no rest till hope came, or exhausted nature forced her to pause. Back to the relief-station they went, and, while Dr. Hyde dressed wounds, issued orders and made diligent inquiry among the throngs that came and went, Mrs. Stirling, with other anxious yet hopeful, helpful women moved about the tents, preparing nourishment for the men, who came in faster than they could be served. Through the whole night she worked, lifting water to lips too parched to syllable the word, wetting wounds unbandaged for days, feeding famished creatures who had lain suffering in solitary places till some minister of mercy found and succored them, whispering words of good cheer, and, by the cordial comfort of her presence, sending many a poor soul on his way rejoicing. But, while she worked so tirelessly for others, she still hungered for her children, and would not be comforted. No ambulance came rumbling from the field that she did not hurry out to scan the newcomers with an eye that neither darkness nor disguise could deceive; nor a stretcher with its helpless burden was brought in that she did not bend over it with the blessed cup of water in her hand, and her poor heart fluttering in her breast; and often, among the groups of sleepers that lay everywhere, there went a shadowy figure through the night, turning the lantern's glimmer on each pallid face; but nowhere did Rick or Rob look back at her with the glad cry, "Mother!"

At dawn, Dr. Hyde came to her. With difficulty did he prevail upon her to eat a morsel and rest a little, while he told her of his night's attempts, and spoke cheerfully of the many mishaps, the unavoidable disappointments and delay, of such a quest at such a time and place.

"We have searched the town, and Blake and Snow will see that no Stirling leaves by any of the trains to-day. But the hospitals on the outskirts still remain for us, besides the heights and hollows; for, on a battlefield like this, many men might lie unfound for days while search was going on about them. I have a

wagon here, a rough affair, but the best I can get; and, if you will not rest, let us go together and look again for these lost sons of yours."

They went; and for another long, hot, summer day looked on sights that haunted their memories for years, listened to sounds that pierced their souls, and with each hour felt the weight of impotent compassion weigh heavier and heavier upon their hearts. Various and conflicting rumors, conjectures and relations from the comrades of the brothers perplexed the seekers, and augmented the difficulties of their task. One man affirmed that he saw both Stirlings fall; a second, that both were taken prisoners; a third, that he had seen both march safely away; and a fourth, that Richard was mortally wounded and Robert missing. But all agreed in their admiration for the virtue and the valor of the brothers, heartily wishing their mother success, and unconsciously applying, by their commendation, the only balm that could mitigate her pain. Up and down, from dawn till dusk, went the heavy-hearted pair; but evening came again, and still no sure intelligence, no confirmed fear or happy meeting, lightened the terrible uncertainty that tortured them.

"Dear madam, we have done all that human patience and perseverance can do. Now, leave your boys in God's hand, and let me care for you as if you were my mother," said the compassionate doctor, as they paused, dusty, jaded and dejected, at the good citizen's hospitable door.

Mrs. Stirling did not answer him. She sat there, an image of maternal desolation, her hands locked together on her knee, her eyes fixed and unseeing, and in her face a still, white anguish piteous to see. With gentlest constraint, her friend led her in, laid the gray head down upon a woman's breast, and left her to the tender care of one who had known a grief like hers.

For hours she lay where kind hands placed her, physically spent, yet mentally alert as ever. No passing face escaped her, no sound fell unheeded on her ear, no movement of those about her was unobserved; yet she neither spoke, nor stirred, nor slept, till midnight gathered cool and dark above a weary world. Then a brief lapse into unconsciousness partially repaired the ravages those two hard days had wrought. But even when the exhausted body rested, the unwearied soul continued its sad quest, and in her dreams the mother found her boys. So vivid was the vision, that she suddenly awoke to find herself thrilled with a strange joy, trembling with a strange expectancy. She rose up in her bed; she put away her fallen hair, fast whitening with sorrow's frost, and held her breath to listen; for a cry, urgent, imploring, distant, yet near, seemed ringing through the room.

From without came the ceaseless rumble of ambulances and the tread of hurrying feet; from within the sound of women weeping for their dead, and the low moaning of a brave officer fast breathing his life away upon his young wife's

bosom. No voice spoke that human ear could hear; yet through the mysterious hush that fell upon her in that hour, her spirit heard an exceeding bitter cry:

“Mother! mother! come to me!”

Like one possessed by an impulse past control, she left her bed, flung on her garments, seized the little store of comforts untouched till now, and, without sign or sound, glided like a shadow from the house.

The solemn peace of night could not so soon descend upon those hills again; nature's tranquillity had been rudely broken; and, like the suffering humanity that cumbered her wounded breast, she seemed to moan in her troubled sleep. Lights flashed from hill and hollow, some fixed, some wandering—all beacons of hope to the living or funeral torches for the dead. Many feet went to and fro along the newly-trodden paths; dusky figures flitted everywhere, and sounds of suffering filled the night wind with a sad lament. But, upheld by a power beyond herself, led by an instinct in which she placed blind faith, and unconscious of doubt, or weariness, or fear, the solitary woman walked undaunted and unscathed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

Out from the crowded town she went, turning neither to the right nor left, up a steep path her feet had trodden once that day, straight to the ruined breast-works formed of loose fragments of stone, piled there by many hands whose earthly labor was already done. There, gathered from among the thickly-strewn dead, and sheltered by an awning till they could be taken lower, lay a score of men, blue coats and gray, side by side on the bare earth, equals now in courage, suffering and patience. The one faithful attendant who kept his watch alone was gone for water, that first, greatest need and comfort in hours like those, and the dim light of a single lantern flickered through the gloom. Utter silence filled the dreary place, till from the remotest corner came a faint, imploring cry, the more plaintive and piteous for being a man's voice grown childlike in its weak wandering:

“Mother! mother! come to me!”

“Who spoke?”


A woman's voice, breathless and broken, put the question; a woman's figure stood at the entrance of the rude shelter; and when a wakeful sufferer answered, eagerly, “Robert Stirling, just brought in dying. For God's sake help him if you can,” a woman's face, transfigured with a sudden joy, flashed swiftly, silently before his startled eyes, to bend over one low bed, whence came the sound of tender speech, prayerful thanksgiving, and the strong sobbing of a man who in his hour of extremest need found solace and salvation in the dear refuge of his mother's arms.

A DAUGHTER'S LOVE

BEING PART OF THE REMARKABLE TALE ENTITLED "THE GOLDEN INGOT"

BY FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN

(Born at Limerick, Ireland, 1828; died in New York, April 6, 1862)



HAD just retired to rest, with my eyes almost blind with the study of a new work on physiology by M. Brown-Sequard, when the night-bell was pulled violently.

It was Winter, and I confess I grumbled as I rose and went downstairs to open the door. Twice that week I had been aroused long after midnight for the most trivial causes. Once, to attend upon the son and heir of a wealthy family, who had cut his thumb with a penknife, which, it seems, he insisted on taking to bed with him; and once, to restore a young gentleman to consciousness, who had been found by his horrified parent stretched insensible on the staircase. Diachylon in the one case and ammonia in the other were all that my patients required; and I had a faint suspicion that the present summons was perhaps occasioned by no case more necessitous than those I have quoted. I was too young in my profession, however, to neglect opportunities. It is only when a physician rises to a very large practice that he can afford to be inconsiderate. I was on the first step of the ladder, so I humbly opened my door.

A woman was standing ankle-deep in the snow that lay upon the stoop. I caught but a dim glimpse of her form, for the night was cloudy; but I could hear her teeth rattling like castanets, and, as the sharp wind blew her clothes close to her form, I could discern from the sharpness of the outlines that she was very scantily supplied with raiment.

"Come in, come in, my good woman," I said, hastily, for the wind seemed to catch eagerly at the opportunity of making itself at home in my hall, and was rapidly forcing an entrance through the half-open door. "Come in; you can tell me all you have to communicate inside."

She slipped in like a ghost, and I closed the door. While I was striking a light in my office, I could hear her teeth still clicking, out in the dark hall, till it seemed as if some skeleton was chattering. As soon as I obtained a light I begged her to enter the room, and, without occupying myself particularly about her appearance, asked her abruptly what her business was.

"My father has met with a severe accident," she said, "and requires instant surgical aid. I entreat you to come to him immediately."

The freshness and the melody of her voice startled me. Such voices rarely, if ever, issue from any but beautiful forms.

"In what manner was your father hurt?" I asked, in a tone considerably softened from the one in which I put my first question.

"He blew himself up, sir, and is terribly wounded."

"Ah! he is in some factory then?"

"No, sir; he is a chemist."

"A chemist? Why, he is a brother professional. Wait an instant and I will slip on my coat and go with you. Do you live far from here?"

"In Seventh avenue, not more than two blocks from the end of this street."

"So much the better. We will be with him in a few minutes. Did you leave any one in attendance on him?"

"No, sir. He will allow no one but myself to enter his laboratory. And, injured as he is, I could not induce him to quit it."

"Indeed! He is engaged in some great research, perhaps? I have known such cases."

We were passing under a lamp-post, and the woman suddenly turned and glared at me with a look of such wild terror that for an instant I involuntarily glanced round me under the impression that some terrible peril, unseen by me, was menacing us both.

"Don't—don't ask me any questions," she said, breathlessly. "He will tell you all. But do, oh, do hasten! He may be dead by this time!"

I made no reply, but allowed her to grasp my hand, which she did with a bony, nervous clutch, and endeavored with some difficulty to keep pace with the long strides—I might well call them bounds, for they seemed the springs of a wild animal rather than the paces of a young girl—with which she covered the ground. Not a word more was uttered until we stopped before a shabby, old-fashioned tenement house in Seventh avenue, not far above Twenty-third street. She pushed the door open with a convulsive pressure, and, still retaining hold of my hand, literally dragged me upstairs to what seemed to be a back offshoot from the main building, as high, perhaps, as the fourth story. In a moment more I found myself in a moderate-sized chamber, lit by a single lamp. In one corner, stretched motionless on a wretched pallet-bed, I beheld what I supposed to be the figure of my patient.

"He is there," said the girl; "go to him. See if he is dead; I dare not look."

I made my way as well as I could through the numberless dilapidated chemical instruments with which the room was littered.

I approached the wretched pallet-bed on which the victim of chemistry was lying. He breathed heavily, and had his head turned toward the wall. I lifted his arm gently to arouse his attention.

"How goes it, my poor friend?" I asked him. "Where are you hurt?"

In a moment, as if startled by the sound of my voice, he sprang up in his bed, and cowered against the wall like a wild animal driven to bay.

"Who are you? I don't know you. Who brought you here? You are a stranger. How dare you come into my private rooms to spy upon me?"

And as he uttered this rapidly, with a frightful, nervous energy, I beheld a pale, distorted face, draped with long, gray hair, glaring at me with a mingled expression of fury and terror.

"I am no spy," I answered, mildly. "I heard that you had met with an accident, and have come to cure you. I am Doctor Luxor, and here is my card."

The old man took the card and scanned it eagerly.

"You are a physician?" he inquired, distrustfully.

"And surgeon also."

"You are bound by oath not to reveal the secrets of your patients."

"Undoubtedly."

"I am afraid that I am hurt," he continued, faintly, half sinking back in the bed.

I seized the opportunity to make a brief examination of his body. I found that the arms, a part of the chest, and a part of the face were terribly scorched; but it seemed to me that there was nothing to be apprehended but pain.

"You will not reveal anything that you may learn here?" said the old man, feebly, fixing his eyes on my face while I was applying a soothing ointment to the burns. "You will promise me?"

I nodded assent.

"Then I will trust you. Cure me; I will pay you well."

I could scarce help smiling. If Lorenzo de Medici, conscious of millions of ducats in his coffers, had been addressing some leech of the period, he could not have spoken with a loftier air than this inhabitant of the fourth story of a tenement house in Seventh avenue.

"You must keep quiet," I answered. "Let nothing irritate you. I will leave a composing draught with your daughter, which she will give you immediately. I will see you in the morning. You will be well in a week."

"Thank God!" came in a murmur from a dusk corner near the door.

I turned, and beheld the dim outline of the girl, standing with clasped hands in the gloom of the dim chamber.

"My daughter!" screamed the old man, once more leaping up in the bed with renewed vitality. "You have seen her then? When? Where? Oh, may a thousand cur—"

"Father! father! Anything—anything but that. Don't, don't curse me!"

And the poor girl, rushing in, flung herself sobbing on her knees beside his pallet.

"Ah, brigand! you are there, are you? Sir," said he, turning to me, "I am the most unhappy man in the world. Talk of Sisyphus rolling the ever-recoiling stone, of Prometheus gnawed by the vulture since the birth of time. The fables yet live. There is my rock, forever crushing me back! There is my eternal vulture, feeding upon my heart! There! there! there!" And, with an awful gesture of malediction and hatred, he pointed with his wounded hand, swathed and shapeless with bandages, at the cowering, sobbing, wordless woman by his side.

I was too much horror-stricken to attempt even to soothe him. The anger of blood against blood has an electric power which paralyzes bystanders.

"Listen to me, sir," he continued, "while I skin this painted viper. I have your oath; you will not reveal. I am an alchemist, sir. Since I was twenty-two years old I have pursued the wonderful and subtle secret. Yes, to unfold the mysterious Rose guarded with such terrible thorns; to decipher the wondrous Table of Emerald; to accomplish the mystic nuptials of the Red King and the White Queen; to marry them soul to soul and body to body for ever and ever, in the exact proportions of land and water; such has been my sublime aim; such has been the splendid feat that I have accomplished."

I recognized at a glance, in this incomprehensible farrago, the argot of the true alchemist. Ripley, Flamel and others have supplied the world, in their works, with the melancholy spectacle of a scientific Bedlam.

"Two years since," continued the poor man, growing more and more excited with every word that he uttered—"two years since I succeeded in solving the great problem, in transmuting the baser metals into gold. None but myself, that girl, and God knows the privations I had suffered up to that time. Food, clothing, air, exercise, everything but shelter, was sacrificed toward the one great end. Success at last crowned my labors. That which Nicholas Flamel did in 1382; that which George Ripley did at Rhodes in 1460; that which Alexandre Sethon and Michael Scudivogius did in the seventeenth century, I did in 1856. I made gold! I said to myself, 'I will astonish New York more than Flamel did Paris.'

"So I toiled on. Day after day I gave to this girl here what gold I succeeded in fabricating, telling her to store it away after supplying our necessities. I was astonished to perceive that we lived as poorly as ever. I reflected, however, that it was perhaps a commendable piece of prudence on the part of my daughter. Doubtless, I said, she argues that the less we spend the sooner we shall accumulate a capital wherewith to live at ease; so, thinking her course a wise one, I did not reproach her with her niggardliness, but toiled on amid want with closed lips.

"The gold which I fabricated was, as I said before, of an invariable size,

namely, a little ingot worth perhaps thirty or forty-five dollars. In two years I calculated that I had made five hundred of these ingots, which, rated at an average of thirty dollars apiece, would amount to the gross sum of fifteen thousand dollars. After deducting our slight expenses for two years, we ought to have nearly fourteen thousand dollars left. * * *

"She could afford me no explanation beyond what I might gather from an abundance of sobs and a copious flow of tears.

"It was a bitter blow, Doctor, but *nil desperandum* was my motto, so I went to work at my crucible again, with redoubled energy, and made an ingot nearly every second day. I determined this time to put them in some secure place myself; but the very first day I set my apparatus in order for the projection, the girl Marian—that is my daughter's name—came weeping to me and implored me to allow her to take care of our treasure. I refused, decisively, saying that, having found her already incapable of filling the trust, I could place no faith in her again. But she persisted, clung to my neck, threatened to abandon me, in short used so many of the bad but irresistible arguments known to women, that I had not the heart to refuse her. She has since that time continued to take the ingots.

"Yet you behold," continued the old alchemist, casting an inexpressibly mournful glance around the wretched apartment, "the way we live. Our food is insufficient and of bad quality; we never buy clothes; the rent of this hole is a mere nothing. What am I to think of the wretched girl who plunges me into this misery? Is she a miser, think you? or a female gamester? or—or—does she squander it riotously in places I know not of? Oh, Doctor, Doctor! do not blame me if I heap imprecations on her head, for I have suffered bitterly!" The poor man here closed his eyes and sank back groaning on his bed.

"May you not be mistaken in your daughter?" I said, very mildly. "Delusions with regard to alchemy are, or have been, very common——"

"What, sir?" cried the old man, bounding in his bed. "What? Do you doubt that gold can be made? Do you know, sir, that M. C. Theodore Tiffereau made gold at Paris, in the year 1854, in the presence of M. Levol, the assayer of the Imperial Mint, and the result of the experiment was read before the Academy of Sciences on the 16th of October of the same year? But stay; you shall have better proof yet. I will pay you with one of my ingots, and you shall attend me until I am well. Get me an ingot!"

This last command was addressed to Marian, who was still kneeling close to her father's bedside.

I observed her with some curiosity as this mandate was issued. She became very pale, clasped her hands convulsively, but neither moved nor made any reply.

"Get me an ingot, I say!" reiterated the alchemist, passionately.

She fixed her large eyes imploringly upon him. Her lips quivered, and two huge tears rolled slowly down her white cheeks.

"Obey me, wretched girl," cried the old man in an agitated voice, "or I swear, by all that I reverence in heaven and earth, that I will lay my curse upon you forever!"

I felt for an instant that I ought perhaps to interfere, and spare the girl the anguish that she was so evidently suffering; but a powerful curiosity to see how this strange scene would terminate withheld me.

The last threat of her father, uttered as it was with a terrible vehemence, seemed to appal Marian. She rose with a sudden leap, as if a serpent had stung her, and, rushing into an inner apartment, returned with a small object in her hand, which she placed in mine, and then flung herself in a chair in a distant corner of the room, weeping bitterly.

"You see—you see," said the old man, sarcastically, "how reluctantly she parts with it. Take it, sir; it is yours."

It was a small bar of metal. I examined it carefully, poised it in my hand; the color, weight, everything, announced that it really was gold.

"You doubt its genuineness, perhaps," continued the alchemist. "There are acids on yonder table; test it."

I confess that I did doubt its genuineness; but after I had acted upon the old man's suggestion, all further suspicion was rendered impossible. It was gold of the highest purity. I was astounded. Was then, after all, this man's tale a truth? Was his daughter, that fair, angelic-looking creature, a demon of avarice, or a slave to worse passions? I felt bewildered. I had never met with anything so incomprehensible. I looked from father to daughter in the blankest amazement. I suppose that my countenance betrayed my astonishment, for the old man said:

"I perceive that you are surprised. Well, that is natural. You had a right to think me mad until I proved myself sane."

"But, Mr. Blakelock," I said, "I really cannot take this gold. I have no right to it. I cannot in justice charge so large a fee."

"Take it—take it," he answered, impatiently; "your fee will amount to that before I am well. Besides," he added, mysteriously, "I wish to secure your friendship. I wish that you should protect me from her," and he pointed his poor, bandaged hand at Marian.

My eye followed his gesture, and I caught the glance that replied—a glance of horror, distrust, despair. The beautiful face was distorted into positive ugliness.

"It's all true," I thought; "she is the demon that her father represents her."

I now rose to go. This domestic tragedy sickened me. This treachery of blood against blood was too horrible to witness. I wrote a prescription for the

old man, left directions as to the renewal of the dressings upon his burns, and, bidding him good night, hastened towards the door.

While I was fumbling on the dark, crazy landing for the staircase, I felt a hand laid on my arm.

"Doctor," whispered a voice that I recognized as Marian Blakelock's—"Doctor, have you any compassion in your heart?"

"I hope so," I answered, shortly, shaking off her hand, her touch filling me with loathing.

"Hush! don't talk so loud. If you have any pity in your nature, give me back, I entreat of you, that gold ingot which my father gave you this evening."

"Great heavens!" said I, "can it be possible that so fair a woman can be such a mercenary, shameless wretch?"

"Ah! you know not—I cannot tell you! Do not judge me harshly. I call God to witness that I am not what you deem me. Some day or other you will know. But," she added, interrupting herself, "the ingot—where is it? I must have it. My life depends on your giving it to me."

"Take it, imposter!" I cried, placing it in her hand, that closed on it with a horrible eagerness. "I never intended to keep it. Gold made under the same roof that covers such as you must be accursed."

So saying, heedless of the nervous effort she made to detain me, I stumbled down the stairs and walked hastily home.

The next morning, while I was in my office, smoking my matutinal cigar, and speculating over the singular character of my acquaintance of last night, the door opened, and Marian Blakelock entered. She had the same look of terror that I observed the evening before, and she panted as if she had been running fast.

