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Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1900.

Vol. L.—No. 2.

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LEGEND OF THE WHITE NARCISSUS.

*I*n lace and linen and silken slippers
And sheen of satin they dressed the bride,
With a gossamer veil, and a wreath of blossoms
To crown her beauty, the day she died,
With rich perfumes of the rose and lily
They combed and plaited her locks of gold,
And under the tree where once she trysted
They hid her down in the frozen mold.

With sun and shadow and balmy breezes
Came the Spring to her place of rest,
And a slender blade like an emerald arrow
Lifted the clods above her breast,
Crystal dews of the purple twilight,
Silver rains of the morning cloud,
Coaxed the stem from its leafy shelter,
Drew the bud from its folded shroud.

Pale and pure as a pearl of ocean
It slipped the green of its dainty sheath,
Deep in its heart a hint of yellow
From the braided tresses that lay beneath.
So it was born, the bride's fair daughter—
The white narcissus that buds and blows,
Sweet and starry in silent places,
Over the grave of the winter snows.

--Minna Irving.



“THERE HE GOES!—LOW AND QUICK—AND WITH A SOUSE HORSE AND RIDER STRUCK
THE WATER BEHIND US BY THE GABLE OF THE INN.”

DRAWN BY H. M. EATON.

Illustrating “The Two Scouts,” by A. T. Quiller Couch (“O.”). See page 123.

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FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

Vol. L.

JUNE, 1900.

No. 2.

“THE PRESIDENT’S WAR.”

BY DEB. RANDOLPH KEIM.



THE PRESIDENT'S SEAL, AND WAR AND
NAVY FLAGS.

On a certain fateful afternoon in the month of August, 1814, the President of the United States, with the members of his Cabinet and a few friends, was a fugitive in the hills of Virginia.

His heroic wife, deaf to the appeals and alarm of her gentlemen attendants, and imploring but a "moment's delay," was hurriedly tossing into her coach in waiting outside a few valuables of the Executive Mansion, notably the Declaration of Independence, Constitution of the United States, and portrait of Washington by Stuart, cut by her order from its frame.

The exchanging shots of the retiring American rear guard and of the overwhelming numbers of the advancing British were distinctly heard as she mingled with the fugitive throng of citizens and stampeded militia, making their exit toward Georgetown at one end, while Ross and his columns came near and nearer from the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue.

The Capitol in flames formed the background to the humiliating scene. The "steward of the household" had barely locked the front door as the "First Lady" dashed away, and had himself but taken to the adjacent woods, when the British were battering open the same portals.

A few moments later the President, from his retreat beyond the Potomac, witnessed the lurid tongues of flame devouring the official home of the Chief Magistrate of the Republic.

His wife, from the heights of Maryland, viewed the same spectacle in tears and amid taunts and refusals of shelter by the inhabitants.

The tidings of the victory of Jackson and his improvised army, so disastrous to the prestige of British arms, reached the President, then in temporary occupancy of "the Octagon," at the capital, about the same time that he heard the news of the conclusion of the Treaty of Peace at Ghent, beyond the

Atlantic, which had been signed fifteen days before the battle of New Orleans was fought.

The Mexican War afforded even a more striking instance of the perfunctory relations of the Constitutional Commander-in-Chief to the active operations, in time of war, of the Army and Navy of the United States.

President Polk gave but the order to advance beyond the Neuces, which meant the invasion of the disputed territory.

Then followed the forced marches and brilliant victories of Palo Alto and Reseca de la Palma, which sent the panic-stricken Mexicans flying beyond the Rio Grande, with Taylor close on their heels, never halting until he won the great victory of Monterey and established himself in that important strategic city within the northern frontiers of the enemy's country.

It was weeks before information of this splendid movement reached the President, and Congress at last formally declared war over the opposition of the Whigs.

The land and naval expedition which conquered California, the expedition which occupied New Mexico, the victory of Buena Vista against overwhelming numbers, the landing of Scott at Vera Cruz, and the victorious march upon, capture and occupation of the Mexican capital until the signing of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, were events in which the Presidential Commander-in-Chief cut no figure at all. The primitive means of communication then in vogue were not even sufficiently expeditious to keep him advised of one event before the next had transpired.

During so recent a period as the Civil War the first tidings of the capitulation of Vicksburg to General Grant did not reach the President for a week, although that important event took place at the same time that the three days' fierce combat of arms at Gettysburg terminated in victory for the National forces.

It was not unusual for the first announcement of a battle raging, "tapped hot from the wires" on its way North to some metropolitan journal, to reach the President through its Washington correspondent. The President, always willing to be "called" under such circumstances, even at unseemly hours, never delayed for the formality of dressing, but usually strode nervously into the library from his adjoining bedchamber in his nightgown and eagerly read the "news."

Thus arrayed, he hardly bore out the classic ideal of an Apollo Belvidere.

He was, however, very appreciative of the thoughtfulness, and seemed to take much unction to his oft perturbed spirit in having the next morning a "flank movement on Stanton on the news."

As was forcibly said by a distinguished officer of the Army, adverting to the wars of the United States from the civic-military standpoint: "In none has the President been so directly identified with the movements of the armies and fleets as in the conflict with Spain." In that war President McKinley, for the first time in our history, realized in practice the Constitutional provision that the President not only shall be, but is, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States.

No sooner had Commodore Dewey, on that eventful 1st of May morning, at



SOUTHEAST CORNER OF THE EXECUTIVE MANSION, SHOWING WINDOW OF THE WAR ROOM
(SECOND STORY).

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a single blow annihilated the sea power of Spain in the Far East, than, compassing the severed cables by fleet carriers of the sea, the President Commander-in-Chief was in touch with the victor of Manila Bay half way 'round the world. At all times, from the first warlike movement of troops from their home stations during the long term of unbroken peace, the President Commander-in-Chief was within the tap of a button.

In the concentration of warships and transports and mobilization of armed battalions at points on the seaboard ready to descend upon the enemy's shores, or in the disembarkation of the troops of Miles or Shafter upon foreign soil, the land and naval forces were never beyond his electric wand of command.

Such facilities of practically instant communication between the Commander-in-Chief and the active fighting force of a nation on sea or land were not only absolutely new but novel in the art of war.

The military and maritime nations of the centuries never even dreamt of such initiative methods of supreme command, nor had the progressive governments in the most recent wars solved such efficient means of directing from the highest seat of authority the details of warlike campaigns.

It remained for the most advanced of contemporary governments, upon the threshold of the Twentieth Century, to set the pace of manœuvring fleets, ordering the array of battle and of the fierce onslaught of battalions, in this age of electricity.

The great Caesar at the head of his invincible legions tramped over most of the known world of his day in his career of conquest. The great Bonaparte from his snow-white battle-steed surveyed the field and met and delivered the wager of conflict. The foremost citizen of this Republic, McKinley, from his official residence at the American Capital, at the touch of a button put in motion fleets which in a few brief hours changed the maps of two continents



VIEW OF THE WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS AND WASHINGTON MONUMENT, FROM "WAR ROOM" WINDOW—HOME-COMING OF THE DISTRICT REGIMENT (FALL OF 1898).

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and placed a nation, for centuries the foremost in the world, prostrate and powerless at his feet.

It was fortunate indeed that under such exceptional conditions of active command the office of Presidential Commander-in-Chief was filled by one of the best types of an all-round American citizen, possessing well-balanced ideas of elective authority, skilled in the workings of local as well as national politics, trained in legislation, particularly bearing upon the most abstruse problems of public economy, an adept in successful administration of State affairs, of practical knowledge of an army in the field and individual experience in the impact of battle.

In all the hurried unraveling of the diplomatic, warring and determining stages of the conflict there never was exhibited even a momentary appearance of disturbed complacency. Yet what a rapid succession of ever-changing situations and conditions! the initiating inceptive days when Spanish pride was at its loftiest mercurial point; the excitement of most direful happenings which tried public serenity to the utmost limits of endurance; the stern responsibility of accepting war, even as the last resort of offended national honor and indisputable national obligation to the humane and enlightened spirit of the age; the tact of shaping Congress,

THE DISTRICT REGIMENT (“PRESIDENT’S OWN”) ON THE GROUNDS OF THE EXECUTIVE MANSION, PREPARATORY TO STARTING FOR CUBA, IN 1898. (Copyright, 1900, by J. H. Harper.)



confronted by a potential cabal, to face the issue by prompt and decisive measures; the mobilizing of armies out of limited organized members and equipment and unlimited raw material of men, means and resources; the concentration of sea power, the patrol of the sea and the blockade of harbors; the charter and assembling of transports; the embarkation and convoy of troops to the scene of operations beyond long stretches of sea; the conduct of offensive campaigns on foreign soil under the epidemic-breeding heats of tropical latitudes; the achievement of overwhelming and untarnished victory over almost insuperable obstacles of numbers and nature; the dictation of terms of submission within the brief space of a hundred days; the adjustment of warlike conditions to a suspension of hostilities; the organization and installation of the machinery of diplomatic negotiation; the second confronting and confounding of opposition to an honorable fulfilment of solemn obligations; the triumph of peace; the establishment of American dominion in the Pacific in sovereign defiance of the intermeddling inclinations of Western nations.

And pending all this tremendous strain, international relations of the most delicate character, owing to the intrigues of the Continental nations of Europe, were maintained, and the minutest details of domestic administration and economic advancement went on as uninterruptedly as if the country reposed in the very bosom of sweet peace.

And how was this marvellous exercise of executive trust accomplished?

In a word, by a master mind in the seat of authority and direct contact with the forces which made success.

The apartment in the southeastern corner of the second floor of the Executive Mansion will always hold a pre-eminent place in the stirring event-making year of grace 1898.

Looking out of its southern windows, the vision rests upon a scene of picturesque loveliness, made so by the landscape gardener's art.

A sweep of park interspersed by lawns, walks, fountains and other beautifying devices of man extends a long distance away toward the south. On the left the lofty marble obelisk to the first President rears its chaste outlines against the blue sky. On the right, in the dim distance on the Virginia hills, may be seen Arlington House, with the intervening broad Potomac pouring its turbid flood bayward.

From this scene of tranquility we but turn about and have before us the mechanism which directed the nation through a momentous struggle of arms and a masterful achievement of diplomacy.

Before the outbreak of hostilities, when Spanish "honor" was so rampant and self-sufficient, this apartment, so scientific and warlike in equipment, was devoted to the peaceful routine of executive administration, devolving in detail upon John Addison Porter, secretary to the President.

It might have been called the middle chamber between the ante-room and the audience office of the President.

Previous to this long-needed ceremonial sifting arrangement it was the office of the executive clerks, where nominations were prepared for the Senate and the executive archives and records were kept after the fate of the luckless



THE "WAR ROOM" AT THE EXECUTIVE MANSION.

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aspirants for executive appointment had been determined in the adjoining apartment.

The necessity of being constantly in intercourse with all parts of the country early became apparent to the President and those about his person and subject to his convenience in the transaction of public business.

At the beginning of hostile preparations, Mr. F. D. Owen, engineer, submitted to Colonel T. A. Bingham, in charge of public buildings and grounds, outline and colored maps as a basis of a complete cartographic representation of the possible theatres of active operations in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, the Caribbean Sea and Philippine group, with a suggestion that they be taken to the White House. These having received the approval of Secretary Porter, Hydrographic Office and Coast and Geodetic Survey charts were obtained by Mr. Owen, which, after further preparation, were hung on the walls of the room subsequently known as the "War Room," and upon these were pictured daily the warlike movements of the land and sea forces as the cipher reports were received. From these maps thus illustrated and others contributed by the Engineer Corps, War Department, ideas of the front were gained and subsequent orders sent forth directing operations more specifically and effectively than ever before in the history of warfare.

In order to bring the President into direct contact with the requirements of the situation, Secretary Porter, Colonel Bingham, United States Engineers, and Lieutenant-Colonel Montgomery, United States Signal Corps, at a con-

ference at the Executive Mansion projected a comprehensive scheme of wire and cable connections, with the systems of the commercial companies, which would embrace the necessary facilities and the use of these first wall maps.

To secure the necessary isolation of the telegraph from the clerical routine of the Executive Office, Secretary Porter vacated the apartment which he had occupied as his official quarters since his installation. Colonel Bingham rearranged the connections outside of the mansion, bringing them in contact with the instruments within. Colonel Montgomery at the same time transferred all the electrical appliances from the old and designated their convenient arrangement in their new quarters.

There had existed in the room across the corridor a switch-board arrangement with the systems of the great telegraph lines of the country for the transaction of ordinary business by relay through the central offices of the city.

This crude method, though inconvenient at times, answered the requirements of the day; but when war became inevitable, and the rendezvous of fleets and "rush orders" for delivery of material of war supervened the stage of preparation, facilities of direct communication equal to the exigencies of the new conditions were demanded. The rest was the work of evolution as the emergencies of the situation exacted. And a marvelous evolution it was in the functional relations of the President to the actual war making power of the government. It commenced a new era of supreme command in the handling of fleets and armies.

A new switch-board accommodating twenty wires was "connected up single and duplex" for telegraph purposes. The French and English cables, in addition to the regular wires of the commercial companies and press associations, connecting with the Executive Mansion, thus brought the President in direct and constant communication with every part of the United States and the rest of the world.

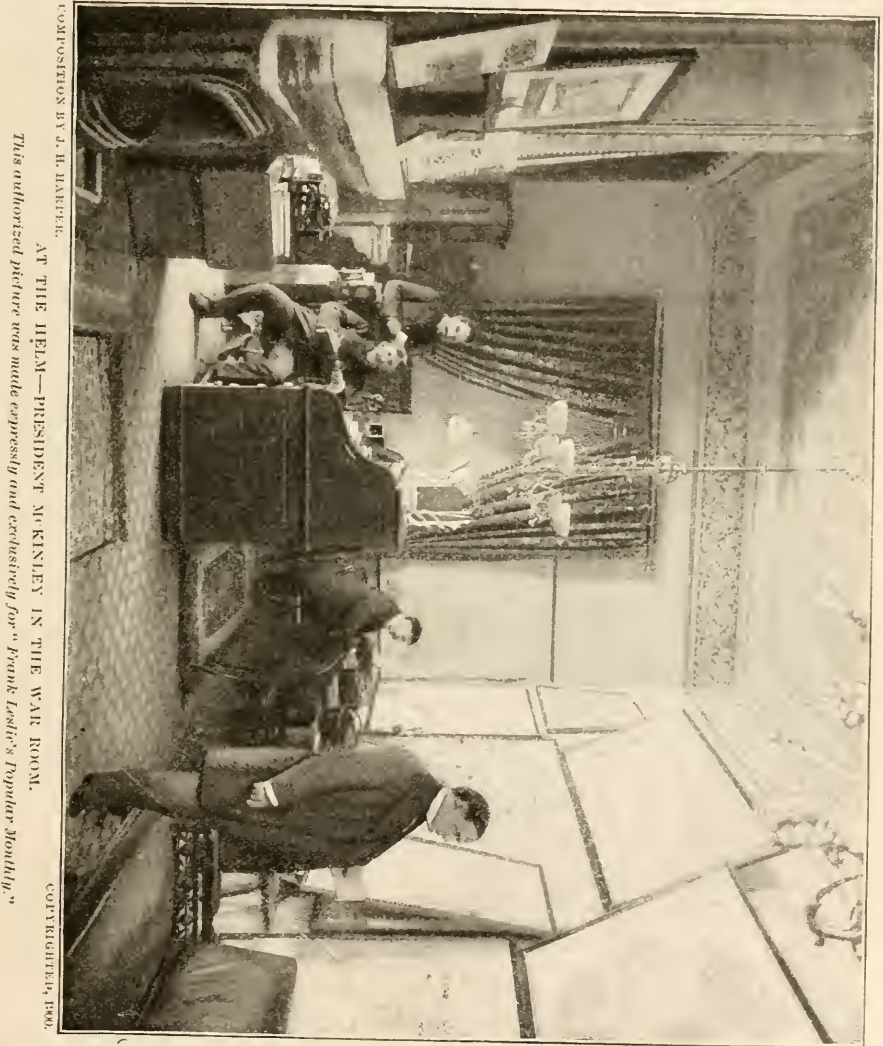
A "cable box" with accommodations for fifteen telephone wires placed the President in official intercourse, separate and distinct, with the Senate and House of Representatives at the Capitol; also with each of the eight Executive Departments, a special wire leading direct to the desks of their respective chiefs, the latter being recorded telephonically each under his own number.

The almost endless details of command, whether of organization, equipment and assignment of fleets and corps, with their units of ships and regiments, therefore passed through this consolidated system. This involved a personal knowledge on the part of the Commander-in-Chief of every order given by his authority and in his name, dictated to his private secretary, George B. Cortelyou.

When hostilities began on sea and land the President was constantly at call, night or day, by his own orders, often in person conveying to Colonel Montgomery in charge "without official circumlocution," the necessary initial commands, or gave responses to official requests from the field for additional instructions.

In matters of routine the commands were communicated in the usual form

by the Secretary of War or Secretary of the Navy “by direction of the President.” The President Commander-in-Chief was however behind every command sent to the fleets or army during the movements of the troops, and in the despatch of orders the President was usually attended by the Secretaries of War and Navy and the Adjutant General of the Army.



COMPOSITION BY J. H. HALLER.
AT THE HELM—PRESIDENT MCKINLEY IN THE WAR ROOM.
This authorized picture was made expressly and exclusively for "Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly."
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The first orders of the President Commander-in-Chief were sent over these wire and cable connections to Commodore Dewey on January 27, 1898, then lying in the harbor of Yokohama, Japan, directing him to “re-embark crew of the squadron whose terms of enlistment had expired.”

On February 27th he was informed of his duty by the Presidential Commander-in-Chief to concentrate squadron at Hong Kong to keep full of coal,

and in event of declaration of war with Spain, "your duty will be to see that the Spanish squadron does not leave the Asiatic coast, and then offensive operations in the Philippine Islands."

On April 24th he was ordered "to land all woodwork."

On April 25th the Commander-in-Chief, through Long, Secretary of the Navy, cabled his commander in the Far East his final orders: "War has commenced. Proceed at once, particularly against the Spanish fleet. You must capture vessels or destroy."

The next day Dewey cabled back, "Squadron would leave for Mirs Bay at request of governor of Hong Kong to await telegraphic instructions."

The day after but one, Dewey notified the President "that squadron would sail immediately for the Philippine Islands." Four days later, May 1st, Dewey reported (via Hong Kong, May 7th): "The squadron arrived at Manila at daybreak this morning. Immediately engaged the enemy and destroyed the following vessels (eleven enumerated). The squadron is uninjured. Few men slightly wounded." On May 13th, direct from Cavite, Dewey cabled direct into the "War Room": "I can take Manila at any moment."

The possibility of a brush with a Spanish expeditionary fleet or other European power in the Far East, and the determination of the President Commander-in-Chief to be prepared for emergencies, was indicated by the significant query, "In case of an attack by a superior force, would you desire submarine mines? If so, how many and what length of cable?" To which Dewey replied, "Mines not much use here. If attacked by superior force the squadron will endeavor to give good account of itself."

Through the War Room, on May 20th, Dewey was informed of Camara's rumored movement, and on the 29th that he had not sailed and that the United States land reinforcements were en route by the Pacific.

On June 25th he was notified that Spanish fleet and troops had left Cadiz bound east. He was kept constantly apprised of these movements through the Suez Canal and return. August 12th he was notified of the signing of the Protocol by the President, and next day he reported back "surrender of Manila."

While these events were transpiring in eastern Asia, the President Commander-in-Chief grasped the situation nearer home with equal vigor.

While the newspapers and even military and naval experts, with means of knowing, were indulging in prolific speculation upon the movements of the Spanish fleet, one day having it at the Verdes and the next off Boston harbor, the President in the inviolable secrecy of the War Room knew precisely the plans of the Spanish government before Cervera left the shores of Spain.

These facts were cabled into the War Room in cipher upon information obtained from secret agents employed by the American consuls and military and naval attachés at European courts and points near the Spanish frontier.

On April 28th a cable (name withheld) reached the War Room through London from Cape de Verdes that Spanish flotilla was coaling. Instructions were at once sent via Cape Haytien to Cotton, commanding the auxiliary cruiser *Harvard*, to scout.

On May 5th Sampson was directed by the Commander-in-Chief "not to cripple his fleet against fortifications."

As soon as it was known that the Spanish admiral had entered the fatal "sphere of American influence," miniature cardboard ships with red flags on pins and named to correspond with the vessels of the fleet tracked his move-

WAR

NAVY.

EXECUTIVE.



FLAGS OF THE EXECUTIVE, WAR AND NAVY DEPARTMENTS FLYING OVER THEIR RESPECTIVE HEADQUARTERS.

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ments upon the large chart of the Atlantic Ocean which hung against the War Room wall.

The President at a glance, as rapidly as the cipher reports were received and translated and the pin ships placed in positions to correspond with the latest advices, had before him the Spanish vessels taking coal at Porte de France, Martinique, reported by Cotton from the scout *Harvard*, and that the fleet at 4 p. m. same day had left, "destination unknown."

On May 13th Schley was ordered to sea from Fortress Monroe to touch at Charleston, S. C., for instructions and to be near to reinforce Sampson. Sampson was advised of Cotton's report that Spanish fleet was off Curaçoa.

It is not necessary to go over the orders in detail.

As early as May 19th the President, from his own confidential sources of

official information, knew that Cervera with all his vessels had entered the harbor of Santiago de Cuba short of coal.

This earliest authentic knowledge was received over the War Room wires from a United States signal officer in Cuba.

It was this exclusive verified information several weeks ahead of the newspapers and public which enabled the President to give his imperative orders for the concentration of the fleet which had been hovering about the islands of the West Indies on blockade and cruising duty, and thus "bottled up" Cervera until he sailed his fleet into the jaws of death. Commodore Schley at Charleston, S. C., received the President's further order to proceed to the south coast of Cuba by way of the Yucatan Channel. Commodore Sampson, who had returned to Key West from the bombardment of San Juan, there received orders to proceed to the south of Cuba by the Windward Passage.

These sailing directions were followed by pin miniature vessels with blue flags and named to represent the vessels of Sampson and Schley.

The pin fleet of Cervera within the harbor of Santiago and the blockading American ships off its mouth represented the respective positions as vividly as if in reality under the very eye of the President.

The movements of the vessels during Camara's "naval bluff" were tracked in the War Room from the moment they sailed away from the coast of Spain along the Mediterranean to the Suez Canal, and until they returned to their home stations. A similar system of placing the American fleets of war ships and transports was kept up for the Pacific between the shores of California and the Philippines, including Hawaii and the Ladrones.

The bottling of Cervera in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba determined adversely the proposed assault and capture of Havana "before the rainy season."

By direction of the President, telegraphic instructions, May 30th, in the name of the Headquarters of the Army, were sent from the War Room to Shafter at Tampa: "Go with your force to capture garrison of Santiago and assist in capturing fleet."

It is not necessary here to go into the details of orders.

Before the departure of the transports and their convoys from Tampa, Florida, for the invasion of Cuba, the President was within telegraphic communication by way of New York and French cable direct to Cape Haytien, then the nearest point to the scene of active service of the fleets and proposed theatre of operations of the Army.

The Signal Corps in all the different movements which followed, demonstrated its efficiency under the sagacious direction of General A. W. Greeley, its chief, by keeping pace with the army of invasion.

About a fortnight in advance of the sailing of General Shafter's forces on June 14th, Colonel James Allen, of the Volunteer Signal Corps, on the staff of General Miles, evading the remotest newspaper notoriety, sailed from Key West for Santiago on a chartered vessel with cable gear installed and a supply of sixty miles of cable. The party arrived off Santiago de Cuba June 1st to destroy the West Indies and Panama Telegraph Companies' cables subsidized by Spain, which, however, was only partially accomplished, owing to the unreliability of the foreign contingent on the vessel under fire.

Upon the sailing of the Fifth Corps, thirteen days later, this signal detachment directed its attention to the restoration of the cables between Cuba and Hayti, in order to connect with Shafter's forces as soon as they should land. On June 13th, one day before Shafter sailed from the shores of the United States, the repair of the French cable near Caimanera began. On the 20th Colonel Allen, from a station on shipboard, reported telegraphically through the War Room to his superior officer, General Greeley, that the Fifth Corps had arrived off Santiago and that General Shafter was in conference with Admiral Sampson.

In order to demonstrate the marvelous celerity with which the Commander-in-Chief in his War Room was brought within speaking connections of the army of invasion, it can be mentioned that the day after this first through dispatch from shipboard off Santiago de Cuba Colonel Allen opened communication with the Executive Mansion from a land station at the United States marine camp at Caimanera, near Guantanamo.

The first message that communication was permanently established between the army of invasion on the south coast of Cuba and New York was received without relay by the President in the War Room in his official residence at Washington in *five minutes* after it was filed at Caimanera.

The French cable, in the direction of Santiago, was repaired at Playa del Este. The company meanwhile opened a commercial office at Siboney, reaching Playa del Este over the Signal Corps' war cable as well as its own, thus affording uninterrupted communication over two lines between those points.

The moment General Shafter began the disembarkation of his corps he was placed within two hours by boat and wire of the President Commander-in-Chief in Washington. After June 29th the headquarters of General Shafter until the capitulation of the doomed Hispano-Cuban city were within twenty minutes direct telegraphic command of the President.

It now seemed as if the sound of the booming of the guns of Sampson afloat and of the confronting circumvallations of Toral and victorious Shafter and his brave men in the trenches could be heard reverberating within the very walls of the President's War Room.

In extending the line along the prolongation of the army's march the most difficult obstacles of nature—thicket and swamps, deadly missiles, and poisonous insects and reptiles—were encountered and overcome.

A seven-stranded wire, transported on the backs of pack mules, was laid through a dense chapparal to the vicinity of Las Guasimas by the 28th of June. The next day, keeping pace with the advance of the army, the President was kept in communication with the army at Sevilla, the headquarters of the cavalry division, and thence to the headquarters of General Shafter, within a mile of El Poso or the Sugar Mills.

By July 9 Aguadores, Daiquiri, Siboney and the ammunition camp were connected up, and a line between the War Room and the battle-front was maintained in uninterrupted working order, including the line of investment of the city, with a line extending from the centre through corps headquarters and the different supply camps to Siboney, the land line of wire from Aguadores to Daiquiri, and, in addition to these, the French cable from Siboney to Playa

del Este. Every varying phase of the situation at headquarters and in the trenches was known to the President as completely as if he were in the midst of his generals and the gallant men at the front in deadly array against the enemy on the defensive behind carefully constructed works and in superiority of numbers.

So perfect had become this object method of keeping in hand the movements of vessels and troops that on the day of the surrender of Santiago, pending the final attacks and parleys, the President Commander-in-Chief had before him the exact line of investment of the city drawn on large field charts in blue pencil for the Americans and red for the Spaniards, with the position of every command of our own troops and the hostile Spaniards located and pin-flagged by name.

The same system was extended to Luzon, Porto Rico and other fields of American operations in foreign seas or lands. It also included a map of the United States with stations of commands at home military posts and forts compiled from the weekly reports in the Adjutant General's office.

The appearance of a flag of truce from the enemy in front of any part of the American battle lines was reported within a few minutes to the Commander-in-Chief in Washington, and the generals received their orders from him through the proper military channels.

