



A
TENNESSEE
JUDGE
BY
OPIC READ



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THE COLOSSUS

A KENTUCKY COLONEL

EMMETT BONLORE

LEN GANSETT

SELECTED STORIES

LAIRD & LEE, Publishers
Chicago



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A NOVEL

BY

OPIE READ

Author of "A KENTUCKY COLONEL," "THE COLOSSUS," "EMMETT BONLORE," "LEX
GANSSETT," "SELECTED STORIES," etc.



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A TENNESSEE JUDGE

CHAPTER I.

A suggestion of coming baldness lay on the top of Bob Hawley's head; and an old physician who happened to have much hair on his own cranium and who therefore regarded the loss of nature's top-dressing as a sure sign of a weakness somewhere in the constitution, advised the young man to throw over the cares of nerve-strung speculation and to rest until he should become worn out with inactivity. Hawley was tall, large, strong; and his movements and his talk were so quick and so sudden as to insist that his size had more than exceeded the original design. His eyes were brown and at times were of a soft light that was not in harmony with his materialistic nose—he appeared to have been built either to fight or to meditate, to commit an impulsive aggression and then to sorrow over it. Years ago his mother wrote hymns for

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a Boston publication, and whatever suggestion of poetry there might have been about him, he surely inherited from her. She was so gentle and so persuasive a creature, so modeled to assist in the up-building of mankind that she was induced, by her sentimental friends, to go West and teach school in the neighborhood of Chicago. Here it was that Sam Hawley met her. At that time Sam Hawley was simply an adventurous spirit, but years later he was looked upon as one of the wise men who had foreseen the great possibilities of Chicago. He was a sort of a pioneer, not to fight Indians and blaze a pathway from one settlement to another, but a commercial missionary, almost fanatical in his determination to convert the devotees of a rude barter to the religion of an extensive trade. He was willful and uncultivated. He knew or supposed that he was of honest parentage, and back of this self-satisfactory condition ancestry held no interest for him. Physically he was attractive, but in other respects he was so ordinary that the method which he must have employed to win the love of the gentle school teacher could not be surmised by his intimates; and a wag sought to put an end to the

speculation by saying that he did not win her love at all—that he waited for an opportunity and grabbed it from her, and that she being too gentle to protest, left it in his possession. In this assertion there might have been an atom of truth. He might gruffly have demanded her love and she may have been too timid to refuse him. At any rate she was strongly attached to him—not alone by a marriage ceremony which indeed did not necessarily mean a stout tie—but by fine threads spun by sympathy and twisted by affection. At the time of the birth of his son, Sam Hawley was engaged in an uncertain though it happened to be a prosperous business. He speculated in stocks. In fact it was said, and by an envious person, of course, that he was simply the proprietor of a bucket-shop. Later he settled down to the more legitimate trade of buying and selling real estate, though at that time in Chicago it was not easy to determine which estate was real and which was not.

The desire of Mrs. Hawley's devotional heart was to see her son fitted for one of the learned professions, and naturally the pulpit stood first, but fearing to hope for so much in this world which

maliciously seeks to corode our brightest wishes, she secondarily settled upon the law. But Sam Hawley hooted at the pulpit and grunted at the bar. He said that he wanted his son to be a business man. A professional man started out as a suppliant and very often ended as a failure. Preachers were essential, it was true, and the rascality and the stupidity of man had made the lawyer a makeshift if not a necessity; but he did not desire his son to begin life with an apology. He must understand that it was fight from the start. Oh, the preacher and the lawyer were bold enough after a while, but at first they appeared to frame excuses for their existence. He did not object to education. Some of the world's most successful men had been educated, not as an essential, of course, but as a happening.

In school the boy made smooth and easy progress, and by his aptness at figures he delighted his father. The mother insisted upon grammar. To count was rude in comparison with the elegance of speech. Nearly everyone could multiply and divide, but every one could not employ the language of a gentleman—and she did so ardently

pray that her son might be a gentleman. Her father and her grandfather were gentlemen. But Hawley said: "Man first and gentleman when you have the time."

But he yielded to the almost ceaseless entreaty of his wife and agreed that the youngster might be "finished" in college, and to college he went. And here he was drawing credit unto himself while feeding his mother's pride, when the father snatched him off the campus and placed him at a desk in a real estate office. Religion softened the mother's resentment; it taught her that her longing had been prideful and was therefore wicked. But neither the aggressive father nor the gentle mother has much to do with this history; for while yet comparatively a young man, the father, worn out by the friction of intense activity, was laid away in eternity's sub-division; and but a few years had elapsed when the mother had followed him to this one place whose attractions and great advantages are not "bulled" by the real-estate liar.

Bob Hawley was then twenty-three years old. His father had left a paying business, in somewhat of a tangled condition, but in time it was straight-

ened out and so systematized as to be made to yield an income that could be counted upon. But speculation with its impulse soon overruled stale system and came near wiping Hawley's dot off the face of the commercial map. He had many friends particularly among the "plungers" whom his father had accommodated, but they fell away from him about the time the screws were turned on to painful and to dangerous tightness; indeed he discovered that an old friend was turning the screws. This friend had an office in La Salle street. Bob called on him one morning, kicked him out of his own office, paid his fine and obtained financial assistance from an old bucket-shop gambler, a comparative stranger but a man who admired nerve. When his business had again been set in good running order his friends, true to the traditions of human nature's short-sighted frailty, called at his office and congratulated him. They were sorry that they had not been able to help him; and he believed them for the hair on the top of his head was still thick. Of course he had real friends, as every bright and attractive young fellow must, but it seems that our real friends instead of being able to

help us, are themselves in need of aid. And it is here that Fate indulges her keenest sarcasm. When things or events or whatever these devilish intangibilities may be termed conspire to sour a man, they rarely conspire in vain. And when man, as a pliant agent of this conspiracy leaves his work unfinished, woman has been known to complete it. A man in whom young Hawley placed a faith almost creed-like in its strength, beat him out of ten thousand dollars; and a smirk young woman with whom he had more or less innocently amused himself, sued him for breach of promise. His literary training had reached its completion when his father snatched him out of Knox College; his Chicago education was progressing rapidly.

At the time when this history begins and when Hawley was thirty years old—to him a long stretch of time full of cunning experience—he was rather mistrustful of men and exceeding shy of women. He knew that there were honest men, but it took more than a fawning smile to convince him; and he believed in the virtue and nobility of women—that is, of some women—but the possibility of a breach of promise suit scared him mightily. He

lived in the top of a tall building in which he held a third interest; he caught up his breakfast anywhere; he swallowed his noon-tide snack in a crowded feed-trough, but his dinner at the club was a meal civilized with many dishes and refined with leisure.

Hawley was at dinner when the doctor told him that he needed to wear himself out with rest.

"But doing nothing tires me more than the most constant work," Hawley retorted.

"The sick man's ready excuse," said the doctor; and after a brief silence he added: "Bob, I knew your father—he and I came to Chicago about the same time. And I was the first man to notice that he was killing himself. Do you want to know what the first symptom was? Loss of hair. I came near saying premature baldness, but all baldness is premature. A lion doesn't lose his mane; a horse doesn't lose his hair; then why should a man become bald? We are told that it is a disease of the scalp. But what is a disease of the scalp but a disease of the body? Oh, I know that this theory of mine is laughed at. And just look back over the history of medical discovery and you'll

see that nearly all truth at one time or another has served as a laughing stock. Mark what I tell you: When a man finds that he is losing his hair it is time to reduce the amount of his work. By the way, I think I have a good plan for you."

"What is it?"

"A trip."

"What sort of a trip?"

The doctor took a spoonful of soup, looked up at Bob and said:

"A wedding trip."

"Ah, hah? I have heard that a bridal tour is rather a pleasant sort of a journey, but does it occur to you that I have no bride? And a wedding journey without a bride would be rather a one-sided affair, I should think."

"You must get one. The truth is, Bob, you ought to marry and be more settled."

"That reminds me of Bates," Hawley replied. "You know him. Well, he married and it served as a settler in his case. Used to be one of the best fellows in the world—high-minded, independent, paid his share always. Now what is he? His wife, either by gentleness or some other means,

has hen-pecked him into the belief that he is a long ways her inferior intellectually. She doles out money to him and he is afraid to spend a cent—afraid that she'll call him to account for it. He is expected to be home at a certain time and he's on the keen jump to get there. Sits up here and watches the clock. He told me the other day with a very weak laugh that he never really needed a watch until after he was married. Says that if he doesn't do exactly as his wife wants him, she cries—she has reduced him to slavery with the salt water method. I may be in need of rest, doctor, but I am not in need of marriage. To tell you the truth, I am nervous, and it makes me mad, too—big fellow—”

“My dear boy,” the doctor interrupted, “that's the point. ‘Big fellow’”—he shook his finger at Hawley—“big fellow is in danger more than little fellow. We naturally expect a little fellow to exhibit the signs of weakness. It seems to me that if I had plenty of money that I would add to the length of my earthly tenure of office by gratifying some sort of whim; I would travel—I would do something rather than to sentence myself to the

additional worry of trying to get more money. But man hasn't any sense, Bob; that is, man and money together. Poverty is the only really shrewd fellow, the only genuine critic of life. The rich man is constantly doing something or eternally leaving something undone that this poverty-edged fellow, this sharp wit would never do or leave undone. Ah, but how is it if this fellow who bristles so with sharp points becomes suddenly possessed of money? Does he retain his wit? Is his criticism still sound? No. His wit is gone and his criticism has turned out to be a dust and has blown away. Money coddles him into the belief that a weakness is a strength. In fact, opportunity is all that man needs to become an ass. But I am an ass myself—an ass for trying to be a philosopher when I should be a flatterer, a honeyer of people. I go along and tell the truth. I say, 'My dear Mrs. Weaktee, there is nothing the matter with you; stop sitting up so late and you'll be all right.' What does she do? She dismisses me and sends for Dr. Squirt. He gives her sweet stuff and is a great man—he is a modern physician; I am an old fogy. But what were we talking

about? Yes, about you. I would like to know that you are something more than a mere money getter. My home would have added to the assets of the sheriff, years ago, if it hadn't been for your father. Now, I would like to save you from adding to the assets of the undertaker. But I don't want to bore you."

"Doctor," and the young man laughed, "you talk as though I have a long handled rake stuck into a mint and stood there, drawing out the coin. I haven't so much money; I haven't so shrewd a faculty for making investments. But I'll tell you what I have: I have a grain of that admirable quality which you say the poverty-stricken wit possesses. That is, I have a whim and I'm going to gratify it. I am going to buy an old farm down in Tennessee and breed fine stock. One of the best places in that state is for sale. Years ago it had a wide-spread reputation. Men came from England to attend the sales there. Its importance went down with the war and has never come up again. I haven't seen it but a friend of mine has and he is charmed with it. My business is now in such shape that I can close it, and next week I

shall start for Tennessee. Think of it—an old estate covered with blue-grass, with the tradition of many a famous race-horse back of it; and in the mind of many an old man the memory of great gatherings there in the days when the South had an aristocracy. To think of it is almost enough to make a poet of a plodder. The climate is delightful; and my friend, who is something of a poet, most happily described it when he said that there I would find no lagging winter and no wanton spring.”

“Your friend steals most happily from Shakespeare,” said the doctor.

“Does he? Well, he steals wisely at any rate.”

“The man that is found out doesn’t steal wisely,” the doctor declared. “But go ahead with your pastoral enthusiasm,” he added.

“You hit a man’s enthusiasm on the head with an interruption and then expect him to revive it when you tell him that he is in league with a thief. Seriously, however, I’m going down to look at the place and if the agent hasn’t pushed the price up into the clouds I’ll buy it.”

“Don’t mar your bright landscape by introducing

clouds, Bob. You're right," he quickly continued, glancing at the young man. "Buy the place with its traditions and its blue grass; put yourself in touch with your neighbors; share their sympathies and claim a part of their prejudices; turn to the story supplement of the newspaper and leave market quotations alone; black-out the annoyances of late years so that you may not see them when you look back; believe that men are honest but don't give them much of a chance to cheat you,—do this and you'll be happy. I was going to say that you would be a great man, but being great would alloy your contentment. Did you ever hear anyone call me a crank?" he broke off. "I warrant you have; and let me say right here that the best advice is the advice given by a crank. And why? Because it is the most adventurous advice. Well-balanced men give commonplace advice; a crank is inventive. Never mind, Bob, I'll take the checks. You paid yesterday. No? All right. Have your own hard-headed way."

As they were getting into the elevator, two men got out. One of them, speaking in a low tone, asked: "Who is that gray-haired old man?"

"Dr. Ford, the crank," the other man answered.

Hawley and the doctor halted for a moment under the arch of the door-way down stairs. "I may not see you again for some time," said Hawley, holding out his hand.

"Are you really in earnest?" the physician asked, shaking hands with him.

"About going to Tennessee? Yes; it's not central Africa. Why shouldn't I be in earnest? Give me advice and then be surprised that I should follow it?"

"Well, you see, Bob, a wise man is always a little afraid that his friend may follow his advice. But really I am glad you're going. Your way here is dangerous and your sojourn there will save you. Let me hear from you."

CHAPTER II.

It was early on a morning in July when Hawley got off a train at Gallatin, Tennessee. The old town was still asleep. A star was fading in the west. The train rushed on and the silence that had been driven away, crept back slowly from the town. There were but few persons on the platform. One of them was rather an old man, dressed in gray tweed. He looked at Hawley and Hawley looked at him. The agent and the would-be purchaser had met. The agent, after introducing himself, began to apologize for the slowness of his town. He seemed to feel that the man from Chicago was necessarily grieved not to find a whirling turmoil. And his countenance brightened when Hawley assured him that the town was fast enough. He had left his horse and buck-board at a livery stable, not feeling sure that his visitor would come, and he would fetch it immediately. He hastened away and Hawley walked up and down

the platform. Signs that the place was slowly awaking to its regular course of occupation began to appear. An old sow crossed the railway track and was pounced upon by a dog; a sprinkling cart, driven by an old negro, turned into the street; a woman opened a door not far away and kicked a cat into the yard; the station agent's underling began to sprinkle his floor; a horse was heard galloping in the distance; the town was awake.

The tweed-dressed man arrived with his buckboard. Hawley got on and was driven away.

Both date and tradition make Gallatin a very old town. But it has not the appearance of dilapidation; it is solid and venerable, and with a strong resolve it has held its three thousand inhabitants during many years. In the center of the town is a square and in the center of the square is the court-house. It underwent material repairs in 1865 and since that time has been pointed at with pride. Before the war this town was the seat of a proud aristocracy and was consequently a planted of secession; but long after one of the finest regiments that ever marched on the face of the earth had left the neighborhood, an old Union flag

floated from a tall pole near the railway station. No hand was rebellious enough to pull it down—and a sorrowful yet a tender memory it was left there until a man who had come from New England to engage in the traffic of human flesh climbed the pole and tore it from its fastening.

Turn-pikes, coming from every direction, center here. The town is built where the ground is lifted into a graceful eminence and about it the green country lies in gentle undulation. Trouble and even despair might have been hidden within these old walls, but after the din of Chicago how peaceful was the scene. There was not a real estate advertisement within sight; there was no smooth suburban lawn but the long grass in the yards was tangled like a horse's mane witch-woven. Why had not some one whose heart was beyond the reach of the world's eager greed brought forth a poem in this place of true repose—a poem to water the hard eye of man?

Again the agent apologized for the slowness of his town. If the people had taken his advice years ago the place would have had a "boom." He had begged them to offer inducements to man-

ufacturers; he had urged them to raise money enough to advertise their wonderful resources so that the world might be induced to contribute to their prosperity, but his words, so ready to sprout, found no soil in which to take root. Hawley inquired as to what these wonderful resources consisted of, and the agent arose, holding to the dashboard to keep from tumbling out, and waved his hand at the surrounding universe. Then he sat down and sadly shook his head. The man from materialistic Chicago ventured to assert that mills with their blurring smoke would spoil the scene and the agent looked at him in surprise.

They had turned into another street, having passed through the town, and had crossed a stone bridge, thrown in a single arch over a clear stream; and here two turnpikes merged into a V shape, one running along a hedge; the other stretching far off in the distance, like a white mark. The agent drove along the hedge, and was silent, not seeming to know what to say to this man from the commercial jungle of the West. But he felt about and found the unfailing recourse, that of declaring that he might now be a rich man had he gone to Chicago

years ago. Many a business failure throughout the country soothes its own vanity by believing that wonders would have been accomplished had it immigrated to Chicago in the early days.

"Yes, I suppose so," said Hawley. "Let's see, how many acres are there in the Ingleview farm?"

"Four hundred and eighty, sir."

"Is it under cultivation at all?"

"Well, in spots, sir. Of late years nobody has attempted to run it; couldn't get at it very well, anyway. It belongs to the Radford heirs and they have done considerable squabbling among themselves. Yonder it lies." He pointed off to the left. Hawley gazed in silence. He saw rest among the trees. "We turn in here," said the agent. "There used to be an iron gate here but it was torn off and taken away, I don't know how long ago. We'll go to the house and see if we can get something to eat."

The gate posts were of stone, roughly fashioned and rudely carved by the hand of a country mason. A graveled driveway led down a gentle slope, crossed a rivulet and then wound about in a grove of oaks, the first growth, the trees grand and in-

dividualized. Here was a sudden rise of ground and from it could be seen the blue grass stretches of the farm. Low stone walls, tumbled down in many places; distant hillsides ribbed with gullies; scars here and there—the shiftless pretenses of cultivation; a whitening vista of sycamore trees; a creek, blue and silent between bluffs and then breaking out in noisy shallows; spring houses built of stone; old barns, a negro quarter fallen into decay—slavery's deserted village; old orchards and tangled plum thickets—the atmosphere of a phase of life that is now forever gone. The dwelling house was on a graceful swell of ground, overlooking the creek—a mansion fine and modern in its day, but now a quaint old structure, rough, built of undressed stone, constructed in the form of an L. And the end of one wing had fallen into ruins; one room had been exposed to the sunlight and to the rain when it drove hard from the north, but now it was half protected by the thick interweaving of a trumpet vine.

An old negro woman who had been born on the place had charge of the house. She had been warned of the coming of an important visitor and

had been instructed to prepare for him; and deft in her touch, she had gone from room to room, dusting the scant furniture. The old piano that looked like the mounted skeleton of some prehistoric monster was ornamented with a basket of flowers gathered in the yard; the grim portraits, forgotten by the quarreling heirs, were rubbed back to a ghastly semblance of the painter's art; and three young Shanghai "pullets" had been slaughtered.

The shrewdness of Hawley's instincts veiled his delight; the agent was closely watching him; an expression of pleasure might cost him money. After breakfast he examined the house, and seemed to hang with fondness about the end room that had fallen into ruin. He felt that his father's keen eye might gaze out over the rich lands but he knew that his mother's poetic senses would have found repose among the vines. He rode over the farm and then came back to the house. The agent talked almost incessantly but the man from the busy city paid but little attention to him. The old negro woman appeared to be worried. She was evidently afraid that her administration was

at an end. She crossed the yard, singing a most doleful air and then returning to the place where Hawley stood, plaintively said that she didn't wish anybody any trouble and that she did not intend to interfere with anybody's affairs but that she had so often prayed that she might be permitted to end her days on the Inglevue place.

Hawley looked at her compassionately. "And so you shall," said he. Then quickly he looked about to see if the agent were within hearing. He was not—he was talking to a haggard-looking man that had just come through the yard gate. "If I buy this place," Hawley continued, "I don't intend to wrench out any of its tenderer associations. Make yourself perfectly easy." The old woman uttered a fervent "God bless you," and as though overcome by this stranger's generosity, she hastily turned away. The agent and the cadaverous man approached. He was worse than being merely cadaverous—he was wretched. His cheeks were hollow and his eyes were sunken and lusterless. His head shook, and though the day was warm, he wore a gray overcoat drawn about his shoulders. He was introduced as Dr. Moffet.

"Mighty glad to meet you, sir," said the doctor. "I have heard a great deal about you—"

Hawley shut him off with a look. "I don't know why you should have heard very much about me."

The doctor bowed. "I admire your modesty, sir," he said. And presently he added: "Judge Trapnell and I were talking about you the other day."

"Talking about me?" Hawley asked in surprise.

"Yes, Judge Trapnell and I. And we agreed, sir, that you must be a very modest man."

"I don't know why you should have come to any such agreement since neither of you had any means of finding out anything about me."

"Ah, you unconsciously insist in asserting your modesty, sir," the wretched-looking man declared, drawing his overcoat closer about his shoulders and bowing. "By the way," he added, "may I have the honor of a moment's private talk with you?"

"Yes," Hawley answered, significantly looking at his watch.

The doctor drew him aside, from the agent and from the old negro woman who had now returned, and said: "I have lived here, sir, all my life, you

might say. I was educated by the second Radford and was placed here as physician in charge of the health of this place. In truth and in short, I doctored the negroes and the horses, saving the estate many a dollar thereby and reflecting considerable credit upon myself. Every minute of my professional time belonged to old General Radford, and when he died about the time the war closed, I continued to live here on the ground to which I had during a busy life become so tenderly attached, still seeking to alleviate pain. I might have gone out and made a name, but no, I remained here, faithful to what I regarded as a trust. And now, sir, coming straight to the point—and those who know me, especially Judge Trapnell, will tell you that straightness of statement is one of the features that has characterized me during my long career—I say, coming to the point, or rather I ask, having come to the point as you perceive, what am I going to do if you buy this place? Hold a moment," he quickly added, lifting his hand with a warning gesture, "I entreat you not to be rash. Although sudden and straightforward myself, I beg of you not to speak impulsively but to take your own

deliberate time. It is unfortunately true that there is no particular doctering to be done here as in the hallowed days, but still I may be of some use to you, but again taking up the point which as you perceive persists in obtruding itself, what arrangement can I make with you for remaining on this place, that is in the event that your good judgment leads you into the aforesaid purchase? I don't ask any salary, sir; all I ask is that cabin over there and what little I may find myself able to eat, and I pledge you my word that I eat scarcely enough to keep a chicken alive. Hold," he added with another gesture, "don't force yourself to answer me now with impulsive generosity, but take your time and let your judgment frame your reply. But I can be of a great deal of use to you."

"I don't know of any particular harm that you might do," Hawley replied.

"I thank you profoundly, sir, most profoundly. It is so rare in this day of withered hope that dependent man receives a kindness, even by word, to say nothing of deed, that I cannot but say that I thank you most profoundly. Look at me, sir"—opening his overcoat and showing his sunken breast

—"look at me, sir. I am an old man, and I am not well. There, I will not detain you longer, and I hope that you will excuse the abrupt way I have of reaching a conclusion."

Hawley told the agent that he would take the place if the matter of terms and title could be satisfactory settled; and early in the afternoon they drove back to town. Under the heat of the fervid day the place had lost some of its poetic freshness, but its air of restfulness remained. It held a lazy attractiveness. There was no sign anywhere of want, and yet the people ruffled not their good humor with unseemly thrift. Every man appeared to regard himself as eminently respectable, and if it be true that leisure is one of the marks of gentility, he certainly placed not too high an estimate upon himself. About the court-house, sitting in the shade with their chairs tipped back, reposed the town's aristocracy, waiting for some one to cut a watermelon. Their hats were on the ground beside them and each hat contained a handkerchief. They had not come merely to rest for a few moments—they were there for all day. No not exactly for all day. They had a "recess" when the

court-house bell startled them into the consciousness that it was time to go home and get something to eat. How did they live? That question has been asked a thousand times, and no Solomon has ever been able satisfactorily to answer it. Occasionally the group would receive reinforcement from the lawyers and tradesmen about the square, and sometimes the county clerk would come out, and standing in the door, would tell a joke that had been brought from North Carolina in 1795.

Hawley was introduced. The business in hand was as nothing in comparison with a presentation to these worthies. The old gentlemen tilted forward as if they were about to pitch straight out on their faces, but recovered themselves with a knack learned after many years of practice, they straightened up and shook hands with him. How cordial they were; how perfect was their mastery over that smooth palaver which distinguishes the well-bred man who has nothing to say and who therefore must say it well. An old justice of the peace took the agent's place and acted as director of ceremonies. "I wish to assure you," he said to Hawley, "that you are most welcome. At all times, sir, we stand ready

to invite the infusion of new and vigorous blood. You are from a city, sir, that we greatly admire, and if it were not for the fact that some of your thoughtless people have perpetuated Libby Prison—”

“Libby Prison,” Hawley broke in, “is owned by a man who fought in the Confederate army.”

“Ah, you don’t tell me! And if that fact were generally known, our trade with your city would be bigger than it is. But that’s no matter. We welcome you most heartily and feel that you will become a most useful citizen. Just wait a moment.” Hawley had started into the court-house. “Wait a moment, sir, we are going to cut a watermelon.”

The agent was not dull to the importance of closing the trade; indeed his keenness was shown by a reproachful glance which he shot at the old Justice of the peace, but the cutting of a watermelon, attended by many ceremonial flourishes, was a social function not to be interrupted by the harsh details of a business transaction. The melon was served and a number of hogs that held the foraging privilege of the neighborhood, came across the square and devoured the rinds. After this the

land transaction was again taken up. In the records held by a dusty shelf, not an obstructing mark was found; the title came down like a clear stream from a hill-top; and without searching for a perplexity, Hawley soon brought the deal to a close.

At evening the new owner of Ingleview sat in the ruined room of the old mansion and looked through the vines at the moon. How different from his wonted evening gaze out upon the tangled humanity of a thronged street. He heard the low murmur of the creek, a strange accompaniment to a negro's weird song that came from somewhere away off in the shadow. His commercial instincts lay asleep, the spirit of his father was dormant; his gentler nature ruled his being—the soul of his mother was there.

CHAPTER III.

The next few days were spent in making arrangements for the improvement of the place. It was a time of great excitement in the neighborhood, it was the revival of business after a long season of inactivity. Carpenters, stonemasons and day laborers were summoned. It was an industrial "boom". A number of men were repairing a tumble-down place in a stone wall that ran parallel with the turnpike, and Hawley was standing near watching them, when an old gentleman rode up. "Here, boy," he called, speaking to one of the men, "hold this horse." The man obeyed; and the old gentleman, dismounting, came toward Hawley with his hand outstretched.

"I am glad to meet you, sir," said he as Hawley took his hand. "I am a neighbor of yours. Trapnell is my name."

"Judge Trapnell?"

"Yes, sir. You will please pardon this intrusion

—it is not intended as a formal visit—but as I was passing I could not help but stop and ask you a question concerning the improvements you are to make. And sir, it may appear like a piece of impertinence—”

“Not at all,” said Hawley, smiling at the peculiar old gentleman.

“I thank you, sir. I wanted to ask you if you intended to pull down any of these old rock fences and replace them with barbed wire?”

“I had not thought of such a thing,” Hawley answered.

“You are a gentleman, sir,” said the Judge, bowing. “A number of our people have done this outlandish thing,” he continued, wrinkling his brow with a severe frown. “They have pulled down the landmarks of a settled civilization and have replaced them with a devilish and un-American contrivance.”

He took off his white hat, an ancient and fuzzy “plug,” and with a red handkerchief which he grabbed out of the crown, wiped his face. And Hawley, looking closely at him, thought that he had never seen a more impressive man. He was

very tall and exceedingly spare—no whiskers, no mustache—shaved almost under the skin. His complexion was red and there were broken veins in his cheeks; his “Adam’s apple” looked like a knot tied in a red comforter; his nose was large, thin and of a pronounced Roman type; his hair was white and stood up straight in front; his eyes were gray, steady of gaze and quick of glance. He looked like an old oil painting of Andrew Jackson, and his temperament yielded to this resemblance. He swore “By the Eternal.” While a young man he had been received by Jackson, with stately courtesy at the Hermitage, and now in his old age he worshiped that memory as a time when he had stood in the presence of God’s greatest creation.

“Boy,” the Judge called, “bring me my horse.”

“You must not go yet, Judge,” Hawley insisted. “It is about noon-time. Let us go to the house and get something to eat.”

“I should like to go into the old house again, sir, and I intend to; but I do not wish to intrude.”

“There can be no intrusion, and no embarrassment if you can put up with my fare.”

"By the Eternal, sir, I can put up with anything. I will go with you."

They passed through a gap in the fence, the Judge leading his horse. "It has been a long time since I was on these grounds," he said looking about him. "Old Radford and I had a falling out many years ago, and I swore that I would never set foot on this soil so long as it belonged to any of his kin. There is no doubt as to the fact that the trade is closed, is there?" he asked, halting.

"None whatever."

"I am glad of it, sir," he rejoined, moving forward again. After a time he said: "If I am not impertinent in making the request I should like you to tell me what you intend to do here."

"I am going to repair the old place and live here, a part of the time at least. I know that I can't bring it back to the importance it once held, but I can make it attractive, at least to me. I am not going to cut down a single one of these plum thickets; not a stick of the timber shall be touched and the house shall remain practically the same."

"But I suppose you will fix up that end room where the wall is tumbled down," said the Judge.

"No, I am going to let that remain just the same. No repair and no adornment could change it for the better. I don't know what its memories are, but—"

"By the Eternal!" exclaimed the Judge, halting, "one of its memories is this—old Andrew Jackson slept in it. And you are not going to disturb it. Mr. Hawley," he said, holding out his hand and bending over when Hawley grasped it, "I can say, sir, with a deep feeling of truth that I welcome you to this neighborhood."

They strolled on again and the Judge continued: "There are very few people here that are worth knowing, sir. The young crop is a worthless set in comparison with these that are gone. As you doubtless know the world has fallen into decay. There is here and there a struggling remnant of worth, but the average man is a fool."

"Ah, but hasn't man in every age said the same thing, Judge?"

"Man has said many things in every age, sir, and the average man in every age has been a liar. But I speak from facts. Where are your great men now? Point them out, will you? There are

talkative men and fussy men but the great men are dead. Why, we have no man now as great as Henry Clay, even, and in comparison with Jackson Henry Clay was a mere trumpeter. The great men are dead, sir, and the world is dying. When I say the world, I mean this country, for this is the only part of the world that ever was worth living in. Ah, and suppose Andrew Jackson could have had a real successor. Would there have been any war? No, sir. Rebellion would not have dared to lift its head—by the Eternal, sir, it would have been afraid to lick out its tongue. I was a Union man because I knew that Jackson would have been a Union man, and I remained one long after our boys went into the Confederate army. And I should always have remained true to the cause if a lot of foreign hirelings hadn't come down upon us and destroyed our homes. But let that go. I am heartily glad as I said before that you have come among us. You are a man of sentiment and are therefore a gentleman. But I had my doubts when I heard that you were from Chicago, a town that respects nothing old or venerable."

"Have you ever visited Chicago, Judge?"

"No, sir, and I never intend to. There is a close kinship between New York and this part of the country, but we care nothing for your up-start city. It is an interloper, sir; it is a thief that came in the night."

"It is the home of my birth, Judge, and it holds many a tender memory for me."

"I beg pardon," said the old man. "Indeed, sir, it is so new a place that I didn't think that it was the home of anybody's birth. It seems to me but yesterday since I first heard of it. I am old sir, and harsh; you must excuse me. We turn this way, eh? It has been many a day since I strolled through here. But I have wanted to. Great men have trod this ground; great political deliberations have been conducted under these trees. Right over there, sir, under that oak, it was once agreed that I should take a place on the supreme bench of my state."

"And were you elected?"

"I was sold like a bullock. That was before the war. We met here in a sort of caucus. I was the choice; the ambition of my life was about to

be realized. The convention met in Nashville the next day. Then a vile scoundrel sold me out—knocked me down to the highest bidder. He had been close to me; he knew my aspirations. I lost the nomination, and I was determined that he should lose his blood. And by the Eternal, sir, he shall if he lives long enough for me to meet him.”

“Why, how long ago did you say it was?” Hawley asked.

“It was before the war, sir.”

“And you haven’t met him since.”

“No, he slunk out of my sight under the cover of darkness and I haven’t set eyes on him from that day to this; but if ever I do, I will have his blood. Time has no influence upon the hatred I bear that man; that hatred has no yesterday and no to-morrow; it lives in an eternal now. I understood that he went over into Williamson county, having known or indeed having felt that I would kill him, and took up his residence there, but be that as it may, he never came back into this county again. A number of years ago a son-in-law of his—one that lives in this county—came

to see me. He spoke of the old times and of the enmities they engendered and thus led me on to my trouble with his wife's father. He lamented the many changes that had taken place, and finally he asked me what I would do if his father-in-law should come back here to live. I told him that the old man had a right to choose his residence, but that my vengeance had not perished with the numerous things that had passed away, and that if ever I should meet him I would surely spill his blood. He knew that I meant it, and since then I have heard nothing that hinted at the old scoundrel's intentions. The man of to-day, sir, the man of your city might permit new and vulgar interests to cover up so old a resentment, but to me there is no forgiveness for such an injury. Did Jackson ever forgive? Does nature ever forgive? Then why as a follower of Jackson and as an offshoot of nature should I be expected to forgive? I am not going to hunt for Old Gordon P. Hensley, for that would be murder; but if ever we meet, one of us dies. There now, I have shown you my prejudices; have done this so that I might not be taking any advantage of your hospitality. Do you still invite me to your house, sir?"

Hawley laughed. "If I had not done so before," said he, "I assuredly would ask you now. In many respects I am as ignorant as a pig. I know Chicago's present but I don't know Tennessee's past; and it is refreshing to meet you. I should think that all men must admire the old-time American. No matter how far wrong he might have been, he believed that he was right. He knew but one country and imitated no man; he was brave and who can help admiring him for that?"

The old man's eyes shot a quick side glance at him. "I thank you, sir," he said.

"Yonder comes a strange man," Hawley remarked, inclining his head toward a point where the road wound about a thick clump of bushes.

"Who is he, sir? I don't think that I can recognize him at this distance."

"An old man who introduced himself as Dr. Moffet."

"Hah, isn't he dead yet? Of course I knew that he wasn't dead but I haven't seen him in a long time."