"Father has got out of bed," she gasped out, "and insists on going on with his alchemy. Will it kill him?"

"Not exactly," I answered, coldly. "It were better that he kept quiet, so as to avoid the chance of inflammation. However, you need not be alarmed; his burns are not at all dangerous, although painful."

"Thank God! thank God!" she cried, in the most impassioned accents; and, before I was aware of what she was doing, she seized my hand and kissed it.

"There, that will do," I said, withdrawing my hand; "you are under no obligations to me. You had better go back to your father."

"I can't go," she answered. "You despise me; is it not so?"

I made no reply.

"You think me a monster—a criminal. When you went home last night you were wonder-struck that so vile a creature as I should have so fair a face."

"You embarrass me, madam," I said, in a most chilling tone. "Pray, relieve me from this unpleasant position."

"Wait! I cannot bear that you should think ill of me. You are good and kind, and I desire to possess your esteem. You little know how I love my father."

I could not restrain a bitter smile.

"You do not believe that? Well, I will convince you. I have had a hard struggle all last night with myself, but am now resolved. This life of deceit must continue no longer. Will you hear my vindication?"

I assented. The wonderful melody of her voice and the purity of her features were charming me once more. I half believed in her innocence already.

"My father has told you a portion of his history. But he did not tell you that his continued failures in his search after the secret of metallic transmutation nearly killed him. Two years ago he was on the verge of the grave, working every day at his mad pursuit, and every day growing weaker and more emaciated. I saw that if his mind was not relieved in some way he would die. The thought was madness to me, for I loved him; I love him still, as a daughter never loved a father before. During all these years of poverty I had supported the house with my needle; it was hard work, but I did it; I do it still."

"What?" I cried, startled, "does not——"

"Patience. Hear me out. My father was dying of disappointment. I must save him. By incredible exertions, working night and day, I saved about thirty-five dollars in notes. These I exchanged for gold, and one day, when my father was not looking, I cast them into the crucible in which he was making one of his transmutations. God, I am sure, will pardon the deception. I never anticipated the misery it would lead to.

"I never beheld anything like the joy of my poor father, when, after emptying his crucible, he found a deposit of pure gold at the bottom. He wept, and danced, and sang, and built such castles in the air, that my brain was dizzy to hear him. He gave me the ingot to keep, and went to work at his alchemy with renewed vigor. The same thing occurred. He always found the same quantity of gold in his crucible. I alone knew the secret. He was happy, poor man, for nearly two years, in the belief that he was amassing a fortune. I all the while plied my needle for our daily bread. When he asked me for his savings, the first stroke fell upon me. Then it was that I recognized the folly of my conduct. I could give him no money. I never had any, while he believed that I had fourteen thousand dollars. My heart was nearly broken when I found that he had conceived the most injurious suspicion against me. Yet I could not blame him. I could give no account of the treasure I had permitted him to believe was in my

possession. I must suffer the penalty of my fault, for to undeceive him would be, I felt, to kill him. I remained silent then, and suffered.

"You know the rest. You now know why it was that I was reluctant to give you that ingot; why it was that I degraded myself so far as to ask it back. It was the only means I had of continuing a deception on which I believed my father's life depended. But that delusion has been dispelled. I can live this life of hypocrisy no longer. I cannot exist, and hear my father, whom I love so, wither me daily with his curses. I will undeceive him this very day. Will you come with me, for I fear the effect on his enfeebled frame?"

When we reached the old alchemist's room, we found him busily engaged over a crucible which was placed on a small furnace, and in which some indescribable mixture was boiling. He looked up as we entered.

"No fear of me, Doctor," he said, with a ghastly smile—"no fear. I must not allow a little physical pain to interrupt my great work, you know. By the way, you are just in time. In a few moments the marriage of the Red King and White Queen will be accomplished, as George Ripley calls the great act, in his book entitled, 'The Twelve Gates.' Yes, Doctor, in less than ten minutes you will see me make pure, red, shining gold!" And the poor old man smiled triumphantly, and stirred his foolish mixture with a long rod, which he held with difficulty in his bandaged hands. It was a grievous sight for a man of any feeling to witness.

"Father," said Marian, in a low, broken voice, advancing a little toward the poor old dupe, "I want your forgiveness."

"Ah, hypocrite! for what? Are you going to give me back my gold?"

"No, father, but for the deception that I have been practising on you for two years——"

"I knew it! I knew it!" shouted the old man, with a radiant countenance. "She has concealed my fourteen thousand dollars all this time, and now comes to restore them. I will forgive her. Where are they, Marian?"

"Father, it must come out. You never made any gold. It was I who saved up thirty-five dollars, and I used to slip them into your crucible when your back was turned, and I did it only because I saw that you were dying of disappointment. It was wrong, I know, but, father, I meant well. You'll forgive me, won't you?" And the poor girl advanced a step toward the alchemist.

He grew deathly pale, and staggered as if about to fall. The next instant, though, he recovered himself, and burst into a horrible, sardonic laugh. Then he said, in tones full of the bitterest irony:

"A conspiracy, is it? Well done, Doctor! You think to reconcile me with this wretched girl by trumping up this story, that I have been for two years a dupe of her filial piety. It's clumsy, Doctor, and is a total failure. Try again."

"But I assure you, Mr. Blakelock," I said, as earnestly as I could, "I believe your daughter's statements to be perfectly true. You will find it to be so, as she has got the ingot in her possession which so often deceived you into the belief that you made gold, and you will certainly find that no transmutation has taken place in your crucible."

"Doctor," said the old man, in tones of the most settled conviction, "you are a fool. That girl has wheedled you. In less than a minute I will turn you out a piece of gold, purer than any the earth produces. Will that convince you?"

"That will convince me," I answered.

By a gesture I imposed silence on Marian, who was about to speak. I thought it better to allow the old man to be his own undeceiver, and we awaited the coming crisis.

The old man, still smiling with anticipated triumph, kept bending eagerly over his crucible, stirring the mixture with his rod, and muttering to himself all the time. "Now," I heard him say, "it changes. There—there's the scum. And now the green and bronze shades flit across it. Oh, the beautiful green! the precursor of the golden-red hue, that tells of the end attained! Ah! now the golden-red is coming—slowly—slowly! It deepens, it shines, it is dazzling! Ah, I have it!" So saying, he caught up his crucible in a chemist's tongs, and bore it slowly toward the table on which stood a brass vessel.

"Now, incredulous Doctor!" he cried, "come and be convinced;" and immediately began carefully pouring the contents of the crucible into the brass vessel. When the crucible was quite empty, he turned it up, and called me again.

"Come, Doctor; come and be convinced. See for yourself."

"See first if there is any gold in your crucible," I answered, without moving.

He laughed, shook his head derisively, and looked into the crucible. In a moment he grew pale as death.

"Nothing!" he cried. "Oh, a jest! a jest! There must be gold somewhere, Marian!"

"The gold is here, father," said Marian, drawing the ingot from her pocket; "it is all we ever had."

"Ah!" shrieked the poor old man, as he let the empty crucible fall, and staggered toward the ingot which Marian held out to him. He made three steps, and then fell on his face. Marian rushed toward him, and tried to lift him, but could not. I put her aside gently, and placed my hand on his heart.

"Marian," said I, "it is perhaps better as it is. He is dead!"

NATURE

FROM THE ESSAY UNDER THAT TITLE

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

(Born at Boston, Mass., May 25, 1803; died at Concord, Mass., April 27, 1882)

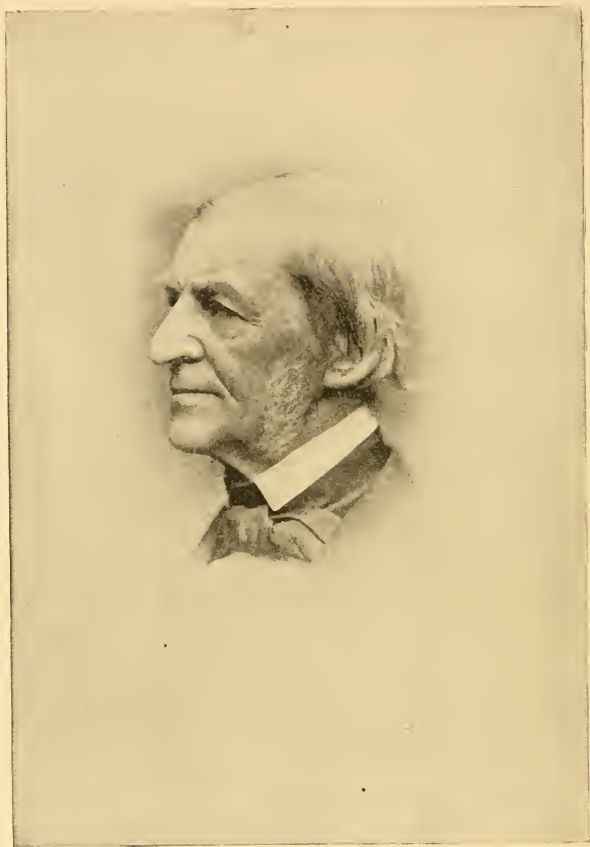


F the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the City of God which had been shown? But every night come out these preachers of beauty and light the universe with their admonishing smile.

The stars awaken a certain reverence, because, though always present, they are always inaccessible; but all natural objects make kindred impression when the mind is open to their influence. Nature never wears a mean appearance. Neither does the wisest man extort all her secrets and lose his curiosity by finding out all her perfection. Nature never became a toy to a wise spirit. The flowers, the animals, the mountains reflected all the wisdom of his best hour as much as they had delighted the simplicity of his childhood.

When we speak of Nature in this manner, we have a distinct but most poetical sense in the mind. We mean the integrity of impression made by manifold nature objects. It is this which distinguishes the stick of timber of the woodcutter from the tree of the poet. The charming landscape which I saw this morning is indubitably made up of some twenty or thirty farms. Miller owns this field, Locke that, and Manning the woodland beyond. But none of them owns the landscape. There is a property in the horizon which no man has but he whose eye can integrate all the parts—that is, the poet. This is the best part of these men's farms, yet to this their land-deeds give them no title.

To speak truly, few adult persons can see Nature. Most persons do not see the sun. At least they have a very superficial seeing. The sun illuminates only the eye of the man, but shines into the eye and the heart of the child. The lover of nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still adjusted to each other—who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood. His intercourse with heaven and earth becomes part of his daily food. In the presence of nature a wild delight runs through the man in spite of real sorrows. Nature says, He is my creature, and, maugre all his impertinent griefs, he shall be glad with me. Not the sun nor the Summer alone, but every hour and season yields its tribute of delight; for every hour and change corresponds to and authorizes a

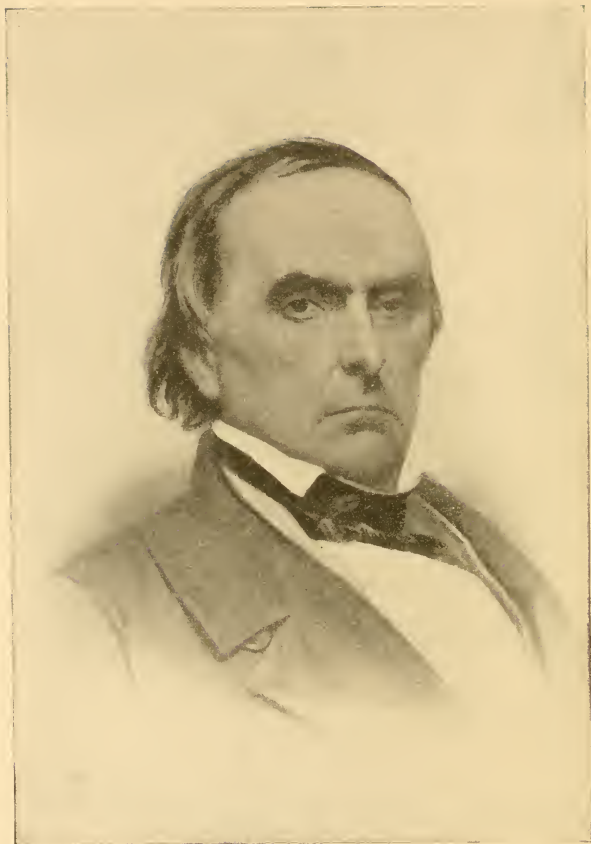


RALPH WALDO EMERSON

different state of mind, from breathless noon to grimmest midnight. Nature is a setting that fits equally well a comic or a mourning piece. In good health the air is a cordial of incredible virtue. Crossing a bare common in snow-puddles at twilight under a clouded sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. Almost I fear to think how glad I am. In the woods, too, a man casts off his years as the snake his slough, and at what period soever of his life is always a child. In the woods is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods we return to reason and faith. There I feel that nothing can befall me in life—no disgrace, no calamity (leaving me my eyes)—which Nature cannot repair. * * * * The greatest delight which the fields and woods minister is the suggestion of an occult relation between man and the vegetable. I am not alone and unacknowledged. They nod to me and I to them. The waving of the boughs in the storm is new to me and old.

It takes me by surprise, and yet is not unknown. Its effect is like that of a higher thought or a better emotion coming over me when I deemed I was thinking justly or doing right.

Yet it is certain that the power to produce this delight does not reside in Nature, but in man or in a harmony of both. It is necessary to use these pleasures with great temperance. For Nature is not always tricked in holiday attire, but the scene which yesterday breathed perfume and glittered as for the frolic of the nymphs is overspread with melancholy to-day. Nature always wears the colors of the spirit. To a man laboring under calamity the heat of his own fire hath sadness in it. Then there is a kind of contempt of the landscape felt by him who has just lost by death a dear friend. The sky is less grand as it shuts down over less worth in the population.



DANIEL WEBSTER

REPLY TO HAYNE

BEING A PART OF THE MOST CELEBRATED SPEECH OF

DANIEL WEBSTER

(Born at Salisbury, now Franklin, N. H., Jan. 18, 1782; died at Marshfield, Mass., Oct. 24, 1852)



T was put as a question to me to answer, and so put as if it were difficult for me to answer, whether I deemed the member from Missouri an overmatch for myself in debate here. It seems to me, sir, that this is extraordinary language and an extraordinary tone for the discussions of this body. Matches and overmatches!—those terms are more applicable elsewhere than here, and fitter for other assemblies than this. Sir, the gentleman seems to forget where and what we are. This is a senate—a senate of equals, of men of individual honor and personal character, and of absolute independence. We know no masters; we acknowledge no dictators. This is a hall for mutual consultation and discussion; not an arena for the exhibition of champions. I offer myself, sir, as a match for no man. I throw the challenge of debate at no man's feet. But then, sir, since the honorable member has put the question in a manner that calls for an answer, I will give him an answer; and I tell him, that, holding myself to be the humblest of the members here, I yet know nothing in the arm of his friend from Missouri, either alone or when aided by the arm of his friend from South Carolina, that need deter even me from espousing whatever opinions I may choose to espouse, from debating whenever I may choose to debate, or from speaking whatever I may see fit to say on the floor of the Senate. Sir, when uttered as matter of commendation or compliment, I should dissent from nothing which the honorable member might say of his friend. Still less do I put forth any pretensions of my own. But, when put to me as a matter of taunt, I throw it back, and say to the gentleman, that he could possibly say nothing less likely than such a comparison to wound my pride of personal character. The anger of its tone rescued the remark from intentional irony, which otherwise, probably, would have been its general acceptance. But, sir, if it be imagined that by this mutual quotation and commendation; if it be supposed that by casting the characters of the drama, assigning to each his part—to one the attack, to another the cry of onset; or if it be thought that by a loud and empty vaunt of anticipated victory—any laurels are to be won here; if it be imagined, especially, that any or all of these things will shake any purpose of mine, I can tell the honorable member, once for all, that he is greatly mistaken, and that he is dealing with

one of whose temper and character he has yet much to learn. Sir, I shall not allow myself on this occasion to be betrayed into any loss of temper; but if provoked, as I trust I never shall allow myself to be, into crimination and recrimination, the honorable member may perhaps find, that in the contest there will be blows to take as well as blows to give; that others can state comparisons as significant, at least, as his own; and that his impunity may, perhaps, demand of him whatever powers of taunt and sarcasm he may possess. I commend him to a prudent husbandry of his resources.

* * * * * * *

The eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina by the honorable gentleman, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor. I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all—the Laurences, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Marions (Americans all), whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman bears himself—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir!—increased gratification and delight, rather. Sir, I thank God that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down.

When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my own State and neighborhood; when I refuse for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of heaven, if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South, and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the title of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth! Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrances of the past; let me remind you, that, in early times, no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and of feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return!

Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution ; hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling (if it exist), alienation, and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

* * * * * * *

Mr. President, I shall enter no encomium upon Massachusetts ; she needs none. There she is ; behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history ; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill ; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia ; and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it ; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it ; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand in the end by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked ; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it ; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

* * * * * * *

Mr. President, I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject ; but it is a subject of which my heart is full ; and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I can not, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing once more my deep conviction, that, since it respects nothing less than the union of the States, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union that we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke as from the dead, and sprang forth with new-

ness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social and personal happiness. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant, that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant, that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once-glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the glorious ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured; bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory, as *What is all this worth?* nor those other words of delusion and folly, *Liberty first, and Union afterwards*; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, *Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.*

THE DEACON'S DAUGHTER

BY "JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE"

(MARIETTA HOLLEY)

The spare-room windows wide were raised,
And you could look that Summer day
On pastures green, and sunny hills,
And low rills wandering away.
Nearby, the square front-yard was sweet
With rose and caraway.

Upon a couch drawn near the light
The Deacon's only daughter lay,
Bending upon the distant hills
Her eyes of dark and thoughtful gray;
The blue veins on her forehead shone—
'Twas wasted so away.

She moved, and from her slender hand
Fell off her mother's wedding-ring;
She smiled into her father's face—
"So drops from me each earthly thing;
My hands are free to hold the flowers
Of the eternal Spring."

She had ever walked in quiet ways,
Not over beds of flowery ease,
But Sundays in the village choir
She sweetly sang of "ways of peace,"
Of "ways of peace and pleasantness,"
She trod such paths as these.

No sweeter voice in all the choir
Praised God in innocence and truth,
The Deacon in his straight-backed pew
Had dreams of her he lost in youth,
And thought of fair-faced Hebrew maids—
Of Rachel and of Ruth.



MARIETTA HOLLEY

But she had faded, day by day,
 Growing more mild and pure and sweet,
As nearer to her ear there came
 A distant sea's mysterious beat,
Till now this Summer afternoon,
 Its water touched her feet.

Upon the painted porch without
 Two women stood, and whispered low,
They thought "she'd go out with the day,"
 They said, "the Deacon's wife went so."
And then they gently pitied him—
 "It was a dreadful blow."

"But she was good, she was prepared,
 She would be better off than here,"
And then they thought "'twas strange that he
 Her father, had not shed a tear,"
And then they talked of news, and all
 The promise of the year.

Her father sat beside the bed,
 Holding her cold hands tenderly,
And to the everlasting hills
 He mutely turned his eyes away:
"My God, my Shelter, and my Rock,
 Oh, shadow me to-day!"

He knew not when she crossed the stream,
 And passed into the land unseen,
So gently did she go from him
 Into its pastures still and green;
Into the land of pure delight,
 And Jordan rolled between.

Then knelt he down beside his dead,
 His white locks lit with sunset's flame:
"My God! oh, leave me not alone—
 But blessed be Thy holy name."
The golden gates were lifted up;
 The King of Glory came.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

WIT AND WISDOM

FROM "THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE"

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

(Born at Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809; died October 7, 1894)



WAS just going to say, when I was interrupted, that one of the many ways of classifying minds is under the heads of arithmetical and algebraical intellects. All economical and practical wisdom is an extension or variation of the following arithmetical formula: 2 plus 2 equals 4. Every philosophical proposition has the more general character of the expression: a plus b equals c . We are mere operatives, empirics, and egotists, until we learn to think in letters instead of figures.

They all stared. There is a divinity-student lately come among us, to whom I commonly address remarks like the above, allowing him to take a certain share in the conversation, so far as assent or pertinent questions are involved. He abused his liberty on this occasion by presuming to say that Leibnitz had the same observation. "No, sir," I replied, "he has not. But he said a mighty good thing about mathematics, that sounds something like it; and you found it, not in the original, but quoted by Dr. Thomas Reid. I will tell the company what he did say, one of these days."