On July 17, immediately after the occupation of Santiago, the Spanish military line, tapped at the junction of the Caney and Sevilla roads, was extended into corps headquarters. The different camps were also connected by telephone. By these extensions the President was constantly kept advised of the condition of the army. He was thus enabled to make such prompt disposition of the troops as comfort and health after a trying campaign might suggest.

During the embarkation of the troops at Tampa or other points for Cuba and Porto Rico on one side and for the Philippines on the other side of the continent, the President, attended by the War and Naval Secretaries and Adjutant General, passed hours at a time by the instruments directing the generals in command and urging the utmost despatch in establishing their troops aboard and proceeding on the voyage. The War Room was never closed, and by the President's orders he was to be awakened at any hour of the night if important intelligence should come in.

The operating of this intricate system of charts, miniature vessels of war and transports, and tracking corps and lesser commands, detached bodies of men and vessels to correspond with the actual situation required great vigilance and accuracy as well as method. The entire lists of ships of both navies and land organizations by name were arranged in alphabetical order on index boards, from which they might be promptly taken as required. All messages pertaining to the war or kindred subjects were received direct at the War Room in cipher and were promptly converted for the information of the President.

The President's plan of concentrating all dispatches and reports received and orders and instructions sent out under one direction in his War Room not only vastly simplified the exercise of command, but also secured absolute

secrecy, a most essential element of military and naval success. It is one of the highest tributes to those associated with the duties of the War Room that not a syllable of information ever left there.

Nor did the usefulness of the President’s War Room cease with the signing of the Protocol on August 12, 1898, which opened the way to peace. When the negotiations were being conducted in Paris the President was constantly in immediate communication with the American commissioners. All questions at issue between the negotiators were transmitted to the War Room in cipher and were answered by the President through Secretary Hay. The world little knows of the communications passing to and fro beneath the stormy waters of the Atlantic before Spain was brought to a realization that the United States was not the defeated nation and that the statement of terms came with better grace from the victorious side of the controversy.

There was a pathetic side to all this glory of war. The world will but briefly know, if at all, the solicitude of mothers over their boys, of sweet-hearts over their soldier lovers when the accounts of battle and rolls of killed and wounded appeared in “cold type” in the newspapers, and how the President, appealed to, from his War Room comforted these sorrowing ones at home with information fresh from the seat of war, whether it were for joy or distress.

In the midst of the thrilling activities of war and diplomacy there hap-



HOME-COMING TROOPS WELCOMED BY PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AT THE WHITE HOUSE.
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pened an incident of peace in which the President's War Room was the scene. Prior to the opening of the new French cable between Brest, in France, and Cape Cod, in the United States, the longest single stretch of submarine communication in the world, the French Ambassador through the Department of State extended to the President of the United States an invitation to participate in the installation of the new international service.

At the appointed time the President, accompanied by Ambassador Cambon and a few friends, gathered around the same instrument table over which had been "ticked" messages of report and more portentous orders of warlike command, in a great war and overwhelming victory. Across the Atlantic in his palace at Havre, over four thousand miles away, at the other end of the medium of the subtle fluid, was Felix Faure, President of France.

While the felicitations of the supreme executives of the civic Republic of the United States and the military Republic of France were being exchanged, the quick eye of the American President detected the deep abstraction of the French Ambassador, as he gazed about the mysteriously equipped apartment. No sooner had President McKinley completed the ceremonial business on hand than, advancing toward the French Ambassador, he remarked:

"Your excellency appears interested."

"Very much so, Mr. President. I am amazed," responded the Ambassador. "And so, this was the head which ordered all? I see it—I see it! I am not surprised at the result."

Nor did the exchange of ratifications between the United States and Spain terminate the usefulness of the War Room.

The acquisition of new territories; the adjustment of civic and military affairs to changed conditions in Porto Rico and Cuba; the existence of an insurrection in Luzon; the creation of a new army; the upholding of national authority in the Philippine archipelago, and the organization and movement of a large fleet of transports for troops and supplies, entailed responsibilities even greater than existed during the period of international hostilities.

A new chart now shows both the eastern and western routes to our Asiatic colonial possessions. Flagged pins representing transports, names and capacity, and regiments, number and strength, on board, are moved up daily on the line of voyage, so that at a glance the President may know their location.

A profile map exhibits the physical characteristics of the portions of Luzon in which the troops are in campaign or garrison.

And even going beyond the sphere of American military operations, the movements of the British and Boer armies are pinned, from day to day, from the press reports.

Another new chart portrays the lines of interoceanic canal by the several proposed routes in Central America.

We have had in American colonial history King William's War and Queen Anne's War. The conflict with Spain, which bore so severely upon that ancient monarchy and ended so gloriously for the prestige of American arms and the master mind which directed all, might well be called *The President's War*.



The Two Scouts.

BY A. T. QUILLER COUCH
("Q.")



[Extract from the *Memoirs of Manuel (or Manus) McNeill, an agent in the Secret Service of Great Britain during the campaigns of the Peninsula (1808-1813)*. A Spanish subject by birth and a Spaniard in all his upbringing, he traces in the first chapter of his *Memoirs* his descent from an old Highland family, through one Manus McNeill, a Jacobite agent in the Court of Madrid at the time of the War of Succession, who afterwards married and settled at Aranjuez.]

IN the following chapter I shall leave speaking of my own adventures and say something of a man whose exploits during the campaigns of 1811-1812, fell but a little short of mine. I do so the more readily because he bore my own patronymic and was after a fashion my kinsman; and I make bold to say that in our calling Captain Alan McNeill and I had no rival but each other. The reader may ascribe what virtue he will to the parent blood of a family which could produce at one time in two distinct branches two men so eminent in a service requiring the rarest conjunction of courage and address.

I had often heard of Captain McNeill, and doubtless he had as often heard of me. At least thrice in attempting a *coup d'espionage* upon ground he had previously covered—albeit long before and on a quite different mission—I had been forced to take into my calculations the fame left behind by “the Great McNeill,” and a wariness in our adversaries whom he had taught to lock the stable door after the horse had been stolen. For while with the allies the first question on hearing of some peculiarly daring feat would be, “Which McNeill?” the French supposed us to be one and the same person, which, if possible, heightened their grudging admiration.

Yet the ambiguity of our friends upon these occasions was scarcely more intelligent than our foes' complete bewilderment; since to anyone who studied even the theory of our business, the Captain's method and mine could have presented but the most superficial resemblance. Each was original, and each carried even into details the unmistakable stamp of its author. My combinations, I do not hesitate to say, were the subtler. From choice I worked alone; while the Captain relied for help on his servant José (I never heard his surname), a Spanish peasant of remarkable quickness of sight, and as full of resource as of devotion. Moreover, I habitually used disguises, and prided myself in their invention; whereas it was the Captain's vanity to wear

his conspicuous scarlet uniform upon all occasions, or to cover it at most with his short dark-blue riding cloak. This, while to be sure it enhanced the showiness of his exploits, obliged him to carry them through with a suddenness and dash foreign to the whole spirit of my patient work. I must always maintain that mine were the sounder methods; yet if I had no other reason for my admiration, I could not withhold it from a man who, when I first met him, had been wearing that uniform for three days and nights within the circuit of the French camp. I myself had been living within it in some uneasiness for hard upon three weeks.

It happened in March, 1812, when Marmont was concentrating his forces in the Salamanca district with the intent (it was rumored) of marching and retaking Ciudad Rodrigo, which the allies had carried by assault in January. This stroke, if delivered with energy, Lord Wellington could parry, but only at the cost of renouncing a success on which he had set his heart, the capture of Badajoz. Already he had sent forward the bulk of his troops with his siege-train on the march to that town, while he kept his headquarters to the last moment as a blind. He felt confident of smashing Badajoz before Soult, with the army of the South, could arrive to relieve it; but to do this he must leave both Almeida and Ciudad Rodrigo exposed to Marmont, the latter with its breaches scarcely healed and its garrison disaffected. He did not fear actual disaster to these fortresses; he could hurry back in time to defeat that; for he knew that Marmont had no siege guns, and could only obtain them by successfully storming Almeida and capturing the battering train which lay there, protected by 3,000 militia. Nevertheless, a serious effort by Marmont would force him to abandon his scheme.

All depended therefore (1) on how much Marmont knew, and (2) on his readiness to strike boldly. Consequently, when that general began to draw his scattered forces together and mass them on the Tormes before Salamanca, Wellington grew anxious; and it was to relieve that anxiety or confirm it that I found myself serving as tapster of the Posada del Rio in the village of Huerta, just above a ford of the river and six miles from Salamanca. Neither the pay it afforded nor the leisure had attracted me to the Posada del Rio. Pay there was little, and leisure there was none, since Marmont's lines came down to the river here and we had a battalion of infantry quartered about the village—sixteen under one roof—and all extraordinarily thirsty fellows for Frenchmen; besides a squadron of cavalry, videttes of which constantly patrolled the farther bank of the Tormes. The cavalry officers kept their chargers—six in all—in the ramshackle stable in the courtyard facing the inn; and since (as my master explained to me the first morning) it was a tradition of the Posada to combine the duties of tapster and hostler in one person, I found all the exercise I needed in running between the cellar and the great kitchen, and between the kitchen and the stable, where the troopers had always a job for me, and allowed me in return to join in their talk. They seemed to think this an adequate reward, and I did not grumble.

Now, besides the stable, and divided from it by a dung-heap, there stood at the back of the inn a small outhouse with a loft. This in more prosperous days had accommodated the master's own mule, but now was stored with

empty barrels, strings of onions, and trusses of hay—which last had been hastily removed from the larger stable when the troopers took possession. Here I slept by night, for lack of room indoors and also to guard the fodder—an arrangement which suited me admirably, since it left me my own master for six or seven hours of the twenty-four. My bed-room furniture consisted of a truss of hay, a lantern, a tinder-box, and a rusty fowling-piece, and for my toilet I went to the bucket in the stable yard.

On the fifth night, having some particular information to send to headquarters, I made a cautious expedition to the place agreed upon with my messenger—a fairly intelligent muleteer and honest, but a new hand at the business. We met in the garden at the rear of his cottage, conveniently approached by way of the ill-kept cemetery which stood at the end of the village. If surprised, I was to act the nocturnal lover and he the angry defender of his sister's reputation—a foolish but not ill-looking girl, to whom I had confided nothing beyond a few amorous glances, so that her evidence (if unluckily needed) might carry all the weight of an obvious incapacity to invent or deceive.

These precautions proved unnecessary. But my muleteer, though plucky, was nervous, and I had to repeat my instructions at least thrice in detail before I felt easy. Also he brought news of a fresh movement of battalions behind Huerta, and of a sentence in the latest general order affecting my own movements, and this obliged me to make some slight alteration in my original message. So that what with one thing and another, it wanted but an hour of dawn when I regained the yard of the Posada del Río and cautiously re-entered the little granary.

Rain had fallen during the night—two or three short but heavy showers. Creeping on one's belly between the damp graves of a cemetery is not the pleasantest work in the world, and I was shivering with wet and cold and an intense want of sleep. But as I closed the door behind me and turned to grope for the ladder to my sleeping loft, I came to a halt; suddenly and painfully wide awake. There was some one in the granary. In the pitch darkness my ear caught the sound of breathing—of some one standing absolutely still and checking his breath within a few paces of me—perhaps six, perhaps less.

I, too, stood absolutely still and lifted my hand towards the hasp of the door. And, as I did so—in all my career I cannot recall a nastier moment—as my hand went up, it encountered another. I felt the fingers closing on my wrist, and wrenched loose. For a moment our two hands wrestled confusedly; but while mine tugged at the latch the other found the key and twisted it round with a click. (I had oiled the lock three nights before.) With that I flung myself on him, but again my adversary was too quick, for as I groped for his throat my chest struck against his uplifted knee, and I dropped on the floor and rolled there in intolerable pain.

No one spoke; but as I struggled to raise myself on hands and knees, I heard the chipping of steel on flint and caught a glimpse of a face. As its lips blew on the tinder this face vanished and reappeared, and at length grew steady in the blue light of the sulphur match. It was not the face, however,

on which my eyes rested in a stupid wonder, but the collar below it, the scarlet collar and tunic of a British officer.

And yet the face may have had something to do with my bewilderment. I like, at any rate, to think so, since (as the reader knows) I have been in corners quite as awkward, yet have never known myself so utterly and degradingly non-plussed. The uniform might be that of a British officer, but the face was that of Don Quixote de la Mancha, and shone at me in that blue light straight out of my childhood and the story-book. High brow, high cheek-bone, long pointed jaw, lined and patient face—I saw him as I had known him all my life, and I turned up at the other man who stooped over me a look of absurd surprise.

He was a Spanish peasant, short, thick-set and muscular, but assuredly no Sancho; a quiet, quick-eyed man, with a curious neat grace in his movements. Our tussle had not heated him in the least. His right fist rested on my back, and I knew he had a knife in it; and while I gasped for breath he watched me, his left hand hovering in front of my mouth to stop the first outcry. Through his spread fingers I saw Don Quixote light the lantern and raise it for a good look at me.

And with that, in a flash, my wits came back, and with them the one bit of Gaelic known to me.

"*Latha math leat,*" I gasped, and caught my breath again as the fingers closed softly on my jaw. "*O Alan mhic Neill!*"

The officer took a step and swung the lantern close to my eyes—so close that I blinked.

"Gently, José." He let out a soft pleased laugh while he studied my face. Then he spoke a word or two in Gaelic—some question which I did not understand.

"My name is McNeill," said I; "but that's the end of my mother tongue."

The Captain laughed again. "We've caught the other one, José," said he. And José helped me to my feet—I thought—respectfully. "Now this," his master



"HAD BEEN WEARING THAT UNIFORM FOR THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS WITHIN THE CIRCUIT OF THE FRENCH CAMP."

Drawn by H. M. Eaton

H. M. E.

went on, as if talking to himself, "this explains a good deal."

I guessed. "You mean that my presence has made the neighborhood a trifle hot for you?"

"Exactly; there is a general order issued which concerns one or both of us."

I nodded. "In effect, it concerns us both; but merely as a matter of history, it was directed against me. Pardon the question, Captain, but how long have you been within the French lines?"

"Three days," he answered simply; "and this is the third night."

"What! In that uniform?"

"I never use disguises," said he—a little too stiffly for my taste.

"Well, I do. And I have been within Marmont's cantonments for close on three weeks. However, there's no denying you're a champion. But did you happen to notice the date on the general order?"

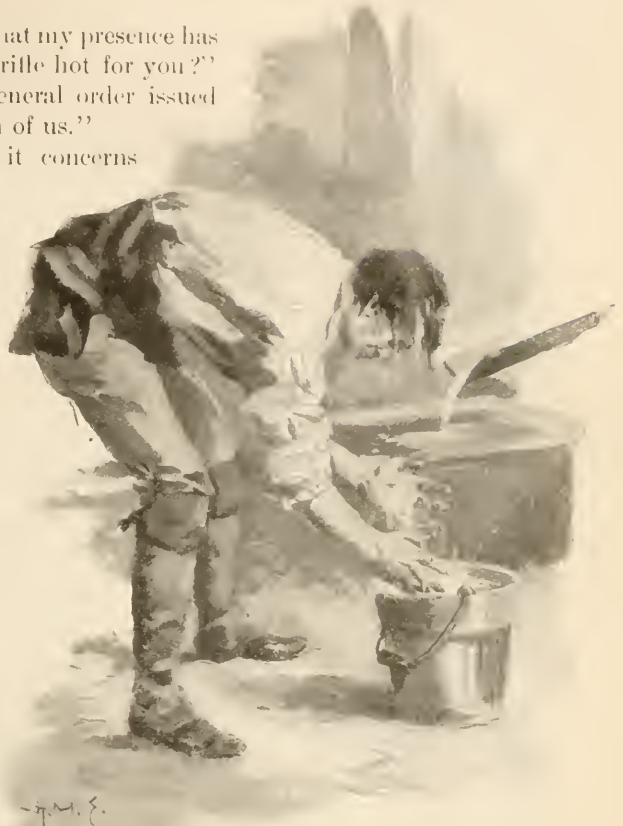
"I did; and I own it puzzled me. I concluded that Marmont must have been warned beforehand of my coming."

"Not a bit of it. The order is eight days old. I secured a copy on the morning it was issued; and the next day, having learnt all that was necessary in Salamanca, I allowed myself to be hired in the market-place of that city by the landlord of this damnable inn."

"I disapprove of swearing," put in Captain McNeill, very sharp and curt.

"As well as of disguises? You seem to carry a number of scruples into this line of business. I suppose," said I, nettled, "when you read in the general order that the notorious McNeill was lurking disguised within the circle of cantonments, you took it that Marmont was putting a wanton affront on your character, just for the fun of the thing?"

"My dear sir," said the Captain, gently, "if I have expressed myself rudely, pray pardon me. I have heard too much of you to doubt your courage, and I have envied your exploits too often to speak slightly of your



"FOR MY TOILET I WENT TO THE BUCKET IN THE STABLE YARD."

Drawn by H. M. Eaton.

methods. As a matter of fact, disguise would do nothing, and worse than nothing, for a man who speaks Spanish with my Highland accent. I may, perhaps, take a foolish pride in my disadvantage, but," and here he smiled, "so, you remember, did the fox without a tail."

"And that's very handsomely spoken," said I; "but, unless I'm mistaken, you will have to break your rule for once, if you wish to cross the Tormes this morning."

"It's a case of *must*. Barring the certainty of capture if I don't, I have important news to carry—Marmont starts within forty-eight hours."

"Since it seems that for once we are both engaged on the same business, let me say at once, Captain, and without offence, that my news is as fresh as yours. Marmont certainly starts within forty-eight hours to assault Ciudad Rodrigo, and my messenger is already two hours on his way to Lord Wellington."

I said this without parade, not wishing to hurt his feelings. Looking up, I found his mild eyes fixed on me with a queer expression, almost with a twinkle of fun.

"To assault Ciudad Rodrigo? I think not."

"Almeida, then, and Ciudad Rodrigo next. So far as we are concerned, the question is not important."

"My opinion is that Marmont intends to assault neither."

"But, my good sir," I cried, "I have seen and counted the scaling-ladders!"

"And so have I. I spent six hours in Salamanca itself," said the Captain quietly.

"Well, but doesn't that prove it? What other place on earth can he want to assault? He certainly is not marching south to join Soult." I turned to José, who had been listening with an impassive face.

"The Captain will be right. He always is," said José, perceiving that I appealed to him.

"I will wager a month's pay——"

"I never bet," Captain McNeill interrupted, as stiffly as before. "As you say, Marmont will march upon the Alameda, but in my opinion he will not assault Ciudad Rodrigo?"

"Then he will be a fool."

"Ah! As to that I think we are agreed. But the question just now is, How am I to get across the Tormes? The ford, I suppose, is watched on both sides."

I nodded.

"And," he went on, "I suppose it will be absolutely fatal to remain here long after daybreak?"

"Huerta swarms with soldiers," said I, "we have sixteen in the Posada and a cavalry picket just behind. A whole battalion has eaten the village bare, and is foraging in all kinds of unlikely places. To be sure, you might have a chance in the loft above us, under the hay——"

"Even so, you cannot hide our horses, I suspect."

"Your horses?"

"Yes, they're outside at the back. I didn't know there was a cavalry picket so close, and José must have missed it in the darkness."

José looked handsomely ashamed of himself.

"They are well-behaved horses," added the Captain. "Still, if they can-



"THEY WERE ALL EXTRAORDINARILY THIRSTY FELLOWS, FOR FRIENDS MEN."
 Drawn by H. M. Eaton.

not be stowed somewhere, it is unlikely they can be explained away, and of course it will start a search."

"Our stable is full."

"Of course it is. Therefore you see we have no choice—apart from our



"CREEPING UPON ONE'S BELLY BETWEEN THE DAMP GRAVES OF A CEMETERY IS NOT THE PLEASANTEST WORK IN THE WORLD."

Drawn by H. M. Eaton.

earnest wish—but to cross the ford before daybreak. How is it patrolled on the far side?"

"Cavalry," said I; "two videttes."

"Meeting, I suppose, just opposite the ford? How far do they patrol?"

"Maybe three hundred yards. Certainly not more."

The Captain pursed up his lips as if whistling a tune.

"Is there good cover on the other side? My map shows a wood of fair size."

"About half a mile off; open country between. Once there, you ought to be all right; I mean that a man clever enough to get there ought to find it child's play."

He mused for half-a-minute. "The stream is too wide for me to hear the movements of the patrols opposite? José has a wonderful ear."

"Yes, Captain, and I can hear the water from where we stand," José put in.

"He is right," said I, "it's not a question of distance, but of the noise of the water. The ford itself will not be more than twenty yards across."

"What depth?"

"Three feet in the middle, as near as can be. I have rubbed down too many horses these last three days not to know. The river may have fallen an inch since yesterday. They have cleared the bottom of the ford, but just above and below there are rocks, and slippery ones."

"My horse is roughed. Of course the bank is watched on this side?"

"Two sentries by the ford, two a little up the road, and the guard-house not twenty yards beyond. Captain, I think you'll have to put on a disguise for once in your life."

"Not if I can help it."

"Then, excuse me, but how the devil do you propose to manage?"

He frowned at the oath, recovered himself, and looked at me again with something like a twinkle of fun in his solemn eyes.

“Do you know,” said he, “it has just occurred to me to pay you a tremendous compliment—McNeill to McNeill, you understand——”

“Well?”

“I propose to place myself entirely in your hands.”

“Oh, thank you!” I pulled a wry face. “Well, it’s a compliment if ever there was one—an infernally handsome compliment. Your man, I suppose, can look after himself?” But before he could reply I added, “No; he shall go with me: for if you *do* happen to get across, I shall have to follow, and look sharp about it.” Then, as he seemed inclined to protest, “No inconvenience at all—my work here is done, and you are pretty sure to have picked up any news I may have missed. You had best be getting your horse at once; the dawn will be on us in half an hour. Bring him round to the door here. José will find straw—hay—anything—to deaden his footsteps. Meanwhile I’ll ask you to excuse me for five minutes.”

The Spaniard eyed me suspiciously.

“Of course,” said I, reading his thoughts, “if your master doubts me——”

“I think, Señor McNeill, I have given you no cause to suspect it,” the Captain gravely interrupted. “There is, however, one question I should like to ask, if I may do so without offence. Is it your intention that I should cross in the darkness, or wait for daylight?”

“We must wait for daylight; because, although it increases some obvious dangers——”

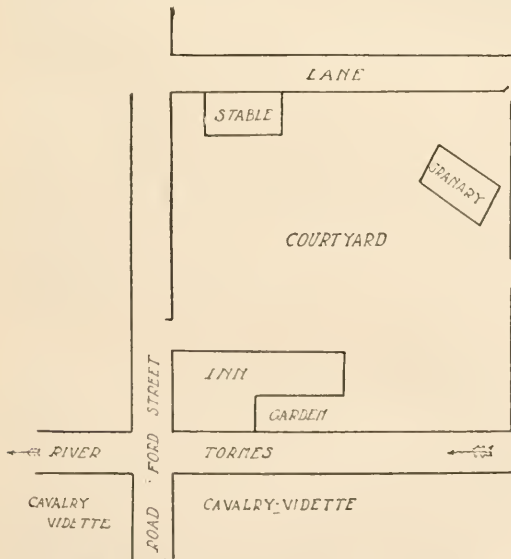
“Excuse me; your reasons are bound to be good ones. I will fetch around my horse at once, and we shall expect you back here in five minutes’ time.”

In five minutes’ time I returned to find them standing in the darkness outside the granary door. José

had strewn a space round about with hay; but at my command he fetched more and spread it carefully, step by step, as Captain McNeill led his horse forward. My own arms were full; for I had spent the five minutes in collecting a score of French blankets and shirts off the hedges, where the regimental washermen had spread them the day before to dry.

A sketch will here explain my plan and our movements better than a page of explanation:

The reader will observe



PLAN OF THE POSADA DEL RIO AND SURROUNDINGS.

that the Posada del Rio, which faces inwards upon its own courtyard, thrusts out upon the river at its rear a gable which overhangs the stream and flanks its small waterside garden from view of the village street. Into this garden, where the soldiers were used to sit and drink their wine of an evening, I led the Captain; whispering him to keep silence, for eight of the Frenchmen slept behind the windows above. In the corner by the gable was an awning sufficient, when cleared of stools and tables, to screen him and his horse from any eyes looking down from these windows, though not tall enough to allow him to mount. And at daybreak, when the battalion assembled at its alarm-post above the ford, the gable itself would hide him. But, of course, the open front of the garden—where in two places the bank shelved easily down to the water—would leave him exposed, and in full view of the troopers across the river.

It was for this that I had brought the blankets. Across the angle by the gable there ran a clothes-line on which the house-servant, Mercedes, hung her dish-cloths to dry. Unfastening the inner end, I brought it forward and lashed it to a post supporting a dove-cote on the river wall. To fasten it high enough I had to climb the post, and this set the birds moving uneasily in the box overhead. But before their alarm grew serious I had slipped down to earth again, and now it took José and me but a couple of minutes to fling the blankets over the line and provide the Captain with a curtain, behind which, when day broke, he could watch the troopers and his opportunity.

Already, in the village behind us, a cock was crowing. In twenty minutes the sun would be up, and the bugles sounding the reveillé. "Down the bank by the gable," I whispered. "It runs shallow there, and six or seven yards to the right you strike the ford. When the videttes are separated—just before they turn to come back—that's your time."

I took José by the arm. "We may as well be there to see. How were you planning to get across?"

"Oh," said he, "a marketer—with a raw-boned Gallician horse and two paniers of eggs—for Arapiles——"

"That will do; but you must enter the village at the farther end and come down the road to the ford. Get your horse,"—we crept back to the granary together—"but wait a moment and I will show you the way round."

When I rejoined him at the back of the granary he had his horse ready, and we started to work around the village. But I had miscalculated the time. The sky was growing lighter, and scarcely were we in the lane behind the courtyard before the bugles began to sound.

"Well," said I, "that may save us some trouble after all."

Across the lane was an archway leading into a wheelwright's yard. It had a tall door of solid oak studded with iron nails; but this was unlocked and unbolted, and I knew the yard to be vacant, for the French farriers had requisitioned all the wheelwright's tools three days before, and the honest man had taken to his bed and proposed to stay there pending compensation.

To this archway we hastily crossed, and had barely time to close the door behind us before the soldiers whose billets lay farther up the lane came running by in twos and threes for the alarm post, the later ones buckling their

accoutrements as they ran, halting now and then, and muttering as they fumbled with a strap or a button. José, at my instruction, had loosened his horse's off hind shoe just sufficiently to allow it to clap; and as soon as he was ready I opened the door boldly, and we stepped out into the lane among the soldiers, cursing the dog's son of a smith who could not arise from his lazy bed to attend to two poor marketers pressed for time.

Now, it had been dim within the archway, but out in the lane there was plenty of light, and it did me good to see José's start when his eyes fell on me. For a couple of seconds I am sure he felt himself betrayed; and yet, as I explained to him afterwards, it was perhaps the simplest of all my disguises and (barring the wig) depended more upon speech and gait than upon any alteration of the face. Having proved it once I felt more confident; and, since it deceived José, I felt I could reasonably challenge scrutiny as an aged peasant travelling with his son to market.