"Why, the other day he remarked that he and you had been talking about me."

"He is simply a poor old liar, Mr. Hawley. He has eaten morphine until he doesn't know what he says."

The Doctor came toward them, his gray overcoat drawn about his shoulders. "Gentlemen, this is indeed a pleasant surprise," said he. "Judge, I am happy to see you, and especially so to see that you have made the acquaintance of the distinguished Mr. Hawley." He halted and shook hands with Hawley and the Judge. "Professor Barrow and I have just been talking about both of you. Any news going on in town? I leave home so seldom that I rarely hear anything. And I can't read the newspapers, for as you know, Judge, they are not what they used to be. There was a time when the newspapers in this country were alive to the interests of our people, but now they deal mainly in foreign affairs and are of no use to us. Judge, you haven't been over lately."

"Lately!" exclaimed the Judge. "By the Eternal, this is the first time I have been here in twenty-five years."

"Ah, I really didn't think it had been so long as that."

"Doctor," said Hawley, "we are on our way to dinner. Won't you come and eat with us?"

"No, I thank you. To tell you the truth, I don't eat enough to keep a chicken alive. I wish you a very good day, gentlemen."

"Poor old fellow," said the Judge as they walked along. "Years ago he was one of the brightest young men in this community, but he fell a victim to morphine and since that time he has been worthless. You remember that he spoke of Professor Barrow. He is another instance of intellect gone wrong, though not through morphine or liquor or any other agency that any one has discovered. He was well educated and was to take the chair of moral philosophy in the Bledsoe University, a seat of learning to be established about five miles from here. I don't think that the foundation stones of the institution were more than laid when the war put a stop to further progress. Young Barrow had put his heart and all his money into the enterprise, and his thoughts were not set adrift by the military spirit that stirred the land. He tried to raise money to continue the work but was laughed at; he went about preaching his so-called moral philosophy

until his mental system was unsettled and he has never been right since. He lives in a cabin over on the east side of your farm and like the doctor, he is one of your charges."

"Why, what sort of a nest of cranks have I got into," said Hawley.

"A nest of cranks surely," replied the Judge, "but they are harmless and it is easier to keep them than to get rid of them. They'll not be in the way and the best thing to do is to let them remain where they are."

"I suppose so," Hawley rejoined.

They passed along what had once been an osage hedge but which, neglected so many years, had become a row of ragged trees. They were near the house and could hear the old negro woman singing in the yard. They passed through a gap in a thick row of althea bushes. The old woman, with her hands on her hips, slowly advanced to meet them.

"W'y bless my life, ef dis ain' Jedge Trapnell!" she exclaimed. "Why, who 'spected ter see you yere, Jedge? I declar I ain't been so upset in er laung time. Why, how's Miss Mandy an' Miss Ida? I ain' been over dar in some time an' I reckon

dat chile is mos' grown. Bless my life, it do me good ter see you. Puts me in mine o' de time w'en folks uster make speeches at dem barbecues. But I wush you had er come er little sooner, fur dinner's been done some time, an' it's gittin' sorter col' now, I'se er feerd. Dat triflin' Ben went off an' did'n leave me er nuff w'ood, no how."

"Isn't that trifling scoundrel dead yet, Aunt Lily?" the Judge asked.

"Oh, no sah, he ain' wuth dyin'. Steer run agin him las' fall an' jammed him ergin de fence an' we all lowed he gwine die, but de fust thing I knowd he dun crawled outen de house an' wuz settin' un'er er tree chawin' er hunk o' braid. No, sah, you kain kill 'im but he ain' wuth his salt."

"Who is this Ben?" Hawley asked.

"Why ain' I dun tole you 'bout him? 'Deed I thought I had. He's my husbun', sah, an' he ain' no manner er count. But come right on ter dinner. Kain speck vidults ter be good w'en you put off eatin' dis way. Dat 'Fesser Bar been setten' roun' yere like it wuz all he coul' do ter keep hisse'f fum jumpin' right straddle o' de table. Dat pusson

pears ter be haungry all de time. Jedge, I'll hitch yo' hoss, sah."

The dining-room was long and broad, and although its general appearance was rather bleak, yet in detail it discovered here and there a pretense to luxury. The pannelling was of black walnut and the floor, which ever looked as if it had been newly waxed, was laid in narrow strips of sweet gum.

When Hawley and the Judge entered the room, a blear-eyed and grizzle-bearded man got up from a chair near the further door and advanced to meet them. "I hope that my sitting here has been unobjectionable, gentlemen. This is Mr. Hawley, I presume, and this I am happy to see is Judge Trapnell. It may be necessary to tell you, Mr. Hawley, but it is not necessary to tell the Judge, that I am Professor Barrow, of the Bledsoe University. I held the chair of moral philosophy in that famous institution. Gentlemen, may I presume to shake hands with you?"

They shook hands with him and just then they heard the negro woman's voice, commanding them to sit down and help themselves. She entered with

the air of one upon whom great responsibilities rested; she gave the Professor a look of no complimentary meaning; she apologized for the disorder into which everything had fallen and in solemn tones spoke a regret that she had not known that company was coming. She was a great, coarse creature, but what a depth of music was in her voice, how gentle was her touch and how easily everything appeared to yield to it.

"Mr. Hawley," said the Professor, "you may not know it as yet, but I am one of your honored tenants. And I have come over to-day, sir, to express the hope that our relationship may continue. The truth is, sir, that an old scholar looks with dread upon any sort of change. The promise of a splendid domicile could not tempt me to leave my present modest abode, and I earnestly trust that you may permit me to reside there. My eyes are turned in but one direction—the past. I shall not be in your way; I shall ask you for no sustenance. A relation of mine provides me with food and raiment; and all I dare ask of you is to permit me to remain under a roof that has become dear to me. As a business transaction, I am forced to

confide to you the fact that such an arrangement may not redound to your advantage, but I have dared to encourage the hope that you may, on this occasion, overlook your commercial—”

“I don’t think that I shall need your house, Professor,” Hawley broke in.

“Really, sir, to hear you say so gives me great delight. Let me help you to another piece of the chicken,” he added, assuming the place of host. The Judge shot a glance at Hawley; Hawley looked quickly at him and caught the fading light of a dry, sarcastic smile. A silence followed. The Professor ate ravenously, and then shoving himself from the table, said: “Will you gentlemen indulge me to the further extent of granting a pardon for my hasty withdrawal? The truth is I have be-thought me of an idea and must needs return home and work it out. Judge, I wish you a very good day; and to you, Mr. Hawley, I must express my most profound gratitude. This is the hurried age of the world, and at a time of such quickness and expected brusqueness, it is rare that we meet with so humane a courtesy as that which you have extended to me. Gentlemen, I wish you both good day.”

The Professor took up a cudgel, with which he always went armed, bowed and strode out.

"It appears that this place has been run merely as an asylum for cranks," said Hawley.

The Judge laughed in a dry way, in a way more expressive of courtesy than of mirth, and thus replied: "These poor people you might say are the bats and owls of society. But, sir, we should have sympathy even for a bat and an owl. However, it does look a little hard that you should exercise all the sympathy. In reality these people believe that their right to the place is as strong as yours. They are the weeds growing upon the walls of our crumbling institutions. A good many years ago a man rode up to my house and asked if he might stay over night with us. Of course his request was granted. During a talk that followed it developed that he was acquainted with a number of my people in North Carolina. How long do you suppose he stayed at my house?"

"Well, the fact that he knew some of your people warranted his staying at least a week."

"Yes, sir," said the Judge, "yes, sir, he stayed until he died, ten years later. That's the way it

used to be in the South. When a man rode up to the gate you didn't know whether he was going to stay ten minutes or fifteen years."

"And yet, Judge, such impositions, as you now look back upon them, do not seem to blight the endearment of those old days."

"Not in the least, sir, for they were the only days worth living in. They were days of plenty and of sociability. Our houses were roomy and the size of a family made no particular difference."

"And," said Hawley, "the days of ease and quiet don't seem yet to be gone forever. In town I was struck with the restfulness and the contentment of the men who sat about the court-house."

"Yes, sir, doubtless a unique picture to a man from the hurried walks of life, but perfectly natural here. The court-house-hanger-on is not characteristic, though, to one town but is representative of the entire South. Indeed, I might say of the entire country. But tell me, sir; do you intend to breed race horses?"

"No, but I am going to stock the place with fine cattle."

"That's sensible unless you have a passion for

fast horses. I doubt, though, whether you can bring this farm back to its former standard. The famous trainers are dead and the breed of horses has degenerated."

"Ah, but horses now are faster than ever before."

The Judge threw up his head and gazed at Hawley. "The newspapers say so but it is not a fact. There are no such horses now as Hiawatha; and the equal of old Gray Eagle has never been seen."

"To tell you the truth, Judge, I don't know very much about race horses."

"I should think not, sir."

How stubbornly did the prejudices of the past quit themselves against this young man, and how gentle he was in the humoring of them. And not until this moment had he supposed that graceful submission to a palpable error lay within the province of a Chicagoan. He would have wrangled with his friend, Dr. Ford, but he felt a strange, humoring sympathy for this old man. How wide-awake and shrewd he must have been when states rights were in their glory, but how narrow now since many a myth had faded in the light of a truth-seeking day.

"Mr. Hawley, said the Judge, "my farm is not far from here. By the pike you go toward town to the bridge, then take the Nashville pike. That way, it is about three miles, but take the path across the fields and through the woods, and it isn't more than a mile. I shall be greatly pleased to see you at my house, and I feel that we shall become good neighbors. I cannot well express to you how this visit to-day has affected me. I feel as one who has returned after a long banishment, and I have spoken to you with a freedom hardly warranted in addressing a stranger. I have told you of a hate that I carry in my bosom, and this I should not have done. But the man who keeps his emotions and his impulses under too much control, is a hypocrite. I must ask you, though, not to mention to any one that I told you of my trouble with Gordon P. Henseley. Years have passed since I spoke of him, but to-day, sir, I have been walking the backward path. Would it be against your religious scruples, sir, to dine with me next Sunday?"

"Not in the least. I don't know that I have any religious scruples. I'm sure that I have no religious carpings."

“Well said, sir; well said. Then I shall expect you next Sunday. And at twelve o’clock, mind you. We eat dinner at an American hour. Aunt Lily,” he shouted, arising, “bring my horse to the door.”

CHAPTER IV.

Early Sunday morning while Hawley lay in that state of drowsiness which luxuriates in the dreamy valley between sleep and a knowledge of surroundings, Aunt Lily's voice aroused him. "Breckfus is dun ready," she said, tapping on the door. "You didn' tell me not ter hab breckfus Sundays de same ez udder days an' I sorter had ter take mer chances; but it dun ready now, an' lessen you want it ter git col' you better come on."

When Hawley entered the breakfast-room, the old woman was standing near the table, and with a peach tree bough she was keeping off the flies.

"I must get some screens for this house," said he.

"Law, chile, whut you want wid screens?"

"To keep the flies out."

"Ain't I keepin' 'em out?"

"Yes, but it's too much trouble."

"Not fur me caze I been doin' it too many years, now; an' I doan know bout dem screens, no how.

But set right down caze deze vidults is gittin' col'. I doan know dat I cooks jest ter suit you ur not, sah, but ef I doan tell me so an' I'll l'arn how. I yere 'em say de cookin' in dis country doan suit folks fum de Nawf, an' I jes wanter tell you dat I stan's yere ready ter change my cou'se."

"Your cooking is all right," Hawley replied. But the old woman's suspicion was aroused when he added: "After a while I may get some one to help you."

"I doan wan' nobody fussin' roun' tryin' ter he'p me, sah," she quickly rejoined.

"I won't let any one interfere with you, Aunt Lily."

"I thanks you fur sayin' dat, de Lawd knòws."

"By the way," said Hawley, smiling at her, "you don't resemble the lily that Solomon spoke of, for you toil and I think I've heard your spinning wheel."

The old woman shook her fat sides with laughter. "Now you ain' gwine joke me 'bout my name, is you? White folks been pesterin' me 'bout my name all my life. My young mistis named me, sah. An' I reckon her haid wuz mighty full o'

nonsense at de time. Dar's my triflin' husbund out dar now. See im settin' under dat tree?"

Hawley looked out and saw a short, bow-legged negro dozing on a bench. "He's er putty lookin' specimen fur er pusson ter be tied up wid, ain't he? But does you know dat man's er doctor? He is."

"Not a regular doctor, is he?"

"I doan know how regular he is, sah, but he's er doctor. He goes out in de woods an' digs up yarbs, an' I has yearn folks say dat dar is some zeazes dat kain' git er way fum 'im no way you kin fix it. But not laung ergo one o' his sick folks died an' it wuz sorter hinted 'roun' dat Ben pizened 'im, but not on purpose. Dat Dr. Moffet an' 'im do hab some awful quarls. Yander comes Dr. Moffet now."

The doctor came through the althea bushes, halted for a moment when he spied old Ben dozing and then sat down on the further end of the bench. Ben looked up and demanded: "Whut you want er come 'ruptin' er man, fur?"

"I'm not interrupting you, you black rascal."

"I 'knowledges dat I'se black, but I ain' no rascal. I'se er man o' science."

"Science!" the Doctor contemptuously repeated. "You couldn't read your name if you were to see it in letters a yard long."

"I doan kere nutin' 'bout dat; I doan kere nuthin' 'bout letters er yard laung—I'm er science, all de same. Man has de rheumatiz an' I fetches out mer medicine an' 'e drinks some o' hit an' I rubs 'im wid some o' hit; an' den whut? de man walks on off, 'joycin'. But whut do 'e do ef you comes ter see 'im? Hah, whut do 'e do den? He lays dar in de bed an' mebbly 'e neber do git up."

"But what about Sam Norris?"

"Oh, dat nigger? 'E didn' hab no rheumatiz."

"Ah, but you killed him."

"Who killed 'im."

"You did, you black butcher."

"I didn' kill de man. De Lawd killed 'im. Lawd seed dat it wuz de man's time ter go—jes' happened ter ricolleck dat it wuz 'is time ter go an' 'E tuck 'im. I ain' 'sponsible fur whut de Lawd do. Ef de Lawd wants er man ter git well, my medicine cures 'im; an' ef de Lawd doan wan' 'im ter git well, nobody's medicine ain' gwine do 'im no good."

"I've told you a dozen times to leave this place; you've got no right here."

"Got ez much right yere ez you has. Science is got er right most anywhar."

"Well, I'm going to see Mr. Hawley and—"

"'E's right dar in de house, I reckon; you better see 'im now."

"Here," said Hawley, stepping out into the yard, "I don't want any quarreling on this place."

"Dat's whut I been tellin' dis generman, sah, all de time," old Bèn declared. "S' I 'dar's er monstus fine pusson got dis place now an' 'e doan wan' no jowerin'."

"Mr. Hawley," said the Doctor, getting up and bowing low, "I am delighted to see you this morning, sir. It is a beautiful day. I was just over by the old race track—a lovely place—with a wild flower here and there to shed a mourning fragrance over its lost glory."

"Won't you come into breakfast, Doctor?"

"No, I thank you. I scarcely eat enough, sir, to keep a chicken alive. What are you snorting at!" he demanded, turning upon the negro.

"Gracious er live, has it come ter er p'int w'en

er pusson ain' got er right ter smile? Mr. Hawley, doat pay no 'tention ter dis white pusson, sah, caze 'e ain' right bright in 'is mine."

"I don't want any such talk as that," said Hawley, laughing in spite of all effort to restrain himself.

"No, sah, an' you ain' gwine git it, nuther. Caze lemme tell you right now dat whateber you wants done is law wid me. I'se been down ter de stable dis mawnin' er workin' hard er takin' kere o' dem new hosses o' yourn; an' ef you'll jest let me stay yere along wid dat ole wife o' mine, dar ain' nuthin' dat I ain' gwine do fur you. I gwine clean out de well dis day."

"I don't want you to work on Sunday."

"Dat's er fack, dis is Sunday. I clar I so busy dat I dun furgot de day o' de week. But I gwine hump merse'f ter mor. An' say; w'en you runs fur office, jes' let me know. I kin 'pull an' haul deze niggers er 'roun like da wan' nuthin' but er rag kyarpet. Wall, I mus' go an' be er layin' out my plans."

"I wants you ter chop some wood 'fo' you goes," his wife called.

"Honey, dat wuz on my mine dis minit. Yas, I'll chop all de wood you wan'. Skuze me, sah," he added, speaking to Hawley, "but whut is yo' fust name?"

"Robert," Hawley answered.

"Ah, hah, an' does you wan' me ter call you Mars Bob?"

"No, I don't."

"Wall, ef you doan' I won'; but I'se mighty tempted ter. Wall, good mawnin', Marse Bob—dar, I dun furgit merse'f. Skuze me dis time but I does feel mighty wa'm toward you."

Ben hastened away as if upon an important errand, Aunt Lily turned to her household duties, and Hawley went out and sat on the bench. It was still early and dew drops clinging to the rose bushes, flashed off miniature photographs of the sun. The shrivelled old Doctor sat in the fervid light, with his overcoat drawn about him. Hawley lighted a cigar, half musingly, and then, arousing himself, said: "Have a cigar. Pardon me for not offering you one sooner."

The Doctor bowed and took the cigar. They smoked in silence. But the proprietor of Inglevew

did not know what an effort that silence cost the Doctor; he did not realize that the morphine eater's reserve required his strongest exercise of will. The young man felt a sense of loneliness. Had the romance, the freshness of this old place so soon begun to fade? Was he holding dear the remembered roar of Chicago? The Doctor looked at him, their eyes met; and a sudden revulsion overcame Hawley's pity for that withered creature. He looked like a sneak, a malicious gossip. But he coughed—a hollow echo sent back the land of the dead—and the strong man's pity was alive again.

"I'm going into the library to see what books have fallen into my keeping," said Hawley. "Won't you come along?"

"No, I thank you. I must go to my lowly abode."

Hawley could have thanked him for this, but he did not; he mumbled a regret, fearing the while that the Doctor might decide to go with him, and then rather hastily he entered the house. A man that had spent much of his life among books would have laughed at this library. There were numerous

volumes of light romances, all English, all teeming with lords and ladies, with not a glimpse of actual life as it once existed or as it is likely ever to exist. But there was a religious streak running from top to bottom. Tempestuous tracts conceived in hot and passionate enmity to Catholicism and indeed toward all forms of religion save the one bigoted creed of the writer thereof, were piled here and there, covered with dust, the dry mockery of old Earth. Amid this rubbish of fiction and fanaticism, Hawley found a book that must have been greatly cherished in its day; a large volume for the most part taken up with colored plates of race horses. How well thumbed it was; how smeared with the eager hands of childhood. And what signs of rivalry in ownership were found. Below the plate of one fleet-looking racer were these words, dim, yellowed: "This here is Tom's hoss;" and beneath them was scrawled: "No he ain't; he's Jim's." A Webster's spelling book fell to the floor and flew open at the picture of the old man pelting the youngster that had refused to come down out of the tree; and then there tumbled down an old novel, "The Planter's Northern Bride."

With what a sniff of contempt the abolitionists had turned from it, but how devoted was the slave owner to its high-flown pages. It etherialized, it consecrated human bondage; it darkly frowned upon the earthly aspiration of black flesh; it told the negro that his glory in the world to come depended upon his meekness here. Abraham had servants that he bought with his money; and no further was there need of argument. Hawley soon lost himself amid the gaudy decorations of this old book, finding here a silken banner with an error inscribed upon it; there he seemed to turn over a handkerchief of lace, musty with dead perfume. But in these faded fineries how clearly was traced the inner life of Ingleview, forty years ago. He put the book aside and stood gazing at the negro quarter on a hill-side, not far away. Old Ben, carrying a bundle of roots, crossed his view; and he heard Aunt Lily singing in the yard. An ancient clock in the hall growled and began to strike. It was more like a complaint, this whang, whang, whang—it was a begrudging release of the hour, a whining acknowledgment of time. Hawley snatched out his watch; the morning had slipped

away and now it was hasten or miss his appointment with the Judge.

"Yo' hoss is ready fur you, sah," said Aunt Lily as he stepped out.

"Turn him loose again; I'm going to walk."

"W'y, you ain' gwine walk dis hot mawnin', is you? But I ain' gwine argy wid you, chile, fur you knows whut you kin stan'. Lissun at me callin' you chile. You mus' skuze me, sah, ef I says things dat ain' right; fur I spent so much o' my time 'mong chillun dat I doan know how ter talk ter er generman, no how. Ef you gwine walk jest take dat paf runnin' ober de hill yander, cross de ole race track an' you'll soon be dar. You gwine like dem folks ober dar. Good mawnin', sah; an' I ain' gwine look fur you back till I dun seed you comin'."

Every step was interesting. He halted on a knoll and surveyed his possessions. How old and how venerable the landscape was. Time had seemed to set the seal of its approval on hill-top and in hollow. He crossed the old race-track. It was grass-grown but with no dilapidated sheds to blight the scene. He followed a path that skirted a strip

of woods. Some one called, and looking about he saw Professor Barrow hastening to overtake him.

"You are light on your feet," said the professor, coming up.

"Not as light as a man who has an engagement should be."

"Going over to the Judge's, eh? Charming old gentleman, sir. Permit me to walk with you a part of the way. There is something that I wanted to say to you," he added as they turned down the path that led through a clover field. "I don't know how you feel toward higher education, but it has struck me that you might be willing to help me revive Bledsoe University. I don't ask you for an immediate decision—I would rather that you'd wait awhile. But we could make a great thing of it, sir; we could startle the philosophical world. We would pay no attention to what might be called the nick-nacks of learning; we would mainly devote ourselves to moral philosophy. I am getting along in years, but I'm not too old; the mind is never old so long as it is progressive, and with encouragement my mind would leap—yes, sir, actually leap forward."

He did not look like a professor of any sort of philosophy. He wore a broad brim, rye straw hat with a red band; and he carried his cudgel as if he were constantly expecting an attack from a hidden enemy. Hawley knew that this man's mind was not sound, and he felt, therefore, that it was better to humor him, not with a promise but with a pleasing evasion. "Higher education makes higher man," said he.

"Ah, a snap-shot at truth. And you will assist me with my enterprise."

"I can't say just now, but I will think of it."

"I thank you, for that assures me that I may expect your help. The old Judge thinks well of my plan, and I am sure that he would have joined with me long ago but for the fact that his wife held him back. Ah, but she's a pernicious creature; and such a life as she does lead him! She's his second wife, and was a poor, stuck-up old maid when he married her. Why, sir, I hardly dare go on the place. She threatened to scald me once."

"And," said Hawley, "if she's as pernicious as you think she might scald you twice."

The professor struck the ground with his cudgel.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "and three times if I should give her the chance. But I won't; I will treat her with distant contempt. Well, I must leave you here. Yonder's the house, just across the pike."

CHAPTER V.

The Judge's house was built of red bricks and stood with its sharp gable end toward the turnpike. There were numerous trees in the yard, oaks, elms and stubbed cedars; an orchard came close up to the fence, on one side, and on the other side was a garden wild with shrubbery and berry-briars. The creek that flowed through Ingleview, turned at a bluff a mile away, and ran past the foot of the stony hill on which the Judge's house seemed to sit in dullness, brooding.

The Judge was walking to and fro in the yard, with his hands behind him. His white hat was on the ground under a tree, and an old, sleepy-eyed dog lay with one paw resting on it.

"Come right in," cried the Judge, hastening toward the gate. "Here, I'll open it; has to be lifted up. Been threatening to fix it for more than a year. That's it. How do you find yourself this

morning," he asked, shaking hands with his visitor.

"First rate."

"I'm pleased to hear it. Step right this way."

A fleeting vision of white and pink told Hawley that a girl had disappeared behind a corner of the house, and the broad haw, haw, of a negro woman who stood in the door of a cabin informed him that the escape had been observed in another quarter. With stately but easy ceremony the Judge showed his visitor into the hall, and when he had hung up his hat, conducted him into the old fashioned parlor. The room was severe and the furniture was heavy. In one corner was a piano, so antiquated, so crippled in its legs that it appeared to lean against the wall for rest. There was a great arm-chair with a sheep-skin bottom; a horse-hair sofa nearly as large as a bed; a red bell-cord hung near the door; brass andirons gleamed in the fire-place—the whole bore the appearance of a room in a museum, representing the home life of some political leader of the past.

A tall woman came in and the Judge presented Hawley to his wife. In looks she did not dispute the character which the professor of moral philos-

ophy had given her. Her features were sharp, her eyes were small and her hair was the color of dry grass. Her lips were thin and her mouth large. Her neck was long, and when she slightly bowed, which she did in acknowledgment of the introduction, the act implied a strong though groundless pretense to stateliness. She had cultivated a lisp, having doubtless caught the idea from some senseless romance; and she regarded herself, one could see, as a privileged person who could at will take up life's graces and improve upon them. It was also evident that she was never wrong, and that she was therefore never forced through conviction to acknowledge a fault.

"Now, sir," said the Judge, "I want you to sit right down and feel as much at home as I did at your house the other day. Madam," he added, speaking to his wife, "where is Ida?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. She was here just a few moments ago. You are a stranger among us, Mr. Hawley, but you will soon become acquainted with our ways."

"A Chicago man," Hawley ventured to reply, "is a stranger nowhere."

"Indeed," she rejoined, lifting her eyebrows. "I am pleased to hear it for we do so much desire that every one should feel at home. Shall I get you a fan?"

"No, I thank you."

"You may hand me that turkey wing over there," said the Judge. "It's too hot for any use to-day."

She handed him the turkey wing and he sat fanning himself. She looked at him with a sort of pitying compassion. "I don't see why you stick to that old thing, Judge, when you might as well have a fan," she said; and the old man replied: "There are a great many things, Madam, that you may not be able to see."

"And there are some things that I don't care to see," she returned with a suggestion of snappishness in the tone of her voice.

"Yes," said the old man, placidly fanning himself, "and there are also some things that you won't see although you look straight at them."

Hawley was not well acquainted with household affairs, but he inferred that the Judge and his wife had indulged in a tilt that morning and were as yet unable to hide the unpleasant fact.

"You are all alone, I believe," said Mrs. Trapnell, addressing Hawley. "That is to say, you have no family."

"No family," Hawley answered.

"You must feel very lonely in that big house. It always was a dreary place to me. I always associate it with a lot of stuck up people that used to live there. But of course you intend to improve it. There's room for it, goodness knows. You will please excuse me as I have to see how dinner is progressing. Servants in this part of the country are not what they once were."

She bowed, withdrew; and then the Judge said: "Here comes my granddaughter."

Hawley arose and was introduced to a red-headed girl. She appeared to be full of pranks and suppressed laughter. Her complexion was exceedingly fair and on her cheeks dim freckles were discernible. Her eyes were gleeful, divulging a mischief which she seemed to be striving to hide; she was small though plump; and Hawley thought that her neck was beautiful. The visitor said something and the girl turned away, giggling.

The Judge sternly pronounced her name, and in-

stantly her face became serious, but its gravity fell to pieces and she laughed and ran away. But she halted upon reaching the door, turned to Hawley and said: "You must excuse me but I can't help it. The truth is I was up in an apple tree when you came; and when I jumped down and ran away, I bumped against a calf that had just got into the yard and I fell into the cellar."

"I hope you didn't hurt yourself," Hawley replied, laughing.

"No, but I didn't do myself any good. Gramper, where's grams?"

The Judge looked up quickly and remarked: "That's what she calls her grandmother and me."

"And your grams," said Hawley, smiling at her, "has gone to see about dinner."

She liked this familiar pleasantry; it was so different from the cool dignity which she had pre-figured as a characteristic of this man; and to the visitor it was evident that many a scrap of dried advice had been stuffed into her ears. She was surely not beyond her seventeenth year. At one moment she appeared to have all the physical ease of a matured woman; at the next instant she

showed the lingering awkwardness of the growing girl.

"Ida," said her grandfather, "go down by the spring branch and bring some mint."

"There's some in the garden," she replied.

"I told you to go down by the spring branch."

"I think the garden mint is better, gramper."

The old man looked at her and cleared his throat, and pretending to be greatly frightened at his severity of manner, she hastened away.

"An old man," said the Judge, "is master nowhere, not even in his own house."

"I don't think you have cause to complain," Hawley replied.

"No, as a matter of fact I haven't. All my life I have endeavored to employ reason rather than authority. I was many years on the bench, and therefore I weigh causes instead of issuing a command."

"Your long service as a mediator must have made you well acquainted with the weakness of man."

"Yes, but it takes no such training to discover a thing so apparent. Man, sir, is so weak that he

looks upon his own selfishness as a virtue. To him a rascally shrewdness is enterprise and greed is ability. Civilization may polish, but it also hardens him. And it seems to me that the height of polish and hardness is about reached. Every year a new littleness in man is revealed. Last year I may have thought that human nature could descend no lower; but this year I find that what I took to be a limit, was only a mile-stone along the downward course."

Hawley moved uneasily in his chair. "But my dear sir," said he, "your view may possibly be distorted. Every age in the past was at one time a present, and therefore must have been denounced. As we grow old, our eyes are blinded to the good and the beauty of the present, while our memory so sharp of edge, cuts swiftly back to the past and flashes a glory over the things that were. Pardon me," he added, warned by the stiffening aspect of the old man, "I merely say this at a venture: merely throw it off as a suggestion."

"You have a right, sir, to offer suggestions," the old jurist admitted; "a follower of Jackson should grant freedom of speech to every man. And by

the Eternal, sir, shall I in my old and feeble ignorance say that you are not right? I may be blind and the blind man may say that there are no flowers. And his adversary may tell him that the existence of flowers do not depend upon his eyes; they hold a sweet perfume. And then the blind man says, my nostrils are dull and I can smell them not. Now, sir, I may be blind and unable to smell, but by the Eternal, I don't believe it. I say that an age free from strikes and all sorts of labor disturbances is better than a time of organized insurrection against authority."

"But how about wild-cat banks, Judge?"

The old man snorted. "Hasn't a sovereign state a right to make its own money?" he demanded.

"Oh, yes," Hawley answered, "and another sovereign state has the right to say that it is not money. Jackson was no doubt a great man in his way, but—"

"In his way!" the old man shouted. "Great God, sir! what do you mean. Why don't you go further and declare that the Saviour was great in his way? But pardon me," he added, loosening his high-strung tension. "It must be true that I am an

old foggy, and out of place. This is not my day; it is yours with your keen business sense." He got up, while Hawley sat wondering what to say, and pacing the floor, continued: "By the Eternal, sir, I rather like your antagonism. It makes my old blood move. The people hereabout have indulged me in what they no doubt regard as my whim. Whim the devil! Common sense is not a whim. If it is, then may the Lord send us more whims. Do you know, Mr. Hawley, that one idea, one determination sometimes keeps a man alive apparently beyond his allotted time? I will explain: A strong heat has in it the element of life; a thirst for revenge induces an eagerness that fights off death. Do you catch my meaning?"

I don't know that I do, very clearly."

"I shall endeavor, then, to make myself understood. A man has an aim in life, attains it and—dies. The active man retires from business and is soon dead. And why? His life-giving stimulus is gone. My aim was to sit upon the supreme bench of this state. That was denied me. Then what took the place of that aim? The thirst for the blood of Gordon P. Hensley. And this is what

has kept me alive. Do I call myself a Christian? I do. Was Moses a man of God? He was. Did Moses forgive? He did not." He was silent for a few moments, but continuing to walk up and down the room, he added: "As the plan of a just vengeance enters the bosom as an inspiration from the Lord, I believe that Gordon P. Hensley is to be thrown in my way. The years come feebly tottering on, and the blood grows cooler and cooler, but it is not intended that this man shall escape me. At times I have been tempted to hunt for him, but to hunt for him would be a premeditation of murder; God must place him in my way; and the hand of restraint has been put upon me and I have fancied that I heard a voice say, 'wait; your time is coming.' As I before requested, Mr. Hawley, don't mention this. Talking about it comes upon me like a hydrophobic spell."

"Hydrophobic is rather appropriate," said Hawley. "You don't want water, but blood."

"Yes; it's rather shocking to the super-fine and hypocritical senses of to-day, but it is nevertheless true. I don't know, sir, that I was ever guilty of a cruelty; but I hold that revenge is a god-like

quality. Oh, I know that we are enjoined to forgive, but that is a mere pleasantry. Here's Ida with the mint."

"Gramper," said the girl, "I went to both places and the spring branch mint is the best."

The old man laughed, and reclaiming the manner of a bygone politeness, he bowed and said: "That acknowledgment advances you ten degrees in grace."

"In your opinion, gramper, which is grace etherialized."

"Ah, but you lose your grace and sink to the level of the seminary pedant. Now, Mr. Hawley, we'll have a mint toddy. I'll go into the dining-room and have it ready for you."

He withdrew and the girl sat on the broad arm of his rocking chair.

"I hope you like it here, Mr. Hawley," she said.

"Yes, the country is beautiful."

"And the people?"

"I haven't seen many of the people. I must say, though, that I have been received with kindness."

"Men that have money usually are," she replied.

He looked at her with a quick inquiry and she laughed. "It wouldn't do for gramper to hear me say that," she said, "but he ought to know that it's true. He thinks it's strange that a girl should know more now than the girls did when he was young. But they do. I am awfully tired of this foggyish old place. Never any change—just the same, one day and another. I'd like to live in a city—I'd like to see something of life."

"You might soon get tired of it."

"The women that live there don't seem to get tired of it. I notice that when they come to the country they get back as soon as they can. I've lived in Nashville a good deal; I'd like to live there all the time."

"Have you ever been in a very large city?"

"I went with gramper to New Orleans, once, but we didn't stay very long. Tell me about Chicago."

"What must I tell you?"

"Oh, everything. I don't know, however, that I'd like to live there. They kill too many people there; I've heard that when people get up in the morning they don't know where the railroad trains are going to run before evening; and along about

dinner time a train slips up and kills them. And I have read, too, that the water is awful. People jump into the lake and are drowned and other people drink the water. The widow Myer's son—lives about three miles from here—went to Chicago last year and about four months later he came home with only one leg. He said that he couldn't possibly get away with both of them. You needn't laugh, for I just know it's all true. But I'd like to go there and peep at the place and run away."