—If I belong to a Society of Mutual Admiration?—I blush to say that I do not at this present moment. I once did, however. It was the first association to which I ever heard the term applied—a body of scientific young men in a great foreign city who admired their teacher, and, to some extent, each other. Many of them deserved it; they have become famous since. It amuses me to hear the talk of one of those beings described by Thackeray—

"Letters four do form his name"—

about a social development which belongs to the very noblest stage of civilization. All generous companies of artists, authors, philanthropists, men of science, are, or ought to be, Societies of Mutual Admiration. A man of genius, or any kind of superiority, is not debarred from admiring the same quality in another, nor the other from returning his admiration. They may even associate together, and continue to think highly of each other. And so of a dozen such men, if any one place is fortunate enough to hold so many. The being referred to above as—

sumes several false premises. First: that men of talent necessarily hate each other. Secondly: that intimate knowledge or habitual association destroys our admiration of persons whom we esteemed highly at a distance. Thirdly: that a circle of clever fellows, who meet together to dine and have a good time, have signed a constitutional compact to glorify themselves, and to put down him and the fraction of the human race not belonging to their number. Fourthly: that it is an outrage that he is not asked to join them.

Here the company laughed a good deal; and the old gentleman who sits opposite said: "That's it! that's it!"

I continued; for I was in the talking vein. As to clever people's hating each other, I think a little extra talent does sometimes make people jealous. They become irritated by perpetual attempts and failures, and it hurts their tempers and dispositions. Unpretending mediocrity is good, and genius is glorious; but a weak flavor of genius in an essentially common person is detestable. It spoils the grand neutrality of a commonplace character, as the rinsings of an unwashed wineglass spoil a draught of fair water. No wonder the poor fellow we spoke of, who always belongs to this class of slightly-favored mediocrities, is puzzled and vexed by the strange sight of a dozen men of capacity working and playing together in harmony. He and his fellows are always fighting. With them, familiarity naturally breeds contempt. If they ever praise each other's bad drawings, or broken-winded novels, or spavined verses, nobody ever supposed it was from admiration; it was simply a contract between themselves and a publisher or dealer.

If the Mutuals have really nothing among them worth admiration, that alters the question. But, if they are men with noble powers and qualities, let me tell you, that, next to youthful love and family affections, there is no human sentiment better than that which unites the Societies of Mutual Admiration. And what would literature or art be without such associations? Who can tell what we owe to the Mutual Admiration Society of which Shakespeare and Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher, were members? Or to that of which Addison and Steele formed the center, and which gave us "The Spectator"? Or to that where Johnson and Goldsmith and Burke and Reynolds and Beauclerc and Boswell, most admiring among all admirers, met together? Was there any great harm in the fact that the Irvings and Paulding wrote in company? Or any unpardonable cabal in the literary union of Verplanck and Bryant and Sands, and as many more as they chose to associate with them?

The poor creature does not know what he is talking about when he abuses this noblest of institutions. Let him inspect its mysteries through the knot-hole he has secured, but not use that orifice as a medium for his popgun. Such a society is the crown of a literary metropolis; if a town has not material for it, and

spirit and good feeling enough to organize it, it is a mere caravansary, fit for a man of genius to lodge in, but not to live in. Foolish people hate and dread and envy such an association of men of varied powers and influence because it is lofty, serene, impregnable, and, by the necessity of the case, exclusive. Wise ones are prouder of the title M. S. M. A. than of all their other honors put together.

—All generous minds have a horror of what are commonly called "facts." They are the brute beasts of the intellectual domain. Who does not know fellows that always have an ill-conditioned fact or two which they lead after them into decent company like so many bulldogs, ready to let them slip at every ingenious suggestion, or convenient generalization, or pleasant fancy? I allow no "facts" at this table. What! Because bread is good and wholesome and necessary and nourishing, shall you thrust a crumb into my windpipe while I am talking? Do not these muscles of mine represent a hundred loaves of bread? And is not my thought the abstract of ten thousand of these crumbs of truth with which you would choke off my speech?

[The above remark must be conditioned and qualified for the vulgar mind. The reader will, of course, understand the precise amount of seasoning which must be added to it before he adopts it as one of the axioms of his life. The speaker disclaims all responsibility for its abuse in incompetent hands.]

This business of conversation is a very serious matter. There are men that it weakens one to talk with an hour more than a day's fasting would do. Mark this that I am going to say; for it is as good as a working professional man's advice, and costs you nothing. It is better to lose a pint of blood from your veins than to have a nerve tapped. Nobody measures your nervous force as it runs away, nor bandages your brain and marrow after the operation.

There are men of *esprit* who are excessively exhausting to some people. They are the talkers who have what may be called *jerky* minds. Their thoughts do not run in the natural order of sequence. They say bright things on all possible subjects; but their zigzags rack you to death. After a jolting half-hour with one of these jerky companions, talking with a dull friend affords great relief. It is like taking the cat in your lap after holding a squirrel.

What a comfort a dull but kindly person is, to be sure, at times! A ground-glass shade over a gas-lamp does not bring more solace to our dazzled eyes than such a one to our minds.

"Do not dull persons bore you?" said one of the lady boarders, the same that sent me her autograph-book last week with a request for a few original stanzas, not remembering that "The Pactolian" pays me five dollars a line for every thing I write in its columns.

"Madam," said I (she and the century were in their teens together), "all men

are bores, except when we want them. There never was but one man whom I would trust with my latch-key."

"Who might that favored person be?"

"Zimmerman."

—The men of genius that I fancy most have erectile heads like the cobra-di-capello. You remember what they tell of William Pinkney, the great pleader; how, in his eloquent paroxysms, the veins of his neck would swell, and his face flush, and his eyes glitter, until he seemed on the verge of apoplexy. The hydraulic arrangements for supplying the brain with blood are only second in importance to its own organization. The bulbous-headed fellows that steam well when they are at work are the men that draw big audiences, and give us marrowy books and pictures. It is a good sign to have one's feet grow cold when he is writing. A great writer and speaker once told me that he often wrote with his feet in hot water; but for this, *all* his blood would have run into his head, as the mercury sometimes withdraws into the ball of a thermometer.

—You don't suppose that my remarks made at this table are like so many postage-stamps, do you, each to be only once uttered? If you do, you are mistaken. He must be a poor creature that does not often repeat himself. Imagine the author of the excellent piece of advice, "Know Thyself," never alluding to that sentiment again during the course of a protracted existence! Why, the truths a man carries about with him are his tools; and do you think a carpenter is bound to use the same plane but once to smooth a knotty board with, or to hang up his hammer after it has driven its first nail? I shall never repeat a conversation, but an idea often. I shall use the same types when I like, but not commonly the same stereotypes. A thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times. It has come to you over a new route, by a new and express train of associations.

Sometimes, but rarely, one may be caught making the same speech twice over, and yet be held blameless. Thus a certain lecturer, after performing in an inland city where dwells a *litteratrice* of note, was invited to meet her and others over the social teacup. She pleasantly referred to his many wanderings in his new occupation. "Yes," he replied, "I am like the huma, the bird that never lights, being always in the cars, as he is always on the wing."—Years elapsed. The lecturer visited the same place once more for the same purpose. Another social cup after the lecture, and a second meeting with the distinguished lady. "You are constantly going from place to place," she said. "Yes," he answered, "I am like the huma,"—and finished the sentence as before.

What horrors, when it flashed over him that he had made this fine speech, word for word, twice over! Yet it was not true, as the lady might perhaps have fairly inferred, that he had embellished his conversation with the huma daily dur-

ing that whole interval of years; on the contrary, he had never once thought of the odious fowl until the recurrence of precisely the same circumstances brought up precisely the same idea. He ought to have been proud of the accuracy of his mental adjustments. Given certain factors, and a sound brain should always evolve the same fixed product with the certainty of Babbage's calculating-machine.

—What a satire, by the way, is that machine on the mere mathematician! —a Frankenstein monster; a thing without brains and without heart, too stupid to make a blunder; that turns out results like a corn-sheller, and never grows any wiser or better, though it grind a thousand bushels of them.

I have an immense respect for a man of talents *plus* "the mathematics." But the calculating power alone should seem to be the least human of qualities, and to have the smallest amount of reason in it; since a machine can be made to do the work of three or four calculators, and better than any one of them. Sometimes I have been troubled that I had not a deeper intuitive apprehension of the relations of numbers. But the triumph of the ciphering hand-organ has consoled me. I always fancy I can hear the wheels clicking in a calculator's brain. The power of dealing with numbers is a kind of "detached-lever" arrangement, which may be put into a mighty poor watch. I suppose it is about as common as the power of moving the ears voluntarily, which is a moderately rare endowment.

—Little localized powers, and little narrow streaks of specialized knowledge, are things men are very apt to be conceited about. Nature is very wise; but for this encouraging principle, how many small talents and little accomplishments would be neglected! Talk about conceit as much as you like; it is to human character what salt is to the ocean; it keeps it sweet, and renders it endurable. Say, rather, it is like the natural unguent of the sea-fowl's plumage, which enables him to shed the rain that falls on him and the wave in which he dips. When one has had *all* his conceit taken out of him, when he has lost *all* his illusions, his feathers will soon soak through, and he will fly no more.

"So you admire conceited people, do you?" said the young lady who has come to the city to be finished off for—the duties of life.

I am afraid you do not study logic at your school, my dear. It does not follow that I wish to be pickled in brine because I like a salt-water plunge at Nahant. I say that conceit is just as natural a thing to human minds as a center is to a circle. But little-minded people's thoughts move in such small circles that five minutes' conversation gives you an arc long enough to determine their whole curve. An arc in the movement of a large intellect does not sensibly differ from a straight line. Even if it have the third vowel as its center, it does not soon betray it. The highest thought that is, is the most seemingly impersonal; it does not obviously imply any individual center.

Audacious self-esteem, with good ground for it, is always imposing. What resplendent beauty that must have been which could have authorized Phryne to "peel" in the way she did! What fine speeches are those two!—"Non omnis moriar," and "I have taken all knowledge to be my province."

* * * * *

Did I not say to you a little while ago that the universe swam in an ocean of similitudes and analogies? I will not quote Cowley or Burns or Wordsworth just now to show you what thoughts were suggested to them by the simplest natural objects, such as a flower or a leaf; but I will read you a few lines, if you do not object, suggested by looking at a section of one of those chambered shells to which is given the name of Pearly Nautilus. We need not trouble ourselves about the distinction between this and the Paper Nautilus, the *Argonauta* of the ancients. The name applied to both shows that each has long been compared to a ship, as you may see more fully in Webster's Dictionary, or the "Encyclopedia," to which he refers. If you will look into Roget's Bridgewater Treatise, you will find a figure of one of these shells, and a section of it. The last will show you the series of enlarging compartments successively dwelt in by the animal that inhabits the shell, which is built in a widening spiral. Can you find no lesson in this?

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
 Sails the unshadowed main;
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
 In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings
 And coral reefs lie bare,
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl:
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
 And every chambered cell,
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed;
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil:
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new;

Stole with soft step its shining archway through;
Built up its idle door;
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering Sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

“Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!
As the swift seasons roll;
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by Life's unresting sea!”





WASHINGTON IRVING

RIP VAN WINKLE

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

(Born at New York, April 3, 1783; died at Sunnyside, near Tarrytown, N. Y., Nov. 28, 1859)

WHOWER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Catskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all the good wives far and near as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows, and gable fronts surrounded with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man. He was, moreover, a kind neighbor, an obedient, hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad who are under the discipline of shrews at

home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain-lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and, if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day, without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil; and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking corn, or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less-obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cows would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a

colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy; eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble; and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon and night her tongue was incessantly going; and every thing he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind; and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house, the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs; he sneaked about with a gallows-air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle; and, at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on. A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long, lazy Summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster!—a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the

most gigantic word in the dictionary ; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place !

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn ; at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree : so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs ; but, when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds ; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to naught. Nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair ; and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf !" he would say ; "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it. But never mind, my lad : whilst I live, thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee." Wolf would wag his tail ; look wistfully in his master's face ; and, if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine Autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Catskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting ; and the still solitudes had echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain-herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud or the sail of a lagging bark here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side, he looked down into a deep mountain-glen, wild, lonely,

and shagged; the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene. Evening was gradually advancing: the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys. He saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village; and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" and at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him. He looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but, supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pairs of breeches (the outer one of ample volume), decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor; and made signs for Rip to approach, and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and, mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant; but, supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for, though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets; others jerkins, with long knives in their belts; and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large beard, broad face, and small, priggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses on them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was that, though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing had interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait on the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling. They quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees, Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes. It was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes; and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep—the strange man with a keg of liquor, the mountain ravine, the wild retreat among the rocks, the woe-begone party at ninepins, the flagon. "Oh, that

flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip. "What excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun; but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrustated with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared; but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name; but all in vain. The echoes repeated his whistle and shout; but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and, if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip; "and, if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen. He found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but, to his astonishment, a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sas-safra and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog. He was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice, and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife: but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew; which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks

of surprise, and, whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip involuntarily to do the same; when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long.

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him as he passed. The very village was altered: it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before; and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors, strange faces at the windows; everything was strange. His mind now misgave him: he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Catskill Mountains; there ran the silver Hudson at a distance; there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly."

It was with some difficulty that he found his way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay, the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name; but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears. He called loudly for his wife and children. The lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice; and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort—the village inn; but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows (some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats); and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap; and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes. All this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff; a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre; the head was decorated with a cocked hat; and underneath was painted in large characters, "Gen. Washington."

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip reccl-

lected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens, elections, members of Congress, liberty, Bunker's Hill, heroes of seventy-six, and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired on which side he voted. Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired whether he was Federal or Democrat. Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels; and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village. "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man; a native of the place; and a loyal subject to the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A Tory, a Tory, a spy, a refugee! Hustle him! Away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well, who are they? Name them?"

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while; when an old man replied in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! Why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him; but that's rotten and gone, too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war. Some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know: he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general; and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand—war, Congress, Stony Point. He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three—"oh, to be sure! That's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself, or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows!" exclaimed he, at his wits' end. "I'm not myself: I'm somebody else. That's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night; but I fell asleep on the mountain; and they've changed my gun; and everything's changed; and I'm changed: and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation.

At this critical moment, a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip!" cried she—"hush, you little fool! The old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man! Rip Van Winkle was his name; but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since. His

dog came home without him ; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask ; but he put it with a faltering voice :

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh! she, too, had died but a short time since. She broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"young Rip Van Winkle once, old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and, peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed :

"Sure enough! It is Rip Van Winkle! It is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor! Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told ; for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it : some were seen to wink at each other and put their tongues in their cheeks ; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head ; upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor, the historian, that the Catskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings ; that it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years with his crew of "The Half-Moon," being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and to keep a guardian eye on the river and the great city called by his name ; that his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain ; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her. She had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb

upon his neck. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm, but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits. He soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor. Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn-door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor—how that there had been a revolutionary war; that the country had thrown off the yoke of Old England; and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of States and Empires made but little impression on him. But there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was petticoat government. Happily, that was at an end. He had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

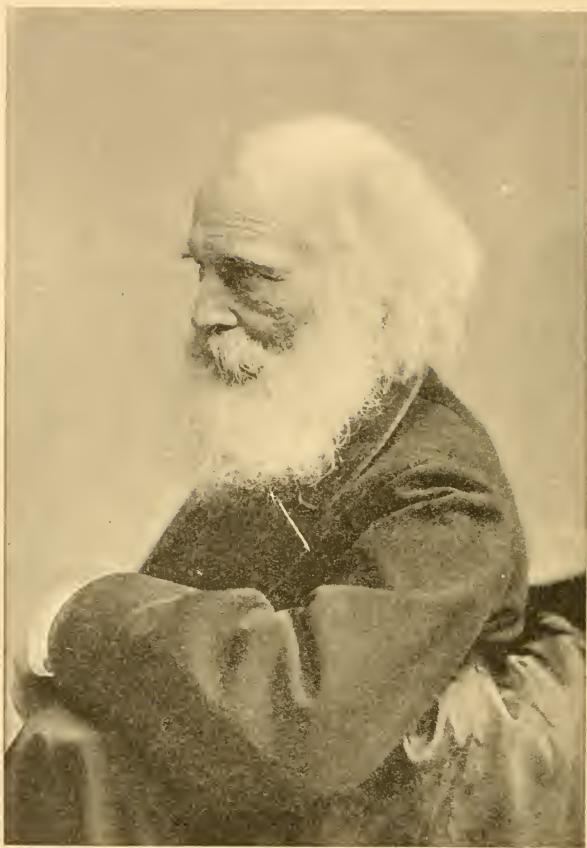
He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it; which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related; and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day, they never hear a thunder-storm of a Summer afternoon about the Catskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

THANATOPSIS

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

(Born at Cummington, Mass., November 3, 1794; died at New York, June 12, 1878)

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and of smiles
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart;
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice: Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun, the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between,
The venerable woods, rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, pour'd round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decoration all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning; traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall, one by one, be gather'd to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustain'd and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.



A ROMANCE OF THE CITY ROOM

BY ELIZABETH G. JORDAN



FOR more than two years the letters and the red roses came with unbroken regularity. When at last a certain Friday evening arrived and they did not, Miss Bancroft stared at the top of her unvisited desk as if some perplexing phenomenon had taken place. She would have been scarcely less surprised at the failure of a physical law than by this lack of fidelity—she could not call it forgetfulness or indifference—on the part of Shadow. The face of the world seemed changed to her as she went home that night, and the sudden realization of what this meant made her heart contract. Perhaps he was only testing her, proving to her at last what a factor in her life he had come to be. But she rejected this thought at once; she did not know his name or face, but she knew the man too well to think self-love could thus claim him, even for a moment. Perhaps all was not well with him. There had been a persistent minor note in his recent letters, bravely as he had tried to stifle it. Last week's roses, almost withered now, looked sadly up at her as she entered her apartment. She had kept the flowers, of late, until the next box came to replace them. To-night, as she watered the grateful roses, her imagination saw in their droop and languor the mute symbol of the passing from her life of something of whose full sweetness she was just beginning to be conscious.

The days went on, and brought no sign from the Shadow. They all seemed alike to the young reporter, who kept her sad reflections in her own heart and gave no outward sign. She felt her friend drifting from her, perhaps through a misapprehension which she had no power to correct. It was as much beyond her to reach or affect him as if he lived in truth in another world which he had shared with her, but from which she was now shut out. She missed his flowers, she missed his letters; above all, she missed the sense of companionship and protecting tenderness which had enveloped her so mysteriously and so long.

She was recalling those things one cold night in February when she wearily entered her apartment. On the hearth, in her cozy study, a bright fire burned cheerily. The attentive maid had drawn up to it her favorite easy-chair and had placed her slippers near the warm glow. She sank into the chair with a sigh of satisfaction, brushing the snow from her jacket, and recklessly exposing the soles of her little boots to the heat as she settled her feet on the fender. The sudden blaze that had greeted her had died down, and the room was almost in shadow.

As her eyes wandered listlessly over her books and pictures they fell on something oddly familiar. Was that great vase on the table, which had held the Shadow's offering for so long, again full of fresh red roses? Miss Bancroft rubbed her eyes and looked more closely. Had she fallen asleep and was she dreaming of the roses that had filled it so constantly until three months ago? The perfume of the flowers seemed very real. They *were* there—"the beautiful darlings!" she whispered, as she went to them and laid her face against them. To her excited fancy they seemed to laugh up at her. "Here we are again," they said. "It's all right—everything is unchanged;" and the whole world was brighter for the assurance. She lit the gas hastily and rang the bell. There had been no letter with the flowers, the little maid told her. They had come without a card about four that afternoon, and she had taken them out of the box and put them in water, as she knew Mademoiselle would have wished. The box? But yes, here it is—a large and ornate affair, with the name of a famous florist on its cover in gold letters. This unusual feature surprised and temporarily disturbed Miss Bancroft. Never before had the Shadow sent her such a clue. Surely, if she wished, it would be comparatively easy to trace him now. She dismissed the idea from her mind for the present. He was still her friend, and all was well with him. He had sent her the roses to tell her so. That was enough.

She dressed for dinner in high spirits, putting on her best gown in honor of this spiritual caller, and singing a favorite song which was in harmony with her mood. The little maid smiled to hear again the blithe notes that had been silent of late.

"For the Spring, the Spring is coming,
 'T is good-by to ice and snow;
 Yes, I know it, for the swallows
 Have come back to tell me so,"

sang the soft contralto voice. Spring had already come in her heart—for the roses told her so.