A couple of soldiers passed us and flung jests behind them as we hobbled down the lane, the loose shoe clacking on the cobbles, José tugging at his bridle and I limping behind and swearing volubly, with bent back and head low by the horse's rump, and on the near side, which would be the unexposed one when we reached the ford. As so we reached the main street and the river, José turning to point with wonder at the troops as we hustled past. One or two made a feint to steal an egg from our paniers. José protested, halting and calling in Spanish for protection. A sergeant interfered; whereupon the men began to bait us, calling after us in scraps of camp Spanish. José lost his temper admirably; for me, I shuffled along as an old man dazed with the scene; and when we came to the water's edge felt secure enough to attempt a trifle of comedy business as José hoisted my old limbs on to the horse's back behind the paniers. It fetched a shout of laughter. And then, having slipped off boots and stockings deliberately, José took hold of the bridle again and waded into the stream. We were safe.

I had found time for a glance at the farther bank, and saw that the troopers were leisurely riding to and fro. They met and parted just as we entered the ford. Before we were half way across they had come near to the end of their beat, with about three hundred yards between them, and I was thinking this a fair opportunity for the Captain, when José said, "There he goes!"—low and quick—and with a souse horse and rider struck the water behind us by the gable of the inn. As the water splashed up around them we saw the horse slip on the stony bottom and fall back, almost burying his haunches; but with two short heaves he had gained the good gravel and was plunging after us. The infantry spied him first—the two videttes were in the act of wheeling about, and heard the warning before they saw. Before they could put their chargers to the gallop Captain McNeill was past us and climbing the bank between them. A bullet or two sang over us from the Huerta bank. Not knowing of what his horse was capable, I feared he might yet be headed off; but the troopers, in their flurry, had lost their heads, and with it went their only chance, unless they could drop him by a lucky shot. They galloped straight for the ford-head, while the Captain slipped between, and were almost charging each other before they could pull up and wheel in pursuit.

“Good!” said José simply. A bullet had struck one of our paniers, smashing a dozen eggs (by the smell he must have bought them cheap), and he halted and gesticulated in wrath, like a man in two minds about returning and demanding compensation. Then he seemed to think better of it, and we moved forward; but twice again before we reached dry land he turned and addressed the soldiers in furious Spanish across the babble of the ford. José had gifts!

For my part I was eager to watch the chase which the rise of the bank hid from us, though we could hear a few stray shots. But José's confidence proved well grounded, for when we struck the high road there was the Captain half a mile away, within easy reach of the wood and a full two hundred yards ahead of the foremost trooper.

“Good!” said José again; “now we can eat,” and he pulled out a loaf of coarse bread from the injured panier, and, trimming off an end where the evil-smelling eggs had soaked it, divided it in two. On this and a sprig or two of garlic we broke our fast, and were munching and jogging along contentedly when we met the returning videttes. They were not in the best of humors, you may be sure, and although we drew aside and paused with crusts half lifted to our open mouths to stare at them with true yokel admiration, they cursed us for taking up too much of the roadway, and one of them even made a cut with his sabre at the near panier of eggs.

“It's well he broke none,” said I, as we watched them down the road. “I don't deny you and your master any reasonable credit, but for my taste you leave a little too much to luck.”

Our road now began to skirt the wood into which the Captain had escaped, and we followed it for a mile and more, José all the while whistling a Gypsy air which I guessed to carry a covert message; and sure enough, after an hour of it, the same air was taken up in the wood to our right, where we found the Captain dismounted and seated comfortably at the foot of a cork tree.

He was good enough to pay me some pretty compliments, and, after comparing notes, we agreed that—my messenger being a good seven hours on his way with all the information Lord Wellington could need for the moment—we would keep company for a day or two, and a watch on the force and disposition of the French advance; for we had yet to discover Marmont's objective.

For, though in Salamanca the French officers had openly talked of the assault on Ciudad Rodrigo, there was still a chance (though neither of us believed in it) that their general meant to turn aside and strike southward for the Tagus. Our plan, therefore, was to make for Tammanes where the roads divided, where the hills afforded good cover, and to wait.

So towards Tammanes (which lay some thirty miles off) we turned our faces, and arriving there on the 27th, encamped for two days among the hills. Marmont had learnt on the 14th that none of Wellington's divisions were on the Alameda, and we agreed, having watched his preparations, that on the 27th he would be ready to start. These two days, therefore, we spent at ease, and I found the Captain, in spite of his narrow and hide-bound religion, an agreeable companion. He had the McNeills' genealogy at his fingers' end,

and I picked up more information from him concerning our ancestral home in Ross, and our ancestral habits, than I have ever been able to verify. Certainly our grandfathers, Manus of Aranjuez and Angus (slain at Sheriffmuir) had been first cousins. But this discovery had no sooner raised me to a high and altogether wonderful claim on his regard than I found his cordiality chilled by the thought that I believed in the Pope, or (as he preferred to put it) anti-Christ. My eminence as a genuine McNeill made the shadow of my error the taller. In these two days of inactivity I felt his solicitude growing until, next to the immediate movement of Marmont, my conversion became for him the most important question in the Peninsula, and I saw that unless I allowed him at least to attempt it, another forty-eight hours would wear him to fiddle-strings.

Thus it happened that mid-day of the 30th found us on the wooded hill above the cross-roads, found me stretched at full length on my back and smoking, and the Captain (who did not smoke) seated beside me with his pocket Testament, earnestly sapping the fundamental errors of Rome, when José, who had been absent all the morning reconnoitring, brought news that Marmont's van (which he had been watching and ahead of which he had been dodging since ten o'clock) was barely two miles away. The Captain pulled out his watch, allowed them thirty-five minutes, and quietly proceeded with his exposition. As the head of the leading column swung into sight around the base of the foot-hills, he sought in his haversack and drew out a small volume—the "Pilgrim's Progress"—and having dog's-eared a page of it, inscribed my name on the fly-leaf, "from his kinsman, Alan McNeill."

"It is a question," said he, as I thanked him, "and one often debated, if it be not better that a whole army, such as we see approaching, should perish bodily in every circumstance of horror, than that one soul, such as yours or mine, should fail to find the true light. For my part,"—and here he seemed to deprecate a weakness—"I have never been able to go quite so far; I hope not from any lack of intellectual courage. Will you take notes while I dictate?"

So on the last leaf of the "Pilgrim's Progress" I entered the strength of each battalion, and noted each gun as the great army wound its way into Tamames below us, and through it for the cross-roads beyond, but not in one body, for two of the battalions enjoyed an hour's halt there before setting forward after their comrades, by this time out of sight. They had taken the northern road.

"Ciudad Rodrigo," said I, "and there goes Wellington's chance of Badajoz."

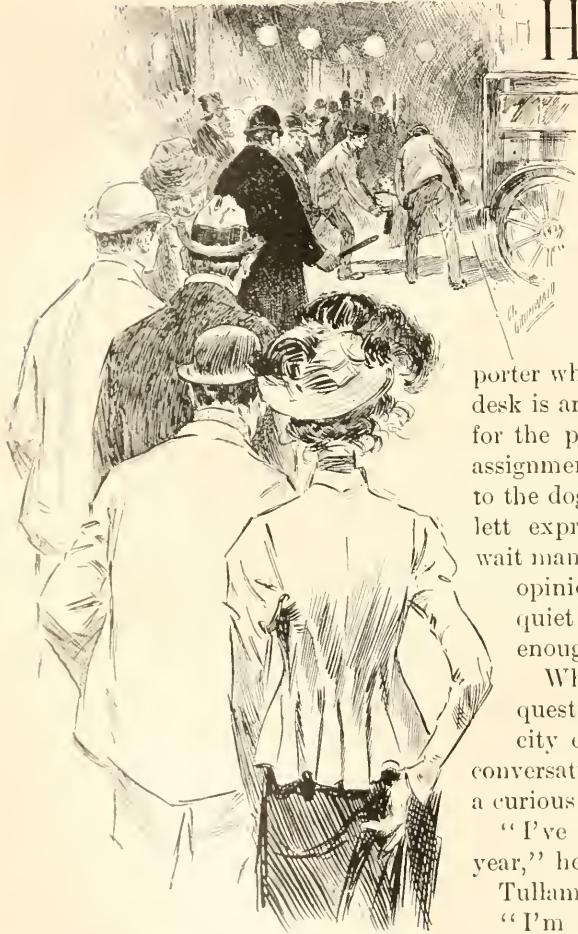
The Captain beckoned to José and whispered in his ear, then opened his Testament again as the sturdy little Spaniard set off down the hill with his leisurely, loping gait, so much faster than it seemed.

The sun was setting when he returned with his report.

"I thought so," said the Captain. "Marmont has left three-fourths of his scaling ladders behind in Tamames. Ciudad Rodrigo he will not attempt; I doubt if he means business with Almeida. If you please," he added, "José and I will push after and discover his real business, while you carry to Lord Wellington a piece of news it will do him good to hear."

A METROPOLITAN NIGHT: GLIMPSES OF NEW YORK WITH A NEWSPAPER REPORTER.

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS.



“FOR A MOMENT THEY STOOD AND WATCHED
THE SWIFT GROUPING OF THE CURIOUS.”

Drawn by Charles Grunwald.

Hall and Madison Square Garden and a few other rare and exciting sights, and say: “This is New York. I hope you’ll like it. If you don’t, we’ll have it changed.” The youngster’s just landed, and by the way, he’s the nephew of the Chief.”

Tullamore whistled and expressed sympathy.

“It’s a five-dollar time charge and expenses, anyway,” said Hallett.

That is how Mr. Walter Hallett, general reporter for the *New Era*, found

H ALLETT sat at his desk in the *New Era* office grinding out a “special” for the Sunday issue. It didn’t come easy, and between paragraphs he looked at the clock and scowled savagely in the direction of the city desk, because the city editor hadn’t given him any assignment and the afternoon was almost over. It is a cardinal tenet in the creed of every reporter who writes on space that the city desk is an institution specially established for the purpose of giving him profitable assignments, and that the paper is going to the dogs if he doesn’t get them. Hallett expressed to Tullamore, the long-wait man at the next desk, his pessimistic opinion that the city was getting too quiet to live in if it couldn’t furnish enough news to go around.

While they were discussing the question, Hallett was called by the city editor, and after a few moments’ conversation with him, returned wearing a curious expression.

“I’ve got the prize assignment of the year,” he said.

Tullamore looked up, inquiringly.

“I’m to exhibit the City of New York to a juvenile Briton who has never seen it. He’s to come here to the office, and I’m to take him out and show him the City

himself escorting Mr. Edward Kirke, late of Cambridge University, out into the rush and murmur of Park Row at the hour when all creation seemingly is struggling to gain either the Brooklyn Bridge or the Third Avenue Elevated Road, and exhibiting that carelessness of other people's comfort characteristic of the human animal when driven by hunger. In the short descent of the stairs Hallett had taken an inventory of his companion and decided that he was a clean cut youth of prepossessing appearance.

His naïve query as to whether the Bowery was really dangerous, was the measure of his innocence as regards the metropolis.

Once in Park Row, they pushed through the human current, jostled and jostling in turn, ran the gauntlet of the shrill newswomen and the persistent newsboys, and were presently in the stream of humanity which nightly sets up beyond the Bridge along what was formerly Chatham Street, immortalized for the American college man by the ditty of "Solomon Levi." The sidewalks were crowded with homeward bound laborers and factory girls, and lined with impossible looking restaurants, and with pawnbrokers' sales shops, showing forth in their lighted windows the incongruous miscellany which finds its way through the channel of narrowed circumstances to the sign of the three gilt balls. A short walk brought them to a narrow street, the side-walks of which were almost entirely overspread with shelters run out from little stores and hung with clothing of all sorts. No sooner had they turned into this street than they found themselves confronted by an excited and unmistakably Jewish citizen who sought to lure them into a dubious-looking den with a siren song bearing the refrain of "Soch be-ewdfiful clodings!" Thereupon figures like exaggerated spiders darted from holes in the



BAXTER STREET—"SOCH BE-EWDFIFUL CLODINGS!"

Drawn by Charles Greenwood.

wall on all sides and swarmed about the visitors with specious offers of bargains.

One block of Baxter Street was enough. Turning off into Park Street, where the sullen stillness was broken only by the clamor of a drunken fight in some adjacent dive, they passed between dingy houses until a turn into Mott Street brought them under swaying and magnificent signs bodying forth dragons and golden suns, and other strange devices, the symbols of a transplanted civilization. The fire-escapes, transfigured by huge lanterns and exotic shrubs into Oriental quaintness, interested Kirke, who found it hard to believe that he was in the midst of purely American architecture in a branch where it holds an unadmirable pre-eminence, the tenement house, so disguised were the exteriors by banners, lanterns and strangely gorgeous placards. This was the edge of Chinatown, but it was not until they wheeled into Pell Street that they encountered John Chinaman in force. There the whole breadth of the street fluttered with the flowing apparel of the Orientals, who were discussing something with an excitement unusual in that phlegmatic race.

Kirke stopped to ask about a prevalent red sign with white lettering.

"If you asked a Chinaman," said Hallett, "he'd tell you it meant that the Chinese Literary Society met there, or that there would be special services at the Joss house on Sunday, but it really means that there's a fan-tan and general gambling joint inside."

"You got too much know-it," said a quiet voice behind them.

"Hello, Wing," said Hallett, turning around to greet a small Chinaman, dressed neatly in American fashion. "Thought you were in Sing Sing, or at least over on the Island."

"Suppose you make another think," responded the Chinaman, without any tone of offense at the imputation. "You and friend like to try the pipe? High chop place I take you to. Friend of mine. Very clean, nice place."

"He's inviting us to hit the pipe," said the reporter to Kirke. "Opium, you know. Guess not, Wing. Too much else to do."

The Chinaman nodded, and took Hallett aside to tell him something. When he returned to Kirke, Hallett was scribbling some notes on the back of an envelope. He explained:

"It seems there is to be a revolt in one of the gambling societies here. Some of the white girls of the quarter have put it up. They're Irish, and you can't keep 'em out of politics, as Wing says. I'll write something about it. Wing has some ax to grind, or he wouldn't be telling me this."

Around the bent elbow of Doyers Street the two wanderers passed to a wide square so overshadowed by the juncture of two elevated lines, that to enter it was like coming into a low-ceilinged room.

"This is Chatham Square," said Hallett. "It hasn't nearly the reputation of the Bowery, but it's immeasurably more picturesque in every way except traditionally."

"I don't see much in it, except a curious effect of streets emptying little streams of people into it from all sides," remarked Kirke.

"It doesn't appeal to the eye at first; but it's really quite a place if you



"OUT INTO THE RUSH AND MURMUR OF PARK ROW."

Drawn by Charles Mente.

watch it for a little. I'll expound for your benefit after the fashion of the guide books concerning some of its hidden beauties. Yon noble pile rising to an apex of golden beer-sign is the saloon of the Hon. Mike Callahan, ex-Assemblyman, and one of the leading political lights of the district, who not only keeps votes on tap, but even exports them, it is said, in cases of necessity. Beyond Mike's, where you see that pre-Raphaelite board fence, a

retired sailor will remember the *Maine* in appropriate colors on an portion of you for the modest sum of half a dollar. The decorations on the fence are of his own tatooing. A few doors up from him is another variety of fence. If you should happen to become covertly possessed of another person's watch or scarf pin and wished to realize quietly on it, the enterprising proprietor of the place would give you about one-fifth value, no questions asked. That laundry in the basement across the way used to purvey the best smoking opium in the city, and just around the corner from it you could buy knock-out drops at fifty cents a vial. Knock-out is what they drug drinks with for the purpose of robbery, and the men who do it are called peter-players. There used to be also three joints where the peter-players carried on their business, but the police ran them out of the locality. Up toward the Bowery where you see that red light, an ingenious artisan manufactures mermaids, sea-serpents, petrified men, and other freaks for the dime museum trade. In addition to these, there was a fancy jewelry shop, and counterfeiters' headquarters facing on the square. There are doubtless other homes of equally worthy industry that I don't think of at present, but if you'll take a look at the people you'll see what New York can turn out in the line of assorted nationalities and grades of humanity."

Kirke fixed his eyes on the shifting panorama that rolled across the line of vision. There were bearded and venerable Jews—reverenced men in the synagogues, many of them, doubtless—hurrying along with huge bundles of clothing in their arms, the finished work of the sweatshops which a complacent legal fiction supposes to be extinct. Smug-faced Chinamen trotted in pairs, the sound of their conversation striking the ear in wooden and sing-song cadence. A crowd of newsboys and bootblacks, flush for the night, passed up into the Bowery, wrangling volubly, to spend an enchanted evening in the "peanut gallery" of some theatre. A little group of Irish workmen plodded along, puffing worldly wisdom from their short pipes. Some Italians in gala array bore large wax candles to a church celebration. A pair of stolid Bohemians, their cigar factory work done, crossed over to Division street for a short cut to the far East Side. Two girls with flashy clothes and drawn faces turned into Doyer street cackling laughter at a drunkard who had fallen into the gutter. Whining professionally, a ragged disreputable approached the two spectators with a tale of hunger and homelessness. A woman whose pinched face and hollow eyes told of bitter labor and privation hurried along carrying a baby in her arms. A sleek politician, bediamonded, silk-hatted, smiling and suave, stopped to invite a little group of mechanics to have a drink with him, and turned to flourish a bow to a crowd of bright-eyed Jewish girls, out perhaps on a shopping expedition, whose laughing voices caught his ear. A square-jawed, brutal-looking young fellow tramped past talking to a companion in the cant language of the prize ring. Several sailors, trailed by two Bowery sharks, rolled along with the free and easy swing of Jack ashore with money in his pocket.

Division Street for a long block shines bright under the shadowing structure of the elevated road with the lights of Milliner's Row, which provides head-gear to the belles of the East Side. The two excursionists were pounced upon

by the watchful Jewesses who patrol in front of the shops, and besought to purchase wonders of millinery at prices to break the heart of the trade. In eloquence the fair ones outdid their brothers of Baxter Street; nor were they far behind in muscular persuasion. Hallett rescued Kirke from the blandishments of two agile shop women who had cornered him, and they escaped into Allen Street, the street where the red lamps advertise vice—a street of darkness and filth and moral pestilence.



Grand Street “‘YOU GOT TOO MUCH KNOW-IT,’ SAID A QUIET VOICE BEHIND THEM.”

Drawn by Charles Grunwald.

by night is a slow but sparkling stream flowing between banks of show windows abloom with gay fabrics and the flowering bonnet. As they stepped within the wale of light the two wanderers found themselves pressed forward with the eastward-bound current. Bits and snatches of the public talk reached their ears. Now it was two girls discussing the latest fashion in belts; now a group of trim and beflowered youths gossiping over the ball of the Essex Street Social Rangers; now a party of voluble Jewish women scandalously alleging that she was going to marry a Christian; now a vehement political discussion among excited friends. At the doors of the great shops furious eddies forced the promenaders out into the roadway. Everyone seemed good-natured and bent on pleasure. Laughter and the fresh voices of girls rang in the air. It was like a street festival.

Turning to the right into Essex Street, they passed between swarming tenements, any one of which could have furnished a population for a considerable country town, until they found themselves blocked at a cross street by a congeries of pushcarts. The air was full of clamor and weird, piercing smells. Hallett dragged his companion out into the middle of the street, and took up a strategic position between an old Jew who was selling bandanas and a young one who was trying to sell suspenders. On all sides were pushcarts full of fruit, clothing, cutlery, ribbons, candies, leather pocketbooks and ledgers, spectacles, masks, chickens, fish of many kinds, salads, vegetables, glass-cutters, pocket microscopes, mouth organs, chromos, combs and brushes, mirrors and pictures, and quantities of literature in the Hebrew-charactered jargon of the locality, which is a bastard mixture of German, Hebrew, and the Slav dialects, with an occasional word of English, chiefly slang. In the tossing light of torches the scene was that of a witches' revel of trade—inconceivable, unreal, ready to vanish at the presto of a dissolving word into empty blackness. Kirke struggled between interest in the scene and disrelish of the atmosphere.

As they threaded a tortuous way through the choked asphalt pavement the reporter pointed out that the carts and stands doing the best business were those whose wares might be classed as luxuries, and that for such the prices were well up to the rates charged by the best uptown shops. After one block of struggle they turned back to Grand Street and were soon seated at a table in a big restaurant with walls that set forth

castles, and shipwrecks, and battlefields with great breadth of treatment and reckless prodigality of paint. The steak, in the German style, was excellent, and the Rhine wine of so good a quality that Kirke expressed surprise.

"It's a great place for the East Side politicians," said Hallett, "and they like to live well. We've spent all the time we can on the East Side. Now we'll take a



"SOME ITALIANS IN
GALA ARRAY."

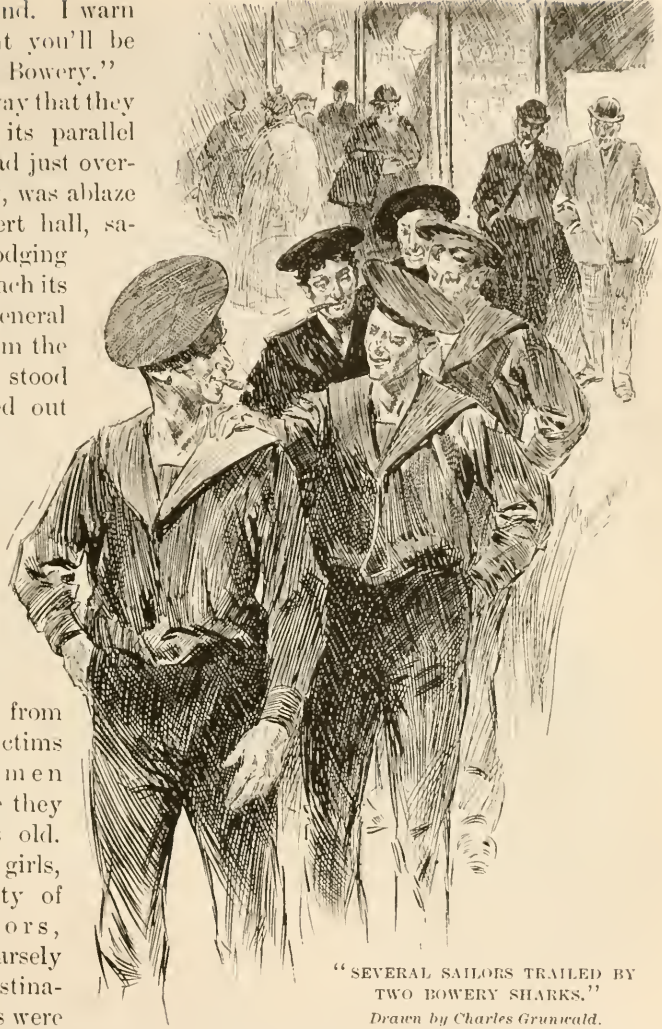
Drawn by C. Grünwald

look at the borderland. I warn you right here that you'll be disappointed in the Bowery."

The great broad way that they turned into, with its parallel lines of elevated road just over- edging the sidewalk, was ablaze with lights. Concert hall, sa- loon, shop, and lodging house contributed each its radiance to the general glitter. Uptown from the corner where they stood the reporter pointed out to his companion a splotch of bril- liancy that out- shone the others, the sign of a resort infamous not so much from the suicides of disso- lute women as from the fact that the victims were dissolute women and suicides before they were twenty years old. Three bold-eyed girls, escorted by a party of half-drunken sail- ors, passed, naming hoarsely the place as their destina- tion. The sidewalks were

not crowded, for it was now nearly nine o'clock, and at that hour the Bowery theatres and museums are already full, and the dives which go under the name of music halls have not yet begun to pass their clients from one door to another "along the line." What population the Bowery showed was not of sinister appearance. Laboring men were many, and there were women of obvious respectability walking along. Hallett nodded to a detective from the Police Headquarters staff on the look-out for pickpockets, who observed that the Bowery was a "dead one." Kirke said to Hallett that he wouldn't have taken the street for a particularly tough place.

"Neither would anybody who knows anything about it," said the reporter. "Talk about giving a dog a bad name! Give a street a bad name and people will sing songs about it all over the civilized world. A woman walking alone at night is safer from insult on the Bowery than on any Fifth Avenue block."



"SEVERAL SAILORS TRAILED BY TWO BOWERY SHARKS."

Drawn by Charles Gruncald.

The clanging of a gong and the rattle of a fast driven vehicle interrupted him, and an ambulance whirled by them pulling up at the door of a fifteen-cent lodging house. For a moment they stood and watched the swift grouping of the curious, the carrying out of the patient by the ambulance surgeon aided by two policemen, his prompt ensconcement in the vehicle, and then the dispersal of the little crowd as the banging gong warned all wheeled creation that medical aid must have its clear road to the hospital.

"Drunken hobo," said a man from the crowd as he passed them. "Fell down-stairs and broke his leg. He'll live easy for a month."

Past pawn shop, lodging house and saloon they tramped, until the Bowery seemed to narrow and darken before them. By an almost circular route they had come back nearly to Chatham Square. They caught the strains of a Strauss waltz ending, as they entered a swinging door with "Atlantic Garden" over it. Passing through a barroom they came to a huge interior furnished with hundreds of small circular tables, around which people were sitting before glasses of beer and other drinks, applauding an orchestra of women which was just leaving the stage. The people were mostly of Jewish type, evidently of the poorer classes, and largely in family parties. Frowsy peddlers circulated trying to sell unappetizing-looking sweetmeats and curiously coated breadstuffs, but the beer was of good quality, and as the two sat down at a table shared by a young couple, who held each other by the hand with candor, the solemn opening measures of the "Tamulhauser" overture filled the air, and imposed silence upon the crowd.

"I just wanted to show you," remarked Hallett, "that the Bowery isn't all sordid and degraded. They have their love of the beautiful down here, too. If we were out on a musical expedition we might do worse than stay here, but there's more New York outside."

A short walk and a turn brought them to the old-elo' region of Bayard Street, through which they passed into a wide space of darkness and open air.

"Mulberry Bend Park," said Hallett. "They rooted out the worst Italian colony in New York to make it. A few of the old dives are left yet around the edges."

"Where now?" asked Kirke, as Hallett started up Mulberry Street.

"Police Headquarters. I want to turn out that Chinatown story."

Jabbering Italians, returned to town after their week's work on the railroads in the suburban districts, to celebrate Saturday night on their week's wages, filled the air with their lively and harsh accents. It was slow progress, for the way was crowded, but ten minutes of it brought them to their destination. Police Headquarters loomed up ghastly white behind its green lamps. Hallett retired to the room maintained by his paper in an ex-tenement building across the street, and there sat down to grind out his "story" for the next morning's issue, first telephoning the night city editor that he had a half column of copy, while Kirke was turned over to the headquarters reporter to have explained to him the workings of the police nerve-centre of the city. The story being finished, Hallett led his charge across Houston Street to South Fifth Avenue, and thence up to West Third Street, following the turn



ESSEX STREET—"A WITCHES' REVEL OF TRADE."