"Probably if you were to go there you wouldn't want to run away."

"That may be, if I didn't get killed right off. Oh, you needn't laugh."

"You want me to tell you about Chicago, and yet you persist in telling me about it," he said.

"I'll hush; go on and tell me."

"No, I'd rather have you tell me, for there might be a misleading prejudice in what I say, while in what you tell me there will surely be entertainment. I must tell you? Well, let me start, as the true Chicago man always does, by saying that my city is the most wonderful in the world. It is the most active and thinks quicker; it is the

most progressive and is consequently the most American of all cities. Foreigners pour in but they are soon swallowed up and Chicago licks her chops for more. Anarchists arise and are hanged; aldermen filch and are sent to the penitentiary—”

“And,” interrupted the Judge, appearing at the door, “women work for starvation wages; modest virtue is despised; grinding vulgarians, grown rich on a sudden, spit upon the poverty-stricken—their companions of yesterday. That, sir, my reading and my reason teach me, is the every-day life of all new cities. But, come, dinner is ready,” he added, advancing and taking Hawley’s arm.

CHAPTER VI.

In the dining-room was the inevitable negro with a leafy bough, keeping the flies away. The light, coming aslant through a high, narrow window, fell upon the heavy silver ware and beglittered the table. At an old mahogany side-board, knobbed, gnarled and twisted with cunning artifice, the Judge and his visitor stood and sipped the mint infusion. Time had thrown reverence upon this indulgence, and the Judge appeared in no haste to bring it to an end, although his wife, with worry-flushed face, stood at the foot of the table waiting for him to sit down. But the old man was at a shrine where confidences are spoken, where habits are confessed. He told Hawley that since early life he had taken three drinks a day, never more and never fewer; he did not believe in striving to enforce temperance, for, in the government of the appetite every man was a law unto himself. Whisky was plentiful in his day; every respectable house had its side-board,

and yet, besotted drunkenness was rare. The liquor was purer and man had more pride. If a traveler stopped at a house to ask direction to a place, before his question was answered he was invited to drink. The negroes were given a dram every morning. It was a mistake to believe that the introduction of that vile brew, lager beer, had aided the cause of temperance. It was a dastardly slop, an un-American hog-wash. It dulled our native keenness, it put clogs on the nimbly-tripping feet of fancy, compelled fancy to labor with phlegmatic legs.

At the table Hawley made himself studiously agreeable; he had learned many of the old man's prejudices and with more of politeness than of conviction he strove to humor them. He told of the rapid pace with which life was compelled to move in his city; the struggle was for time. "A friend of mine and I were going out of town on business," said he. "My friend needed shaving. We had but a few moments to spare. There were two barber-shops, side by side. We looked into one and then into the other. All the chairs were full. 'I will go in here,' said my friend, choosing the worst looking shop."

"Why did he do that?" the Judge asked. "I thought that a Chicago man would choose the best."

"I thought so too," Hawley answered, "and I asked him when he came out why he had gone into that shop. 'Why, I noticed,' said he, 'that the barbers were about equally advanced with their work, and I selected the one in which a bald-headed man sat. He was likely to be the soonest dismissed—the barber didn't have to comb his hair.'"

The old man laughed, the girl giggled, but Mrs. Trapnell drew down the corners of her mouth and fanned her flushed face. She was determined not to be amused. Hawley's sharp eye caught the reflected color of her intention, and adroitly bringing it about, he told her of a panic that he had once seen in a theater; men were knocked down and women were crushed. At this she was pleased, and now the guest found himself on good terms with her. The Judge talked and occasionally his granddaughter took mild issue with him; the negro boy nodded and garnished a ham with his leafy bough; Mrs. Trapnell cleared her throat with a

grating threat and the negro sprang back to instant sprightliness. The old Judge frowned at this unseemly balking of the social flow, which he had been glad to see was broadening pleasantly; and Ida laughed and shot a mischief-making glance at Hawley.

They returned to the parlor. "We'll smoke here," said the Judge. "Ida, bring the pipes and the tobacco box." His wife gave him a hard look but he pretended not to see her. It was still more evident to the visitor that they had indulged in a tilt, and he wondered if an inability or a disinclination to conceal a household bickering had been a feature of the lordly Southern life, long ago. They lighted their pipes. Hawley looked toward the piano and the girl, quick to construe his glance, smiled at him and said: "Yes, I know it would be polite to ask me to play, but it wouldn't be agreeable if I should attempt it. That old piano was worn out years ago with 'Rosy Lee, the Prairie Flower,' and 'We miss you Nettie Moore.'"

"Ida," said the grandmother.

"Well it was," she insisted. "Didn't a man come to tune it some time ago, and didn't he say

it was a hopeless wreck? I must say, though, that I'm glad of it; I don't like to play anyhow."

"Then you aren't fond of music," said Hawley.

"Oh, yes, and that's the reason I don't like to play."

Footsteps in the hall. A man appeared at the door, bowed and said: "I hope I see you all."

"It's more than likely that you do," the Judge replied. "Come in, Charles." And then with bowing, smiling and a perfect pantomime of scrapings, Mr. Charles Willis entered the room. He was tall, with unusually long legs; his head was large and his forehead was square and flattened at the temples; his eyes were of a nondescript color; and tangled up in his thick, short beard, he appeared constantly to wear half a smile, half a cynical leer. When introduced to Hawley, he cut a caper, shook hands and said: "I hope I impress you favorably; if not, my efforts are futile and abortive."

"Mr. Willis," remarked the Judge, "is my wife's cousin."

Mrs. Trapnell, slowly fanning herself, did not deny the charge. Mr. Willis, still holding Hawley's

hand, thus went on: "I hope, sir, that your education has not been neglected; but, sir, can you spell *elemosynary*? Quick now; quick."

Hawley spelled the word, thinking of his nest of cranks, the while: and Mr. Willis, releasing his hand, bowed and expressed himself as greatly satisfied with the result.

"Charles," said the Judge, "I was just wondering if you would ever learn to behave yourself."

"Judge, I try to be a gentleman," Mr. Willis declared.

"That's all right, Charley," said the Judge, "but don't you think you'd better take up an easier experiment?"

"Why, you dear, distinguished cuss, you shock me," Mr. Willis retorted. "When I awake at morning I say: 'Oh, Charley, do be a gentleman.' Mr. Hawley permit me" He shook hands again and then said: "Allow me to welcome you to this, the flower garden of God's kingdom. But why a flower garden? In spite of the sloth and shiftlessness of the people. Look at the biggest land owner in this county, old Harry Morton, down near the river. Is he a man? He is not. Was he born?"

I deny it. He was laid upon a stump by some aerial scavenger and hatched out by the genial rays of a Southern sun. Be seated, Mr. Hawley." Hawley sat down; Mr. Willis continued: "I hope that I make myself understood. I endeavor to be clear, logical and euphonius; forcible, pure, elegant and expressive; terse, syllogistic, pointed and convincing. And, as I say, if I fail, my efforts have been futile and abortive. Are you a reader of character? Will you please tell me what you think of me?"

"I don't think that you can be very dangerous," said Hawley, having satisfied himself that the man was a sort of verbal freak.

"Dangerous. How can you think of that harsh word? I am the whipped cream of gentleness."

"Ah, by the way," Hawley asked, "you don't live on my farm, do you?"

"My dear sir, I have not that distinguished honor. Judge, why that ripple of merriment on your venerable countenance? I live beside the often placid yet some times raging waters of the Cumberland, three miles from this peaceful abode. I live alone; my wives are dead. My home is

humble, lowly, quiet, peaceful, small, half hidden, but picturesque. I might be wealthy, but I have had to contend against the world, without argument enough to convince the world that it ought to give me a fair compensation for my services. I am a scientific agriculturist. Look." He sprang from the chair upon which he had seated himself a moment before, thrust his hand in the tail pocket of his coat and drew forth a turnip. "This turnip," said he, "and I charge you to observe its smooth proportion—was raised by a justice of the peace. But just think what it would be had the man who raised it been a judge. Look at this." He drew out a potato. "Raised by a constable. What might we have expected of it had he been a sheriff? This land is choked with possibilities. These products were raised by men who still spell corn, cabbage and cucumbers with a k. I say to the world, give me a chance; I am a practical man. So when I heard that you had bought this great piece of land over here, I was determined to come to see you. And as I say, I hope that I impress you favorably. If not, my efforts are futile and abortive."

"Charley, have you seen Henry's folks lately?" Mrs. Trapnell asked. And he loftily answered:

"Cousin Mandy, this is no time to grease conversation with a bacon rind. Henry and his folks are hunks of coarse meat. Let us hurl them into a deserved obscurity. Judge, it strikes me that an essence of mint permeates the ambient air; and with your permission I will consult your side-board."

"Help yourself; and by the way you will find something to eat on the table."

"Judge, greediness shows appreciation; I will therefore greedily accept your kind offer."

When Mr. Willis stepped out the Judge, speaking to Hawley, remarked: "I had to laugh just now when you asked him if he lived on your farm."

"I didn't know," Hawley replied, "but that he belonged"—he hesitated, looking at Mrs. Trapnell.

"I grant you permission to say it," she said, smiling. "He is a distant relation of mine but I don't presume to defend him."

"I wasn't going to say anything greatly to his discredit. I naturally supposed that his place was with the doctor and the Professor of moral philosophy."

"Charley is a bright fellow in some things," said the Judge. "I think his trouble is that he doesn't exactly know what he wants."

"He's not a bore at any rate," Hawley replied.

"No, not at first," the girl spoke up. "After a while, though—"

"Ida," said her grandmother, "you'd better run down to the spring-house and get the crock of buttermilk for him."

"I don't think he wants milk, grams."

"She appears to know," said the Judge.

Just then Mr. Willis stepped back into the room. "Mr. Hawley," said he, "I should like to walk a part of the way home with you and lay before you a plan that will, without the most fleeting obscuration of a doubt, serve you to your advantage."

"All right," Hawley answered. "No man is more willing to look at a plan that has been drawn for his advantage."

"Good," Mr. Willis exclaimed. "The trouble is that I have always had to buck—please pardon me for so harsh and coarse a word as buck, for I strive to be chaste, though pungent; delicate though severe. The trouble that I have had to contend

against is that people with whom I am most unfortunately thrown in contact, stand and roll their eyes in dull astonishment at the plans which I unfold for their advantage. Did I say people? They are not people; they are the mistakes of an over-abundant creation; they would make a valuable addition to a compost heap."

"Charles," said the Judge, "I would give a great deal for your enthusiasm. How have you managed to keep it all these years?"

Willis cut a dido, gestured a protest against the insinuation that he was growing old and thus retorted: "My enthusiasm is a part of my nature; my nature is a tenant of my body, and demands that its habitation shall be kept in good repair. In fact, I exercise; I get up at morning and kick and stretch my arms. To strain is the exercise of the brute, the prize fighter. I take the exercise of the gentleman, and pardon me, but I try to be a gentleman."

"An honest effort to be a gentleman needs no pardoning, Charles; it is no offense."

"Ah, I thank you. It is this exercise, Judge, that keeps up my gentlemanly enthusiasm."

"With exercise we may keep the body strong," said the Judge, "but that won't keep the enthusiasm alive, and in man's enthusiasm lies his genius. Mr. Hawley—" the visitor and the girl were talking —"at your time of life I was full of enthusiasm, but I hadn't the mental strength then that I have now. A man's mind expands at the expense of his enjoyments. And when his mental faculties have become well drilled, he turns sadly from his discipline and muses with fond lingering over his crudities, his awkwardness of long ago."

"It is not so with all men," Hawley replied. "I know old men on the board of trade in Chicago who are just as eager and enthusiastic as a boy. Speculation gives them a thrill, and a thrill is not only a reminder but the real presence of youth."

"And for the reason," the Judge rejoined, "that the gambler lives in the present alone. The card player lives with the hand he is now holding, and not with the hand he held yesterday. And I have observed, sir, that self-made men rarely worship the past, for to them the past was hard and gnarly. The university man turns to the still living joy, a victory on the campus; but the self-made man,

looking back, sees the hard struggle of poverty. He despises and repudiates the past and therefore cleaves to the present and looks with hope to the future."

The evening was well advanced when Hawley arose to take his leave. The Judge's wife had grown gracious and the old man was in excellent humor. Mr. Willis, as though in haste to spread out his plan, stood in the door, waiting for Hawley who loitered to exchange idle words with the girl. The Judge went with them to the gate.

"Did you notice," said Willis when they had crossed the turnpike and entered the long stretch of grass land, "that the Judge's wife didn't seem to be in the best of humor?"

"Yes, I noticed it and wondered at it, too," Hawley answered. "It seems to me that rather than show ill-temper to a stranger in my own house I would crush myself into the appearance of good-humor."

"Yes, but that isn't cousin Mandy's way. She is a most peculiar creature, and mean? Why blast my buttons—excuse me, a barbarism which I did not intend—as mean at times as a rattlesnake

in August; but at other times she's as sweet and chirpy as a bird. For a long time, now, she has been dogging the old man to sell his place and move to town, and when she's in one of these tantrums, there's no getting along with her. The old man has his streaks, too. He's learned and wise and all that, but he's pig-headed. You will observe that frankness is a characteristic in this neighborhood. I spoke to you about a plan, you remember. Unfortunately I haven't the language to express what I think; the forms that trip through my brain leave but their shoes, and when I attempt to present these forms, what is the result? A collection of foot-wear. Now, the value of an article depends upon the material of which it is made, or rather composed. I try to be a gentleman. What I am trying to get at is this: I have devoted my life to scientific agriculture, and I have been appealing not to men but to clods. I say, 'give me a reasonable compensation for my services.' They don't catch my meaning. Now, I have ideas that are worth hundreds and thousands of dollars to other men. Then why shouldn't they be worth something to me. I don't ask much, understand; simply a reasonable compensation."

"Well," Hawley replied, "what's your plan?"

"You don't seem to catch my meaning," said Willis. "Now, I know that I could be of the greatest use to you, apply my system and make your farm the wonder of the country?"

"What is your system?"

"There you go again. As I said before, the value of an article depends upon the material of which it is composed—but I will come over and talk to you some time when I feel that I'm clearer. The truth is that as an agent for another, I am forcible and clear, with courage enough to fight a bear; but acting in my own behalf, I am shy, awkward, cramped and unfitted for the position."

"If I only knew what you were trying to get at I could tell you in a moment whether or not I care to entertain your proposition."

"Ah, but we must not be too sudden. I will work over my proposition until every speck of extraneous matter is eliminated. Then I will submit it to you. Well, I will leave you here. Good night."

CHAPTER VII.

That night Hawley wrote a long letter to old Dr. Ford. "I suppose," he said, "that I am getting the sort of rest that you advised. Nothing could be further from excitement than the daily life I lead. I don't know that I can go so far as to term it life. Sometimes I feel that I am in the center of a boundless domain of stillness, faintly catching sounds that do not disturb but which merely call attention to silence. Just at this moment the clamor of Chicago would be music to me, and yet I must say that I enjoy my present state of existence. I do not feel that I am fully awake; I feel as one who, having sat up late, comes down to the breakfast table and sits there, musing. But I don't suppose you care to have me analyze my fancies; you want to know how I am situated and how I am impressed. Except for that kinship of history and tradition, together with the characteristics that belong alone to the American, I should think that

I had come to a foreign country. And why should I think this? Because this part of the country, more American than the North, is strange to me. Here the influence of the foreigner has not been felt; and how different from the harsh jargon which we hear amid the out-landish intermixture of people in a great city, is the soft accent given by the Tennessean to our mother tongue. It can no more be spelled than the notes of a bird can be accurately put down; it is beyond the printer's inflection—the phonograph alone can catch it.

“How close together this country has been brought, and yet how willfully we misunderstand one another. The East is astonished, or pretends to be, at the progress and culture which it finds in the West; the West often misrepresents the South, and we all of us resent the criticisms of the English. But it does seem to me that nature has placed the stamp of oddity on every man I have met here. After all, though, men of marked individuality are more often found in the country than in the city, and it may also be that in the city we rarely take enough interest in a man to discover an individuality. At any rate I am constantly meeting char-

acters. One of them is touched with insanity and he wants me to build a university for him; another is the most wordy and intangible man I have ever seen; and still another is an old judge whom I should like you to meet. He seems to be well-read, and in his own way, deeply to have studied man; yet he has not learned man's greatest lesson, the mastery of self. Years ago a tricky politician beat him out of the nomination for supreme judge of his state and, to this hour, he is stimulated by the hope that he may meet the fellow and spill his blood. He has the pagan's vengeance but believes it to be a Christian virtue. And I must say that I can't help liking him. Somehow, I can't explain why, he has forced me to respect his prejudices; and I shouldn't wonder that if after a while I might fall so completely into sympathy with him as to wish him success in all that he longs for. The old man has a granddaughter and a shrew of a wife. The girl, I might say, is a romp. At least her physical liveliness impels her far in that direction; and yet she is not rude of manner. Her hair is as red as an anarchist's flag, and her eyes, as I now shut my own and reproduce them, are of an

undefined color that exists somewhere between blue and violet. I know nothing of the quality of her mind. She talked but I heard only the sweetness of her voice.

"I am going ahead with the improvement of my farm, and of course I take a pride in the work, but at times I feel so heavy a sense of loneliness that I am tempted to hustle to my den in Randolph street. But this, I know will wear away."

The hour was growing late; he had just closed his letter when there came a startling knock at his door. He hastened to open it and when he did, the lamp-light fell upon the professor of moral philosophy.

"Excuse me, but may I come in?"

"Certainly," said Hawley.

"I know it is rude to disturb you at such a time of night," the Professor remarked, stepping into the room, "but I had to break the silence with some one, and not with a fool, a clod, but with a man."

"Sit down," said Hawley.

"I thank you for your generous courtesy, sir."

He sat down and for a time leaned over and

held his head in his hands. "I didn't come to talk about the university," he declared. "To-night I have been tortured into a zone far beyond the confines of a business transaction. I went to bed and tried to sleep but couldn't; the dead silence of my room tied itself about my neck and choked me." He leaned back in his chair and rolled his eyes upward. Suddenly he broke out with this imprecation: "The devil is an infernal fool!"

"If a fool at all," Hawley replied, "he must be an infernal fool; but he is generally credited with being dangerously wise."

"Yes, generally accredited so by those who are fools themselves," the professor rejoined. "What has he done to improve his opportunities? He is acknowledged to be the master of all evil, but for thousands of years he has remained satisfied with the reputation of his early days. This is not consistent with power, with satanic logic." He gave himself to brief though troubled meditation and then said: "Suppose that everything which God has been called upon to damn had been damned? Think of it!" he almost shouted. "Would there be a man living in the world, and would there be a

thing existing. There would be no inventions, for the inventor, harassed by the repeated disappointments that nearly always precede success, has, in the hour of despair, called upon the Lord to damn his machine. A man drives a nail and mashes his finger. Then what does he do? He calls down a curse upon the hammer and the nail; and so I affirm that man has damned everything, and if the appeal of his passion and his anger had met with response, the gates of torment would burst with the pressure of the rubbish within. Cows, horses, mules, nails, hammers, saws, cooking stoves, tin pans, dogs, cats, shirt collars, shoe strings, buttons, human beings, oceans, rivers, patent medicines, newspapers, hot weather, cold weather—all, damned by the wish of man, would be packed within the bulging walls of perdition.”

“Professor, don’t you think you’d better go to bed?” Hawley asked.

“What, and be burnt by the pillows and scorched by the sheets? No, I want to walk abroad and I want you to walk with me.”

“No, not to-night.”

“Not to-night, when you know that you will

suffocate here? Under the moon somewhere there is a cool and quiet place—a place, perhaps, that man has not called upon God to damn. But this place has been damned, many and many a time. Let me out.”

He jumped from the chair, threw open the door with a slam and was lost in the darkness. There was a rumble as if a storm were coming, and Hawley heard Aunt Lily going about the house, closing down the windows. He called her and when she had come, he said to her: “The professor was here a moment ago, and he’s as wild as a mountain hog. Do you think there’s any danger of his killing himself?”

“Oh, none er tall, sah; not de leas’ in de worl’. He git dat way some times but it soon w’ar off. Da had ’im in de silum once, but da lowed dar want no use in keepin’ ’im dar. He’ll be all right by ter-mar. Lem me caution you ter put down de winders in dis room ef de rain comes an’ I think hit will. Is dar anythin’ else you wanted, sah?”

“No, nothing else.”

“Does you feel like eatin’ er snack? Dar’s plenty cooked out yander.”

"No, I don't care for anything."

"Wall, you'se puffedly welcome ter hit ef you does. Good night."

CHAPTER VIII.

The grass is still green and the leaves are but slightly turning, but the low and languorous hum of the insect has been keyed to a sharp, snappy cry. The sun is still hot and the cows still stand in the pond where the shade falls at noon-time, but as we walk abroad in the woodland, an impression seems to fall from above like a dead leaf; and this impression is the regretful feeling that summer is at an end. The warm weather that now may follow is but an unseasonable flush. Down the dry branch in the valley we hear the wind sighing, and we know that the next rain will throw a chill on the air.

The carpenters and laborers that had been summoned to repair the out-houses and mend the stone-walls of Ingleview were done with their work, and so completely was the old stock-farm brought back to life that only here and there, in by-places, remained the evidences of its wasted and decaying

state. Hawley had become well acquainted with the social life of the community. He had gone to barbecues, had eaten shote on the grass, had caught the smile of mothers who were leading their daughters to market; had listened with pretended concern to the candidate who had his memory on Henry Clay and his eye on Congress. He fell or lolled over into the easy ways of the town, but he soon discovered that with all their good-natured, engaging talk, the people were sharp when it came to a trade. In their homes they spoke not of business; there the guest was received with a refined and gracious hospitality, but at the "store" they weighed out their groceries with the nicest precision, and in a transaction which involved a horse, they evinced a quick perception and a tricky shrewdness.

Into the Judge's house Hawley was welcomed with the easy intimacy of established friendship. He caught the humor of the place, its moods, frettings, prejudices, and slyly laughed at them. And the girl, with equal slyness, helped him along with his mirth. At times Mrs. Trapnell was so smooth as to appear positively glossed with

urbanity. The county paper, with its death-notices of old acquaintances, toned her to appreciative gentleness. It was then that she might permit the Judge's old dog to lie in the hall, with never a shout or a rush with a broom or a threat to take off his hide with hot water. But at other times, though, her temper was as frowzy as the feathers of a rough grouse.

One afternoon she whisked into a room where the Judge sat, reading. The moment he heard her he knew that something was wrong and he put his book aside.

"What's the matter now?" he asked.

"Oh, you are concerned enough to inquire, are you? I didn't think you cared that much."

"Now, madam, what's the use of talking that way? If there's anything wrong tell me and if I can help it I will."

"Yes, that's what you always say but you never do. Here I stick all the time and nobody cares whether I go off the place or not. I just won't stand it any longer."

"I don't know that anybody has been trying to keep you from going off the place, madam. There are horses and a carriage out yonder."

She bowed mockingly and said: "Indeed! Oh, I suppose I could drive up and down the pike, but who wants to do that?"

"But what law compels you to drive up and down the pike?"

She looked at him scornfully. "What else could I do? I've got nothing to wear."

"But whose fault is that? There are stores in town."

Then she began to cry. The judge got up. "By the Eternal, madam, you are enough to make a saint turn about and rend his religion. Go ahead and whimper now till you have whimpered yourself out."

"I don't know why I ever married you," she whined.

"And by the Eternal, if you ever do strike that key-note, sound it once for me. I don't know what to do; I don't know what you want."

"Oh, I know you hate me," she whined. "I know you wish me dead."

"You are trying your best, madam, to have me do so."

"You never did love me."

"Now that's detestable nonsense. Come sit down here," he said in tones quickly softened, "and tell me what the trouble is."

She suffered him to take her by the arm and together they sat down on a sofa. "Now tell me what's gone wrong?"

"Oh, everything, and besides it's so lonesome out here. It wouldn't cost any more to live in town."

His brow wrinkled with a frown; it was the outward show of an inward struggle. "Mandy, I had so earnestly hoped that you would never mention that again. You know that I was born here."

"But people don't have to live where they were born, do they?"

"A capital argument, by the Eternal; a home-thrust of logic."

He got up and with his hands held behind him, walked about the room. And thus he went on: "In one particular, man, it matters not how wise he may be, is dough-brained and learns not by experience. He attempts to reason with a woman who scorning argument, talks from pettish impulse."

"I am not as dough-brained as you think, sir."

He wheeled about and looked at her. "There you go, listening to no reason but snapping at a sound. Mandy, you can be so gentle and so comforting at times. Summon your other self and keep her near me, and banish forever the self you now present. Between your two selves, I am dragged about from a heaven to a hell. I am very old—perhaps," he broke off, "this is the reason that you are beginning to despise me."

"Judge, please don't talk that way."

"Yes, you are beginning to despise me and to brow-beat me more and more, and all because I have out-lived my time and continue to stumble in this new generation."

He covered his face with his wrinkled hands.

"Please forgive me," she implored, springing from the sofa and throwing her arms about him. "I wouldn't wound that great heart of yours—that noble soul! Of course you mustn't sell this old place; we couldn't find another that would suit us half as well. No place in town would, I'm sure."

Ida came into the room with a bound, but catching the scene, she stepped back and said: "Don't let me interrupt you, but Mr. Hawley's in the parlor."

The Judge, as though with a tangible grasp, snatched unto himself the stiffness of a stately though courteous dignity and, his wife, in a flutter of haste, dried her eyes and wiped from her face the marks of tender repentance.

"Glad to see you," said the Judge, entering the parlor.

"Delighted," declared Mrs. Trapnell. "The Judge and I were just this minute talking about you. Now, you know we were, Judge," she quickly added, shaking her finger at the old gentleman. "Please do tell me the news. I haven't heard a thing for a week. Oh, I suppose you heard of Miss Lester's marriage; did so well, too. And isn't it too bad that Captain Haynes had his collar-bone broken? We never know what next to expect, I'm sure. Wasn't the death of Mrs. Marvin awful? The Lord knows what those poor little children will do without her. Ida, bring Mr. Hawley a drink of water. I know he must be thirsty."

"You'd better bring some mint, Ida," was the Judge's amendment to this command.

"I don't mind going after it, gramper," she replied, "but I think the mint bed is all dried up."

"But will you go and see?"

"Yes, sir, but I was there yesterday, and it was all yellow."

"But will you go?"

"Yes, sir, I said I would. Now, what are you laughing at, Mr. Hawley?"

As her stock of argument was exhausted, as there was now no turn except in the direction of obedience, she hastened away as one moved by impulse; and Mrs. Trapnell, a moment later, suddenly declared: "Gracious, I do believe she has fallen down the steps. No, she hasn't teither. I declare, she keeps me scared half the time. We can't trust her on a horse—she'll gallop him right over a fence. I've done my best to tone her down, I'm sure."

"Oh, she isn't so wild," said the Judge. "She takes strongly after her father, and he was as high-spirited as a prancing horse. There's his picture," he added, pointing to a portrait which Hawley had often noticed, hanging above the mantle-piece.

"Yes," Hawley remarked, "you told me about him some time ago when I asked you about the picture." Was the visitor, with the Chicago man's

dread of a long story repeated, in a fear that the old man would again tell him that his son had won distinction at the bar, married a handsome woman, that she had died within two years, and that the son had then gone to the Black Hills where he was murdered by a ruffian?

"So I did," said the Judge; and after a moment he added: "To much restraint sows the seeds of hypocrisy. Take the preacher as an example. He is under the watchful eye of a community, and as a result, his children are subjected to a suppression of what he regards as an undue outbreak of animal life. And whose children, let me ask, are more likely to be mean and deceitful?"

"I am not prepared and neither am I inclined to dispute the point with you," Hawley replied. "I think the worst wooling I ever got was by two boys, the sons of a clergyman."

The Judge grunted. "Ha," said he, "I remember—and as well as if it had been yesterday—that when a boy I was swimming in the creek, right down yonder, when along came the son of a Hard Shell Baptist preacher. What did he do? He snatched off his clothes, jumped in and by the Eternal, he tried to drown me."

"Being the son of a Baptist," Hawley replied, "he naturally took to immersion."

"Yes, I gad, sir, and having been held under the rod all his life he naturally took to deviltry when he got away from home. Well, did you find any mint?" he asked as Ida entered the room.

"Yes, sir, but I really didn't expect to. It isn't very fresh, after all."

"Nonsense, child, it's as fresh as a shower. Let me see," he added, looking at his watch, "it's hardly my time to take a drink yet."

"But perhaps it's Mr. Hawley's time," Mrs. Trapnell suggested.

"No," Hawley replied, "I have no regular time."

"Well, then," said the Judge, "we'll wait a while. Put the mint in some cold water and let it brew a while. Hawley, I suppose you notice that I never send a negro after mint. And now, sir, I'll tell you what's a fact. You may trust a negro with your horse, and sometimes you may even let him wander out of your sight with your money, but you can't trust him with mint. I don't know why it is, but if there's but one yellow sprig in the bed he'll get it; and not only this, he's likely in pulling

up the mint to bring along rank grass or even smart weed."

"I received a letter the other day from my old friend Dr. Ford," Hawley remarked, "and he takes occasion to examine the negro problem in the South."

"Hah, he does, eh." The old man looked as though he had just heard that some one had infringed upon one of his rights. "What does he know about the negro problem in the South; and who shall say that there is a negro problem in the South? Here is a race that is compelled to work for a living. Is that a problem any more than the condition of the working people throughout the country? The negro's all right; just let him alone. But I will admit that at times he is a disturbing element in politics; so is the Irishman. But the negro never excites a labor revolt, and rarely does he follow when one has been excited. If it hadn't been for that un-ripe decision, that near-sighted act which gave him the right to vote so soon after having been a slave, the negro would have met with no trouble whatever."

It was a moment before Hawley replied, and

when he did, his voice was so solemn and his words were so measured that the old man looked at him in astonishment. "It is a religion with me to believe that Lincoln stands next to Jesus Christ," he said.

A silence followed. The old man saw that his visitor's conviction was indeed a religion with him, that it was as a root that had grown to the very bottom of his nature. The image of old Jackson flew to his mind. Again he saw him, grave and severe in his greatness, standing amid a reverential throng at the Hermitage, above flattery, the devotee of truth, the defender of honor, an instrument through which God flashed His own awful wrath. But it was not possible that he could make other men see this majestic picture; and with deep devotion he blurred the scene and simply said: "Yes, Lincoln was a great man; and he was a Southerner, too."

Mrs. Trapnell had stepped out into the hall. "Judge, please come here a minute;" she called and when he joined her she asked: "Is it possible that you're blind?"

"Blind! I don't understand you."

"Is it possible that you can't see?"

"See what?"

"Oh, can't you see that he has come to call on Ida?"

"Why, I hadn't thought of such a thing. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because I didn't know it until just this minute."

"Well, but how do you know it now, if that's the case?"

"I know it well enough. Come, we'll walk in the garden."

"We will, but first let me excuse myself. But I don't know that I want Ida to receive company at her age."

"Oh, she's been going to balls and parties for a year. Oh, Mr. Hawley, the Judge and I are going out for a moment. Excuse us, please."

Ida sat on the piano stool, leaning back. How careless she was and how shapely, too; with the natural grace of a young leopard, with the frankness of unconcerned innocence, and yet with a laughing, good-humored shrewdness, an intuition wiser than a moral lesson, conscious of respectable lineage and therefore inclined to be adventurous;

at one moment a woman and at the next moment a child. The glow of her hair gave a warmth of color to her neck, and Hawley, as he sat looking at her, thought that he had never seen so captivating a picture. She blushed at the silence that fell between them, and then laughed at it; she swung one foot, and then realizing that she had received him as "company," she sought to dignify herself by making a sober remark.

"You have some very queer neighbors near you," she said.

"Yes, particularly John Roark and his sister, the widow Binson."

"Do they come over to see you?"

"Yes, quite frequently."

"She doesn't come, does she?"

"Oh, yes. Strange sort of woman, don't you think so?"

"I don't know much about her. They don't really belong here—don't know where they came from. They have been living here some time, and, gramper says, they rent first one farm and then another. We sometimes plague grams by telling her that her cousin Charley Willis tried to marry

the widow, and I don't know but it's true. Gramper says that he has been married just enough times not to care how many more times he does get married. Do you read many books?"

"No, not a great many. I take the magazines and try to make it a point to keep up with the new books of importance."

"Did you ever read St. Elmo?"

"I tried to a number of years ago, but it was too wordy for me."

"I used to think it was the greatest book ever written," she said. "I didn't mind its wordiness; I was after its romance. I remember my chum and I at school used to steal out of bed and try to read it by the moon. They wouldn't let us have a light. I found it the other day and tried to read it but my taste for it was gone. I suppose it's because we want truth as we grow older. Now, what are you laughing at? You are always laughing at me. Don't you suppose I'm old enough to want truth? I am."

"Oh, of course I know you want truth, but I didn't suppose you had passed the romantic age."

"Well, I haven't done that; I don't believe any-

body does. But even romance must have some truth. Girls read stronger books than they used to; and though they may be just as innocent, yet they know more than they did."

"Yes," Hawley replied, "and that is as it should be, since knowledge is the protector of both men and women. But I don't like to see a young girl over wise, as we often find them in the cities, for in all wisdom there is a tincture of cynicism."

"But it may be possible to catch the wisdom and miss the tincture."

He looked at her and smiled. Was this the child that had been sitting there, swinging her foot?

The supper bell rang. "Come," said the Judge, looking in the door, "our juleps are ready."

CHAPTER IX.