Herforth called on her after dinner, formally arrayed in his evening clothes, and with a startling chrysanthemum in his button-hole. His first words lowered Miss Bancroft's spirits:

"Got the roses, I see," he said, nodding toward the blooming jacqueminots in the vase on the table.

"Did—did you send them?" faltered the girl. She was conscious of a sinking sensation, as if something were falling away from her.

"Only in a way," said Herforth at once. "I acted as an agent." He had dropped into an easy-chair, and as he spoke he regarded her rather curiously.

"Do you remember Hatfeld?" he went on. "Awfully good-looking chap,

with light hair and dark eyes. Reserved, but I found him one of the most charming fellows I ever met when I came to know him. Nobody on the paper knew him well except me. Wasn't at the office much except at night, and then did his work in a little room off the night editor's sanctum. I liked him and dined with him a lot, and he used to let me talk about you most of the time. Well, he was consumptive, poor fellow. Didn't tell me anything about it until three months ago, when he went to Algiers for his health. The night before he sailed we dined together, and went afterwards to my room to smoke. Am I boring you?"

"Go on, please," said Miss Bancroft, in a low tone.

She was standing at the window looking out at the snow, which was falling heavily. The sudden question evidently startled her, for she shivered as she turned toward the young man and then glanced away again.

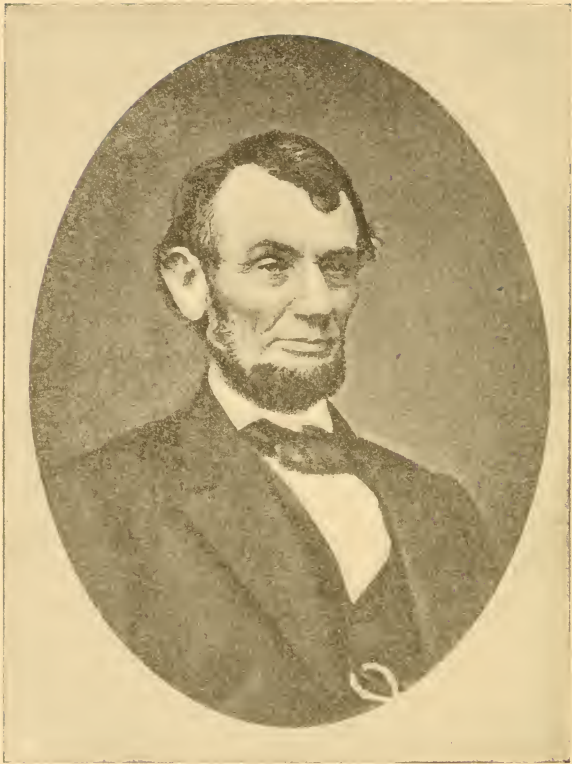
"We talked a good deal," continued Herforth, animatedly, "and I tried to brace him up as well as I could. Prophesied that he'd come back in six months perfectly well, and all that sort of thing. It had no effect on him, but he was awfully cool and plucky about his condition. He told me that his father and mother had both died of consumption, and that the doctors had given him no hope. He said that was why he had never married. He would not make the woman he loved wretched and hand down a legacy of physical ill to his children. And then he said something that will interest you."

Herforth had been speaking rather lightly, but if she had noticed it Miss Bancroft would have known that beneath the careless tone lay a warm sympathy for his friend. She did not notice it. She was thinking of Herforth just then. His few words had brought before her very vividly the farewell scene he was describing. She saw the two men together, and while the face of one was hidden from her she could see in his attitude the despair against which he had so bravely fought. She left the window and sat down in a low chair, her face a little in the shadow. Herforth went on slowly and more seriously:

"Just before we parted, Hatfeld turned to me and said: 'I'm going to have them cable you when it's all over, old man; not that I want to depress you, but because I want you to do something for me. Don't ask me why or anything about it. But when you receive that cablegram, I want you to send a box of red roses to Miss Bancroft.'"

Herforth paused a moment and poked the fire with creditable considerateness. His voice had become a trifle unsteady. Though he could not have analyzed it, for he knew they had never met, there was something in Miss Bancroft's manner as she listened which moved him strangely. She looked at him and opened her lips, but closed them again without speaking. The expression in her beautiful eyes made Herforth turn his own away.

"I got the cablegram this morning," he said, softly.




ABRAHAM LINCOLN

LINCOLN'S SPEECH AT GETTYSBURG

SAID TO BE ONE OF THE MOST PERFECT SPECIMENS OF FORENSIC ELOQUENCE IN ANY
LANGUAGE

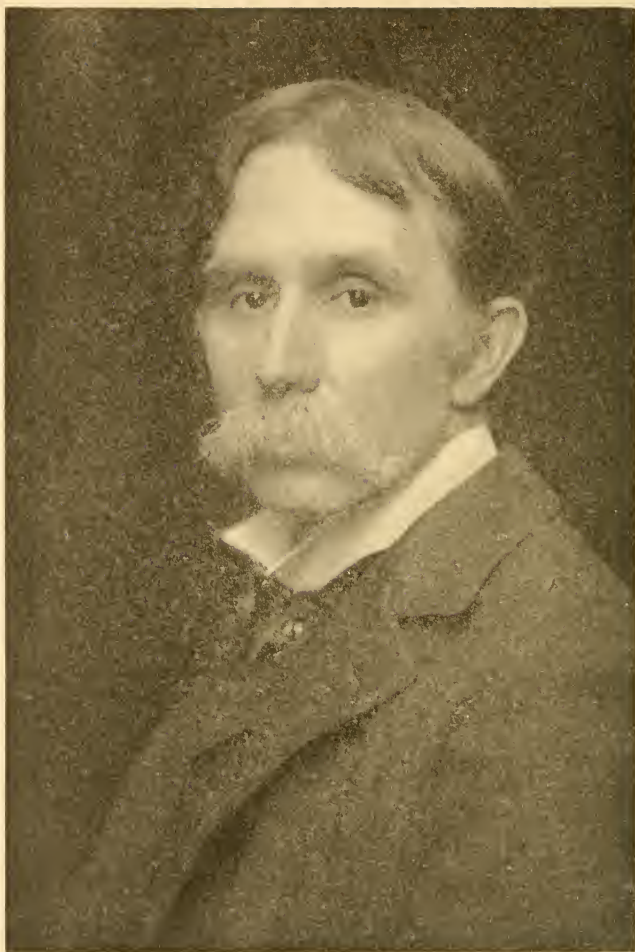
(Born in Hardin County, Ky., February 12, 1809; died at Washington, D. C., April 15, 1865)

FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we *say* here, but it can never forget what they *did* here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us: that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here *highly* resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from this earth.



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RICHARD WATSON GILDER

ODE

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

(Born at Bordentown, N. J., February 8, 1844)

I.

I am the spirit of the morning sea ;
I am the awakening and the glad surprise ;
I fill the skies
With laughter and with light.
Not tears, but jollity,
At birth of day brim the strong man-child's eyes.
Behold the white
Wide threefold beams that from the hidden sun
Rise swift and far—
One where Orion keeps
His armed watch, and one
That to the midmost starry heaven upleaps ;
The third blots out the firm-fixed Northern Star.

I am the wind that shakes the glittering wave,
Hurries the snowy spume along the shore,
And dies at last in some far, murmuring cave.
My voice thou hearest in the breaker's roar—
That sound which never failed since time began,
And first around the world the shining tumult ran.

II.

I light the sea and wake the sleeping land.
My footsteps on the hills make music, and my hand
Plays like a harper's on the wind-swept pines.

With the wind and the day
I follow round the world—away ! away !
Wide over lake and plain my sunlight shines,
And every wave and every blade of grass
Doth know me as I pass ;

And me the western sloping mountains know, and me
The far-off, golden sea.

Oh sea, whereon the passing sun doth lie!
O man, who watchest by that golden sea!
Grieve not, oh, grieve not thou, but lift thine eye
And see me glorious in the sunset sky!

III.

I love not the night,
Save when the stars are bright,
Or when the moon
Fills the white air with silence like a tune.
Yea, even the night is mine
When the Northern Lights outshine,
And all the wild heavens throb in ecstasy divine—
Yea, mine deep midnight, though the black sky lowers,
When the sea burns white and breaks on the shore in
starry showers.

IV.

I am the laughter of the new-born child
On whose soft-breathing sleep an angel smiled.
And I all sweet first things that are:
First songs of birds, not perfect as at last—
Broken and incomplete—
But sweet, oh, sweet!
And I the first faint glimmer of a star
To the wrecked ship that tells the storm is past;
The first keen smells and stirrings of the Spring;
First snowflakes, and first May-flowers after snow;
The silver glow
Of the new moon's ethereal ring;
The song the morning stars together made,
And the first kiss of lovers under the first June shade.

V.

My sword is quick, my arm is strong to smite
In the dread joy and fury of the fight.
I am with those who win, not those who fly;

With those who live I am, not those who die.
Who die? Nay, nay, that word
Where I am is unheard;
For I am the spirit of youth that cannot change,
Nor cease, nor suffer woe;
And I am the spirit of beauty that doth range
Through natural forms and motions, and each show
Of outward loveliness. With me have birth
All gentleness and joy in all the earth.
Raphael knew me, and showed the world my face;
Me Homer knew, and all the singing race—
For I am the spirit of light and life and mirth.

R. W. Gilder





ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

A GLIMPSE

FROM "THE GATES AJAR"

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

(Born at Andover, Mass., August 13, 1844)

SAW as funny and as pretty a bit of drama this afternoon as I have seen for a long time.

Faith had been rolling out in the hot hay ever since three o'clock, with one of the little Blands, and when the shadows grew long they came in with flushed cheeks and tumbled hair, to rest and cool upon the door-steps. I was sitting in the parlor, sewing energetically on some sunbonnets for some of Aunt Winifred's people down-town—I found the heat to be more bearable if I kept busy—and could see, unseen, all the little tableaux into which the two children grouped themselves; a new one every instant—in the shadow now, now in a quiver of golden glow, the wind tossing their hair about, and their chatter chiming down the hall like bells.



"Oh, what a funny little sunset there's going to be behind the maple-tree," said the blond-haired Bland, in a pause.

"Funny enough," observed Faith, with her superior smile, "but it's going to be a great deal funnier up in heaven, I tell you, Molly Bland."

"Funny in heaven? Why, Faith!" Molly drew herself up with a religious air, and looked the image of her father.

"Yes, to be sure. I'm going to have some little pink blocks made out of it when I go; pink and yellow and green and purple and—oh, so many blocks! I'm going to have a little red cloud to sail round in, like that one up over the house, too, I shouldn't wonder."

Molly opened her eyes. "Oh, I don't believe it."

"You don't know much!" said Miss Faith, superbly. "I shouldn't s'pose you would believe it. P'r'aps I'll have some strawberries, too, and some ginger-snaps—I'm not going to have any old bread and butter up there—oh, and some little gold apples, and a lot of playthings—nice playthings—why, nicer than they have in the shops in Boston, Molly Bland! God's keeping 'em up there a purpose."

"Dear me!" said incredulous Molly, "I should just like to know who told you that much. My mother never told it at me. Did your mother tell it at you?"

"Oh, she told me some of it, and the rest I finked out myself."

"Let's go and play One Old Cat," said Molly, with an uncomfortable jump; "I wish I hadn't got to go to heaven!"

"Why, Molly Bland! Why, I fink heaven's splendid! I've got my papa up there, you know. 'Here's my little girl!' that's what he's going to say. Mamma, she'll be there, too, and we're all going to live in the prettiest house. I have dreadful hurries to go this afternoon sometimes when Phœbe's cross and won't give me sugars. They don't let you in, though, 'nless you're a good girl."

"Who gets it all up?" asked puzzled Molly.

"Jesus Christ will give me all these beautiful fings," said Faith, evidently repeating her mother's words—the only catechism that she has been taught.

"And what will He do when He sees you?" asked her mother, coming down the stairs and stepping up behind her.

"Take me up in His arms and kiss me."

"And what will Faith say?"

"Fank—you!" said the child, softly.

In another moment she was absorbed, body and soul, in the mysteries of One Old Cat.

"But I don't think she will feel much like being naughty for half an hour to come," her mother said; "hear how pleasantly her words drop! Such a talk quiets her, like a hand laid on her head. Mary, sometimes I think it is His very hand, as much as when He touched those other little children. I wish Faith to feel at home with Him and His home. Little thing! I really do not think that she is conscious of any fear of dying; I do not think it means anything to her but Christ, and her father, and pink blocks, and a nice time, and never disobeying me or being cross. Many a time she wakes me up in the morning talking away to herself, and when I turn and look at her, she says: 'Oh, mamma, won't we go to heaven to-day, you fink? When will we go, mamma?'"

"If there had been any pink blocks and ginger-snaps for me when I was at her age, I should not have prayed every night to 'die out.' I think the horrors of death that children live through, unguessed and unrelieved, are awful. Faith may thank you all her life that she has escaped them."

"I should feel answerable to God for the child's soul if I had not prevented that. I always wanted to know what sort of mother that poor little thing had who asked, if she were *very* good up in heaven whether they wouldn't let her go down to hell Saturday afternoons and play a little while!"

"I know. But think of it—blocks and ginger-snaps!"

"I treat Faith just as the Bible treats us, by dealing in pictures of truth that she can understand. I can make Clo and Abinadab Quirk comprehend that their pianos and machinery may not be made of literal rosewood and steel, but will be some synonym of the same thing, which will answer just such wants of their

changed natures as rosewood and steel must answer now. There will be machinery and pianos in the same sense in which there will be pearl gates and harps. Whatever enjoyment any or all of them represent now, something will represent then.

"But Faith, if I told her that her heavenly ginger-snaps would not be made of molasses and flour, would have a cry, for fear that she was not going to have any ginger-snaps at all; so, until she is older, I give her unqualified ginger-snaps. The principal joy of a child's life consists in eating. Faith begins, as soon as the light wanes, to dream of that gum-drop which she is to have at bed-time. I don't suppose she can outgrow that at once by passing out of her little round body. She must begin where she left off—nothing but a baby, though it will be as holy and happy a baby as Christ can make it. When she says, 'Mamma, I shall be hungry and want my dinner up there,' I never hesitate to tell her that she shall have her dinner. She would never, in her secret heart—though she might not have the honesty to say so—expect to be otherwise than miserable in a dinnerless eternity."

"You are not afraid of misleading the child's fancy?"

"Not as long as I can keep the two ideas—that Christ is her best friend, and that heaven is not meant for naughty girls—pre-eminent in her mind. And I sincerely believe that He would give her the very pink blocks which she anticipates, no less than He would give back a poet his lost dreams, or you your brother. He has been a child; perhaps, incidentally, to the unsolved mysteries of atonement, for this very reason, that he may know how to 'prepare their places' for them, whose angels do always behold His Father. Ah, you may be sure that, if of such is the happy Kingdom, He will not scorn to stoop and fit it to their little needs.

"There was that poor little fellow whose guinea-pig died—do you remember?"

"Only half; what was it?"

"'Oh, mamma,' he sobbed out, behind his handkerchief, 'don't great big elephants have souls?'"

"'No, my son.'"

"'Nor cameis, mamma?'"

"'No.'"

"'Nor bears, nor alligators, nor chickens?'"

"'Oh, no, dear.'"

"'Oh, mamma, mamma! Don't little clean, white guinea-pigs have souls?'"

"I never should have had the heart to say no to that, especially as we have no positive proof to the contrary.

"Then that scrap of a boy who lost his little red balloon the morning he

bought it, and, broken-hearted, wanted to know whether it had gone to heaven. Don't I suppose if he had been taken there himself that very minute, that he would have found a little balloon in waiting for him? How can I help it?"

"It has a pretty sound. If people would not think it so material and shocking——"

"Let people read Martin Luther's letters to his little boy. There is the testimony of a pillar in good and regular standing! I don't think you need be afraid of my balloon after that."

I remembered that there was a letter of his on heaven, but, not recalling it distinctly, I hunted for it to-night, and read it over. I shall copy it, the better to retain it in mind.

"Grace and peace in Christ, my dear little son. I see with pleasure that thou learnest well, and prayed diligently. Do so, my son, and continue. When I come home I will bring thee a pretty fairing.

"I know a pretty, merry garden wherein are many children. They have little golden coats, and they gather beautiful apples under the trees, and pears, cherries, plums, and wheat-plums; they sing, and jump, and are merry. They have beautiful little horses, too, with gold bits and silver saddles. And I asked the man to whom the garden belongs, whose children they were. And he said: 'They are the children that love to pray and to learn, and are good.' Then said I: 'Dear man, I have a son, too; his name is Johnny Luther. May he not also come into this garden and eat these beautiful apples and pears, and ride these fine horses?' Then the man said: 'If he loves to pray and to learn, and is good, he shall come into this garden, and Lippus and Jost, too; and when they all come together, they shall have fifes and trumpets, lutes and all sorts of music, and they shall dance, and shoot with little cross-bows.'

'And he showed me a fine meadow there in the garden, made for dancing. There hung nothing but golden fifes, trumpets, and fine silver cross-bows. But it was early, and the children had not yet eaten; therefore I could not wait the dance, and I said to the man: 'Ah, dear sir! I will immediately go and write all this to my little son Johnny, and tell him to pray diligently, and to learn well, and to be good, so that he also may come to this garden. But he has an Aunt Lehne; he must bring her with him.' Then the man said: 'It shall be so; go and write him so.'

"Therefore, my dear little son Johnny, learn and pray away! and tell Lippus and Jost, too, that they must learn and pray. And then you shall come to the garden together. Herewith I commend thee to Almighty God. And greet Aunt Lehne, and give her a kiss for my sake.

"Thy dear father,

"Anno 1530."

"Martinus Luther."

THE ANSWER OF THE SEA

BY JOHN LANGDON HEATON

(Born at Canton, N. Y., January 29, 1860)

One day I saw a ship upon the sands
 Careened upon beam-ends, her tilted deck
 Swept clear of rubbish of a long-past wreck,
Her colors struck, but not by human hands;
Her masts the driftwood of what distant strands!
Her frowning ports where, at the Admiral's beck,
 Grim, scowling cannon held the foe in check,
Gaped for the frolic of the minnow bands.
The seaweed banners in her fo'c's'le waved;
 A turtle basked upon her capstan head;
Her cabin's pomp the clownish sculpin braved,
 And on her prow, where the lost figure-head
Once scorned the brink, a name forgot was graved—
 It was "The Irresistible" I read!





JOHN LANGDON HEATON

JUDGES

BEING AN EXTRACT FROM A MOST ELOQUENT ADDRESS IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE

BY CHARLES SUMNER

(Born at Boston, Mass., January 6, 1811; died at Washington, D. C., March 11, 1874)

LET me here say that I hold Judges, and especially the Supreme Court of the country, in much respect; but I am too familiar with the history of judicial proceedings to regard them with any superstitious reverence. Judges are but men, and in all ages have shown a full share of frailty. Alas! alas! the worst crimes of history have been perpetrated under their sanction. The blood of martyrs and of patriots, crying from the ground, summons them to judgment.

It was a judicial tribunal which condemned Socrates to drink the fatal hemlock, and which pushed the Saviour barefoot over the pavements of Jerusalem, bending beneath his cross. It was a judicial tribunal which, against the testimony and entreaties of her father, surrendered the fair Virginia as a slave; which arrested the teachings of the apostle to the Gentiles, and sent him in bonds from Judea to Rome; which in the name of old religion, adjudged the saints and fathers of the Christian Church to death, in all its most dreadful forms; and which afterwards in the name of the new religion, enforced the tortures of the Inquisition, amidst the shrieks and agonies of its victims; while it compelled Galileo to declare, in solemn denial of the great truth he had disclosed, that the earth did not move round the sun.

. Ay, sir, it was a judicial tribunal in England, surrounded by all the forms of law, which sanctioned every despotic caprice of Henry the Eighth, from the unjust divorce of his queen to the beheading of Sir Thomas More; which lighted the fires of persecution, that glowed at Oxford and Smithfield, over the cinders of Latimer, Ridley, and John Rodgers; which, after elaborate argument, upheld the fatal tyranny of ship money against the patriotic resistance of Hampden . . . which persistently enforced the laws of conformity that our Puritan fathers persistently refused to obey; and which afterwards, with Jeffries on the bench, crimsoned the pages of English history with massacre and murder, even with the blood of innocent women. Ay, sir, and it was a judicial tribunal in our country, surrounded by all the forms of law, which hung witches at Salem, which affirmed the constitutionality of the Stamp Act, while it admonished "jurors and the people" to obey; and which now, in our day, has lent its sanction to the unutterable atrocity of the Fugitive Slave Law.