Drawn by Charles Grunwald.

of the elevated road. This street, dark with a cavernous dimness, enveloped them with the chill of dank, unclean air. Houses in many states of disrepair and disrepute lined the walks. No person stirred about in the street, but dark figures loitered at basement entrances, and turned to look at the two men as they passed. From open shutters little rays of light served to accentuate the outer darkness, and where these rays were was also a strange, strained sound of hissing.

"See here," said Kirke, after a while, "this isn't a cheerful locality. I think I should be timid if I were alone. What's that infernal noise?"

Hallett stopped before one of the windows and whistled softly. The blind swung swiftly, disclosing a hideous travesty of feminine beauty, eked out with paint and false jewels.

"You have the type in London," said the reporter, "only here our Eyes have the voice of the original serpent. The fact is, this is one of the vilest streets in New York. Vice follows the darkness, you see."

"Isn't there any part of New York that's respectable?" demanded Kirke.

"Plenty of it," said the reporter in surprise. "What was the matter with Grand Street respectability? It's a better brand than the Fifth Avenue variety. Got more temptation to resist. Anyway, the up-town respectable places you can see any time. I'm trying to show you a few places that



ATLANTIC GARDEN — "A HUGE INTERIOR, WITH HUNDREDS OF SMALL TABLES."

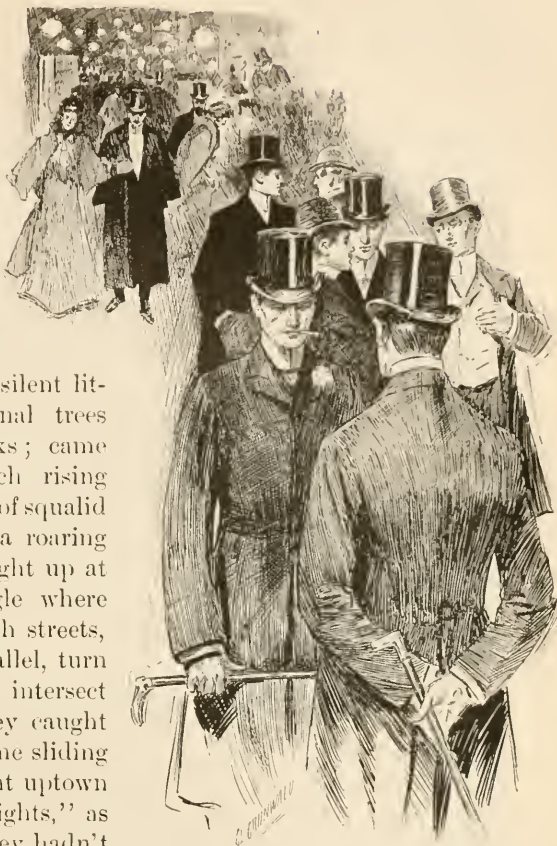
Drawn by Charles Grunwald.

you might not otherwise happen upon. Come and help me get hopelessly lost in the depths of the West Side."

They got themselves into the labyrinth of the ways that make old Greenwich village like a badly mixed spider web; wandered past rows of ancient wooden cottages, standing far back from the street; by buzzing factories and black, lofty tenements, through dead, silent little thoroughfares with occasional trees growing out from the sidewalks; came suddenly upon a noble church rising solemnly above its surroundings of squalid Italian lodgings, and faced by a roaring freight office; and finally brought up at that central knot of the tangle where West Twelfth and West Fourth streets, which ought to run sweetly parallel, turn savagely upon each other and intersect at right angles. After that they caught an Eighth Avenue car which came sliding into sight opportunely and went uptown "where there are people and lights," as Hallett said. For the lights they hadn't long to wait. There are few streets brighter by night than Eighth Avenue, which is the great shopping district for the West Side.

The "New Bowery," as it is not very happily nicknamed, was full of family parties, not promenading pleasantly as in Grand Street, but following the important business of shopping with a stern severity. At Thirty-third Street they jumped off and bent their steps eastward. Between Seventh and Sixth Avenues vice hissed at them again from the windows of rickety hovels occupied by blacks and whites alternately. Half a block away was Broadway, a block further Fifth Avenue. New York is a city of sharp and huddled contrasts, and in its ever shifting tides of population the slums touch elbows with fashion on more than one corner. Above and ahead of them the wayfarers saw a diffused radiance. As they emerged from the street into the open space where Sixth Avenue and Broadway come together, Kirke blinked a little in the glare of the most brilliant night scene of the city. Clusters and constellations of electric radiance glowed in succession as far as the eye could see.

There was a constant stream of people passing along Broadway, and Kirke remarked upon what he termed the "stag party" aspect of the thoroughfare;



"WHO STOOD ABOUT ON THE CORNERS AND CONVERSED WITH AN APPEARANCE OF INTENSE SOLEMNITY."

Drawn by Charles Grunewald.

also upon the numbers of clean-shaven, big, faultlessly clad men who stood about on the corners and conversed with an appearance of intense solemnity. These, Hallett told him, were the sporting men of the region; backers of prize-fighters, owners of race horses and the like. As for the preponderance of the male element in the Broadway current, that would be changed when the theatres were out. The reporter led his companion away from the gay scene to show him what he termed "a rare and unique collection of human-kind," and presently they were in a vast hotel corridor lined on either side with chairs in which sat men and women, very highly dressed and presenting a general aspect of purposelessness quite pitiful to see. They spoke little. They just sat there, patient and inert; a little saddened, perhaps a little soured by the struggle for enjoyment. One could readily see that they had been sitting for a long time; would probably continue to sit there for a longer time; why, it would be difficult to guess. Young men in evening dress and long overcoats paraded in the broad space before the desk chatting languidly with each other. These wore an air of bored expectancy born of the all too seldom realized hope that presently somebody would come along and buy them a drink. Kirke took in the details of the scene with a growing expression of puzzlement.

"It's very smart, I suppose," he said doubtfully. "I suppose the people in the chairs are your New York society?"

"If you supposed out loud most of them would fall in a fit of joy. They've come all the way from Oshkosh and further and are spending good money in the hope that somebody will think that. Curious, isn't it? This is the best hotel in the world, and it makes pretty nearly the most dismal human exhibit outside of the Bowery lodging houses."

Kirke didn't find the exhibit exhilarating for long. "Not half so much fun as Grand Street," he said, so they returned to Broadway and at midnight were seated in a fantastically ornate restaurant finishing their cigarettes after supper. The tables were crowded with brilliantly dressed women who wore large quantities of jewels and seemed to consider it beneath their dignity to drink anything less than champagne. Hallett pointed out a famous comic opera singer; a young actor who was dining quietly with a friend; a western senator who by persistent spending had won the doubtful reputation among the frail ones of the Tenderloin of being the "good thing of the season"; a group of local politicians, a theatrical manager with the leading lady of his company, and the son of a much denounced millionaire doing his best to relieve his father of the reproach of much riches. There was a general air of festivity painfully achieved that struck Kirke.

"Is this your *demi-monde*?" he asked.

Hallett nodded. "So far as we have such a thing, it is."

"Well, it's getting late," said Kirke, rising.

"Oh, we haven't half seen things yet," objected the reporter. "And anyway, I've got one more exhibit that you must see. We'll jump into a cab and be there in a shake."

They drove down from the brightness of Broadway to its darkness and stopped at the corner of Tenth Street. What looked like a huge serpent

stretched along the sidewalk. It proved to be made up of men; men with the bent head and the huddled shoulders of misery. There were perhaps two hundred in the line standing in a constantly lengthening single file. Some of



'THE MISERY CLUB.'
Painted by Charles Meade.

the members joggled up and down to keep warm. Others sat on the cold stone pavement. Near the rear a man with a shattering cough broke the silence of his companions. The head of the line was around in Tenth Street east of Broadway, and there was a break across the walk to leave a clear passage.

Hallett jumped from the cab on the opposite side of Broadway and motioned to his companion to alight.

"The Misery Club," he said, pointing to the line. "They've been in session a couple of hours, and they'll be there till half-past one. And what do you suppose the reward is? A chunk of dry bread."

"Good heavens!" said the other, and started across the street, hand in pocket, but the reporter stopped him.

"No use in that. You'll only have unpleasant dreams. I've stood in line and heard stories to make a man disbelieve in God's justice, let alone mercy. I don't mind a beggar, but those chaps are past that. No man stands in that line unless he's reached the depths. It may seem like a mockery to you to give those fellows nothing but a crust of bread, but it's really one of the most effectual private charities in town. It's the baker there that gives it."

Kirke stood irresolute. Just then a belated carriage drove up Broadway, and from its open windows came the sound of women's laughter and the warm fragrance of roses. One of the waiting men threw up his hand and cursed.

"That's anarchy in the making," said Hallett with a short laugh.

But Kirke was already half way across the street. He seized the man who had spoken, drew him out of the line, and pressed a bill into his hand; then caught the arm of the sufferer from the cough.

"You two," he said hurriedly, "go and get a meal, a square meal. And get three or four more to go with you." He picked out half a dozen men at random. "Never mind thanking me. Where do you sleep? Where did you sleep last night?"

"Under a dock," barked the coughing man, torn with a spasm.

"Here, get lodgings with that." He thrust another bill on the man. "Let go of me, Hallett; it's my own money."

The rest of the line looked on stolidly, without envy or excitement, while their luckier companions shuffled away. The reporter got his charge back to the cab.

"You've had enough of New York for one dose," said he as they shook hands. "I'm for downtown. Good night."

Tullamore, the long wait man, was writing an Italian murder—murderer escaped as usual in Italian cases—from the telephone when Hallett came in. He looked up to inquire:

"How do you like chaperoning? Good Swedish wedding riot came in just after you left. Groom got full and lighted his cigar with the certificate, and the bride's family didn't do a thing but qualify him for Bellevue. It was worth an easy three-quarters to you if you'd been here."

"I've made a pretty good night, myself, thank you," said Hallett.

"Must have picked the pockets of the Chief's nephew, then."

"All legitimate charges, on the contrary. Five dollars time for the excursion; picked up a half-column yarn in Chinatown—four dollars more; and got a pointer for another special that I can work for ten more. Nineteen dollars, and a good dinner and supper at the paper's expense, isn't so much worse than a Swede wedding. Besides, I've seen New York."

THE GREATEST PASSION IN HISTORY.

JUANA LA LOCA.

BY BLANCHE ZACHARIE BARALT.

THIS love-mad queen is a most curious psychological study and a poetic figure of incomparable tragic grandeur. What a pity that Shakespeare did not apply his genius to this capital subject, instead of singing the woes of her far less interesting sister, Katherine of Aragon! Although Juana has inspired many poets, he alone could have done full justice to such a theme.

We see embodied in this frail creature, a towering passion whose titanic strength rent asunder her reason. She was the victim of a love so great that the abnormal development of the affectional faculty disturbed the equilibrium of the others. Her love is like a Niagara of the heart, which awes one by its magnitude. It is in the world of emotion a counterpart to the Pharaonic pyramids in the material world. It cannot be discussed; one can but observe, feel and wonder.

This daughter of Fernando and Isabel was born amidst the splendor of what was at the time the greatest court in Christendom. Her Catholic Majesty bestowed on her children much care and luxury; she was above all attentive that their minds should be adorned with every accomplishment. The princesses were, therefore, instructed in sewing, embroidery, painting and music. Juana was, moreover, versed in science and spoke fluently several languages, being especially proficient in Latin. Her preceptor was Juan Luis Vives, the prince of Spanish philosophers; but, in one respect, his teachings were fatal to Juana. In a work on the Christian woman he advocates idolatry of the husband, and almost substitutes this for the worship of the Divinity.

From her earliest years the Infanta showed, as is usual in highly sensitive natures, a passionate love for music, and even to her last days, when her life had become so austere, she retained the singers of her chapel.

Fernando of Aragon, with his calculating nature and practical foresight, sought every means to form brilliant alliances for his children, and, after some difficulties, succeeded in effecting the betrothal of his second daughter, Juana, to Philip, Archduke of Flanders, son of the Emperor Maximilian of Germany.

Shortly afterwards the Princess embarked at Laredo, to join her affianced husband. In August, 1496, a fleet, consisting of one hundred and thirty vessels, large and small, manned by fifteen thousand sailors, was organized to escort her. "A more gallant and beautiful armada," says Prescott, "never before left the shores of Spain." Nothing was wanting: bishops, chaplains, chamberlains, cup-bearers—in fine, the complete household of a palace, including ladies-in-waiting and maids-of-honor. Two caravels were laden with the bride's trousseau, which comprised the richest fabrics and laces in the kingdom. Queen Isabel accompanied her daughter to Laredo, spent two nights with her on shipboard, and departed bathed in tears.

Juana was sixteen, she sailed forth towards the unknown, her young and ardent heart swelling with delightful fear. The teachings of Vives had imbued her with the idea that it was necessary to "adore him who should lead her to the altar," and, with implicit obedience, she proposed to fulfill his admonitions to the letter.

A tempest arose in the Bay of Biscay, and the sumptuous trousseau was swallowed by the sea. The fleet, in a wretched condition, reached at length the shores of Flanders. But the bridegroom was absent; he was hunting in Tyrol with his father, and seemed quite indifferent to his *fiancée's* coming.

The meeting took place a few weeks later at Lille, where the marriage was solemnized. From the first moment Juana beheld Philip she became deeply enamored. What duty had begun, nature finished, as he was a youth of great physical attractiveness.

A writer of the time thus describes the Archduke: "Philip was above middle height. He had a fair, florid complexion; regular features; long, flowing locks, and a well-made, symmetrical figure." Indeed, he was so distinguished for comeliness that he is designated on the roll of Spanish kings as Philip the Handsome. But his moral qualities were by no means as commendable, although he was frank and gay; but impetuous of temper, abandoning himself to the impulse of the moment, whether for good or evil; fond of pleasure and cold of heart.

Soon after her marriage, Juana became heedless to everything save the magic of her husband's presence. The large retinue of Spaniards who had accompanied her to Flanders were left to suffer from hunger and shiver with cold in the northern climate, as she in nowise busied herself about them. Her royal parents, having received no tidings since her departure, were obliged to despatch a special messenger over the Pyrenees.

Meanwhile the Archduke held his wife in subjection, failing to give her a single ducat of the large sum stipulated in the marriage contract. Her domestic and political obliteration had begun; she was a zero even in her own household. All this was nothing to Juana. She was happy, or at least considered herself so, as she loved and was beloved by Philip.

The death of her brother, Prince John, and of her nephew, the little Don Miguel, left Juana heir apparent to the throne of Castile and Aragon. Fernando and Isabel, after many urgent appeals, persuaded her to visit Spain with her husband, and receive her people's homage as Princess of Asturias.*

But Philip was ill at ease amidst the stiff etiquette of the Spanish court. His merry disposition was under restraint, and he fretted to get back to his native land. Juana begged him on her knees, with tears in her eyes, to remain with her, but her entreaties were of no avail. He left for the North with his gay followers, passing through Paris, where he was magnificently entertained by the French king, Louis XII.

His departure almost broke Juana's heart. She was overwhelmed by sadness and fell a prey to deep melancholy. Her parents tried in vain to amuse her with tournaments and fêtes, but all to no effect. The court physician

* The title of the heir to the Spanish throne: equivalent to that of Prince of Wales, in England.

thus depicts her condition: "The health of the Lady Princess is such that not only to those who love her, but to any stranger, the sight of her gives



JUANA, THE MAD QUEEN, TRAVELING THROUGH CASTILE WITH THE CORPSE OF HER HUSBAND.
After the painting by Prud'hon

much pity; because she sleeps badly, eats little, is very sad and quite thin. At times she will not talk."

Alas, medical skill is powerless to heal a wounded heart!

The time arrived when the anguish of separation was more than she could bear. She determined to leave everything and rejoin her husband. Here we have the first manifestation of the madness which darkened her life. She left the palace at night to go—she knew not where—in search of Philip. And when the draw-bridges were raised to prevent her escape, and she was obliged to return, she remained plunged in dejection at her castle gates, indifferent to the cold, and heedless of the voice of her advisers.

When spring came she was allowed to set sail for Flanders. How her heart beat within her when she sighted the promised land! What ineffable happiness did she anticipate in that first embrace, in meeting him from whom she would never part again! Her joy, alas! was to be but fleeting, for she soon perceived Philip's change of manner towards her. Investigation proved that he was faithless to her. Juana's violent temperament and the Archduke's inconstancy gave rise to the most scandalous scenes. The Princess personally assaulted her rival in the palace, and caused the golden locks which had captured the royal fancy in their meshes to be shorn from her head. Imagine what anguish tormented this poor soul crazed by jealousy! Think of the stately daughter of Isabel the Catholic wrestling with a courtesan! But this was not the worst. Juana, thinking she had acted in justice, counted upon the repentance of her consort. Instead of a penitent she found a judge. He was incensed at her conduct, and treated her harshly; some historians even assert that he struck her. As the Archduchess was extremely sensitive, she so suffered from this usage that she became seriously ill, and it was feared she would lose her reason. But her love was so great that when she had regained her lucidity of thought she endeavored to justify the culprit. The social conscience of the period, moreover, made light of his offenses. Besides, had not the master Vives given her the precept "That a good wife should suffer and bear with patience her husband's infidelity"?

Queen Isabel died in 1504, and the crown of Castile descended upon the brows of the Flemish Archduchess. Rumors of the unhappy Princess's mental condition were rife, and her father, of Aragon, fearful to confide the reins of government to the hands of an unbalanced queen and frivolous king, tried to usurp the throne which was by right his daughter's. Although kept in absolute ignorance of the state of affairs, murmurs of her questioned sanity reached her ears.

Sr. Rodriguez Villa, in a recent work on Juana of Castile, publishes a heretofore unknown letter, written by the queen's own hand, and addressed to the Flemish ambassador to Spain, in which she utters these touching words: "But since they judge me as lacking in wit, I must be wary of my actions. . . . If in anything I have acted rashly, and failed to keep the state becoming to my dignity, it is notorious that there has been no other cause but jealousy; and this passion is not found in me alone, but the Queen, my mother, —to whom God give glory!—who was so excellent and select a person in this world, was likewise jealous; but time healed Her Majesty as, please God, it will me." This trait is deeply moving and pathetic.

Philip's ambition was flattered by the prospect of wearing a kingly crown; and, in spite of his dislike for Spain, he set out at once to take possession of

his new domains. Owing to the strained relations with France, it was not deemed advisable to pass through that country, so Philip and Juana set sail in midwinter for the Spanish peninsula, leaving behind them their three children, the Princesses Leonor and Isabel and the Prince Charles, who was to be later the mighty Emperor Charles V.

Having passed the coast of Brittany, a great storm burst over the ocean, scattering the fleet and engulfing some of the minor vessels in the waves. To add to the distress, a fire broke out on board the Archduke's ship. Confusion and panic reigned on all sides; but Juana remained calm and courageous, comforting her followers. While Philip buckled on a leather life-preserver filled with air, his brave wife reminded him that no king had ever perished by drowning. Seeing, however, that the danger was becoming more imminent, she repaired to her cabin, donned her robes of state, covered herself with pearls and precious stones, and, clinging to her husband, declared that she would bind herself to his body, to die, as she had lived, *with him!*

But the tempest ceased and the waves were calmed. After many trials the new sovereigns reached Spanish soil and were enthusiastically received by their subjects. Philip took the sceptre in his own hands and Juana was forgotten. She had no will but his, and abandoned her rights most willingly to him. He continued to be a most unnatural husband; using such cruelty "that the wife of a peasant would have considered herself most unfortunate had she been treated in like manner." Well may we say that love is blind, for "Juana was never unhappy being near Philip," says the old chronicle.

This happiness was not to last much longer. The treacherous climate of Spain, which had played such havoc among the Flemings, made no exception in favor of the King. Philip, being of a sanguine and vigorous constitution, was very fond of manly sports. After a spirited game of ball, in which he became overheated, he remained in a cold place without sufficient covering. Paying no attention to the first symptoms of disease, he went to the chase the following day, already a prey to a high fever. Pulmonary congestion set in, and in six days he breathed his last.

Doctor de la Parra thus describes the death-bed of the handsome King: "During the five hours I was in attendance I saw the Queen, my lady, constantly there, giving orders, nursing, and speaking to the King and to us; and treating the King with a sweetness, tact, gentleness and grace, that I have never seen equalled by any woman of whatsoever condition."

Philip's body was embalmed with the greatest care, clothed in splendid brocades, velvets and ermine; on his breast glistened a cross of jewels and his feet were encased in embroidered Flemish buskins. Juana stood by, gazing in ecstasy on the form of the best loved man in history.

In the first moments of her widowhood she displayed much calmness and wisdom. Alas, the calm of the sea before the storm! Juana, arousing at last from her stupor, threw herself on the corpse, covering it with passionate kisses, and would have remained there forever, had she not been removed by sheer force.

Until now Juana does no more than is natural for any loving wife who loses the cherished partner of her life. But other widows are consoled or, at least,

time tempers their grief. This healing quality of time is one of God's greatest mercies. For poor Juana time rolled on in vain; she remained until her last day plunged in a despair which, fifty years later, was as fresh and intense as on the first day of her bereavement.

Fernando had the body removed to the convent of Miraflores, but the Queen could not suffer it away from her. She followed thither the bier, and tearing away wood, lead and cloth, took off the velvet shoes and silken hose, and pressed her feverish lips to Philip's lifeless feet.

It was decided that the remains should be taken from Burgos to Granada, and Juana could not but accompany it. According to the mediæval Spanish custom, "Widows should not be seen," so the solemn procession travelled by night, resting during the day in some hospitable monastery. Thus was fulfilled the prophecy of a Celtic witch, who told Philip "that he would travel in Spain over more roads, and for a longer time, dead than alive."

While the Queen was intent only on the tragic broodings of her soul, the grandees of the kingdom formed projects for another marriage. Some argued that her grief would yield to a new wooing. But the well laid plans of Fernando and his counsellors were crushed against the rock of Juana's will.

Pradilla, in his wonderful painting, has sought to express the awful poetry of this love-frenzied queen, travelling with the dead through the sterile plains of Castile. The legend goes that Juana was even jealous about the corpse; and once, when the only convent near was a nunnery, the whole cortege had to spend the night in the open, as the Queen refused to place the body in a house where there were women.

After many months, a final resting-place was selected at Tordesillas. There the unhappy Queen spent *forty-seven* years, giving up her whole life to lamentation. The world was completely dead to her, and neither Fernando nor her son could awaken her interest in the State. The years sped by without a change in this existence, apparently so monotonous, but so rich in emotions, so agitated and feverish within. The gigantic strides of the Renaissance, the death of her father, the arrival in Spain of her son—Charles V., the most powerful prince in Christendom—disturbed in no wise the life of this woman with but one fixed idea.

One day her children, Leonor and Charles, having come from Flanders, were brought before her. She received them sweetly, but without enthusiasm, and when they opened their arms to her she asked: "Are ye really my children?"

Juana clung, however, to one of her daughters. This was her youngest child, the Infanta Catalina, born after Philip's death. Did she love this little one as a mother should? No. She held her constantly near, simply because the young Princess was the living image of her father.

An eminent Spanish writer, Señora Emilia Pardo Bazan, to whom I am indebted for valuable data, has called Juana "the Don Quixote of conjugal affection." Like him, she recovered her reason just before death; lamenting the years spent away from God.

But her repentance was complete, and the Cross received the last kiss of those ardent lips.

THE BATH COMEDY.*

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE,
(AUTHORS OF "THE PRIDE OF JENNICO," "APRIL BLOOM," ETC.)

SCENE XX.



THE side-rays of the chaise-lamps played on the widow's soft, saucy face, threw beguiling shadows under her eyes, and fleeting dimples round those lips that seemed perpetually to invite kisses.

Cosily nestling in the corner of the carriage, her head in its black silk hood tilted back against the cushions, in the flickering uncertain gleam, there was something almost babyish in her whole appearance; something babyish, too, in her attitude of perfect confidence and enjoyment.

Denis O'Hara, with one arm extended above her head, his hand resting open on the panel, the other hand still clasping the handle of the door, gazed upon the woman who had placed herself so completely in his power, and felt smitten to the heart of him with a tenderness that was well-nigh pain. Hitherto his glib tongue had never faltered with a woman without his lips being ready to fill the pause with a suitable caress. But not so to-day.

"What's come to me at all?" said he to himself, as, frightened by the very strength of his own passion, he could find no word at once ardent and respectful enough in which to speak it. And, indeed, "What had come to him?" was what Mistress Kitty was thinking about the same time. "And what may his arm be doing over my head?" she wondered.

"How beautiful you are!" babbled the Irishman at last.

Mistress Bellairs suddenly sat up with an angry start. It was as if she had been stung.

"Heavens!" cried she, thrusting her little forefingers into her ears. "Mr. O'Hara, if you say that again I shall jump out of the chaise."

Her eyes flashed; she looked capable of fulfilling her threat upon the spot.

"Me darling heart," said he, and had perforce to lay his hands upon her to keep her still. "Sure, what else can I say to you, with my eyes upon your angel face?"

Apparently the lady's ears were not so completely stopped but that such words could penetrate.

"'Tis monstrous," said she in hot indignation, "that I should go to all this trouble to escape from the bleating of that everlasting refrain, and have it buzzed at me"—she waxed incoherent under the sense of her injuries—"thus at the very outset!"

"My dear love," said he, humbly, capturing the angry, gesticulating hand, "sure me heart's so full that it's just choking me."

She felt him tremble beside her as he spoke.

Now, the trembling lover was not of those that entered into Mistress Kitty's scheme of existence. She had, perhaps, reckoned, when planning her escape, upon being made to tremble a little herself. She had certainly reckoned upon a journey this evening that should be among the most memorable in the annals of her impressions. O'Hara bashful! O'Hara tongue-tied! O'Hara with cold fingers that hardly dared to touch hers! O'Hara, the gay rattler, with constrained lips!

This was an O'Hara whose existence she had never dreamed of, and for whose acquaintance, to say the truth, she had small relish.

"What has come to you!" she cried aloud, with another burst of petulance.

"Faith," said he, "and I hardly know myself, Kitty darling. Oh, Kitty," said he, "'tis vastly well to laugh at love, and play at love; but when love comes in earnest it takes a man, as it were, by the throat, and it's no joke then."

"So I see," said she, with some dryness.

O'Hara clenched his hand and drew a labored breath.

* * * * *

Straining, slipping now and again, breaking into spurts of trot, to fall into enforced walking pace once more, the gallant team had dragged the chaise to the summit of the great rise at a speed quite unprecedented, yet comparatively slow.

Now the way lay down-hill. The coachman waved his whip. Bounding along the fair road the wheels hummed; the night-wind fanned them through the half-opened window, set Mistress Kitty's laces flapping on her bosom, and a stray curl of Mr. O'Hara's dancing on his pale forehead.

The exhilaration of the rapid flight, the crack of the whip, the mad rhythm of the hoofs, the witchery of the night hour, the risks of the situation, the very madness of the whole enterprise, all combined to set the widow's gay blood delightfully astir, mounting to her light brain like sparkling wine.