Hawley walked through the fields, on his way home. Strange and unwonted thoughts, jumbled and half formed, rushed through his mind. Sometimes with swift stride he ripped through the dead, tangled clover, and then with strolling pace he moved slowly along. Darkness lay upon the landscape and the distant timber was a border of total blackness. Autumn was in the air, with its sudden puffs of coolness, but tranquillity was not in the air. A man's strong emotions were surging, like water that leaps and falls under a wind. No meditative walk in the fields of Elysia was this; no sweet musing over the beauty, the freshness of a smile, but a half-mad fight, a rebellion, a passion almost enraged at itself. The common sense imbued by a practical, commercial school, flew to pieces like glass smashed by a heavy blow. The strong blood of viking ancestors, cool so long in the chilly veins of trade, now leaped with heat. Who

is so frenzied a religionist as the man that has been an infidel; who so visionary a spiritualist as one that has turned from materialism? Man may reason and find conversion in the light of his own argument; ideas like a flight of birds may fill this modern air; science, thought, exactness of speech, precision of conduct, a mountain top of intellectual training may be reached—and yet, a strong man's love, fashioned unconsciously and then suddenly electrified with life, is much of a madness as it was when the breath of Almighty creation had just been breathed upon the earth.

He passed through the clover-land and had reached the old race-track when a form, darker than the night, crossed his path.

“Who's that?”

“A loiterer on the face of the earth,” a voice answered.

“Is it you, Professor?”

“Yes, and I am abroad, feeling of the night's dull pulse.”

“I greet you, old man. I am almost as mad as you are.”

They stood facing each other. “Reason may

run wild and yet it is not madness, sir," the Professor replied "May I walk with you?" he asked.

"Yes, and talk in crazy harmony with my thoughts."

"Mr. Hawley, are you drunk?"

They walked along in silence. "Mr. Hawley, I say you are drunk."

"I am."

"Mint juleps, Mr. Hawley?"

"Yes, and the mint was gathered in the garden of Eden."

"And where did the liquor come from?"

"Perhaps from the original distillery."

"Where is that, Mr. Hawley?"

"In hell."

"Mr. Hawley, you are not only drunk; but applying my moral philosophy, I should say that you are as crazy as a bat."

Hawley laughed and reason, thus summoned, returned to him. "No, I'm not crazy, Professor. I was simply amusing myself."

"It is well to turn it off, Mr. Hawley, but something was on your mind. That laugh probably saved you a thousand groans. But wait till we

build our university; then we'll investigate all this. We'll show the strong man that after all he is a pitiable weakling. At one moment he may drive a bargain that will scrape the skin off his adversary; the next moment the mischief dancing in a bright eye may rob him of his reason." He stopped abruptly and said: "An awful thought came to me back there. It wasn't a thought; it was a realization. It was this: What is the sea but the tears that have been shed by the sorrowing children of men? The sea has its tide, and what is that but the emotion, the grief swell that is still alive in those briny drops? Wait!" Hawley started to go on but the Professor rudely held him back.

"Think of this, for we are going to teach it in our philosophy."

"All right, Professor, I'll think of it."

"Will you? Then with God's blessing, I will bid you good-night."

Hawley, upon reaching home, found the negro Ben and the morphine eater, sitting on a bench in the yard, disputing with each other.

"I ain't claimin' ter cut off nobody's laig," the negro "physician" declared. "I cures de flesh but

I ain' got much truck wid de bone. You cuts de bone, but you kain lift up de heaviness o' de flesh. Skuze me, sah, but look out dar Mr. Hawley—come in one o' callin' 'im Mars Bob er gin—I say look out dar, an' doan kick ober dat kittle o' medicine. I'se jest b'iled it an' has put it dar ter cool. Monstus sick pusson ober de creek needs it right now."

"And I pity him when he gets it," said Dr. Moffet.

"Oh, you 'tends ter, but you knows you 'gratulin' 'im right now. Man wants ter git well; darfo he sont fur me. But neber mine, Dock; w'en he gits all his er fars straightened up an' wants ter bid farwell ter dis yere yeth, he mout sen' fur you sometime."

Moffet turned to Hawley. "If you don't make this black rascal cease insulting me, I'll hurt him."

"I ain' 'sultin' you, sah. Mr. Hawley kin see dat. It's jest er little skussion 'tween two doctors da doan 'long ter de same school. I doan blame you fur stickin 'ter yo' school."

"School!" the Doctor scornfully repeated; "you never saw a school. You are an ignorant pretender and if the officers of the law had any respect for the community they would lock you up."

"Yas, sah, dat's one view o' de case, one view by de uder school. An' I'll say right yere dat I reckon you kin out argy me, caze de school dat I 'longs ter would ruther cure a pusson up den ter talk 'im down. Cose we kain all 'long ter de same school, an' I doan blame you fur goin' off dar whar you is." Aunt Lily opened a door and stood there, holding a lamp. "Why, dar's Miss Lily, sheddin' light on de subjeck."

"Hush, triflin' man, I ain' got no time ter talk wid you," she replied. "White folks claimin' all my time now. Mr. Hawley is dat you out dar? W'y, sah, dar's comp'ny in de big room ter see you."

"You mean the library, don't you?"

"Yas, sah, you mout call it dat, but it's de big room all de same. Ben, I ain' gwine gib you'er mouf'l ter eat in de mawnin' lessen you git me some wood dis bery night. Da's been yere some little time waitin' fur you, Mr. Hawley. Bless de Lawd, de win' dun blowed out my lamp."

In the library Hawley found John Roark and his sister, the widow Binson. He did not like them, the sight of them angered him, and if he

treated them with politeness it was not without a strong effort. Roark's manner was offensive, with an abruptness which he thought to play for good nature; he was burly and red, was loud in his talk of the majesty of the people, aspired to be a leader among the lowly, sought petty office and at one time had stirred up trouble at the polls. Like all men who disgust the thoughtful, he had disciples among the thoughtless.

His sister was a skinny, repellent, shrewd-looking creature. She rejoiced that the day of woman's emancipation was coming, and talked on delicate subjects with the freedom of a surgeon. She was past thirty, had buried a husband, desired to catch another and was now casting her net. Unimportant this brother and sister appeared to Hawley, and yet in his drama they were to play near the foot-lights.

They were making themselves at home when the master of the house entered the room; the brother was smoking and the sister was eating something which Aunt Lily had brought in on a plate. Roark jumped up and bellowed, "Oh, here you are. Thought you'd run away; glad you haven't.

Couldn't get along without you now that we've got used to you. Nan and I thought we'd drop in. Didn't know but you might be lonesome."

The woman put the plate away, wiped her mouth, smirked and at once began: "We are so unconventional, you know. I can't bear form; oh, I do detest it. Woman has always been the slave of form, so I say, let us be natural. You are looking so well, Mr. Hawley. This part of the country must agree with you. I declare, how you have fixed up this place. I told John as we came along that I scarcely recognized it. So nice to have money enough to carry out your wishes. So bad to be hampered in everything. Have I got your favorite chair?"

"No, sit down. It's turned warmer," he added, seating himself.

"Well, no; I was telling John just now that it had turned cooler."

"Probably it has," he dryly agreed.

Thus they talked, saying nothing. The old clock whanged, and whanged the time away; Aunt Lily was heard making her nightly rounds, closing the doors, and still these tiresome visitors sat and

gabbled—breathed a weariness upon each lagging moment. If Hawley's thoughts flew away they were seized and brought back with a jerk; if in a moment of silence he dreamed, he awoke with a night-mare.

At last they were gone, and after shutting the door upon them, he sat down to think. An image was in his soul and he gazed upon it, dazzled. Reason came as a critic, and pointed out flaws, but the criticism was rejected; the cold, technical terms of the anatomist must not be applied to the form of Venus.

He wrote to Dr. Ford: "I am in love," he said, "and I shall discuss no problem with you. You may regard it a miracle if I even write with a modicum of good sense. You regard me as a man of a certain sort of action rather than a man of thought, and in a strict sense I know that I am not a thinker, but after all who thinks more intently than the man of action, and who is more disturbed by thought? You have often talked to me about marriage, recognizing it as a sort of advantage, and you have spoken of the suitability of temperament, but you have never even hinted at love. I believe

you did say something about physical infatuation. I was unconcerned and paid but slight attention. But now I am concerned and I grope back and fumble among your words. Don't the newspapers nearly every day tell us of some man who has taken his own life because his heart has been wrung. I read last week of a man, educated, prosperous, high in public estimation, who went to the grave of a girl whom he loved and there slew himself. And yet in this Edisonian age if we use the word love we must do so with a sneer or be laughed at. But I have not sat down to argue with you, but to confide in you. In several of my letters I spoke of the Judge's granddaughter. I have often visited the Judge, and am of course well acquainted with the girl, but not until a few hours ago did I know that I loved her. You will say that this is rank nonsense, and I admit that I can't explain it. I don't know that we are suited to each other; I don't know that she ever gave me a serious thought; I am much older than she is; but I do know that as I sat this afternoon and looked at her, I suddenly felt that I would give the world to possess her. Is this a physical infatuation? I spoke idle

words, I even laughed, but to-night as I was coming through the fields, an emotion, a passion almost mad, seized me and swayed me. There is much of the barbarian in me; you have often told me that I was too impulsive to be civilized; and a recollection of this stuck into me like a splinter as I struggled with myself in the fields. Why struggle? I don't know. I thought of no difficulty to be overcome, of no fight against odds; in my strength, in my head-long vanity, believed that nothing could stand in my way, and yet I struggled with myself. What am I going to do? I am going to marry her. Has she nothing to say? She may have, but if it is in opposition she needn't say it. There's egotism for you. But I am going to give her time. Yes, and I am going to give myself time. I must know whether my love is enduring or fitful. I rebelled against her; I tried to fight myself free from her image, there in the fields, but could not. Now I shall wait."

CHAPTER X.

Cold wind blew from the north and the brown leaves lay in drifts. Strange birds came whirling through the bleak air of night, and sought to warm themselves under the eaves of the house; morning dawned with a spitting of snow, and screaming, they resumed their flight. Axes rang in the woods, shouting boys and yelping dogs roamed over the fields; the creek, bordered with ice, ran with chilly rippling; the horses were frisky in the barn-lot; old cows pranced on the frozen ground. And at midnight, from far away on the hill-side where the under-brush was tangled, came the thrilling notes of the fox-hound.

Hawley often sat by the log fire in the Judge's house. But sitting by the fire or walking abroad the image of the girl was ever before him. He had waited, as he had said that he would, but in this portrait not a tint had faded, not a hair-line of color had been dimmed. His love surrounded

her with a mystery and musing upon it he perplexed himself. He found her so different from other human beings, and he did not know that what he took to be a sort of divine oddity was simply the spray of his own imagination. He was not so strong as he had been, not so full of the essence of irresistible conquest as he was at the time when he told Dr. Ford that if she had anything to say in opposition, she might as well hold it unsaid. She had puzzled him. If her regard for him was warmer than mere friendship, how could she remain so carelessly at ease when he came near her? He felt that he had thrown his yearning mind upon her, to read her in its searching light, and that with nymphal grace she had ambled from under it. What was then left for him to do? Nothing. What was left for him to feel? A sick resentment. Ah, the old road, older than the lane, the first path-way made by the foot of man, bestrewn with the human heart's first tender foibles, with the lamps of man's earliest fancy burning here and there and with darkness lying cold between them—the uneven road of love. There is many a short cut, many a bramble to be avoided, but the

mind that sees the near route is practical with close calculation, and dull is the soul that misses the briar.

In reply to Hawley's confession, Dr. Ford had said: "My dear boy, you have struggled to prove that the sun shines. You amuse me, and yet I herewith send you a rose-bud which you will please put into the vase, along with your newly-bloomed sentiment. I have never talked to you about love! You make me laugh. Why, when I saw you last you believed more in the potency of a breach of promise suit than in the existence of that deep, inner disturbance which we know as love. But let me say to you that even in love, when you imagine that your soul is a burning mountain, it is well to be sensible, or at least to make the attempt. It is barely possible that the young woman is not at all wrought up. I say this not to discourage you, but as a warning to your wild confidence. What do you mean by this Edisonian age? Do you mean that man is so busy with the material that he cannot feel the spiritual? It may be so with some men—it has been so in every age—but it is not so with all men. This is an age in

which a man may not tell most truth but when he demands that most truth shall be told. Realism has been taken up as a fad. But what is more real than the beautiful? The rose-bud I send you is as real as any toad that hops in your field."

Hawley carried this letter about with him and read it time and again. He was not attracted by the soft color with which the writer sought to illumine his opinions of truth and sentiment; he found in it no balm to sooth and cool a heated irritation—he found a wasp and it stung him. "It is barely possible that the young woman is not at all wrought up." This warning was the wasp. He repeated the words over and over, until they meant nothing, held nothing but dead sound; then he would open the letter, and when his eye fell upon the words, out would buzz the wasp and sting him again. And in the midst of this torture, when purple with punishment and in sore need of sympathy, the girl carelessly told him that she was going to a distant part of the state to spend two months at the house of a kinsman. He coldly replied: "Are you?" It was the ice made by steam, by excessive heat, by quick, exhaustive evaporation.

It was a dreary evening and they sat by the log fire in the family sitting-room. In the afternoon the Judge had gone to town and had not returned. Mrs. Trapnell passed through the room, wondering what could have kept him so late.

"When do you think of starting?"

"To-morrow."

"How far is it?"

"Seventy-five miles, I think."

"A long distance," he said.

"Why, I didn't think that any distance was long to a man from Chicago."

"It isn't if he travels it. You say you are going to stay two months?"

"Yes, about that long."

"You and the spring will come back together. The rest of us will stay here with the winter, waiting for you."

She leaned back in her chair and laughed with rippling gayety. "Ida," her grandmother called, from the stairway in the hall, "have you seen anything of my darning gourd?"

A darning gourd! A thing to put into the heel of a stocking to hold it taut while darning it.

And to ask that divine creature if she had seen that thing! It came to Hawley like a blasphemous shout.

"No, ma'am, I haven't seen it."

"Well, it's mighty strange what's become of it. Didn't that good-for-nothing puppy take it out into the yard. I just know I'll break that dog's neck if he ever dares to come into the house again."

"I don't know, grams."

Of course she didn't know, and simply to ask her fell but little short of an outrage. And yet she serenely bore it. How Christian-like was her forbearance, how sublime her self-restraint.

"Mr. Hawley, that book you brought me is awfully stupid."

"Why, it's been highly praised."

"That may be, but it's stupid."

He had read the book and had enjoyed it, but he suddenly remembered that parts of it were very dull. "But the character drawing is good," he said.

"Oh, yes, but they don't say anything; they talk, but I can't recall a word that any one of them said. What's the use of putting a character

into a book unless there is something to him—the smallest bit of something, at least?”

“Not much use, I must agree. I suppose you’ll write to your grandfather while you are gone.”

“Oh, yes, I always write when I’m away from home. But I’m not fond of writing; I never can find anything to say.”

“You can tell about yourself.”

“Yes, but that wouldnt be any news to gramper.”

“But it might be to the rest of us.”

“Oh, and you want to hear too, do you?”

“Yes, and I’m going to write to you and tell you everything that’s going on at home.”

“Oh, that will be nice.”

“Ida,” her grandmother called from the top of the stairs, “I just know that good-for-nothing puppy did take that gourd. I can’t find it anywhere.”

“I tell you I don’t know anything about it, grams.”

“Well go out there and see if you can find it anywhere. For goodness sake, here it is on the trunk right in front of me.”

“I am very glad she found it,” said Hawley. “I

was afraid that we'd all have to go down into our graves, not knowing what had become of that thing. But fate is kinder to us than we think."

"You mustn't make fun of grams," she said, laughing; and it was what any ordinary girl might have said, but to Hawley, mind blunted in his adoration of her, it was a solemn and majestic warning. He could have told her that not to save his life would he make fun of so respectable a woman, that to him her darning gourd was sacred, and that he was ready to rejoice that she had found it. She got up to reach something on the mantle-piece, and a ribbon that she had worn tied about her hair, fell to the floor. He caught it up and asked her if he might keep it. She looked at him with a smile so full of mischief and told him that of course he was welcome to it but that if he really wanted a ribbon she would give him a new one. Thus they drove the time away. He had thought of many wise things to say to her, for he was a man of the world and surely could entertain a country girl, but the wise things would not come and he might as well have been a clod-hopper of the fields. He remembered that he and this girl

had talked sensibly, in the earlier days of their acquaintance, and he muttered an imprecation against the stiff clamp that was now on his tongue. Nothing can appear colder or more insipid than passion's studied by-play, but he did not realize this even though he practiced it himself and saw it practiced under his ardent gaze.

Suddenly the room appeared to be full of dogs; and a gaunt man stood peering in at the door. Then came a sharp cry and the next moment "grams" was among the dogs, striking right and left with a broom. "Here, Bose; here, Ring!" the gaunt man called. "Come, git out. That's it, lam 'em, ma'm; lam it to 'em."

Mrs. Trapnell followed the frightened dogs to the front door, striking at them as they scampered down the steps, then flurried with anger, she returned to the sitting-room. During this time the man stood at the door, smiling grimly and telling her to beat the unmannered rascals; and when she came back he said: "You've missed one of 'em, ma'm. There's Miss Betty under the table." Hereupon she darted at a young dog crouched in a corner. The creature howled and the dogs out-

side took up the spirit of her distress and barked furiously. "Don't hit her too hard, ma'm. She don't mean no harm. There, she's all right. She won't come in again."

"Good-for-nothing things, tracking up the house. I'll kill the last one of them!"

"Yes, ma'm, I believe you would, but they're all right now. Where's the Judge?"

"He went to town directly after dinner and he ought to be back right now but he ain't. Just look at that track there as big as a pie plate. Gracious knows I can't keep things clean no matter how hard I try."

"It'll dry off putty soon, ma'm. But in the meantime you might introduce me."

"You must excuse me," Mrs. Trapnell apologized; "but these dogs are a perfect scarecrow to politeness. Mr. Hawley, this is Mr. Lige Crump."

"I know you mighty well by name, sir," said Mr. Crump, shaking hands with Hawley.

"And I know of you too," Hawley replied. "I often lie in bed and listen to the music of your hounds."

"Hope they don't disturb you, sir," he rejoined,

sitting down and stretching his feet toward the fire.

"Well I should say not. It's thrilling."

"Glad you think so. But my pack's sorter run down lately; somebody pizened one of my leaders and if I ever find out who it was the price of wool will drap at once. I think it was a fellow that lives up the creek, but I ain't certain. I didn't like him when he first moved in there—brought a lot of half hounds into the neighborhood. No gentleman's got any use for a half hound; he selects his dogs as carefully as he does his friends; and if his dogs are low-bred, you may bet that he ain't much better and that his friends are about of the same ilk. I've heard my friend John Roark talk about you. Now there's a man right; loves a good dog and knows one when he sees him. He ain't much on some things—can't write as good a hand as the circuit court clerk, but he's a man of the people and it's a shame that he hain't been sent to the legislature. Some folks don't like him, but I say that it's because they can't see his good points. But sometimes we fail to see good points in a man that's got the most of them. You and John visit putty often, don't you?"

"Well, he and his sister have been over a number of times."

"Oh, it don't make no difference with John whether you can come as often as he can or not. He never counts visits. Well, Miss Idy, how do you stand this cold weather?"

"Very well."

"Glad to hear it. Polly's been laying off to come and see you for some time, but she's kept putty busy, a 'helpin' of her mother. She'll be over before long, though."

"I'm going away to-morrow."

"That so? But I don't reckon you'll be gone long. Don't reckon the old Judge would know what to do without you."

Hawley felt that this was intended for himself, and as if searching for a reflex of his own conviction, he studied the girl's face, but no reflex was there; nothing save the glow thrown from her own warm nature.

"I'm not going to stay very long," she replied. "Only two months."

Why didn't she say two hundred thousand years! Two minutes can be an eternity; two seconds of

the soul's existence can be a shoreless sea of time.

"Oh, that's a right smart stay. I think I hear the Judge coming."

When the outer door was opened the dogs darted in, snapping, snarling, howling for their master; and "grams" flew at them with her broom, making them howl the more until she had beaten them down the steps. And when order was restored it was discovered that the Judge, accompanied by Mr. Charles Willis, had entered the room. Of course this discovery was made and recognized by the others, but not until the last dog had been put to flight did Mrs. Trapnell appear to be conscious of anything except that her household had been invaded.

"Gracious alive!" declared the Judge, "this is an odd performance, I must say. A man comes home to find his wife, a lady and the mistress of a well-known household, thrashing among a lot of dogs as if she's fighting for her life."

"Well I just won't be tormented this way," she snapped; "I just won't—I'll kill the last one of them. No matter how hard I try, from morning till night, I can't keep things looking respectable."

"Madam," said the Judge, "it seems to me that the cabin out there is full of negro women, and yet you are determined to fret yourself to death with trying to keep the house in order. By the Eternal, madam, it doesn't speak very well for me; people will think that I brought you here merely to enslave you. Sit down everybody and we'll warm ourselves and then have a bite to eat."

Social order was thus established; the lank cause of the trouble sat unconcernedly if not placidly, with his feet stretched toward the fire; and the principal dog track, the one as big as a pieplate, gave so encouraging a promise of drying soon that Mrs. Trapnell, thus induced to put aside a part of her worry, turned to Charles Willis and asked: "Have you seen any of Henry's folks lately?"

Mr. Willis arose from his chair, placed his hand on his breast, bowed with respect for his questioner, but in lack of respect for "Henry's folks," he said: "Cousin Mandy, lately and on three several occasions, I have been compelled to intimate to you, that although Henry and his family are distantly related to you and to myself, they would if properly handled make a valuable

addition to a compost heap. Henry does not believe that a man has the divine right to receive a reasonable compensation for his services; he does not know that the value of an article depends upon the material of which it is composed, and therefore he is a mere vegetable, a squash. I try to be a gentleman." He bowed again and sat down, thoroughly satisfied with himself and wholly dissatisfied with every one else, finding wisdom in his own words and music in his own voice.

"Willis," said Lige Crump, drawing in his feet, "you ought to teach school, or if you knowed enough you mout train houn's."

When pushed for an expression, particularly a sarcasm, Willis had a way of touching his tongue as if to pick off a phrase. And he now went through with this performance, unmindful of the laugh which broke out, unobservant of Mrs. Trapnell's satiric titter. "Some men were not born," he declared, "they were laid upon a stump by some aerial scavenger and hatched out by the genial rays of a southern sun."

"Charles," said the Judge, "you still say that with as much gusto as you did twenty years ago. Why don't you vary your form a trifle."

"Judge, the terms of an exact truth are unchangeable. Twenty years ago you said that Gordon P. Hensley was an infamous scoundrel; and to-night as we came from town I heard you make the same statement."

The Judge gave him a severe look; Willis smiled, but yielding not to this attempted play of good humor, the old man's countenance remained hard, and the tight lines that seemed to draw down his mouth were with difficulty broken when he said: "Let us have no more of that, sir."

Surely this old man, hiding no resentment and concealing no joy, strove by being natural himself to make his visitors feel at home. The fading remnant of an old society, not of the broad-spread society of the South, which flattered and then fought, but which was too honest to flatter but never too religious to fight; the rude off-shoot of an English aristocracy that found a virtue in blunt, straightforward speech, and rejected even until a late day the easy manners, the soft social hypocrisy of France.

Like a shadow that crosses the stubble-field, leaving the land brighter where it rested for a

moment, the old man's resentment passed away. The fire crackled and murmured, the cold wind whistled, the dogs scratched at the outer door.

"Ida," said the Judge, "get that old quilt there in the closet and give it to those dogs to lie on."

"No, never mind," Crump spoke up. "I'm going in a minit and they can stand it till then. I told you that Polly was laying off to come over and see you, didn't I, Miss Idy? Oh, yes, and you lowed you was going away pretty soon."

The Judge looked at him sharply as though about to reply to him, but he turned to Mrs. Trapnell and thus spoke to her:

"Mandy, I told those poor people down the creek to send up here for some meat. Did they?"

"Yes, I gave them enough to last a week."

"And gramper," said Ida, "I told the man to get all the wood he wanted."

"I am glad you did, my child. I intended to tell him myself. This weather is hard on those little children there in that open house. I wonder if they've got bed-clothes enough?"

"I sent them several quilts and a blanket," Mrs. Trapnell replied.

"What's that?" Hawley asked. He had been dreaming. "Somebody in need of assistance? They shan't be in need long. Where are they?"

"In a cabin near the creek not far from here?" Mrs. Trapnell answered. "But they are all right now," she added.

"That may be, but will you please see that they get this?" He handed her twenty dollars. "And tell them," he continued, "that they shan't suffer for anything. Judge, having come from a place where we are accustomed to see distress, and having seen no evidences of actual want since I left there, I had almost forgotten that suffering continued to exist. We are made narrow-minded by our surroundings. When a man is gloomy he thinks that the world has gone wrong, that life is a mistake, that creation took the wrong shoot from the beginning; but let him be prosperous and in good health, and he is then ready meekly to acknowledge that God is right."

He spoke more with the dull inflection of one that was reading rather than with the accent of conversation; he was still dreaming, and the subject of his dream sat on the opposite side of the fire-

place, bright, cheerful in her talk, gay in her manner, happy even though she were going away on the morrow. The talk flowed on, like a stream that sinks and then bursts out afresh, rippling noisily, murmuring low, silent and then rippling again. But nothing appealed to his understanding, he heard sounds merely; he caught no distinct word until the Judge said: "This cold weather appears to make you drowsy, sir. I should think that coming as you do from a bleak lake-shore you would laugh at our pretense of a winter."

"Oh, yes, surely. The fact is that I don't mind cold weather very much anywhere; but it strikes me that this air is more penetrating even than a lake wind. It seems so out of place."

"I don't know but you are right," the Judge replied. "The northern soldiers suffered greatly with cold in the South; and my recollection is that the coldest day I ever felt was in New Orleans. Supper ready? Well, so am I. Come everybody "

With no apparent emotion but with a stupidity that afterward tormented him, Hawley bade the girl good-bye. They stood alone in the hall, but no befitting word came to his lips; he intended to

say one thing and said another; and out of this confusion, this heterophemy, came but a jumble of words. She went with him to the door, she stood on the steps in the wind, she laughingly told him that he must not forget his promise to write. The door was closed, the light no longer fell upon the steps; he was alone in the yard. A struggling resolution urged him to open the door and call her, to tell her that he was a fool, that his smothering heart had not spoken; but the resolution died within him and he stumbled his way to the front gate where a negro boy waited with his horse and buggy. He lashed his horse and drove furiously down the road, and the cutting wind brought to him a keener consciousness that he was a fool. He wondered if he had really lost his mind. What was there about this simple country girl that should so completely undo him? And he asked himself what would have been the result had he met her in Chicago. Would he have fallen in love with her, and would she have transformed him into an ox? He took off his hat and put his hand on his head. Had old Dr. Ford foreseen the coming of insanity, and was baldness one of its signs? But

he was not bald; his hair had begun to grow thicker; and besides some of the ablest, sanest men he ever knew were bald.

"Whoa," he cried and brought his horse to a sudden stop. "I will go back there. I am not a fool, I'm not an ass."

He turned about and drove back. Thoughts, ardent and eloquent flew to his mind; words of confident, fearless love were on his lips. Now he was on the hill, near the Judge's house; in a minute more he should be there. But suddenly he pulled hard on the lines and brought the horse to a standstill. The lights were out; the house was a black blot on a smirch of darkness.

CHAPTER XI.

At day-light a sleet-storm was blowing; the stiffened, ice-covered branches of an old oak rapped on the roof of the house. Hawley wondered if the girl had been so heedless as to set out on a journey at such a time. She was to start early, and as he lay in bed, he heard the distant roar of the railway train; he heard, also, the inviting crackle of a fire that old Ben had built in an adjoining room, and he got up. He found the negro standing on the hearth, holding one foot to the blaze.

“Good mawnin’, sah; good mawnin’. Monstus col’ outside.”

“Yes, about as cold weather as you ever felt, isn’t it?”

“No, sah, in de war time we had it colder den dis; but dat wuz er time w’en you mout ’spect anything. I got up arly dis mawnin’ an’ went down de creek ter see ef I could sorter pick up er rabbit, but I didn’. I passed old Doc Moffet’s

cabin, an' it looked so col' an' lonesome dat I flung er side de jealousy twix de diffunt schools o' medicine, sah, an' went in an' made de old man er fire. An' he 'peared mighty grateful, too, he did; dat is w'ile I wuz makin' it, but atter I dun got it made, he had ter hint dat I had pizenod er pusson. Dat ain' no way fur er man ter ack."

"No, I should think not. You say you've been away down the creek?"

"Yas, sah, way down ter whar dem po' white folks is."

"Then you passed the Judge's house."

"Yas, sah, an' I stopped dar, too, an' tuck er cup o' coffee wid old Sis Milly; but you needn' say nuthin' bout dat whar Ain' Lilly kin yere you, caze dat lady is monstus jealous. Dat's allus de way wid deze lay lady folks, sah. You doan know how soon da gwine break out on you; da may pear like da doan kere nuthin fur you, but let em' ketch you a cuttin' er few shines about er nuder lady, an' uh huh, look out! Sometimes I thinks dat de best o' 'em is pizenous, sah. You study dar cuisness an' jest ez you think you got it down ter er fine p'int, you suddenly skivers dat you been

way off all de time. I'se had er monstus sight o' trouble wid 'em in my life, sah."

"What time were you at the Judge's house?"

"Bout er hour an' er ha'f er go, I reckon."

"Do you know whether or not Miss Ida went away this morning?"

"I knows dat she did go, sah. Da driv her ter de depot er bout de time I lef. She's de fines' young lady in all dis country, an'—an'—she thinks er whole lot o' you. Neber mine axin' me how I foun' out; neber mine. I knows whut Sis Milly tol' me, an', whateber Sis Milly may be she's jes' b'ilin' ober wid truth. Marse Bob—now won' you please skuze me, sah, fur callin' you Marse Bob? I uster hab er young marster named Bob an', you looks zackly like 'im. Dar wuz er man fur you, an' he wan't er feered o' nuthin', an' lemme tell you he wuz er monstus good-lookin' pusson de fust thing you know. But whut I wuz gwine git at is dis here: De col' weather has come on, sah, an' in my practice o' medicine I needs suthin' er leetle mo' wa'min' den yarbs; so ef you could let me hab er dollar I'd be monstus proud o' de fack.

"Ben, your flattery is lost on me, but here's the dollar all the same."

“I doan kere nuthin’ ’bout de flattery so I gits de dollar, er haw, haw, haw! But I ain’ tryin’ ter work you, Mr. Hawley. I knows you is er good man—I dun yered er ’bout you mo’n wunst; folks in town tol’ me dat w’en da fotch de ’bution box ter you in de church you drapped in fifty dollars like it wan’t no mo’n er dime. But helpin’ de church doan’ count wid me, caze folks do dat sometimes fur er show. I knows er man an’ his name is Mr. John Roark, too, dat gib er preacher ten dollars an’ megitly atterwards haggled wid me ober seventy-fi’ cents dat I dun earned er cleanin’ out his well. But dat ain’ de way, wid you, Mr. Hawley. Ole Unk Laz dat’s down wid de rheumatiz tole me dat you got clothes fur his chillun so da could go ter school. An’ dat ain’ all; I’s yered frum you all roun’ de neighborhood; an’ I wanter tell you right now dat de Lawd ain’ makin’ it er p’int ter furgit such men ez dat. Yas, sah; yas, sah—Oh, da calls me no count, an’ lazy an’ all dat, but lemme tell you I’s gwine stick ter you. Huh, I almos’ furgot ter tell you dat I seed Mr. Willis ober yander an’ he tol’ me ter tell you dat he’d be yere putty soon ter talk ter you on some

business. Strange thing ter me dat he doan' do no mo' den he do. W'y, it 'pear ter me dat ef I could talk like da man I'd make it er p'int ter go roun' de neighborhood, trampin' on common folks. Look yere, I got ter be gwine. Sick people needin' me dis minit."

"Ben!" his wife called from the dining-room.

"Yessum."

"Is dat you?"

"Yessum."

"I thought I yered dat big mouf o' yourn. I want you ter git right outen dar now an' split me some wood. Ef you doan you shan't hab er bite ter eat dis day."

"W'y lady, I ain' been doin' nuthin' but split wood fur you all de mawnin'. But ef yo' sweet mouf says so, I'll split some mo'."

"Go on outen dar now, talkin' 'bout er sweet mouf."

"Ben, have you split any wood?" Hawley asked.

"Wall, not zackly, sah."

"Go then and do it. Do you understand?"

"Un'erstan'? De trumpet dun blôwd; de word wid de bark on it dun give. I'm gwine now."

The sounds of the negro's axe were soon mingled with the wind cries of the raw morning; and as Hawley sat at breakfast, he heard the old rascal throw down an armful of wood in the kitchen.

Mr. Willis came, bowing, smiling, expressing his pleasure at seeing Hawley so well cared for at this inclement time; hoping that the weather would soon moderate; declaring that had the people followed his advice they would have been better prepared for this chilly emergency. The houses were not tight enough; men thought that roominess was comfort; they ought to see his snug house up the river; they ought to observe how warm he was in winter and how cool in summer—snugness, comfort, flowers and the finest turnips that ever grew on the face of God's generous earth.

"Sit down," said Hawley.

"I thank you for this true evidence of manly courtesy. Without courtesy we are barbarians; with it we are gentlemen. You see me to-day as you have ever seen me, careful of the feelings of others. Other people may change, but I don't; what I was yesterday, I am to-day—a leopard of consistency, so to speak, wearing my spots in the

bright light of day. Pardon me, but do you catch my drift?"

"What you say is all drift and I haven't caught it. But I'll not put you to the trouble of saying it again."

"I thank you. To save trouble to others is a most gentlemanly quality."

"Ben told me that you wanted to see me on business."

"Yes, sir, and its nature is of the utmost importance; but I'm in no hurry."

"Well, but I thought of going to town this morning on business myself."

"Ah, then I will not detain you. By the way did you notice last night that the Judge got a little miffed at me?"