CHARLES SUMNER

A LEGEND OF SONORA

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

(Daughter of Julian and granddaughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne)



TWO persons, a man and a woman, faced each other under a clump of live oaks. Hard by were visible the walls of an adobe house crumbling with age. The sun was setting; a slight breeze stirred in the dark branches of the trees, which all through the hot Mexican day had been motionless. The woman was dark and small, with large eyes and a graceful body; the man, a swarthy vaquero, in serape and sombrero.

"And you heard him say—that?" said she.

"Yes, *senorita*. He said 'I love you! I love you!' twice, like that. And then he kissed her."

"Ah! he kissed her. Anything else?"

"This!" He handed her a slip of folded paper. It contained a woman's name, a few words of passion and a signature. As the *senorita's* eyes perused it, they contracted and she drew a long breath. The vaquero watched her keenly. "I found it in the arbor after they had gone," said he.

She looked away dreamily. "Thank you, thank you, *Mazeppa*," she muttered. "It is late. I must go in now. *Adois, Mazeppa*." She turned and, moving slowly, vanished behind a corner of the adobe house.

The vaquero remained motionless until she was out of sight. Then he pressed his hands to his lips, and flung them out toward her with a passionate gesture. The next moment he had mounted his horse and was gone.

An hour passed. Again the sound of hoofs. A handsome young *senor*, jauntily attired, galloped up to the door of the house, and springing from the saddle, hitched his rein over a large hook projecting from the wall. "*Hola! Maria, little one!*" he called out, in a rich, joyous voice. "Where is my little *Maria*?"

The *senorita* appeared, smiling. She was in white, with a *reboso* drawn around her delicate face. She bore a two-handed silver cup, curiously chased. "See," she said, "I have brought you some wine. Such a long ride, just to see me!" She was holding out the cup toward him; but, as he was about to receive it, she drew it back suddenly. She was pale; her eyes glittered. "I, too, am thirsty," she said. She lifted the cup to her lips and took a deep draught. "Now you shall finish it," she added, handing it to him.



HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

He nodded to her laughingly. "To our love!" he said, and drained it. "But how strangely you look at me, little one!" he exclaimed, as he set the cup down and caught his breath. "Is anything wrong?"

"All is well," she answered. "I am happy. Are you happy?"

"I? I am with you, am I not?"

She put her hand in his. "Let us never be parted any more," she said. "Come; we'll walk to the hilltop and see the moon rise."

Hand in hand, they sauntered along the path up the bare hillside. On and on they walked, slowly, slowly. Maria gave a little gasp, and glanced with dilated eyes at her lover. He smiled faintly, and tried to draw her toward him, but, somehow, did not; and still they moved slowly on their way. The hilltop seemed strangely far off. Maria pressed forward, grasping her lover's hand. What made the distance seem so long? Surely it was but a stroll of ten minutes; yet it was as though they had been walking an hour—a year—many years!

Down the hillside path came a horseman, riding quietly and humming a love-song. He was close upon the two figures before he appeared to be aware of them. They half stopped, as if to speak to him. The horse shivered and plunged. The rider stared at the couple but an instant, then, driving home his spurs, he sprang past them.

"Mother of God!" he faltered, crossing himself as he threw a backward glance up the path, on which nothing was now visible "the ghosts! The little girl who, they say down below, poisoned herself and her lover fifty years ago!"






MARY E. WILKINS

EUNICE AND THE DOLL

BY MARY E. WILKINS

(Born at Randolph, Mass., 1862)

PART I.



SIXTY years ago there were twelve hundred inhabitants and over in the village, but there was only one doll. She was a member of the doctor's family, being the property of his daughter Caroline, and spent most of her time in the top of the great mahogany chest in the spare chamber, because she was too handsome and too costly to be played with every day.

When I say there was only one doll in the village, I mean only one boughten doll, or store doll. There were plenty of common, home-made dolls, manufactured from linen rags, and even from corncobs, but there was only one painted, wax, real-haired doll, made, no one knew how or where, by some cunning workman with marvelous means at his command.

She was as much a real doll as flesh-and-blood baby was a real baby. The mystery of existence was hers. If the truth had been told, many a little girl scarcely believed that if the Doll's beautiful kid body were wounded, it would bleed cotton wool, like that of her own doll. Eunice was especially skeptical.

Once, when she had the pleasure of taking tea with Caroline Tucker, the owner of the Doll, she questioned her.

"What do you suppose she's made of inside?" she asked, timidly. Eunice was rather shy of Caroline Tucker, who was a year older than she, had a silk dress, was the doctor's daughter, and owned the Doll.

"Oh, I don't know; cotton wool, perhaps," replied Caroline Tucker. She spoke quite carelessly. Long possession had cheapened for her the wonder and charm of the Doll. Eunice shook her head doubtfully.

"What do you suppose it is, then?" asked Caroline Tucker.

"When I held her once I thought I felt something like bones," said Eunice in a whisper.

There were three other girls at the tea-party. They all shivered and stared at the Doll. Caroline Tucker laughed, and tossed back her curls with a grown-up and superior air, which was usual with her.

"Oh, I have felt it, too," said she. "Mother says she thinks the Doll is made of wooden framework. That's all, Eunice Field."

The five little girls, the four guests and Caroline Tucker, sat in the best parlor, and the Doll with them in a little haircloth rocking-chair of her own.

The Doll was arrayed in her company frock of spangled pink tarlatan, cut low in the neck. Her whole array might have been considered of somewhat too festive a character for an afternoon tea-party, being better adapted to a ball, or even a circus, but the girls considered it eminently proper. They themselves wore low-necked and short-sleeved dresses, though the material was delaine or cambric, instead of tarlatan.

They had come to the party at half-past one o'clock, and brought their work. Each was making a black silk apron for herself, embroidering it with a wreath of red roses with green leaves across the top of the hem. Embroidered black silk aprons were very fashionable at that time, and the little girls were very much interested in theirs. They were all presents from Caroline's mother. She had given her daughter and each of her daughter's particular friends, black silk enough for an apron, and had herself drawn the rose pattern on tissue paper. The tea-party was given partly for the purpose of furthering work on the aprons. Caroline was not very swift nor skillful with her needle, and her mother thought that this might stimulate her to improvement.

Caroline Tucker had a very placid and contented disposition; all her life she had heard about this other little girl who had knitted a whole stocking before she was near her age, and that other little girl who had pieced a whole bed-quilt, without being in the least disturbed by her own remissness in those particulars. However, now she really wanted the black silk apron; it was much more interesting than a stocking or a bed-quilt, and she worked quite industriously.

Eunice thought Caroline's mother was beautiful. Her admiration was divided between Mrs. Tucker and the Doll.

The five girls embroidered industriously, and the Doll sat still and stared past them all with her unwinking blue eyes and smiled sweetly at nobody, though none of them knew that. Each thought that one of the others must catch that bright blue glance and sweet pink smile, if she did not.

At four o'clock Caroline's mother came in again and bade them all fold their work away nicely, then put on their hats and run out in the garden for an hour before tea. Just then Caroline's brother Peter came in. He was much older than Caroline, a grown-up young man in Harvard College. This was his vacation time. When he entered the little girls courtesied, and he greeted them with a gay friendliness which was very engaging. Peter Tucker was a handsome young man, with brown hair curling over a high, white forehead, red cheeks, and eyes as blue as the Doll's.

He walked straight up to the Doll, in her little chair, and stood looking

down at her. Eunice was of the firm opinion that she was then staring and smiling at him.

"Well," said Mr. Peter Tucker, with a deep sigh, "I am thankful that this poor Doll-baby isn't crying now, as she cried all last night in that awful chest in the spare chamber where she is kept shut up."

"Oh, Peter!" said his mother, remonstratingly.

The guests nudged one another. They did not know whether to laugh or sigh with him; Mr. Peter was so very serious. Caroline tossed back her curls.

"Brother Peter is always talking that way," said she.

"Now, Sister Caroline," returned Mr. Peter Tucker, and he looked almost as if he were going to weep, the corners of his mouth were so drawn down, "you know there isn't one night, and you know there are not many days, when this poor precious Doll-baby is shut up in the chest that she doesn't cry and cry and sob enough to break your heart, and say over and over that she's afraid of the dark and mice in there, and beg to be let out."

Mr. Peter imitated the Doll's voice with a lamentable little squeak, and it did seem as if he would presently break into sobs. Caroline tossed back her curls again.

"He always talks that way," said she, and the guests laughed knowingly—all except Eunice Field. She looked soberly into Mr. Peter's face, and her forehead between her smooth scallops of black hair was knitted in a troubled frown.

Mr. Peter looked straight at her when he spoke again. "And that is not all," he said, solemnly. "That Doll has been known to move around in that chest."

"He's telling fibs," declared Caroline Tucker, but a shiver crept over the others, and Eunice turned quite pale.

"Such kickings and thumpings against the lid, which it is no use to say are due to rats and mice," Mr. Peter went on impressively; "and when it is raised that poor Doll-baby, lying all twisted up on her stomach, all worn out with her struggles. If you don't believe it, look at the toes of her shoes. How do you suppose the morocco got so worn unless she kicked the chest to get out? Dolls don't walk, do they?"

Mr. Peter pointed triumphantly at the Doll's little pink morocco toes, which were undoubtedly rubbed, and the little girls eyed them curiously.

"If we don't go out now we shan't have any time in the garden before tea," declared Caroline Tucker, though not impatiently. She was very fond and proud of her big brother, though she was conscious of an entire superiority to his teasing. She and her guests all flocked out, but Eunice turned for one more wistful look at Mr. Peter, and he nodded at her with intense meaning.

There was a beautiful old garden with an arbor in it behind Doctor Tucker's

house. The girls strolled up and down the box-bordered path, picked some gooseberries, and finally began to play hide-and-seek.

Caroline was "it," and Eunice was hunting for her near the garden gate when she heard her name called. "Eunice," some one said softly; "Eunice."

She looked, and there stood Mr. Peter, with a roguish and ingratiating smile on his masculine face. He raised a finger and beckoned her toward the house. "Come in a minute," he whispered. "I've got something to show you."

Eunice looked at him shyly and doubtfully. "Come," said Mr. Peter; "you can play hide-and-seek any time, and you don't know what I've got to show you."

Mr. Peter motioned so beseechingly toward the house that Eunice yielded and followed him in.

Mr. Peter led the way into the parlor, and Eunice noticed the minute she entered that something about the room was changed. A large high-backed chair had been drawn forward, and a screen which had stood before the fireplace had been moved to a position at right-angles with it. Between the screen and high-backed chair sat the Doll in her old place.

Eunice looked at her, and noted the fluffy spread of her pink tarlatan skirts, the mild stare of her blue eyes, and her sweet, set smile. Mr. Peter stopped and pointed at the Doll, with one of his commiserating sighs. "Looks quite cheerful now, doesn't she?" said he.

"Yes, sir," replied Eunice.

"That pink dress is pretty, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"And she has a pretty smile, though she might smile a little more and look happier?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Peter sighed again and motioned Eunice into the square room at the right of the chimney. There was a window in it, and the shutters were open. They were the only shutters which were open in the room; all the others had been closed during Eunice's absence.

Mr. Peter pushed Eunice gently forward, close to the window. From that place she could not have seen the Doll, even if she had not been concealed by the screen.

"Now," said Mr. Peter, mysteriously, "you see that tree?"

"Yes, sir," replied Eunice. She could not well avoid seeing the tree, since it was a tall elm only a few yards from the window. "Well," said Mr. Peter, "now you look straight up in the top of the tree, a little toward the right—see anything?"

Eunice looked very hard, but she saw nothing except the green network of

elm leaves. "No, sir," she replied, doubtingly, and then she jumped and was turning around, for she thought she heard a soft rustle and stir in front of the fireplace where the Doll sat, but Mr. Peter laid a gentle, detaining hand on her shoulder. "Look sharp," said he; "you don't look far enough to the left. See anything?"

"No, sir," replied Eunice. She began to feel quite stupid and guilty.

"Something that shines," said Mr. Peter. "See it?"

Eunice shook her head.

"It is odd you don't see it," said Mr. Peter. "Try again."

Eunice looked and looked. She thought again that she heard a slight rustle in the vicinity of the Doll, but she did not turn her head. She stared up into the green maze of the elm, and Mr. Peter waited.

"See it now?" he inquired, finally, but before Eunice could reply he cried out, "Well, I declare, that Doll has changed her dress!"

Eunice turned, and her eyes followed Mr. Peter's pointing finger. There sat the Doll, but instead of her pink tarlatan frock, she wore one of white muslin. That was not all. The Doll was smiling a smile fully one-quarter of an inch wider than before. She seemed to be actually laughing.

"Only see her smile. She is pleased because she has changed her dress herself," said Mr. Peter.

Eunice drew a long breath and looked at the Doll.

PART II.

Eunice never quite knew what happened next, what she said and did, nor what Mr. Peter said. The first that she could remember, after seeing the Doll dressed in that other frock and smiling that wider smile, was being walked up and down the south yard by Mr. Peter, and his voice in her ears, telling her about the mysterious object in the top of the elm tree.

"It is the hoodoo's nest, at least that's what I suspect it is," said Mr. Peter. "Did you ever hear of a hoodoo?"

"No, sir," replied Eunice, faintly.

Mr. Peter, as he talked, kept a sharp watch to see if Eunice's black eyes were losing their bewildered stare, and her mouth its helpless, breathless expression.

If the Doll had startled Eunice, Eunice had rather startled Mr. Peter. He talked very fast about the hoodoo's nest. "Well, you see, Eunice, a hoodoo is a very vain bird," said he. "I doubt if the oldest person in this town ever saw a hoodoo. I never have myself. It is a bird about as large as a small hen, of a pretty pink color, with three long and two short tail feathers, and a tufted head; but the queerest thing about it is, it is hindsided before, and topsy-turvy, and every

which way generally. The left wing of a hoodoo is where the right wing ought to be, and the right where the left ought to be; the tail feathers are where the head ought to be, and head where the tail ought to be; the feet and the head are topsyturvy, so it has to tumble over and hop the wrong side up, and it has always to fly to the left when it wants to go to the right, and to go to the right when it wants to go to the left. Now, look up in the tree, Eunice, just at the right of that big bough; see the hoodoo's nest? See it shine?"

Eunice looked obediently, and that time she did see an indistinct something in the top of the tree, giving out a dull reflection from the afternoon sun.

"See it?" repeated Mr. Peter.

"Yes, sir."

"Looks like gold, doesn't it? Well, maybe it is gold. No one will ever know. No one can ever get that hoodoo's nest; did you know that, Eunice?"

Mr. Peter's voice was very impressive. Eunice looked at him.

"Well, I'll tell you why," said Mr. Peter. "Once I tried to get that hoodoo's nest, and I fell and broke my arm; and once Sam Brown tried, and he fell and put his shoulder out of joint; and once his brother Willy tried, and he came down with a fever next day. Nobody has ever tried to get that hoodoo's nest that something hasn't happened to him."

Eunice look earnestly at Mr. Peter and laughed shyly. Her boundary-line between the real and ideal was more marked in the case of birds than of dolls.

Just then Mr. Peter's mother came to the south door to tell them that tea was ready. "What are you telling that child, Peter?" she asked.

"Only about the hoodoo's nest in the tree, mother," replied Mr. Peter, quite seriously and innocently.

Mrs. Tucker looked up in the tree and laughed. "Oh, that old paint pail," she said, "it has been up there ever since the house was painted one Spring twenty years ago. I never knew how it got there—I suppose one of the painters tossed it into the tree and it caught. The boys were always trying to climb the tree and get it. That was the way Peter broke his arm when he was ten years old. There isn't any such bird as a hoodoo, dear; now, come right in to tea. Sally has gone to call the others in from the garden."

Eunice, as she passed the parlor door on her way to the dining-room, saw the Doll in her little rocking-chair, and she was dressed in her pink spangled tarlatan, and the wide smile had disappeared; she displayed, instead, her usual little, sweet, set pucker.

The tea was very nice, even sumptuous, according to the ideas of the guests. Only Caroline and her friends sat at the table; Mrs. Tucker thought they would enjoy their tea better by themselves. Miss Sally Tucker waited on them. Miss Sally was Doctor Tucker's sister, but she was very much younger. Indeed, she

was scarcely older than Mr. Peter, and her ways were even more lively than his. She was very pretty and very smart; she could play on the piano and harp, and draw and paint, and make wax flowers, and do worsted work. The little girls admired her very much. Eunice thought that she was even more beautiful than Mrs. Tucker, and Miss Sally noticed her more than she did any of the others.

After tea Miss Sally took Eunice up to her room, and presented her with a beautiful little blue glass bottle filled with cologne. Eunice was delighted. She had never seen anything so pretty. Then Miss Sally smoothed back her hair and kissed her. "You are a darling," said she. Then she hesitated. Eunice thought she was going to say something very particular, but she did not; she only laughed, and said she was not very much frightened when the doll changed her dress, was she? And when Eunice said, "No, ma'am," kissed her again, and told her that she was the sweetest little thing in the world, Eunice smiled shyly up in the beautiful young lady's face, and felt very loving and grateful, though she was still much bewildered when she thought of the Doll.

When Eunice got home that night, she seemed so sober that her aunt Maria noticed it. Eunice's parents had died when she was a baby, and she had lived with her aunt ever since she could remember. Miss Maria Staples was a school-teacher and considered very strict. All the scholars stood in awe of her, Eunice as well as the rest, although the teacher was her own aunt. It was possible that Miss Staples was so afraid of being partial that she was even more strict with Eunice than with the others.

"What ails you, child?" she asked that night, after Eunice had read her chapter. Eunice was reading the Bible through, a chapter every night.

Eunice jumped. She had been sitting with her closed Bible on her knees, gazing straight ahead, her mouth drooping, her forehead knitted.

"Nothing, ma'am," replied Eunice. She could not tell her aunt Maria about the Doll.

"Well, you had better go right to bed," said her aunt Maria. She thought that Eunice must be tired, and that was why she looked so sober. Eunice went to bed, but she lay awake a long time thinking about the Doll, and wondering if she was crying, shut up in the closet in the Tucker spare chamber.

The next day the fall term of school began, and Eunice went in a clean pink calico dress and a blue gingham tie. All her friends who had been at the tea party were there, except Caroline Tucker. At the recess of the afternoon session Eunice heard some wonderful news about her.

"Only think, Caroline is going West to stay six months with her grandmother Whiting," said Esther Green to the girls, who were eating the apples which they had brought from luncheon out in the playground.

They all stared. "Out West" had a tremendous sound in those times.

Caroline Tucker's grandmother lived no further west than New York State, but that was a goodly distance in those days of stage coaches.

"Don't believe it," said one, stoutly.

"Me, neither," said another.

"It's so," declared Esther Green. "Her mother told my mother. That's why she didn't come to school. Caroline, she ain't been very well lately, and her grandmother Whiting is all alone since Caroline's aunt Jane got married, and so she's sent for Caroline right away; the letter came this morning. Think the change will do Caroline good, and her grandmother's lonesome. There's a lady that lives where her grandmother does, out West, is going home from Boston day after to-morrow, and Caroline is going with her. Caroline is going in the stage to Boston to-morrow, so." Esther Green gave a triumphant and conclusive nod. She was a stout girl with an obstinate chin, who did not like to be contradicted.

"My!" said a girl, drawing a long breath.

"I s'pose she'll take the Doll," said Eunice Field. Eunice had not spoken before.

"Of course she will," replied Esther Green; "it ain't likely she'd leave a doll like that at home."

"Why, I don't believe there's a doll as big as that, with real hair, out West. Course she'll take it, Eunice Field."

"Yes, I s'posed she would," agreed Eunice, meekly. She reflected that she would stay home from out West all the days of her life, rather than go away and have such a doll as that shut up in a chest in the spare chamber for six months.

Caroline Tucker started on her travels at eight o'clock in the morning, in the stage coach, which in those days plied between the villages and Boston. At recess that forenoon, all her friends got together to discuss it, and then Eunice inquired of Esther Green, who had seen Caroline, what the Doll wore.

"She didn't carry the Doll," replied Esther Green, with a slightly crestfallen air.

Eunice was never known to contradict any one, but this was an exception. "I don't believe it," said she.

"Well, she didn't, so there, Eunice Field. I saw her start my own self, and she didn't carry the Doll."

Eunice was incredulous for three days. Then, as she was going home from school one night she met Mr. Peter Tucker. He bowed gravely when she courtesied, and she had almost passed him when he sighed deeply, and she knew what was coming. "Oh," said Mr. Peter, "you ought to hear that poor Doll-baby cry, now her mother has gone and she's shut up day and night in that chest; it's awful."