What! were all the accessories of the play to be so perfect, and was the chief character to prove such a lamentable failure in his part? What! was she, Kitty Bellairs, to be carried off by the most notorious rake in Bath, only to find him as awkward, as dumb, as embarrassed with the incomparable situation as the veriest greenhorn? "It shall not, and it cannot be," said she to herself. And thereupon she changed her tactics.

"Why," said she aloud, with the cooing note of her most melting mood, "I protest one would think, sir, that you were afraid of me."

"Aye, Kitty," said he, simply, "and so I am."

"Oh, fie!" she laughed. "And how have I alarmed you? Think of me," said she, and leaned her face towards him with a smile of archest wit, "not as a stranger, but as a sister, as a dear, dear cousin."

His eye flamed back at her. Her merry mood was as incongruous to his sudden, storm-serious growth of passion as the gay lilt of a tambourine might be to a solemn chant.

"I think of you," he said, and there was a deep thrill in his voice, "as my wife that is to be."

And so saying he fell upon his knees in the narrow space, and tenderly

kissed a fold of her lace, as one, from the knowledge of his own fire, afraid of a nearer touch.

The word "wife" had never a pleasing sound in the lovely widow's ears. From neither the past nor the future did it evoke for her an attractive picture.

Coming from those lips, by which it was the very last name she wished to hear herself called, it aroused in her as pretty a fit of fury as ever she had indulged in.

"Now, indeed, is the murder out!" she cried. "Oh, you men are all alike. As lovers—all fire, capsicums, Indian suns! Bottles of Sillery always bursting! Torrents not to be stemmed . . . But, lo! you let the lover once fancy himself the husband, let the vision of the coveted mistress but merge into the prospect of the secured wife . . . Merciful heavens, what a change! For fire we have ice; for the red, biting capsicum, the green, cool cucumber; for joyous, foaming Sillery, the smallest ale; small ale—nay toast and water!" cried Mistress Kitty, lashing herself to finer frenzy. "And if the mere sense of your security thus transforms the lover in you, what a pleasing prospect, indeed, lies before the wedded wife! No, thank you, sir," said the lady, and pushed the petrified O'Hara with an angry foot, "I have had one wintry, toast-and-water husband, and that shall be enough for my lifetime. Thank God, it is not too late yet!" she fumed. "I am not yet, sir, Mistress O'Hara."

And in the very midst of her indignation: "This will," she thought, "simplify the parting at Devizes." But no whit was her wrath thereby abated, that the fool should have spoiled her pretty ride.

For a moment after the angry music of her voice had ceased to ring there was a breathless silence, broken only by the straining progress of



"IS THAT THE HEART OF A
CUCUMBER?"

Drawn by H. M. Eaton.

horses and chaise up the sides of another hill. Then O'Hara broke forth into a sort of roar of wounded tenderness, passion, and ire. Flinging himself back upon his seat, he seized her wrist in a grip, fierce, yet still gentle under its fierceness.

"How dare ye!" cried the man, "how dare ye doubt my love! Sure, the flames of hell are cold compared to me this minute. May my tongue wither in my mouth, may it be cut out of my jaws and never speak a word of sense again, may I be struck dead at your feet, Kitty, for the rest of my life, if it's not gospel truth! Listen to my heart!" he cried, with yet greater vehemence, pressing her captive hand against his breast, "isn't it *Kitty, Kitty, Kitty*, . . . that it's saying? Sure, it's nothing but a bell, and your name is the clapper in it! . . . And you to be railing at me because it's so much I have to say that never a word can I bring out! Oh," pursued Mr. O'Hara, waxing louder and more voluble still, "sure, what could I say, with my heart in my mouth stopping the way? Look at it, you cruel woman! isn't it all yours, and aren't you sticking pins into it for sheer devilment this minute? God forgive me, that I should say such a thing of an angel! Look at it, now, Kitty! Is that the heart of a cucumber? . . . If you had said a love-apple itself. . . . Och, indeed, it's the real cucumber I am, and it's toast and water that's running through my veins like fire! . . . Laugh, madam, laugh, it's a grand joke entirely! Make a pin-cushion of the cucumber! See, now, is that small ale that bursts from the wounds? Upon my soul," he cried, arrived at the height of his tempest, "I have a mind to show you the color of it!"

He reached violently toward the back seat for his sword as he spoke, and Mistress Bellairs, suddenly arrested in her delighted paroxysm, was sufficiently convinced of the strength of his feelings to stop him with clinging hands and clamoring little notes of terror.

"O'Hara! madman!—for God's sake, Denis!"

"Ah!" cried he. "It's not hot enough I was for ye. It's the cold husband you're afraid of. Ah, Kitty, you've stirred the sleeping dog, you mustn't complain now if you can't put out the fire."

So saying, he turned and clasped her in an embrace that left her scarcely breath to scream, had she so wished, and had indeed the kisses which he rained upon her lips allowed her space in which to place a protest.

Her light soul, her easy shallow nature, was carried as it were off its feet in the whirlwind of a passion the mere existence of which, with all her experience, she had never even guessed. To say the truth, so much as she had deemed him vastly too cold, so now she found him vastly too hot. She was a woman of niceties, an epicure in life and love, and nothing met with her favor but the delicate happy mean. This was a revelation with a warning.

"Mr. O'Hara," she gasped, at length released, fluttering like a ruffled dove, all in anger and fear, "such treatment! For a gentleman sir, you strangely forget yourself." She laid her hand on the window strap. "Not a word sir, or I will instantly give the order to turn back."

"Oh," cried the unhappy lover, and tore at his hair with desperate fingers,

filling the ambient air with flakes of powder which shone silvery in the moonlight. "You drove me to it. Ah, don't be frightened of me, my darling; that hurts me the worst of all. I'm quiet now, Kitty."

His laboring breath hissed between his words, and his satin coat creaked under each quivering muscle.

"I'm as quiet as a lamb," said he; "sure a baby might put its head in my jaws—the devil's gone out of me, Kitty."

"I'm glad to hear it, sir," said she, unappeased. She sat, swelling with ruffled plumes, looking out of the window, and biting her lips.

"A moon, too," she thought, and the tears almost started to her eyes, for the vexation of the wasted opportunity and the complete failure of a scene so excellently staged. "How wise, oh, how wise I was, to have secured my exit at Devizes!"

"I frightened her," thought O'Hara; and in the manly heart of him he lamented his innate masculine brutality and formed the most delicate chivalrous plans for the right cherishing in the future of the dear lady who had confided herself to him.



"HARK! HARK!" CRIED SIR JASPER, "D'YE HEAR?"

Drawn by H. M. Eaton.

SCENE XXI.

In the white moonlight Sir Jasper Standish paced up and down the cobblestoned yard with as monotonous a restlessness as if he had been hired this night to act the living sign at the Bear Inn, Devizes.

Each time he passed the low open window of the inn parlor, in which sat Mr. Stafford by the dim yellow light of three long-tongued tallow candles, the baronet would pause a moment to exchange from without a few dismal words with his friend. The latter, puffing at a long clay pipe, endeavored in the intervals to while away the heavy minutes in the perusal of some tome out of mine host's library—a unique collection and celebrated on the Bath Road.

"Tom Stafford," said Sir Jasper, for the twentieth time, "how goes the hour?"

"D——d slowly, friend," said Stafford, consulting with a yawn the most exact of three watches at his fob. "To be precise, 'tis two minutes and one-third since I told you that it wanted a quarter of midnight."

Sir Jasper fell once more to his ursine perambulation, and Stafford, yawning again, flicked over a page. He had not reached the bottom of it, however, before Sir Jasper's form returned between him and the moonlight.

"What," said the injured husband, "what if they should have taken another road?"

"Then," cried Stafford, closing his book with a snap between both his palms, tossing it on to the table and stretching himself desperately, "I shall only have to fight you myself, for this most insufferably dull evening that you have made me spend, when I was due at more than one rendezvous, and had promised pretty Bellairs the first minuet."

"It shall be pistols," said Sir Jasper, following his own thoughts with a sort of gloomy lust. "Pistols, Tom. For either he or I shall breathe our last to-night."

"Pistols with all my heart," said Stafford, stopping his pipe with his little finger. "Only do, like a good fellow, make up your mind—just for the sake of variety. I think the last time we considered the matter, we had decided for this"—describing a neat thrust at Sir Jasper's waistcoat through the window with the long stem of his churchwarden.

"There's more blood about it, Jasper," he suggested critically.

"True," murmured the baronet, again all indecision. "But pistols at five paces——"

"Well—yes, there's a charm about five paces, I admit," returned the second with some weariness, dropping back again into his chair. "And we can reload, you know."

"If I fall," said Jasper, with the emotion which generally overtakes a man who contemplates a tragic contingency to himself, "be gentle with her. She has sinned, but she was very dear to me."

"She'll make a deuced elegant widow," said Stafford, musingly, after a little pause, during which he had conjured up Lady Standish's especial points with the judgment of a true connoisseur.

"You must conduct her back to her home," gulped Sir Jasper, a minute later, slowly thrusting in his head again. "Alack, would that I had never fetched her thence. . . Had you but seen her, when I wooed and won her, Tom! A country flower, all innocence, a wild rose. . . . And now, deceitful, double-faced!"

"'Tis the way of the wild rose," said Stafford, philosophically. "Let you but transplant it from the native hedgerow, and before next season it grows double."

Here the speaker, who was always ready with a generous appreciation of his own conceits, threw his head back and laughed consumedly, while Sir Jasper uttered some sounds between a growl and a groan.

The volatile second in waiting wiped his eyes.

“Go to, man!” cried he, turning with sudden irascibility upon his friend, “for pity sake take that lugubrious countenance of thine out of my sight. What the devil I ever saw in thee, Jasper, to make a friend of, passes my comprehension: for, of all things, I love a fellow with a spark of wit. And thou, lad, lackest the saving grace of humor so wofully, that, in truth, I fear—well—thou art in a parlous state: I fear damnation waits thee, for ’tis incurable. What! in God’s name cannot a man lose a throw in the game of happiness and yet laugh? Cannot a husbandman detect a poacher on his land and not laugh as he sets the gin? Why,” cried Mr. Stafford, warming to his thesis, and clambering lightly out of the window to seat himself on the outer sill, “strike me ugly! shall not a gentleman be ever ready to meet his fate with a smile? I vow I’ve never yet seen Death’s head grin at me but I’ve given him the grin back—split me!”

“Hark—hark!” cried Sir Jasper, pricking his strained ear. “d’ye hear?”

“Pooh!” said Mr. Stafford, “only the wind in the tree.”

“Nay,” cried Sir Jasper; “hush man, listen.”

An unmistakable rumbling grew upon the still night air—a confused medley of sounds which gradually unravelled themselves upon their listening ears. It was the rhythmical striking of many hoofs, the roll of wheels, the crack of a merciless whip.

“Faith and faith,” cried Stafford, pleasantly exhilarated, “I believe you’re right, Jasper; here they come!”

The moonlight swam blood-red before Sir Jasper’s flaming eye.

“Pistols or swords?” queried he again of himself, and grasped his hilt as the nearest relief, pending the decisive moment.

Out slouched a couple of sleepy ’ostlers, as Master Lawrence, mine host, rang the stable bell.

Betty, the maid, threw a couple of logs on the fire while the dame in the bar, waking from her snooze, demanded the kettle, and selected some lemons, and ordered candlesticks and dips with reckless prodigality.

* * * * *

Mistress Kitty, peering out of the carriage window, her shoulder still turned upon the unhappy and unforgiven swain, hailed the twinkling lights of the Bear Inn with lively eyes.

While the chaise described an irreproachable curve round the yard, her quick glance had embraced every element of the scene. Sir Jasper’s bulky figure, with folded arms, was leaning against the post of the inn door, awaiting her approach—retribution personified—capriciously illumined by the orange rays of the landlord’s lantern. Out in the moonlight, shining in his pearl gray satin and powdered head, all silver from crest to shoe-buckle, like the prince of fairy lore, sat Stafford on his window-ledge, as gallant a picture to a woman’s eye, the widow had time to think, as one could wish to see on such a night.

“Oh,” she thought, “how we are going to enjoy ourselves at last!”

And being too true an artist to consider her mere personal convenience upon a question of effect, she resolved to defer the crisis to the ripe moment, no matter at what cost. Accordingly, even as O’Hara cried out, in tones of

surprise and disgust: "Thunder and turf! my darling, if there isn't now that blethering ox, Sir Jasper!" Mistress Kitty instantly covered her face with her lace, and swooned away on the Irishman's breast.

Sir Jasper charged the coach door.

"Blethering ox!" he bellowed. "I'll teach you, sir, what I am! I'll teach that woman—I'll, I'll——"

Here Stafford sprang lightly to the rescue.

"For Heaven's sake," said he, "think of our names as gentlemen; let it be swords or pistols, Jasper, or swords *and* pistols, if you like, but not fisticuffs and collaring. Be quiet, Jasper! And you sir," said he to O'Hara, as sternly as he could for the tripping of his laughter, "having done your best to add that to a gentleman's head which shall make his hats sit awry for the remainder of his days, do you think it generous to give the condition so precise a name?"

"Oh, hush!" cried O'Hara, in too deep distress to pay attention either to abuse or banter. "Give me room, gentlemen, for God's sake! Don't you see the lady has fainted?"

With infinite precaution and tenderness he emerged from the chaise with his burden, elbowing from his path on one side the curious and officious landlord, on the other the struggling husband.

"Oh, what have I done at all!" cried the distracted lover, as the inertness of the weight in his arms began to fill him with apprehension for his dear. "Sure, alanna, there's nothing to be afraid of! Sure, am I not here? Och, me darling, if——"

But here Sir Jasper escaped from his friend's control. "I'll not stand it!" cried he. "'Tis more than flesh and blood can endure. Give her up to me, sir. How dare you hold her?" He fell upon O'Hara in the rear and seized him, throttling, around the neck.

"I'll dare you in a minute, ye mad devil!" yelled O'Hara, in a fury no whit less violent than that of his assailant. Thus cried he, and choked.

In the scuffle they had reached the parlor.

"Oh, Jasper, Jasper, in the name of decency!" protested Stafford, vainly endeavoring to pluck the baronet from off the Irishman's back. "And you, Denis, had, I entreat of you cease to provoke him. Zooks, my boy, remember he has some prior claim—what shall I say?—some little vested interest——"

"I'll stuff him with his own red hair!" asseverated Sir Jasper, foaming at the mouth as, under a savage push from O'Hara's elbow, he fell back, staggering, into Stafford's power.

"Prior claims—vested interest is it! Some of you will have to swallow those words before I'll be got to swallow anything here," swore Denis O'Hara, almost gaily, in the exaltation of his Celtic rage. "Sure, 'tis mad, I know ye are, lepping mad, Sir Jasper; but ought you not to be ashamed of yourself before the lady? She's quivering with the fright. . . . Lie here, my angel," said he, vibrating from the loudest note of defiance to the tenderest cooing. "Lie here; there's not a ha'porth to frighten ye, were there fifty such two-penny old crazy weather-cocks crowing at you!"

So saying, he deposited his burden tenderly in the leather-winged

arm-chair by the fireplace, and turned with a buoyant step towards Sir Jasper.

“Come out,” said he, “come out, sir! Sure, leave him alone, Tom; ’tis the only way to quiet him at all. Sure, after our little game the other night, wasn’t he that dove-like, poor fellow, a child might have milked him?”

The quivering form in the chair here emitted a scale of hysterical little notes that seemed wrung from her by the most irrepressible emotion. And:

“Oh, oh!” exclaimed Mr. Stafford, unable, in the midst of his laughter, to retain any further grip upon his friend.

“My darling,” once more began the solicitous O’Hara, turning his head round towards the arm-chair, but——

“Judas!” hissed Sir Jasper, and furiously interposed his bulk between the Irishman and his intention.

“Faith,” cried Stafford, “can’t you cover that head of yours somehow, O’Hara? I vow the very sight of it is still the red rag to the bull. . . . The bull, aha!”

“Ha! ha! ha!” broke, this time uncontrolled, the merriment from the chair.

The three men were struck into silence and immobility.

Then, on tip-toe, Mr. Stafford approached and peeped around the wing of the arm-chair. He looked, and seemed blasted with astonishment; looked again, and made the rafters ring with his sonorous laugh, till the apprehensive landlord in the passage and the trembling dame in the bar were comforted and reassured by the genial sound.

The high feminine trill of Mistress Kitty’s musical mirth rang in sweetly with his.

“Oh, Kitty Bellairs, Kitty Bellairs!” gasped Mr. Stafford, shook his finger at her, felt blindly for a support, and rolled up against Sir Jasper.

The baronet straightway fell into an opportunely adjacent chair and there remained—his legs extended with compass stiffness, his eyes starting with truly bovine bewilderment—staring at the rosy visage, the plump little figure that now emerged from the ingle-nook.

“Oh, dear, oh, dear!” faintly murmured Stafford, and with a fresh breath he was off again. “Aha, ha, ha! for an ox, my Jasper, thou hast started on a lovely wild goose chase—as friend O’Hara might say.” While:

“Mercy on us!” rippled the lady. “I protest, ’tis the drollest scene. Oh, Sir Jasper, Sir Jasper, see what jealousy may bring a man to!”

“Musha, it’s neither head nor tail I can make of the game,” said O’Hara, “but sure it’s like an angel choir to hear you laugh again, me darling.”

The guileless gentleman approached his mistress as he spoke, and prepared to encircle her waist. But with a sudden sharpness she whisked herself from his touch.

“Pray, sir,” she said, “remember how we stand to each other! If I laugh ’tis with relief to know myself safe.”

“Safe?” he echoed with sudden awful misgiving.

“Aye,” said she, and spoke more tartly for the remorseful smiting of her own heart, as she marked the change in his face. “You would seem to forget,

sir, that you have carried me off by violence—treacherously seized me with your hired ruffians.” Her voice grew ever shriller, as certain rumors which her expectant ears had already caught approaching, now grew quite unmistakable without, and hasty steps resounded in the passage. “Oh, Mr. O’Hara, you have cruelly used me!” cried the lady. “Oh, Sir Jasper, oh, Mr. Stafford, from what a fate has your most unexpected presence here to-night thus opportunely saved me!”

At this point she looked up and gave a scream of most intense astonishment, for there, in the doorway, stood my Lord Verney; and over his shoulder peered the white face of Captain Spicer, all puckered up with curiosity.

SCENE XXII.

O’HARA drew himself up. He had grown all at once exceedingly still.

Mr. Stafford, gradually recovering from his paroxysms, had begun to bestow some intelligent interest upon the scene. There was a mist of doubt in his eyes as he gazed from the victimized, but very lively, lady to her crestfallen “violent abductor,” and then to the gloomy countenance of the new-comer on the threshold. There seemed to be, it struck him, a prodigious deliberation in Mistress Kitty’s cry and start of surprise.

“What is my pretty Bellairs up to now? Well, poor Irish Denis, with all his wits, is no match for her anyhow, and, faith, she knows it,” thought he. Aloud he said, with great placidity: “Fie, fie, this is shocking to hear!” and sat, the good-humored Chorus to the Comedy, on the edge of the table, waiting for the development of the next scene.

Sir Jasper, wiping a beaded brow and still staring, as if by the sheer fixing of his bloodshot eye he could turn these disappointing puppets into the proper objects of his vengeance, was quite unable to follow any current but the muddy whirl of his own thoughts.

Lord Verney alone it was, therefore, who rose at all to Mistress Kitty’s situation.

“Are *you* the scoundrel, then,” said he, marching upon O’Hara, “who dared to lay hands upon an unprotected lady in the very streets of Bath?”

“Monstrous!” remarked Captain Spicer behind him. Then joggling his patron’s elbow, “’Twas well spoke, Verney, man. At him again; there’s blood in this.”

Mr. O’Hara looked steadily at Lord Verney, glancing contemptuously at Captain Spicer, and then with long, full searching at the beguiling widow.

She thought to scent danger to herself in the air, and, womanlike, she seized unscrupulously upon the sharpest weapon in her armory.

“Perhaps,” she said, with an angry, scornful laugh, “Mr. O’Hara will now deny that he and his servants attacked my chairmen in the dark, threw me, screaming with terror, into his carriage? and that his intention was avowedly to wed me by force in London to-morrow?”

(*To be concluded next month.*)



AT THE ENDS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

BY ROBERT E. SPEER.

“IT should not be forgotten,” said the *Times of India*, during the late troubles on the northwest border, “that the real frontier of the Indian Empire is not the scene of the recent conflicts with the Afridi and Waziri tribes, but that it stretches virtually from the mouth of

the Shat-el-Arab, at the head of the Persian Gulf, along the southern border of Afghanistan and Thibet to Burmah and Yunnan.” Its outpost cities are not Bombay and Calcutta, but Bangkok and Bagdad. The traveler through Asiatic Turkey comes at once upon its agents and the flag of the Indian navy when he crosses the broad, sun-baked plain about the City of the Caliphs. And in the Bagdad bazaars Indian rupees are almost as good as Turkish mejidies and English dress is too common to attract notice. Indeed, so far as real



SHOPS IN LAHORE.

power is concerned, from Bagdad, down the Tigris and the Shat, to the borders of the Sultan's land, the Union Jack represents more than the Crescent. The Turk knows this and limits to two the number of river steamers which Stephen Lynch & Co. are allowed to keep in commission between Bagdad and Busra. Also he loathes the sight of a British gunboat on the ancient streams. A few gunboats of his own he has there, but they are not dangerous. The faithful servants of the Sultan have sold the boilers out of some of them for pocket-money, and when a British gunboat passing recently saluted another, a boat put out from it to borrow powder with which to return the salute.

Bagdad is one of the last of the unspoiled great cities of the East. The Bazaar of Constantinople has been defiled by Western innovations, and European fashions are stealing into the shops of Tabriz. Bagdad is changing, too, but its colors and ways are rich still with suggestions of the days of the Caliphs and the luxurious era of Islam. The old part of the Customs House is the palace of the Caliphate, hoary with the marks of more than eight centuries, and mosque and minaret recall great names of great days which will never come again. In the palace court now are iron from Birmingham and cotton from Manchester, matches from Sweden and cheaper and more sulphurous ones from Japan, chinaware from China and Russia, spirits and sugar from Marseilles, with wheat for shipment to London and wool and hides for America. Where the Caliph's favorites once sold kingdoms, inspectors now take their petty bribes. It is a curious bedlam. Caravans come in from Persia, Arabia and Mesopotamia. The laden camels, horses and donkeys surge out east, north, west and south. A hanal, or porter, pushes by carrying on his back a three hundred and fifty pound bale of cotton. And



A MADRASI WOMAN.

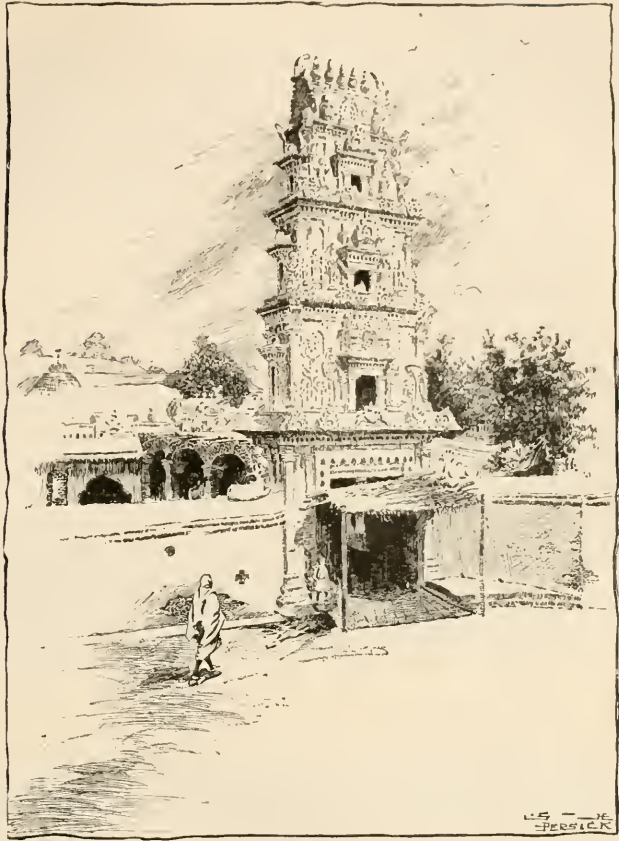
the Bagdad natives are distinguishable from the rest by the Bagdad button, a scar about the size of a date, often on the end of the nose, always on the face, the mark of an ugly scab which sooner or later comes to disfigure almost every resident of Bagdad. Jews, of whom there are forty thousand, one-third of the population of the city, Armenians, many of whose women have been married to Europeans, Arabs from the desert, Turks, soldiers and fat civilians, some dark, some blonde as the janizaries, chavadars with their caravans, Persian traders of all kinds, pass to and fro under the covered streets between the bazaar shops displaying all the produce of the East.

At Bagdad the weary traveler, worn by his slow and arduous horseback journey over mountain and plain, gets passage on one of the comfortable little

river boats on the Tigris. It is a muddy, tortuous stream, so tortuous that the steamer must be slowly backed and twisted around many turns. One vicious bend the boatmen call the Devil's Elbow. The devout Moslems on board, who must face always toward Mecca when they pray, often begin piously, only to conclude with their faces toward the Persian hills, having meantime prayed toward the North Star and the Southern Cross. The great plains stretch to the west illimitably, and to the east far to the snow-topped mountains of Pushti Kuh. These plains were

once the granary of the world. Now they are sere and bare, save for the Bedouin tribes which raise here and there a scanty crop and drive their flocks where they will. The Turk imposes his taxation like a madman. Prosperity is visited with exorbitant impost as judgment. Each water skin, each goat or bull, each fruit tree, each crop, is taxed. It is better for a man to cut down his fruit trees and reduce his crops to avoid the rapacity of the government loot. In consequence, the great, fertile plains, needing only water to make them rich as a garden, lie barren and untilled. Here and there along the Tigris bank stretches an Arab village, transient and frail, of reeds and skins, while the people raise a poor harvest by rude irrigation. Sometimes the water is lifted from the river to the ditches in the low-lying plain by skin buckets drawn up by oxen, sometimes by two men standing one on either side of the irrigation trench, each holding two ropes attached to a shallow wicker basket with which they scoop and throw the water up from the river into the trench. The village children, naked even in January, run along the bank to scramble for oranges or nuts thrown them.