"No, I didn't notice it. What about?"

"Oh, I spoke of Gordon P. Hensley, but no matter, it was soon over with. Do you know that he has carried two derringers year after year, hoping to meet his enemy? He has, and he carries them yet; never leaves home without them. And once every week he fires them off and loads them afresh. There's patience for you."

"Yes, and a hatred that it wouldn't be well to run up against. I suppose Miss Ida left this morning."

"Yes, but the widow Binson is still with us."

"What do you mean?"

"Ah, now, what? Is it possible that you don't know what report says?"

"I don't know that I am interested in any report regarding her, but what is it?"

"Oh, come, now, you must have heard it; oh, git out now, you know you have."

"I have heard nothing, I tell you!"

"Well, then, I will enlighten you. Report says that you are sweet on her."

"And report is simply a liar, that's all."

"What, so harsh a term?"

"Yes, and I might find a harsher one."

"But please don't. Remember that she's a lady."

"I haven't known that she's a lady and therefore I can remember nothing of the sort."

"Oh, come now, my dear sir. Let us be gentle, easy, considerate, pleasant and agreeable, serene, composed and thoughtful. Why, bust my buttons, and at the same time excuse my vulgarity, I have

been casting my longing eye in that direction. Pies, jellies, preserves, canned fruit—the very woman for my snug home up the river.”

“All right, take her there.”

“Ah, and it did seem that I could, but since you came here my stock has gone down.”

“Is that the business you wanted to discuss with me?”

“Oh, no, no. My business with you is not so serious but doubtless a little more important. I told you some time ago that I was a scientific agriculturist, and although my life has been passed in this channel, yet with my ability—pardon me—I can turn it in another direction. All I want is a chance to display my worth, and I believe that Chicago has at last offered that chance.”

“So you think of going there and you want letters of introduction. Is that it?”

“You have not caught my meaning; I will endeavor to make myself clear. I have been complimented for my address, capability and the ease with which I can talk to people. Other men have stolen my ideas and are now wallowing in wealth; and it has occurred to me that I am entitled to the fruit

of my own brain. But what can I do here among the people that have robbed me? Nothing! I must seek a new field; I must go where brain is invested at morning and brings a return at night. Therefore I have chosen Chicago. What can you offer me—never mind the salary, see what I am worth, estimate my abilities and then give me a reasonable compensation for my services.”

“But I don’t need you; I have nothing for you to do.”

“Ah, but isn’t your business there still running?”

“I have investments there but no active business.”

“But I can go there and take charge of these investments; I can double their value. My experience, wide, varied, searching and severe, teaches me that there’s nothing like talking a thing up. A shallow man says that talk is cheap; but it is not. Invest five dollars and say nothing and you have five dollars; invest five and talk. Then what? You have ten.”

“But my investments don’t need any talking up. They are already talked up.”

“Oh, there you go, there you go. You don’t seem to catch the importance of what I say. Why,

everything needs talking up. Let me tell you something. I went out once with a patent-churn dasher. It was a splendid thing, but it wasn't known; it needed talking up. People didn't want it; they could get along without it. But I talked it up and what was the result? Interest was aroused and the inventor grew rich. But now comes in the miserable littleness of man; for, simply because I did not personally—mark the word—simply because I did not personally sell any of these churn dashers, I received no compensation. I went through the country once for an agricultural paper, and I breathed its name in every sequestered community; and when I returned, the manager estimated the value of my services by the number of subscriptions I had brought in, and in consequence I was turned loose without a cent. My ideas were appropriated; my brains were stolen. Now, sir, I will go to Chicago for you and talk up your investments; I will make people raise their windows and look out to see what has caused the clamor in the street. Do you catch my drift?"

Hawley laughed. "Why, your services to me wouldn't be worth two cents a year. What could

you do? Could you go into the real estate market and raise the value of my lots."

"Oh, you don't seem to understand."

"No, I'll swear I don't."

Willis sighed deeply. "This is the way it goes. Set my heart on a thing; declare myself ready to throw my ability into it, and then comes failure. The devil bespatters me with his broth. I don't know which way to turn now; I can simply record another disappointment and grope about in darkness." He was silent for a few moments; he pondered, pressing his finger tips to his temples. "What would you advise?" he asked.

"I should think that to go to work would be a good plan."

"Work!" Willis repeated, with a hard, dead-set smile showing through the bristles about his mouth. "I ask for work, for a chance to prove my abilities and am turned away." His face suddenly brightened. "Give me the necessary help, sir; horses, tools, spiritual encouragement, money, and let me make your farm an Eden, a hanging garden of Babylon."

"I don't care for gardening; I'm going to raise stock."

"Stock!" he exclaimed, "stock, fine stock? You have at last come into my bailiwick. Grass, clover, a flower-besprinkled pasture. Stock! Why, stock is the animated, breathing, gamboling poetry of this life. A bull bellows and tears the ground, and there's tragedy; a lamb frisks and there's gentle sentiment. - Stand by me, give me money and you shall have all the stock you want."

"But all my arrangements are made. I have engaged an experienced stock raiser."

Willis sighed again. "Another temple fallen to dust. Mr. Hawley, you held me up for a moment merely to kick me. I am bruised."

"Do you need money?" Hawley asked.

"What's that? Do I need money? Does the road-stained steer, hot, wall-eyed, tormented by flies, need water and a cool place to lie down? My Hawley, I need money."

"Will fifty dollars help you out?"

Willis sprang to his feet and with spectacular gestures cut the air. "My Hawley, hold me up and bruise me with disappointment, but don't play with my tenderer self, my straightened circumstances. Fifty dollars! Don't tell me that so

much cash floats on the surface of the changeful stream of luck, within grasp of this hand. No, no," he cried, putting his hand over his eyes, "I dare not look at it."

"Here's the money if you want it."

He took the money, sat down and said: "No, I am not feeling my way through an illusion. It is real. Let me see. This is Thursday. I will hand this back next Saturday."

"Better make it three months."

"Ah, you overwhelm me with money and swallow me up with time. But so be it. My generous life-preserver, I'll bid you good-morning."

The sun was shining but the wind had grown colder, fiercer, and sharp specks of ice, caught from the dead grass, were driven across the road. Hawley drove toward town. Every variation of sound; the wind, the fluttering and the twitter of cold birds in the hedge, held a reminding note of the girl's voice. With his head bent forward, his over-coat drawn about him, his eyes half closed, he drove hard against the breath of this shuddering, shrieking day; and across his mind shot the light of an eye, and in his mind was the glow of a smile.



He sought not to reason with himself, to ask himself if he was wise; he admitted to himself that common sense did not sanction this infatuation, but what infatuation did common sense ever sanction? The man who could love wisely was a mere arithmetician, a shrewd figgurer, an exactor of weights and measures; the man with a deeper, warmer, purer soul loved heedlessly.

Having transacted his business in town, Hawley went to the county clerk's office, to seek diversion in this clearing house of gossip; it was the disturbed mind asking the coarse comedy for relief. The old loiterers were there, sitting about the stove, some of them with their chairs tipped back against the wall, others leaning forward with their chins resting on the crook of their hickory canes. Blanketed farmers, old men in "leggings," negroes with pieces of coffee sack tied about their feet, stood round listening, eager to catch something that might be taken home and repeated. Cold weather was the topic. The past was scooped and scraped; severe days were brought back and exhibited. One man had seen the Cumberland river frozen so thick that a drove of cattle crossed on

the ice; and then the liar spoke up. He had seen the river freeze to the bottom and crack open like a chapped hand.

Lige Crump came with his dogs and the clerk did not attempt to put them out; he was a candidate for re-election. John Roark arrived and at once began a harangue on reform. And to give a point an effective clinch, he turned to Hawley and asked: "Ain't that so, hah?"

"I don't know," Hawley answered. "Reform, however, is always a pretty safe doctrine to preach."

"Yes, but a better doctrine to practice. Why, helloa, here's Judge Trapnell."

The Judge came forward, shivering, and held his hands over the stove. "Hawley, I came by your house," he said.

"Did you? Wish I had known you were coming; I would have waited for you. We'll go back together."

"All right. Gentlemen, this puts me in mind of old times."

"Yes," said Roark, "and it will put you in mind of hard times if things don't change. I'll tell you the country is going to the dogs. We need a

change, not so much in Congress as right here at home. The legislature wants to be purged."

"Ah," the Judge remarked, "and which leads us to infer that you ought to be sent down there."

"Well, yes, if you'll have it that way."

"But I won't have it that way, Roark," the Judge replied. "I like you well enough personally, sir, but I can't support you for office."

"I don't see what objections you can have to me, Judge."

"I suppose not, sir, and in fact I have no objections to you personally, but your political creed is not staunch enough."

"I'm a democrat."

"Yes, this year; but what were you last year?"

"Oh, well, I admit that I have changed my faith. It's the wise man that changes, you know."

"I know nothing of the sort, sir. I know that some men have flattered themselves with this theory, but a fundamental change is unbecoming a true man."

"Well, now, Judge, that's putting it pretty wrong."

"The truth does not water its words, sir. But I didn't come here to discuss politics."

"But say, Judge," Lige Crump spoke up, "I think John is the man we want."

"If you think so, vote for him."

"You bet I'll do that and use all my influence; but I don't know why you should be against him."

"If you don't know after what I've said, all right."

"Oh, no, it ain't exactly all right, Judge, for we don't want to see a good man downed. But if you say so we'll let it go. By the way, Brother Hawley, what's your politics?"

"I am a Republican." Crump softly whistled: Hawley added: "I am a Republican and don't think that I am called on to apologize for the fact. In local affairs I am ready to vote with you, but on all national questions I hold the opinions of my party. However, I'm not a politician, and I didn't come among you to raise political issues or to discuss them, but to raise stock. My father hated slavery and at the same time was a slave himself; and his master was business. My mother wrote hymns for the Abolitionists and praised God when the shackles fell."

"Spoken like a man!" exclaimed the Judge. "By

the Eternal, stick to your principles whatever they are. I don't care so much what a man's principles are if I know that he is honest in them. I would rather be a clod and know myself to be honest than to be a genius and suspect myself of rascality. During my long term on the bench my prayer was for wisdom and honesty. I despise a hypocrite, I hate a liar and I loath a coward. Hawley, I'm ready to go any time you are."

"Judge," said an old lawyer, "let me see you a minute."

The Judge stepped aside with him, listened a moment, nodded, scratched his head, and beckoned to Hawley. "By the way?" he asked, putting his hand on Hawley's shoulder and speaking in an undertone, "do you ever play poker?"

"I used to but I've sworn off," Hawley answered. "It took me five years to find out that I couldn't play, to say nothing of the money it cost me."

"Good thing you quit. The boys are going to get up a little game and want me to join them; only a small game—dollar or so limit."

"Go ahead, then, Judge; don't let me take you away."

"Well, if it's just the same to you—"

"That's all right; go ahead."

"Very well, I'll play a little while. By the way, can't you come over to-morrow night?"

"Yes, I'll be there."

Surely the old man was not built after the fashion of the saints; surely the blood of no puritan ancestor flowed in his veins. Touched upon a point of honor, and his demands were as close as the exactions of a rigorous morality; but he could separate morality from religion, and the nicest shades of honor might be found in a game of poker. With the leisurely class of his generation, he held the sophistical belief that one vice is an off-set to many vices; that it is wise to choose your besetting sin and to take care that it shall be a small one.

The Professor of Moral Philosophy was in the library, waiting for Hawley. The old man had placed his cudgel on a table, and he sat near it, with his arms folded. He did not get up when the master of the house entered.

"Good evening, Professor."

He slowly bowed his head but made no reply.

Aunt Lily came to the door and said that supper

was ready. Hawley invited the Professor to join him but the old man shook his head. He sat without moving until Hawley returned.

"Well, how is everything?" Hawley asked.

"There is no everything and nothing gets along well. We may say that the machinery of the earth is perfect, but it is not. It shudders and shakes down cities. We may say that the sun is undisturbed, but the jealous and whimsical moon, to cheat it of its glory, slips in between it and the earth. Nothing is right; moral philosophy comes nearest, and that will be a shade off to the right or to the left until I perfect it. But I promise that it shall be exact before we build our university."

"All right, Professor; when you are done with your part of the work let me know."

"I shall do so, sir. Of late I have been strangely disturbed by shreds of suggestions that weave themselves into my dreams. I know that my health is good, for I feel my pulse and find that the engine of life is running with regular throb. And I know that my mind is sound, but this is a great wonder for I meet with fools enough to jar it out of plumb. I met Willis to-day and he larruped

me with a cat-o'-nine-tails of words: he tied a halter of verbiage about my neck and choked me; he rolled up a bolus of adjectives and stuffed it down my throat. And when I was done with him, along came old Moffet, with his whining theories about the physical ailments of man. I spoke to him about the mind of man and he winced. Ah, that's where you touch them. Man is afraid of mind. He flees from it; he sees in it a cutting questioner. Step out and look up, and you are under the dome of a mind—the mind of the universe, star-brained, infinite. This evening I sat in my house, thinking, until the tip ends of my thoughts froze and broke off. I was frightened. What could I do with lumps of ice for ideas? Old Ben came along and I shouted to him to build a fire to thaw my brain."

"Did he make the fire?"

"Yes, and he sat there and listened to my thoughts as they thawed and trickled down, drip, drip."

"Ben is as lazy as a dog, but he's a pretty good sort of a darky, Professor."

"Yes, and he's got more sense than old Moffet." And after a silence he added: "I don't want to

go home to-night; I am afraid of the cold. Have you an extra bed?"

"Yes, in this room," Hawley answered, getting up and opening a door.

"Then I will bid you good-night. But let me request you to lock the door from this side."

"Why do you want it locked and especially from this side?"

The professor took up his cudgel, balanced it on his finger and said: "Thus do we discover the center of gravity. Speculation ceases for a fact is established. But we have not yet found the mind's center of gravity, and speculation is forced to continue. I might ask myself a thousand questions as to why I want that door locked from this side, and I doubt whether I should be able to answer the simplest one of them. To tell you the blunt truth, I am afraid to know why I want the door locked. But will you lock it?"

"I will."

"I thank you. Good-night."

Hawley locked the door, went into the dining-room, called Aunt Lily; and when the old woman came, he said: "Look here, I don't like the way the old Professor talks."

"Oh, dar ain, no harm in 'im, sah; none er tall."

"But he insisted upon my locking him in a room."

"W'y, dat doan meck no diffunce, sah. Cose he 'sisted on it ef it happened ter come inter his mine. Go on ter bed, chile, w'en you gits ready an' doan pay no 'tention ter 'im. Wait er minit. Did you notice dat I'se usin' dis room right in dar fur er kitchin?"

"No, but what of it?"

"W'y, you know dat till mighty lately de w'ite folks 'sisted on de kitchin bein' 'way across de yard, an' neber in de big house. But I dun moved in yere, sah, caze it's handier, an' I does hope dat you doan 'ject ter hit."

"I wouldn't have known it if you hadn't told me."

"Well, I'se much obleeged ter you fur not bein' pryin' an' 'quisitive, sah. W'y jes' go on ter bed an' doan pay no 'tention ter dat po' ole w'ite man."

Hawley sat down at his desk, smoked, dreamed, wrote to Dr. Ford. "You may not have intended it," he said, "but a red-hot wire ran through your letter and burnt me. 'It is barely possible that the young woman is not at all wrought up.' I wish you hadn't said that, not because it may not

be true, but because I am afraid it is. She is so young and has seen so little of life, so unschooled, that if she cared for me she surely could not hide it. I have seen a thousand evidences of her un-studied frankness, but I have seen nothing to tell me that she is in love. You wouldn't accuse me of a lack of courage, would you? I don't think you would, and yet I am a coward. To-day, during a general talk in the court-house, the old Judge remarked that he loathed a coward, and it made my flesh creep. A woman on the look-out for a husband would regard me, situated as I am, as a pretty fair sort of a catch; but this girl is not looking for a husband—she is avoiding one. She has just gone away to stay two months, and to me the whole country, the world, has been desolated. She went this morning and I was with her last night; I was alone with her, had made up my mind to talk like a lover and I talked like a fool. But after all there is a close kinship between the fool and the lover. We are to write to each other. Am I going to tell her, in a letter, that I love her? I am not. I won't ink my avowal; I must speak it; and thus shall I get even with myself for my

cowardice. If I had remained at old Knox college a little longer, or if I had spent more time in the study of verse, I might twist out a few lines in praise of her beauty and her 'sylphic' grace, for rhyme loiters with us after reason has flown. But verses are studied and love is head-long. So I resort not to the tricks of meter.

"My cranks are still about me. One of them is asleep in an adjoining room and I hear him snore as I write. He ought to be in a mad-house. I have always heard that we must go to the country to find odd characters. I suppose that's true; I know I've found them. I think that I've mentioned this before. Odd characters! I could have found them at the Washingtonian Home.

"I have become strongly attached to this place. I like the surroundings and the most of the people. The majority of them are sturdy citizens, almost the ideal population of a severely democratic country. Their daughters have not married foreigners, but neighbors. As I said on another occasion, they are strictly American."

The Professor snored, gasped, struggled and snored again. Once he cried out, "Make me a

fire, you black rascal. I'm freezing." The wind blew, the old clock struck the midnight hour, the oak tree raked its frozen fingers on the roof.

CHAPTER XII.

Early at morning the Professor knocked on the door with his cudgel and loudly demanded his release. Hawley bounced out of bed and hastened to obey the unmistakable summon. "Ah, good morning," was the moral philosopher's pleasant greeting. "I am happy to inform you that the weather and my brain have moderated, a coincidence, I think most happily blended. Hear the drippings on the roof, the trickling regret of a cold, ill-humor. Your bed is soft and refreshing, Mr. Hawley; there is quiet slumber between your sheets."

"There was sleep undoubtedly, Professor, but it wasn't quiet. You snoared like a planing mill."

"Did I? It was rasping trouble grating its way out of me; and it has left me as fresh as a boy. But I'm sorry that I disturbed you. Go back to bed I beseech you, and have your sleep out."

"No, breakfast will soon be ready. I hear Aunt Lily stirring round out there now. Here's a fire in the library. Come in."

"No, I must leave you; I have an appointment with the sun-rise. Good morning."

He went away with his cudgel under his arm and in the growing light, Hawley saw him walking in a circle, looking upward. His hat fell off, but he stooped not to get it; and walking round again he trod upon it.

"Did you yere dat w'ite man 'er snoa'n' an'er snortin' in de night?" Aunt Lily asked, as Hawley sat at breakfast.

"I should say I did. And it was a long time before I could get to sleep."

"Laws er massy, he did pester me. Dat's whut er man git fur foolin' 'way too much o 'his time wid books. You neenter tell me; I knows. Dat wuz it. W'y, I knowd him w'en he wuz er young man; an' dar wan't er brighter pusson no whar, and all de w'ite folks said he gwine meck his mark, sho; but he kep' on er foolin' wid dem books an' da got him. Da'll git anybody, too, dat keep on foolin' wid 'em. W'y jes look at de

niggers dat da been educatin'. Whut does da 'mount ter? W'y, sah, one o' ole Unk Nat's boys—lives right ober yander—went off ter school summers an' come back he did finer den er fiddle. W'y, he wuz so fine dat er common pusson couldn' talk ter him er tall; but he kep on er foolin' wid books an' he kep, on er foolin' wid er pen till atter w'ile he put his name on some sorter piece o' paper—I doan know whut—an' de w'ite folks tuck 'im up, da did, an', sont 'im ter de penetenchy. But his bruder didn' go foolin' roun' no books, an' whut come o' 'im? He's er livin' down yander in de bottoms an' is doin' monstus well—got de fines' cow I eber seed in my life. Yas, sah, deze yere books will set you crazy ur make you put yo' name on suthin'. Uh, huh, I knows 'em."

"But it wasn't education that made the boy dishonest, Aunt Lily."

"Den I'd like ter know whut it wuz. Edycation hepped 'im ter steal an' anythin' dat heps er pusson ter steal ain' 'hones', an, darfo' is powerful dangeus. Oh, I knows; you kain talk ter me. I dun been yere too long."

"But he was a thief all the same, and he would have stolen something sooner or later."

"Oh, yas, sah, he mot'er stold er little suthin, an' been sont ter jail fur it, but goin' 'ter school teached 'im ter reach way up yander wid his meanness, an' he reached up ter de penytenchy. I tell you dat it ain' no use ter talk ter me caze I knows—I've been yere er long time. Oh, dar is some men dat knows how ter han'le books. Dar's de Judge, fur instance. He knows; he kin read all day long an' it won' hurt 'im er bit; but he's er 'ception, I tell you."

"But if it weren't for reading, for books, Aunt Lily, you wouldn't know anything about religion, Moses, the apostles, the redemption of the world."

She scratched her head. "Yas, sah, I reckon dat so; I hadn' thought o' dat. But I yere 'em say dat folks goes crazy frum readin' de Bible; but ef de Lawd sets er pusson crazy fum readin, de Bible He do it fur some puppose an' I ain' gwine question dat puppose. Dar's one thing, howeber, dat's mighty sho': Er pusson dat is likely ter read de Bible too much ain' gwine steal nuthin'. I wuz talkin' 'bout man's books; I wan' talkin' 'bout de catekisms o' de Lawd."

The air was pleasant, the sun shone with glad-

some warmth, and from the hill-side came a dancing dazzle—the ground was thawing. Drip, drip, under the trees, and drip, drip under the eaves of the house. The mood of April with the eye of June, a summer's day, which wantonly breaking loose from some distant country's season, had frolicked its aimless course into the midst of a Tennessee winter.

The old Judge walked about in his orchard, humming a tune. To him a cheerful turn of weather, a strain of music, served but to recall some feature of the long ago; a present pleasure was but the spirit of some dead happiness come back to refresh its memory of a scene once familiar.

His wife came out and stood with her arms resting on the fence.

"I didn't suppose you'd feel so well this morning after having been up nearly all night," she said.

"Madam, have you come out here to nag at me?"

"Nag at you. I just said—"

"I know what you just said. By the Eternal, if I ever stay out three minutes after the time laid down for me to come in I never hear the last of it. Go ahead now, and say what you want to."

"Oh, I didn't have anything to say, particularly."

"Then I'd better be off. When a woman declares that she has nothing to say, she's loaded."

"But I do think that when you intend to stay out all night you ought to let me know."

"Oh, I knew it was coming; knew you couldn't hold it but a moment longer."

"I don't see what business could keep a man away all night—an old man, at that."

"Do you want me to butt my head against this tree, or what do you want? Say the word."

"Now, Judge, what's the use in acting that way. I haven't said anything."

"Of course not. You never do. I'll swear I'd rather you'd take a gun and shoot at me than to keep hinting round. I had no way of letting you know that I was going to stay out so late—I didn't know I was going to stay so late."

"No, but I don't see the use of a man sitting up all night—"

"Doing what, madam; doing what? Out with it."

"Oh, I know what you were doing, and I lay you lost every cent you had with you."

"That's where your intuition fails you. I didn't lose a cent; I won."

"Well, it was a rare thing. How much did you win?"

"About sixty-five dollars."

"Oh, but it's wrong to take people's money that way. But I didn't come out to scold you. A man must have some recreation, I suppose. Isn't it a beautiful day? I think I'll drive to town this morning. I'm so glad you're feeling well; you haven't been very strong lately. Wait, I'm coming over to walk with you. Did you hear me say that I was going to town this morning?" she asked taking his arm.

"Yes; and it's a good time to go."

"I wanted to get some things. I wish you'd let me have about fifty dollars."

Ah, it made a great difference whether he won or lost. To win was a light and humorous wrong, a sweet rascality; but to lose was a dark and frowning wickedness.

Hawley came at evening and found the old man in a genial mood; found Mrs. Trapnell's voice as soft as the subdued tones of a flute. The smell of new goods was in the house.

"Walk right in," said the Judge. "Hah, I have put off my toddy waiting for you."

"And I think you are about the only man that he would wait for, Mr. Hawley," Mrs. Trapnell spoke up. "He is very punctual."

"If the toddy happens to be as good as the compliment I know I shall enjoy it," the visitor replied.

"It may be sweeter and yet not so sincere," the Judge rejoined. "Mandy, won't you take a little?"

"Just pour me out a sip. That's a plenty, I thank you."

But what a desolation showed itself through this gauze of good humor. The house was but a shell; the soul was gone, and the fireplace with its smothered flame, was an eye that had lost its sight. A dark shadow seemed to lie where the girl had been accustomed to sit, and Hawley gazed at the spot, but she had been also wont to sit near the window, and the shadow shifted from one place to the other to accommodate the lover's fancy. He had to smile at this sympathy shown by intangible things; self ridicule, the keen scalpel that lances our swollen prominence, that cuts through the skin and shows how watery is the blood of our own narrow yearning, touched him with its sharp point. Had he been stronger, the place might now be

radiant with the memory of a smile of happiness, might hold the echo-melody of words spoken in tenderest love. But he had been weak, awkward; he had been the clumsy boy at a dance.

They talked about the sudden change in the weather and of that bugaboo ever in sight, the threatened financial stringency; speculation in stocks was too rampant. They touched upon fast horses as a subject, and the Judge, with a wince, acknowledged that a boasted and cherished record of the past had been beaten. The success of the public school system in the South was discussed, education in general was commented upon and this led to books.

“There was a time when a man could talk about books,” said the Judge “but if he does so now they call him a pedant. If he lives in the city he must confine himself to a dry discussion of business affairs and politics that effect business; if he lives in the country he is expected to talk about cattle, grass, the corn crop, and a neighbor’s candidacy for office. But when I was a young man people mixed thought with politics. I have heard old John Bell—and he was not of my political faith

mind you—talk on books by the hour and people listened to him. But it isn't that way now. A politician must tell the farmer that he can make a bushel of potatoes worth more and although the farmer knows that this is a lie, yet he demands that it shall be told. At one time, sir, the South had the promise of a literature, but that time is past. The poets were killed in the war and the prose writers, the historians, the novelists, the essayists, have gone to the lawyer's office, the carpenter shop, the corn-field to make a living.'

"And yet," Hawley replied, "some of the best writing in the magazines comes from the South."

"Some of the most tiresome twaddle does, sir. Where is the rollicking fun of Sut Lovengood? Where is the vivid fancy of Simms? What has become of the charming grotesqueness of Major Jones' Courtship? All gone, sir, and drivil has taken their place."

"I don't agree with you, but you may have it your own way."

"Don't agree with me but I may have it my own way! By the Eternal, sir, there is but one way that is the right way. The North has done better

but it is weakening. Your poets are dead."

"Yes, but a vigorous crop may be coming on."

"Ah, a rank crop, all stalk and no grain."

"Judge, your view is too gloomy. You are afflicted with far sightedness—you can't see a thing except at a distance, and even then you must turn and look back. There has never been a great contemporaneous literature, for the narrow lines of the critic run into the past. It takes us almost a generation to discover that a writer is original; at first we call him crude, wanting in art; but afterward we may find that what we took to be a lack of finish is a new art, stronger, bolder than the old art. Carlyle—"

"What, that delirium in a red gown!" the Judge exclaimed. "That sifter of German chaff! Don't talk about him. He got into a wild wrangle with himself and called it the French Revolution; he baptized Cromwell, the blood-clotted butcher and called him a saint. He wrote for the Teutonic mind, and when you give a German something he can't understand, he calls it philosophy. Carlyle hated Americans and I therefore hate him."

"But that has nothing to do with his greatness as a writer," said Hawley.

"Greatness as a writer! He had no greatness as a writer. He was a religious bigot without a God; he worshiped a turgid abstraction which was himself. He said to Americans, 'don't come near me, but read me; I will not see you but I will give you advice.' I Gad, I would stuff rat holes with such advice."

Hawley laughed. "Oh, it is not humorous to me," said the Judge. "I hate a man that hates my country. I used to read Dickens, the prig, but when he printed his American Notes, I despised him. Ah, and old Throgmorton, of Louisville, came within one of throwing him out of a window, the insolent, velveteen-garbed slanderer."

"But, Judge, the educated, progressive people in the North are beginning to acknowledge that we were open to ridicule, that his strictures were mainly right."

"Well, then, sir, the North is no longer American."

"Yes, we are still Americans but we are advancing; we are learning that we once permitted our faults to dazzle our eyes."

"We used to have a book that I enjoyed very

much," said Mrs. Trapnell. "It was called 'Tempest and Sunshine.' Do you remember it, Judge?"

"Yes, madam, I remember a shallow pan of skimmed milk that went under that name."

"Why, Judge, I thought it was beautiful. Did you ever read it, Mr. Hawley?"

"I believe I have thoughtlessly picked it up," Hawley answered.

"Then it is a wonder you didn't read it for it's interesting from the very start. Ida used to think it was charming."

"Some of the descriptions are very fine," said Hawley. He did not notice the half-formed smile on the woman's lips.

"Have you seen Charley Willis lately?" the Judge asked.

"I saw him yesterday," Hawley answered.

"Is he still drunk?"

"Why, not that I noticed. He hadn't changed any."

"Ah, and that was because you have never seen him sober. He's been drunk for six months."

"Oh, not that long, Judge," Mrs. Trapnell protested.

"Yes, madam, longer than that. It's about his time to sober up, and when he does you'll see the most remorseful human being that ever walked the path of regret. Strange fellow, a man who has never found his place. When he's drunk people say that if he didn't drink he would be a great man; and when he's sober they say he is not so bright as he was when he drank. But he's about the same, drunk or sober. I do believe it's raining."

"Yes it is," said Mrs. Trapnell, "and I'll warrant you that Milly forgot to put the tubs out."

"Madam, I think that's a hint for me to go out there in the dark and skin my old shins, trying to catch a few drops of rain water, but I'm not going."

"Oh, I didn't want you to go, Judge."

"No, but I went out there tugging with sawed off barrels the last time it rained and came back barked like a poplar pole in a horse lot."

"Why a poplar pole in a horse lot?" Hawley asked, laughing.

"Haven't you advanced that far in stock raising? Horses like to gnaw green poplar bark; it's a tonic."

"I hear Milly fixing the tubs," said Mrs. Trapnell.

“Good!” cried the Judge with mock emphasis, “but if we don’t go out there and pick her up dead it will be a surprise to me! Hawley, I was born here and ought to know my surroundings, but every dark night adds a new sharp corner to the place, and they come faster, too, as I grow older.”

The rain poured; the hour grew late and Hawley arose to go. “No, sir,” declared the Judge, “you’re not going out such a night as this. We’ve got lots of room here; go to bed if you’re sleepy.”

“But I must go, Judge.”

“What, in this pour-down. Man, you are mad.”

He persisted, fought off every entreaty and went out into the beshowered night. The weather had been so fine that he had walked over, and now he trudged along the turn-pike, holding an old family umbrella, musing; and his thoughts caught the rhythm of the rain and flowed in monotonous measure.

CHAPTER XIII.

Spring came early. The peach trees bloomed in February and the corn was up in March. How delightful was this sprouting time to a man from a climate where March is the enemy of all living creatures. And at evening when this man walked abroad in the soft air, he pictured the frozen lake-shore, heard the grinding of the tumbled ice, the wild lapping of the waves, the moaning of the telegraph wires, the cold clang of the car-bell; he saw the truckman slapping himself for warmth, the news boy with benumbed fingers fumbling to make change, the pale woman with the thin shawl, the muddy snow in the street.

Hawley and Ida Trapnell had kept up a correspondence, but how spiritless, colorless, tame had been their letters. Each appeared to be under restraint lest some strong word might escape; each made many erasures as if to euphemize a strong sentiment into a nothingness. One was surprised

that the other was not more natural, but the surprise was not expressed; the other might have been waiting for a mere hint, but no hint was given. In one letter the girl told of a shaggy dog that her uncle owned; that he was a perfect monster to look at, but that he was very gentle, and that she had gone out with him and caught a rabbit. And in exchange for this estimate of the dog's character and the bit of adventure that followed it, Hawley sent an account of a visit to the courthouse. Once, when he had just seen the first peach-blossom, he thought to tell her that he loved her, but his pen was too cold and too awkward. He would wait, and he did wait.

One afternoon when he had just got rid of John Roark, Mr. Willis came, not with so many flourishes of arm and caper of leg, but with tremulous voice and sad countenance.

"Let me lie on that sofa," he said as he came into the library.

"All right. What's the matter? Are you sick?"

"Sick! I'm sicker than all the sick horses that were ever sick. I'm dead; but I'm sober. Ah, Lord, what a fool a man is," he added, stretching

himself on the sofa. "If I haven't had a time of it I don't know who has. Oh, I brought it on myself; I know that, but it's a poor consolation. Just look at me; cold sweat standing out on me like warts on a toad."

"Don't you think you'd better take a little whiskey? There's some here."

The thought gagged him. Don't talk about whiskey; for the Lord's sake don't mention it. I'm done; I've got enough. This is the longest siege I ever had and it shall be the last." He turned over and began to grabble in his pocket. "Here's the fifty dollars I borrowed from you."

"You needn't pay it now. You may need it."

"Need it? What do I need it for? I've got all the whisky I want. I borrowed it to give to you and you might as well take it. After a while I may borrow it again to give back to the other fellow. I am a financier." He threw the money on a table. "I reckon I ought to die right now; there isn't any use living in this world any way. All we can do is to get drunk on prospects and sober up on disappointment. It does seem to me that with my ability I ought to do better but I

don't. Why, if a man only knew where to place me I'd be worth five hundred dollars a month to him; instead of having a chance to concentrate myself I simply flash off suggestions and other people take them and get rich."

"Willis, you may possibly have the wrong idea of yourself. Did you ever think of that?"

"That's right, speak out. I like to be told of my faults; but I have estimated myself and I know what I'm worth. I'm honest, I'm honorable, and although I'm lying here struggling to get sober, yet I try to be a gentleman."

"But have you accomplished enough when you assure yourself of all this? Don't you think that some of the time you have employed in persuading yourself that you are a gentleman might have been better spent? Mind you I don't mean any offense, but we may hypnotize ourselves into the belief that we are almost anything. It seems to me that you are a monomaniac on the subject of self, not that you are selfish, but that you keep your mind on yourself. I heard you say that your head was full of lofty ideas but that you hadn't the language with which to express them. A clear idea expresses itself; you can scarcely hold it back."