Eunice cast such a pitiful, beseeching glance at Mr. Peter Tucker that his conscience smote him a little, but he only nodded with grave emphasis, and went on.

Eunice was so very sober that night that her aunt resolved to mix her up some sulphur and molasses, to take three mornings and skip three, and give it to her at once. She thought that she could not be well.

It so happened that the next day, after school, Eunice's aunt Maria sent her on an errand to Doctor Tucker's house. She was part way there when she met Mr. Peter Tucker, and Mrs. Tucker and Miss Sally were a little way behind him.

Mr. Peter had his fishing rod. He bowed to Eunice and sighed.

"She had a dreadful night," he whispered, hurriedly, and then Mrs. Tucker and Miss Sally came up and spoke to Eunice. They wore their best bonnets and carried parasols and were going out to make calls.

"Were you going up to our house for that cape pattern for your aunt, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Tucker.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Eunice.

"I thought you might be. Your aunt said she would send for it some night after school. Well, my dear, there isn't a soul in the house, but the key to the south door is under the mat. You unlock the door and go right in. You know where Caroline's chamber is, dear?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, you go right up there and you will see the patterns tied up with a pink tape on Caroline's bed. You must lock the door when you go out and put the key under the mat."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Eunice.

Eunice went on to Doctor Tucker's house. She found the key under the rush mat, unlocked the south door and entered. The house was still and echoed so that she stood hesitating at the foot of the stairs. Her heart beat hard, and she looked around fearfully. Then she shut her mouth tightly and ran upstairs as fast as she could go, as if she were fleeing from her own fear.

Caroline's chamber was a pretty little room, with white curtains, a white valanced bed and a white frilled dressing-table. The cape pattern tied with the pink tape lay on the bed.

Eunice took it and went out. She was at the head of the stairs, when she glanced in an open door on her right. It was the door of the spare chamber. Right opposite stood a beautiful carved oak chest, which might have come over in the Mayflower. Eunice stopped. She thought she heard. It was only her imagination, or the cry in her own ears of her own pitying, loving little heart; but she thought she heard.

Five minutes later the south door of Doctor Tucker's house was locked, the

key was under the mat, and a little girl, with a great doll clasped fast to her bosom, was flying as for her life through the fields and gardens behind the houses on the east side of the village street, never stopping until she reached Miss Staples's little garden patch.

PART III.

There was a tall asparagus bed in Miss Staples's garden, and in this, as in the green and feathery glens of a veritable doll's forest, Eunice hid the Doll. She caught a glimpse of her aunt Maria moving past the kitchen windows, preparing supper, and she determined to conceal the Doll in the asparagus bed until she could take her into the house without detection.

Aunt Maria was frying flap-jacks for supper; she was so busy turning a big brown one that she did not look around when Eunice entered the kitchen.

"I declare, I should think you had flown, you have been so quick; did you get the pattern?" said she.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Eunice.

"Well, take it into the sitting-room, and then you can set the table for supper."

Eunice's aunt never looked at her, she was so busy with the flap-jacks, until she sat opposite her at the tea-table. Then she laid down the knife and fork, with which she was raising a section of the pile of sugared and spiced flap-jacks, and stared at her.

"Eunice Field," said she; "what ails you? Are you sick?"

"No, ma'am," replied Eunice, faintly.

"Did you run going to Doctor Tucker's?"

"No, ma'am."

"Did you run coming home?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, I thought you did. I wondered how you ever went so quick. How many times have I got to tell you not to run? You look all beat out. You eat your supper, and then you go straight to bed."

Eunice was usually very fond of flap-jacks, but that night she had hard work to swallow a mouthful. After tea she went obediently to bed, though it was scarcely twilight.

That evening Aunt Maria cut out her cape from some brown ladies'-cloth, stealing every now and then to the foot of the stairs to listen to some restless movement on the part of Eunice, for she felt anxious about her. At nine o'clock she went to bed herself; at ten o'clock she was sound asleep, and the house was very dark and still.

Then it was that a little white figure crept stealthily out of the west chamber,

and downstairs, feeling every step in the darkness, then through the kitchen and out the back door, after cautiously slipping the bolt.

Eunice had never been out-of-doors alone at night before, and the familiar garden seemed like a strange land to her. She sprang aside like a shying colt at a moonbeam athwart the potato patch; a white cat slunk across the path, and her heart stood still, but she went on to the asparagus bed, and caught up the Doll in her trembling little arms.

Then back she fled into the house, locked the door, and went upstairs in her own chamber and her own bed, and Aunt Maria had not stirred. Eunice's feet were icy cold; she trembled from head to foot, and she slept no more that night, but she held the Doll cuddled close and warm, released from the lonely prison in the chest in the spare chamber of the Tucker house. "Mr. Peter won't hear you cry to-night. You are safe now, you precious," she whispered.

The next morning, long before Aunt Maria was stirring, at the first glimmer of dawn, Eunice was up. She tip-toed up the garret stairs with the Doll, and hid her away in a chest where Aunt Maria kept her winter bed-clothes. She kissed the Doll's pink face lovingly, before she closed the lid.

"Don't you be afraid; I'll take you out to-night," she whispered.

Miss Maria Staples, during the next two weeks, had no idea of the double life which her little niece was leading; she worried considerably about her health, she looked so unnaturally grave and thoughtful, and even had a little tonic prepared for her by Doctor Tucker, but she did not dream of the true state of things. Every night, after her aunt was asleep, Eunice stole up the garret-stairs, in fear and trembling, for the garret was an awful place to be in at night. She was afraid of mice; she was afraid of the dark and all the intangible horrors which it might conceal, but she braved everything for the sake of the beloved Doll, who was lifted tenderly from the chest, carried down to her own bed, and cuddled in her arms until dawn. Sometimes, too, during the day, when Aunt Maria was away or busy, Eunice would steal up to the garret and comfort the Doll a little while in her loneliness.

So matters went on for two weeks; then Caroline Tucker came home. Eunice heard of it at school, the day afterward.

"Caroline has got home," said Esther Green at recess, with the importance of a bearer of surprising news.

"Why, she hasn't been gone six months yet," said another girl, wonderingly; and the rest crowded around to hear.

"Well, she's got home, anyhow," said Esther Green. "My mother was in there last night and she saw her. Caroline had come home because there was scarlet fever in the neighborhood out West where her grandmother lives, and her grandmother's youngest son, Caroline's uncle Ephraim, died with it when he

was a baby, and Caroline's aunt never had it. Her grandmother brought her home—why, Eunice Field, what is the matter with you?"

All the girls stared at Eunice, who was white, and trembling as if she had a chill.

"Have you got the toothache?" asked Esther Green.

Eunice shook her head and ran into the schoolroom. She sat down at her desk and leaned her head on it, and her aunt came to her and anxiously inquired, as Esther had done, what was the matter. Eunice only sobbed pitifully in such a weak, convulsive way that Miss Staples was terrified. She called in the girls and questioned them, but they did not know what ailed Eunice. Finally Aunt Maria sent her home, giving her the house-key.

"You take this, and run right straight home," said she, "and you lie down on the sitting-room lounge and keep quiet, till I get home."

Aunt Maria made up her mind to call in the doctor after school as she watched the miserable, trembling little figure creep out of the schoolhouse yard. Eunice went home—most of the way kept her arm in its blue gingham sleeve crooked over her face. Just as she reached her own gate, Mr. Peter Tucker overtook her. He bent his head low as he came near her.

"That poor Doll-baby had a dreadful—" he began, then he fairly jumped at the look which Eunice gave him. It was at once grieved and reproachful, terrified and accusing. Suddenly Eunice saw through Mr. Peter.

"No, she didn't," she cried; "you didn't hear her cry last night. You tell fibs—" with that Eunice was inside her own gate and Mr. Peter was standing, staring after her. He walked on a little way, then he returned and paused before the gate, as if he had a mind to enter, then he strolled slowly past.

Presently Eunice came hurriedly out of the house, and she carried the Doll in her arms. Straight out of the gate and up the street she went, without a turn to the right or left. The flaxen head and pink face of the Doll showed over her shoulder as she marched along. Mr. Peter followed.

Eunice kept on until she reached the Tucker house. She went up to the south door and knocked, and some one opened it before Mr. Peter entered the yard. When he opened the door, a moment later, he heard a shrill, clear, childish voice, from the parlor. He went in, and there sat Mrs. Tucker, and Miss Sallie Tucker, Grandmother Whiting, and Caroline with her unfinished black silk apron in her lap, and there stood Eunice holding the Doll, and speaking very fast.

"I took her," said Eunice. "He—" and she looked at Mr. Peter—"told me she changed her dress, and smiled, and how she cried nights. He told me how dreadful she cried nights after Caroline went. He said he heard her last night. He didn't. He tells fibs. I had her. I took her—I came for Aunt Maria's pat-

tern, and I saw the chest where she was, and—I—I thought I heard her, and I—took her to sleep with me while Caroline was gone, and now I've brought her back."

Grandmother Whiting was a large, fair-faced old lady, in black bombazine and a white lace kerchief and white lace cap. The first thing that Eunice knew she and the Doll were both gathered into her wide, soft embrace.

"You poor little puppet," said Grandmother Whiting, "the Doll-baby don't cry; doll-babies don't ever cry, bless your little heart." Grandmother Whiting choked a little as she spoke. "I don't see what the child means by the Doll's changing her dress and smiling," she said in an anxious aside to Mrs. Tucker. "She isn't out of her head, is she?"

Miss Sally Tucker came swiftly across the room and knelt in a swirl of pink flounces beside Grandmother Whiting. She got hold of Eunice's little hand and kissed it penitently.

"It was a shame," she said, tearfully. "Peter put me up to it, but I was as much to blame as he."

Then Miss Sally confessed how she had aided Mr. Peter to play upon poor Eunice's credulity, and had hidden herself behind the screen in the afternoon of the tea-party, and while Mr. Peter diverted Eunice's attention, had changed the Doll's dress and widened her smile by drawing a tiny upward line of carmine at each corner of her mouth. "I was afraid I could not get it off and had spoiled Caroline's Doll, but I did," faltered Miss Sally. "I never thought the dear child would take it the way she did. I wanted to tell her all about it, but Peter thought it would spoil the joke."

"I don't call it a joke," Mrs. Tucker said, quite severely.

"All I can say is, I am sorry, mother," Mr. Peter said, soberly. "I had no idea of the child's taking it so to heart. I thought she was too old to really believe it. I've kept it up ever since, for every time I have met the poor little thing I have told her how that Doll was taking on nights."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Peter Tucker," said Grandmother Whiting.

"I am, grandmother," returned Mr. Peter, ruefully.

"Now," said Grandmother Whiting to Caroline, who had let her black silk apron slip to the floor, and sat staring in utter bewilderment at everybody and her Doll, of which she had not thought since her return, but which she certainly had supposed to be safe in the chest in the spare chamber, "I want you to do an errand. You go upstairs to my chamber, and you open the drawer in my table and you'll find a paper of peppermints. You bring them down."

"There, there, poor little soul!" said she to Eunice, who was crying softly in

her friendly bosom, "don't you think any more about it. Grandma's going to give you some nice peppermints."

Miss Maria Staples hastened home from school—she was so anxious about Eunice—and found Mrs. Tucker watching for her in her front parlor. Eunice was out in the sitting-room on the lounge, where Mrs. Tucker had bade her lie quietly, and she heard for some time a hum of voices in the parlor. Finally the front door shut, and her aunt came into the sitting-room. She stooped over Eunice, smoothed her hair, and kissed her. "You did very wrong to deceive me, and make so free with other folk's belongings," said she. "You mustn't ever do such a thing again, and you mustn't be so silly, and believe such silly things. You're getting to be a big girl now." Then Aunt Maria kissed Eunice again.

It was a week after that, when one evening, as Eunice was reading her chapter and Aunt Maria was sewing, Mr. Peter Tucker knocked. When Eunice opened the door he entered, bearing a strange burden for a young man in Harvard. He carried the Doll becomingly attired in a traveling costume of red cloak and white hat with blue ribbons. He also carried the Doll's wardrobe in a little trunk. Mr. Peter made a low bow and stated his errand at once.

"I have bought a new doll for my sister which she is pleased to prefer to her old one," said he. "She does not feel able to care for two such children and finish her black silk apron, and therefore I have come to beg Miss Eunice to accept the Doll-baby, of which she took such loving care during her mother's absence."

Mary E. Wilkins

A SPECIMEN OF MARY E. WILKINS'S MANUSCRIPT

Emma Jane had two big brothers: John, and Caleb. Caleb went to the academy, three miles away in the village, and did not come home to dinner. After her father, and her brother John had eaten dinner, and gone down to the wood-lot where they were cutting some hemlock-trees, Emma Jane ~~washed~~ ~~the~~ ~~dishes~~ washed the dishes, standing on a little stool at the sink. She was not seven and a half ~~and not tall enough to reach~~

but she always washed the dishes when school did not keep. There was no school that day, the teachers had a sore throat.

After the dishes were washed, Emma Jane stood about, at her mother's side, as she made the cake. She followed her into the pantry, and stood there watching her, and cut into the kitchen, and stood there. Once she got so near her mother's arm that she hit her with the wooden ^{with which she mixed the cake} ~~spun~~ ^{spun}. "What are you following me about so far?" said her mother, "What do you want?"

"Mother," said Emma Jane,

"Well, what is it?"

"Mother, can't I go down to the store?"



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

A LIFE LESSON

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

(Born at Greenfield, Ind., 1853)

There, little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know,
And your teaset blue, and your playhouse, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by;
There, little one, don't cry!

There, little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know,
And the glad wild ways of your school-girl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by;
There, little girl, don't cry!

There, little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know,
And the rainbow gleams of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh;
There, little girl, don't cry!



JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER

A NIGHT OF DEFEAT

BEING CHAPTER XXIII. FROM "A HERALD OF THE WEST"

BY JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER

(Born in the village of Three Springs, Hart County, Kentucky, April 29, 1862)



S the darkness came out of the east and the silence of desolation spread over the doomed city I felt that it was time for me to go. The last straggler was disappearing, a wagon loaded with household goods had just lumbered past me and gone out of sight around a corner; the night was settling down, thick and close, after a hot, burning day. There was nothing that one could do in Washington, and my sole idea then was to go to Georgetown and help in the escape and protection of Marian. I stood in Pennsylvania Avenue, where I had made my last effort to rally some uniformed fugitives. Near me loomed the Capitol, its white walls shining through the advancing dusk. I turned to go, and heard a rattle and shout and the tread of many feet. Before me blazed the red coats of an English regiment, advancing up the avenue, in but half order, their general, Ross, and the admiral, Cockburn, who commanded the blockading fleet, at their head. Theirs was not the precise, steady walk of the drill ground, of troops under strict discipline, but they came on in irregular lines, shouting and firing stray shots at the silent and unoffending walls of houses. I saw at once that these men, wild and drunk with triumph, were in truth the men of whom Wellington wrote, and less kin to the Puritans of Cromwell than ever. I was about to turn again for retreat another way, when my eye was caught by the figure of an officer riding just behind the British general—a tall man, straight-shouldered, and riding stiffly. It was my kinsman, Major Northcotè, in a brilliant uniform, all his seeming indifference gone, his face red with the flush of victory and gratified malice, as on this, the most triumphant day of his life, he rode toward the Capitol of the country which had injured him and which, I knew now, he hated with as much vindictive passion as the human breast is capable of holding. He fascinated me for the moment as Turnus in the *Æneid* or the Devil in *Paradise Lost* fascinates the reader. The light of the setting sun, reddest as it goes, blazed upon his face, and brought forth like Greek chiseling every strong and sharpened feature—the massive head, the projecting chin, the tight-shut lips, the high cheek bones, the seamed forehead, the thick gray hair above, the whole handsome as ever, but now harsh and repellent.

It was only for the moment that I looked, and then I turned again to flee down a side street. Some of the soldiers saw me and shouted to their comrades to shoot, setting the example by firing point-blank at my vanishing form, and the others followed quickly with a volley. But the twilight had come and the soldiers were unsteady. I heard their bullets whistling around me, but none touched me, and I told Philip Ten Broeck that it was time to show himself a man of speed and sure foot, and so telling I took his advice and darted into the side street. It was well for me that I looked before me, for my eyes were saluted again by a line of red uniforms, and down the side street at a trot came a company of British grenadiers, shouting like their comrades in the avenue and firing at the houses, changing their aim when I came and sending their bullets at me. This way was closed, and I ran back into the avenue, to find the main body of the troops still nearer. Obeying instinct, I ran straight ahead at a great pace and directly toward the Capitol. I would have tried another side street, but I feared that I would dash into a British company, for they seemed to be approaching from almost every direction, and I ran on toward the great building, which rose white and massive in the misty twilight. More muskets were discharged at me, and the troops shouted in delight like hunters at a fox chase; but I had little fear of their bullets, which struck bushes and houses, but never my body.

I dashed around a little patch of shrubbery, took a few leaps, and was then at the Capitol. I believed that the troops had lost sight of me, and I would hide in the building until the darkest part of the night came, when I would escape to the country. I listened for a moment behind one of the pillars, and then entered the Capitol. Books and parchments were scattered upon the floors, but around me was utter silence, and the darkness of night had gathered already in the lone rooms and halls. On a table in one of the rooms a candle burned dimly. How it came to be lighted I know not, but it sputtered there and threw its flickering flame on the marble walls like one of the torches that some religions burn at the feet of the dead.

When I stepped heavily upon a stone floor the great building rumbled as the echo fled through hall and corridor, and the succeeding silence and desolation oppressed me. I went into the Senate chamber, where I had listened to the eloquence of Mr. Clay urging on the war, and walked down between the rows of deserted desks, some with rolls of papers lying upon them, and faced the Vice-President's chair, sitting there an emblem of emptiness and abandonment. It was now more than twilight in the silent chamber, for within those walls the darkness had come, and it was only my accustomed eyes that enabled me to see; even then the walls and chairs and desks became shadowy, while the feeble rays of light that filtered through the windows made a pallid and ghostly hue where they fell. It was to me a dim chamber of the dead, and my brain was excited with the wild

battle and flight of the day, the heat and dust, the shame and disgrace of the rout, and my presence alone there in that darkening room, from which the rightful occupants had fled. My heart was filled with varying emotions, shame, anger, excitement; my feet became light as air, and my brain swelled with strange ideas. I walked down the aisle and up to the Vice-President's chair, in which I took my seat and faced the empty chairs of the senators.

It was a fine chair, a big chair, but I filled it, for I say again that my brain swelled with the excitement and battle of the day and held strange ideas. I looked down at the rows of silent desks and empty chairs, formless in the dark, and facing me like phantoms, and I trembled with indignation at those who had occupied them and had fled. I threw up my hand, and it struck a gavel on a little marble-topped table by my side. The Vice-President's gavel! He, too, was gone. Then I would wield it for him!

I rapped once, twice, thrice, on the marble table for order. The resonant stone gave back the sound, and the dim chamber echoed with it. The rows of desks, looking more than ever in the thickening dusk like phantoms of men, faced me, ordered and silent.

I rose to my feet, the gavel still in my hand.

"Senators, pillars of your country," I said, speaking clearly and distinctly, "for years we were threatened with war, and we had no recourse but war. Then you brought us war. Is it not so?"

No answer; no dissent.

"Then you brought us war, I say, and you did right; and, still holding the blessings of peace in view, you made no preparations for it. You gave us war, but you denied us any army or arms. Is it not true?"

No answer.

"Does the senator from Massachusetts deny it? He does not? Does the senator from South Carolina deny it? Does the senator from New York deny it? They do not. Then, be it resolved that we are sluggards and blockheads and unfit for our posts. Does any one oppose the resolution?"

No answer.

"Unanimously adopted. Let it be entered upon the record, Mr. Clerk, that the noble senators, by unanimous resolution, have decided that they are sluggards and blockheads and unfit for their posts. Moreover, gentlemen of the Senate, when the enemy appeared at your gates you organized no resistance, but fled in haste and disgrace from your capital, leaving it to its fate. Therefore, be it resolved, gentlemen of the Senate, that we are cowards, one and all; rank, scurvy cowards. Does any one oppose the resolution?"

No answer.

"Unanimously adopted. Enter it upon the record, Mr. Clerk, that the senators, by unanimous resolution, have decided that they are cowards."

"Present arms! Take aim!"