The Moslem is a great traveler, and the pilgrims to Kerbela, the great shrine of the Shiah sect, make their way thither by way of the Tigris from India

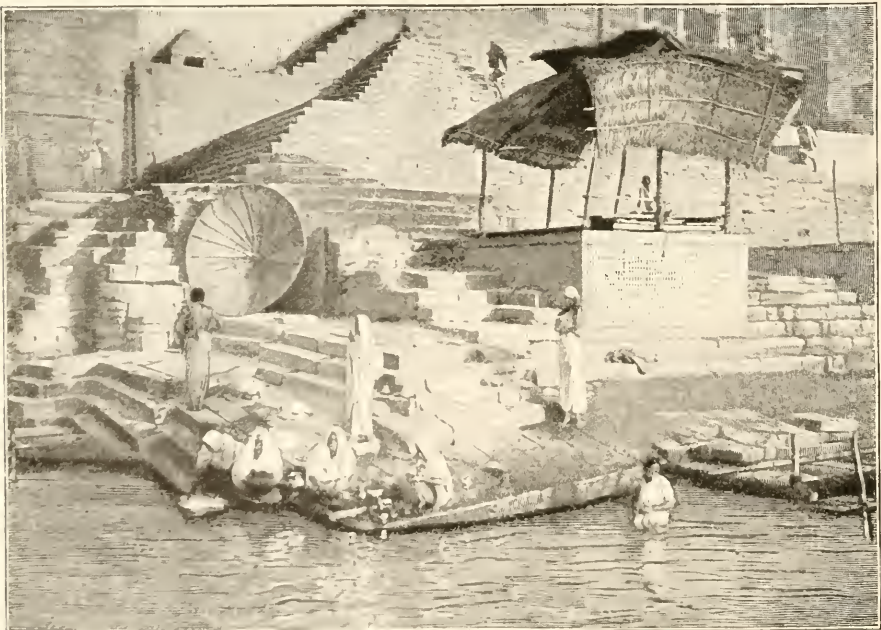


A HINDU TEMPLE GATEWAY.

and the ports of the Persian Gulf. Going down the river, our boat was freighted with the devout followers of the Prophet returning home as penniless as pious. The deck passage is all they can afford. At Bagdad they had laid in supplies and each party had pre-empted its own space. Small harems were constructed with curtains and rugs. Chests and bundles were piled about. Here and there a superb rug was laid down and constituted its owner's homestead claim. Joints of meat were hung on the rail and chickens were carried alive in coops. At meal time the odors of rancid butter and curry and garlic surpassed "the scents of Araby."

The sailors on the Tigris boats are mainly Chaldeans from Mosul, across the Tigris river from the site of ancient Nineveh. Great powerful fellows they are, with trousers like a brace of giant meal sacks, playful as children, but with the appetites of oxen. They took big fish down into the boiler-room, and putting them on a shovel cooked them in the furnace and sat down to devour them all. The shallow Tigris is full of fish and the gulls follow the ship along the banks. The motion of the paddle wheels draws the water away from the banks for a moment behind the boat, and the birds swoop down on the fish suddenly left wriggling on the slime. The Turks on board devise some strange mixtures of dress. The ticket collector wore a superb Arab headdress, but degraded it with an old frock coat and elastic topped shoes.

There was an age of glory on these brown river banks once. Yonder is the grave of Mohammed's camel driver, and there the tomb of his barber, to which the barbers of Bagdad make annual pilgrimage. Here is the blue-



A BATHING GHAT AT BENARES.



THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA.

domed sepulchre of Ezra, as the Jews maintain, and from far and near to the tomb of the great scribe the scattered children of Israel come, to think of the days long ago when by the waters of Babylon they hung their harps on the willows and had no heart to sing the Lord's songs in a strange land. Daniel's tomb is at Susa, and Ezekiel rests to the west at Nejef. Complete still after all its centuries, though built without a keystone, there on the east is the arch of Ctesiphon, and to the west stretch the mounds of Seleucia—the twin cities which were Median in the days when Khaled's armies marched out of Arabia and looked in savage amazement on the walls and the jeweled tapestries of the Persian court of Yezdegerd. And here flowing down from the far northwest past Ur of the Chaldees, where Abraham fed his flocks, come the blue waters of the Euphrates to join the tawny Tigris. Among the graceful palm trees lies the village of Gurnah. This was Eden, the Arabs say, which

"stretched her line
From Arnon eastward to the royal towers
Of great Seleucia built by Grecian kings."

And is it of this brown Tigris or of yonder clear Euphrates that Milton sings when he adds,

"Southward through Eden went a river large"?

But what does all this mean to the loud-voiced, brown-faced Arabs? They are only waiting for the sunset hour to break the fast of these days of Ramadan. Here at Amarah one may see them waiting. Hundreds of them have come down to look at the boat and wander over it, in theory to visit "a



A LAUNDRY AT A SEWER'S MOUTH, AND A GANGES BOAT, AT BENARES.

friend," to steal what they can in fact. But as the sunset gun sounds, the throng melts away: the fasting soldiers hurry from the nearby barracks to the kitchen each with his tin pan for his mess, and the whole population of Amarah, yes, of the Moslem world, begins a night of gluttony and carousal. The month of Ramazan is a great institution. No food and as much indolence and assiduous reading of the Koran as possible during the day, and gorging and gluttony during the night. It is the month of fast and piety.

The broad stream formed by the junction of the Tigris and the Euphrates is called the Shat-el-Arab. Well down towards its mouth is the old city of Busra built by the Caliph Omar in the early days of Mohammedanism. It lies along a little creek emptying into the Shat and guarded at its mouth by the insatiate Customs House. The boats of the British India Steamship Company, which has one of the largest fleets in the world, come up to Busra from Bombay, and in a long bellem, as the native boats are called, the traveler eludes the customs brigand who has boarded the Tigris boat, and is moved to a comfortable ocean-going steamer, on which he is likely to be the only European passenger and where officers, used to the queer flotsam and jetsam of the East, greet him offishly at first, but warm up soon to the idea of a little civilized companionship.

From Busra to India the boats touch at ports on both sides of the Persian Gulf: Mohammerah, Bohrein—where the pearl fisheries are, Bushire, Bunder Abbas—which the Russians desire as a port and outlet on Southern waters,

denied them as yet, Linga, Jask—where the British India telegraph line leaves Persia after its long overland journey from Tabriz and the Caucasus, and goes under sea to India; and Muscat and, perhaps, Gwadar, in Afghanistan.

The Persian navy, one bottom, lies at Bushire. Sometimes it goes to Bunder Abbas. It was built in Germany. Two boats were ordered, but the Persians never paid for the first, and the story is that the German Government, with singular disinterestedness, made a present of that portion for which the Shah failed to pay. The navy has caused much trouble. The Admiral is usually a European out of a job elsewhere. He was leaving when we were in Bushire. The crew objected to the hard work of keeping the navy in order, and he was weary. Being an Admiral in Persia must be very tiresome. The Arab and Persian boats in the ports are as manifold as the colors of the boatmen's dress. At Jask the boats are simply green withes wattled together. The water flows in and out at will, and the naked boatman sits on a box in the middle of his boat rowing with oars made of pieces of board tied on the ends of two poles. It is a dainty boat for an open sea.

The sailors on the Gulf ships wear silver chains on their arms. The Hindu sailor likes the sense of security he gains from the knowledge that he has with him always in his silver chain, whatever may befall him, wealth enough to carry him to his own land. The Oriental may roam far and wide, but he, too, has a spot he calls home, and a place where his affections have rooted themselves in the soil, and though his poverty frees him from the anchorage



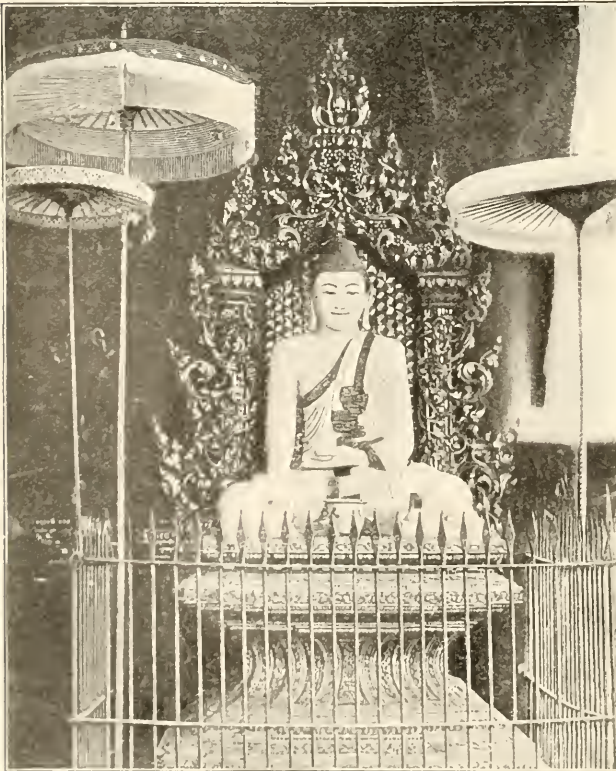
ENTRANCE TO GREAT PAGODA, AT RANGOON.

of vested interest, he hears always in his ears the temple bells or the muezzin's call of his childhood days, and he turns back at last to die where he is known, and his own will deal faithfully with him in death.

In the evening the sun goes down behind the Arabian desert and its light falls soft across the sea. To the north are the rocks of Ormuzd, whose name stands synonymous for fabled wealth. An old Portuguese fort has crumbled to ruin at one end, and at the other, desolate and bleak, an ancient lighthouse stands. As the sun sinks, the phosphorescence glows green upon the sea. From the bow of the boat it runs off in billows of liquid emerald. The revolutions of the screw, turning forty-five times a minute, stand out like the coils of a great sea-serpent, and the log line leaves behind a track like a strand of pearls. Jelly fish and strange currents make lanes and meadows of weird light, and the flying fish shoot off like schools of rockets over the still waters. A wondrous water is this whispering Persian sea between Iran and Araby.

Quainter and more weird than any of these Gulf cities, however, is Muscat, on the edge of the Arabian Sea. The brown, treeless mountain wall rises behind and on either side stands a rocky hill crowned by a fort. The queer old city lies between. We found the Sultan's horses picketed on the street

under the latticed Moorish windows of his dilapidated palace, and his long-bearded vizier, to whom we were introduced on the street, asked in proper Oriental fashion as to our age and income. It is more than two hundred and fifty years since the Arabs sent their armies into the city packed in dates one Sunday while the Portuguese were at church and made themselves masters. It has been an Arab city ever since, and was a little Arab Empire, though now England has eased the Sultan of his possession in Zanzibar, and with



THE WHITE BUDDHA.



SHWE DAGON PAGODA, RANGOON.

France exercises a constraining influence which the Sultan grins at and bears in his little dominion of Oman. The western fort was built by the Portuguese in 1588. On the top of the high structure, built tier on tier on the hill, is an old Catholic chapel, with a well just before it which held water for the garrison for three years. The guns are ancient and innocent, and stone cannonballs lie around. The present garrison is a small crowd of gaily armed gentlemen, with sufficient swarthy villainy on their faces, but of dubious military efficiency. Occasionally the two forts fall into the hands of rival factions and shoot stone balls at one another across the town. The standard coin of Muscat is the Maria Theresa silver dollar. The present Sultan is a young man who fights with his half-brothers in the interior. They are full Arabs, while he is the son of the late Sultan and a negro woman. He conducts himself as a good young man while the Consuls are observing, and when they doze he is believed to twirl his thumbs and watch the slaves come up from Africa for sale on the date plantations along the coast valleys. I saw in Muscat, in the care of the Mission of the Dutch Reformed Church, eighteen little children whom the British consul had captured and freed, who had been stolen from the four quarters of Africa and who bore on their childish cheeks the branded scar of the slaver's iron.

Arabia is the past undisturbed. India is a medley of memories and expectations, of discords. The railroad and the pith and the hard mechanical matter-of-factness of the West side by side with the silent shadow in a loin

cloth, the jangling silver anklets below a chuddra, the creaking bullock cart and the dreaming mystery. On one side India is like "The Deserted Bungalow" of which Aliph Cheem sings in "The Lays of Ind":

"There stands on the isle of Seringapatam
By the Cauvery eddying fast,
A bungalow lonely
And tenanted only
By memories of the past.
It has stood, as though under a curse or spell,
Untouched since the year that Tippoe fell.

"The garden about it is tangled and wild,
Sad trees sigh close to its eaves,
And the dark lithe shapes
Of chattering apes
Swing in and out of the leaves ;
And when night's dank vapors rise gray and foul,
The silence is rent by the shrill screech owl.

"The windows are shattered, the doors are shut,
And the color and stain of decay
Is on plaster and beam,
And the stone steps seem
To be ooze-corroding away ;
And the air all around is as tinged with the breath
Of the felt, though invisible, presence of Death."

This is the old India, the India of the people, superstitious, unmoving, women waiting wearily for the dim hope of some future transmigration, fakirs

holding up arms until they die of atrophy or distorting themselves out of human similitude, or sitting like beasts among their offal, priests and politicians talking, talking, talking, with no sense of imperative morality or the incompatibility of contradictories, and gibbering over the whole universe of seen and unseen, with back of it all the sad earnestness of a great people and the patience and suffering of a race which, as the "Hindu" says, has for ages known only the place of the slave, and has found its strength in a quietness and a confidence which are the sisters of death.

This old undisturbed India is fascinating to study, though it makes the heart sick. Its poverty is inconceivable to us profligates of the West. The entire household furniture of the villager is not worth two dollars and his



"HER NAME WAS SUPI-YAW-LAT
JES' THE SAME AS THEEBAW'S QUEEN."

wardrobe could be duplicated for fifty cents. More than one hundred millions of its people never have enough to eat. In times of plenty, multitudes live off animals which have died, and in famine they only drink the last dregs of a life-long cup of suffering and pain. During the last great famine in the Northwest Provinces, the government had gathered thousands at Agra for employment on the relief works. The wages were two or three cents a day, enough to keep body and soul together. To and fro the weakened women and children moved, bearing their baskets of earth on their heads, under the shadow of the Taj Mahal, whose snowy dome and minarets looked down coldly on Hindu and Moslem alike—type



A BURMESE GIRL OF RANGOON.

and remnant of the haughty tyrants who had ruled and ruined and passed away, while a new race of rulers had come to the land,

“Raising the hearts of its sons from the dust,
Wielding their sway as a sacred trust,
Forswearing the past with its greed and lust,
Holding fair scales to the white and black,
Sowing their love in the famine’s track.”

Whoever would see the old India can, of course, see it anywhere, for the new India lies very thin over it. But to Benares he must surely go. There, by the sluggish Ganges, holy and calm, he will breathe air heavy with the crushed flowers of the offerings, move amid the stare of idols and the crowds of worshipers from every quarter of India, bowing to the phallic symbols and staring heedlessly at temple carvings so obscene as to have required exemption by government from the operation of the laws against foul imagery and decoration, watch the multitudes bathe in the sacred stream and worship its green waters, look on the great pool of some deity’s sweat in which other

devout souls bathe with milk and flowers and yellow powder for offerings, and on whose bank a priest is teaching a small boy to read the Shastras with stately bowings and gesticulations. Nearly naked priests lie by the roadside or wander past. Sacred cows roam through the temple courts. Monkeys swing down from the trees and grin at some stone idol which with leering face daubed with red paint grins back stolidly. From the river bank rises the smoke of the funeral pyre, and over a sewer's mouth the dhobies are at work, and their clothes, washed in the foul and holy stream, are spread on the banks to dry. There is a certain levity and irreligiousness about it all to a Western mind, but it is the religion of India in its holiest city. The odor of the jungle and the plain, and the color of a world that is not ours, are here, where these people from every state of the great empire come to worship their three hundred million gods, the three hundred million gods of their fathers.

And yet over this people as numerous as their gods, a foreign Queen rules with less than seventy thousand soldiers of her own race to support her sovereignty. It is a popular sovereignty? Lord George Hamilton, the Secretary



SIKH CAVALRYMEN.

for India, says it is not. "I am afraid," he declared in Parliament, "that whatever we do our government will never be popular in India." At this loyal Hindus and their people hold up their hands and protest their love and loyalty. But popular the British government is not and popular it never will be. It holds India not by the popularity of its rule, excellent and salutary as it is, and with many disliked and abhorred just in proportion as it is excellent and salutary, but by reason of the dissensions of India within—racial, national, linguistic, religious—and by reason of that moral superiority and benefit of righteous service which constitute title by the will of God.



ELEPHANT PILING TEAK.

"India is a very curious place," as the enlightened Paget, M.P., remarked to Orde. From Strickland's point of view, very few people know anything about it. The Mutiny taught a great many people who thought they knew that they were very ignorant. England thinks the handsome Sikh soldiers can be trusted anywhere, and one finds them policing the streets of Hong-kong, Shanghai and Singapore. Fine-looking fellows and trusty they are. So are many native regiments, Moslem and Hindu. And with one hundred and forty thousand such soldiers, stiffened by seventy thousand with white faces, India is equipped, Moslems constituting the garrisons on Hindu soil and Hindus holding the forts among Mohomedans. A man is trusted best away from his own people and among his foes.

It was the Holi festival as we left Calcutta. It is an interesting festival for those who are interested by coarse suggestiveness and who like to see people smeared with red stain on the street or with red powder dropped from upstairs windows. The white-elad students found it trying. Men and boys, armed with great syringes squirting a quart or so of crimson fluid, ruined the clothes of many a poor fellow owning but little. Bathing in the sacred river becomes doubly necessary at such sacred seasons.

Across the Bay of Bengal from Calcutta lies the westernmost bound of the Indian Empire, and as far as the East is from the West are the stillness of spirit, the soft indolence of faith, the stupor of nature of Rangoon from the strident speech, the vigor of passion, the vivacity of bigotry of the Arab and the Turk. This is the impressionist's generalization, and it is reasonably just. The very roundness of the pagodas speaks of effeminacy and the soft, vaporous breeze woos to lethargy. "An' the sunshine an' the palm tree an'

the tinkly temple bells" all sing low and soft, "Come, rest and sleep. Hush, and be still."

From Mandalay, through jungle and forest the Irriwaddy glides down past Rangoon.

"Do they call me rich in trade?
Little care I, but hear the shorn priest drone,
And watch my silk-clad lovers, man by maid,
Laugh 'neath my Shwe Dagon."

Shwe Dagon is the great gilt-covered Pagoda of Rangoon. Under its shadow are some graves of British soldiers who fell when the hill was taken in 1857. Great open-mouthed figures guard the long ascending entrance. Beggars wait with their bowls arranged in rows. Candles for offerings are laid out for sale. They are made for this trade in Belgium and Great Britain. The West sells even idols to the East. Immense pagodas surround Shwe Dagon, and Hindus and Chinese have built their shrines under its shelter. Buddhas great and small, white and gold, wood and stone, sit cross-legged and solemn in their niches. Here in a corner the foot-prints of Buddha are shown, huge prints, four or five feet long. At Benares the priests show you Vishnu's tiny foot-prints, less than five inches in length. Buddha's feet are distinctly in another class. There is a warehouse of decrepit gods in one corner. Carpenters are freshening some of them. An air of tranquility and friendliness hangs over all, and the temple classes squat about their teachers or the fortune-tellers with a spirit of listless content which makes the traveler wonder



HINDU VENDERS, AT AGRA.



A BURMAN FAMILY.

whether there is any such terrible world of responsibility and effort and urgency as that of which he has been a part and to whose maelstrom he must return.

And here in the courts of Shwe Dagon we saw her. You may see her there any day.

“‘Er petticoat was yaller an’ ’er little cap was green,
 An’ ’er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes’ the same as Theebaw’s Queen.
 An’ I seed her first a-smokin’ of a whackin’ white cheroot,
 An’ a-wastin’ Christian kisses on an’ ’eathen idol’s foot.”

She looks very fresh now, this Burmah girl, but she will wither soon, and who knows what she may be when the great, swinging wheel of life in which she is caught revolves once again, and she wakes up maybe a brute, maybe vermin, maybe—the longing of her heart is for this ten thousand lives’ distant hope—a man! Perhaps, meanwhile, she will marry a Chinaman, honestly wifeless hitherto or with an expectant wife awaiting his returning to Quangtung. The Chinese are not unpopular husbands in the Straits or Burmah. They work. No beaver can surpass them. To the south, in the Straits Settlements proper, the Chinese made up 227,989 of the total population of 512,342 in 1896, and the preceding year 60,559 of them had immigrated into Penang and Province Wellesley alone.

In any of the great teak markets of Burmah one may see the *hathis* at work :

“Elephints a-pilin’ teak
 In the sludgy, sjudgy creek,
 Where the silence ’ung that ’eavy you was ’arf afraid to speak !”

It is a vision of superb power combined with superb intelligence, a marvel of discipline and obedience. And it gives one an eerie feeling to see a great black fellow swing by down the main street of a town as orderly as any citizen.

It took many years, the lives of innumerable brave men, patience and persistent will to bring all these people under orderly government and to establish over them the institutions of a just rule. Whether the process pleased the dacoits in the jungle is of no consequence. Those who have not only may, they must, give what they have to those who have not. As there are compulsory quarantines and enforced benefices in any civilized land, so civilization cannot pass by and leave the degraded peoples to sit content amid their squalor, under the sting of their tyrannies, hiding from the eye of mankind the resources of their territories and withholding from the service of the world the useful ministry of their hands.

And yet when the wanderer through the ends of the British Empire in Asia has roused himself to this strenuous view, there will come to him memories of the mystery of the ancient and the undisturbed, the vanishing colors of the times that are slipping away will haunt his heart and he will half hesitate, and then the opiate of the East will numb his sense, and—well,

“The temple bells are callin’, an’ it’s there that I would be,
By the old Moulmain Pagoda, lookin’ lazy at the sea.”

BEFORE THE RAIN.

BY MADISON CAWEIN.

BEFORE the rain, low in the obscure East,
Weak and morose the moon hung, sickly gray;
Around its disc the storm-mists, cracked and creased,
Wove an enormous web wherein it lay
Like some white spider hungry for its prey.
Vindictive looked the scowling firmament,
In which each star, that showed a daggered ray,
Seemed filled with malice of some dark intent.

The marsh-frog croaked; and underneath the stone
The weary cricket raised a peevish cry;
Within the world these sounds were heard alone,
Save when the ruffian wind swept from the sky,
Making each tree like some sad spirit sigh;
Or shook the clumsy beetle from its weed,
That, in the drowsy darkness, bungling by,
Sharded the silence with its feverish speed.

Slowly the tempest gathered; hours past
Before was heard the thunder’s sullen drum
Rumbling night’s hollow; and the earth at last,
Restless with waiting,—like a woman, dumb
With doubting of the love that should have clomb
Her casement hours ago,—avowed again,
’Mid protestations, joy that he had come;
And all night long I heard the heavens explain.



IN A RED CROSS HOSPITAL CAMP, IN WAR TIME.

SOME TAME ANIMALS I THOUGHT I KNEW.

(A Brief for the Defence, in the Case of that Crownless and Unchristian Martyr, the Mule.)

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

UNCLE Remus and his prototypes have a favorite story to account for the shape, or, more accurately, the formlessness, of the African nose. It is to the effect that the Lord first made the white man and set him up against the fence to dry. Not quite satisfied with His handiwork, He stirred some blacking into the clay and made another man, who seemed to Him wholly admirable. So admirable, in fact, that He felt impelled to give a caressing stroke down the still plastic face. Result, the flattened nose as we see it to-day.

If we had but mastered the Hounyhym language I make no doubt we should hear an analogous tale to account for certain structural peculiarities of the black man's correlative, the mule. The mule, as half horse, is no doubt as well versed in Hounyhym tradition and erudition as are Americans of royal descent in the dark and devious niceties of imperial pedigrees. Those royal-blooded Americans are so many and so various, we may be forced to go into the business of exporting kings and princesses along with our other manufactures. Yet I question if they add one-half so much of either picturesqueness or profit to national existence as does the crownless martyr, slanderously epitomized: "Without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity."

In point of ancestry, either side, the mule can discount a duchess, or even a Colonial Dame. From the earliest recorded time asses have been known and appreciated as beasts of burden. A curious fact is that their domestication goes back so far—no man can say certainly where they are aboriginal. Half a dozen species of so-called wild asses have been captured in as many countries—India, Thibet, the Soudan, etc. But everywhere the type approximates so nearly the domesticated animal that wise men end by deciding that the wild ones are but estrays—maybe for ten generations. Another curious

fact is that, while the most dissimilar of the horse family, as cart horse, Shetland pony, Arabian barb, when crossed, produce perfect animals, the cross-bred ass is infertile, as much a hybrid as the mule.

Poppæa, Nero's favorite empress, travelled always

with a thousand she-asses in her train, that she might bathe daily in their fresh milk. Mahomet fled upon the back of an ass. Another ass bore "the young Child and his Mother" in the flight into Egypt. And our Lord Himself came into Jerusalem riding upon an ass's colt. Hence, say the devoutly superstitious, the cross upon a donkey's withers. Every beast has a dark stripe down the length of his backbone. About one in three has another dark stripe running at right angles down the shoulders from their highest point. Animals thus marked are thought in rural districts to have magic virtues. Ailing children are passed three times over and under them on saints' days and in

the new moon and the full, with a lively hope of cure. To this day, in the Barbary States, asses are the saddle animals chosen by, or rather for, women. A milk-white beast of good paces fetches easily a thousand dollars. Their riders are, for the most part, wives and daughters of wealthy Jews, who go unveiled, wear most masculine-looking white linen trousers, and ride in strict man-fashion.

Possibly the Moors brought mules to Spain along with alcohol and other creature comforts. Possibly, also, the Spaniard took along mule trains



ON PICKET LINE.



GREEN FIELDS AND PASTURES NEW

when he went tilting at the wind-mills of Holland, of all the Low Countries. For have we not all heard how "Our army swore terribly in Flanders"? Reasoning by the inductive method, that certainly argues mules. Certainly testimony less substantial has been used to bolster up new interpretations of grave historical questions. Abstractly, the mule may not be a first cause of profanity, but any teamster will tell you he is apt to be a very lively occasion of it. Harking back to the black map, who has intimate mule sense impossible to the Caucasian, it is a cardinal article of faith with him that mules absolutely require what he calls "cuss talk"; in fact, that they will neither work nor thrive without a due allowance of objurgation, picturesquely sulphurous.

The sire of mules is a very different animal to the small, patient, ambling gray beast which children and tourists ride and costermongers drive. The coster and his sovereign, Victoria, Queen and Empress, prefer this pocket edition of a draught beast for most unlike reasons. Coster environment has room for no bigger. "Teddy the moke" often shares his master's lodgings, hence needs must be among the precious articles which come in small packages. Queen Victoria's favorite white donkey is portable property—handily portable—and carried wherever Her Majesty goes, along with plate, bed-linen, and State papers. For, even if he were not a dependable beast, he is too full of years and sorrows to commit the high treason of running away—no small consideration in an animal promoted to serve as substitute for the rheumatic royal legs.

Every mule of high degree is at least remotely half a Spaniard. The best breeding stock comes from Spain—the cream of it out of the royal stables,



WAITING TO BE SHOD.

which keep still a strain of blood brought by the Moors, and transferred with Moorish sovereignty when Grenada fell. It is a liberal education in fine points asinine to stroll through the royal stables, some little way out of Madrid. The jacks are lusty fellows, standing fourteen to sixteen hands, supple, powerful, long-reaching, far-striding, with eyes like black diamonds, coats like black velvet, and

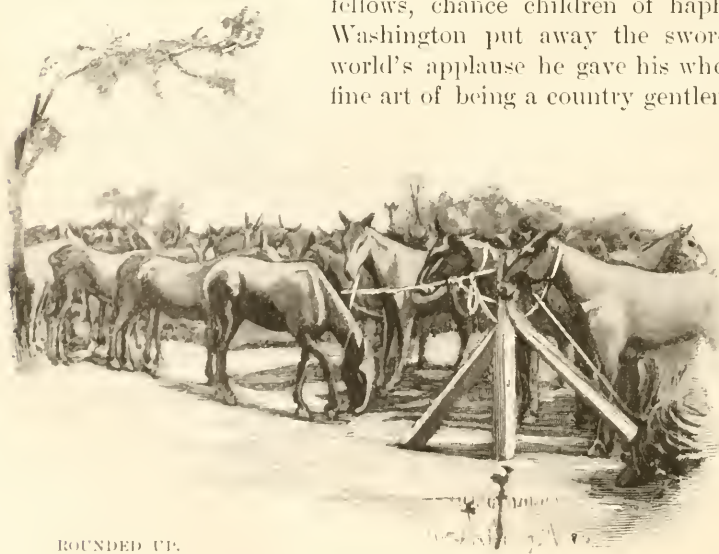
mealy muzzles of the softest pearl gray. Jennets stand relatively half a hand lower. Both sexes are of mild temper if permitted to be, though under ill treatment they grow savage.