"Go ahead, I say, and tell me of my faults, but I try to be a gentleman."

"Willis, that's just the trouble with the South; it tries to be a gentleman. But what is a gentleman, that mysterious personage, that vague something that you are trying to imitate?"

"A gentleman, sir, is one who has a regard for the feelings of others."

"A very true definition; but is that all there is to life? The most ignorant man that ever dug a ditch may have a regard for the feelings of others; he may go further and have a regard for the feelings of all animal life, but this praiseworthy instinct does not alone place him in a position to be a gentleman."

"I never dug a ditch in my life, sir."

"I didn't even intimate that you had, but I will say that good men have dug ditches and that a man is truest to himself when he performs some sort of labor no matter whether it is digging in the ground or expounding a philosophy. But you seem to think that having discovered in yourself an essence too fine for other men to catch, and having determined to be a gentleman, you have

discharged your whole duty; all your ills are traceable to the failure of other men to settle upon that something, that vague service which you feel yourself so able to perform. If you can't tell what you are good for, no other man is ever likely to find out. You tell me of your value and I ask, 'what can you do?' You don't tell me, but blame me for not understanding you. Willis, if a man has good health and is then a failure, it is his own fault."

While Hawley was talking Willis flounced about on the sofa; he pressed his temples, he picked his tongue for a phrase, he groaned, sighed, shut his eyes, wallowed as if in an agony, and then sat up.

"Banished from Rome," he began, making a flourish and raising his voice to a high pitch, "banished from Rome, but what is banished but set free from daily contact with things I loathe? That is a comforting thought."

"Yes, it's a good thought, but I don't see the application. You are not a Roman and you haven't been banished."

"The application is as clear as the thought itself, and is as applicable to me as it was to old—old—

What's-his-name? Men banish me because they don't understand me, and when I get off to myself I feel that I have been set free. But as I said before, all I ask is an opportunity to prove my abilities."

"What are your abilities?"

"Ah, what is man? It would take you an age to tell me."

"And it would take you about that long to tell your abilities, Willis. Don't you think you'd rather talk than to work?"

"Talk! Why, my dear sir, I despise talk; I like to commune with nature but not to disturb her silence. You ought to have seen a farm I had once. The finest of everything that ever grew; I took a worn-out place and brought it up to perfection."

"What became of it?"

"The miserable cur that owned the farm became jealous of me and raised the rent three dollars on an acre, and—banished from Rome."

"I thought you still had a good farm up the river."

"No, I made it too valuable and the owner wants

it—he stood by greedily and saw my ideas blossom and now he wants to pick the flowers.”

“Well, if you want land to cultivate you shall have it; I’ll let you have all you can take care of.”

“Will you? Mr. Hawley, you have touched me deeply, you have indeed, sir. How much will you let me have?”

“All you want, I tell you.”

“You touch me deeply, sir,” he repeated, pressing his breast with his long forefinger as if he would bore in and illustrate the depth to which the feeling of gratitude had penetrated. “I can’t tell you how much I am impressed, sir; I am not a man of many words; I have ideas but not the language to express them. What, asparagus!” he broke off with a flourish. “I have raised the finest asparagus that ever grew. And tomatoes—but I came here to talk; I can’t afford to idle away my time. Work is now the watch-word; I will go out and survey my possessions. By the way, did I tell you that Ida Trapnell had just got back? Well, I meant to; but I haven’t time to talk about her. Out to the land of Goshen—back to Rome. Good day.”

A new thrill was in the air; the sun shone far aslant, but it was brighter than it had been at noon. Aroused as if he had shaken off a stupor, buoyed by a fresh strength, Hawley took his way across the fields, looking back with pity upon his former weakness, bold as a Scandinavian Bersekir. But when he crossed the turnpike and saw the girl, standing in the yard with her face turned from him, when he heard her idly laughing at a young dog that ran round and round for her amusement, he felt that what he had looked upon as a well-warranted resolution might after all be but an ill-warranted vanity. He was stricken with a fear that to himself he might attribute qualities and attractions that he did not possess; and yet he felt that if he were a small man, with the self-important nature that seems to belong to the undersized, he would have the courage plainly to speak his mind; but he was a large man and took stock of his weakness. He wondered if little women knew that big men were cowards, and that if knowing it, they sought to have fun with them. He stood at the gate and gazed upon her, this luscious beauty with unconscious grace, child enough to

romp and woman enough to thrill. The dog barked; she turned about and saw him. She started to run toward him, but checked herself. He did not notice the impulse, did not see the restraint; he was fumbling with the gate latch. She met him gladly, with no sign of embarrassment, and with no tremor in her voice when she spoke to him. They went into the house. How the old room had been brightened; it was no longer a shell; the soul had returned.

They were alone. She sat on the piano stool, leaning back in the attitude that had first captivated him, talking gayly of her visit, laughing at nothing. She had not intended to stay so long, but had found everything so pleasant; there were so many young people in that neighborhood and they knew so well how to enjoy themselves. She had been about a great deal and that was the reason she had not been very prompt as a correspondent; she had seen Look Out Mountain, had visited the crumbling colony planted by the author of Tom Brown. But she was very glad to get back, although she knew that no one had missed her very much. Hawley protested; he had missed her

very much. Other people said that the winter was short; it had been long to him, and yet he was accustomed to long winters. The Judge came in, and they heard his wife calling him from some distant part of the house; but he paid no attention to her; he wanted to talk to Hawley.

The afternoon was gone and with the evening came a number of neighbors, men, women and children, and especially a boy, big-headed and motley. He was a source of unceasing annoyance. If a door was shut against him he beat on it with a stick. He got a pole that had been used for a cloth-line prop, brought it into the house, swung it around and cracked Hawley on the head with it. The mother cried out, "Oh, Andrew D. Boyle, why will you do such things? Why don't you be good?" And Hawley, wondering why she did not put the wretch in irons, assured her that he was not hurt, that the boy was all right. Somebody said that the fish had begun to bite and this interested the girl. Did Mr. Hawley like to fish? Mr. Hawley was passionately fond of fishing. She was so glad to know it. To-morrow they would go up the creek and catch perch, but not cat fish; she was afraid

to take them off the hook; they were such ugly things any way. But perch were beautiful, red, yellow, gold, pink; they looked as if they might have been showered from a rain-bow. It was best to go early, if the day were fine, and eat luncheon on the rocks. It would be delightful. Andrew D. Boyle blurted out that he was going, and his mother looked at Hawley and in a sweet, insinuating tone, said: "Perhaps the gentleman doesn't want you, dear." *Perhaps* he did not want him! Hawley could have wrung the motley rascal's neck, but he thus replied to the mother: "He would no doubt be an interesting companion, but I don't know yet that I can go."

Would these annoying people stay forever? The clock struck eleven. The boy was asleep, limp in a chair, but his mother continued to talk as if she had just fairly begun. Some place might now be safe from the marauding roysterer, but it was time to be off and Hawley arose to go. Ida went with him into the hall. Was it true that he might not be able to go fishing? He laughed, and in his voice there was something that told her that no earthly engagement could hold him back,

CHAPTER XIV.

A cloud-frown hung where the sun rose, the air was heavy, motionless; and in warmth, the day was beyond the warrant of the season. The cattle left the woods and stood huddled together in the open. A luminous mist hung over the creek. A dead leaf, without apparent cause, whirled round and round in the yard. The sun came up, fierce, glaring; and the mist growing brighter, faded into the sheen of the hot and glittering day. The threat of rain was gone.

Up the creek the lovers went, swinging a basket between them as they walked. The girl was chatty with a gossip that flitted from one thing to another, talking with words that would make no sense in print, laughing with a music that would sweeten an opera. Now on the gravelly strand of the stream they strolled, now over the rocks they climbed.

"Oh, we'll have to go on the other side," she

said, halting. "Don't you see how shallow the water is all along here. But yonder is a good place, up there under the bluff."

"But how can we cross the creek? It's more than a mile down to the bridge."

"And it won't do to go away back there," she said. "I'll tell you how we can manage it if you won't think it's rude."

"Nothing that you do can be rude."

"Oh, yes it can, too. I do lots of rude things, gramper says. I could take off my shoes and wade across here, and you could jump from one rock to another and not get your feet wet. Gramper says that when he was a boy the girls used to go bare-footed to church and carry their shoes and sit down on a log just before getting there and put them on. Do you know I have a notion to take off my shoes and wade across there? I'd just like to do it. It's lovely to wade."

"All right, go ahead."

"But you'll laugh at me."

"No I won't."

"And you won't look at me either?"

"No, I won't look at you."

"Cross your heart you won't?"

"Yes, cross my heart I won't."

"I'm afraid you would, but how I'd like to wade across there. Wy, there couldn't be any harm in it, could there? That is if you didn't look at me. The water is so shallow."

"Really I won't look at you."

"And you won't tell grams? She'd scold me. She's always telling me that I haven't any dignity. But dignity all the time is so awfully tiresome. Now I'm going to sit down here and take off my shoes and wade across; and you must look away over yonder. Do you hear?"

"Yes, go on; I'm looking away over there."

She took off her shoes, and with many a cry of excitement, she stepped into the water. He did not look at her, and yet he saw her pink feet in the shining stream. When she reached the other shore, she ran away limping over the gravel, and sat down on a stone to put on her shoes. Hawley got across, he knew not and cared not how. Onward they went, swinging the basket. Under the bluff the water was deep, but the fish would not bite. Up further at the shelving rock they must

be biting; up there they were always hungry. And toward the shelving rock they took their way.

They did not notice that in the west the sky had grown yellow; they had paid no attention to the deeper stillness that was brooding everywhere. A frightened cow, ringing her bell in wild alarm, ran down the creek on the other side; and from across a narrow field, where an old log house had tumbled down, came the distressing bleat of a sheep.

"Hold on," said Hawley, halting. "We are going to have a storm. Why, there's a cyclone coming!"

"Is there!" she cried, dropping her side of the basket. "It's too bad to take the lunch home and eat it. But do you really think there's going to be a cyclone?" she asked, taking hold of the basket again.

"Yes. Just listen. We can't get home in time. How much further is that shelving rock?"

"Right up there. We can get there in a minute if we run."

They ran to the rock, a low, jutting cliff, almost a cave. They ran into this wild, dreary place, and screaming birds flew out past them. The storm

came raving down the creek. They heard the crashing of the sycamore trees, and sitting on a rock they could see sheets of water ripped from the creek and thrown high in the air. They saw a flock of sheep, caught up and tumbled across a field, and the girl cried aloud in her fright and her pity. The heaving breast of this tumult was pierced with lightning as sharp as a pain; and thunder shook the earth as though hell itself had gagged, heaved, strained and burst its girth to puke its fury on the world. With startling crash a mighty tree fell across the door-way of the rock and thrashed the ground with its splitting limbs. Another blow like that and the cavern might be closed forever. Fragments of rock crumbled off and rattled down the walls. The girl, frightened, sobbing, clung to this strong man and he sat with his arms about her. A bird, bruised and bleeding, fell dead at their feet, and closer to his heart he pressed this trembling child. "The storm is not stronger than my love is for you, sweet angel," he said, and she looked at him quickly with tears in her eyes, and he kissed her. Oh, the thrill of that kiss, there in the wild roar; oh, the heaven of

contentment, rest, peace and love that came out of the storm.

The tempest was gone, its bellowings were far away. Out from under the rock they came, and hand in hand, they picked their way through the tangled trees; down along the gravel beds they strolled, toward home. They saw the Judge, coming to look for them, carrying his old white hat in his hand. The old man hastened forward crying, "Thank God, thank God you are safe!" They came up to him, hand in hand, and when they saw that the old man noticed it, they smiled at him.

He stammered. "Why, why, er—I tell you we had a terrible blow, and if it hadn't kept well in the path of the creek, I don't know what would have become of us all. Ida, your grandmother—and yours too, I presume, sir—"

"Yes, mine too," said Hawley; "this is, I hope so."

"So I presume, sir. I say your grandmother was nearly distressed to death about you, and I was almost crazy. By the Eternal, I never saw the wind blow harder; took the clothes-line and



all that was on it and we haven't seen it since. I declare, I never saw the like." There were tears in the old man's eyes. He talked merely to keep from saying anything. "Let us get back to the house. I don't think I ever saw such a storm; a regular cyclone—wind, lightning and thunder but not a drop of rain. Look there at that tree, twisted and pulled up like a weed, and it must have stood there for a thousand years, too. Hah," he said, looking first at the girl and then at Hawley as they walked along, "a pretty time for lovers to come to an understanding; a strange rapture that would giggle out its expression in a storm. Look at you there, Ida, tangling yourself in that brush. Never saw the like in my life. Ah, a cooing day, was it? Of course I knew that something of the sort was in the wind, but by the Eternal, sir, I didn't know it was in the storm. My wife has told me all along that we might expect it, but women are so quick to discover such things that they sometimes see them before they really exist. Come over this way. The path down yonder is all covered with tree tops."

Thus he talked, giving them a chance to say

scarcely a word; and they were willing enough that he should talk; they were happy in their silence. And this lack of form, which to correct and conventional taste might have seemed rude and barbarous, smote not their senses. They knew no form, they remembered no precedent, they cared for no rule laid down for the conduct of lovers, had thought of no time-worn speech to make to the old man; and he, forgetful of all ceremony, was in unison with them. But when they reached the house they found that it was not so with Mrs. Trapnell. She had expected a dignified proposal, meditated a stately acceptance. At a glance she saw what had occurred, but pretending not to have seen it, she waited for the young man to make his speech to her, for the declaration that no man ever loved as he did, that he would always worship the darling creature, and that he humbly begged the grandmother's consent to their marriage. But the young man made no speech and the girl was shocking enough to declare, "Well, if we didn't forget the lunch basket." Hereupon the Judge laughed and his wife snapped her eyes at him. "Madam," said the old man, "this love-brewing that you have been telling me about—"

"Why, Judge," she broke in, "what do you mean? I have told you nothing of the sort. I declare you embarrass me every time you get a chance."

"There is no cause for embarrassment," said Hawley. "Ida and I are simply in love with each other and if there is no objection we are going to be married."

"Why, Ida Trapnell!" exclaimed her grandmother.

"What's the matter, grams?"

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"You wouldn't let me; you were all the time trying to tell me."

"Ida, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I don't believe I ever said a word that could have led you to think such a thing. Mr. Hawley," she added, "I don't know of any particular objection, but I must say that this is rather a peculiar procedure. Ida, look there how you've torn your dress. I had thought," she went on, speaking to Hawley, "that if you had serious intentions regarding our granddaughter that you would have said something about it in a more formal way; and I

do believe that the Judge is to blame for it all."

"By the Eternal, madam, why do you persist in jumping on me? You talk as if some harm had been done, as though some vital rule had been violated. You are committing the only violation that I have seen. If they love each other, all right. Mr. Hawley is a gentleman; it is our place to step aside."

"Oh, I hadn't thought of interposing any objections, Judge, but I do think—"

"Oh, yes, you think that all sorts of unnecessary palaver should be gone through with; that's what you think. I found them walking hand in hand and that was enough for me. Hawley, take a text from some old romance, get up there and preach her a sermon."

"Judge, I do think you can be the most aggravating man I ever saw. Didn't I tell you that I had no objections? Now what more do you want? Well, it's all for the best I suppose. Mr. Hawley, Ida is nothing but a child yet. I have tried to teach her to be a woman, and the Lord knows that I have done my best by her. I have watched over her and loved her—" Here she broke down, and

catching Ida in her arms wept upon her shoulder.

"She's all right now," the Judge said to Hawley. "She wanted this opportunity at first and was put to the trouble of making it herself. Just let her alone; it's not sorrow, it's happiness. She does love the child, although they are no kin, and it is a joy to know that she is to be well settled in life. Come Mandy," he said, and gently taking her hand, he led her from the room.

The contentment, the sweetness of that evening after the storm. Scents torn from wild flowers and bruised from the sappy timber were left floating in the air. How could there be starvation, misery in the world when all within the fond sight of this man and this maturing woman was so soft, so gentle and so warmed by the ardent blood of love. "It was hard to stay away from you," she said, "but I had to--had to go away until I could get better control of myself. It was not right that I should give you the slightest intimation of my feelings toward you, and when I felt that I had done so, I suffered for it. In the eye of the world we were not upon equal footing. I was poor--"

"Don't talk that way," he pleaded.

"Oh, yes, I must; not that I feel that money could have made any difference in my love for you—"

"But, precious, it could not have made any difference in my love for you."

"Oh, no," she said with the sweet confidence of youth, with the perfect loyalty of a young heart, "but we have to pay some attention to what people think, and I couldn't bear to have any one believe that I was trying—trying—" He stopped her mouth with a kiss. "You must never talk that way again," he said. "The advantage was not on my side but on yours. I am much older than you—"

"Now you shan't talk that way, either. You can't be old when you look so young. Why when I first heard them talk about your coming here, I thought you must be awfully grand and severe, but when I saw you I thought you a mere boy, but a great big boy, mind you."

"And this great, big old boy—"

"Now, I didn't say old."

"I know, but this great, big, old boy and this charming girl will live together in a happiness that

will be almost a new discovery. We will live here until we get tired and then we will go to Chicago and stay there as long as we want to."

"Won't that be delightful! But you mustn't say that we'll stay here until we get tired, for we must never be tired as long as we are with each other."

"No, that's true, we mustn't; but we'll live first in one place and then in another just as the humor strikes us."

"Yes, and we'll fix up the old house—shall we, or would you rather have it as it is?"

"It shall be just as you say."

"No," she insisted, "it must be as you say; and we won't see anybody suffer for anything, will we? For look how kind God has been to us. And when winter comes again we'll put those poor people down the creek into a better house, and have wood hauled to them so the little children won't get cold."

"You are a heavenly creature," he said, pressing her to him. "Oh, that this tender heart of yours may never be wrung with sorrow. Yes, precious, we will make use of the means that have been given us. I thank God that you have had that thought.

No one within our reach shall go cold and hungry. The foot-step of an angel—this angel—shall be heard at the doorway of the lowly and the suffering. God bless you; you pour a holy religion into my soul, a soul that was dry and harsh.”

Oh, the glory, the God-presence of that night; oh, the dreamful sleep of love—and the morning came as a new inspiration from the mind of Almighty nature.

CHAPTER XV.

Hawley was still dreaming when Aunt Lily's voice aroused him; and the dream was so close to the truth that its thrill and its joy were not by this awakening scared back to sleep-land, but remained with him, stood the test of sunlight. The old woman ducked her head and laughed when he went into the dining-room, but in her laugh, coarse, black creature that she was, rippled a sympathetic melody. It was not an expression of mirth, for the soul of mirth is a sly mischief; it was heart-felt congratulation. She told Hawley not to say a word, that she knew all about it. She had seen Sister Milly that morning and nobody ever tried to keep anything from Sister Milly for such an attempt was useless. But even Sister Milly needed not have told her; she could see for herself. There never was a tenderer hearted child than Miss Ida, and the Lord was not going to forget her, either.

Lily was old, she admitted, but she knew what love was. Why, she used to love that good-for-nothing Ben. She loved him yet, for that matter, but she was not going to tell him, he was so trifling and no account. She was glad that the child was going to get so good a husband, and Miss Mandy was tickled, but of course she would not "let on." Miss Mandy always was a curious woman, fussy and scolding, but after all she was good hearted.

The old Professor was in the library waiting for Hawley. He had been up the creek to find out what harm the storm had done and was surprised that no one had been killed. He looked at Hawley and smiled. "You appear wonderfully well this morning, sir; and I know the cause. Dr. Moffet tells me that you and Miss Ida Trapnell are to be married soon."

"Dr. Moffet told you so? I don't know why the doctor should be so well acquainted with my affairs."

"A gossiping doctor, sir, knows all about everybody's affairs. But there's no harm done. Every man should know himself, and I wish you happiness, but let me say that if I were to find myself in

love with a woman I would flee from her as from a pestilence, and the more I loved her, the faster I would flee. Wait." He held up his hand. "I lived with my brother a number of years and I know what marriage is. It is a life amid the howlings and squallings of young children and the neglect and insults of older ones. The more you love your wife the worse it is, for then you are a slave, your very thoughts are enchained—you are a fly in a jelly glass. I don't wish to discourage you, sir; and by the way, I don't think it is a subject for laughter, either. Great universities are not founded by men too much in love with one woman; humanity must be your bride and advancement your best man."

"Don't worry, Professor; the university is all right."

"I hope so, and yet this contemplated marriage frightens me. Why, that fair creature, like her grandmother, might threaten to scald me."

"No danger of that. Ida is as gentle as an angel."

"That may be, and angels might threaten to scald. We never know at one moment how a

woman is going to break out the next. Oh, some of them are beautiful and lovely, I admit that; but I would run from marriage like a dog running from a nest of bumble bees. A man prides himself upon being free; then why surrender his freedom? He knows that marriage is slavery; he can't help but see it, and yet his eye-sight teaches him nothing. The poor man by merely looking round can see that marriage has made a work-horse of his friend, and yet like a fool he marries his friend's daughter. It's not so bad with the rich man, for he can get away from it occasionally; he can hire people to share his trouble. And look at woman. Marriage is her death. Three children and then where is her laughter? It has turned to scolding. She can't help it; her misery must express itself. How I did pity that fool brother of mine; and when I had stood it as long as I could, I packed up my traps and out I put. Do you suppose that his wife cared for moral philosophy? Why, hang her, she said that I was crazy and mind you, she persuaded her husband to have them overtake me and clap me into an asylum. Marriage did that. If my brother hadn't been married he would have had more sense."

"But marriage shall not interfere with any of our plans, Professor." He could not let him down now; the delusion must be kept up.

"Mr. Hawley, I am grateful to you, sir. You may be the one man superior to the troubles of such an entanglement; I hope you are. But I tell you that I was really frightened when I heard that you were going to give up this life of easy independence. Philosophy does not enter the married state; philosophy has its eye upon the broad field of mankind and not upon a mere truck-patch of children. Animals mate, but science is above narrow selection; the beast evinces an affection which after all is but a carnal selfishness, but supreme intelligence stands alone. I hope I have not discouraged you, sir."

"What's that?"

"Well by the flint-hoofs of the devil, the man hasn't listened to me! What, already robbed of understanding? Mr. Hawley, my fears are coming up again, sir."

"Drive them down, Professor."

"I will, sir; I will hit them on the head and drive them down like nails. Well, I must go."

He took up his hat and his cudgel and strode out, but suddenly he stopped when near the yard gate, wheeled about and came back to the door. "Mr. Hawley, are you sure she won't threaten to scald me?"

"Yes, I am quite sure."

"I hope that I may in time be able to share your confidence sir, but at present I am uneasy. I can conceive of nothing more desolate than a philosophy drenched with hot water. But I won't draw pictures to illustrate my fear; they frighten me. I will shut my eyes and place my faith in you. By the way I am progressing well with my meditations; I shall soon be ready."

Hawley strolled about the farm, through the woods-lot, down the branch, over the stubble where the black birds followed the plough. Presently he heard Aunt Lily's voice, calling him, and returning to the house he found John Roark and the widow Binson, seated in the library, making themselves at home. And he could have wished them further away than home, further than any Christian's home. Roark said that he was going to town for a very short time, and that his sister

would wait, if Hawley had no objection, until he returned, when they were both to start on a journey down the creek. Hawley muttered an acquiescent lie, and the widow, smiling, smirking, making disagreeable noises with her lips, said that her remaining there until her brother returned might not suit the notions of society, but that she paid no attention to shallow customs. Roark laughed, the sneeze of a steer, and took his leave; the sister smoothed her skirts and rocked herself.

"Terrible storm we had yesterday," she said.

"Yes."

"Hadn't been so narrow it would have done a great deal of harm."

"Yes."

"Such storms are not common in this country."

"No."

"Mr. Hawley will you excuse me if I make an observation? You know I'm something of a privileged character. What am I talking about? Of course you'll excuse me. You are a sensible man. Well, for some time I have been intending to say this to you, but never had the chance, not that any one's overhearing it would make any particular

difference, but because—well, you know how such things are. What I wanted to say is this: You ought not to live here alone; you ought to have some one to take care of your house, to look after things in general. And pardon me, but you don't want a young and inexperienced thing; but a woman. Life is not a mere holiday, Mr. Hawley; it is as real as the earth itself. And while there may be a momentary pleasure in romance, yet it is our duty to be practical so that we may face trouble when it comes, and it will come. Now why don't you select some good, thorough-going, practical woman to share your home with you? Pardon me if I am too bold, but why don't you?"

During this flow of words Hawley walked about the room, sometimes looking in astonishment at the woman, sometimes gazing out over the fields; and when she again smoothed her skirts as an evidence that her say had been said, he sat down, sharply eyed her for a moment, and remarked: "Madam, in your turn you will please pardon me. The old saying that every man should attend to his own business, does not apply alone to man, but reaches woman as well."

"Oh, now, Mr. Hawley, don't try to get out of it that way. You know that it is your duty to yourself and to society—"

"I thought you cared nothing for society."

"Oh, I don't as a general thing, but there are times when we must pay some little attention to it; and this is one of them."

"This is not one of the times when I pay attention to it. And I must again ask you to pardon me, but I don't need any advice."

"There are times when we all need advice," she said.

"And there are also times when we won't take it," he replied.

"Oh, if you say you won't I suppose you won't; but I think that I am talking to you for your own good. You know we have all become attached to you. But there's one phase that you must consider."

"What's that?"

"Scandal."

"Scandal! I don't undersand you."

"Now you are a sensible, a very sensible man and surely can't be blind to the fact that talk may arise—it has arisen."

"I still don't understand you."

"You have a housekeeper."

He made no reply to this but looked at his watch. "How long do you think your brother will be gone?" he asked.

"Oh, that needn't concern you. I can go now."

"If you please."

She stood in the door and looked at him from head to foot, slowly moving her eyes. "You have ordered me out of your house," she said.

"I haven't invited you to remain in it."

"But you may wish you had. My brother will see you, sir."

"Only for a short time, I hope."

"Long enough for you."

"A minute, eh?"

"You may think it an eternity."

"Good-bye."

She was gone. Hawley walked up and down the room, frowning at the chair in which she had sat, scowling at the door in which she had stood. Why had this harsh-winged bug buzzed its way into his repose, poisoning the soft air with a foul odor? He stood at the window, looking toward

town, hoping to see Roark coming back. He saw the woman walking toward the turn-pike. He went out into the yard, and still restless, walked up and down the path between the house and the gate. His shoe-heels cut gashes in the hard walk-way. Old Lily called him to dinner; he wanted no dinner. He stood upon the fence, holding the limb of a tree to steady himself, looking toward the turn-pike. He saw a man walking along. The woman stopped him. They stood for a moment and then walked on together, but not in the fields toward the house. He watched them until a dip in the road hid them from view. He went into the house and sought to calm himself with writing to Dr. Ford, but the pen spluttered and the ink would not flow. He crumpled the paper, threw it on the floor and went out again. Nearly an hour passed and his hot blood had begun to cool. He returned to the library and was writing when some one spoke to him. He looked up and saw Lige Crump standing in the door.

"Come in."

"I've come on pressing business and haven't got but a minute to stay," he said, stepping inside.

"Sit down."

"No, I thank you." He stood silent, solemn and then he added: "I've just come from John Roark. He says you insulted his sister."

"He's a liar. She insulted me."

"But now, here, Cap'n, you don't want any quarrel with a woman."

"No, and not with a man either. I don't quarrel. But why didn't Roark come himself?"

"Because he preferred to send me."

"Well, you go back and tell him to come."

"I will after I have got through with my business with you. He wants an apology."

"He'll not get it."

"Then, sir, that makes it necessary for us to go through with a little preamble. John Roark is a gentleman."

"He is not; he is a bully and a liar. Get out of this house!"

"What, you order me out?"

"Yes, and if you don't get out I'll kick you out. Get out this minute, and tell that scoundrel if I ever catch him on this place again I'll thrash him within an inch of his life. Did you hear what I said?"

"I will take him your message, but I don't like the way you talk."

"I don't care what you like. You are an infernal coward and the agent of an infernal coward! Are you going?"

Hawley sprang from his chair. Crump stepped outside. Hawley sat down and took up his pen. But a moment later he looked out and saw Crump going through the woods-lot, shaking his fist in the air. He turned again to his writing, but too wrought up to express himself in pliant terms, he shoved himself back and sat musing. A foot-step. Had that scoundrel returned? He got up. The Judge was at the door.

"Come in, you are the very man I want to see."

"I couldn't ask for a pleasanter welcome than that, my dear boy. But what's gone wrong?" the old man asked, sitting down and gazing with sharp eyes at Hawley. "Why, I gad, sir, you look as if you want to fight somebody."

Hawley told him of the visit of Roark and the widow; of Roark's request that his sister might remain until he should return from town; minutely

related the conversation that had taken place between himself and the woman; told of the call he had received from Lige Crump. The old man could not sit still; hard wrinkles shifted about on his face; he winked as if he had pepper in his eyes.

“Infamous scoundrel!” he exclaimed, “out-crooping of a trundle-bed! Why didn’t you cut his throat. Gentleman! Merciful God, what has the country come to. And he came with a challenge from this gentleman. Now you know what we mean by white trash. By the Eternal, he ought to be ham-strung for his presumption. Fight a duel with that beef! And the challenge was brought by that lank wretch that we have all tolerated so long. I have felt sorry for him because I thought he was trying to be some body, and moreover I supposed that he knew how to keep his place, but I might have known better. You remember one day when he had filled my house with his dogs he said that his daughter was thinking of coming over to see Ida. That stuck me to the quick, and I ought to have let out on him right there, but I restrained myself. What, a member

of his family come to my house on terms of equality? Gad, sir, you ought to have cut his throat. No, that wouldn't have been right. It would have soiled your floor and put you to trouble afterwards, but you ought to have called somebody from the stable and had him thrown out with a fork. Thrash him if you ever catch him on the place again. Yes, tramp him into the earth. You see now why our democracy was not so broad here as it was in the north. People of blood had to hold themselves aloof from common stock. The slightest encouragement was presumed upon. I remember hearing it told that an ignorant lout walked into my father's dining-room with his coat off simply because the old gentleman, on several occasions, had said, 'good morning, sir.' It simply won't do to mix with them, that's all. If you make an equal of a man who is not your equal he is sure, sooner or later, to insult you. But let us not talk about such disagreeable things. Ida tells me that you speak of going to Chicago for a few days."

"Yes, and I am just writing to Dr. Ford, to tell him when to expect me."

"Do you know, sir, that I have half a mind to go with you?"

"I wish you would, Judge."

"Well, sir, I don't see what's to prevent it. I have never been in the North, have never wanted to go until now. Let me see. I'll have a little business in court about two weeks from now."

"But we'll be back in time."

"I will go with you, sir."

With a Chicago man's ardor, Hawley stimulated the Judge's curiosity; told him of the tall buildings, the tallest in the world; of the trade establishments, the largest in the world; of the fire department, the best in the world; of the increase in population, the most wonderful in the world; of the thronged streets, intense life, parks, boulevards. And thus the old man's going was placed beyond all question. He listened as a child might listen to the story of the vine that came up in a night and spread its broad shade at morning; and he shook his head, not in doubt, but in wonder at these man-wrought miracles. The story was not new to him, but it was the first time that he had heard it without prejudice. Chicago had been the

abode of men who sneered at the slowness of his community and applied the term of sloth to its easy life, its respectability. But now he felt that this monstrous town, grasping, grinding, with a maw always eager for more than could be crammed into it, had suddenly brought forward a kinsman's claim upon him.

Hawley talked of the changes he intended to make in the house; of new furniture, rich hangings, deep carpets; decorators should come from Chicago and touch the walls with soft tints, but the light of it all should be a portrait of his wife, done by some famous painter.

"That's all very fine," said the old man, "and it gladdens me to see you so delighted with the prospect, but don't forget to thrash those scoundrels if you ever catch them on this farm again."

"I won't forget that, Judge; it would probably be better if I could. But it is unfortunate that such a thing should come up just at this time, when I saw so much brightness in the narrow scope of my own vision that I thought the whole world had suddenly become happy."

"Yes, that's true, sir, but we shouldn't allow

ourselves to be run over simply because we are happy. As for me, I am afraid of happiness; it always comes just a little in advance of a disappointment. One of the happiest moments in my life was out yonder under those oak trees. It was my ambition to be the supreme judge of this state, and my friends, able and strong men, came to me of their own accord and told me that I was their choice. They were powerful enough to swing the convention, but at the eleventh hour, when the convention which met at Nashville was about to declare in my favor, the head of a Judas popped up. His treachery turned the tide—turned me out of that hall a crushed and sorrowed man. And ever since then I have been afraid of happiness, of apparent victory, for I feel that a mischief and a bitterness lurk behind it. But my time is coming, just as sure as you're sitting there it is coming. The devil brings defeat, but God brings the time when we can fill our souls with a just vengeance. Preachers have talked to me about forgiveness. Justice never forgives; it doesn't know how."

"Yes, but pity forgives," Hawley replied.

"Ah, I grant you, but if pity ruled, there'd be

no justice. Mind you, sir, that I am not now speaking of slight offenses, but of the basest treachery. A man might cheat me in a horse trade, and I could forgive him; he might lie about me, seeking to injure my name, and I could forget it, but when he professes to be my friend and then sells my ambition as if it were a rag—well, we won't talk about it."

"And above all," said Hawley, "let us not think about it. I believe that it is our duty to be happy—"

"The voice of youth," the old man broke in. "Youth says, 'come and be happy with me;' old age gravely shakes its head and replies, 'wait and be miserable with me.' And there we are; one running forward toward an object, the other looking back at a shadow. Ah, my dear boy, no young man in this state had better prospects than I. Carefully educated, fond of reading, quick to see a point in law, given to reason and to convincing argument; but practically it all came to nothing."