The command, loud and sharp, came through the windows and recalled me to what was passing outside. I sprang from the chair and running to the window looked out, but I took only one brief look. The British companies were drawn up, muskets presented and aimed at the windows of the Capitol. Between their lines I could see Major Northcote on his horse, his face still flushed with all the joy of insolent triumph, and I knew that he more than any other had helped to guide and lead them there. He had used his time in Washington well for him—too well for us.

"Fire!"

Three hundred muskets were discharged at once, and the bullets smashed into the windows of the Capitol. The glass over my head was shattered into a thousand pieces, and poured down a rain of bits and splinters upon me. The bullets whistled through the air and pattered upon the opposite walls. I remained crouched where I was under the window, for I expected a second volley, and it came quickly. They were so close that the flame from the muskets seemed to flash in at the windows; the glass left by the first discharge rattled upon the floor, the smoke puffed in, and the whole building resounded and echoed with the volleys. The second discharge was succeeded by a stream of scattering shots, and then I heard them shouting and cursing at the doors and pouring into the building.

I had rushed into the Capitol through instinct, thinking that I might find a safe hiding-place for a while in its deserted halls. In the fierce wars of the French Revolution and those that came after, nearly every capital city of Europe had been taken, and always they had been spared. The armies of the French republic and the Napoleonic empire had entered capital after capital on the continent of Europe, and they had harmed none; if Moscow was burned it was not Napoleon's soldiers, but its own inhabitants, who burned it. The English and the Cossacks had been in Paris, and they had left Paris as it was; but when the English, from whom we are descended, entered our new little capital of Washington, just rising from bush and marsh, they raged with the mad lust that savages have for destruction.

As I sprang into one of the halls I saw the soldiers rushing into the building, some with lighted torches in their hands and others firing their muskets at the ceiling, the walls, chandeliers—anything that was large enough to be a target. All were wild with that insane fury which in Malay countries they call running amuck. All were yelling and cursing, and the building resounded with the din and confusion. Outside, their admiral, Cockburn, galloped up and down on a

white mare, followed by her foal, a ferocious and ludicrous figure, bellowing to his men, egging them on, cursing the building and the nation that had built it. Truly the better England was dead, that night!

I ran down a hall and toward one of the back windows, hoping to escape through it, but some soldiers there blocked my way. The whole building swarmed with them—they were everywhere, shouting and firing pistols and muskets and setting torches to wooden furniture or whatever else inflammable they could find. Twice I saw Major Northcote, torch aloft, and shouting to the men to spare nothing. His seemed to be the most ruthless hand in all that ruthless band. Some of the halls and rooms were as light as day, for in places the interior of the building was already in a bright blaze; in others, which the flames had not yet reached, it was still dark. Columns of smoke poured down the halls, and the crackling of burning material mingled with the shouts and oaths of the troops. In the half light and the savage orgie no one noticed me, though more than once I brushed against the soldiers as I sought some way of escape. All seemed to be closed to me; the British were everywhere in the building, and outside they surrounded it. In the dusk of the dim halls, with the men thinking of nothing but to destroy the senseless wood and stone, I could escape notice, but outside, where so many torches flared and officers and soldiers looked on, they would be sure to mark me the moment I appeared. I felt for the first time a fear for my life, but I did not think of surrender, and had I thought of it, the idea would have been dismissed the next moment, since I could expect no quarter from these men.

The flames were roaring now and licked out at the windows, showers of sparks formed a luminous core for the columns of smoke which poured down the halls, and the snapping and popping were like the incessant crackling of pistol shots. The soldiers, their work well done, were rushing from the building, and I fled alone into a small room, where I paused like a wild beast chased from his lair by fire. I stood there by a window, half strangled by the smoke and scorched by the flying sparks. Behind me the flames roared, and across at the other wing they shot far above the roof, casting a wide circuit of light around the burning building. I saw Major Northcote rush out, mount his horse, and ride up by the side of General Ross and Admiral Cockburn. The three sat together for a few moments, on their horses, looking at the flaming Capitol, then they gave commands to the soldiers, who turned about and marched down the avenue toward the White House.

I stood there yet a little longer watching them as they marched, until the crash of falling woodwork behind me said that it was time to go; then, letting myself down from the window, I dropped lightly to the earth outside. I shrank for a little against the wall of the building that I might be protected by its shadow,

for there were still straggling soldiers about, drunk with success and more real liquor, firing their muskets and ready for murder.

A light wind was fanning the fire, which was increasing fast, and the walls grew hot. Cinders and half-burned pieces of wood were falling about me, and smoked or burned in the grass where they fell. I made a dash and crossed the circle of light unnoticed. Then, skulking in the darkness behind the houses and patches of bushes, I followed the general direction in which Ross and Cockburn had gone, turning occasionally to look back at the Capitol, now a mass of fire, yet with the white of the marble still gleaming here and there through the sheets of flame. All about it the earth was lighted up, but beyond lay the encircling rim of darkness, and above it the clouds of smoke mingled with other clouds which were drifting across the sky and formed a sombre canopy.

The English were hastening toward the President's house, and in a few minutes I saw columns of flame shooting up from its roof and bursting from the windows, while soldiers carrying loot from the rooms rushed about showing their spoils. Then the torch was set to the Treasury, and at the same time the flames shot up from the navy-yard, where the buildings and the incomplete ship on the dock were burning. All the time the shouting and cursing and indiscriminate firing went on. The soldiers shot at any one they met not wearing their uniform, and I saw a man named Lewis murdered in the street because he rebuked them for savagery. Higher and higher rose the flames from the doomed buildings, and drunken soldiers danced by their light, while others broke down the doors of houses and ransacked them for plunder.

I saw that my curiosity, the strange fascination that this wild scene, smacking of the bloody deeds of antiquity, had for me, had led me again into danger. I had approached too near the avenue, and hearing soldiers shouting in the cross streets behind me, I pushed open the door of a little negro cabin that stood on Pennsylvania avenue and entered. I had now all my wits about me and knew what I was doing. There was no sign of life in the place, and it was too humble and mean for any one to search there for plunder. In one corner was a ladder leading to a little loft, the eaves of which sloped almost to the ceiling of the first floor. But I went lightly up the ladder, which I pulled into the loft after me, and then I squeezed myself down between the floor and the sloping roof, where I could look out through a little foot-square window, without any glass in it, and see what passed.

The night was far advanced, and yet the soldiers still rioted, their commanders apparently making no effort to restore order, but seeking rather to increase the wildness and savagery of the orgie. What an opportunity it would have been for a little army of our regular troops, which fought so bravely on other fields! All the British forces would have been routed in half an hour. But the

thought brought only bitterness and shame, for that little army of regular troops was not there.

The flames from the burning buildings still lighted up Washington, and had it been a solidly built city, instead of a scattered village with a few detached and splendid structures, the whole of it would have been on fire before this. But even as it was the flames were increasing, and the clouds of smoke widened and darkened. There were other clouds, too, piling up in the sky, and a west wind was moaning. The cinders and ashes driven by the gusts were falling everywhere, and a fine gray dust sifted in at my little window and lodged upon my face.

Despite the gigantic bonfires of the burning buildings, the night began to grow darker, the moan of the wind grew to a shriek; in the far southwest the clouds were piling up higher and higher—big, black and threatening. The figures of the rioting soldiers grew shadowy, mere black lines against the fiery background.

My brain still throbbed with excitement, and my hands felt hot to the touch of each other, but I had no thought of rest. I could not have slept if I had tried, and I lay there with my face in the hole in the wall which served as a window and watched, as the sack of the city went on.

The advancing clouds dimmed the light of the fires, the shots became few, then ceased, the figures of the soldiers, save in the brightest light, melted from black lines into nothing, but the clouds of ashes grew thicker. The shouting died, and after it came a stillness broken only by the sweep of the flames and the rush of the wind. I looked up at the sky; not a star, not a strip of moonlight was there; the heavy gray clouds of smoke had gathered against the darker background of other clouds, and through both shone a red gleam from the fires below. The air was dense and heavy, and its closeness, the red-black of the sky, the feeling left by the wild scenes of the night, seemed to portend a convulsion of Nature—an earthquake, perhaps. My own senses were oppressed. Brain and heart felt as if they were clogged up.

The wind was whistling and shrieking around the little cabin. The air grew purer under its breath, and the flames of the burning city bent far over as it swept against them. In the southwest the clouds were of a jetty blackness, but suddenly they parted before a flash of lightning which cut the sky like a sword blade from the center of the heavens to the earth.

The glare of the lightning upon my eyeballs was so strong that the red gleam in the air lingered after the flash was gone and the clouds had closed again over its track. The rumble of thunder came from the far southwest, and the wind shrieked its delight. The columns of fire bent farther over before its rush, and it seemed to me that ribbons of flame were torn off to float a little in the air and vanish. Toward the burning White House a few distorted figures were yet vis-

ible against the red background, but they, too, soon fled after the other soldiers who were seeking shelter.

The thunder began to rumble again and did not cease, but came nearer; the unbroken shriek of the wind was like the wailing of a thousand bagpipes, and drops of cold rain, driven like pistol balls, struck me in the face. The lightning began an incessant play in the heavens, flashing here and reappearing there with such rapidity and intensity that my eyes ached, though I did not cease to look. The raindrops thickened into a shower and then into a steady rush, swept on by the wind. The thunder now cracked and rolled incessantly, and after all the wild events of the day and evening, with the city burning around me, I was beholding at midnight of a hot August night a fierce storm of thunder and lightning. Nature seems to set her most terrible efforts against those of man. The rain poured as if the bottom of all the clouds had dropped out, and in the street a river of mud and water was running. The buildings burned bravely on for a while; but the flood was too great for the flames, and though they fought long, they began to smoulder at last and then went out, but left only blackened walls, all else being consumed. The city was then in darkness, save for the light of two or three camp-fires which glimmered through the wet and blackness of the storm, and, exhausted with the exertion and excitement of the day and night, though thinking nothing of sleep, I slept.



THE ELOPEMENT

FAC-SIMILE OF MANUSCRIPT PAGES FROM "THE BOW OF ORANGE RIBBON"

BY AMELIA E. BARR

"Katherine"

It was but a whisper, but she heard it. He opened his arms and she flew to their shelter like a bird to its mate.

"My love! My wife! My beautiful wife! My true good heart! Now at last my own! Nothing shall part us again Katherine! Never again! I have come for you — come at all risks for you. Only five minutes the boat can wait. Are you ready?"

"I know not, Richard. My father — my mother —"

"My husband! Say that also, beloved. Am I not first? If you will not go with me, here I shall stay; and as I am still on duty, death and dishonor will be the end. Oh Katherine! Shall I die again for you? Will you break my sword in disgrace over my head? Faith, darling, I know you would rather die for me!"

"If one word I could send them! They suspect me not. They think you are gone. It will kill my father —"

"You shall write to them on the ship. There are a dozen fishing boats near it. We will send the letter by one of them. They will get it early in the morning. Sweet Kate, come! Here is the boat. The Damless lies down the bay, and we have a long pull. My wife, do you need more persuasion?"

He released her from his embrace with the words,



AMELIA E. BARR

and stood holding her hands, and looking into her face. No woman is insensible to a certain kind of authority, and there was a fascination as well as power in Hyde's words and manner, emphasized by the splendor of his uniform and the air of command that seemed to be a part of it.

"It is for you to decide, Katherine. The boat is here. Even I, must obey, or disobey orders. Will you go with me, your husband, to love and life and honor; or shall I stay with you for disgrace and death? For from you I will not part again."

She had no time to consider how much truth there was in this desperate statement. The boat was waiting. Richard was wooing her consent with kisses & entreaties. Her own soul urged her, not only by the joy of his presence, but by the memory of the anguish she had endured that day in the terror of his desertion. From the first moment she had hesitated; therefore, from the first moment she had yielded. She clung to her husband's arm; she lifted her face to his, she said softly but clearly.

"I will go with you, Richard, with you I will go - where to, I care not at all."

They stepped into the boat, and Hyde said "Oars." Not a word was spoken. He held her within his left arm

close to his side, and partially covered with his military cloak. It was the boat belonging to the commander of the Dauntless, and the six sailors manning it, sunk the light craft flying like an arrow down the bay. All the past was behind her. She had done what was irrevocable. For joy, or for sorrow, her place was evermore at her husband's side. Richard understood the decision she was coming to; knew that every doubt and fear had vanished when her hand stole into his hand, when she slightly lifted her face and whispered "Richard!"

They were practically alone upon the misty river, and Richard answered the tender call with sweet impassioned hues, with low, lover-like encouraging words, with a silence that thrilled with such soft beat and subsidence of the Spirit's wing as—

— "When it feels, in cloud-girt wayfaring,
The breath of kindred plumes against its feet."

Bow of Orange Ribbon


P. 177-179.

Anelia E. Barr.

ODIN MOORE'S CONFESSION

A CHRISTMAS STORY

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

T was two o'clock on Christmas morning when Odin Moore, accompanied by two or three boon companions as jolly and noisy as himself, mounted the steps of his lodgings in West Twenty-third Street, New York. The moon, past her prime, shone down on the street, which was covered with dingy snow, except where the long narrow line of the sidewalks had been cleared. Odin Moore thrust his pass-key into the lock.

"Come in, you fellows!" he said to the others. "Cigars and whiskey! We'll make a night of it! No shirking now—in you go!"

"No more in mine, thank you," replied one; "I'm off to bed."

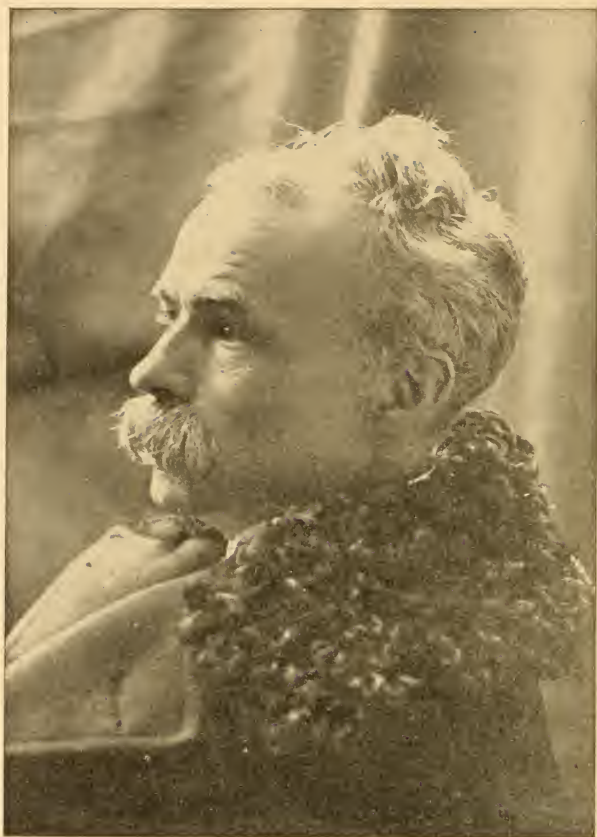
"So'm I," added another. "I'll have bad 'nough headache as 'tis. You're the devil when you get started! 'Nough's good's a feast. Bye-bye!"

They stumbled down the steps, and, linking arms, started up the street. Odin Moore looked after them with sullen contempt for a moment, then turned the key in the lock, entered, and closed the door behind him with a bang that echoed along the silent and frozen street.

As he passed down the dark passage leading to his room, he shivered. Not that he was cold; he had too much liquor in him for that. But he knew that he was going to pass a bad quarter of an hour, and he dreaded it. These lonely small hours of the night were hateful to him. Though he despised the men with whom he associated, he could ill spare their society at such times.

However, with a shrug of the shoulders, he opened the door of his room and went in, and, stepping quickly to the table, turned up the gas. Then he cast his eyes about him with a rapid, covert glance. The room was empty.

It was a fair-sized room, tastefully decorated and furnished. There were low bookshelves round the walls, and above them were ranged some good oil paintings, engravings, and etchings. On the mantelpiece, above the open fireplace, were photographs of half a dozen handsome women, all of them actresses, or otherwise publicly known. The oblong writing-table, covered with morocco leather, was littered with papers and magazines. On either side of the fireplace was a deep-seated easy chair; and there was a comfortable sofa beneath the window. Nothing cheap, commonplace or inelegant was visible. Odin Moore evidently possessed culture, a love of beauty, and means to gratify his tastes.



JULIAN HAWTHORNE

He sat down at the table, opened the cupboard on the right-hand side, and took out a decanter of whiskey and a box of cigars. He rose again the next moment, took off his heavy overcoat and sealskin cap, and heaped coal upon the embers of the grate. Then he returned to his chair, lit a cigar, and poured out a wineglass full of whiskey. As he did so, he noticed a letter lying on the writing-table on the table.

He took it up and examined the handwriting, which seemed to have a dim familiarity, though he could not identify it.

"Not a woman, at all events," he said to himself. "Well, I'll open it. Christmas present, perhaps!" he added, with a half laugh, as he broke the seal.

The letter was from Maurice Matlock. Moore had not seen him and had scarcely heard from him in nearly ten years. But they had once been great friends. Then Matlock had gone West, and out of Moore's knowledge.

The letter said that he was married, and had come to live in New York. He was still following literature as a profession, "with no remarkable results, either in fame or money. But I am very fortunate in other respects," the letter went on, "and I hope you will come and see for yourself at once. We shall expect you all day to-morrow. I have told my wife all about you—that you were and are the best fellow in the world; so she is almost as anxious to see you as I am. I have just finished a volume of poems, which my wife thinks are very good, and I hope to get them published in the Spring. Come and tell me what you think of them."

"Married, and still writing poetry, is he?" commented Odin Moore, laying down the letter. "And thinks I am the best fellow in the world! Evidently he hasn't changed much. Neither have I—except that what was always in me has come out. Still, it would surprise Maurice if I were to tell him the story of the last few years; perhaps he wouldn't be so eager to introduce me to his wife! Wonder whether she's pretty? Pshaw! Probably not. Maurice was never cut out to get on in this world; and he'd be sure to marry the wrong woman—either a shrew or a fool. Not that he need be afraid of me, if she were a goddess. Though I'm not a saint, I can draw the line where I choose, and I should draw it at——"

He stopped abruptly. The same nervous shiver that had overtaken him in the passage returned. He clenched his teeth and put a restraint upon himself. He was sitting with one elbow on the table, in which position his back was half turned towards the fireplace. Above the bookcase, on the side of the room opposite him as he sat, were two engravings from pictures by Michael Angelo, one of the creation of Eve, the other of the Fall. Odin fastened his gaze upon these, and kept it there as long as he could. But it was no use; the impulse to turn round was too strong, and after a minute he yielded to it.

First he shifted his position in his chair, crossing the left leg over the right; then he turned his face. His eyes now rested upon the easy-chair to the left of the fireplace. It had been empty a moment before, but now a figure was seated in it.

Odin regarded this figure, not with terror, but with poignant repugnance. He had seen it a hundred times before, and was perfectly aware that it was a hallucination. He knew that, were he to rise and go to the easy-chair, the figure would be no longer there; but he also knew that it would simply have changed its position to some other part of the room. When its visitations first began, some years ago, he had consulted medicine, science and philosophy for an explanation and cure. Explanations he had obtained in abundance; but a cure, not yet. The figure was the visible projection of his own mind, thought, or nature. It was visible only to himself, but it was none the less one of the most real and hideous of his experiences. It was easy to say that it was an image formed in the brain, and affecting the optic nerves in such a manner as to assume apparent external form; for, whatever might be said about it, there it was, and there it remained, until, in obedience to the unknown law of its being, it vanished. But nothing that Odin could do or think would hasten its departure by one moment.

It was the figure of a man of commanding height and bearing, about forty years of age, with a broad, impending brow overshadowing gloomy eyes. It was the same face and figure that would have confronted Odin had he looked into a mirror; only there was something in the expression of this countenance, and in the influence of the whole apparition, which no reflection in a mirror could reveal. It revealed the interior of a heart; it disclosed the secret of a sin. Human beings could be kept in ignorance, or deceived; but Odin's double knew Odin with the certainty of self-knowledge.

The gloomy eyes of the figure met those of Odin.

"Are you sure that you will draw the line there?" it seemed to ask.

"Maurice is the only man I ever respected," Odin replied, "and I shall respect whatever he loves and respects. I have not lost the power of being honorable."

"You loved and respected a woman once," answered the other. "The opportunity came and you betrayed her. What you have done once, you will do again."

"She had been taken from me by unfair means," exclaimed Odin. "She cared nothing for the man who married her. The law that parted us was unjust, and I was justified in taking it into my own hands."

"If you were justified, why, when she died, did you not confess what you had done? If you were honorable, why did you allow yourself to benefit by her death?"