Their ancestry runs back beyond even Oriental tradition. It is certain theirs was an old family in Abraham's time. Among the picture-sculptures of Assyria Layard found mules—mules to chariots, mules ridden by women, mules drawing a king's triumphal car. Who can say but that Nebuchadnezzar grazed peacefully beside remote progenitors of these fine black brutes? Next to them, as mule sires, rank the yellow asses of Cyprus. It is somewhat a far cry from yellow asses to the British lion, but mules of that stock had very much to do with making it possible for John Bull to fight his African campaigns. Strong, active, hardy, sure of foot, spare feeders, of a marvellous endurance, they never let the column get away from its base of supplies. The value of that result was somewhat painfully demonstrated to the American public a very little while back. Certainly laurels plucked within the Hundred Days of '98 did *not* spring up along well-beaten mule tracks, notwithstanding all the hard cash Uncle Sam invested in the long-ears.

Perhaps that is because Fate, though she permits some ironies, on the whole inclines to justice. It seems a paradox to couple Spain and George Washington as factors in a result, yet to them jointly these United States owe their mules. The inference is obvious. Though Spain got her predestinate drubbing, it was but little owing to the cudgel of her own providing. The army mule, albeit so plentifully mustered in, saw mighty little service outside his native land.

It is a land that he loves and that ought to love him. In all the length and breadth of it there is nowhere a worthier beast, nor a wiser. In any reckoning of Washington's good deeds he can by no means be left out. Of course there were sporadic mules back in colonial days, dwarf, scurvy and ill-conditioned fellows, chance children of haphazard. When Washington put away the sword to receive a world's applause he gave his whole mind to the fine art of being a country gentleman.

As such he lent an eager ear to travelers' tales which suggested betterments for the land and those who live by it. Thus he heard of mules that weremules, the riding



ROUNDED UP.



READY TO START.

mules of Africa, the pack mules bred in France, the Spanish mules, good to any use of edifying. An ambition seized on him to breed such beasts himself. Just then the kings of both France and Spain were his very good friends. Pretty soon he received from them a brace of pure-bred jacks, each accompanied by two jennets. Knight of Malta, the French king's present, came from the island of his own name. Royal Gift, the King of Spain's choice, of course came from the royal stables and fully merited his appellation.

In those days Mr. Washington could set what fashion pleased him. Pretty soon, the mutual adaptation of negro and mule made itself so apparent, the beast's future was secure—at least throughout the South country. Neither asses nor mules thrive in cold regions. The historic parallel, thirty-six degrees, thirty minutes, does not however mark the limits of successful mule raising. That limit is rather an isotherm, with a normal mean temperature of fifty degrees in winter and eighty-five in summer. Mules are bred indeed to some extent in every stock region south of Pennsylvania, yet three States lead in the matter of production—Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee.

There, one finds not merely the most mules but the best. The reason is not far to seek. The pioneers of all three, were in large part Virginians and Carolinians who brought along with them horses largely infused with the very best running blood. Further, sons and grandsons of Diomed, Sir Archy, and many another flyer, kept coming across the Blue Ridge to enrich the native strain; there were also many direct importations of English sires, so that altogether the common stock owns plenty of good blood. It is a usual mistake, and a very big one, to think that a mule cannot show blood. He does show it often more distinctly than the horse. And there is no other animal in which good blood is so distinctly profitable. The mule from a well-bred dam may stand a hand lower, weigh a hundred lighter than his half-brother out of a Canestoga mare, yet as a two-year-old in the sales ring, will fetch half as much again. This because a wise buyer knows that blood-mules have even better endurance than blooded horses. Reasonably well

used they are sightly and sprightly animals at thirty odd. Then too, they eat less, and proportionately to weight, pull more. They are quicker, hardier more intelligent, and of better mettle. As an offset, the intelligence once misdirected, is apt to verge on the diabolic.

Notwithstanding, the beast has a thousand virtues to link with this single crime. Set it down merely as a foible, that he is in his sentiments distinctly a snob. This is shown by his intense devotion to his maternal race, and his sovereign contempt of his own. Breeders are very glad of the foible. It is one they take advantage of to their own great convenience. With each bunch of weanlings they graze a big quiet dependable mare, who wears a bell, and leads the bunch whithersoever she will. If pasture is to be shifted, all that is needed is to ride or lead the bell mare into the new quarters—she goes with the shaggy youngsters braying and frolicking at her heels. Fifty years back, in the days of mule droves, she was even more important than at present.

For then the droves often traveled afoot, the five hundred miles betwixt home and a market. There were highwaymen in those days—men with plenty of nerve to seize a drove, and make off with it, shooting its masters and pastors if they dared to resist. The essential thing was either to secure, or to get away with, the bell mare. If she fell to the robbers, the drove went after her pell-mell, or if checked at first, stampeded the minute vigilance was relaxed. They never went along the trail they had traveled over, but straight as the crow flies cross-country toward the mother of the drove. Rivers or mountains might lie between, but nothing checked them—they kept on and on until they found her, thus showing a faculty or instinct even more curious than the homing one, which leads a bird or an animal straight to its native haunt, across, it may be, a thousand miles.

Contrawise, if the bell-mare was saved, the robbers in the end went light-handed. They might make off with the drove, yet have only their trouble for their pains. If they happened to have a rendezvous handy with a pasture, other mules, and another mare, they might manage by a week's vigilance to save the most part of their spoil. But such rendezvous were un-

common — at least after the epoch of John Murrell, prince of highwaymen. Tradition says he had a pretty taste in both horse and mule flesh, and often when on a preaching tour, disguised as a



A DROVE OF FIVE HUNDRED.

minister, diverted himself after sermons by looking over the cattle of his hearers, and then letting other members of his band know which of them were best worth stealing.

To the mind of every properly regulated mule, a fence is something made to be thrown down or jumped over. By that I do not mean that he is a four-footed anarchist, with a heel against government of every sort. But rather he is a creature born



IN THE HOSPITAL.

to jump. He does jump, upon any occasion or none. Put him in a pasture knee-deep with lush herbage, he will graze to the fence, and at once begin trying conclusion with it. If it is no higher than his breast, he is likely to go over it within five minutes, unless he is sharp-set for green stuff, and the green stuff very tempting. If the barrier takes him well along the neck, he will graze his fill, and maybe lie down for two hours in the shade, before making up mind and body to the jumping point. Next thing is to find a jumpable place. A fence, like a chain, is only as strong as its weakest panel. Master mule searches for it in off-hand dilettante fashion. Now he makes a feint of going over where it is as high as his head; anon he sets a vicious breast against a particularly sturdy length; then maybe he backs away, and stands for half an hour, the very model of resigned contemplation. Motionless, with head extended, eyes either closed or cast down, he shows in the sunlit space a pattern of docile meekness. Flies even do not move him, before the spirit. If his fellows come near he does not so much as wave an ear in greeting.

He might be a statue, you think. Look again. The statue has come to life with a vengeance! See, he has flung himself down, and is wallowing with little wicked satisfied brays. Supplely he gets upon his feet, gives a long, triumphant hee-haw, and goes at the fence like a catapult, or over it like a baseball. Once outside, he flings up his head sidewise, gives a still louder bray—a call to his mates to follow—and dashes off at top speed.

Possibly he has broken into a lush cornfield. More likely into a stretch of the barest fallow. It is all the same to him—both lie the other side of the



MULES FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

fence. From this you will perceive the mule's one vice. He has the mug-wump mind, to which whatever is *not* is right. A cynic observer once said, "Mules must look at fences as human beings do at matrimony. Those who are inside are wild to get out, and those outside even wilder to get in."

Possibly natural vanity has something to do with it. The best of us have a weakness for displaying a pre-eminent inborn gift. The mule that could not or did not jump, would not be worth his salt, much less his hay and oats. For the most part, the jumping is wholly without malice. Often indeed, there appears to be something waggish, even distinctly humorous about it. One mule within my knowledge would lead his comrades over the stoutest fence into the woodland world, and defying pursuit or capture, make the circuit of the plantation, a matter of several miles, then jump in where he had jumped out, and come trotting to the stable lot, the very sum and pattern of docile innocence.

The widely current slander that a mule regards kicking as his true reason of being, like most lies "crystallizes about a nucleus of truth." Mules can and do kick upon occasion; never, in the beginning, without it. It is a vice of opportunity after that—one which grows by what it feeds on, and also by what it lights on. Mule memories are retentive, neither is the beast without reasoning powers. He is also a respecter of persons. Many a time I have been over, under, through, above, below, between, beneath, a six-mule team, the pride and delight of my heart, and come out scatheless. A man, even the one who habitually drove them, would hardly have fared so well. One at least had a reputation as a kicker, and commonly lived up to it. Yet he would stretch his nose to be rubbed like an affectionate dog, and always gave a little delighted whimpering bray when he saw my arms full of corn in the milk. Poor old Dan! His was a lion-heart the deepest, miriest mud could not daunt. Indeed, the team throughout was as true as steel, game and steady enough to

move the most mountainous load. It was never stalled so long as it was a team, though it often drew upon roads hub-deep in holding red clay.

Jet and Crow, the black wheelers, were a famous pair of inseparables. From the day they came to the plantation, they were never willingly apart. Even at grass their heads almost touched. In double harness, to plough or wagon, they drew as one beast, steadily, evenly, stepping together, and throwing themselves against the collar as by one impulse. Working singly in the same field they were palpably uneasy, and brayed complaints one to another at least three times an hour. But when one was taken, the other left, the distress was pitiable. The desolate one would neither rest nor graze—he ran up and down braying, until he ended by jumping out and running away. Even the buggy mare's society did not console him, although when the two were together they followed her like her shadow. At last Crow died very suddenly. Jet was never the same mule afterward.

A word as to mule drivers. Like poets, they need to be born, and get a deal of making afterward. Failure to recognize this fact had no doubt very much to do with the difficulties of transportation in the matter of the camps and campaigns. Mules are, on the whole, better judges of men than men are of mules. They recognize instantly the hand and eye of a master, also the timorous or unready person with whom they can take liberties. Such an one had better never have been born than essay the part of a teamster. Indeed, it is not too much to say that a man who would shine as an ambassador, or make a fairish President, might fail utterly to keep six mules, or four, or even two, exactly in the way they should go.



GOVERNMENT MULES—NOON HOUR.

FOR HIS HONOR'S SAKE.

BY MARTHA HENDERSON GRAY.



HE Rev. Philip Ware looked thoughtfully around the sitting-room of the tiny flat. It was very homelike; there were evidences of a woman's fingers in every little nook, and over all was the soft rose light from the lamp.

Five months before he had entered this room for the first time, and this was to be the last time that he should ever see it.

No one knew of the struggle that there had been in the soul of the Rev. Philip Ware before he had made this decision, but then no one knew his soul at all except the dweller of the tiny flat.

She had come into his parish six months before, and he had made his first call upon her in his capacity of minister. He had called many times—very many times, but these were not altogether in the capacity of minister.

This was noted by his devoted parish, and on this account the newcomer was promptly disliked by several. There was one girl who disliked her particularly; a tall dark girl, with beautiful hair, and the face of a saint. Before the arrival of the new parishioner, she was the one whom the young minister had been wont to consult on matters of parish interest, but of late there had been few matters worthy of consultation. Since the tall dark girl had never been known to dislike anyone before, this of itself was sufficient reason to the parish for having its doubts about this "person." Besides the report had been spread abroad, started by someone who "knew her before she came to M——," that she was separated from her husband.

So it was that a few kind souls in the church, mostly those with marriageable daughters, had repeated a part of this gossip to him, and had given him some motherly advice.

The young minister had listened kindly, and in reply had spoken a few strong but polite words, at which no one could take offence, and yet somehow no one had cared to give him advice again on that subject.

The Rev. Philip Ware thought of all this as he waited and wondered grimly if it would not have been better for him to have taken their advice, but he put this thought away as unworthy him. So, up to this point it had been all right, and now that he saw his duty clearly, he would do it. He did not in the least doubt his ability to do his duty, for there were three things upon which he prided himself—his independence, his strength of will and his honor. To look at him, you would know that he had good foundations for this belief in himself, with his broad-shouldered, erect figure, his firm square jaw, and clear hazel eyes. But in his facial analysis, the Rev. Philip Ware had left out his mouth, and this was an important feature, for the fullness of the clean-shaven, well-curved lips betokened that the young

minister was not without his passions. Any well-versed physiognomist would have predicted a constant struggle between those lips and the pure honest eyes, the issue of it depending entirely upon which side the square jaw took.

It would be very simple, he reasoned. He would not stay long, they would have a pleasant, friendly chat at first, and then as he was going, he would tell her. She would understand; she was a woman of the world, and would know what he meant without his telling it all.

Then feeling that he was not alone, he looked up and saw her standing in the doorway. She was looking at him with a peculiar intense expression in her eyes, and he caught the look before she had time to veil it behind her usual laughing manner. He had seen that same look twice before in his life: once in the eyes of a starving child, and again in the eyes of a mother when he told her that her only boy was dead.

At that look, the Rev. Philip Ware lost his wonderful self-control; for once his lips gained the mastery. Springing to his feet, he strode determinedly to the door and clasped the soft, womanly figure in his arms. She quivered a little and then was very still. Silently he lifted her head and looked at her intently—at the broad, low forehead with the soft brown hair rippling back from it, the changeable gray eyes and smooth skin. She was not exactly a beautiful woman—she never had been beautiful, and now her face showed one or two lines of care; yet anyone would have to admit that the quick changes of expression gave it a certain fascination and an individuality which could not be imitated. It was the face a painter might choose for an angel—an angel of darkness or light according to the mood of his model.

Having finished his scrutiny, he gently pressed her head backward against his shoulder and laid his lips upon hers. Somehow he had forgotten about the friendly chat and the little message just before he went. It was unfortunate that he had reckoned without consulting his lips.

Suddenly the sound of a bell in the next flat brought them to consciousness. It was the woman who started back.

“Let me go, Philip,” she said, quickly and firmly; “let me go.”

But he made no motion except to clasp her more closely. There was a dogged look in his eyes which she did not like to see; undoubtedly the square jaw had joined forces with the lips.

“Philip,” she pleaded, and there was a ring almost of desperation in her voice, “for God’s sake let me go.”

At that name—the name of the King whose ambassador he was—some consciousness of what he was doing came to the Rev. Philip Ware, and for God’s sake—for His only—he let her go.

Without speaking he turned, and going to the window, looked out into the well-lit street, where carriages were passing to and fro, and the pavement swarmed with eager, hurrying life. As he looked down, he wondered if in that throng there were any who were depending upon his guidance to reach the heavenly gate. He rather hoped that there were not, for to-night he was not quite sure himself where the heavenly gate was.

Her low musical voice aroused him.

"Philip, what did you come for to-night? Was it—that?"

He gave a short, grim laugh.

"No," he answered, "not exactly."

Then as she did not speak, he went on :

"Would you really like to know what I came for? Well, it was to tell you that this would be my last call upon you, for I loved you more than such an honorable man as myself"—with bitter emphasis—"ought to love another man's wife. I had planned to intimate this rather than to tell you outright, in order to save you any embarrassment. I have intimated it, I think, quite successfully," he added, grimly. "I thought that we would just have a friendly chat in which we would touch upon topics of common interest, for I was to keep my confession for the closing sentence. It is not too late for the social part of the program yet. I believe one generally begins with the weather." He looked critically at the shining stars. "I think," he said, with grave deliberation, "that we are going to have a pleasant day to-morrow."

He had expected her to pass over this flippant remark, and take the more serious matter in hand, perhaps even to chide him for his lightness, as she often did.

Instead, she shrugged her shoulders slightly, and said, in an aroused voice :

"I feel exactly as if I were at a church social ; for at those functions, conversation generally stops at that point. However, since you insist upon discussing it, I think it will rain."

He turned quickly and faced her, but she met his flashing eyes with a steady, laughing gaze.

She had been standing there listening to the calm, deliberate words he had spoken, and her face had turned from red to white—here, a woman of the world to whom the love of man was but a plaything.

She learned from his bitter tone of the struggle which he made against her, and she had quickly decided upon her course.

"Marian," he said, in a low, intense tone, "have you done this thing deliberately? Don't you care?"

She dropped her eyes.

"Doesn't it take due deliberation to prophesy rain? Of course I care. I had a new hat I wanted to wear to-morrow."

"You are simply talking against time ; you must answer me sooner or later. Listen to me, Marian. I have told you of my first intention ; but surely you know that all is changed now. My love for you is stronger than anything else, and—you must love me, you shall."

The Rev. Philip Ware's voice rang out as firmly and powerfully as was its wont when he read, "Thou shalt not," in the Commandments. Perhaps the woman thought of this, for she shivered slightly.

"You know that to me," he went on, more quietly, "death alone has the power to separate those who have been joined together ; but since in your eyes divorce is lawful, I will wait until you are freed. So now there can be nothing to keep us apart unless you say that you do not love me ; but you do—is it not so, sweet?"



"HE TOOK HER HANDS AND REVERENTLY LIFTED THEM TO HIS LIPS."

Drawn by C. D. Graves.

He took her hands, and looked at her as she stood dreamily silent—the musical cadence of his voice seemed to come to her out of the distance.

"Answer me, Marian, my darling, my love! don't torture me by your silence. You would not, if you knew how I loved you."

He lifted her hands to his lips and kissed the pretty pink finger tips one by one. To him as she stood there in silence, with a soft radiance flushing her

face, she looked like a being from another world ; yet the painter would have drawn her for an Angel of Darkness and not an Angel of Light.

He bent nearer slowly, as if afraid of frightening her, but as he touched her hair she started back and, snatching away her hands, moved quickly to the other side of the room. Slowly she turned and faced him, and when she spoke her voice was calm and natural.

“I think you must surely be forgetting yourself. I did not know that I had ever given you cause to think that I loved you—until, perhaps, just now; but that was because—because you surprised me so that I did not realize what you were saying and doing.”

Had she thought of it she would have been amused at herself for faltering—she to whom this was an old story.

But as she glanced at him there was something in his eyes that she could not bear to see—those eyes from whose depths she would have kept away the shadow of pain with her very life. She only knew that she loved him better than anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth—the phrase came to her unbidden—and that she had given him his death-blow. Why could she not go to him as he sat there, with his head buried in his hands, and tell him this—tell him that she would do what he asked, would go with him anywhere?

If she alone were to be considered, she would do it ; but he must be kept safe ; his honor must never be blemished, nor his career as a priest of God be spoiled. So this woman, of whom the world spoke so slightly, nerved herself to begin the struggle against him and her other self.

“I have always been called heartless,” she said in an unemotional tone, “and I must be if I have made you believe that I love you, for I do not ; I never have ; I never can.”

The last was uttered with difficulty, for he had lifted his eyes to her face, and she saw that they were haggard and drawn, even in the soft lamplight.

“Marian,” he said, “must you take all? I have given you my love, my honor ; must you take my faith, too? For if you have deceived me there is no one whom I can ever trust. Pity me, Marian ! have mercy ! tell me that you did not deceive me, that you do love me—only that, dearest ; only that. A man can live without love or hope ; he can even die without them ; but he can neither live nor die without faith.”

She stood before him with hands loosely clasped and watched his every movement with a pitiable attention to details. She noticed that as he rose he pressed his heel upon the head of the blue dragon on the rug. She wondered if it hurt the ugly thing, and idly put her hand to her own head to make sure that it was the blue dragon, and not herself, that he was grinding under his heel. Suddenly she became conscious that he had stopped speaking and was waiting for her reply. Slowly she gathered her scattered senses and looked up at him. The happiness was gone out of her eyes, but there was that expression in them that made the man feel he was not worthy to touch the hem of her garment.

“You are right, Philip,” she said softly. “I—I thought I was doing it the best way, but I didn’t know, for I’m—I’m not good, you know. It is not

because I do not wish to—to do as you want me to do, but because I will not, and I will not because I love you, dear.”

The light flashed into her eyes, and the angel was the woman again.

“Oh, Philip, my darling, my life, I love you so—more than anyone else could ever love you. Yet you will marry her—the girl who hates me so, the girl who has always been good. How long would she love you if she knew of this, do you think? She loves you only because you are noble and reverent and good, while I”—her voice was harsh with pain—“oh, Philip, I would love you in heaven or earth or hell.”

The man could bear no more. He caught her hands and pressed the palms passionately to his lips. His very touch seemed to soothe her, for she drew them gently away, and when she spoke her voice was low and sweet.

“I have never loved anyone, you know, dear, so perhaps that is what makes it so hard. I married because I had no home and he was good to me. Since then I have not cared whether men loved me or not. They were rather amusing, and I was not good enough for the women to care for me,” she added bitterly. “But when you came into my life I knew then what it would have been to have the love of a good man.” She paused and looked at him longingly. “Philip,” she said pleadingly, yet with a note of shyness in her tone, “may I run my fingers through your hair? You must be very, very quiet and not touch me.”

The man looked at her with mute eyes that reminded her somehow of the eyes of a dog. She gave a low laugh full of almost childish joy as she ran her white fingers caressingly through his dark hair.

“I have always wanted to do this,” she said. “You have such pretty hair, so thick, and black, and wavy. I believe that I love it best of all, but then I love all of you best.”

She paused a moment and looked at him critically.

“Yes,” she said, thoughtfully, “you are more than handsome; it always seemed to me that the beauty your face has could be best defined by a phrase in the catechism. I learned the catechism when I was a little girl, Philip; think of it!”

The man smiled lovingly at her. “What is the phrase, dearest? I do not believe it will make me conceited.”

“‘An outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace,’” she repeated, softly adding with an effort: “And that is why I would not let you do just as you wanted to-night. If you were less good, Philip—if you had made no struggle against it—perhaps I would have heard you, for I love you so. Now I will go back to him, the one who the law says is my husband, and you will marry the beautiful girl who does not know what wickedness means. I could never satisfy all of you, for I am not good enough.” Her lip quivered a little. “Philip,” she cried, “why did God forget to put a soul in me when I was made? Perhaps he did give me one, but there was no one to help it to grow. Do you think,” she asked suddenly, “that she would have loved you enough to give you up?”

But just then the clock chimed the hour. There were a many strokes, and each one seemed to beat upon their consciousness the fact that now they must part.

"You must go, Philip," she said gently. The man rose.

"This is the end?" he asked in a hard, dry tone.

"This is the end," she repeated softly, and held out her hand.

He drew a quick breath and looked at her hand reproachfully.

"Not that way; surely, not that way, dear? May I not at least tell you goodby as I want?"

She wavered an instant, but looked up into his face with a brave smile.

"No; it would do no good and only make it harder for both of us. I know a better way—the way your mother would tell you goodby. Lean down a minute, Philip."

She slipped her arms around his neck and rested her soft lips for an instant on his forehead.

"Goodby, my life," she whispered so low that he scarcely heard it.

"Keep good always."

He took her hands and reverently lifted them to his lips, kissing them in the pretty pink palms.

"Just one thing, Philip," she said wistfully. "Do you think that I have harmed you much? I would hate to harm the only one I have ever loved, you know," she added with a pathetic little break in her voice.

Strong man as he was, this was too much for him. Tears choked his voice so that he could not answer, but he shook his head.

He opened the outer door of the little flat just as someone passed through the hall humming one of the airs he had heard a few minutes before at the theatre. The woman recognized him and smiled as he passed her door. Turning to the young minister, she said:

"I will open the lower door for you. Be sure to latch it after you; the janitor is so particular."

"I will," he replied; "good-night."

"Good-night," she answered, and watched him as he slowly descended the stairs without ever turning back. When she heard him put his foot upon the lowest step she pressed the button; the street door swung heavily back.

"All right," he said in a low tone, and the door clicked after him.

She gave a little gasp at the sound and mechanically went into her own apartment. For a few moments she stood motionless in the centre of the pretty little sitting-room. The lamp flickered warningly, but she did not observe it. She was looking at the blue dragon on the rug. At last, with a little moan of anguish, she dropped to the floor and pressed her cheek upon the blue dragon's head.

The pretty rose-colored lamp went out and left her in merciful darkness.





“BUENAVISTA”—A SPANISH VILLA, NEAR STAMFORD, CONN.

Designed by Mrs. E. F. Holman.

WOMEN AS ARCHITECTS.

BY JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN IN ACTION.—XIX.

THERE are few practising architects among women in the United States, but these few have accomplished enough to make it profitable to direct our attention to their work. Miss Lois L. Howe, who resides in Boston, and who won second prize for her design for the Woman's Building at the World's Fair, says: "The field of architecture is so little known to women that it is scarcely time to say much about their fitness for it. It seems to me to contain no obstacles which may not be overcome by any woman whose determination and interest in her work are strong enough to face them."

Perhaps the best known woman architect in the country is Mrs. Minerva Parker Nichols, of Brooklyn. Since her marriage a few years ago, she has not practised, but the New Century Club House in Philadelphia, on Twelfth street, near Sansom, stands as strong testimony to the high quality of her art. Its style is Renaissance, and it is built of Pompeian brick and Indiana limestone. Mrs. Nichols came to her line of work by hereditary right, for her grandfather was a well known architect and ship designer. The New Century Club House at Wilmington, Delaware, is also of her designing; and to these should be added a handsome residence at Overbrook, Pennsylvania, and a schoolhouse (old Colonial) at Cambridge, Massachusetts; a fine cottage at Avon-by-the-Sea, and a number of homes of pleasing architectural exterior.

Two houses in Germantown, however, are Mrs. Nichols's especial pride, because in these instances the architectural talent has been reinforced by the maternal instinct. This union has resulted in a dozen dainty devices—clothes, china and laundry closets, dumb elevators everywhere, and, think of it! a bath room for the baby, with every convenience for the infant's and mother's comfort. Mrs. Nichols personally superintended the erection of these buildings, and in the case of the New Century Club House at Wilmington, the

builder declared that he had never worked for an architect who better understood the business.

The Woman's Building at the Atlanta Exposition grounds was the work of Mrs. Wagner, *née* Mercur, of Pittsburgh. She not only prepared the plans, but superintended the construction to the minutest detail. It has been her custom to engage living apartments in the neighborhood where her designs are in process of execution that she may witness the progress of every step from beginning to completion. In addition to the Woman's Building at the Atlanta Exposition, she has prepared plans for and personally superintended the building of the Female Seminary at Washington, Pennsylvania; the Children's Building at Marshalsea, Pennsylvania; St. Martin's Church at Johannesburg, Pennsylvania; St. John's Chapel at Pittsburgh, and the remodeling of the Pittsburgh College for Women, in that city. The central portion of the College received an addition of two stories, and to the left a gymnasium was added. Mrs. Wagner has just completed the Wilson College at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, and a Seminary building at Washington, Pennsylvania. But as with most of these ladies, it is the home features of the work in which, with true feminine instinct, she takes the greatest pride; and Mrs. Wagner considers that a house at Edgewood, Pennsylvania, has the finest interior of any home she has planned.