"How can you say that, Judge. You have had your victories in the court-house, you have won esteem; and you have been buoyed on the rosy surge of love's emotion—"

"Hold on, now, sir; hold on. Remember that my legs are old and that I can't trot after you as you gallop about with your camel's hair brush and pot of paint, touching everything with a pink hue. Yes, I have loved, loved with jealous fierceness, with no cooing song but with the cry of the panther at night. The girl had seemed to love another man. And who was he? That same Gordon P. Hensley. But I married her and he came to me and said he knew she could never love him; he swore that he would be my friend for life. But he carried his dagger year after year, and when the time came he drove it into me; and year after year has passed since then, but a time is coming when my wrath, my justice will strike him, not with a treachery, but with death. But I won't talk about him."

"You say that you *have* loved," Hawley remarked after a short silence.

"Yes, when I was young; and it was a love that would look wild and ghastly under the materialistic light of these glaring days."

"But can't an old man love?"

"He can worship a child but he can't love a

woman. He may have a foolish fondness for her and may snivel if she's out of his sight, but noble love belongs to the young. It may endure through life, but when broken, the soul has had its career and loves not again. It must be going to rain," he added. "My old bones ache. Is that Willis coming in there at the gate?"

"Yes," Hawley answered, looking out. "Come in Willis."

Mr. Willis came in, cut his gestured greeting in two, giving one bow to Hawley and the other to the Judge, and threw in a few scollops to make good his heaping measure of politeness. He was delighted to see them looking so well, and was pleased to say that he had never felt better in his life.

"Willis," said Hawley, "I noticed two or three wagon loads of horse heads, shank bones and hoofs piled up in a corner over at the north edge of the clover field; and one of the men told me that you had them hauled from a bone-yard somewhere and put there. What are they for?"

"My dear sir, I will explain, since my call this morning is directly in that line. Asparagus, as

pure, as pearly and as pink as it looks in its combination of tints, draws its best sustenance from decaying animal life, or body, or bone, I should say. And these heaped up evidences of mortality that you have observed, are to form the basis of an asparagus bed, some eighteen feet broad and thirty feet long. It will be dug out four feet deep; the bones shall go at the bottom and then placed upon them there shall be a thick strata of richest fertilizer. We'll not be able to realize on our investment this year, but next year—" He shaded his eyes with his hand. "The sight as it comes up in my mind, dazzles me. From one end of the country to the other we will be referred to as authorities on asparagus." He coughed. "I have stretched my credit somewhat, and now I must have about two hundred dollars to complete the work so happily begun."

"Willis," said Hawley, "I don't want to go into the asparagus business; I don't eat it, and I wouldn't give two hundred dollars for ten acres of it. I told you that you might have all the land you wanted, but I didn't tell you that I wanted the farm underpinned with bones and studded with

horse-hoofs. I don't want any asparagus. I'm not a market gardener."

Willis had let his hat to fall to the floor. He took it up, dented the top of it, placed it on his head and with heavy feet slowly strode toward the door.

"I will pay the bills thus far, Willis, but I don't want any more hoofs."

Willis turned about. His face was a chart of sorrow and distress.

"And yet they insist that there is a God," said he. "Gentlemen, I will bid you good-bye. In some of the mazes of this tangled life you may meet me again, but I doubt it. The slide of the lantern has been shoved; the light is shut off. An hour ago I was a strong man, proud that my original ancestor was made in the image of his creator. Now I am a piece of black and blue flesh, beaten, bruised by misfortune. Mr. Hawley, on your part this may not have been a wanton cruelty, but you have crushed the life out of me, sir; and sir, should you pass the place where those bones and horse heads were piled, together with hope and the brightest prospects, look among them and you

may find the stiffened remains of your humble servant. Look closer and on a shoulder blade, serving as a tombstone, you may find these words, written by the hand of despair: 'Hè died because he strove to be a gentleman! Judge, I have some business with you and shall come over to your house.'

"Come very soon, Charles, for Hawley and I are going to Chicago in a day or two."

"What, you don't tell me! Going in a day or two! Let me see: I am just a little pressed for money at present, but I may decide to go with you. Yes, I will go. Oh, how tired one gets of the dreary existence in this quiet pace. No change from day to day."

"Charles," said the Judge, "there are times when your company is very acceptable but I don't want you to go to Chicago with me. I don't want to be rendered conspicuous, sir."

Willis pressed his hand to his brow. "A ray of hope and then a settled darkness," he said. "All things turn against me; even my old friends gibe me. The bone-yard, Charles Willis; the bone-yard. That's the only place for you."

"Wait a moment," Hawley called after him as he stepped out. The despondent man turned back.

"As I said Willis, I don't want your services in the way of raising asparagus, but I am more than willing to give you employment. You may take charge of the agricultural end of the place, and I will pay you well for your services.

Willis looked up, and standing in the attitude of attentive listening, remarked: "An echo, was that an echo? No, it was a voice direct from a human being. Mr Hawley, you have not only saved my life, but have shot my breast full of aspirations. Gentlemen, your humble servant wishes you a pleasant trip."

CHAPTER XVI.

Early on Tuesday morning they were to start, and Monday evening in the Judge's house, was a time of active preparation. Hawley was with them, watching their anxiety, listening to their speculations, answering with a smile odd questions that were gravely put; sometimes laughing but with sympathetic softness. To Ida, the name of no town had ever sounded so far away, and when she took a map and looked for Chicago, she declared that it had been moved since she went to school. The train might run off the track; she had just read of an accident in Indiana; a train had rolled down an embankment, and was smashed against the rocks. And that was the very road they were to go over. Hawley must telegraph as soon as he got there; no, a telegram would frighten her; he must write as soon as he got off the train. She would think of him every minute of the time

he was gone; she thought of him every minute of the time anyway.

They were to be married shortly after his return. The hum of a dress maker's sewing-machine had been heard in the house all day, and at evening Hawley had seen her slyly gathering up bits of white satin and pieces of ribbon; had seen her smile in woman's knowing way; had heard her tell old Milly that Ida would "look like a dream of loveliness."

The Judge had his old white hat ironed. It had been intimated by a neighbor who had traveled that he ought to get a new one, but this hint was met half way with a frown. He had worn it in the presence of distinguished men, had worn one exactly like it, one as old, into the executive chamber when Andrew Johnson was military governor of Tennessee; and he had stood there with it on his head even after old Johnson had bowed to him. He brought out an old carpet-bag, covered with faded designs, beat the dust out of it, rubbed the rust off the catch and ordered old Milly to put his shirts, his tooth-brush, his bag of tobacco into it. But this was a little more than Hawley could

stand. He knew that the bag would invite the contempt of the sleeping car porter and call from the street boy innumerable gibes and "joshings."

"Judge, I don't believe I'd carry that," he said.

"Why not, sir? It's just the thing."

"Just the thing to excite laughter in the street."

"What's that? Laughter? Is it the custom to laugh at a gentleman that's attending to his own affairs? If that's the case, I'd better not go. I've carried it to New Orleans time and again and no one ever laughed at me. But if you say so, I won't take it."

"You better not take it, gramper," Ida spoke up: "There is my valise. Why not take that?"

"All right, it shall be as you say, but I gad, things have come to a pretty pass when a man must consult everything but his own convenience. Hawley," he added, turning the carpet-bag over and looking at it, "I reckon you are right, sir; it does look a little tough. Madam, we want breakfast by four o'clock in the morning?"

"Why, the train doesn't get here until seven and it won't take us more than fifteen minutes to drive to the station," Hawley remarked.

"That's all very well, but we want plenty of time. Mandy, tell Milly to have breakfast by four. What have you got there?"

"A piece of goods I want you to match in Chicago," his wife answered.

"Ha, and you have waited until the last moment to put this clamp on me, have you? Do you think I'm going to trot all over the town trying to match a piece of goods? And have to carry it between my thumb and finger all the way to keep from forgetting it? Hawley's old friend will say, 'and this is your first visit to our town,' and I will answer, 'yes, I've come to match a scrap of goods.' Madam, you can go right into town to the place where you got the stuff and have it matched in a few minutes. It's an astonishing thing to me that a woman always wants to have goods matched at some strange place. What is the origin of that antipathy, hah? Is it the hope that you may get a better piece than the original?"

"Oh, what's the use of talking on that way, Judge?" his wife replied. "I didn't think it would be any trouble for you to step into a store and have the thing matched. It wouldn't for me, I

know. Anybody to hear you talk would think I had asked you to go somewhere and blow up a mountain. I never saw such a man in my life. I can't ask you to do a thing that you don't snort about it."

"Give it to me; give it to me and as soon as I get there I will jump off the train and butt my way into a store. Give it to me, I say."

"I'll do nothing of the sort. I'll get it matched myself to-morrow when I go to town."

"Now don't talk in that resigned way, Mandy. I'll get it for you; it really won't be any trouble. How much do you want? Twenty yards. All right, I'll get it for you. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

Long before day Hawley heard the old man thumping about the house, and he heard him swear by the Eternal that it beat anything he ever saw in his life; and upon going down stairs, he found the Judge rummaging in the hall closet. The old man slowly straightened up, wiped his brow, shook his head. "I've heard of a good many strange things in my life, but this takes the lead of all mysteries I ever had anything to do with," he declared.

Hawley asked what the trouble was. The old man snorted. "I don't know that you can call it a trouble," he answered. "Infernal miracle would fit it better. Why, sir, when I went to bed last night I left my hat hanging on a peg and now it's nowhere to be found. I've hunted everywhere, in the most out of the way places, into places where the devil himself wouldn't think of hiding a thing and yet I can't find it. Thought that the dog might have jumped up there and got it and I took a lantern and hunted all over the yard but it was nowhere to be found."

Ida came out into the hall. "Gramper you must have left it some whereelse," she said.

"Don't you suppose I know what I did? I left it hanging right up there, I tell you."

"Have you looked in the dining-room?"

"I have looked everywhere but I'll look again."

He went out and Ida, watching the door and speaking low lest the old man might hear her, said: "Grams and I got him another hat and hid that one. Tell him that you have a new hat that will just fit him and pretend to send after it while we are at breakfast. Here he comes."

"If a man were to offer to explain this mystery for a thousand dollars, I would take him up."

"We haven't time to unravel it now, Judge," Hawley said, and after pretending to think for a moment he added: "I have a new one that will just fit you. We'll send a boy after it."

"He has already gone," said Ida.

"All right. What sort of a hat is it?"

Hawley looked at the girl. "Why, you told me that it was the nicest sort of a black, silk hat," she said.

"So it is," he replied.

"All right," the old man agreed, "I'll wear it, but I hate anything new as I do a snake. Come, we must have breakfast or we'll be left."

Breakfast was not quite ready and he impatiently walked up and down the hall, looking out at the slowly fading darkness, listening as if he expected to hear the rumble of the train.

At last they were ready to start. The boy had brought the hat; the buggy was at the gate. Ida had fled to her room. They got in and were driving off when Mrs. Trapnell cried to them to stop.

"What's the matter?" the Judge asked.

“I just wanted to remind you not to forget that goods. Twenty yards, remember.”

CHAPTER XVII.

They arrived in Chicago early Wednesday evening. When they got off the train, the old man halted on the platform, looked about, marveled at the bigness of the railway station, asked a question of a baggage man, and would have drawn him into conversation had the man been so inclined or had Hawley not taken him by the arm and hastened him away. They went over to State Street and then walked northward. Backward and forward swirled the current of an endless crowd, and when first taken adrift, the old man uttered that one word which is said to be the first poem, the first expression of human emotion,—“O!” He had seen great crowds, had seen armies march, but they were directed by a single mind, holding a single object in view, but here interests were wide apart, antagonistic; here was the battle of life, commanded by no general; the guerrilla warfare of avarice, love, hate, honesty, villainy, aspiration, lust,—all indi-

vidualized. Some sudden, majesty or great deformity of the present frightens the mind back to the quiet past, and the memory of this old man, sweeping backward, recalled a time of politeness when man was quick of anger but slow of rudeness. But in this great throng he saw not politeness, not anger, only rudeness. He mused, as well as the jostle and the clang would permit him, that this town in its wild and unmeasured strength, was a mocker of old communities, that too young to have a memory it scoffed at tradition. Suddenly it struck him that this was not a foreign city and with pride he dwelt upon the fact that he was an American. But the crowd still angered him. The fermenting life within great shops appeared to burst the doors and pour out a feverish stream to mingle with the heated tide that swept along. At each step there was a new confusion; the harsh cry of a newsboy, of the man that had the latest popular songs for sale, of the Italian with a wagon load of pears, the shriek of the toy whistle, the clang of a bell, the "look out there" of a teamster. The old man thought that he had walked miles; he had come but the distance of five blocks.

Hawley was thrilled. Like one who turns from the rich windings of a long, vague poem to lively and explicit prose, who holds the poem dear while delighted with the prose, he saw a thousand things to enliven him, to quicken his blood. He walked with a lighter step; he saw with a sharper eye. He was in the world again and the world was wonderful. He was glad that he could divide his time between that farm and this great city; he was thankful that Ida consented to this arrangement. Of course he could live anywhere with her, but how the magnetism of this hurrying life moved him, and how he should regret to be cut off permanently from it. A friend in bumping past slapped him on the shoulder and cried as he hastened on, "Been out of town?" Another man stopped him and asked: "Have you been sick; I've missed you for some time."

They went as far as Madison Street, turned west, passed Dearborn and entered a restaurant, white with marble, flashing with mirrors. The old man stood for a moment like a startled hare, that with ears up sticking, eyes apop, knows not which way to jump. He ducked his head as he passed

under the black blades that whirled above, shot a look of resentment at an electric fan that hummed on the wall, sent his pride out after his self-possession and when both returned to him, he sat down on a chair which a waiter drew out for him, looked about, folded his napkin and was a stoic.

From the restaurant they went to Hawley's rooms in Randolph Street where the janitor of the building met them with the announcement that everything was in readiness. In his politeness, his soft voice and apparent pleasure at seeing them the Judge saw a courteous and well-bred man; Hawley saw a strong appeal for extra money.

The old man was delighted with the arrangement, the comfort of the rooms. "You haven't got beds here too, have you?" he asked.

"Yes, there's your room, off there."

"Well, it will not be long until I tumble into bed, I tell you. I'm worn out."

"Won't you take a toddy or something before lying down?"

"Is it the custom of your town, sir?"

"Well, I don't know that it has been regulated into a custom," Hawley answered, smiling, "but if

you want it, take it. You can't go by customs here; there is none, in fact. Every man is supposed to do pretty much as he pleases."

"I thought that life in a great city was more regulated than that."

"Life in a great city, except in society, is a freedom unknown in the country."

"That's all nonsense, sir, but we'll let it go."

"All right. The Doctor must be out on a call," he added, looking at his watch. "I expected him to meet us. There he comes. No," he continued as footsteps passed his door. "Yes it is," he added, hearing some one speak to the janitor. He opened the door. Old Doctor Ford grabbed him by the hand.

The two old men were introduced. They eyed each other sharply and shook hands, the former slave owner and the former abolitionist, the old democrat and the old whig.

"You have taken good care of my friend Hawley," said the Doctor.

"He has taken good care of himself, sir," the Judge answered.

The talk started off a little stiffly at first, one

seeming to think that he was called upon to defend himself, the other apparently afraid that he might commit an aggression. But they soon came to that understanding, that agreement which the aged hold in common, a contempt for the present. They talked about the great speeches that were made in the earlier part of the century, of the great things that were written, of men that had courage to fight for their opinions. In those days the editor of a newspaper was a courageous man; if he refused to fight, his paper lost cast. Men were not afraid to put their passions in print; but now, all was puerility. "We no longer have a poet," said the Doctor.

The Judge got up, solemnly shook hands with him, smiled at Hawley and sat down.

"The Doctor is the president of a Shakespeare club," said Hawley.

"Yes," replied the Doctor, "and not of an Oscar Wild society. Talk about poetry written in these days! Why, sir, it's the rhyme of the click, click, click—diluted passion thrashed out with a typewriter. Out of culture may come a pale beauty, but a poet to be immortal must be mad!"

"I agree with you," said the Judge. "The South has no poets now."

"And never had any for that matter," the Doctor replied.

"What's that!" the Judge exclaimed. "You don't know what you're talking about. What was Edgar Poe?"

"I beg pardon, Judge, he *was* a poet."

They dropped the subject; they were falling away from their agreement. They talked about the condition of the country and found it wretched. There were no strikes in the old days, and it was because the country was a democracy and not merely a moneyocracy. But they were approaching dangerous ground again; they could see the ugly slough of Calhounism, of slavery; and they changed the subject.

"Bob," said the Doctor, "I'm glad to see you looking so well; but ha, you ran away from Chicago to save your hair and had your scalp taken by a wood-side nymph. Judge, for some time I've been telling Bob that he ought to get married, but he paid no attention to me, and I am pleased to know that Tennessee influences have brought him to time."

"A man ought to get married when he finds himself in love," the Judge replied.

"Yes, especially then," the Doctor rejoined, "but the married state is the natural condition of man."

"We are taught to believe so, sir. My granddaughter is a mere child, but she is a noble child, with the quality of deep affection and without this quality woman may shine but she's only a shell."

Hawley made them a toddy of brandy and a roasted apple that the janitor brought from a neighboring restaurant; and they joked, told absurd stories, laughed; they might have been taken for two friends come together after a lapse of many years. Hawley was delighted. "I am going to give you a dinner in these rooms tomorrow evening," said he, "and Doctor we'll have Bates here. A young friend of ours who got married not long ago and declares that he's a slave," he explained to the Judge. "He isn't the brightest man I could pick out but he's an excellent fellow."

"But have you got a kitchen here too?" the Judge asked.

"Oh, no; we'll send out and have the dinner served here."

"But won't that be a great deal of trouble?"

The Doctor laughed. "You pay three prices for every trouble you cause a restaurant in this town," he said. "If you look everywhere else for a wolf and fail to find him, go to an eating-house and there he is, surrounded by his pack, catering mainly to hogs. Well, I must go. Judge, I am greatly pleased to have met you; it has done me good."

"What do you think of my old friend?" Hawley asked when the Doctor's footsteps were no longer heard.

"He may be narrow-minded in some things, sir, but he's a gentleman," the old man answered. "However, we must not expect a man of Puritan stock to be liberal."

This tickled Hawley; there was so much of human nature in it, so much of the old dispute between the pot and the kettle.

The Judge was out of bed by daylight the next morning. Hawley heard him walking about the room, in the corridor, down the stairway; he dozed again and waking, heard him coming back. He had bought a newspaper and he sat reading it. Presently he cried out: "Hawley yesterday was a terrible day in this town, sir."

"What's the trouble?" Hawley asked, opening the door of the Judge's bedroom.

"Why, sir, a railroad engine ran into a street-car and killed and crippled I don't know how many people. Yes, and here's where a man is killed on a bridge, and a woman is burned up, and a wall falls down and buries a number of workmen. I never heard of the like in my life; and I suppose Dr. Ford will be kept busy all day."

"He'll probably not hear anything about it," Hawley replied.

"He is obliged to hear about it. The paper is full of it, I tell you."

"It's bad, of course, but it is almost of daily occurrence here."

"And yet they call this a great city. Is this slaughter a feature of its greatness?"

"Not a feature of its greatness, Judge, but an example of its mishaps."

"Mishaps! Well I should think so. And by the way if the people at home read about this death harvest they'll be uneasy about us. Have you written to Ida?"

"Yes, I scribbled her a note last night."

"How long now before we get something to eat? I'm as hungry as a bear?"

"We'll go down in a few moments."

"All right; and can we go somewhere else besides that glass place? They've got a lot of white men in there to wait on people, and I don't like to have a white man wait on me."

"But they are mainly foreigners, Judge," Hawley replied, smiling.

"That so? Well then all right. We'll go there and let them wait on us. By the way," he added, pointing, "what are all those girls doing over there in that roost?"

"That is what's known as a sweat shop, and those creatures are giving their lives for about three dollars a week."

"That's an infernal shame."

"Yes, but it can't be helped."

"It could be helped if there were any heart, any soul remaining in the human family. I wouldn't let a dog work for me that way. Let us cut short our visit, Hawley; I've got no business here."

They spent the day with visiting places that Hawley thought would interest the old man. They

went to Hawley's club, and the Judge was anxious to get away; they went to the top story of the Masonic Temple. The Judge looked out over the lake, glanced down at the ground and said: "Let us get down from here. This thing will fall down the first thing we know." They went to the Board of Trade. The old man gazed down upon the turmoil in the pit and said: "We've got here just in time to see it break up in a row. Hasn't that fellow there got his throat cut?"

"No," Hawley answered, "he's got on a red neck-tie."

"Well, I'll swear I thought they had cut his wind-pipe. About what time do you think they'll begin shooting?"

"They're all right; they are in their usual humor."

"Well, let us leave them in it, sir."

They were in a street-car. The Judge got up to give a woman his seat. Hawley got up and said to him: "Here, you take mine."

"No, I thank you, sir; there is another lady standing."

When they got off Hawley remarked: "You

would soon give up that politeness if you lived here. It's like giving money in the street; there is no end to it."

"No matter where I lived I shouldn't forget to be polite in the presence of ladies, sir."

"But would you give up your seat in a theatre?"

"I don't know that I should. It is supposed that each one has secured a seat before going there. Politeness, sir, is an advocate of common sense."

They visited some of the court-rooms, and the old man looked on gravely, critically; shook his head at certain departures from time-fixed procedure and turning away, said: "They are either too slow or in too much of a hurry, sir; they don't know how to wear their dignity."

When they returned to Hawley's rooms they found dinner ready to be served. The Doctor was waiting for them, and in a short time Mr. Bates arrived, a young man with a drawl in his voice, pale, thin of hair. Bates asked the Judge if there were any grizzly bears in his country and the old man answered: "Not as many as there are in Chicago, sir." Bates apologized, said that he thought the Judge lived in a new country. The Judge

replied that his community had once been a part of the old colony of North Carolina and that there was no telling when it was first settled. Bates was glad to learn this and he looked as though he would make an effort to remember it; he felt an interest in that part of the country now that Hawley had bought a farm there. He and Bob were at college together.

Dinner was served. The Judge looked at the waiter to satisfy himself as to whether or not he was a foreigner, and deciding that he was, ceased to address him as sir. The two old men began to talk about the past. They did not know what the future of the country would be, but it was certain that some sort of bloody conflict was soon to come. The Doctor said that it would be labor, rising up to overthrow capital. The Judge didn't know about that. He was inclined to think that Protestants, driven to the very verge of their liberties, would spring up like a tormented lion and defend themselves against the encroachments of the pope. Then there would be blood. And unfortunately the country would not have a man like old Andrew Jackson.

"Let's see," said Bates, "he was impeached or had some sort of trouble while president, I believe."

The Judge dropped his spoon. He shoved himself back from the table, straightened up and gave Bates a look that must have bored into him. Hawley, with a napkin at his mouth, turned about and ducked his head. Bates shifted in his chair. "Of course I don't remember anything about it," said he, "but from reading I gathered, or thought I did, that Jackson was tried before the House."

"You mean Johnson, sir!" the Judge exclaimed. "Perhaps it was Johnson."

"Perhaps!" the old man shouted. "By the Eternal, it *was* Johnson."

"All right, then, it was my mistake. A man can't keep track of all those things, you know. Of course I know who Andrew Jackson was. He was the man that told South Carolina that if she didn't look out he would wallop the life out of her."

"He was," said the Judge, his countenance softening, his eyes batting out their resentful cast, his mouth losing its harsh severity. "I am glad, sir, that you know something about the history of your country."

Again the Doctor and the Judge entered into a agreement as to the glory of the past. The world would never again see such an era as that through which they had lived. Hawley got up, took a candle out of his pocket, lighted it, placed it on the table and snapped out the electric lights.

They looked at him in surprise. "Why, what do you mean?" the Doctor asked.

"Oh, nothing. I knew what was coming and have merely provided you gentlemen with a feature of your younger days. Is it possible, Judge, that you can't see. Sorry I couldn't get a tallow candle."

The old man said nothing. He did not even smile when the Doctor laughed. He had straightened himself and he sat stiffly oblivious to the joke. "Here," said the Doctor, "snuff out that past and turn on the present. This rude age has made our old eyes dim."

"You are right," the Judge replied, relaxing, smiling and turning with good humored ease toward the Doctor. "These youngsters are full of their pranks, sir," said he, "and sometimes they put it on us old chaps. Bob—" it was the first Tennessee Judge 18

time he had called him Bob—"that was a good joke, a rare joke. And I gad, it makes a man think. Doctor, there's a good deal of the fool about an old man. A fool or a physician at forty, you know, and some of us are not physicians at eighty."

"Ah, and some of us are fools and physicians at seventy," the Doctor replied.

"Gentlemen," said Hawley, "since you have announced your respective ages—but I beg pardon, I didn't know how that would sound." Then he added: "The most contemptible fool of all is a young man without reverence, and I came close to putting myself down as such. By the way, Doctor, I'm going to take the Judge to see an extravaganza this evening. Won't you go along?"

"No, I'd rather have something more interesting. I may go somewhere and sit up with a corpse, but I won't go to a stuffed leg performance."

"Oh, well," Hawley replied, "don't let us interfere with any livelier entertainment you may have in view. Sit up with a corpse did you say? One of your patients."

"Good!" the Doctor exclaimed, "but remember

that I am not vain—I don't take so much pride in my own work. But I might after a while; I might possible get a whack at you."

"Yes, that's true; man knoweth not the day nor the hour when the doctor and death may snatch him. How about you Bates? Can you go?"

"No, I've got to get home. Told my wife that I wouldn't stay out long."

"Still a slave, eh?"

"Not exactly a slave; a sort of hired man."

They went to an opera house, and when three skirt dancers came on, the Judge, whispering, asked: "Do respectable women come here?"

"Yes, some of the most fashionable women in town."

"All right, then; if they can stand it I can. But I'll swear I wouldn't bring a lady here. Just look at that. And they are pretty, too, don't you see? But I gad I'd rather see a daughter of mine buried in the ground ten feet deep than to see her up there dancing; and so would nine tenths of the women in this audience, I warrant you, and yet they come here to see somebody's daughters dance. But I've got no right to talk; I'm here."

He was startled at the ballet, the glow of color, the flashing armor, the feathery dance; and like an old horse that throws up his head at the sight of rollicking colts, he gazed, the ancient barbarian within him enraptured by these splendors of brass and tin.

"What do you think of it?" Hawley asked as they were coming out.

"I gad, it is simply marvelous, sir; I never saw anything like it. And I can understand why respectable people come here; respectability can't always put up with the dullness of the world; it can't give over to vice all that is bright and entertaining."

When they reached Hawley's rooms the old man said that he could stand a great deal but that he was worn out. He was tired of seeing, of hearing, and he wanted to get away from this glaring hubbub. He asked Hawley if he could do all his trading in one day, and assured that it would require only a few hours, he said: "All right, I will wait here till you get through, and I think we'd better start for home as soon as we can. I don't think I could live here more than two days longer;

this is not an old man's town. And if I am called upon to fight my way from daylight till dark, I'd rather be permitted the use of some sort of a weapon."

"All right, Judge, we'll start back to-morrow evening."

Early the next morning Hawley found him sitting at a window with another chapter of accidents in his hand. "They're still at it," he said. "Woman killed while walking along the railroad track, and they haven't taken the trouble to find out her name. A man falls out of a window and is crushed on the sidewalk and they have given him three lines in the paper. What time does the train start?"

"We'll leave here about seven."

"It's a long time till then. Seems to me that I left home during the summer of 1845. Let's go right down now and eat so you'll have plenty of time. And you want to see Dr. Ford again, too. But don't let that take you long."

"I'll be back in plenty of time, Judge."

"I hope so. Is there any danger of the road changing the schedule? This is just about the

time they would be likely to change it; they are up to all sorts of tricks. If they can't kill a man by running over him they run off and leave him."

Hawley was longer over his purchases than he had intended to be; carpets, furniture, curtains, held an interest that he had not expected to find in them; and it was nearly four o'clock when he returned. The Judge was in a ferment; he swore that they were left. Hawley told him that he had looked at a time-table and had found that the train did not leave until half past seven. That made no difference; they were left, for the old man had seen half a dozen omnibusses, loaded with passengers, going toward the station. But perhaps if they rushed they might still get there in time. Hawley said that they would get dinner before going to the station. The old man snorted. They had no time for dinner; they could grab up something and eat it on the train.

"My dear Judge," said Hawley, "I am even more anxious to get back than you are. Don't worry; leave it to me."

At last they were on the train; they had waited at the station nearly an hour, but the Judge had

given up none of his anxiety until he got aboard; he had what women call the fidgets.

"Now what are they waiting for?" he asked.

"Waiting for their time to start," Hawley answered.

He took the fidgets again; he swore that as the train had not succeeded in slipping off from them, it was now determined to wear them out with waiting. He asked a porter if the train intended to leave that night. The porter paid no attention to him, and the old man said: "If I had that impudent rascal down my way I'd tan his black hide. What, is it possible that we're going?" He drew a sigh of relief; he affectionately placed his hand on Hawley's arm.

They were delayed in Louisville and it was night when the train reached Gallatin, but the negro boy was there with the buggy, waiting for them. As they were driving off the old man said: "Ah, this is the air, my boy. The devil sneezes up yonder in that smoke, but God breathes here."

CHAPTER XVIII.

They were yet some distance from the house, when from the dark shadow of the road side, out upon the white turnpike a form came swiftly and a voice cried: "Is that you gramper?" Ida had come to meet them. She climbed into the buggy, gleeful as a child, trying to tell her delight but only laughing it; she insisted upon taking the lines and she cried out, "Why, I can't drive Mr. Robert unless you let my hands alone." She tried to tell them many things and told them nothing except that the buggy had been sent as an experiment, that they were not really expected, but that she thought "gramper" might get tired and want to come home. "Of course I knew that Mr. Robert would stay away as long as he could," she said, "and it is really a wonder that he came back so soon. Oh, you did stay as long as you could? I must thank you for saying that; but I can't drive this way. You take the lines, gramper. He won't

let me alone. Oh, I know you pretend that you will, but you won't. Here gramper."

Mrs. Trapnell stood at the gate. "Well, here you are sure enough. I didn't expect you but Ida insisted that we'd better send the buggy."

She cordially shook hands with Hawley and as the old man was getting out of the buggy, she asked: "Judge, did you bring that goods?"

He made no sort of intelligible reply; he grunted, stamped his feet to take the stiffness out of his legs, kissed his wife a dry-sounding smack and turned toward the house.

"I asked if you'd brought the goods?"

"Madam," said he, halting and facing her, "select any object that may so suit your fancy and I will butt my head against it. I didn't bring the goods, forgot all about the stuff, forgot everything, forgot my name. They began to slaughter people the minute we got there and I was on the dodge all the time. That tree do? If you say so I'll butt my head against it."

"Mrs. Trapnell," said Hawley, "I found the sample on the floor where the Judge dropped it. I had the order filled and the goods will be here in a day or two."

“Ah, but you are a sly rascal,” the Judge declared, taking his arm. “And you wouldn’t tell me; wanted to see me get a blowing up. Mandy, is supper ready? I gad, I haven’t had anything to eat since I left.”

At supper the old man vowed that a foreign cook would kill him within a week. Talk about dyspepsia being an American ailment, why he had never heard of it until late years. The Frenchmen had introduced it with his out-landish sauces and the German had helped it along with his slop. And those wretched creatures, starving in the old country, had turned up their noses at the American corn, sent out by our people in their broad generosity. I gad, they ought to starve if they held their appetites above corn; Andrew Jackson ate corn bread, so did old Jim Polk.

Hawley and Ida sat on a bench under a tree in the yard. There was love, quiet joy, in the soft sighing of the night; and as through a diaphanous mist, they gazed at the new life upon which they soon were to enter. To love, the horizon is ever near, and the eye seeks not to penetrate the blue vastness that must lie beyond it. Calculation, to

estimate the chances that lie between failure and success, happiness and misery, belongs to wisdom but not to sentiment.

They were going to be happier than man and wife had ever been. During all the ages of the world, love had hung as green fruit, but now grown ripe, it had fallen on the matted grass at their feet. It was all so strange. What lover has not said this? He had been strong in his belief that he could never love, and this young thing said that she had thought the same of herself. A dewdrop gleamed, and he said that the stars had thrown down one of their children; and she asked him why he did not write poetry. He answered that cold ink from a bottle could not express the warmth of his soul, that alone could be done by a hot gush of blood from his heart. But in his arms he held the sweetest and purest of all poems, and God had written it for him. More foolish than children as thoughtless as an emotion they sat, dreaming, talking in their sweet sleep. He was happy to forget that he had ever been practical; she was joyous to know that in love, she was loved.

The light in the sitting-room sank to dimness, then went out. It was time for him to go, he said. She went to the gate with him, made him promise to come over early the next day, to tell her about the carpets, the furniture, the curtains. Across the fields he took his way. The glow worms were in the grass; the music of the rippling creek was in the air. It was nearly ten o'clock when he reached home, but old Lily was still up, sitting in front of her door, humming a weird tune in the moon-light, the tune that has no maker, the vague wandering of a musical instinct. She was startled when he turned the corner of the house, but recognizing him, she jumped up with an exclamation of welcome. She declared, and before the Lord, as she expressed it, that she never had been so glad to see a person. It did "seem like" he had been away a year. She had hardly expected to see him again, going so far away off yonder, and she had not felt safe while he was absent. That trifling white man Roark had come through the yard one day and abused her scandalously, he had, and just for nothing in the world, too. That wasn't any way to act while Mr. Hawley was away from home.

"He didn't strike you, did he?"

"Oh, no, sah, he jest 'bused me; talked ter me scan'lus. An' s'I gone wid you, man, caze I doan know whut's got inter you, no how."