"I did nothing; I only accepted what fate brought," Odin replied. "She

died with the sin unknown to the world; should I have blackened her memory? The will that was found was unsigned; had it been valid, do you think I would have contested it? I was next of kin, and I inherited. I hated the man and his money; but he was at the bottom of the sea, and no one but I had any claim."

"The money seems to have served you well, for all you hated it," said the other, with a gloomy smile.

"You know whether or not I have been happy," returned Odin, with a groan. "I had the making of a good man in me, but fate has been against me. I was poor, to begin with, and yet I had the temperament and the love of beautiful things that need money to gratify them. I loved a beautiful and good woman, and, because I was poor, I had to stand by and see her given to another. Everything tender in me has been hardened; everything trustful has been deceived; everything hopeful has been disappointed——"

"And everything pure has been polluted," interrupted the other.

"Let Him who made me answer for it, then! Why did He not fit me to my surroundings? He has mocked me from the beginning; even the gift of fortune, when it came at last, was so given as to make me seem to myself like a felon. I had looked forward to wealth as the means not only of being happy myself, but of making others so, and of surrounding myself with friends who loved and honored me. But the devil who tempted me to my first sin has made it the means of dragging me into others; I have lost my good name and social repute, till I can call scarcely one worthy man my friend, and not one worthy woman! And that is what is called Divine mercy! God give me the chance, even now, and I would do as well as any man!"

"B, and by is easily said!" responded the other. "It is the old story; but the evil is not in your circumstances, but in you. If you were transported to-morrow to the Garden of Eden, before night you would be on your belly with the serpent!"

"I deny it!" cried Odin, passionately. "To-day is Christmas, when Christ came to help men in their struggle against the Evil One. If Christ be living still, I ask Him to help me, and I will not prove unworthy."

He started to his feet as he spoke; but the chair by the fireplace was empty; he was alone.

* * * * *

The sun rose clear on Christmas morning, and the bells chimed through the pure frosty air. It was nearly noon when Odin arrived at the address that Matlock had given him, and rang the door-bell. He had hardly kicked the snow off his boots, when the door was opened by a lovely young woman, whose face had a sweeter brightness than the sunshine itself, as she smiled upon the visitor.

"Are you Mr. Moore?" she asked.

"Yes," said he, gazing at her.

"I was sure of it!" she exclaimed. "I am Maurice's wife." She held out her hand, which Odin took in his. "You are to come right in," she went on. "Maurice has just gone out to get something for dinner. He'll be back directly; it's just round the corner. How glad he'll be! He said he didn't believe you would come to-day, but I said I knew you would. And so you are Odin Moore! Well—you look just the way I hoped you would!"

"I'm sure I'm glad of it!" said Odin.

Maurice's wife was of medium height, and beautifully formed. Her hair was brown and wavy, her eyes long, sweet and sparkling, her skin cream and rose. Her dress was severely simple, of a soft woollen fabric, gray trimmed with red, but it suited her well. Her hands and wrists were extremely beautiful in shape, but Odin could see that she was not afraid to do her cooking, sweeping, and, perhaps, washing with them. But what impressed him most about her was the overflowing joyousness of her expression and manner. It was something to which he was by no means accustomed in women. Happiness seemed to flow in her veins, dance in her eyes, and make music in her voice. She was happy because her husband loved her, because she loved him, because she believed in a good God, and because she thought the world was beautiful and kind. And of that world, of which as yet she knew so little, she evidently thought that Odin was a most agreeable and favorable specimen. How should a friend of her husband be other than good and delightful?

After a while Odin unfolded a voluminous paper that he held in his hand, and disclosed a magnificent bunch of roses.

"I thought you might like some flowers—" he began.

She interrupted him with a scream of joy.

"Oh, Mr. Moore! Was ever anything so splendid! Oh, how can I thank you! Oh, what will Maurice say! How could you know how I love roses! And at Christmas, too! It is like a miracle!"

She took the glowing heap of fragrance in her arms, caressed them with her hands, dipped her lovely face into them, talked to them and reveled in them. Then she got water, vases and pitchers, and, with Odin's assistance and advice, disposed the superb blossoms about the little room, whose plainness and simplicity they made beautiful and did not mock, after the gracious habit of flowers. Before this pleasant task was completed the door opened, and Maurice Matlock appeared.

As he grasped Odin's hand and looked in his face, Odin perceived that the years which had passed, though they had brought hardships and poverty to his friend, had also deepened his heart and enriched his mind; that he was a larger and a better man than when they had last met. On the other hand, he was con-

scious that he himself had grown shallower and baser. But Maurice either could not or would not see this. His generous and trustful temper would admit the existence of nothing that was not noble and honest in the man that he had known and loved. Odin was the dear old Odin, dearer than ever after their long parting. And Odin felt stimulated and purified by the mere glow of his friend's belief and support.

Hereupon the conversation became animated and general. Maurice had bought a turkey and two mince-pies, which were examined and appraised, and borne off to the kitchen to be cooked. But as the cooking involved the absence of Mrs. Matlock, of whom nothing could be seen beyond occasional glimpses through the kitchen door, as she bent over the stove or reached down the dishes, Odin insisted that he and Maurice should go in and help her; so the two men took off their coats, and became assistant cooks, amidst great jollity and laughter. Moreover, Odin turned out to be something of a culinary genius, and, under his workmanship, the turkey took on a savor ravishing to the senses; the vegetables assumed the aspect of the most recherche French delicacies; and a soup, containing flavors of everything appetizing, materialized itself, as it seemed, out of nothing at all. Everything that Odin did increased the delight and admiration of Maurice and Juliet—for Juliet was her name; and Odin had never in his life laughed so much, or had so good a time. Never, moreover, had he heard such lovely laughter as was continually bubbling up between Juliet and Maurice. They were so much in love with each other, and so happy about it, that the least thing was enough to set them off. No man and woman were ever better matched than these two, although they probably had not a thousand dollars in the world; and Maurice was at least thirty-five years old, while Juliet was barely twenty. But to hear them laugh, you would have thought—and Odin seriously began to think—they must be a stray pair of Christmas angels.

In about two hours dinner was ready. And then the recollection came over Odin, like a gust of impure air suddenly taking the place of the perfume of violets and lilies, that he was engaged to lunch that afternoon with a party at an uptown hotel. They were to have a private room, and were to be a very choice company. Blanche Downey was to be there, and Kitty St. Clair, and Mrs. Merton Sendamore, and Mademoiselle Anastasie Mignault, of the French opera company. Of the other sex, besides Odin, there would be Jack Philpot, Vandermeer Ten Stryke, whose father had left him seven millions, and the Marquis de Thri-dace, who was said to have fought seventeen duels, and to have eloped with a dozen women. After the lunch they were to take a grand sleighride in the Park, and finish the evening with the theatre and a champagne supper. All this on one side, and Maurice and Juliet's turkey and mince-pies on the other.

"I'm afraid I must go," he said, the light fading from his face and the resonance from his voice. "I have an appointment at three o'clock."

"Odin, don't say so!" exclaimed Maurice, with an accent of consternation.

"Oh, Mr. Moore, you are joking!" cried Juliet, setting the soup-tureen down with a thump and gazing at him with a startled look.

"I would much rather stay here," said Odin, "but——"

"This is the first Christmas dinner Juliet and I have had together," interrupted Maurice. "It will not be Christmas if you go."

"You take all my appetite away," added Juliet, the corners of her mouth drooping.

"God bless you both!—then I will stay!" exclaimed Odin, the blood rushing into his face. "You are the first people who ever cared what I did!"

It was long since he had felt such a genuine and pure emotion. To be liked—to be thought well of—and by such persons as Maurice and Juliet—seemed too good news to be true. "You do not deserve it," said a voice within him. "But I will try to deserve it," he answered himself, "and their belief will help me."

Happiness was now restored, and was all the brighter for the brief interruption. Such Christmas cheer as those three friends derived from their turkey and mince-pies was not to be paralleled in New York. They ate and talked and laughed; and the Croton water tasted better than champagne; and after dinner Odin made some exquisite black coffee, which filled the room with a delicious aroma, and was just the right thing after the pie. Finally they cleared the table and washed the dishes; and then Maurice proposed that they should have some singing. Odin had a fine bass voice; but he reflected what song he would probably be singing at that moment had he been in the private room of the uptown hotel, with Mlle. Anastasie and the rest of them; and the thought turned him cold. But Juliet's pure soprano, supported by her husband's baritone, launched out with Milton's Christmas hymn; and after a verse or two had been sung, Odin's deep tones joined them. It seemed as if his innocent youth were come again, as the sublime words made music in the little room. By the time the hymn was finished, the short day was over, and twilight had come. Odin again rose to go.

"We can't give you leave of absence for some time yet!" said Maurice, promptly pushing him back into his chair. "Now comes a matter of business. You remember those poems that I mentioned in my letter? Well, you must hear me read some of them, and give me your opinion."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" exclaimed Juliet. "No one has heard them yet but I, and Maurice is afraid to believe what I say of them. But we shall both believe you!"

So saying, she lighted the lamp, and Maurice, with the simplicity of a boy and the eloquence of a lover, began to read from his manuscript. Odin sat on

the sofa, and Juliet on a chair behind her husband. When a noble or beautiful passage was read, her eyes would seek Odin's, and his smile and nod brought the joyful glow to her cheeks and eyes. They were indeed such poems as a man might wish his dearest friend to write.

* * * * *

This was the beginning of a new life for Odin Moore. He had been lonely and unsatisfied till now. His mother had died when he was a child, and brothers or sisters he had none. His father was poor, and the son had passed an arid and comfortless youth. He studied law, and, for several years, worked hard for small returns. Comparatively late in life he had fallen passionately in love with a woman beautiful in form and feature, and of an affectionate but feeble-willed nature. His rival was his own cousin, a wealthy merchant by the name of Philip Graham. The parents of the girl strongly supported Graham's suit, and she allowed herself to be influenced by them. Her marriage gave a sinister turn to Odin's career; and she herself was scarcely less unhappy than he. After the lapse of a year of wedded life, circumstances obliged her husband to go to England on a business errand, and he left his wife behind him. What happened then was never certainly known to any one save Odin and herself: enough to say that it was the deepest and most passionate experience of both their lives. At length a letter was received from Graham announcing his speedy return. Four days after its arrival Mrs. Graham died. Had she lived, no doubt her secret and Odin's would have been declared. Odin was left to await the husband's return. But the husband never came. On the day of his wife's death, his vessel had collided with another on the ocean, and only a dozen survivors, among whom he was not numbered, reached New York.

He left a large property, of which Odin, his enemy, but also his nearest living relative, was heir. His papers were searched for a will, but only the draft of one was found, unsigned and unattested, which bequeathed his fortune to his wife and sister-in-law, who was then a mere child and of whom Odin knew nothing. The family attempted to set up a claim under this document, but it was not allowed, and Odin became a rich man. For the sin that he had sinned, the secret of which was known to no living mortal but himself, this was the punishment!

The power and the luxury that he had always craved were become his at the moment when the only being with whom he would have cared to share them was taken from the world. Odin was completely demoralized, and grasped at whatever pleasure of whatever kind was within his reach. He had a grievance against Providence, as well as against the world. He fell into evil ways, and was haunted by evil thoughts and influences. And yet there was in him the making of a noble and useful man.

The unexpected meeting with the Matlocks was like a sudden opening of heaven through the clouds. Odin's temperament was naturally reverent and religious, and he believed this was a last effort of his Creator to redeem him. They were the only people on earth who believed him to be all that his best ambition had aimed to make him. Their other acquaintances in New York were very few, and none of these knew anything about Odin Moore, so that there was no danger of their learning anything of his past history. For his part, he cut loose, entirely and at once, from all his recent associations and companions. He lived wholly for the Matlocks. In a hundred ways, with and without their knowledge, he helped and befriended them. Maurice's book was published, and was an immediate success; and by that, and by Odin's effort, a way was opened to him to get permanent and profitable employment. Prosperity came to them more and more; happiness was theirs always; and it was to Odin, under God, that their truest and warmest love and thanks were given.

And during all this time the gloomy phantom who had haunted Odin's solitude had not once approached him.

December came round again, and one evening, as was his custom, Odin went up to pass an hour with his friends. He found them looking over a box of papers.

"What have you got there?" he demanded, cheerfully, drawing up a chair. "Are you looking for the title-deeds to an estate in Eldorado?"

"We have found something very like it," replied Maurice, with a laugh. "If this paper had been signed, Juliet would have been a great heiress."

"But then, perhaps, you wouldn't have married me!" said Juliet, laying her cheek on his shoulder.

Odin took up the document and glanced over it. He recognized it almost immediately. It was the unsigned will of Philip Graham.

"What has this to do with you?" he asked, laying it down again.

"Mrs. Graham was my sister," replied Juliet. "She was nearly ten years older than I, and married a rich man. They both died suddenly, about the same time. This will shows that he meant to leave his money to her and me; but it couldn't be legally proved, so some relative of his stepped in and got everything. I think he might have given me a little, just to help Maurice along a little."

"We have got Odin," said Maurice, "and he is better than a dozen fortunes."

"Why, where are you going?" exclaimed Juliet, as Odin turned away and took up his hat. "Supper will be ready in a minute. You must stay."

"Another time," was all that Odin could say; and he went out.

What became of him during the next few hours, he never knew. At midnight he found himself at the door of his lodgings. As he entered his room, he

glanced with an instinctive foreboding at the easy-chair by the fireplace. Yes; the well-remembered figure was there once more.

"After all, then, your sin has found you out!" it seemed to say.

"I have decided what to do," returned Odin. "To-morrow I will have a deed executed, giving her half my property."

"Do you suppose she would accept it without an explanation? And are you ready to explain?"

"I had not thought of that!" said Odin, with a shudder. "No, no! Well, then, I will have a will drawn, and bequeath it——"

The face smiled. "Are you certain they will outlive you? And, in the meanwhile, on what footing will you associate with them—as a benefactor, or as a pensioner?"

Odin groaned. "What can I do, then?"

"You can confess!" was the reply.

"Confess?" cried Odin. "Tell them all the secret of my wickedness with my own lips? Destroy all their belief in me, and love for me, which I have been building up this year past? Cut myself off from all future hope and happiness? I cannot! I will not! It would be as great a wrong to them as to me!"

"You can confess; but you will not because you dare not!" said the voice quietly. "Your honesty is at an end; you will henceforth live the life of a liar and a thief towards those whom you call your friends. It is as I said: the evil is not in your circumstances, but in you."

Odin fell on his knees, and bent his forehead till it touched the floor. It was a struggle such as no life can bear but once. "Help! help!" he muttered, again and again. "O God, help!"

* * * * *

The next day was Christmas Eve. Odin spent the morning at a lawyer's, where he had a will made, signed and witnessed, leaving all property he should die possessed of to Maurice Matlock. He had restrained his first impulse to make Juliet his legatee. Those who can read his heart may know why. This will was merely a precautionary measure. He had made up his mind what to do.

He purposed taking an elevated train uptown. As he reached the ticket-window, a train came up to the station, where a confused crowd of persons was waiting. They thronged together, trying to force their way on the car platforms. Odin was belated, and was about to desist from the attempt, when he all at once caught sight of Juliet. She was clinging to the closed wicket of one of the platforms, which had been closed upon her as she was about to step on the train. The train was already in motion, and she evidently feared to step off again.

Odin sprang forward, scattering all before him. He got to the wicket while the car was still a score of yards from the end of the station. Grasping it with

one hand, he passed the other arm round Juliet's waist, and with a mighty effort swung her safe over the wicket and on the platform of the car. At the same moment his shoulder came in contact with the railing at the end of the station, his hand slipped, he felt himself plunging downward through the air. There was a deadly shock, and he knew no more.

But, in the depths of that abyss of unconsciousness, dreams by and by came to him: he thought he heard the sound of distant yet familiar voices: light glimmered before his eyes: then he was in a well-known room, and faces—two faces that he loved—bent over him.

"Must he die, Maurice?" said Juliet.

"I would give my life to save him," Maurice answered; "but it cannot be."

"God bless him! He was a friend indeed! We shall never know another man so noble and so generous," said Juliet, sobbing.

Odin tried to speak, but could not. Death had prevented his confession: but he felt at peace, for in death he saw the mercy of God. He would not be forced to grieve those pure souls that loved him, by the story of his sin. Yet, by his death, right would be done to them. Darkness closed around him again: but in its depths he saw glimmering the holy light of forgiveness.

It was Christmas morning.



IN SCHOOL-DAYS

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

REPRODUCED FROM HIS ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT

Still sits the school-house by the road
 A ragged beggar sunning:
 Around ^{its} ~~the~~ ^{full} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~sunbeams~~ ^{sunbeams} grow
 And blackberry vines are running.

Within the master's desk is seen
 Deep scarred by raps official
 The warping floor, the battered seats
 The jack-knives carved initial;

~~The charcoal frescos on its wall
 Its worn door sill betraying
 The feet that creeping slow to school
 Went stamping out to playing!~~

The charcoal frescos on its wall
 Its door's worn sill betraying
 The feet that creeping slow to school
 Went stamping out to playing!



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Long years ago thro' a winter sun
 Shone over it at sitting,
 Set up its western window panes
 And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the ^{tangled golden} ~~crooking~~ curls
 And brown eyes full of grieving
 Of one who still her steps delayed
 When all the school were leaving

For near her stood the little boy
 The childish favor singled;
 His cap pulled low upon a face
 Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
 To right & left he lingered;
^{as reflexly} ~~His~~ ~~outstaring~~ ~~her~~ ~~tiny~~ hands
 The blue checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes, he felt
 The ^{soft} ~~small~~ hands' tight caressing
 And heard the tremble of her voice
 As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelled the word
 I hate to go above you
 Because," - the brown eyes lower fell -
 "Because, you see I love you!"

Still memory to the grey haired man
 That sweet child face is showing,
 Dear girl! - the grasses on her grave
 Have forty years been growing.

He lives to burn in life's ^{hard} ~~garden~~ school
 How few who pass above him
 Lament their triumph & his loss
 Like her, because they love him!



A DETAIL

BY STEPHEN CRANE



THE tiny old lady in the black dress and curious little black bonnet had at first seemed alarmed at the sound made by her feet upon the stone pavements. But later she forgot all about it, for she suddenly came into the tempest of the Sixth avenue shopping district, where from the streams of people and vehicles went up a roar like that from headlong mountain torrents.

She seemed then like a chip that catches, recoils, turns, and wheels, a reluctant thing in the clutch of the impetuous river. She hesitated, faltered, debated with herself. Frequently she seemed about to address people; then of a sudden she would evidently lose her courage. Meanwhile the torrent jostled her, swung her this and that way.

At last, however, she saw two young women gazing in at a shop window. They were well-dressed girls; they wore gowns with enormous sleeves that made them look like full-rigged ships with all sails set. They seemed to have plenty of time; they leisurely scanned the goods in the window. Other people had made the tiny old woman much afraid, because obviously they were speeding to keep such tremendously important engagements. She went close to them and peered in at the same window. She watched them furtively for a time. Then finally she said: "Excuse me!" The girls looked down at this old face with its two large eyes turned toward them. "Excuse me, but can you tell me where I can get any work?"

For an instant the two girls stared. Then they seemed about to exchange a smile, but, at the last moment, they checked it. The tiny old lady's eyes were upon them. She was quaintly serious, silently expectant. She made one marvel that in that face the wrinkles showed no trace of experience, knowledge; they were simply little, soft, innocent creases. As for her glance, it had the trustfulness of ignorance and the candor of babyhood.

"I want to get something to do, because I need the money," she continued, since in their astonishment they had not replied to her first question. "Of course, I'm not strong and I couldn't do very much, but I can sew well, and in a house where there was a good many men folks I could do all the mending. Do you know any place where they would like me to come?"

The young women did then exchange a smile, but it was a subtly tender smile, the verge of personal grief.

"Well, no, madam," hesitatingly said one of them at last. "I don't think I know any one."

A shade passed over the tiny old lady's face, a shadow of the wing of disappointment. "Don't you?" she said, with a little struggle to be brave in her voice.

Then the girl hastily continued: "But if you will give me your address, I may find some one, and if I do, I will surely let you know of it."

The tiny old lady dictated her address, bending over to watch the girl write on a visiting card with a little silver pencil. Then she said: "I thank you very much." She bowed to them, smiling, and went on down the avenue.

As for the two girls, they went to the curb and watched this aged figure, small and frail, in its black gown and curious black bonnet. At last, the crowd, the innumerable wagons, intermingling and changing with uproar and riot, suddenly engulfed it.



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