Miss Ida Annah Ryan, who is a practising architect at Waltham, Massachusetts, was early attracted during her high-school days to the study of design, and a few years later, at the end of her term at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, her junior design received the first of the first four prizes, and she was then invited to compete with only senior and fifth class men in the Junior Beaux Arts contest, in which she won second prize for a grand plan, elevation and section of a public market. Among her later designs are a sanitarium, to be built at South Farmingham, Massachusetts, containing twenty-one rooms, and a large hall running through the house. The building will be Colonial, but simple in detail; painted white, with dark green blinds, and located upon a twelve-acre lot.

Miss Lois L. Howe, of Boston, is represented in the illustration taken from a photograph of the interior additions to the Lowell house at Cambridge, Mass. Miss Howe is a relative of the Lowell family. She took second prize for a design for the Woman's Building at the World's Fair, as already mentioned, and has followed the profession of architect assiduously ever since. The suburban houses she has planned have been Colonial for the most part, but her most interesting work has been in additions and remodeling.

The Misses Hands and Gammon are two young architects who practise in co-partnership in New York city. There are many cottages along the Jersey coast which owe their designs to the tasteful art of these young women. But their most notable achievement is a plan for model tenements, which has extorted the admiration of such students of the problem of the housing of the poor as E. R. L. Gould and Jacob Riis, author of "How the Other Half Lives." When these plans were laid before Sir Sidney Waterlow, head of the Improved Dwellings Company, in London, he said, with much enthusiasm: "These are the best plans for single tenements I have ever seen, the



MARY N. GANNON. ETHEL FRANCES SARGENT. IDA ANNAH RYAN.

most clever and ingenious;" and Jacob Riis said: "They have, in my judgment, solved the question of building a decent tenement on a twenty-five-foot lot. . . . I am content to know that the question I judged incapable of solution has been solved."

These young architects studied the tenement problem in a very practical way. For years they talked and studied over their plans, and it was long before they were finally matured. Then they went to Forsyth street and lived as factory girls live. All the inconveniences, unhealthy surroundings and bad sanitation they acquainted themselves with by actual experience; and they set to work to devise plans which should abolish the many evils incident to tenement life. It was a problem in morals as well as construction that they had set themselves to study.

These plans for a model tenement provide for a house ninety feet long, with ten feet of space to conform to legal requirements; a court in the centre of the building; tiled entrance and a hallway of porcelain walls. Each apartment



HARRIET FRANCES LOCKE.

ALICE J. HANDS.

ELISE MERCUR WAGNER.

has its own balcony, and there are fire escapes at both the back and front of the house. An arc light in the court will illuminate every room in the house. The roof, with railings eight feet high, is designed as a breathing spot. There is an ash chute and garbage receptacle which solves the refuse problem. The often perplexing questions of interior conveniences—light, so desirable in tenements of the cheaper class, cleanliness and hygienic conditions—are solved in many ingenious ways; and the entire plan is remarkable for its completeness of detail, its economy of space, and the homeliness and comforts realized at a minimum rental, for an average rent of \$2.50 per week will pay a fair return on the capital required for land and building. A company has been formed and land purchased in West Fifty-seventh street, New York, where the ideals of these earnest and clever young women may be realized. These model tenement plans are not the only achievement of these girls. Together they designed the Florence Hospital, at San Francisco, erected at a cost of \$30,000, and a villa for Mr. C. F. Johnson, of California, modelled after the Czar's palace at Livadia and costing \$50,000.

Mrs. E. Elizabeth Holman, of Chestnut street, Philadelphia, occupies rather a unique position among architects. She has designed pretty nearly everything except office buildings—theatres, hotels, stores, and city and suburban residences. She has won a wide reputation for quaint and unusual Summer cottages, which have the merit of being convenient and comfortable, as well as cheap.

Few of those who do business with "E. E. Holman, Architect," suspect that these initials stand for a woman who has practiced her profession for eight years and whose houses are in every State of the Union, except Mississippi, including, too, Summer houses in Canada and only recently a house



WOMAN'S BUILDING AT THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION—NIGHT VIEW.

Design, J by Mrs. Wagner



INTERIOR ADDITIONS TO THE LOWELL HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Designed by Lois L. Howe.

built in Jamaica, British West Indies, the material for which was mill-made in this country and shipped there.

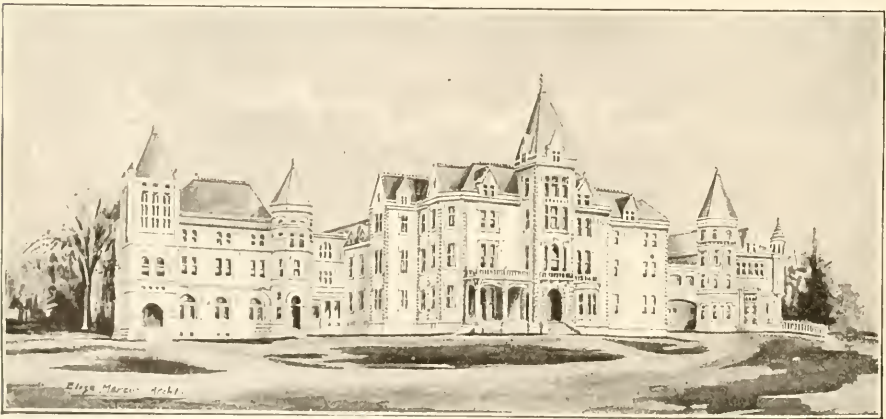
Among Mrs. Holman's more ambitious work is a Summer house in the Dutch Colonial style at Cazenovia, New York, designed to give as nearly as possible the effect of the old family mansion of by-gone days. The house has a central hall fronting on the side which overlooks a lake. The staircase is of old Colonial style, the quaint balustrade having been taken bodily from an old house.

But the work which Mrs. Holman considers her best is Buenavista, a villa in the Spanish style, shown in the cut at the head of this article, built upon a hill near Stamford, Connecticut. It is a striking instance of the possibility of making a house "climb gracefully down-hill." There is a drop of from twenty to fifty feet between its two ends and quite a drop at the *porte cochère*. This is built low, and stairs inside go up between arches filled with glass, which form a palm house. The front and main side entrances have curiously carved doors, modelled somewhat on those of Spanish churches. There is a large entrance hall with a stair tower and a reception room opening from this hall, all of which are Moorish in decoration. The living hall is an immense room panelled in white, to increase its apparent size, and with two large windows filling all of the north end, except that portion occupied by the fire-place, and commanding a most magnificent view. The long corridor, with outside balcony leading to the curved stair, has below it a billiard room

and a smoking "den" back of that. The communication between library and billiard room is made through an artistic lobby with descending steps. From the billiard room, stairs go up to the tower, which like all the others affords a splendid view of the surrounding country. This is a magnificent house, on a commanding site, and Mrs. Holman is prouder of it than of any other of her designs.

To the names of women architects given should be added those of Miss Esther Stone, the first woman to win the Rotch prize at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and now of the firm of Stone, Carpenter & Willson, of Providence, Rhode Island; Miss Esther Sargent, now assistant in the architect's office of the B. M. R. R. in Boston, and designer of a school building at Saco, Maine, and a number of fine residences; Miss Harriet F. Locke, of Nashua, New Hampshire; Miss Laura Hayes Fuller, of Chicago, designer of the Woman's Building at the coming exposition at Springfield and a prize winner in the competition for plans for the Woman's Building at the World's Fair; Miss Sophia G. Hayden, the successful competitor in that contest, and considered the very best draughtswoman ever graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; and Miss Annie L. Hawkins, a graduate of the Maryland Institute of Art and Design, who has to her credit a high school building at Havre de Grace, Md. But the pioneer among women architects is Mrs. Bethune, now living, I believe, in Buffalo. Attention was attracted to her a few years ago by reason of her application for membership in the New York Association of Architects, which met with much opposition.

That the number of women who have essayed the profession of architecture is yet so small is due to the fact that few institutions supply the necessary instruction, and to the other fact that established architects are not eager to employ women in the offices where alone the really practical knowledge is to be acquired.



PITTSBURGH COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

Remodeled by Mrs. Wagner.



JOUBERT.

Is Joubert fallen?—that old hero dead,
Laid low, in proud sleep with the battle slain?
Now, who shall grudge him glory? Not again
May we behold his like, as at the head
Of his embattled Burgers, them he led,
Faith against Destiny, and saw them wane,
Fighting for others' honor, all in vain,—
Victorious, yet the while his own heart bled.
Pause, Nations! and salute his passing pall.
Here was a soldier Britons might admire—
You, Frenchmen, and Americans, and all!
And if your souls to Chivalry aspire,
Write, in her Pantheon, Piet Joubert's name,
To plead against oblivion for his fame.

—Henry Tyrrell.

“Q.”

The well-known signature, “Q.,” which stands for A. T. Quiller-Couch, appears this month for the first time in FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, in the dashing tale of “The Two Scouts.” There is no living writer of the English language who can surpass Mr. Quiller-Couch in verve of style combined with vivacious poetic imagination—qualities which were well taken into account by the literary executors of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, whose romance of “St. Ives”—left incomplete at the master's death—was intrusted to the brilliant “Q.” to finish. How well he acquitted himself of this delicate task, we all know. Mr. W. L. Alden, the London correspondent of the *New York Times*' “Saturday Review,” writing recently of this achievement, says:

“Mr. Quiller-Couch succeeded marvelously when he finished Stevenson's ‘St. Ives,’ but in that case Stevenson had a style that was so distinctive that the work of imitation was thereby rendered less difficult than it might otherwise have been. Not that Mr. Quiller-Couch did not deserve the very highest credit for the admirable way in which he did his work. I remember that I was shocked when I heard that ‘St. Ives’ was to be finished by another hand than that of its incomparable author, and I felt that Mr. Quiller-

Couch was an extremely presumptuous man. But the result fully justified his action. I did not then know what a delicate artist Mr. Quiller-Couch was. I now heartily wish that he would undertake the still greater task of finishing ‘Weir of Hermiton.’”

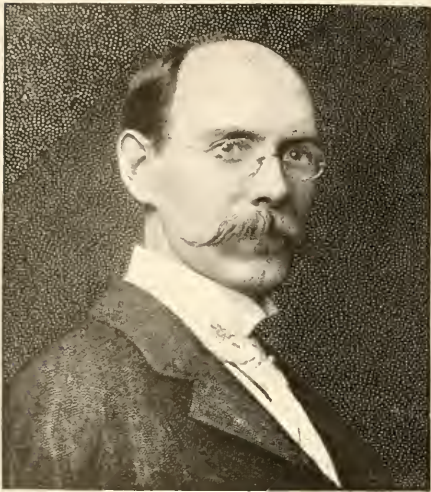
But “Q.” is very busy with his own works. Besides his fiction writing, he has just turned out (Scribner's, New York) an admirable book entitled “Historical Tales from Shakespeare,” a work intended mainly for young readers just entering the Fairyland of the great bard. In his preface, explaining the patriotic spirit of these historical tales which he sets forth so fascinatingly, Mr. Quiller-Couch justly observes that no patriotism can be true which does not tend to give a boy elation or lead a girl tenderness of heart. He says:

“Of true and fervent patriotism these plays are full. Indeed, though they are, in Charles Lamb's words, ‘strengtheners of virtue’ in many ways, that remains their great lesson. It has been said that the real hero of Shakespeare's historical plays is England, and no one can read them and be deaf to the ringing, vibrating note of pride. * * * to have inherited the liberties of so great a country and be a partaker in her glory. And this love of England is the sincerer for the courage with which Shakespeare owns and grieves that she has been sometimes humiliated, sometimes untrue to herself. But, if this were not enough, he has left us—in Falconbridge, in King Harry, in the two Talbots—lofty yet diverse examples of what patriotism can do; and, again, in Coriolanus and Marcus Brutus, particular warnings of how even able men who love their country may, by a little un wisdom, injure her and wreck themselves.”

AN ARTIST-ILLUSTRATOR.

The illustrator of “The President's War,” the notable leading article in this number of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, is Mr. James Henry Harper, of

Washington, D. C. Mr. Harper, whose work speaks for itself, is an enthusiast in his profession, in which he has achieved a somewhat unique distinction. He is fond of describing himself as an author



JAMES HENRY HARPER.

“in the universal language.” Regarding his superb picture of President McKinley in the War Room, on page 115, Mr. Harper writes: “The President, whose career started as one of the ‘men on horseback’ in the Civil War, is here represented as the Man at the Helm, the man whose heart-beat quickens as he breasts the wave and storm. With calm demeanor he takes his bearings from life’s compass, and by its aid steers the ship of State, and holds the helm of a Christian nation, a nation of homes, to its cardinal principle, the Pole Star of liberty, the brotherhood of man. And lo! a new light is seen in the Orient, and the commercial nation takes a place in the councils of the world powers and proclaims the open door for the coming of the Prince of Peace.”

A CROWDED MARKET.

I wrote a little poem once—
 A dainty verse or two—
 And sent it to an editor,
 As poem-writers do:
 But soon it traveled back again
 Unto its native place,
 Accompanied by a line which read,
 “Refused for lack of space.”

Next day to *Life* I posted it,
 But what was my chagrin
 To find, alas! *Life* was too short
 To take my verses in!
 The *Quiver* and the *Dial*
 I addressed respectfully;
 The first was full, the *Dial* said
 It had no time for me.

I then assailed the *Spirit*,
 But discovered in despair
 ’Twas “overstocked with matter,”
 Though I thought it made of air.
 And from the *Inter-Ocean*
 Came an intimation terse,—
 No room between the oceans
 For my clever little verse!

I next despatched it to the *World*,
 But back it came betimes,—
 The *World* was not quite big enough
 To hold my humble rhymes.
 And likewise from the *Universe*
 It journeyed back apace;
 The *Universe* was all too small
 To grant my name a place.

I boldly sent it to the *Sun*,
 For surely ’twould appear
 There ought to be some extra space
 In so much atmosphere!
 But, oh, alas! there wasn’t, for
 The *Sun* had “stuff” to burn;
 The *Morning* and the *Evening Star*
 Rejected it in turn.

And when my little poem had
 Come back from *Everywhere*,
 With briefest lines asserting
 That they had no space to spare,
 I felt inclined to give it up;
 But to my rapture keen,
 Last week it was accepted by
 The *Pocket Magazine*.

—Jennie Betts Hartswick.

THE TRIALS OF MRS. JULIA O’GRADY.

(As Related by Herself.)

I.—MARY ELLEN ATTENDS A SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION.

Sure Oi’d be livin’ till Oi was as ould as Mickey Donovan’s goat that wud be dancin’ a larnpoipe on the rocks yit but for his walkin’ in front av a thrullyloo car and disputatin’ the road wid the motor-man, before Oi cud give yez an idea av the thriles Oi’ve enjured wid Mary Ellen’s

eloerntiation, and the interferences av Michael's mother, not to be mintonin' Michael himself.

The ould woman sit be the foire, and there she talk and there she shmoke, and there she shmoke and there she talk. Sure she was never known to shut her month, only to kape the poipe from fallin' out. An' not a thing can Oi be sayin' but "It's crazy ye are," sez she. "That's well said av any woman foolish enough to marry into the O'Grady family," sez Oi. "Will yez listen to that," sez she, "an' ivery wan knowin' Moichael end have his pick av the foineest gerrels in the county!" "Thru for ye!" sez Oi, "an' there was not wan av thim good enough for him till he fell in wid meself," sez Oi. Thanks be—Oi'm able for her, an' all the resht av the family.

Now, Mary Ellen, me daughter, is as foine a gerrel as yez could foind in all the burred av New York, not to be talkin' av Hoboken and the unmixed disthries, barrin' the airs she do be a-pittan an, and the call she hov av mixin' in wid phat is none av her business. Wid her Female Sufferers club, her electrocuton colleges, where she learned to trun herself around and shout herself hoarse over something she knows as little about as her brother Danny does when he hollers for free trade—thinkin', no doubt, that he can get aff widout payin' phat he owes at the corner groceray. An Mary Ellen a-yellin' about a beggar that had lost his mind an' she a-wantin' some wan to "*Pay, PAY, PAY.*" "Pay phat?" sez Oi, when she was goin' 'round the house a-practoyzin'. "Sure it's as much as any honest man or woman can do these days to pay their own debts," sez Oi. "Well, mother," sez she, "ye don't understand. This is a call for the English pable to take care of the English soldiers' families phile they be fightin' the Bores," sez she, "down in South Africa," sez she. "An' they hov all lost their moinds?" sez Oi. "Well, it's no wonder," sez Oi, "an' it's too bad," sez Oi. "Wudn't it be a payin' job," sez Oi, "to shut them up in a lunatic asoylum," sez Oi, "an' if they want to bate out their inimies (which the Lord forbid they do!) sind down some min that can take their moinds wid thim an' settle the row. But will you be good enough to tell me, me gerrel, phat a full-blooded American lady loike your-

silf hov to do wid it? A foine thing, indade, for a daughter av Michael O'Grady thot's voted the Dimmeyerat ticket since the day he landed to be stannin' in front av the pable askin' pay for English fighters that are absent moinded or any other moinded, or their kids ayther. Ye'd betther be lavin' sooch work to the illegant ladies that cooms over here and gets up tay-parties and pulls the legs av the pabhrits. Git along wid sooch nonsense! Whin yez get toired Oi suppose yez'll sthop," sez Oi. An' wid that she tuk herself aff—a-bagin' the dure behind her.

Was Oi tellin' ye the way Mary Ellen kem to make sooch a fule av herself wid her school av oratorio airs? She'd been talkin' for a long time about a man she called Mr. Delsthart, or Upshtart—all the same, she was goin' woild over his atheistic jimjamastics, and that she wanted to go to the school and larn to rade. "An' will ye tell me," sez Oi, when she sthopped for breath, "phat ye were doin' when yez war a shlip av a gerrel if yez didn't larn to rade—playin' hookey?" sez Oi. "Oh," sez she, "that war only plain, sthaight-away radin' that anywan end undherstand," sez she. "Sure Oi wants to learn to rade the way no wan livin' will know phat's it all about," sez she. Wid that Oi tould her to shut up an' go an' find as big a fool as herself to talk wid, and to kape her quoit Oi tould her she could take phat she call a coorse in electrocuton. Not very long after Moichael kem running down the sthairs. "Rin for yer loife, Julia," sez he; "Mary Ellen hov a fit!" So up-sthairs Oi goes, and there sthand Mary Ellen in the middle av the flure, shakin' loike she hov the ager. "Oh, Mary Ellen dear," Oi croied, "wait till your mother gets to ye!" "Oh, don't be frightened," sez she; "there's not a haporth the matther wid me," sez she. "Oi'm only dacomposin'." "Well, then, I think thot's quoit enough," sez Oi; "dacomposin' before you're did. Sure if yez want to doy, phy don't yez go to bed and doy loike a Christian," sez Oi, "an' not be stannin' there shakin' the finger nails aff ye," sez Oi. An' wid that she begin sthritchin' herself as if she'd shlept for a wake, then she bind herself over double, like a pace av an ould carpet thrum over the back finee. "An' now will yez tell me," sez Oi, "phat is the manin' av all

this?" sez Oi. "Oh," sez Mary Ellen, "thins me exerceises," sez she. "Well, now," sez Oi, "it wud be far more to your credit," sez Oi, "if yez be in nade av exerceise to go down sthairs and foind it over the washtub," sez Oi, "an' not be lavin' your poor ould mother smash her bones," sez Oi.

But the gerrels is good for nothin' at all nowadays but thrampooshin' the sthreads wid bandy-legged jude boys wid a jack-in-the-pot rose in their coats, the toime av day in their pockets an' very little else. And then she begin drawin' an the wursh't lookin' moog Oi iver laid me two eyes an, an' she sthannin' in front av the lookin'-glass. "Don't do that agin," sez Oi; "don't do that agin!" "Thot's phat Oi'm larin' at the school av expressin'," sez she. "Well, ye'd betther sthopt that," sez Oi, "or they'll very soon be expressin' you," sez Oi. "to Mr. Bloomindale's asoyltum," sez Oi, "phere ye'll not be at all lonely for want av papple makin' oop the same koind av faces," sez Oi.

Be this toime the ould woman was up the sthairs, wid a keen fit to raise the carse at a shantytown wake. "Hould your noise," sez Oi, "an' go down thim sthairs phile you're able. Shut up!" sez Oi, "there's nothin' at all the matter wid Mary Ellen." "Oh, don't be moindin' her," sez Moichael; "she's ould and choildish." "Ould and choildish is it?" sez Oi. "It's bad luek to the day Oi iver married intil the O'Grady family and lift poor Barney Doolan gravin' his heart wid the invy." "Well, then," sez Moichael, "it's often Oi'm wishin' meself in Barney's place." Will ye listen to that? An' he havin' sooch an easy-goin' wife that niver has a word to say, an' kapes all her thriles to herself.

—*Mary Sargent Hopkins.*

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

If we had started FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY earlier, so that it had circulated throughout Sicily and the Isles of Greece during the Third Century, we should never have declined the following lyric, which Miss Jane Minot Sedgwick has translated with exquisite grace from the Greek Anthology ("Sicilian Idyls, and Other Verses," published by Cope-land & Day, Boston):

I saw her at the hour of noon
Come through the fields of corn,
Just when the tresses of the grain
Were by the reapers shorn;
And suddenly two blinding rays
Bewildered me with double blaze:
One from the midday sun above,
And from her eyes the light of love.

The shadows of the evening quench
The sun's resplendent beams,
But hers a vision of the night
Rekindles in my dreaus
Sleep, that to others brings release,
Allows me neither rest nor peace,
Shaping an image of desire
That burns into my soul with fire.

"GANGWAY!"

(*The war-cry of the American soldiers in the Philippines.*)

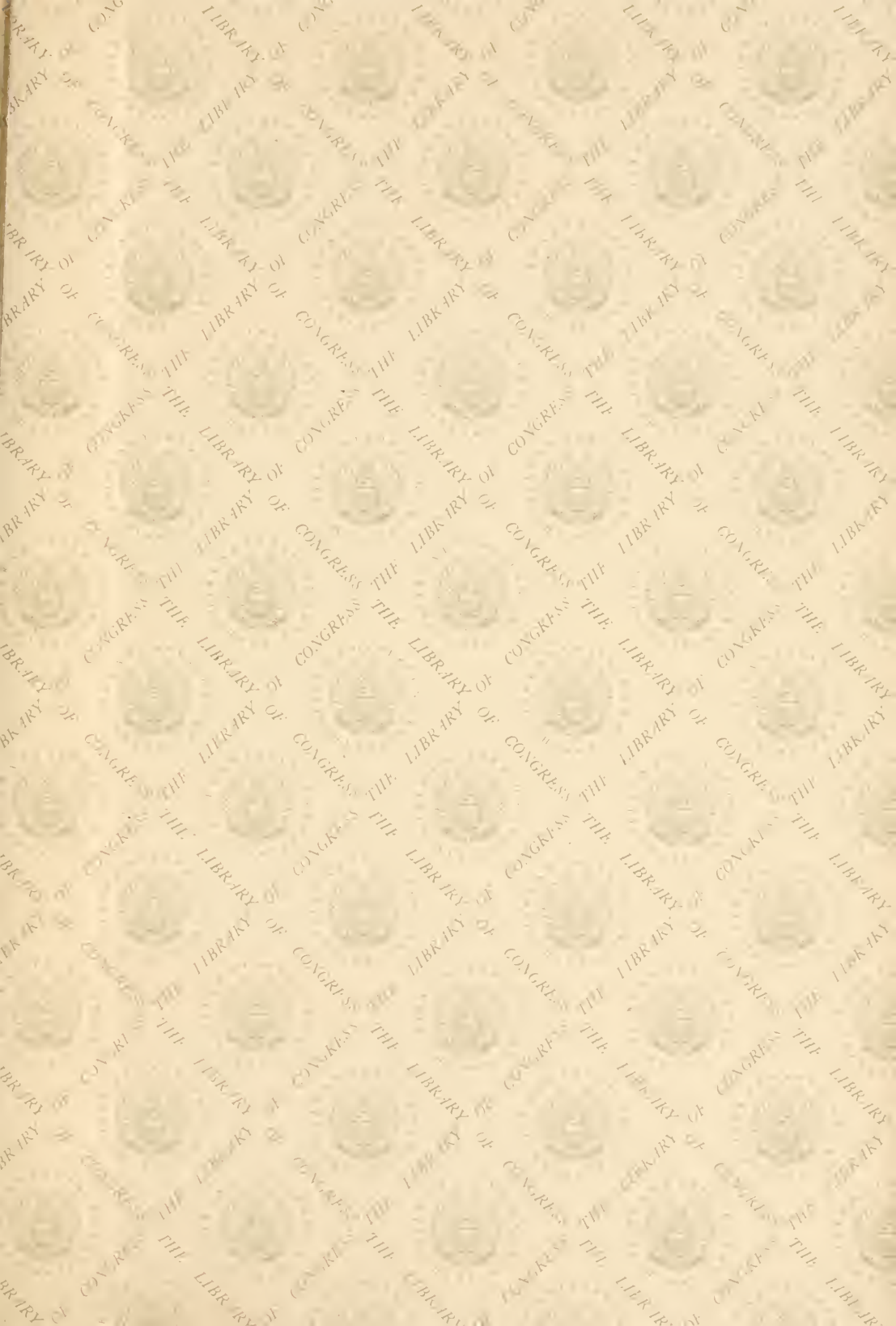
From the throats of many thousands leaps
the mystic battle-ery;
Thro' the jungles bound the echoes, rend
the air and reach the sky;
Slogan of a mighty land,
War-cry of a valorous band.
Foemen halt, with sudden fright;
Warriors, brave, forget to fight,
Bend their steps in hasty flight.
"Gangway!" "Gangway!" wins the day.

High above the din of battle, high above
the cannon's roar,
High above the clash of sabres, rings the
ery from shore to shore;
Drowns the scream of shot and shell;
Superstition's funeral knell;
Battle-ery of victory,
War-ery of the brave and free,
Herald-ery of Liberty—
"Gangway!" "Gangway!" wins the day.
When the guns are hushed and silent,
when the cannon cease to roar;
When the bloody strife is ended; when
the sabres clash no more;
When the gory swords are sheathed,
When the heroes' brows are wreathed—
We will greet the tried and true,
Welcome home the boys in blue,
With their battle-ery and hue—
"Gangway!" "Gangway!" won the day.

Grasses green will wave and wither o'er
the dust of vanquished braves;
They will slumber on forever in forgotten,
nameless graves;
Men will come and men will go;
Floods and ebbs of tides will flow;
To the isles beyond the sea
There will come prosperity,
Light and Freedom, Liberty:
"Gangway!" will have won the day.

—*Lawrence Porcher Heat.*





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