There was something in the air, in the moonlight to keep one awake, there was a quiet that brings restlessness. Hawley sat in the "vine room" at the ruined end of the house, smoking a pipe, musing, thrilled with the memory of a kiss, and yet angered to think of Roark's insolence. Suddenly he ceased smoking and listened. Old Ben had just come into the yard and was talking to Lily "I tole 'im dat he better keep off dis place; met him right out dar er minit er go an' tole 'im so. Lowed dat it want none o' my look-out. Santerin' right er long yander in de woods lot now. Been talkin' shamefully 'bout Mr. Hawley."

Hawley put down his pipe. Should he overtake the fellow and beat him? He had a strong impulse to follow him, but he would let him go.

"Yas," he heard old Ben continue, "an' dat ain' all; he been talkin' scan'lus er bout Miss Ida."

Hawley climbed down the crumbling wall, bounded across the yard, leaped the fence, ran

into the woods, and seeing some one walking slowly along, cried out, "Wait there!"

John Roark turned about and stood facing him.

"Didn't I send you word not to put your foot on this place again!" he asked when within a few steps of the path in which Roark stood.

"Believe you did."

"Then what are you doing here?" He was now within reach of him.

"Coming from town, and this is the shortest way home. It saves time."

"But does it save any time for you to go to my house while I'm not at home and abuse an old woman?"

"Oh, well, if you want to take up an old negro woman's quarrel, it's all right. Go ahead."

"But that isn't all. I heard that you have been talking—" he hesitated. "Talking not only about me, for that makes no particular difference, but about some one else."

"Mr.—I've 'bout forgotten your name—you needn't come bullying around me even if I am on your place. I don't know what you are trying to get at but whatever I said goes."

"Does it!"

Hawley struck him in the face, grabbed him before he could fall, jammed him against a tree.

"Does it!"

He choked him until his eyes were popping out; until his hands were limp. A knife fell to the ground.

"Oh, I ought to kill you, you infernal scoundrel!"

Roark's head had fallen forward; he was gasping. He muttered something; he was begging. "Go, you wretch, and if I ever catch you here again I'll kill you."

He turned him loose. Panting, making a noise as if strangling, he leaned against the tree.

"Are you going!"

He stooped to pick up the knife. Hawley put his foot on it. "Are you going! I say."

"Yes," he said in a hoarse whisper. He turned away, stumbling, and Hawley watched him until he was swallowed by the dark shadow of the trees.

Old Ben and his wife were still talking when Hawley returned to the house. The woman was saying that they ought not to tell the white folks, to cause them trouble just at this time when they

were getting ready for a wedding. Ben said that he didn't know about that. Weddings were all right enough, but a man had to keep people from running over him, no matter if he was in love. They knew nothing of the fight in the woods.

Hawley went to bed but could not sleep. He dozed and heard the fellow choking, begging for mercy; saw the moon-light fall upon his eyes, popping out. Hour after hour passed. The air was heavier; the moon was gone; rain began to fall. Old Lily called him to breakfast. He got up, tired as he was, and soon after breakfast, he went to the Judge's house. Ida was startled when she saw him. Was he ill? No, but he hadn't slept any; he often had such fits of restlessness. Was it anything that she had said? There was woman, sweetheart. She wouldn't say anything to hurt his feelings for the world. Something was on his mind. Wouldn't he please tell her? He fondly kissed her. There was nothing on his mind; everything was on his heart, a sweetness and it was his love for her.

The Judge had gone to town to prepare his cases for court. He had an office but was rarely in it;



he was gradually giving up his practice. Hawley and the girl strolled about the place, through the orchard, in the woods. They went up the creek to the shelving under which they had first made known their love. He forgot Roark; forgot everything save this happy young creature and himself.

Upon returning to the house, they found the Judge at home; and he wanted to speak privately to Hawley. Then went out, walked along the fence and stood near the horse-block.

“Have you heard that Roark is missing?”

Hawley started. “Missing?”

“Yes, they don’t know where he is. He was in town all day yesterday and started home late at night in company with Lige Crump. They separated and the last seen of Roark he was going through your field, toward the house.”

Hawley was silent. “His sister was in town today,” the Judge continued, “and was greatly distressed; says that he never stayed out all night without sending her word. Crump was in town too, and had a talk with the sister. And I gad, sir, do you know that they are trying to implicate you in his disappearance?”

Hawley put his hand on the fence. Could it be possible that he had mortally hurt the man and that he had fallen dead in the woods?

"I will tell you something," said Hawley. And he told him of the fight. The old man listened eagerly. "You did exactly what you ought to have done," he said. "But there is something else back of it. You didn't hurt him bad enough to kill him. Still, just at this time it won't do for you to say that you met him in the woods and choked him."

"But I ought to say something, Judge."

"Not yet, and I'll tell you why. The roughest element in this whole section of country was at that fellow's beck and call, and—well, don't say a word about it now. If they find the body, then you may step forward and deliver your testimony; bravely acknowledge what you have done."

"Do you suppose that fellow Crump will swear out a warrant against me?"

"He might have done so, but he won't do it now. I told him to attend to his own affairs or I would hurt him; and he knows that I meant it."

"I'll swear, I don't know what to do."

"You can do nothing but wait."

“I’m afraid the county paper will say something about it and then the Chicago papers will take it up. I wish to God I had let him alone.”

“By the Eternal, you couldn’t let him alone, sir; you had to stop his mouth.”

“But I am afraid that I have stopped it forever.”

“No, you haven’t; there is something back of it, I tell you.”

“But shouldn’t the marriage be postponed until I am cleared of this suspicion? Wouldn’t it be an injustice to—”

“My dear boy, stop right where you are. I want you to understand that I am your friend, regardless of any other tie that might exist between us, and that I will stand by you. Keep it from Ida; it would distress her. Say nothing and wait.”

CHAPTER XIX.

Mrs. Trapnell knew that something had gone wrong; her sharp eyes saw trouble in Hawley's countenance; her sharp nose scented the air of mystery that hung about the place. She besought the Judge to tell her, at night when they were alone, at morning when he was supposed to be fresh and confiding; but he knew nothing, said that nothing had gone wrong. Was Mr. Hawley sick? The Judge did not know that he was. Had they found Roark? They had not. But why should his disappearance have disturbed Mr. Hawley? The Judge did not know that it had.

Ida was nervous, almost ill with anxiety. She was afraid that Hawley had ceased to love her; she reproached him, begged his pardon, cried. She knew that she was too silly to share his confidence, but if he loved her, how could he refuse to tell her everything. She would tell him everything, she had told him everything, all her thoughts.

She would not trouble him any more; she would not cause him pain, and she saw that she did cause him pain. Perhaps after a long while he might learn to trust her. Hawley assured her that there was no trouble, that he knew nothing to tell her. He was not well, that was all. And thus three days were passed.

In the town, at the toll gate, in the fields, throughout the county the disappearance of Roark was discussed. It was a deep, enjoyable mystery; there had been nothing like it since the war. In the woods a knife was found, taken to the courthouse and placed on exhibition. Hawley's name was on many tongues. Why did they not arrest him? Was it because he was rich? Was it because every body was afraid of the Judge?

The night was over-hung with clouds; a wind was blowing. Several buggies and a carriage were ranged along the road-side near the Judge's house. Every room was lighted. All within was silent. Down the turnpike a noise arose, the tramping of men, bearing torches. Louder the noise grew. It was a mob. On they came, not with the tread of soldiers, but with the scattered

foot-steps of a riot. They halted at the yard fence. "Climb over!" Lige Crump cried. He was at the head. They climbed the fence, their torches flaring in the wind. They were under the trees in the yard. Just then the Judge stepped out. He was surprised, startled, and he closed the door behind him, and stood upon the stone steps, facing the mob.

"What do you want here?" he asked, endeavoring to be calm.

"We want that man Hawley!" Crump answered.

"You can't see him now. This is his wedding night. He has just married my granddaughter."

"He will have another bride before morning," Crump replied. The ruffians behind him laughed. Among them were railroad laborers, negroes, tramps. Crump continued: "The law won't take up our cause for the reason that it's a coward. We take it up ourselves. The body of John Roark has been found, with his head crushed in. We are going to hang his murderer. Get out of the way! Come on men!"

"Stop, or by the Eternal I'll kill you."

The door opened. Hawley stepped out. His

wife, screaming, strove to hold him back. He tried gently to free himself, told her that there was no danger, that he wanted simply to speak to Crump. Crump stood at the edge of the brick walk, near the steps. His hat was off and his long hair was blown by the wind, in weird unison with the flaring torches.

"There he is! We want you!" came from the mob.

Hawley stood looking at Crump, his wife hanging on his arm, sobbing, begging him to come back into the house. The Judge was between Hawley and Crump, turning first toward one and then the other, helplessly, hopelessly thrusting his hands into his pockets.

"We have found the man you murdered!" Crump cried, his neck stretched, slowly moving forward as if he were stealing upon something, gazing at Hawley, at the Judge, and then halting as the Judge clapped his hand behind him. "We have found the man you murdered—found him at the mouth of the branch with his head crushed. Dr. Moffet says that he saw you murder him, and now we want you."

A hoarse roar came from the mob. Women fainted in the door-way and an aged preacher cried: "Stand back there. I command peace in the name of the law and the gospel of Jesus Christ!"

"Listen to me a moment!" Hawley demanded. "Would you take the word of an imbecile? Dr. Moffet has lost his mind and doesn't know what he says. I will tell you the truth. Wait just a moment. I will conceal nothing. I had, as you know, Crump, sent Roark word not to come on my place again, but during my absence he came to my house and abused one of my servants, an old woman. More than that, he talked about me and—and—" He placed his hand on his wife's head. She seized it, still begging, still trying to draw him back into the house. "I caught him going through my woods, and I struck him in the face and choked him but I did not kill him; I stood and watched him as he walked away. If his head was crushed, some one else crushed it."

"You are a liar!" Crump shouted.

Hawley sprang off the steps. His wife, endeavoring to hold him, slipped and fell. Willis leaped from the door and caught her up as if she had

been a child. The Judge dodged about between Hawley and Crump. "Don't shoot!" some one yelled, "you might hit Lige."

"Get away Judge!" Hawley brushed the old man aside.

"My God, they'll kill you!" the old man exclaimed. "Stand back there you scoundrels."

Like a tiger Hawley jumped upon Crump, bore him to the ground, choking him. The ruffians under the trees leaped forward. "Stop!" cried the Judge, "I'll shoot you." But he stood empty handed, and they heeded him not. Suddenly, from somewhere out in the darkness came the loud cry: "*I killed John Roark.*" A startle, and a shudder were in the vibrant tones of that strange voice; and every one was still. In a second Hawley had sprung to his feet; in a second Crump stood panting, listening. "*I killed John Roark,*" the cry came again.

"Where are you," the Judge shouted. And then, out of the darkness into the spectral light of the torches, slowly strode the Professor of Moral Philosophy. His eyes, wide open, held no light; on his face was the pallor of a corpse.

"Put by your pistols, poor fools. Stand back there and I will tell you something," he said, as he came upon the brick walk. "Idiots, don't you know me? Now listen and you will learn something."

He mounted the steps as though he were going to deliver a calm discourse. The women who had thronged the doorway fled from him. The old preacher stood just above him. Hawley had caught his wife in his arms, and with tender words was soothing her.

The Professor took off his hat, threw it on the ground, raised his arms and said: "I killed John Roark." The hard breathing of the ruffians caught his attention, and he frowned at them. "Yes, I killed him, my experiment was a failure, and I am here to acknowledge it. You clods out there in the shadow don't know what thought is. You are in the shadow now; you have always been in the shadow. I was searching for a new philosophy. I swore that I would refute the belief, the theory that murder will out, but gentlemen," he added, bowing to the Judge, to Hawley and then to the preacher who stood looking down upon him, "I

have failed, and I am here to acknowledge my failure. This idea had held possession of me for a long time, and had it proved a success, I would have startled the world by proclaiming it in my university. One evening while coming through the woods, I found a tree that had been recently blown down, tearing up the earth, leaving a deep hole; and my new philosophy, with the light of a fresh promise, flashed across my mind. Why couldn't I kill a man and bury him in that hole? Who would think of digging where a tree had been blown down. No one. Here was my chance. It made no particular difference to me whom I killed, with the exception of Mr. Hawley, for I depended upon him and his money to help me establish my university. Why should it have made any difference whom I killed? Science has no victim, but a subject. But bring a chair here for this lady. You must be tired holding her, sir."

"For God's sake go on!" Hawley replied.

"Thank you. As I say, it made no difference to me whom I killed, and I thought that whoever he might be, he ought to feel proud to be used in such a demonstration. I mused over it until

late. It must be done in the night, for science has its tricks, its dark room. I went to Hawley's house and looked about but saw no one. Then I went down into the woods, not far from the place where the tree had blown down. It had fallen across the branch and was used as a foot-log. So much the better; people would pass within a few feet of my secret. I waited a long time. I started again toward Hawley's house. I heard some one coming along, cursing. I stepped behind a tree, for as I say, science has its tricks. I waited. The man came on; his foot-step was on the grass near me. But he turned aside and was going to pass too far away from me; and I quickly stepped from one tree to another till I was within a few feet of him. I called and he started to run, I thought, but when I told him who I was he waited for me. I walked up to him. I held my stick in my hand. He said that he hadn't any time for me, that he was mad, that he was going home to get his gun. I told him that he might not have time but that he had eternity, and with that I tiptoed and hit him on the top of the head with my stick. He fell and groaned and I hit him again. Then he

was quiet. I felt for his pulse; he had none. Then I tried to take him up and carry him to the place where the tree had blown down, but he was so heavy that I couldn't carry him; so I dragged him. Oh, what a load he was and what a relief I felt when I got him there. Now the most interesting part of the work was to be done. I must dig down in that place and get enough dirt to cover him. I had forgot to provide myself with a hoe. In its eagerness a new philosophy is negligent of many things. I got a flat, sharp stone and scooped out the clay, and at last the hole was big enough. So there I put him down, and covered him, but I did not pat the dirt about him. That would have been too orderly and would have aroused suspicion. I made it rough, just as it had been left by the tearing roots of the tree. Then I went home, thrilled at my victory. Rain fell to wash the blood off the grass if I had spilled any there; and murder would not out. Soon I began to hear of the mysterious disappearance of a man, and in the night I lay in bed, animalizing, hoging over my secret. They couldn't find him. Of course they couldn't; and how I laughed to myself when I

saw people crossing the foot-log. But I was thoughtless and impractical in my happiness. One evening just about dusk I crossed the foot-log. It was yesterday evening and there had been a rain, and the branch was high. What! As I stepped upon the log I saw that the water had run round and was washing through the hole where my new philosophy was hidden. What was that, gleaming on the dark water? It was Roark's hand, and moved by the current, was dipping, dipping, dipping. This alarmed me. Was my secret about to be washed out? Should I take the body some where else and bury it? No, that would be an acknowledgment of failure. I would leave it alone; it might wash away, into the creek, into the river and forever be buried under a sand-bar. But the water fell too fast and left it lying on the gravel near the mouth of the branch. I was not far away when it was found. But I could do nothing, except to resolve upon an acknowledgment of my defeat, and this you must all agree I have done to the best of my capabilities. I saw the mob coming; I knew what was up, I had heard mutterings, and I said to myself that it

would not be right to have my short-comings, my failure attributed to another man, and so I threw away the stick that I had carried so long, that had been the implement of a failure, and followed the mob. Mr. Crump, the subject of experimental science was your friend, and you think that you have sustained a loss, but what is your loss in comparison with mine? You will forget him within a month; my humiliation remains with me. I believe you said something about hanging Mr. Hawley."

"Yes, and I'm sorry for it," Crump answered, bowed over.

"Ah, but why not hang me? I'm of no use now; I'm ready to go."

He stood looking from one to another. The torches were burnt out; the ruffians under the trees were in the dark.

"We don't want to hang a crazy man;" said Crump, "but we'll take you to town and see what the sheriff will do with you."

"All right, and I will tell him that I wish he had been the subject of my failure. Ladies, gentlemen, all, I wish you good-night."

CHAPTER XX.

Crump and his mob were gone down the turnpike, not as they had come, with fire-brands, with increasing haste as they drew near, but sullenly and in darkness they trod along, the Professor in the midst of them. Their burnt-out torches lay under the trees, and one of them still held a red speck, the dying eye of anger slowly giving up its evil light.

In the house there was a strong smell of camphor. Chairs lay overturned, all was confusion. Hysterical women strove to quiet one another; everybody talked at once and nobody appeared to hear what anybody said. Among the women Mrs. Trapnell was the first to compel attention. She knew that the rioters would come back; they would get drunk in town, return and commit all sorts of depredations. Oh, how disgraceful it was, and at such a time, too; a time when everybody should be orderly. But it hadn't surprised

her. She knew that something was going to happen; she had told the Judge as much and man-like, he had hooted at the idea.

Ida lay upon a sofa and Hawley sat beside her, holding her hands, assuring her that all danger was past, that the mob would not come back. Why had he not told her that he was suspected of having killed Roark? She had begged him with tears in her eyes to tell her of his trouble and he had refused, had declared that nothing was wrong. If he had told her she should have been prepared. But as it was, she had been shocked by its suddenness, frightened almost to death. She had not thought of herself, but of him. She would give her life for him. And when she said this there came from a woman who had a marriageable daughter with her, the sentimental response, "Yes, indeed, a thousand times."

At the hall door stood an old negro from the Hermitage. He had fiddled in high places, at receptions held by governors, at diplomatic festivals, in the White House when Jackson was president. He was so old now that he could scarcely get about, was bald and palsied, but he had heard

that the Judge's granddaughter was to be married, and had thought that it was his duty to be present. Some one said that old Jordan was at the door.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Judge, "bring him in. Come here old man. Ladies and gentlemen, Andrew Jackson's fiddler is among us. Shake hands with Mr. Hawley, Jordan. Bless your life, it does me good to see you. I would have sent for you but I thought you were in bed with old age. Here, take this chair; it's the' easiest one in the house. Bless my soul, it has been a long time since I crossed the river at the Hermitage; too many sad memories float along there. Is the old place kept up? How is the tomb of your immortal master."

The Judge was likely to ply the old man with so many questions, to wander off so far in the mazes of reminiscence, that his wife reminded him that the young people wanted music. "Ah, and they shall have it," he replied. "And it will be music, too, let me tell you; none of your screechings that pass for tune. Bring back the souls of long ago, Jordan; give us your master's favorites."

The old man took his fiddle out of a dingy bag, tune it with many a twang, leaned his head forward, closed his eyes, played "Chicken in the Bread Tray," "Billy in the Low Ground," "Money Musk," and Sandy Faulkner's "Arkansas Traveler." Fears were gone, nerves were soothed. The old Judge sat bowed over, his hands in his lap, the tears running down his face. "Play on," he said, "don't stop." The young people had begun to talk, and in sorrowful reproach he looked at them, slowly from one to another, but his face brightened as though he had suddenly given up a selfish thought, and he said: "That will do, Jordan. Mandy, see that the old man has something to eat, and here," he added in a low tone, "give him twenty dollars, the gold piece in my trunk up stairs. Jordan, when you get ready to go home I'll send you in the carriage."

Now they could calmly talk about the riot. The sentimental women with the marriageable daughter said that it put her so much in mind of the stories her father told of war-times. Of course she didn't remember the war. The Judge looked at his wife. He thought that she could not let

this chance go by and he was right. "Why," said Mrs. Trapnell, "you and I are about the same age and I remember the war distinctly."

"Mr. Hawley," Willis remarked, "I must compliment you, sir. You are a brave man."

"No," Hawley replied, "I am simply a fool when I'm angry."

"He has the spirit of his town," said the Judge. "He's afraid of nothing. But I thought that his time had come to-night. Bob, it's a thousand wonders that Crump hadn't shot you."

"I caught the hammer of his pistol on my thumb and that's what saved me," Hawley replied.

"Yes," said the Judge, "and there I hopped about like an old monkey, trying to snatch the thing, and it's well that I didn't, I tell you. When I stepped out I had no notion that there was any trouble in prospect; I thought a lot of mules had got into the yard, but the idea of a mob bent upon mischief struck me the moment I recognized Crump. And I knew that it was not wise to turn back to get my pistols, that the scoundrels would rush after me, so I shut the door and stood there to argue with them, to persuade them to go away quietly."

"I have known all along that the old Professor was mad," Hawley declared, "and I spoke to several persons about it, you among the number, Judge, but was assured that he was harmless. Ida," he added, "if a noisy beginning makes a quiet ending, we shall have an even-tempered after-life; engaged in a storm and married at a riot, a clattering record thus far."

The Judge laughed. "Circumstances have wanted you to feel at home, sir, and have introduced a few of the features of Chicago. By the way, Willis, you'd better go to-morrow and have the old Doctor sent to an asylum, along with the Professor. His talk has been nearly as dangerous as the mad man's club."

"Judge," Willis replied with his arms full of gestures and with a low bow of obedience, "your commission shall be executed. I have thought for a long time that he ought to be removed from the free haunts of man, indeed, he has given me proof that he ought to be locked up. He has hinted—"

"Hinted!" exclaimed the Judge, "didn't he say that Hawley killed Roark?"

"Wait a moment, Judge; wait just a moment.

I am aware, or at least I have cause to believe that he spread such a report, but I have a previous acquaintance with his insanity; for as I was about to say just now, he hinted that decomposed animal matter was no more necessary to the development and sustenance of cellery than old Ben's mind was essential to anthropological research. Those may not be his exact words," he added, not willing that the Doctor should rob him of the credit of this verbal arrangement, "but I have set forth his idea."

"The words are exact enough, Charles," the Judge replied.

"I thank you for the compliment, sir," Willis rejoined; "I am proud to know that you accord to me not only the assimilation of an idea, but an improved reproduction of it. And I am grateful to Mr. Hawley for assuring me that I shall have a fair compensation for my services. I hope you catch my meaning, Mr. Hawley. You know that I endeavor to be clear, logical and euphonious, forcible, pure, elegant and expressive, terse, pointed and convincing."

"Willis," said Hawley, "your memory is wonderfully exact."

"Ah, I grant you, but not so exact as my gratitude. Why, our cousin, the bride, is happy again. Miss—ah, pardon me, haven't yet accustomed myself to the new handle,—your return of spirits and flush of rare health, make us almost glad that you have gone through a fright. Now everybody seems happy, and I, who rejoice under the unimportant but yet not unmalifluent appellation of Charles Willis, am joyous with the rest; but Cousin Mandy, it strikes me that it's about time to have something to eat."

"You mean something to drink," said the Judge.

"Distinguished juror, able expounder of the criminal code, don't mention drink to me. I loathe the accursed stuff as the flitting wren loathes the black snake."

"Eh, and like the wren you are not able to keep out of the way."

"Compelled to grant you that point, Judge. Mr. Hawley—he is talking to his bride and the young ladies who find in her a subject of great curiosity. I was going to say that it is a hard matter for the wren to keep out of the jaws of the snake. The wren can stay in the air only a

certain length of time, and when he is compelled to come down, it seems that the snake is there waiting for him. I am not feeling well to-night, Judge," he added, sinking his voice. "I have been upset for a day or two, and I can't help but think that a little of that old blackberry-brandy would help me; just a swallow, you know. Bless, you, I wouldn't take more than a swallow for this strong right arm."

"You might as well take it, Charles. What I mean is that if you don't take it here you'll go elsewhere and get it."

"Judge, do you insinuate—"

"Oh, no, not at all, Charles. I don't insinuate, I simply know that you are going to get drunk and that you might as well be about it."

Willis moved his chair closer to the Judge, leaned over and in low tones of sorrow, said: "Insulted at a wedding. I didn't expect it of you, Judge."

"Do you want the blackberry-brandy or would you rather have corn whisky?"

"Never would have suspected it of you, Judge. Sharper than a serpent's tooth is an insult at a

wedding; yea, and from a man revered of yore. Anger were foolish; resentment were unwise. I know not what to say."

"That is, you don't know whether to say you'll take the whisky or the brandy. Charles, I thought you were a man of quicker decision."

"Ah, and you would add another sting; you would accuse me of weakness and vacillation. Judge, I am a man of decision. I'll take the whisky."

The hour grew late, the guests were departing. "Good-bye;" "Wish you so much happiness;" "So calm after the storm;" "See the moon-light—beautiful omen"—words of hope, of affection, came tremblingly from the lips of women; and the bride answered with smiles and tears, so becoming to her. The hearty "Take care of yourself;" "Well, so long, old fellow," came from the men, and the bridegroom nodded and laughed, so becoming to *him*.

The guests were gone. But a single light burned in the house, in an upper room. Young birds, feeling the approach of day, twittered under the eaves—a lesser light came down the stairway and then all above was dark.

CHAPTER XXI.

Plans for the renovation of the old house had been drawn, and it was Hawley's aim to travel during the time required to execute them. At this prospect the young wife was delighted, but she did not desire to be away an hour longer than it would take to complete the repairs; she liked to travel, she wanted to see everything that was to be seen, but she was so anxious to begin life in her own home. Traveling could be deferred; it was a luxury; but to learn house-keeping was a duty, a sacred obligation.

They went to Chicago, to New York, to Boston; they rested in New England villages, at sea-side places and at an old country house where Hawley's mother was born. Ida gathered flowers in the garden there, and pressed them between Tennyson's love-lighted pages. She made friends everywhere; she gave money to an old woman who sat in front of a door, knitting; to an old man worn

and shrunken by the rough winds of the sea; to preachers that aspired to build new churches; to children in the street. Her soft accent was music in this harsh land, and women asked her to repeat certain words; her laugh was a strange melody and they told her droll stories. "Oh, you must come and see us," she would say. And when an old woman who had never been fifty miles from home spoke of the distance, she answered with a laugh: "Oh, it isn't half so far from here there as it is from there here."

They were gone three months, and when they set their faces toward home, Hawley saw a new joy in her eyes. They were on a night express train; she could not sleep; she was listening for the name of some familiar station. It would be daylight when the train reached Gallatin. She heard the name "South Tunnel" and she cried, "Oh, Robert, just think, we are only seven miles from home after having been so far away."

They had telegraphed and the Judge and his wife had come in the carriage to meet them. The old man swore by the Eternal that he had never been so lonesome at any time during all the days of his

existence, and whenever his wife attempted to say something he would shut her off with, "Now, Mandy, we'll tell them all about that after a while."

The sun was just rising when they drove up to the gate at the Judge's home, and before going into the house, Ida ran about the yard, gladdened at the sight of every familiar object. She awoke the old dog and shook his paw; she stirred up the young dog, and he galloped about with her. Hawley ran after her and brought her back—took her up and carried her into the dining-room, called for a "high-chair," a "bib;" and told the Judge to cut up her meat while he buttered her bread.

"So everything is going on all right is it, Judge?" Hawley asked.

"First-rate, but the workmen are not quite done yet."

"Has Willis kept pretty straight?"

"Oh, yes. He had about a three day's whirl after you left, but I went over to see him and I told him that if he didn't stop at once he must get right off the place. He looked at me reproachfully and said that if he couldn't take a drink or two without being insulted he guessed he'd shut off, and he did."

"He had the old Doctor taken to an asylum, I suppose."

"Yes, took him the day you left. The old fellow begged piteously; swore that if we would only let him stay he'd never more tell his dreams, would never speak a word to get people into trouble. His greatest fear was that old Ben would triumph over him and rejoice over the downfall of his medical ethics; but Ben, the old rascal, and I can't help liking him, came up just as they were taking the Doctor away and told him that he was greatly grieved to part company with him, declared that he had learned much from him and acknowledged that Moffet's school of medicine was superior to his own. At this the Doctor shed tears of gratitude, wept on Ben's shoulder, and they had to take him away."

"Poor old fellow," said Hawley, "I'm sorry for him but he had to go;" and after a short silence he asked: "How long do you think it will take them to finish the house?"

"About a week, I should think. The carpets are not down yet, but that won't take long with Mandy and Ida to superintend the work. Take

things easy, sir; everything will be all right after a while."

"Oh, we are not in any hurry."

"No," said the Judge, "for you must know that you are at home already."

How much faster the work progressed after Hawley returned. Difficulties were not slowly met but were seized and lifted out of the way. The ruined room was fitted up for a summer study, and though made securer, it was but little changed in outside appearance; the vine was not disturbed. At last the work was about completed; the carpets were down, the hangings were up, the pictures were hung. One evening at supper the Judge said: "Bob, go to town with me to-morrow. I am to dispose of my last law case, by compromise, too, and then I shall close my office forever. I am nearly eighty-three years old."

They were ready soon after breakfast but they did not go until after dinner. The old man had sat about the house, walked about the yard, putting off his final retirement from the affairs, the wrangles of men. The case was soon settled, and then they sat in the court-house, talking. The day

was hot and the doors were open. A dog, panting but too lazy to move, lay stretched out where a sun-beam fell. From across the square came the song of a mocking bird, caged years ago. There were but few men in the clerk's office—a young fellow who had come to take out a marriage license, an old man to look up a deed, and a lean skin-flint with a whip under his arm, come to ask the clerk's opinion and thereby to save a lawyer's fee. The Judge was talking about a famous murder trial, years ago, of Felix Grundy whose words were like a shower of sparks at night. An old man stepped across the threshold of the main door, stumbled over the dog, turned to look at him, and then facing about, slowly advanced toward the center of the room. Suddenly the Judge sprang to his feet with a cry that rang throughout the house—"By the just and Eternal God!" The clerk bounded toward him. "Back, damn you, let no man touch me or I'll kill him!" He stood with two pistols in his hands, shaking them. An old man, shrunken, trembling with palsy, stood looking at him. "Gordon P. Hensley, God has appointed your time to die. Back there!" he shouted at the clerk. "Make

another motion toward me and I'll kill you."

The old man stood looking at him, uttering not a word, his head shaking. "Gordon P. Hensley, the hope that I might one day shoot you down has kept me alive—God's tonic. But I will give you a chance for your life. A thousand times in my sleep, have I shed your blood but I won't butcher you. Here!" He stepped forward, clapped both pistols on a table, stepped back and said: "Take one of them. Oh, your time or mine has come. Take one, I tell you. Are you waiting for me. Oh, you haven't forgotten your politeness, but how about your treachery!"

The Judge stepped forward, caught up a pistol and stepped back. "Take that pistol or I'll blow your brains out! I have carried them forty years for you. Are you going to take it?" He raised his own weapon, cast a threatening look at the men standing stupefied about him and then bent his gaze on the old man.

"Wait one moment," said Hensley, "and then I will. There are just a few words that I want to say. I have dodged you nearly half my life—I know that I had been treacherous to you, that I

had put you on a block and sold you. But what had you done to me? You had not robbed me of an ambition, but of the woman I loved."

"What, so near the grave and still a liar! I did not rob you. She did not love you. Take that pistol, I tell you. Gentlemen, stand back. Hawley, I entreat you not to come near me."

"One moment, Judge," Hensley implored with hands up-lifted. "I haven't said what I wanted to say. Be patient just a moment and then your vengeance shall be satisfied. For years I have been living over in Williamson county, with my daughter. Four week ago she came over here to visit some relatives, and she brought with her the child that carried my withered heart in his hand. He was the only human being that was innocent enough to love me. My daughter wrote to me that he was sick; she couldn't bring him back; she hadn't the money and I couldn't send it to her. I came on here as best I could, begging my way. Last night the little fellow died—and I am here now to get a coffin for him, and I am in this house to beg for money, and not for my life.

Now, sir, you may take up the other pistol. I don't want it."

The Judge had reached out and caught hold of the back of a chair. A silence seemed to come down from the deserted corridors above, to oppress itself upon the scene; and naught save the breathing of the old men could be heard. The Judge took his hand off the chair, reached forward, took hold of a corner of the table and placed the other pistol upon the green cloth. He straightened up, fumbled in his pocket, took out the money that he had received for his last case, and placed it beside the pistol. He said nothing; he turned and stretched out his hand toward Hawley, and when Hawley leaped over a bench, bounded to him, put his arm about him, he whispered: "Let us go home."

He stumbled slightly as Hawley led him toward the door; and then a loud sob broke from the wretched man whom they had left standing there. "You don't mean to give me this, do you!" he cried. The Judge looked back, said nothing, made a motion with his open hand. He dropped his handkerchief as Hawley was helping him into the buggy,

and when it was handed him, he said: "I thank you for your courtesy." Slowly and silently they drove down the street, across the bridge, out the turnpike.

"Is that a man or a woman going along there?" the Judge asked.

"A man," Hawley answered.

"I couldn't tell. My old eyes are failing me, sir."

Ida was at the gate when they drove up. "Gramper, are you sick?" she asked. He smiled at her but answered not. Hawley drew her back and told her. Mrs. Trapnell came to the door. Something had gone wrong with her and she was in a fault-finding humor. "Madam," said Hawley, whispering to her, "don't say anything to worry him. He has met Gordon P. Hensley." She caught her breath and looked hard at Hawley. "No, he didn't kill him S-h-e-e, he might hear you."

She ran to the old man and kissed him, told him how glad she was that he had closed out his law business. Now he would not be a slave when court met; now they would drive about together and be happy.

They sat down to supper. The old man said not a word, he ate nothing, he gazed through the window at the sun behind the trees on the brow of the hill. After supper he walked out into the orchard, down among the older trees. And when he had been gone a short time, Hawley and Ida followed him. They saw him sitting under a tree, his face turned toward the red glow in the woods, his hat, the old white hat, beside him. Ida's skirts caught on a briar.

"Now don't you run away from me, Robert. Come back here you rascal and be jealous. Don't you see I've caught a beau?"

She picked her skirts clear of the briar and looking up, saw Hawley hastening toward her, back from the tree where the old man sat.

"Why, what's the matter, Robert?"

"Don't go down there, precious," he said putting his arms about her; "my little girl you must not go down there."

.
Down in the orchard where the trees are old, a monument gleams through the low-hanging boughs; and a stone-cutter, following the lines

given him by Bob Hawley, has dug these words in the rock: "He swore by the Eternal; he said that justice, that nature knew not how to forgive, and yet in one moment of pity he tore from his breast a hatred that had burned therein for more than forty years."

THE END.

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